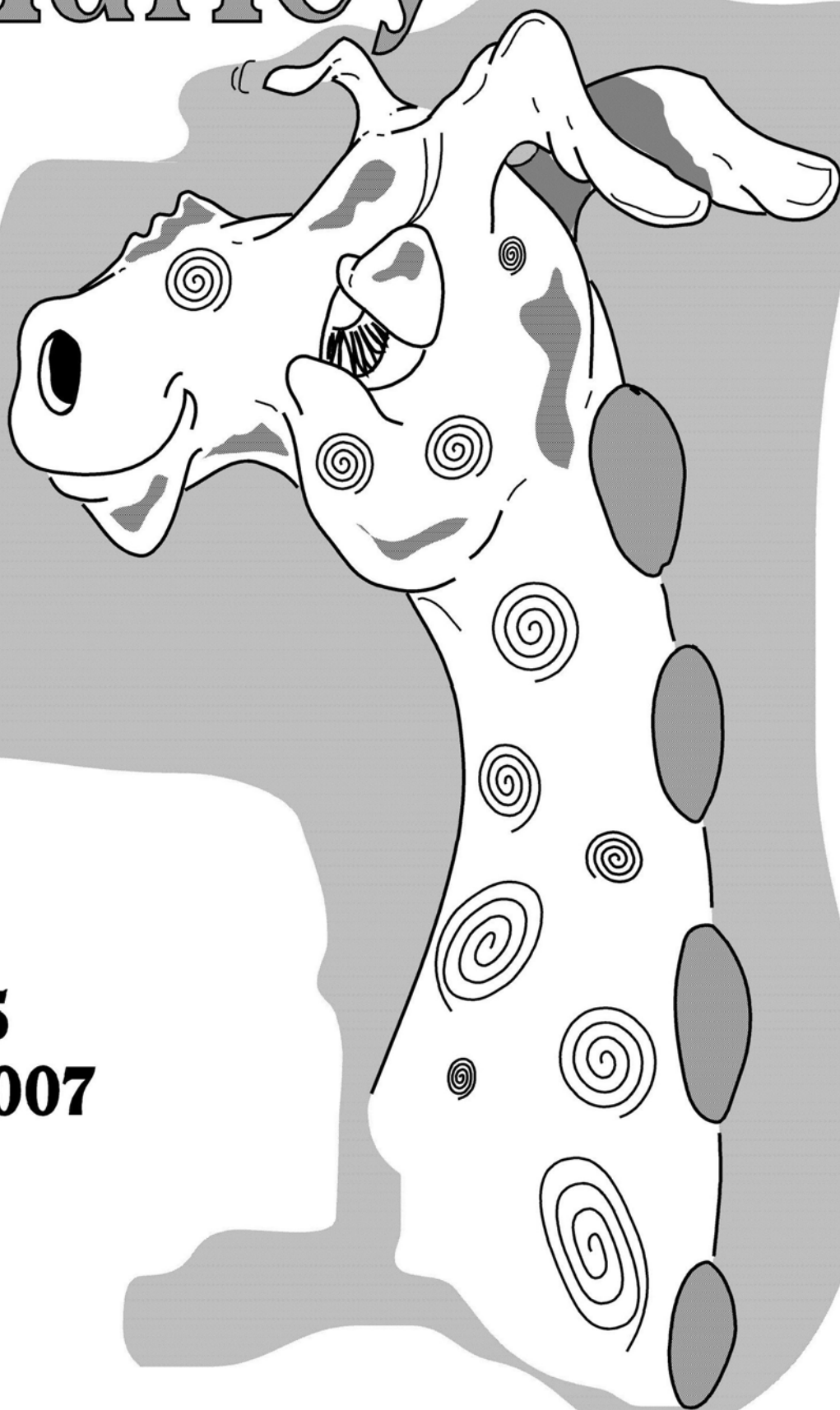


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**Issue 125**  
**August 2007**



*The Knarley Knews* -- Issue 125  
Published in August, 2007

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

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

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**Next Issue Deadline:** October 10, 2007

# Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

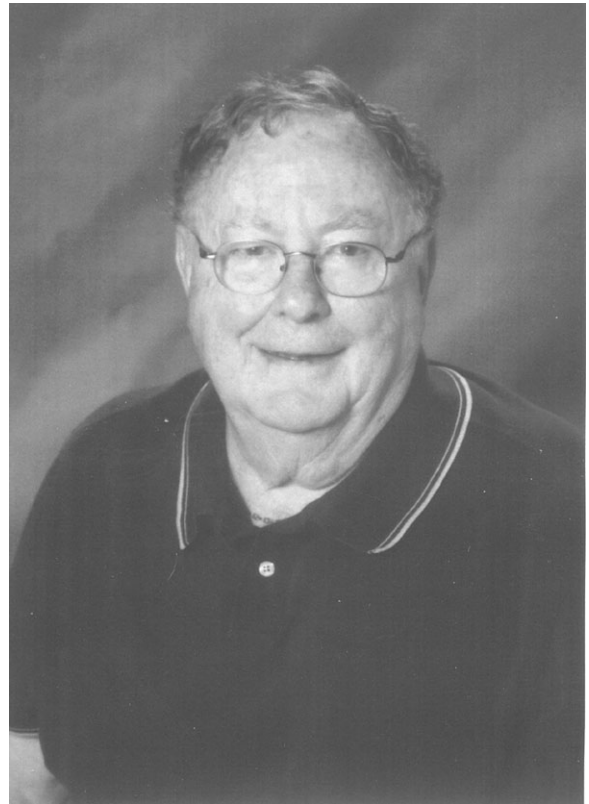
It has been a rough patch over the summer months. Not long after I finished the last issue (around July 1) my father had a mini-stroke. No one is sure exactly when it happened, but I clearly remember being on the phone with him on either the 3rd or the 5th and he suddenly couldn't find the right words (or any words) to express what he wanted to say. This was not his first episode of linguistic confusion, but it was one of the earliest. Other than the confusion, my father seemed to be unaffected physically and his therapists said he was doing great even though he complained to no longer have the patience to do crossword puzzles or play chess.

Shortly after this he was hospitalized again for what was diagnosed as pneumonia. He was put on antibiotics and they noted during the diagnostic tests that he had a leaky heart valve (apparently he'd known of this for a few years) and some possible questionable areas in his lungs and nearby lymph nodes. However, because he was on blood thinners (to prevent future strokes) they decided to postpone any biopsy or more invasive tests until he could be weaned off the blood thinners in the next few months. He continued to have respiratory issues over the next few weeks.

At the end of July he was home and doing fairly well. His follow-up visit with the respiratory specialist was everything looks fine and "see me in two weeks"; yet within 48 hours he was back in the hospital with severe breathing difficulties. Shortly after that he was so exhausted from his breathing difficulties that he was no longer alert and he died a few days later. The x-rays indicated that his lymph nodes had increased significantly in size during the last few days of his life, but because of the blood thinners and his weakened condition it was not medically reasonable to attempt a biopsy or more aggressive procedure.

I wouldn't say that I had a very close relationship with my father, but we communicated regularly. I called once a week on my way home from law class in the evening (my father lived in Scottsdale, AZ) and we'd talk about 20 minutes. Nothing significant, just the kind of how's the family doing conversation with some occasional news or technical topic thrown in. In mid-June my father and brothers had met for the weekend in Las Vegas. Additionally, I called about three times a week through most of July even if the conversations were briefer than usual.

During the last couple of weeks my brothers had taken turns staying in Scottsdale to help out my step-mother, Suzi (not to be confused with my mother Sue), because my father was unable to drive. I was scheduled for the first full week of August because of my Administrative Law exam on July 31st and job interviews in Chicago on August 2nd and 3rd. I had given some thought to skipping the job interviews, but I and the rest of the family agreed that my father would have been



furious with me had I skipped out on the interviews to be by his bedside when he was effectively comatose. The family chose not to inform me of his death until after my interviews on the 3rd, but I suspected this might be the case given the grave description of his condition on the 1st. I feel a minor twinge now and then that I couldn't be there, but my relationship with my father was such that I know I made the right decision to stay for the interviews.

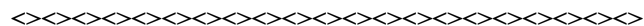
I flew out to Scottsdale on the 4th where most of my family had already gathered. The memorial service was nice and despite the my father's lack of interest in organized religion, I think the pastor chosen for the service was about as perfect as you could hope for. All those who made statements, including my brothers and I, reflected upon how my father was always a gentleman and tried to see the best in people. He certainly was a strong role model and mentor to me and my brothers. One of the music students from the Mountainside Middle School played taps at the service.

Here is the text of his obituary from the *Arizona Republic*:

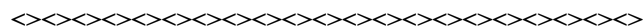
William L. Welch, 72, of Scottsdale, died August 2, 2007, surrounded by his family. Born August 30, 1934 in Madison, Wisconsin, Bill was a U.S. Navy veteran and moved to Arizona 11 years ago from California. He earned his Bachelor of Science from the University of Wisconsin - Madison and MBA and PhD from Michi-

gan State University. He had a distinguished career in sales and marketing and was a professor at Wayne State University and Cal Poly Pomona. In recent years Bill was a substitute teacher at Mountainside Middle School, where he was affectionately known as “Mr. Whisper.” Bill is survived by his loving wife, Suzanne; four sons, Henry(Letha)of Grafton, Wisconsin, Charles(Sandra) of Palo Alto, California, John of Atherton, California and Richard (Elisabeth) of Beverly Hills, California, and their mother, Sue of San Dimas, California; one brother, Timothy (Kathleen) of Cave Creek; stepfather, Robert S. Kiefer of Phoenix; and seven grandchildren. Family and friends are invited to a Memorial Service on Tuesday, August 7th at 11:00 a.m. at Messinger Mortuary, 7601 E. Indian School Road, Scottsdale. Memorials may be made to the Mountainside Middle School Music Department, 11256 North 128th Street, Scottsdale, AZ 85259 Attn: Principal.

I stayed on in Scottsdale with my step-mother for a few days and helped her out around the house before returning to Grafton. I will miss my father.



I made a couple of major editorial gaffes in the previous issue. First, the fillo at the start of page 11 was over a line of text. It should read “What does it matter? The editor of the other zine didn’t pose for any insulting photos, that’s what matters!” I also misattributed a LOC to Fred Lerner that was actually written by Bill Legate. I didn’t pay enough attention to the sender when it arrived and all I had was a tough to decipher signature line. Bill usually puts his address at the end and when I didn’t see that I did my best to decipher the signature and came up with Fred. Oops. No one seems to have been hurt in the confusion, but I apologize, never-the-less.



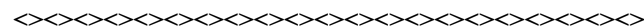
The fall law term starts early, but I can now see the light at the end of my tunnel. I only have 22 credits to go and they should be complete by next May. I am currently taking Federal Indian Law (one of the required perspectives electives) and Internet Law as well as the two law reviews and a 1 credit directed research where I’m going to look at fuzzy logic and the law. (The number of jokes this last statement implies is frightening.)

I got some wonderful surprises over the summer. Not only were both my course grades an A, but I also received the top grade award for both my Patent and Trade Secret course and Patent Prosecution Workshop from the spring. They make kind of a big deal about this as the Computer Assisted Legal Instruction (CALI) organization provides you with a certificate and a web page (cali.org) where others can view the certificate.

Both of the law review articles I wrote last year have been accepted for publication. The first addresses the experimental

use defense to patent infringement by senior design students and was accepted at the *Marquette Intellectual Property Law Review* at Marquette. This is an issue I’ve wondered about for years and it turns out that given the current court test that it depends on the type of project as to whether the defense is available. The other was a model cave protection statute that was accepted at the *Environmental Law Reporter*. I could have had this one published at the regular *Marquette Law Review*, but I felt that it would see a more interested audience in the environmental journal.

During August 2nd and 3rd I attended the Loyola Patent Fair (a patent law IP meat market) down in Chicago. Over the two-day period I interviewed with twelve firms and dropped my resume off with a few others. Most of the firms were in Chicago and Detroit as all the Milwaukee firms passed on me. The firms are concerned that I won’t stay with them long enough to be profitable for them (most large firms over-pay starting associates and do not recoup the losses and see decent profits until around the fifth or sixth year). I have since sent off resumes to all the local firms (except the one that withdrew the job offer) and worked some of my contacts. It is too early to tell as most of the larger firms will wait until the end of September or October to determine if they will have hiring needs not met by offers made to students who worked for them for the summer. Never-the-less, I have three offers for callback interviews. Two in Detroit and one in Chicago. I’ve already been to Detroit for one of the callbacks and it went well. I’m torn between the comfort of staying in Milwaukee and the more progressive nature of the Detroit-area firms. This is all a bit premature as I still haven’t received any offers yet. I know I’ll make a good attorney for whatever firm will have me, but it is convincing them of that fact that is difficult.



Things have been a bit chaotic over the summer at MSOE. Way back in 1999, to solve a space crunch, the computer engineering and software engineering faculty were moved two blocks away from the rest of our department. We were moved into an office suite in the lower floor of the recently obtained Campus Center. The office suite was great for our two degree programs. It put all the faculty in close proximity and we could easily look out to see who else was in. (Prior to this we were spread out over two connected buildings mixed among the electrical engineering, biomedical engineering, and electrical engineering technology faculty. It also had an added benefit that the students could find all the faculty in one place. In addition, we also had a big conference table that made meetings convenient and flexible. On top of this, the offices were in the only campus building with underground parking. This was a huge benefit on rainy, cold, or hot days.

The space, however, was not without its disadvantages. The space was in the basement. This meant that cell phone service was intermittent and we were in a dead spot for the wireless network that was eventually installed on campus. There were also many days when I couldn’t have told you if the sun ever came out due to the lack of windows. We were not provided

with any localized secretarial support so we learned to effectively do without. We were also distanced from our technical support center and eventually had to move all our hardware labs over to the buildings with the rest of the department's faculty. Additionally, all the benefits of closeness within our little group of faculty was completely countered by the isolation our group had from the rest of the department resulting in poor communication.

Well, this year they finally decided to do something about it. Rather than move the rest of the department to our building it was decided to move us back. This doesn't sound so strange until you realize that the building we were in had one and half floors that could have been used. When we took over the building this space was occupied by bank offices. In the intervening years the bank's lease ended and we've been trying to lease the space since then. Personally, I think this is a pipe dream. There are many buildings in our area of downtown that have been vacant since at least 2001 and many of them offer better parking options. But, the president won't hear of it. He still thinks that this space can be a cash cow so rather than utilize the space we are forced to compress ourselves into smaller space elsewhere on campus.

Part of the motivating factor for the reconsolidation was the donation of a nearby building by a regent. This regent had previously donated his art collection of early industrial activity (The Man at Work Collection) and wanted a place to house it. When the Federal Reserve finally abandoned their Milwaukee offices, the regent snapped it up and refurbished to house the art collection and to provide office space for the General Studies Department. The Math Department then moved to the General Studies area and we were able to take over the Math space which is roughly adjacent to the rest of the department.

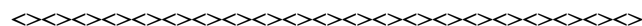
My new office is now on the third floor of our library building overlooking Cathedral Square Park. Yes, that means I have, for the first time in my life an office with a real window. (Years ago I had a window office, but the window looked out onto an interior hallway. Don't ask, no one understands the interior architecture of our science/engineering building.) It even has a section that swings open to let fresh air in. The downside is that the office is about 40% smaller than my old office so I did some discarding during the moving process.

The move itself was fairly tightly orchestrated. We were given boxes we had to pack ourselves. This included books, miscellaneous items, and files. No furniture, except personal furniture was going to get moved. Fortunately for me, my two file cabinets belonged to the department and not the building so they could be moved intact without having to pack them. This turned out to be a good thing as you will see below. Everything was moved in a single day and they even managed to get most of the painting done prior to the move.

Alas, this is not the end of the story. The prior occupant of my office had for years put up with very few shelves and a crappy lateral file. In addition the phone cord was too short

so he couldn't even put it on his desk. So I promptly put in a requisition for some extra book shelves, a longer phone cord, and scavenged up some more lateral files not used in the other offices. It is now weeks later and I still don't have my new shelves, and the parts that convert the lateral files to use hanging files have not come in. I did get the longer phone cord, though.

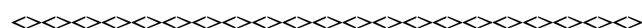
The result of this will be that I won't be fully moved in until after the start of the school year. I have stacks of books all along my window sill and there are two extra file cabinets in my office as there is no where else to put my files yet. The good news though is I have cell phone service in my office and haven't needed to turn the light on yet. They tell me this later problem is due to something called the sun, but I've not had much experience with that in my offices over the years.



There is not much to report on from the home front; unless you count the new puppy. Kyle has been after us for years to get a dog and we finally decided to do so. We went to the Humane Society and adopted a dog rescued from a shelter in Kentucky that euthanizes abandoned animals. There is some confusion regarding his pedigree. The Humane Society said half german shepard, half chow. He certainly has the tail and colored tongue of the chow, but he looks more like a dingo than a shepard. He is about five months old and we are still working on the potty training issue. He is not very aggressive in announcing his need and the children don't often pay sufficient attention. Other than this, his only annoying habit is to get a little nutso in the evening just before he should be going to bed. He and the cat get along well enough, but the cat often gets annoyed enough to hiss. And, BTW, his name is Skippy.

MSOE also starts up again next week. I will be teaching senior design and our software development lab as well as a course in computer game development. This means that I will be dealing mostly with student projects and only have lectures in the computer game development course. Computer game development is a rapidly growing field. A number of universities have an entire curriculum based on the field and I have ten weeks with two lectures and one lab a week to do it justice. This is, of course, not reasonably possible. I've remodeled the course so that I do a fairly good survey of interesting topics focusing around the game programming aspect which was the central theme of the prior version of the course.

I think that the students will have an interest, and hopefully a passion, for the course material I've adopted a non-traditional approach to the material. Rather than rely on tests or exams I will try to get the students to become active sources of course material by making class participation worth 30% of the grade (law school must be rubbing off on me).



Until next issue...

# Labels ≠ Contents

By Gene Stewart

Clive Barker, discussing genre, said a man could hang himself many times over trying to untangle them. They're distinct, in other words, only to marketing execs. Do we need genre to help us choose which book to read?

Labels, most feel, should address contents. Yet consistent contents among books, especially in fiction, is not possible to control. Let few writers use the same idea, even the same few story elements, and few story elements, and few completely different stories will result.

Worse, labels chase away potential readers. Publishers are satisfied to sell a predictable number of labeled books, even if that label repels those who think they don't like such books. Categorical thinking is encouraged. "I don't like horror," is as bigoted a thing to say as, "I don't like science fiction fans," or "I don't like blue-eyed blondes."

Cover art reinforces such categorical responses. This despite the disappointments inevitable for anyone who buys books by cover art or market category.

Why are *Alas, Babylon* and *Cell* genre while *The Road* and *The Children of Men* are not? And why does the genre label excuse works from serious consideration?

Yes, in part there are different goals at work in the seemingly opposed types of fiction we call genre and literary. Sure, there are varied aesthetics.

Does writing's quality rely on such intangibles as cover art or market category? How can they affect the words, their arrangement, or their effect on readers?

If importance to readers' lives is one's criterion, then Dr. Seuss and Winnie the Pooh are literature's epitome.

If influence on other writers counts, then newspaper reporting wins the prize.

If clarity and amount of information conveyed are divided by how concise one can be, perhaps poetry is the ideal.

For each reader, good writing is what works. A good story well told suffices for many of us. Some crave more and can find it in more layered fiction.

As with painting, writing trades appeal for intellectual games and subtleties as it gets closer to pure abstraction. Accident and the random also creep in here, until only small, prepared audiences appreciate what is being done.

At the other end, graphic novels combine pictures and words toward perpetrating a most democratic crime. Even as they offer imagery for those word-bound souls who do not see

what they're reading, graphic novels lessen a reader's change to interpret what the story means.

More people find graphic novels fun, engaging, and accessible each day, but the trade being made is a kind of gateway drug. Because the comic book requires its own pacing, for example, writers of prose may find their audience losing patience with long, dense passages. They'll have to change or be ignored.

Cinema was the last big influence on our writing. In fact, cinema and comics are so intertwined that early movies were little more than fancy flip-books, and very quickly the idea of story-boarding movies came about. A story board is a panel comic approach to each scene and sometimes every frame of a movie.

Cinema's marketing affects book marketing, and they both use images, topos, to define genre. Thus we have detective fiction with a mandatory viewpoint of a detective of some sort. We have killer thrillers in which a murderer will torment people, usually in the garish ways pioneered by the Gravel Gaignol theatre of 1790's Paris, France.

Movies, like books, aim at selected audiences. So-called date movies are full of kissing, cuddling, and relationship details. Horror movies tend to be targeted at young audiences, heavily male.

Books are no different, but we're seeing an interesting shift in marketing now. In science fiction, which for decades had been aimed at adolescent boys who preferred robots to girls and space exploration to any of that icky romantic stuff, there is now an influx of women writers. Even more telling, the stories are infusing romance into the space opera. Lensman, meet Honor Harrington.

Why did this happen?

Demographics showed more females buying books. Appealing to them made economic sense. Ignoring them could well mean the end of a publisher.

And macho military SF rooted in elaborate role-playing games went mainstream in the factory brand called Tom Clancy.

So even genre changes, useless and confining as it may be. It won't go away. As long as books must be sold, and as long as the masses prefer others to do their choosing and thinking for them, marketing categories will be used.

The key is to look past labels and decide for yourself both what to read and what to write. All else is crap.

# Best Pal A Guy Could Have

(c) by Jim Sullivan

It's true: I have a pet carrot named "Red!" I just love that little rascal. And I think it feels the same way about me. Every afternoon when I pull my car into the driveway after work, Red scampers to the front door. And when I walk in, my pet jumps up and down. Sometimes it'll do a backflip, too.

Though Red's not good at fetching things for me, like my slippers or newspaper, it more than makes up for that lack by being extremely affectionate. For example, while I'm watching TV, Red will cuddle up on my shoulder. Often its green top will tickle my cheek in a display of devotion.

To make Red feel more comfortable in my house and around me, I've pretty much become a meat eater. Red gets real nervous when I cook vegetables for dinner. Oh, sure, I'll enjoy a baked potato now and then. But most of the time when Red is close by, I'll stick to eating, along with my meat, some wild rice. If I have any of that white stuff leftover, I'll often make a bed of it for Red to lay around on.

I avoid having friends who are vegetarians or vegans over to the house because they tend to make Red squirm. It's also wary of folks with bad eyesight. All they seem to talk about in Red's presence is how betacarotene, found in abundance in carrots, is good to eat.

Lots of my friends have vegetable pets like I do. Joe next door has a pet sweet potato named Yammie. Mary down the street has a charming little beet she calls "Crimson," and Tom, who works with me, has an artichoke nicknamed Hart. He leads it around his apartment on a tiny leash. Other people I know have pet peas, turnips, cabbages and the like. But as for me, I'll take the carrot every time as my buddy.

There are many reasons for that. A carrot makes a wonderful companion. It never runs away. And you never have to take it for a walk, teach it to be house broken, or need to pick up its doodoo. Moreover, it doesn't need to see the vet for an annual shot or to be spayed. All it asks of its master is to be picked up, now and then, and petted between its greens and orange top. Truck fanners who know these things recommend that you hold or carry the pet carrot on the left side of your chest so it can hear its master's heart beat. That sound is apparently reassuring for your loving carrot.

Sadly, carrots live for only a year. Each month of the pet's life is equal to about six human years. By middle age, the pet is quite wrinkled and shriveled up. Its bushy green top will have fallen off long before. But, and this is an important but, the pet carrot remains happy throughout its entire lifespan (with the exceptions already noted about the presence of people who eat only vegetables).

When a pet carrot passes on to that big truck garden in the sky, it is not buried but placed into a food blender with the setting on "puree" and spun. After that is completed, the deceased carrot can be conveniently poured into a hole in the ground in your backyard. At this point, a last rites ceremony may or may not be conducted depending upon the carrot's prestatd wishes expressed, or conveyed in a living will, to its master.

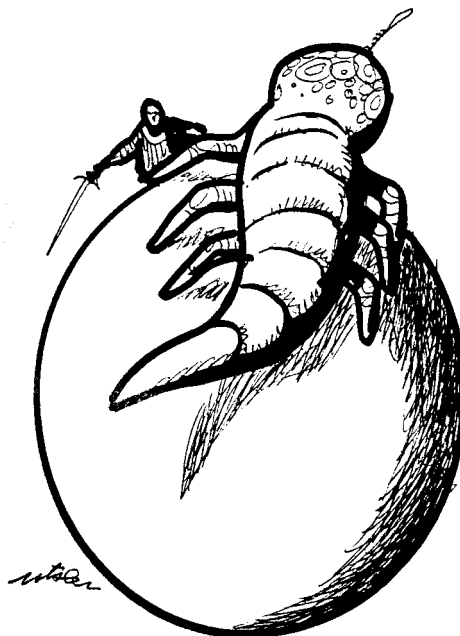
Following that final ritual, you, as pet owner, will be feeling somewhat glum. That's when you should jump into your car and cruise on down to a roadside vegetable stand, farmer's market, or produce section at your favorite supermarket and purchase (they're dirt cheap, too) another pet carrot. You won't be sorry. Do try, however, to avoid, for health reasons, the smallest, or runt, of the carrot bunch.

It's quite likely that you'll name this new pet "Red," also, in honor of the previous relationship. Perhaps Red (the first) had very special fond memories for you. In such a case, you could dub this one Red II, III, or whatever. The beauty is that it's all up to you.

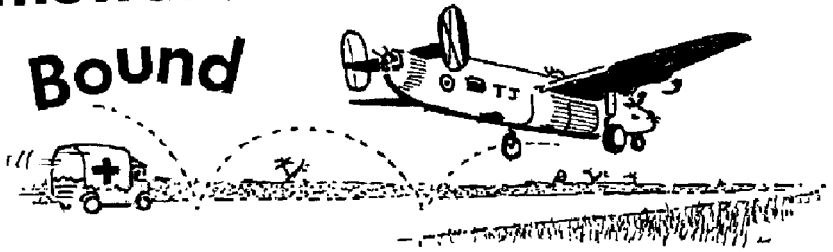
I think that carrots of all the veggies make the best and friendliest pets. They don't ask for any "Q's" like peas will; they don't ask for eyewash like potatoes do; and they don't want you to check their ears like corn does.

Admittedly, carrots are not brave when someone knocks on your front door. Usually such a pet, not unlike the onion, will hide under the couch cowering and shaking when strangers are nearby. Otherwise, with just its master around, they're as brave, friendly, and playful as all get out. And unlike a pet rock, your pet carrot won't just sit around doing nothing.

All you need do with a carrot pet is pick it up once in a while, call it by name, and caress it lovingly. When you really think about it, you can't go wrong with a pet carrot. I highly recommend one to you.



# Homeward Bound



Once on the Cocos islands, I shared a small tent with three other airmen. Things were rather cramped – until inspiration struck. One dark night I liberated another tent we inverted this and worked it underneath ours which we had raised on poles. We hoisted up the sides of the lower tent and Lo! we had a large roomy living space in which we could walk around without bumping our heads on the roof. As a



bonus, the lower one acted as a soft carpet to walk on. One learns to improvise. One happy but unexpected perk was the total absence of mosquitoes and therefore no need for the tedious “Mossy nets.”

Being a staging post on the run to Australia, concert parties occasionally passed through – “passed” being the operative word. In all my time in India, I had never been on a station where one performed. The Cocos proved no exception and when Gracie Fields arrived, she vanished into the Officer’s Mess and was never seen by the hoi polloi during her brief visit.

My stay on the Cocos was quite short, but idyllic in many ways. When I reported to the Signals Section it was to find that my job had been taken over by another NCO. The war was over, Ops had virtually finished, no more bombs to be loaded, everything was being wound down and nobody wanted to organise work for extra bods – they were far too busy trying to look busy themselves. This left me with plenty of idle time for wandering around, swilling gallons of tea in the canteen or spending long hours on the beach, alternately swimming and sunbathing. Years under a tropical sun had given me a hefty tan and a skin impervious to sunburn.

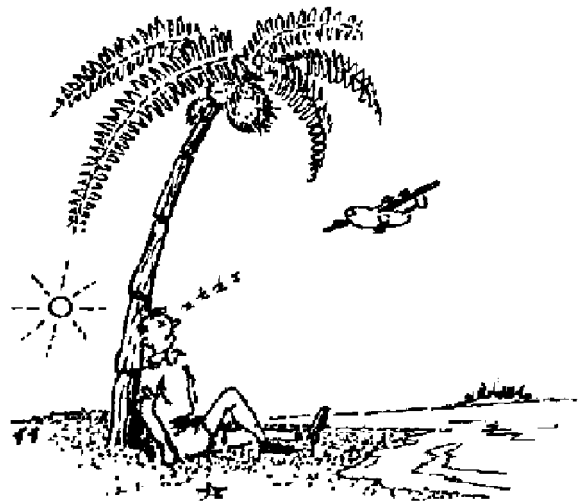
We had a small canteen and the beach was only about a hundred yards away from our tent. Lovely white sand and even a reef which not only kept out the sharks, but also made a handy diving board into the small lagoon. We even had a couple of small octopi in residence, but they were more scared of us than the reverse. No work and all day in which to do nothing in a tropical Paradise wasn’t hard to take. It was the proverbial life of Riley, whoever he was. – then came the day when I was called to report to the Orderly Room.... Great trepidation! Was I to be court-martialed? Had years

# Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

of undetected crime suddenly surfaced? Was I to be posted to Japan or promoted to Air Vice Marshal? None of these. On arrival at the office I was handed a slim little piece of paper – my Repatriation Papers had arrived, after three and a half years overseas, I was due to go home!

As mentioned before, moving in the RAF is a tricky business, not just a matter of packing a kitbag, cancelling the milk and kissing the CO goodbye. Once again I set off to collect the autographs of Tom, Dick and Harry, none of whom had I contacted in any way during my brief stay on the Cocos. Nevertheless I still had to visit Stores, Cookhouse, Armoury. “No sir, I haven’t got any bombs to return”, Sick Bay or Paint Stores to satisfy all concerned that I hadn’t borrowed a dozen tins of bully-beef, two howitzers or a spare Liberator and forgotten to return them. All of this autograph hunting involved getting around several miles of perimeter track to locate all the places. Finally all the little blank spaces on my form were filled in. The Orderly Room babus couldn’t think of any further reason to keep me on the Cocos and reluctantly set the wheels in motion for me to escape.



Eventually I was cleared for export – I still have the Flight Document, RAF.2767, dated October 15th. 1945. This entitled Corporal Jeeves, B.T., W/Mech. Passage from the Cocos Islands to Ceylon – at RAF expense. Came the day, my gear, two kitbags, a tin trunk, a parachute and a couple of side packs were all stowed away in a Liberator’s bomb bay and off we went. In only eight brief hours I would be in Ceylon awaiting a steamer home. Never count your omelets before the hen has laid the eggs. Several hours out, and after crossing the Equator for the fourth time, we struck a tropical storm. Our Lib was tossed around like a cork in a colander. First it would be heaved up violently by a rising air stream, then jerked to



and fro by side currents before plunging in a downdraft. In these, the Lib would drop so suddenly that you floated up in zero G. An hour of this and our pilot gave up and turned back for the Cocos – and gave me my 5th Equatorial crossing.

The adventure wasn't over when we turned onto finals back at the Cocos. There was the usual drag as the flaps opened, followed by the thump of the undercarriage locking down. Then came the long, slow approach over the lagoon – all going perfectly except for one little detail. A Liberator lands by powering onto the runway with nose and main wheels touching down almost simultaneously. Our pilot had only recently converted from Catalina flying boats which had to be put down tail first. He reverted to old habits and put our aircraft down the same way. To further the complications, he touched with one main wheel before the other! Clangetty-bang-crash went the PSP (pierced steel planking) metal mesh runway as pursued by crash wagons we bounced our way from wheel to wheel down the strip. Luckily, nothing broke and we taxied demurely to dispersal. Not an uneventful flight, but at least thanks to that flight North and then return South I had clocked up a fifth Equatorial crossing. I marked up the sixth and final crossing a few days later when the weather improved and with a different pilot, we made a successful flight to KKS.

Once in Ceylon I was whipped to Colombo where I spent a few days wandering around the town and shopping in the bazaars until a ship arrived. As per normal, we home going bods were shifted down to the dockside at some unearthly hour just as rosy-coloured dawn filled the sky. Whereupon we sat on our gear and waited – and waited. Every so often we became wildly excited at orders to pick up our kit and move another ten yards nearer the end of the jetty. Hours passed with more of this “Hurry up and wait a bit” routine as we watched umpteen ships drifting idly at anchor with little signs of any activity. Finally no further space remained before us as we reached the end of the dock. Once again came the order to pick up impedimenta and make our final move. Happily, not over the edge into me water, instead it involved shinning down a boarding ladder whilst carrying pair of kit bags and packing ourselves into a lighter for the trip to the waiting troopship.. Ten minutes later the process was reversed as we struggled up another ladder to board the Athlone Castle. After a few days wait while they hauled up the anchor, spliced the mizzen mast and wound up the clockwork plus all the other highly nautical tasks involved in setting sail, we set off for home, this time, not round the Cape but via the Suez Canal.

This shorter route only took only a month compared with the two months for the journey out to India. We reached Port Said and anchored a while whilst waiting our turn to enter the canal. At this point, a load of bum boats came flocking round in an effort to sell all sort of gear, fruit, leather goods, etc., to the home-bond troops. The purchases were affected by means of the vendors throwing a rope up to the waiting servicemen, you hauled in a basket, put in your money after haggling a price, then lowed the basket to pay for your purchase before



hauling it up. Tedious, but effective. Some of these boats held young lads yelling “Dive for Glasgow tanner”, if you threw a coin overboard, they would dive after it and retrieve it from the murky waters of the harbour. Some thoughtful airmen would wrap

small coins in silver paper which caused considerable aggro from the divers. Even more so when the ship's crew turned hosepipes on the boats. No wonder we British are loved for our sense of humour.

After a tedious wait in broiling sunshine, clearance finally arrived for us to begin our passage through the Suez. This took quite a while as the Athlone Castle almost filled the canal, leaving only a few feet on either side. To prevent bank eroding waves speed was greatly reduced as for hour after hour we pounded slowly along between two flat, endless deserts, navigated across the intermediate lake and crawled into the Mediterranean Sea. Keeping the ship centred between narrow banks must have been an exhausting job for the pilot. Once in the Med, speed increased and as we cleared Gibraltar and began to head North, temperatures started to fall. Gradually all the khaki-clad figures melted away into and almost forgotten, Airforce blue, – often decorated with tasteful patches of green mould to show the wearers hadn't remembered to air out their uniforms during monsoon seasons.

Our trusty ship finally docked at Southampton. We all lined the rails to get a look at this strange land we hadn't seen for nearly four years. . Hurry up and wait time as usual until at last we shuffled down the gangplank into waiting trains. Much to my annoyance, we never saw customs. Annoyance? well I had secreted two acorn valves in my tube of toothpaste and turned down the free offer of an ex-aircraft clock in case I got checked. Totally unreliable these Customs chaps. Our train rattled on to deposit us at a transit camp, “somewhere in England.” Here we played the game of “hunt the kit bag,” an amusing pastime for several hundred players. All our kitbags were dumped on the parade ground. We had to locate our own gear in the short half hour before sunset. Since one kitbag looks pretty much like another until you turn it over to find the owner's name, finding yours among the heap was not easy. Luckily I had taken the precaution of marking the bottom of mine with a big red cross so the hunt didn't take me too long.

# INTERLOCUTIONS

Ned Brooks  
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09 Jul 2007

Hi Knarl –

Weird cover by **Gene Stewart!** Of course, if you were climbing the Jolly Green Giant's nose, you might be tempted to explore the inside route.

I see that the new postal extortion has forced you to fold the zine physically – I wonder how many paper zines will fold financially. I haven't decided what to do about my annual emission.

I am confused in your account of testifying in a criminal trial by your reference to the defendant as your "client" – you seem to be the defense attorney, but if so it seems odd for you to testify.

I don't know one weed from another, except that I can recognize dandelion and poke-bush. The drought here has been so bad that I didn't mow the front lawn at all until last week - there was nothing much to mow. A number of very tree-like things got up to 6 inches, I have no idea what that it but they were all alike and looked healthy. I guess I should have left one when I mowed, to see what it would grow into.

I have smelled skunk on the highway, but the only one I ever actually saw was an exotic pet in a yard near my mother's house in Decatur. The guy there was keeping it for a friend. It was quite large, with an impressive tail and purplish brown in color. It had of course had the scent glands removed.

The religious display wars are just the top end of a slippery slope perceived as leading to some sort of theocracy – clearly forbidden by the 1st Amendment in the Bill of Rights. This prohibition has been winked at for years, and of course much more egregiously under King George Dubya's pandering to the religious right wingnuts. I wonder how many people know they cannot be required to swear on a Bible in court, or would refuse to do it – I'm not a Quaker but I still consider this an inappropriate use of the Bible. Unless every court is prepared to maintain a library of suitable holy books for swearing on, the practice should be abandoned altogether. I am not much bothered by public displays of manger scenes, though I wouldn't want a lot of my tax dollars going that way. But the "10 Commandment" displays in courthouses should go, unless they were part of an informational display showing that all major religions and ethical systems have very similar rules of conduct.

**Joseph Major's** idea that it is better to "go with the flow" of traffic rather than stay at the posted speed limit has some serious implications and limitations.... The posted limit does lack moral force – it's an engineering estimate of the best balance between safety and convenience for a particular road. The problem is that – judging from local observations and TV auto ads – the average driver is clinically insane. If everyone follows the trend to ever greater speed, will we wind up with everyone with the pedal to the metal all the time? The expressway I use every day is marked 55 at the ends and 65 in the middle. At rush hour of course these markings are irrelevant – it's a parking lot ooze. But off-peak there are a lot of people doing 80 or 90 – aside from the excess use of expensive gas, would I be crazy not to join the lunatics? It's hard to say. I have had semis and police cars tailgate me, less that a car-length at 65. Four people were just killed here when their small car was crushed between the back of a bus and the front of a semi. The only accident I have had however had nothing to do with highway speed – a large Honda Odyssey ran a red light last Friday and hit my Toyota Matrix ahead of the left front wheel, spinning the car nearly 180 degrees.

As to Nixie lights, we had a much older neon display bulb at the wind-tunnel that ran on the standard 120 mains power. It was about the size of the smallest standard-base screw-in bulb, but instead of a filament there was just a disk that had a glow around it when the power was on. It was hooked up to the power circuit for an essential compressor, to act as a warning that power had been lost. Obviously for the purpose, a bulb was wanted that would not create a false alarm by burning out – and indeed, I was there 32 years and it never did burn out.

Best, Ned Brooks

☐ **CKK:** *I was a technical consultant to the defense. I worked for and was paid by the defendant so that he is my client. I chose not to fight the issue of the bible when I was sworn in.*☐

Elizabeth Garrott  
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7/9/07

Knarley One

On my way home I found myself behind a Brevard County, Florida car, which was where my sister had her first job out of Seminary (Minister of Music) and was remembering a job offer she turned down before accepting Eau Gallie. (South Brevard went Metro after she moved there - turfism among the various police forces had worked **entirely** in the criminals' favor!)

Then I sat down to read *TKK* 124, and your editorial comments resonated. The job Alice turned down, the chairman of deacons had a garage apartment she could use and as for salary, "we'll do right by you." Yeah, right. Thanks but no thanks. Find another sucker.

Unless your teaching job turns into the job from Hell and I gather that it hasn't, it was a sidebar issue, Patent Law, that inspired law school - you can wait for the right offer before making a move.

By Tim's calculations, *FOSFAX* is actually going to be cheaper for us to mail even with the "flats" surcharge. Interesting. #214 is mostly in the computer now, but we haven't started pagination. **Sheryl** sent us a cover, but the rest of the art awaits page sizing after we work up what articles go where.

Grant is living with **Joe** and **Lisa** now, while looking for a new pad. A pipe burst under his trailer while he was in rehab after nearly losing another toe, and now the poor old crate really is Beyond the Beyonds. Too bad Carolyn had already gone through with selling her mother's house, though Grant would have preferred marriage and Carolyn is radical and would rather go *abekku* as we were saying in Japan when I left 30 years ago. (It's a French swipe and adapt - English isn't unique enough in that respect.)

Keep up the good work.  
Elizabeth

□**TKK**: *The time limit to move is finite before others begin to suspect that there is something wrong with me.*□

Brad W. Foster  
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11 Jul 2007

Greetings Henry and Letha~

Your opening editorial had the comment, in regard to a test you took, that "I'm not certain the right answer was always available on the multiple-choice section." That's kind of the story of my life on tests and forms. MY answer will usually end up being something that is a part of answer "B" and a part of answer "D", so some such combination. But they don't give you any other option than total agreement or disagreement with the choices they present. I've always been in the minority in my classes in that I was a BIG lover of the essay-answer style questions.

Of course, since this was for a test in law school, maybe that makes more sense. It's not so much the search for truth and knowledge that is involved with the law, as it is to get an exact, narrow, tight-focus definition of a single word or phrase. Shades of meaning have no place there. Unlike real life. I did like the follow up test you spoke of, the open book style.

Since I have always had a memory like a sieve, I have tried to make up for not being able to call up exact facts and quotes by at least learning how to do the research to find that information.

Sue's skunk tales remind me of the *Mythbusters* TV episode where they wanted to test various myths about how best to clean up after being sprayed by a skunk. The biggest problem they ended up with was getting a skunk upset enough to actually spray them!

On **Alex's** "Public display of religion" theme. He opened this with "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." That is true enough. I think he slightly misses the point though, in that it is not the display of religious elements in toto being fought against, but the idea that the government should in some way be a part of it. Within just a few blocks of my home are dozens of churches, a couple of synagogues, a mosque, and probably a few other religious groups I just don't recognize. Big buildings, right out there with all their rights to be there and tell us about their own personal versions of the big imaginary friend they have. Put up display on your property all about it, that is your right. But when you decide that the government must also agree with you and put up an official symbol of your beliefs, I start to get upset. The whole idea of "respecting" a religious belief for no other reason than that it is a religious belief is ridiculous. And the idea that my preferring not to have the city hall putting up all sorts of religious paraphernalia at any time of the year is my way of shutting down that religious message, when the churches, et al are everywhere already, is nuts. Your private belief must be sanctioned by our government? No. I don't want the government to shut down churches (though I do wish they would tax them like the rest of us), but I don't want the church to expect to get extra support.

Um, on other things, did a bit of text going missing between the end of page 10 and the start of page 11? I'm used to multiple typos showing up in the locs section, but the articles are usually tightly put together. What dropped out there?

On getting copies of medical records. I've noticed in locs here and last issue several folks commented on having no trouble getting their records, but your response to **Dave Szurek's** loc that you "never had trouble getting records; especially when transferring them to another physician..." gets closer to my complaint. I am upset because so often I, personally, cannot get my own records to keep. But I am constantly being asked to have them transferred from one doctor to another. Why can I not simply get them myself, and take them along with me when I want. No, can only get them if I am taking them to another doctor. So, it's musical chairs time getting the staff at both ends coordinated.

Back to the drawing board.  
Brad

□**TKK:** *I never use multiple choice unless the instructions are: Circle all that apply. The problem with the patent prosecution final was that the questions related to dealing with the Patent and Trademark Office so there were correct answers. Yes, a skunk has a limited supply of musk. As you point out, the problem with Van Orden v. Perry is that the Supreme Court issued a ruling that was not very helpful in determining where the line should be drawn and some believe they even managed to blur it.*□

Joseph T. Major  
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July 11, 2007

Dear Knarley & Letha:

And now the knews ... Just remember the bit in "Horse Feathers" where Professor Wagstaff (Groucho), piously informs Pinky (Harpo), that "You can't burn the candle at both ends." Pinky nods vigorously, reaches into his ratty coat, and produces a candle that is burning at both ends. The professor examines it carefully and gravely says, "I knew there you couldn't burn *something* at both ends." Just one sheet over the limit and we had to pay a further 39¢ postage. It is to weep. The system is getting more complex.

"Reflections On": **Janine Stinson** was collateral damage, the principal target was the guy she shouldn't have trusted, who roared on to a mailing list, started passing out insults when he found that everything wasn't going his way, and escalated to malicious targeting before flaming out. I found his own mailing list, which was all his own, so to speak.

Sue's Sites: We usually note skunks while in transit on the expressways. Or at least the signs of their demise. Incidentally, in the French dubbings of Warner Brothers cartoons, *Pepé le Pew* is Italian.

Carry On Jeeves: In *Salt Water Taffy* the author describes how the copras would fight in the hold of the ship. *Salt Water Taffy* is a parody of a particular "South Sea Adventure" book (that turned out to be a hoax) but it still functions as a general parody of such works.

InterLOCutions: Me: The Missing Pants suit was decisively dismissed, but of course Judge Pearson is appealing. The case, that is, he seems not to be particularly so himself.

**Eric Mayer:** **Dale Speirs** has been discussing Sherlock Holmes pastiches in *Opuntia* and pointing out that detectives in detective fiction would probably not do well on the stand. I was told about a *Murder, She Wrote* episode where Jessica Fletcher had to testify and was asked why it was that she knew so many people who were accused of murder. One imagines that if Harry Kemmelman's Rabbi David Small were testifying in one of his daily cases the defense attorney would give him a hard time. And so on.

**Ned Brooks:** G. Harry Stine wrote a novel (*Shuttle Down* (1980-1, 1986), as by "Lee Correy") which featured a shuttle emergency landing on Easter Island. Since the Shuttle Launch facility at Vandenberg AFB was closed, there's not much point of it any longer.

**E. B. Frohvet:** And the last Rabbi Small novel, *The Day the Rabbi Left Town* (1996) had to do with "easements", or people walking through a house lot to get to the beach. (In proper Jessica Fletcher style, the accused is Rabbi Small's successor at the synagogue....)

**Joseph Nicholas:** No, I'm not Jewish, but I can see where you might get that idea.

**Lloyd Penney:** But we did get a different kind of political animal to vote for. And when people found out what Perot was really like, they decided that originality is not all that great.

Namarie,  
Joseph T Major

□**TKK:** *So how did Warner Brothers do the "Pew no le Pew" joke in Italian? Why does closing Vandenburg necessarily require the closing of an Easter Island landing site for the shuttle?*□

Bill Legate  
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July 12, 2007

Henry, #124 arrived July 10. Thank you.

Of course this is your business and none of mine: but I shouldn't think a modest increase from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per copy, for the new postage, would agitate or alienate anyone.

I'm amused to see **Fred Lerner's** name and address attached to my May 29 letter. I *certainly* hope this doesn't occasion any shock and hysteria.

The business about "happy endings" again: The only thing I much notice in an ending is how well it wraps up the substance of the plot. I don't think about how fast it goes or long it takes, but do wish to know what happens to each main character. The transactions in the course of a story often correspond to random events in my own experience. And maybe that's part of what fiction is. Parables of some sort. If I can't grasp or express them, for all I know they may dramatize aspects of experience the way dreams do. We know the texture of a dream is more or less inexpressible. Anyway, some stories do leave me grumbling, wondering whether some character's deeds were ever made public, or some action had social consequences.

I recently reread 1 and 2 Kings. Among sources available to that editor were some folk legends of the prophets Elijah and Elisha. Elisha succeeded Elijah somewhere around 850 B.C. (depending on whose chronology you use), soon after the battle of Qarqar; maybe when one Jehoram was ruling Israel and the other Jehoram was ruling Judah. Most of the Elisha stories are in 2 Kings, say the first nine chapters. It's not clear just what is meant by some of the odd expressions and situations.

Hebrews of both Israel and Judah lived in the same land as numerous Canaanites, and Yahwists among the Hebrews more or less rigorously opposed the Baalism – forms of nature worship among the Canaanites which were familiar to all. A town some eleven miles north of Jerusalem was by this time known as Bethel: "House of God": and an upland east of the town was remembered as a holy site, where Abram (Abraham) built an altar, and Jacob dreamed of the ladder, and built an altar. The town was near the border between the northern and southern (Hebrew) kingdoms, changed hands from tribe to tribe, and was dominated by Canaanites at times. – Anyway, one peculiar story is in 2 Kings 2:23-24. Elisha was walking north, beside Bethel, when a crowd of "children" (or "small boys") came out and shouted, "Go up, you baldhead! Go up, you baldhead!" Elisha turned around and cursed them in the name of YHWH, and two she-bears came out of the woods and tore 42 of the children.

I've mostly run out of things to think about that. This time, I started imagining that Elisha was taken up and moved to somewhere along FDR by the East River, where he would walk west on East 119th St. to Fifth Ave., then south, passing St. Thomas Church, St. Patrick's Cathedral, and Rockefeller Center. More than three miles, if he makes it to Saks Fifth Avenue. But if he should encounter any armed youth gang along the way, and not give them respect, I'm not sure what would happen.

Bill

☐**CKK:** *The price on CKK is nominal. Essentially no one pays for their issues (except for me), so the net effect of any price change will not result in any change in the recipients.*

*Official Disclaimer: The previous letter was definitely written by Bill as opposed to some other person.*☐

John Purcell  
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19 Jul 2007

Good evening, Knarley!

I figured before I go to bed tonight – just after the Twins-Tigers game on ESPN just ended; damn Tigers won again, this time 3-2. I would rattle off a loc to you on your latest issue. It is a good way to wrap up the day, don't you think?

Reading your editorial spumes had me feeling bad for you mainly because I've sort of been in your position too. It is always aggravating to have a job dangled enticingly before your eyes, only to have it retracted because you're being baited by an unscrupulous employer. Teachers get offers at the last minute during the summer hiring months mainly because school districts and colleges figure that if a qualified teacher is still job hunting this late in the game, then they, the employer, might get a deal because the job hunter is getting desperate for a paying gig. I feel for you, Henry; I know how annoying this can be.

This summer I was able to avoid such a situation because I interviewed early on for some positions, and two weeks ago got an offer at the school I have been an adjunct instructor at for the past two years. The pay rate is going to be a very nice bump compared to what I have been making; this is how higher education cuts costs: use part-time adjuncts for teaching the core classes instead of hiring new, full-time faculty positions, which would require higher salaries and paying a hefty chunk of the cost of medical benefits. It has been a vicious circle for me, but now those years appear to be over. The most important part of this is getting those precious health benefits; my family needs those more than the paycheck.

At any rate, this fall semester I take my comps; been working on my dissertation proposal again so I can submit that early in the term. Fun and games! Good luck to both of us! We're gonna need it.

**Rodney Leighton's** "Reflections On...A Few eZines" kind of stuck in my craw a little bit. At first, I wasn't sure why, but



upon re-reading and thinking his brief article through I could have sworn I detected somewhat of a sneer, almost as if **Rodney** wasn't sure if he was understanding what he was reading, let alone enjoying it. First off, he wrongly assumes that **Eric Mayer** and Mary Reed "live in the United Kingdom" (they are dyed-in-the-red-white-and-blue-wool Americans living in a corner of Pennsylvania, I believe) and then says that he wouldn't "spend time on [Orphan Scrivener] if I had access to efanazines.com." **Rodney** liked *Pixel*, which I agree with him: *Pixel* is a wonderful fanzine, paper or electronic. I really hope **Rodney** can gain Internet access and start perusing efanazines.com, fanac.org, trufen.net, and poke around some other fannish websites (lots of sf clubs have their own websites), to say nothing of the passel of fen inhabiting LiveJournal. Perhaps part of the problem is that **Rodney** doesn't have the access to all of these due to where he lives. There's a lot of good stuff floating around out there, and I hope paperzine producing faneds will send **Rodney** their zines. I have the feeling that if he got a lot more zines he might feel more connected with the rest of us bozos in fanzine fandom. I will try to do my part by sending him a paper copy of *Askance* —d once I can afford to do so, that is. Funds for postage are always tight during the summer months for teachers. But I will mail him one, I promise.

Agh! Skunks! I remember a family of skunks calmly waddling through our campsite one evening high in the Wasatch Mountains in Utah back in August of 1998. We didn't panic, and just sat there quietly watching them pass by. They never came back, either. We figured they were out for their evening constitutional, seeing how the other mammals in the area live. They probably think *we* smell pretty bad, comparatively speaking. Who knows? The little skunks were kind of cute, come to think of it.

Hmm... Do I want to get into a lengthy debate about the public display of religion in America? No, not really, even if I do have my opinions on this subject. And that is all that really matters here: personal opinions. I think **Alexander Slate** did a pretty good job of summing up this ethical debate, especially the use of public funds being spent to set up religious themed displays. There is a pretty hefty ethical question there, and I agree with him: it is one that is best left alone at present. I will let the legal eagles hash this one out, thank you very much.

I also have to agree with **Alex** that Christmas has definitely assumed a rather secular holiday identity; no longer does it seem to matter whether you're Christian, Muslim, atheist, agnostic, or whatever; Christmas — oh, I'm sorry: the "Holiday Season" — is geared mainly for the acquisition of cold, hard cash. 'Tis the most debt-ridden time of the year. And stressful, too. Personally, I would think that for a Christian, Easter would have much more religious and spiritual significance than Christmas, but that's just my opinion. Both are definitely important, but one could be seen as the birth of the faith, made possible by the other, the birth of the person. It's an interesting concept. No matter what, I thank **Alex** for a thoughtful article.

That's about as much as I feel able to write tonight. I thoroughly enjoyed **Terry Jeeves'** article (a great story, as usual), and **Jim Sullivan's** piece is, well, a typical **Sullivan** piece: very punny.

One final thing of note, Henry. On your fanzine review page, you misspelled the title of my fanzine: it is *Askance*, not *Aslance*. Thank you for the kind words, and I hope you enjoyed the third issue, too — that is, if you receive a paper copy before your next issue of *TKK* goes to press. If I can afford to send it out, I shall.

A solid issue, sir. Thank you for sending it my way.

All the best,  
John Purcell

□**TKK**: *The problem with the job offer was I think they needed me more than I needed them.*□

E.B. Frohvet  
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July 19, 2007

Dear Henry,

I was rather struck by your account of "a system that gives the police certain protections from allegations of misconduct." Several years ago there was a case here in Howard County. A man was refused service at a local bar as he was already drunk, incoherent, or both. He stood outside, waving a large knife, and screaming garbled insults at the staff. Not surprisingly, they summoned the police. An officer approached the man, in the presence of several sober witnesses, and told him repeatedly to put down the knife. Instead the man advanced on the police officer in a hostile and threatening manner, ranting and cursing. After about the fifth warning to halt, the cop shot him. Both the police review board and a civilian review board concluded it was a justified use of force. The state's attorney then took the matter before a grand jury attempting to get a murder indictment against the police officer! The jury wisely refused. You can imagine how popular that state's attorney was with the police...

I had an airline experience much like what you describe, some years ago when my neice, then 12, came to visit. A representative of the airline escorted her out from the gates. The airline lady asked in civil enough fashion to see my identification, smiled, and wished Marty a nice visit. When she went home, my ID was again checked, then I was allowed to accompany her to the gate. I trust that Kira and Kyle enjoyed their trip. For children of that age, the risk is relatively slight.

Sue's Sites: My first, indirect, experience with a skunk was when I was about seven. My friend Russell's dog was amiable but overly enthusiastic, and got the worst end of an argument with a skunk. Russell and I spent several hours washing and re-washing the dog in an outside laundry tub. Even then,

Russell's mother would not permit any of the three of us in the house. I have smelled skunk at a distance various times, but never encountered one in person.

Probably the first thought that comes to mind about **Alex Slate's** exploration of "public displays of religion" is that it is basically a legal study of the question rather than an ethical study. A lot of the legal problems arise from people who go out of their way to be offended; who are, indeed, determined to be offended. And that's on both the religious and secular sides. In general I might agree with you about the Lynch decision, I don't see how the crèche image of the Holy Family can be made into anything other than a religious image. There's a monument on the grounds of Howard County District Court in honor of the county's Confederate veterans. And there's a statue of Lee and Jackson on the grounds of the Baltimore Museum of Art. Both grate on my nerves: traitors should not be publicly honored. But I don't care enough to finance or promote a lawsuit to have them removed. I was taught to be respectful of others' religion. A brief public display with due regard for, as you say, "the compulsion factor", should not generate all this litigious anger. As for Christmas being a federal holiday, that's a precedent of such long standing that under stare decisis few courts would challenge it. Nominally, as the name suggests, Thanksgiving was intended as a non-specific religious holiday; I note you don't question that.

**Mike Glycer:** Your interpretation is slightly off. I never said that *File 770* was the primary obstacle to **Guy Lillian** receiving a Hugo for *Challenger*. If my thought was not clear, let me spell it out: I felt *Challenger* deserved a Hugo that year, and any of several other years it had been published, a **lot** more than *File 770*. I also felt, and still feel, that you and Langford have had your day in the spotlight and it's time and past time to exercise the "refuse a nomination" clause and let someone else have a chance to be recognized. Way too many fans vote by habit, name recognition, and yes, ignorance. I had seen the photo, and took it for a joke.

**Joseph T. Major:** A blast from the past, "back-pedal brakes". My first bicycle as a child had them. Alas, I still miss George Laskowski, even though I had some problems with his fanzine. Cruel to go that young and that fast (pancreatic cancer for those who didn't know). I don't get so much offers of home equity lines of credit; I get more financial consultant firms that will be glad to invest my money for me: just send a check!

**Joy V. Smith:** It sounds as if your environment is too dry for orange trees. It's possible development has destroyed the aquifers which previously provided sufficient natural water.

Henry: I'd guess the requirement for a constructive easement would be whatever a court says it is. For my part, my neighbors would be welcome to cut through my back yard, if I possessed one.



**Jim Stumm:** Cut me some slack, I was paraphrasing Heinlein. I understand about dogs. What I don't understand is why people

let their obviously vicious dogs loose to attack strangers on public property.

Greeting to "Knarley & the Knarelettes",  
E.B. Frohvet

□**CKK:** *A constructive easement is actually to be defined by statute. The statute is probably a codification of common law (the ruling of judges), but the period of use, etc. are probably well defined in most state statutes.*□

Joy V. Smith  
8925 Selph Road  
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20 Jul 2007

Henry,

I see you continue to work your way through a chaotic schedule and multiple opportunities and challenges. Congratulations on passing your exams, working through your new courses, law reviews, and your first case, plus becoming the Chair of the Wisconsin Speleological Society. Gee, it's a good thing it's not hockey season. Great Scott! And you're winning the war against your weeds! (I gave up and am downsizing from five acres to a half acre.)

I enjoyed Sue's article on skunks; and it reminded me of our cat, Bast's, encounter with a skunk. We used tomato juice to clean him off. He was a black and white Manx, btw. Pretty skunk picture. I didn't know you could pick up photos from Wikipedia.

I also enjoyed **Jim Sullivan**'s article about the innovative use of nuns in the Federal Witness Program. Thanks to **Alexander Slate** for his background on religious displays. I don't mind multiple displays, but there will be some strange requests in the future, I'm sure.

I've always liked that Hugo photo with **Mike Glyer** and **Guy Lillian**; I thought it was fun! **Terry Jeeves**'s WWII articles (I gave up on reminisces...) are always interesting, including the wrestling matches with the Mae Wests...

LOCs: Speaking of happy endings, I like them. It's not as if there were that many! And tomorrow it's Harry Potter release day. Last time we got our copy at Publix (grocery store) and not a book store. Less crowds, and it was cheaper, as I recall. Anyway, I don't want to spend a lot of time on a story that I hate because they killed people I like.

**Rodney**: Did you get your tiller tire fixed in time for your garden? **Jeffrey**: Did you get your Script Frenzy script completed? **R-Laurraine**: Great screening idea! Phone companies could make a lot of money selling that to people. And thanks to everyone for their interesting and educational input. And I loved the Aztec Angel art by **Brad Foster**.

Appreciatively,  
Joy V. Smith

☐**CKK**: *I can't imagine trying to take my manual war against the weeds to five acres. I only have to deal with about three-quarters of an acre.*☐

Milt Stevens  
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July 27, 2007

Dear Henry and Letha,

In *Knarley Knews* #124, Henry mentions being underwhelmed by an offer for a temporary job. I've encountered similar situations over the years. It's hard to tell what may be happening with some employers. About a dozen years ago, I was briefly doing the web site for the Southern California Crime Analysts Association. We posted job offers for crime analysis positions around the state and around the country. I happened to receive one from the Orange County DA's Office. They wanted everything in the whole world. They wanted all sorts of crime experience, statistical experience, systems experience, staff writing experience, and they were willing to pay a whopping \$20K a year for it. At the time, entry level typists were paid more than that. That offer was so bad I considered it to be insulting. I didn't post their job offer, but I did post my own recommendation that no member of the association go near them. I have no idea whether they were ever able to fill that position.

**Alexander Slate**'s article could lead to an indefinite amount of commentary. Which is sort of strange considering the issue is mostly decorative rather than life threatening. I suppose if there was any real effort to suppress religion believers might resort to the methods of early Christians and develop symbols which wouldn't be recognized by non-Christians. Then the believers could start all sorts of rumors that things they really weren't using were actually secret religious symbols. That could lead to all sorts of silly situations.

There have been cases where religious groups didn't think they should be under any regulations at all. I recall one where a church was closed for violating fire regulations. They considered it an outrage. I guess they either were putting more stock in the efficacy of prayer than they probably should have or wanted to send the congregation to the next world in as little time as possible. There was a proposed constitutional amendment called the Family Protection Amendment which specified church run orphanages would be free from any health or safety regulations. Bad idea. I guess most people realized it was a bad idea and the proposed amendment disappeared after a brief time.

However, Christmas lights are pretty and don't seem to be at all harmful. I'd be interested in seeing some atheist explain how seeing colored lights in December had reduced him to a state of total gibbering. Locally, we had an interesting case of seasonal lights which might have had some sinister and possibly religious significance. Last December, our city council had white lights put up on all the trees along Tapo Street. I was wondering how they were going to get away with that. Easy. The lights are still there as of July. They had nothing to do with Christmas. They just haven't been turned on since January 1 because of energy savings. There probably will have been enough savings to turn them back on around Thanksgiving.

Yours truly,  
Milt Stevens

☐**CKK**: *The Family Protection Amendment sounds like a stupid topic for an amendment. I consider this kind of thing one of the worst abuses of the legal process.*☐

Sheryl Birkhead  
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July 27, 2007

Dear Knarl,

Well, my computer curled up and died (very dead, at least for the moment) over a week ago. After a plethora of calls to Apple-m which no two people agreed on the seriousness/permanence of the problem (and my being told I needed a new Mac, but to be warned they run on a new chip and to call the software people-as of two weeks ago I had finally bought all the OSX versions of the software I routinely use-and sure enough 2 out of 3 companies said their products would not



work with the new Macs). In a nutshell, I had to wipe the hard drive and start over. Apple suspects the OS was corrupted by a CD I had burned at the local Apple store to update my OS since my dial-up download was taking about 23 hours and conking out after about 13 hours and saying start over. So I paid them to burn the information for me and... well, there is no way to know for sure, but for now I am slaying with the OS I have directly from DVDs and will just have to lump it. HP could not fix the printer glitches that occurred after the fresh install and (after charging me \$40) told me to call Asante, which makes the (aha I think I have the name they had for it) printer server. I have to connect the printer to the tower. In 30 seconds, for free, Asante fixed the problem. So, 9 days and \$195 later I am slowly limping along. The Internet connection is still iffy, but Apple says if there is any connection rate, then it is set up properly (pre-crash about 100% connection, now 12%). Sigh.

Around here most farmers have lost a lot, if not all, of their crops, especially those slated for market. This is the first year I have watered the lawn and the soil still remains bone dry. Despite this, the blueberry plants produced a bumper crop (all of which is now in the freezer or jam). For me, the one good aspect is that I only have to mow the lawn every two weeks.

Congratulations on adding the Chair hat (Wisc. Speleological Soc.) to your wardrobe.

Hope all the child transportation went smoothly and according to plan.

With any luck you will not have any tall tales to relate (aside from the early hours you had to keep to make the schedules)!

About the USPS-yeah I found out very early in the new rates time that they now had the large envelope and the package (as I understand it-any envelope-even the smaller ones-are considered a package if they are thicker than 1/4" and postage starts at \$1.13 and goes up from there). I had no idea this was to target eBay but it is surely making my mailing life difficult. I do not dare take the chance that I have mis-gauged a class or rate and am ending up at the PO much more often than in the past.

With the computer (and peripherals) problem, I looked into the various color laser printers available and felt really ridiculous when it all came down to-will any of them fit into the one spot for a printer? Luckily the old printer is now talking to the computer since none of the new printers come anywhere close to fitting the opening I have. So much for that idea and it is, at least for now, a postponed decision.

I enjoyed **Rodney (Leighton)**'s zine imagery. Because I cannot open zines even when I am on line, I will just appreciate his enjoyment of zines such as *Pixel*, I actually have a copy of *Return to Harrison Country* – the Steve Stiles' TAFF report..but I have yet to read it. I will get to it RSN.

Naomi Fisher used to have a pet skunk. One of my cousins (well I guess they are all second cousins) also had a pet skunk. As far as I know they seem to make nice pets-once the obvious potential problem has been removed. My own personal experience with a skunk was indirect, sorta. Taking care of 250 laying hens was my responsibility. The chicken house was open to the yard and various critters would stop by and partake of the feeds left out. One night the dog went out to check out the henhouse and a striped kitty was already in residence. Okay- time to try out the tomato juice bath remedy. Personally, I don't think that solution really helped a whole lot. That was the first time that I found out the smell could be strong enough to make you vomit-ah yes, fond memories. I can picture the dog praying – not the eyes...please...not the eyes.

**Terry Jeeves** writes so well I can only envision his memories in a real book-someday...RSN.

It is always a pleasure to read. I kept expecting him to describe how the horse scraped him off via an overhanging branch or some other offending shrubbery-kudos for remaining seated!

**Chris** I am going to invest in some seamless socks. Think about it-wearing something on your feet that actually has the seams up close and personal seems counter-intuitive to preventing irritation and blistering. Since just finding out I have bunions and hammer toes, I have started trying to take better care of my feet. I swore, as a teen, that once I got to the age that I could choose shoes, I would never wear stylish shoes unless they were comfortable. Now I have a reason for shoes to have been uncomfortable. The (big) fly in the ointment is that the only place I can locate such socks is online when I go visit the library. Of the socks I found, the prices vary from about \$9 to \$12 a pair and, naturally, I cannot go into a store and look at them first. Naturally the style I picked is one of the \$12/pair styles. We shall see, once I just go ahead and order a pair....

My first artichoke was actually in a salad (years ago when such things happened) on a flight. I had ordered the vegetarian plate and then had to ask how to eat the thing. As might be expected, it was not the top of the line and was very fibrous. Then, years later Peggy Ranson treated me to an artichoke dish made with artichoke hearts(canned), spinach and sour cream-totally delicious. However, I doubt that dish actually tasted like artichokes and I have never tried making any dish that uses "real" (read as fresh) artichokes in case I choose poorly and louse up the recipe. Ah yes, something to look forward to.

If I recall Dr. Roy Pearson (him of the missing pants) did not win the (ahem) suit. I do not recall if he got anything at all or not.

We now know that Harry Warner Jr's zines were bought by an individual in Texas. I have no idea what happened to the

Hugos. I am presuming that the estate is closed, but perhaps things like that have not yet been handled?

Fogging lenses-uh...just wondering... To prevent the bathroom cabinet mirror from fogging up after/during a shower, I saw a promo on TV (and tried it- it works)-simply apply shaving cream and rub it off. I am not sure (since it is about the opposite mechanism) if it would work in the cold to prevent condensation—anyone know?

In response to various comments (etc.) about separation of Church and State. In theory it sounds fine, but the implementation is a bit harder. I know there was a lot of concern about Kennedy as a Catholic president, but (granted, I am not political and do not read political writings...) I do not recall that being a large quibble -after the fact. I've seen people interviewed on TV about voting for a Mormon and most seem to like the candidate, but say they would not vote for a Mormon in case it is not possible to separate the two arenas.

I hope **Julie Wall** will write up her trip back to the Big Easy. I can only hope the rebuilding continues apace – building better...not just building.

Computer activity continued. I have now had the zip drive refuse to work and then (current problem) been unable to have Adobe help me get the appropriate updates (now that I am reloading all the software) and I am on the verge of just calling that endeavor quits. When I get this done I will cross my fingers that I can get the printer to work. It seems that as soon as I fix one problem something else goes wrong. Apple did not make me happy by saying that if these glitches continue after having been fixed at least once, I might really (really) want to consider either a new computer (I kinda like that tiny mini Mac!) or a new old one-so I can continue to access my records. Hmm, I wonder how the IRS would react to my providing the disks that I cannot open in lieu of records...? Serious doubts that they would be amused.

I get 7/11 of the zines listed-not bad.

I actually went to the library several times (once to pick up the last Harry Potter book on CD -d just finished listening to it and seeing the latest movie) to go online and tried to view two ezines I kept seeing mentioned (names to be kept confidential). The PC opened them but I found one not at all to my taste and the other one just fine, then sighed over the inability to print out a copy that is representative of the zine. I did look into color laser printers when it looked as if I would **have** to get a new printer. The irony is that it seems that the single most important criterion will be the size since there is only one place a printer can go. So far none of the color laser printers I looked at (online) are short enough to fit into the slot. Sheesh, that is really a stupid basis for selection, but....

Thanks for thish-  
'bye, Sheryl

☐**TKK**: *Complex computer problems can be a huge pain in the ass. Even when I've done all the work, tech support insists on starting over so I have been known to take the easy way out and let our IT department deal with the problem. I've seen aerosol deodorant used on the bathroom mirror. You would not be the first tax payer with old format records that can no longer be accessed. You should also be aware that disks and writable CDs will eventually fail due to old age within a few years.*☐

Jim Stumm  
PO Box 29  
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July 28, 2007

**Classroom Shooter**: One easy reform is to put locks on doors so that they can be locked from the inside without a key, but can be unlocked from the outside only with a key. One professor at Virginia Tech was killed trying to block the classroom door with his body because the door couldn't be locked from the inside.

**Alexander Slate**: I'd like the public display of religious symbols to be kept off government property entirely. It can be as visible and public as anyone wants as long as it's on private property with the consent of the owner. But I could accept allowing it in the "town square" with the two rules you propose: privately financed with no taxpayer money, and open access to anyone who wants to put up symbols he is fond of. But allowing the Ten Commandments on government property seems to uniquely privilege one particular sacred book. I would think that should be permitted only if equal space was made available nearby for the display of passages from other scriptures (Muslim, Buddhist, Hindu, etc.) as well as non-theistic philosophy.

**Joseph T. Major**: I vaguely recall reading in *Collier's* in the early 1950s the article by Werner von Braun proposing a plan for an expedition to Mars using a fleet of monstrously huge spaceships, that would have cost all the money in the world to build. They had to be that big because the plan called for taking to Mars all the fuel needed for the return trip. Robert Zubrin has solved that problem by proposing that we could make the fuel for the Earth Return Vehicle using mainly the carbon dioxide in the Martian atmosphere and some hydrogen brought along to make oxygen and methane.

I seem to recall that we had *Collier's* in the house, but I don't know how that could have been because my parents were too poor to waste money on magazine subscriptions. Perhaps my grandparents subscribed. They lived downstairs; we lived in the upstairs flat of my grandparents house. As a little kid, I had the run of the house and I would have seen any magazines lying around downstairs. The first magazine subscriptions that came into our house that I'm sure of were ones I subscribed to. In the late 1950s, when I was earning a little money of my own, I subscribed to *Reader's Digest* and *Popular Mechanics*. I still have about 10 years of *Popular Mechanics* from around 1960 packed away in a box in the attic that I haven't

looked at in decades. I have no idea what condition they're in now. They were mostly in good shape when I packed them away. All those articles about yesterday's futures might be quite a curiosity by now.

I don't recall reading any SF in magazines. I got into it when I found the SF section in the library, and I think the first SF novel I read from the library was *Pebble in the Sky* by Asimov, if that's the one with the chess game. I liked that book and read my way thru the SF section of the library. Later I joined the SF Book Club until I went into the army. And I've been reading SF ever since.

Pork barrel spending is the result of bribes given to politicians in the guise of campaign contributions to buy government subsidies or special favors. Or Congressmen may seek money for their district so they can use that to garner votes in the next election. Doing away with elections would eliminate both. Your neighbor in Congress has no great incentive to do you any extraordinary favors with taxpayers money if he isn't seeking your vote. You may still bribe him, but you can't call your bribe a campaign contribution if there are no campaigns, so such a bribe would be easier to discover and prosecute.

Jim Stumm

□**TKK:** *The problem with locking the classroom doors is getting them open for classes. If every faculty member is issued with a pass key or pass card then it only takes one for the shooter to bypass the whole system. Otherwise, you are left with waiting for a security officer to continually open doors that were inadvertently shut with no one on the inside. It is all a balance of convenience vs. security.*□

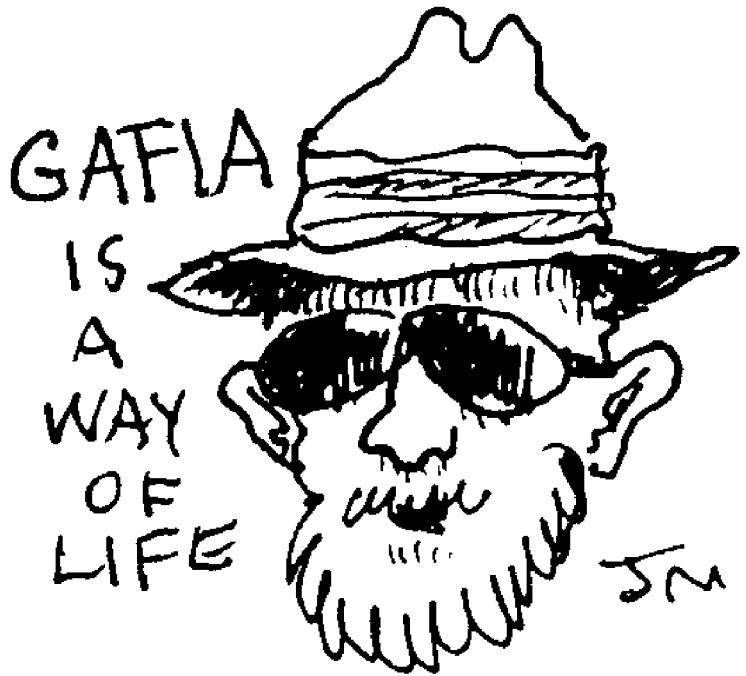
Eric Lindsay  
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02 Aug 2007

Dear Henry,

Thanks for *TKK* #123, with the fine **Marc Schirmeister** cover.

I certainly hope the USA doesn't suffer any more Virginia Tech style campus shootings.

After the Port Arthur massacre a decade ago in Australia, the federal government basically withdrew many (at least 700,000, about 1/7 of those in circulation) military style guns and shotguns from the community (handguns were always restricted). While there would obviously be many guns still in circulation, especially in criminal circles, I suspect this has reduced the spontaneous use of guns. Gun deaths have halved in Australia, mostly showing up in suicide rates. Homicide involving guns have dropped to around an annual average of 56 for Australia.



Easter Island sounds fascinating. I wonder which isolated island will be next to run into some impossible environmental crisis, and be abandoned?

Having a high speed scanner able to handle text recognition seems like a great idea. I haven't heard of many OCR products that work well with a Macintosh. Not that I get much text worth using OCR on anyhow.

Your mention of nixie tubes reminds me that that the July issue of *Silicon Chip* has the first part of an article on building a retro clock using nixie tubes as the readout. The rest of the clock is solid state. However with spare nixie tubes costing A\$15 each, it seems an expensive way to tell the time. It does look pretty in the photos. [http://siliconchip.com.au/cms/A\\_109004/article.html](http://siliconchip.com.au/cms/A_109004/article.html)

**Jim Stumm** rants entertainingly about the lack of an old style single purpose word processor. However you can indeed buy single function devices still. Usually Linux based, and aimed at networking, but there are a few word processor ones, mostly intended for schools. Look up AlphaSmart Dana or AlphaSmart Neo at <http://www.alphasmart.com/> Not bad for something that will run 700 hours on 3AA batteries.

Regards, Eric Lindsay

□**TKK:** *1 typical large city in the United States has more than 56 homicides.*□

Lloyd Penney  
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August 2, 2007

Dear Knarley:

A fast loc for *The Knarley Knews* 124 just before deadline... August is going to be an extremely busy month for me. There's my evening job, about 10 days of daytime assignments, taping for an ESL website, and a possible movie shoot. Should be fun; will be crazy, so working to catching up.

Re your offer at the wire: I have had similar offers from publishing companies. Sometimes, they were advertise their jobs, and you'll never hear from them again, or they will test the waters by advertising a job through an agency, and once they get flooded with resumes, announce that they hired from within. The agency knows that perhaps the job never even existed, and that they wanted to find out how many people in the industry weren't working at the time.

Skunks are nifty little creatures. I've already written about having a family's pet skunk on my lap all evening, and it was great having a giant kitten to cuddle with. Yvonne says that in Québec, these little critters have a couple of names. Some call them moufettes, and one nickname they have is belle puant, French for beautiful stinker. I've seen pictures of skunks in cream or grey fur, but have never seen one live. There are skunk shows in the US the same way there's dog and cat shows, and domesticated skunks can be quite affectionate. (And susceptible to rabies...)

Damned if you, damned if you don't, hmm, **Mike**? People will assign the worst intentions to the most innocent of ideas. I hate the idea that we have to choose between friends when it comes to these silver rockets, and I have voted for you and for **Guy** too in the past. I don't know if I'll ever have the ability to vote for the Hugos again, but I will say that I hope **Guy** gets a rocket. I hope you get another one, too. And, if you save one for me, we'll all be even.

Hello, **Joseph**...no, I didn't get to hear the Donald. Yvonne and I both went to the prevent meeting where we were to receive final instructions. The crew in charge of the event treated us like idiots, and the whole thing became a big pep rally. They forgot they were in Canada, and tried to sell us on the American dream, whereupon we walked out.

I haven't spoken to him via e-mail, but I can imagine what **John Purcell** is going through with the Minneapolis bridge collapse yesterday. I'm sure he has family still there. I'll be responding to the latest *Askance* soon, and I can find out. The I-35W bridge was only 40 years old...I have to wonder if there's any other bridges out there ready to fall down.

I didn't know Diana Harlan Stein had gafiated...to be honest, I'm not sure she has. I still from time to time see Diana with

her horned baseball cap at conventions. David Stein often comes up to Toronto to work art shows for the Team, Eh?. I am not sure Diana still draws, though...

Hello, **Jeff Boman**! Will you be .pdfing your new zine? Send me a copy, and I'll make some comments on it. They might even make sense, but I wouldn't bet on it.

Are any readers here from the Anaheim area? Could they write about any changes they might have seen in Anaheim after the Ducks won the Stanley Cup? Post-Cup loss, there were lots of changes with the Ottawa Senators, and I have my doubts about whether they will be able to return to the Cup final next year. The NHL has decided the Nashville Predators will stay in Nashville and has approved a local group buying the team for about US\$30 million less than an Ontario businessman was willing to buy it and relocate it to Hamilton, Ontario.

I remember George Laskowski well, as I do Maia Cowan, his widow. Maia did a few panels I remember vividly, about how Fandom is a Drain of Funds, and how she had a few regrets about all the money and time spent on fandom that could have gone into savings for retirement. She couldn't argue when some offered that the money spent could possibly create memories and experiences you'd never forget, but it did make for a good discussion. I think with Lan's death, she gafiated completely.

Mormon missionaries are everywhere; there's a relatively new temple northwest of here in Brampton, where I used to live. Overall, the Mormons are nice folks, and while they are here to spread their good word, I've never found them pushy or overbearing. Meanwhile, there's a Jehovah's Witnesses facility I can see from my balcony, and I'm getting tired of someone waving an Alive! or a *Watchtower* at me. They are getting more aggressive, and have been kicked off the transit authority property several times for standing in the way of major lines of pedestrian traffic in order to get in their face and promote their publications.

More shows are coming up for me to work on, as well as an interview with an advertising agency. I'd like to work days again, so wish me luck with the interview. I'd like to make some decent money again.

You've probably got *Ethel the Aardvark*...they are experimenting with a rotating editorship, and Murray McLachlin got to edit issue 130. I hope they might write an article about this experiment, and comment on its level of success.

All done. Tonight is a pubnight downtown, so I'll tie this up with a bow, and get ready to go. Yvonne will be home from work shortly, and she has an interview tomorrow with Virgin Mobile Canada. If she gets the job, she will work in the same building that I do, and even on the same floor. Only difference will be that she will work there in the day time, and me there in the evening. Take care, and see you nextish.

Yours,  
Lloyd Penney

□**TKK:** *Having known Guy and Mike for years I took the photo exactly in the jest that it was taken. Years ago I visited New Orleans and Guy took a photo of a stuffed alligator trying to eat my hand. The caption we envisioned was funny at the time, but the photo and any story are long misplaced.*□

Jeffrey Allan Boman  
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August 2nd, 2007

Hi Henry and my fellow Knarleys:

Bigfoot mail is (far to slowly for my tastes)moving our accounts to a new server. As a result, any mail sent to my croft@bigfoot.com address I haven't seen for a while; in fact if any of my fellow zinesters mailed me about *The Original Universe*, I never saw them. So, I've relocated my zine-mail for now. I even created an address specifically for it: theoriginuniverse@gmail.com

I ended up mailing issue 1 at the end of July when finances were available. My first issue mail list was a little smaller than I hoped, but good for a first issue zine. I've now advertised it on Tribe, on a zine specific message board, on my fandom wiki, on comicspace, the Compuserve Comics and Animation forum, soon on Zine Wiki... I have the promotional engine running on full. Never thought I'd be Mr. Marketing. :)

My high school reunion on the 4th was incredible. A week later and I'm still processing it all. This LOC may seem a little truncated as a result.

InterLOCutions

**Chris Garcia:** My brother-in-law is Catholic, so he and my sister mix Christmas and Hanukkah together for my nephew and nieces every year.

**Joseph T. Major:** I haven't even seen the magazines you mention on the stands (a magazine stand. Except in bookstores, they're a dead breed also). / Now a mom (by now, I'm guessing). Wow. Time doesn't fly; it zooms.

**Ned Brooks:** Even being in the orbit of Debbie Harry is a major coup! I claim at best 2 degrees of separation from William Shatner and Leonard Cohen through my dad, who knew them when he was younger. Not that I'd expect them to remember.

**John Purcell:** The chances of another shooting at Virginia Tech are remote – as are the chances of it happening again at Dawson College here in Montreal - but even one such tragedy is too much.

**E. B. Frohvet:** Lex was a very devious “rebound” guy for Lana on Smallville. Possibly fatal. / It is possible to write

something publishable on the first draft. One of my friends set out to prove it a few tears ago. Based on his (in)famous rules of writing, I don't think Robert Heinlein believed in re-writing either.

For NaNoWriMo we just write without pausing to edit or revise. Some of it ends up being crap, but there are some gems in there as a result too.

**Dave Szurek:** I've dealt with too many tragic stories in my life, but none fortunately endings. I haven't let them; my saying is: When life gives you lemons, you make a whole damn meringue pie. / I'd have more trouble calling the Virginia Tech shooter mentally ill because it almost seems a way to excuse his actions. A scumbag like that doesn't deserve it in my view.

**Joseph Nicolas:** Pressure from Other Things... boy, do I resemble that! I know the feeling.

**Jim Strumm:** About wikipedia: an entry about me was removed because they don't see me as important enough to stay in it; my entry on Zine Wiki stayed though.

**Julie Wall:** The Police came to Montreal, and will perform here again in November. We were an important city to their career we were told. Hope you had a blast at the concert, and that NOLA has recovered somewhat!

Speaking of The Police: were you annoyed at Kanye West co-opting their performance at Live Earth? I was.

**R-Laurraine Tutihasi:** I use the caller ID to avoid phone spam too. It's one of man's greatest inventions for that.

**Lloyd Penney:** Sadly, I don't see anyone in Canada not lazy, and willing to start a new party. / Ironic how I'm not a fan of electronic zines, yet I just e-mailed you a PDF of my first! Electronic APAs though I've so far see mostly go under. Only one I've seen continue. Zines I don't really know. Too bad, as my budget for my zine would benefit.

All LOC-caught up now.

Jeffrey Allan Boman

□**TKK:** *I, too, have been overrun by spam. They did something with our filter and now it lets all kind of junk through from male enhancement products to hot stocks. It makes it hard to sort out the real mail from the fake stuff.*□

R-Laurraine Tutihasi  
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laurraine@mac.com  
5 Aug 2007

Dear Henry and Letha,

Thanks for another interesting issue.

I testified as an expert witness when I was an employee of the City of Los Angeles. The case had to do with someone suing the city because of damage caused by road construction, grading specifically. I maintained a database having to do with grading. At the time I had no idea what the case was about exactly. The judge made the lawyer for the litigant appear to be a right fool. The judge basically shot down the lawyer's efforts to question me and did all the questioning himself. I believe the litigants lost. I later learned that I probably would have sided with the litigant, but they do seem to have hired an inept lawyer.

Skunks are my special interest. I maintain a collection of various skunk items, mostly stuffed animals and figurines. We recently took photos of most of my collection because of an upcoming house move. The only items left out of the photo sessions were my jewellery. I intend to put the skunk photos up on my web site when I can find the time. It probably won't happen soon, as we are so busy preparing our house for sale and moving to Arizona.

It was because of glasses frosting up that I changed to contact lenses. I was afraid to scrape the frost off the glasses for fear of scratching the lenses. I took them off and waited for the frost to melt. My vision was not so bad that I couldn't function somewhat without them. I just couldn't recognize people from a distance or read the writing on the board at the front of the classroom. More recently I had to give up contacts because of dry eyes, though I started using night-time contact lens correction about a year ago.

It seems I must have confused the person who was to have edited the final issue of *Lan's Lantern*. I no longer have any contact information for him. There are too many fans named Tom. If anyone can supply me with contact information, I would certainly be willing to finish the project after we move to Arizona (we hope in a couple of months). My e-mail address will remain the same for the foreseeable future.

Like **Sheryl Birkhead** I find myself shopping for gifts all year. This is a bit of a problem now as we are getting ready to move. I will have to give out the gifts we have already ahead of their intended date. I wonder if my sister would respect a "Do not open 'til Xmas" label?

Laurraine Tutihasi

#### **We also heard from:**

Sheryl Birkhead, Lysa DeThomas, John Hertz (who thought the type of the issue was "acclimation" for "acclamation"), Terry Jeeves, Trinlay Khadro, Rodney Leighton, Fred Lerner, Guy Lillian, Murray Moore (the John Hertz fan fund was a success), Bob Sabella, Gene Stewart, Janine Stinson, and Sue Welch

☐**CKK:** *An old butcher's trick is to back through a doorway when entering from the cold. I think it results in less fogging, but this is hardly a scientific conclusion. Good luck with the move.*☐

Alexander Slate  
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21 Aug 2007

Knarley,

Just a quick note in response to two of the locs in ish 124.

**E.B. Frohvet**, we need to get together sometime, now that I live in your neck of the woods. But, about Maryland and Virginia - - actually what you point out makes sense. Virginia was a crown colony, with essentially many, if not all, of the laws of England itself. Since England had an official religion... bingo! Maryland, on the other hand is a land grant colony, founded by Lord Baltimore, a catholic. The Catholics were not well treated in England during a lot of this period, so it makes sense that a Catholic founded colony would have freedom of religion.

**Jim Stumm:** The definition of the US as a Christian nation is one of semantics and therefore really unarguable unless the two parties agree to the same dictionary. But, the second half of that particular paragraph is exactly what I am trying to argue. As for the 1st v 10th amendment, the definition of what the federal government may do with regard to 'non-enumerated' powers changes all the time. The federal government does a lot of things which are not in the enumerated powers. But that aside; it is the 1st amendment which prevents any government in the US (federal, state or local) from establishment of a religion. Remember that the states may not do anything which goes against the Constitution. And most of the things I discuss don't deal with actions of the federal government. But you are partially correct, in terms of the feds, it is in reality a combination of the 1st and 10th. Though, I bet you if they tried the legal action would be on the basis of the 1st, not the 10th amendment.

Re: Sue's sites - skunks ain't they fun? "Crossing the highway, late last night. He shoulda looked left and he shoulda look right. He didn't see the station wagon car. Skunk got squashed and there you are. You got your dead skunk in the middle of the road..." -Louden Wainright III

☐**CKK:** *Actually, it is the 14th amendment that allows the 1st amendment to be applied to the states. Prior to the 14th amendment it was thought that the 1st only applied to the federal government.*☐



"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. 4* 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.

*Challenger 26* by Guy H. Lillian, III; 8700 Millicent Way; Shreveport, LA 71115; <http://www.challzine.net/>; GHLIII@yahoo.com; irregular; \$6 or the usual. This is a fine genzine with good articles, lots of photos and letters. Every bit worthy of its Hugo nominations.

*Ethel the Aardvark #130 & 131* by rotating editors; 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.

*File 770:150* by Mike Glycer; 705 Valley View Ave.; Monrovia, CA 91016; MikeGlycer@cs.com; irregular; \$8/5 or the usual. This has become a bit more regular and contains its usual assortment of news items and convention reports.

*LOCS* by Brad W. Foster; PO Box 165246; Irving, TX 75016; <http://www.jabberwockygraphix.com>; one-shot; the usual. Brad has assembled a set of fillos from various artists each with a theme that can be acronymed into "LOCS."

*Lofgeornost 88* 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 describes a trip to Portugal.

*MarkTime 81* by Mark Strickert; 9050 Carron Dr. #273; Pico Rivera, CA 90660; busnrail@yahoo.com; irregular; \$2 or the usual. A compilation of Mark's travel diary for the first part of 2007.

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

## Fanzines Received in Trade

*Nacrolepsy Press Review #2* by Randy Robbins; P.O. Box 171311; Anaheim, CA 92817-7131; irregular; \$2 or the usual. A collection of capsule fanzine reviews interspersed with art, pictures, and other clippings.

*Opuntia 63.3 & 63.5A* by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. Information on FAPA as well as items from the life of a parks foreman in Calgary.

*Peter Jackson Will Never Work for Me Again I* by Murray Moore; 1065 Henley Road; Mississauga, ON L4Y 1C8; Canada; mmoore@pathcom.com; unknown; the usual. A short zine discussing Murray's recent trip to the UK for Eastercon.

*Vanamonde No. 688 - 97* by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John's APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.

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](http://efanzines.com) to check out the postings.) This will likely continue to be nature of things for the foreseeable future.



## Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Please inspire me here.

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



### You Got this Issue Because ...

- \_\_\_\_\_ The kids are cleaning their rooms and work on this is preferable to overseeing their activities.
- \_\_\_\_\_ The first Costco in Wisconsin was opened just down the street.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 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.