

TO PACIFISTS THE PROPER COURSE
OF CONDUCT IS TO SIT ON FORCE.
FOR, IN THEIR DREAMS, FORCE CAN'T RESIST
THE WELL-INTENTIONED PACIFIST.

-Clarence Day



THE SNARLY NEW

ISSUE 126 - OCTOBER 2007

The Knarley Knews -- Issue 126
Published in October, 2007

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

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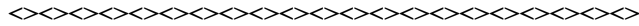


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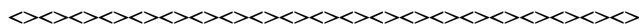
Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

Thank you to everyone for your sympathies regarding the death of my father. It is heartwarming to know that there are many people who are out there to provide support and kindness.

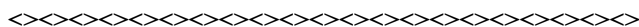


The missing apostrophe problem cropped up again. Somehow the print dialog setting got unchecked that says to download all fonts to the printer. As a result the smart quotes are recognized by the font in the computer, but not the font in the printer.



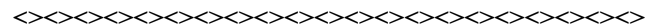
My legal job search continues. Many of the things that I feel are my strengths – long working career as a professional, strong technical skills, etc. appear to be nullified by the fact that I am simply older and less malleable than a 25-year-old cookie cutter law school graduate. I have had a regular slate of callback interviews this past fall with two trips to the Detroit area, two to Chicago, one to Minneapolis, and one forthcoming to Boston. In fact, I'm writing this editorial as I wait for my plane in Minneapolis. The impact on my schedule has been significant. I have or will miss 5 of the 10 lab sessions I'm supposed to be teaching on Mondays. The students have been really good about it, but it is a confusing message to send them. I have not told them I'm interviewing for jobs, but most of them know I'm finishing law school and likely suspect. I suppose that since they are seniors they will likely be doing the same thing in coming weeks and I'll excuse them from class when that happens.

So far I have not had any offers. I few firms are still reviewing my credentials and I'm still running down a few leads in the Milwaukee area. At least one firm has decided that they will be collecting resumes and I made certain mine got into the pile. As one of my brothers would say "it only takes one offer", but I'd rather have more than one option. I am also looking to see if there are reasonable options to stay at MSOE, but that won't happen in my department. They simply will not justify a salary increase when I'm not doing anything more than teaching the same classes I would otherwise. I'm working a few angles with our Applied Technology Center and our Business Excellence Consortium, but so far nothing more concrete than an offer of a few hours of work here and there. In the end it will be their loss.



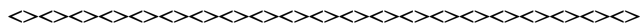
My office is still a disaster. A regent recently donated a large art collection to the university and he has been rehabbing the old Federal Reserve building to serve as a museum and host to the General Studies Department. This has taken up most of the facility resources for the fall, but this should end with the

grand opening next week. I did get shelves about three weeks into the term and bookends in week 5, but my file cabinets are not yet taken care of. They finally manufactured hanging file rails for my new (actually quite old) lateral file cabinets last week, but no one had a key to the one so I can't slide the drawers out (even though I can open the flip-up doors). If all goes well I'll actually complete the move in by the end of this week. This hasn't been a big problem because I only spend about four hours a week in my office due to my schedule. It is not that I am inordinately busy (although that plays a factor), but simply a matter of when things happen and on which days. As a result I do a lot of work at home that I would otherwise do in my office. This isn't really any more work, but just a matter of when and where is most convenient to do it. For example, on Wednesday and Friday mornings it makes more sense to work a few hours at home before going to law class rather than fragment my time by first going to MSOE. For those with a morbid curiosity, you can view my nominal schedule at <http://people.msoe.edu/~welch/hours.html>. This won't reflect the extra hours I'll do over the next few weeks as students come in for advising for the winter quarter. For that I keep a sign-up sheet on my door and reserve the right to cancel any period of availability that has not been signed up at least 24 hours in advance. I have to remember to check this each night before leaving otherwise I have to come in to meet the students. Tomorrow is an example of that. I had made advising slots available during the 8am hour and because I'm in Minneapolis I can't check my door to see if I really need to come in. The same will be true again next week when I'm visiting Boston.



My trip to Minneapolis also came with a silver lining. I had made arrangements to get together with a friend for Sunday afternoon and when she became sick she called around to see if anyone might be able to show me around a bit. In the process you found out that the Fallcon (Convivial 2) was being held that weekend adjacent to the airport. So instead of heading off to my downtown hotel I took the shuttle to the convention hotel. The hosts were very nice and let me crash the dead-dog party without registering and I was able to get some great information on Minneapolis as a place to live. I even got a ride from one of the other attendees to downtown and we stopped for another fannish gathering at a bar called Grumpy's. While we were there the actor who played Arthur Dent in the old BBC television series stopped by; although I declined to meet him.

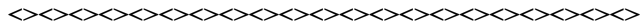
The hospitality of the Minneapolis fans is another positive nod to that city and I know that if I receive an offer there and accept it that I will have ample advice on where to live and which schools are best for my children.



The only negative to the Minneapolis trip was that I missed the first game of my hockey season. At my polite request I was traded back to my former team. I was not happy with the number of times the bench was shortened last season and I'll be back in better company now.

I was not asked to coach Kyle's team this year nor has the coach asked me to help out. He knows that I have a coaching card, but I am not going to be the kind of parent that will undermine his authority or meddle in the team. (That does not mean I won't talk to him as appropriate, but I just won't do it as so many others have done it to me in the past.) I now have time to actually get other things done while I'm at the rink. Others will probably find me anti-social as a result, but right now my time is more precious than my social standing with many of the parents who have known me for years. In fact, it probably won't change their opinions of me that much.

Kyle's team has already had two games. I attended the first which was a loss of something like 13 to 0. They kids did not play much as a team and the wings and center didn't give the defense much of a chance to get the puck out of their zone. I'm told the second game was better as a 3 to 0 loss, but the team has a lot of work to do in the coming weeks and months.

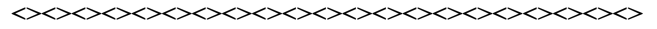


My law classes are in that regular routine now. The Federal Indian Law is not very engaging. I think the subject matter is interesting enough, but the teaching style of the professor isn't doing a whole lot for me. There are days when I think I could just skip the reading, but then I think better of it and do what I need to stay current. The big issue here is the 15-20 page paper for which I have a rough-draft due next week. I've done most of my background reading, but finding the time to do the writing may be a bigger issue. Most of it will get done this coming weekend between the various hockey games and perhaps a haunted house.

Internet Law is rather fun. There are those who would argue that you don't need a special set of laws for the internet because basic legal principals can simply be applied (this is called "The Law of the Horse" theory – i.e. that we don't need a special set of laws just for horses), but I think that there are many technologies that spur new laws, etc. For example, I doubt there was much need for speed limits prior to cars. The interesting thing about the internet is that it softens the traditional geographic boundaries and this raises all kinds of problems with jurisdiction and conflict of laws that have never been easy to deal with. A good example of this is whose obscenity laws should apply internet content from the dark side?

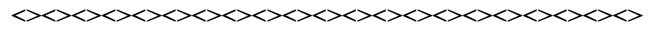
I am also working the two law reviews (the load is more steady and spread out than last year) and have a one credit in-

dependent research which I have already received permission to extend past the end of the semester if I need to.



Skippy is still a lunatic. Almost every evening he starts doing circles, scratching away, and barking. I don't know what it is that is setting him off. When you try to play with him at this time he has a tendency to nip at you. He also is not very good about letting us know when he needs to go out so he isn't 100% house broken yet. Other than that he loves the local dog park and is adjusting nicely.

The cat, however, is still not very happy with all of this. On some level he largely ignores Skippy, but I can recall only one occasion when both settled down on the bed together.



I'm adding this last bit here from my office. While I was in Minneapolis a key was finally provided for my file cabinets and I have transferred my files. My office is not relatively clutter free and I've even been able to invite one of my senior design groups in there after borrowing a few chairs. Now all I have to do is bring my diplomas, etc. from home and get them mounted in my office. I will probably also get a small book case, or similar for my regular reference books on my desk.

Now, let's examine the entire damages: I packed up my old office in mid-June and have it all set-up by late October. Four+ months isn't bad. Now what will I do if I take a legal position outside of Milwaukee?



The Two Things I Kept Secret in High School

by Chris Garcia

They say that we age and our tastes mature. I'm still not sure that's true, I hate things just as hard as I did when I was a kid, but they're different things. I used to love macaroni & cheese, now just the smell of it makes me want to swallow my tongue. The same thing goes for the work of that dandy Donovan. His music made me smile and clap as a child, and now it makes me feel sleepy from rage that someone actually put it to CD. I've changed in what I appreciate, and I have certainly changed in what I'll admit I like.

When I was Mr. Santa Clara High, I had a crush on a girl by the name of Lee Rodrigues. I don't think I ever talked to her. In fact, I know I never talked to her. She wasn't conventionally pretty. Her face was slightly more landscape than portrait. She had glasses and red hair that was slightly beyond curly into that realm known as bushy. A brunette version of her is still my image for Hermione Granger. She wasn't pretty by the standards of the early 1990s, but to me, she was the most gorgeous creature that ever lived.

I would never have admitted it at the time. She wasn't what I liked. Officially, I like the kinds of girls I always dated: traditionally pretty girls with dark hair and immaculate figures that were obviously far out of my league. That's who I went after and those were the women that I got. That one dove was never an option, really, for anything more than idle day-dreaming.

Back in high school, I had another secret love: Phillip Jose Farmer.

You know him. Even if you've not come to that point where you can admit it, you love his stuff if you've taken the time to read it. It's the mix of sex, adventure, chutzpa and post-pulp goodness that makes him so readable. From the first page of *Flesh*, there was no way I could ever be turned away. By the twentieth page, I knew I would never be able to admit that.

You see, the year was 1991. In between those moments when I would be staring at Miss Lee, I would be reading. Most of the kids in my social zone (the well-liked geeks) would be reading. They'd be reading cyberpunk and high fantasy and talking about how amazing this Stephenson fellow was or why Marion Zimmer Bradley wrote the hottest chicks. I never said we had class. I could easily have said that I loved William Gibson or Kurt Vonnegut, but admitting to liking Farmer would be...well I couldn't do it. There was no way. My friends used to ask me for references and I'd say "Well, there's a little book called *Dune*..." but I'd never have had the guts to say "Go and read *A Feast Unknown*".

It's impossible to put it into words. I would read *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* at school, the same section over and over while waiting to get home so that I could start on the latest of the mass of Farmer tomes I had bought from Twice-Read Books. I tore through *The Lovers* and saw that this was the start. It wasn't flash and sex like that Moorcock fellow (who

all the girls seemed to like) and it wasn't old musty-smelling science fiction like that EE Smith dude. It was the door between the two. It was Farmer that introduced me to the idea of sex as a part of science fiction. It was Farmer that taught me that writing didn't have to be flashy. You always heard kids going ga-ga over the first line of *Neuromancer* or some Harlan Ellison opening or another, but Farmer didn't need that crap. He just wrote stories. Real stories that came from old science fiction with the signatures of the next step, and even though when I was reading it there was a patina of age around every story, it felt new and fast.

Farmer's best stuff to a high school kid was *Riverworld*. That answered so many questions to a kid who was struggling to come up with a way to beat death forever. You struggle for those last breaths and then you're reborn on an endless river with everyone else who'd ever been born. It was the wonder! You could even die in *Riverworld* and you would return to *Riverworld*. Life everlasting! Just what every Emo Kid wants to know. I read *To Your Scattered Bodies Go* through *The Dark Design* and was enthralled. I reread both of them. I would have founded a religion surrounding them if I'd been able to confess my love for that boldest of writers. The man who freed hormones into the pages of science fiction.

College happened and things changed. In the first semester, you could be exactly who you were when you were in high school. You play things close to the vest, you discover the things that your friends like and like them too. And then comes Christmas break and you go back home and you remember the Hell and the High Water and you start to think "Man, I can change all this" and you return to campus with a new view and suddenly you're free. That's why so many kids come out (at least to their college peers) during the first part of the second semester. That's what happened to me. I hadn't brought any SF with me to school, but in my bag on the way back to Boston were my copies of *The Lovers*, *Flesh*, *Woman A Day*, *A Feast Unknown* and all the *Riverworld* books. I was out. I was a Phillip Jose Farmer fan, fully able to admit it and lend my precious paperbacks to friends who wanted to know a good SF novel. I could write about him in English, I could talk about him in private company and I could go out and buy more. I still kept my Sturgeon love under wraps, but Farmer was out there for all to see!

As for Lee, had I met her just three years later, while I was in college, there would have been nothing stopping me. I'd have pursued her hard and since there'd have been frat parties, I'd have lured her over to my side. That might have been the difference between the early and the mid-1990s. She will forever remain that girl I kept my eyes on in high school who I never talked to.

And so I apologize Mr. Farmer. I am sorry I denied you so long. And to Miss Lee Rodrigues, I still think on those glimpses of you across the quad quite fondly.

Sue's Sites: Mackinac Bridge

by Sue Welch

"Mighty Mac", Michigan's biggest asset, straddles the Straits of Mackinac, connecting Michigan's upper and lower peninsulas. When completed in 1957, Mackinac Bridge was the longest suspension bridge in the world; its total length measures 26,372 feet or just slightly under five miles. The Bridge belongs to the people of Michigan in a very special and personal way. It embodies the strength and spirit of Michigan and its citizens.

"Hey, John! Do you want to walk the Bridge this year? I inquired last January. "2007 makes it 50 years old. It is going to be a really big deal. And besides we already have our 50th anniversary t-shirts. We are all set to go."

"Sure, Mom! It sounds like fun," responded Henry's brother, John, who first walked the bridge in 1970 at the age of three, his two older brothers choosing to participate in the walking race. So I started calling motels in St. Ignace, population 2,360, on the bridge's north side. Not only were room prices triple their normal rate but most were already filled for the Labor Day weekend. "I got a room finally, a little out of town," I told John. "Ok, Mom", said John, who no doubt did not take this idea seriously.

However, 7 a.m. of Monday, September 3, found us at the Bridge's tollbooths in St. Ignace, waiting for the signal to begin the five-mile walk south to Mackinaw City. Us plus thousands of others, 57,000 in total. What a beautiful morning it was! The sun coming up behind our left shoulder, the blue cloudless sky and the magnificent bridge in front of us; those walkers with jackets quickly tied them around their waists as temperatures rose into the 70s. Walkers wore big smiles and seemed to be constantly taking pictures of each other while strolling along the interstate. Mackinac Bridge is part of I75 and has four lanes for traffic. On Labor Day morning the northbound two lanes are open only to walkers, creating a traffic nightmare for motor vehicles crossing the Straits. Labor Day, marking the end of summer, is the highest traffic day of the year. In August of this year, 574,968 vehicles crossed Mackinac Bridge.

I did not notice the uphill slope on the first part of the walk, possibly because of the crowd, which slowed everyone's pace. Two times, however, I was startled, as the bridge seemed to be swaying; like a small California earthquake. Bridge design allows for sway, (a maximum of 35 feet); the weight of the bridge returns it to its normal position. On the suspension section of the bridge (the middle part) the center two lanes of the roadway become grates. This is the fun part – walking on the grate and watching the water 200 feet below. Pretty scary for kids and some adults as well but a real thrill for me. The downward slope on the southern end was noticeable to me, possibly because the crowd had thinned and the pace was faster.

At 8:45 AM, John and I were snapping our picture in front of the finish line in Mackinaw City and proudly holding our Mackinac Bridge completion certificates, # 07933 and 07934. We next headed for the booth to purchase "I Walked Big Mac" shirts and patches. Finding a table in a restaurant proved to be a lot more difficult than walking. It took us two hours to get our first bite of food for the day.



Area school buses ferry walkers north from Mackinaw City to St. Ignace but this year, maybe because there were so many walkers (the largest number of walkers was 85,000 in 1992 when Presidential hopeful George H.W. Bush shook hands as walkers came off the bridge) or fewer buses or more bridge congestion, wait time for a bus to recross the bridge was averaging 3-4 hours. This proved a boom to local merchants as people chose to empty the shops of their merchandise while waiting for the bus lines to shorten. John and I were part of this last category, definitely adding to the Mackinaw City economy. Most importantly was sampling the different flavors of world famous mackinaw fudge; deciding our favorite proved another boom to the fudge shops.

"Walking Big Mac has become a family tradition," states Hazel Kiekintveld. "This is my 40th time. My husband has walked every year except the first and our son has completed 48 trips." Daniel Geske at age 4 was among a small group of 68 who joined then Governor G. Mennen (Soapy) Williams on the first bridge walk on June 25, 1958. Now 53 Daniel anticipates walking for the 75th anniversary. Me too, I thought – I wonder if 96 year olds can walk 5 miles.

A new twist this year – spear headed by world record Great Lakes swimmer Jim Dreyer. At 6:15am Dreyer and 53 others in wet suits plunged into the icy waters of Lake Huron to swim across the Straits; 50 completed the 5-mile swim, climbing on shore at the Mackinac Lighthouse in Mackinaw City. The swim was a fund-raiser for *Mentor Michigan*, an umbrella organization for 200 mentoring programs throughout the State.

Boats ferried people and cars back and forth across the Straits during the first half of the 1900's. By the late 1930's, nine ferries could unload and reload autos, customers and cargo in just 24 minutes, then the 40-minute ride across the water. Even with 24/7 service, only 9,000 cars could cross each day. Wait lines could be as much as 16 miles. Enterprising entrepreneurs often walked the lines, selling food and drink

Continued on page 7

The Senior Solution

(c) by Jim Sullivan

The problem: Who's going to protect the U.S.'s southern border?

The country's retired citizens - that's who!

Here's the concept: enlist, enroll, or draft all Americans age 65 and older into a "senior corps." They'll function like an army, more accurately like the National Guard. This group will be called officially the Senior League Operations Watch (SLOW, for short). Everyone, male and female, of that vintage will be eligible to join.

Initially, they could be assigned to protect the U.S./Mexican border. All these retired folks would like to spend time down South anyway. They, not unlike lizards, for instance, have good reason: the need for the sun to warm their bodies. Moreover, they (the seniors, that is) have probably had enough white Christmases. So, most likely, these folks would love to go to the border. Also, the nation needs to guard that place but doesn't really have enough troops to do the job.

Of course, once that southern border is secure, other groups, more youthful and vigorous, could take over the job for the long term. Then the SLOWs could march North to the Canadian border. There the old-timers could keep fellow citizens from crossing into Canada. Many Americans, the bulk of them seniors, have gotten into the unhealthy habit of going up there to get prescription drugs, at lower prices.

SLOWs could perform any number of different labor-intensive jobs as well. Of course, being older, many are already better trained, educated, and experienced in matters of life and death. Therefore, such people are invaluable to this nation not to mention undertakers. At the same time, many senior citizens have certain health conditions that must be taken into consideration. That's why an individual SLOW will be placed, according to his or her medical situation, in smaller, more cohesive, military-like units.

For example, those with arthritis and/or other problems forcing them to use canes, walkers, or wheelchairs will be assigned to a "mechanized" division. Poorly sighted and hearing deficient folks will be attached to the K-9 corps. Dogs will guide them and on occasion chase (the canines will, not

the seniors) after the illegal border crossers. Those elderly people with heart problems and stroke survivors will be put in the Administrative Headquarters Company. Individuals who prove incontinent will be encouraged to do their duty in the field, not in camp.

The memory and mentally challenged, by the way, will be allowed to join up, too. The only requirement: completing a crossword puzzle daily. If they get all the answers right, these SLOWs will be allowed to serve that particular day. If they get more than ten clues in the puzzle wrong, that individual SLOW will be confined to barracks tethered to a guard post that day so as not to get lost.

All seniors will be fed and housed together. They will not be permitted to co-habit. Of course, if they are fully capable of doing so (their egos will surely rise, too), more power to them? Nobody's going to ask or tell. Most important of all, these SLOW people will be compensated for their military movements. Many of them need this supplemental income over and above their Social Security.

Oh, and if they serve for ten or more years, they will, after that time, be provided a free burial, though only standing up in a mass gravesite. There's been talk in Congress lately of providing SLOWs with a GI Bill, of sorts, paying for college tuition and for a down payment on a mortgage loan for a home. But these folks would have to live long enough to retire first. Not surprisingly, SLOWs have expressed little interest in such perks.

The SLOW concept holds two major benefits for America: the protection of its borders and the helping of its seniors to a better way of life.

Are you a senior who wants to go South during this coming winter but presently can't afford to? Here's your chance. You can learn how to march at the same time. Most of you have probably already fired a gun, a mortar, or a bazooka in anger, so you won't have to suffer the humiliation of boot camp all over again. Enlistment forms are available at your local post office. Past bad criminal, credit, and health history records are inconsequential for becoming a SLOW!

Mackinac Bridge continued from page 6

as well as gasoline to keep the cars running during the cooler season. Not my Dad's favorite place to sleep-but I do remember waiting in those lines on our way to and from our summer vacations in northern Wisconsin.

Michigan Senator Prentiss Brown led the drive for the creation of the Mackinac Bridge authority in 1950. In 1952, David Steinman was hired by the legislature to design and work as chief engineer. Steinman went on to design and build 400 bridges worldwide, but he always spoke of building the Mackinac as his masterpiece. In 1953, \$99,800,000 worth of

bonds were sold. These bonds were retired by 1986 - tolls are now used for maintenance. Now the world's third longest suspension bridge, the height of the roadway at mid-span is approximately 200 feet above the lakes (Michigan-Huron). Built in three years by 2,500 men, 85,000 blueprints, 71,300 tons of structural steel, 466,300 cubic yards of concrete, 41,000 miles of cable wire and millions of steel rivets and bolts, "Mighty Mac" stands as monument to ingenuity and determination.

See you Monday, September 1, 2008 at the tollbooths in St. Ignace! 7 AM sharp!

Wired & Fried: The New Aesthetic?

By Gene Stewart

Honoré de Balzac famously, in the middle of Pere Girot, crossed out a new character and wrote in a name from one of his other works. By doing this, he became a genius.

It is not common to find on a manuscript the very mark of genius descending upon a writer.

Balzac also wrote a famous essay on the benefits and uses of coffee. It was a new craze in his time. He used it like cocaine.

My guess is, the instant of genius, when he realized he was writing not separate works but All One Thing, which he later called The Human Comedy, and which we find marked by the first time he included a character from one novel in another, was stimulated by coffee. It's the kind of insight one gets from having that mental buzz only a lot of strong coffee gives.

A wired Balzac was on my mind as I started reading Jeff VanderMeer's first novel, *Veniss Underground*. The opening chapter is all about him knowing way more than you about his milieu. He's masterful in what he leaves out. Hemingway's aesthetic applied to cutting-edge science fantasy; "On the Quai at Smyrna" with the poetic framework left out just in (Our) time.

It's also wildly antic with wordplay and references, and the first thing I thought of was Robin Williams in his standup act from HBO years back. The same frenetic cross-hatching of tone, topos, and trope informed both works, and I thought: Aha. Maybe there's a tropane glow here.

Maybe VanderMeer's secret is an alkaloid.

No, I'm not accusing him of sporting a rime of crusty red and white snot 'round his nostrils. Nor am I saying he's anything short of lucid and shimmering.

But the speed-freak style is there. PKD would have recognized it. It's stylized and presented beautifully in the movie version of *A Scanner Darkly*. It informs some of the best work we've seen in speculative fiction lately, up to and including Neal Stephenson's amazing *Snow Crash*, ahem.

Yes, I know, it's a reference to an old Mac screen's gibberish, but no one can deny the sidereal drug reference.

Combined with the knowledge that *Veniss Underground* is accomplished by riffing on the Orpheus & Eurydice myth, not to mention Dante's *Inferno* and probably a number of *deux ex machina* Classicisms to boot, and one can see that applying a wild new spiral to the great old ones is a way to fame and fortune.

If you can pull it off.

Hal Duncan's doing a similar, if much more layered, fire dance with his books *Vellum and Ink*.

Even the literary likes of Thomas Pynchon is getting into the act with his historiographic metafiction, *Against the Day*, with its cast of hundreds, and its steam punk western geek spy boy adventure redux lunacy.

SF fen would love it if they could settle into actually reading it instead of hating it for being superior to them, or whatever their ghetto blasters are howling now.

And yes, Silverbob did Shadrach in the Furnaces of Blake's tiger-striped *Night*, long since, but with such National Geographic sobriety it never quite left the b&w movies behind.

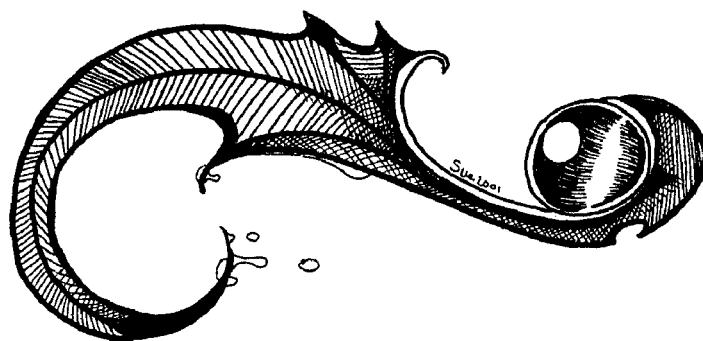
Only Vonnegut, perhaps, approached the street-legal under-the-counter three-day sleepless but still walking straight quality we're seeing these days, and look what happened to him.

Understand that this has been going on, this synaptic revolution, for a long time. It's nothing new. The shaman has always known about it. It's a way of glimpsing the glow beyond the ruins.

And it's not necessarily a way to win awards, either. If you want a Hugo, Nebula, or Aurora, write a space opera. Factor in a majority dose of "Doc" Smith and throttle back on the *Dangerous Visions*, or you can New Wave bye-bye to the award votes.

Still, if you want to have some fun, and find a way to hide all that literary urge material under genre glitter, try for the wired & fried aesthetic.

Warning: This is not the same as being wired and/or fried when writing something.



BACK IN BLIGHTY

We disembarked from the Athlone Castle and were ferried to a transit camp somewhere in the UK. We were issued with leave passes, money and ration books, as well as a card entitling us to a month's chocolate ration if presented at the NAAFI. Inevitably, Sheffield turned out to be a NAAFI-free zone so I couldn't cash it in until I got to an RAF station after home leave finished. Then it was down to the local station carting all our kit. In my case, this consisted of two kitbags, one tin trunk, side pack and respirator. I still recall clambering over a pile of assorted gear to reach the Advance Luggage Office and consign my tin trunk to the mercies of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway. That cost the enormous sum of three bob, 15p in today's money. For that princely sum, they took my trunk, carted it to Sheffield and delivered it to my home. I handed that trunk in at four pm and it was delivered to the door, the very next morning! Somehow I don't think you could repeat that trick nowadays.

The journey home consisted of the usual number of train changes, one for each year of the driver's age plus one for the pot. Having a longer than usual stay at one such delightful pause, along with another airman,



I nipped into the bar. I had only taken up the demon drink since going overseas, so when I caught the bartender's eye, in my best, world-traveler tones, I nonchalantly ordered, "Two beers please". Imagine my mortification when he asked, "What kind of beer, sir?" For several years, the only choice when ordering beer – had been the "Take em or leave em" of the three cans a month on offer in the canteen. A choice of brand names was unknown. I had a vague memory that there was something called "bitter", so I settled for that.

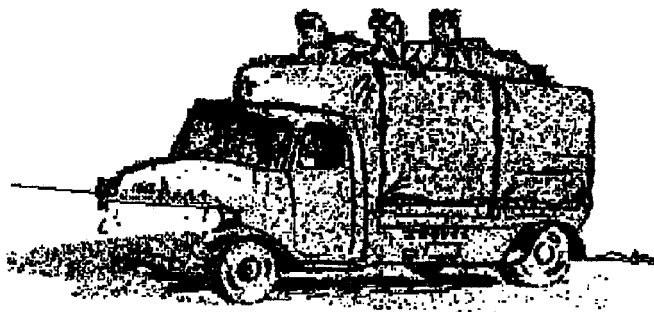
At 1:30am, the train deposited me in Sheffield station. Lugging my gear outside I joined the end of the queue of people waiting for taxis. Eventually my turn came and just as I was about to climb inside the taxi, a stout gentleman puffed up pulling a rather embarrassed airman behind him. He dived for my taxi and yelled, "Make way, let me in, my boy has just got back from overseas...." With the skill of long practice I beat him into the waiting vehicle and said sweetly, "Where do you think I've been, Blackpool?" Collapse of stout party as the cartoons used to say.

Then it was home to a tearful welcome, a square meal and a good sleep in my old room, still bedecked with model aeroplanes and stacks of SF magazines. It wasn't until later that I discovered my cherished files of *Scoops*, *Modern Wonder*, *Boy's Cinema* and other valuables had gone to keep the home fires burning.

Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

Next morning I started the obligatory round of visiting all the relatives with their heart-warming welcomes of, "How long are you home for?" and "When do you go back?" All good, bracing stuff guaranteed to make the recipient go and jump in the nearest static water tank. It's funny how a month's leave looks endless from the front end but shrinks rapidly as you work through it. Probably Einstein's Theory of Relativity comes into it somewhere. Whatever the reason, it seemed only a few days before a letter arrived directing me to report to a selected RAF camp. Before leaving the transit camp I had been asked to fill in a form saying which place I would like to go as a "near home" posting as a reward for being away so long. I had put down Finningley as it was only eighteen miles from home. Whoever made up my posting must have failed his "O" level Geography as I ended up at 274MU Lichfield, some hundred odd (very odd) miles away. The journey home from there involved a ten-mile hitch, cycle or walk into Burton On Trent followed by a train to Derby, then a change to the Sheffield bound line plus a bus ride home from the station. Total time around nine or ten hours. Hitching back after dark was almost impossible. I only managed it **once**. In the depths of winter, a lorry driver picked up three of us and allowed us to lay on top of his tarpaulin covered vehicle for the ten mile run to camp. By the time he dropped us at Lichfield we were frozen stiff and covered in a large drift of snow. You tend to remember things like that.



Sometimes we would cycle the ten miles to Burton; a tedious task when wearing full uniform and a greatcoat. Returning at night was even worse, especially as the standard cycle lamp battery would always expire somewhere along the ride. More often than not, we hitched in to Burton then walked all the way back. It took us a mere four hours. Home posting ... big deal.

At Lichfield, there was no niche for another Wireless Mechanic; after two months my "home posting" got a kick in the teeth when I was posted to RAF Swannington in the wilds of Norfolk. Getting home from there was even more difficult. The safari began with a cycle ride into the nearest station, a mere three miles away. When you came back, your tyres were always flat so you had to pump 'em up before cycling back to

camp – assuming your pump hadn't been pinched. First you caught a train to Norwich, after a long wait a train left for Peterborough where you **always** missed the connection for one heading North to Retford where you changed to a Doncaster-bound train. Only an hour to wait here for the last link to Sheffield. The journey home took a mere twelve hours, but going back to camp was a marathon. I usually travelled with an electrician called Ted Nelson. Shoe-horned into luxurious, corridor-floor seats in a jam-packed train, we left Sheffield at 7:30pm on Sunday night and with good luck and a following wind, got to Peterborough around 9-40pm. Here we nipped into the Saracen's Head to partake of several noggins of beer to wash down our sandwiches. At closing time, fortified by our gurglings and guzzlings we would saunter (or stagger) over the railway bridge to catch our next train. That wasn't due out until 2.40am, and would often reach a staggering ten miles an hour on its slow run to Norwich; with numerous pauses at stations, bus-stops or whenever Mother Nature called to the driver.



Even that boring journey through darkest East Anglia had its interesting moments. Amazingly, some of the carriages were lit by gas mantles fed from a cylinder hidden somewhere in those bits underneath. Although timed to depart at 2.40am, the train would usually be standing by the platform by the time we left the "Head". The obvious course of action was to pick a compartment, get in, switch off the lights if they were of the electric variety, settle down and go to sleep. On one particular night, a bloody-minded porter had locked the carriage doors to keep out would-be travelers such as benighted airmen. However he had left one window open. One by one a dozen of us scrambled inside, doused the lights and settled down – for about two minutes. This was what little Hitler had been waiting for. He popped out of some hidden lair, ordered us all out again to sit and shiver on the platform until 2am when he ceremoniously unlocked the doors and allowed us to board.

We finally settled down for the journey and as the train pulled out, we doused the lights.

At this point we discovered the officious porter who had turned us out was not a porter, but the guard on our train. Af-

ter giving us enough time to doze off old misery-guts struck again. He came marching down the corridor switching on the lights, checking our tickets and delivering edicts about doffing the lights. As he moved on, his passage along the train was traced by a moving blob of light as airmen switched everything off again as soon as he left their coach. Having a fag with the driver and warning him not to exceed 10mph, the guard set off back to his cubby hole at the rear, expecting to be walking along a fully lit train. He was most perturbed to find it re-darkened and decided to catch somebody "at it". He chose our coach for his cunning scheme, doused the lights and vanished into the next compartment where he waited to spring his trap. I nipped out of the compartment, flicked off the lights, nipped back and curled up in my great coat. Old misery had been waiting for this, as soon as the lights went out, he came charging back to trap the culprit – just as a totally innocent airmen decided to visit the toilet. The guard, full of virtuous, Trade Union type wrath pounced upon him and began tearing off a massive strip. The poor bloke, thrice armed in his innocence, was equally emphatic that he hadn't touched the flipping lights, gave back argument in equal measure and with knobs on. A right ding-dong ensued whilst two yards away, wrapped in my greatcoat and ostensibly fast asleep I was trying to make my uncontrolled giggles sound like snores.

Arrival time in Norwich was around 8am and as the waiting room was invariably crammed full of other servicemen snoring happily away we would hunt up an empty space on the platform to bed down. One night, I settled down on a large platform trolley, more comfortable than the floor. By 7am it was so cold that I was awakened to find myself being pushed up and down the platform by Ted Nelson as he tried to keep warm. When 8am finally crept round, we would board a decrepit passenger train for the trip to Swannington's nearest station. Once there it was a case of sorting out a mangled pile of interlocked bicycles, pumping up tyres and cycling back to camp for a quick breakfast before the first working parade. Total transit time, just over 24 hours! A hectic life but a gay one.

By some weird miracle, although only a corporal, I found myself senior NCO of our little group of eight ex-overseas airmen. If anyone in the posting department had thought about it, it was asking for trouble. Rumour had it that there was a Signals Officer hiding somewhere on the camp, but he never found out where we hung out in a former Instrument Nissan hut. They had unwarily left behind a vastly complicated test bench, an air compressor and other tempting gadgetry. One of our band employed a rotary device intended to clean aircraft instruments and set up a line in watch-cleaning. Another bloke liberated some paint, imported his bicycle from London and gave it a thorough re-paint job. My own party piece was to remove various switches and begin manufacturing table lamps to make a few extra coins of the realm. Lunch hours were time for endless games of snooker. Life was peaceful.

INTERLOCUTIONS

Brad W Foster
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15 Sep 2007

Greetings Henry and Letha~

Sorry to hear of your dad passing, but certainly sounds like he had a full life up until the end there, and that was a mercifully short period. Cindy's Dad started going downhill from stroke and a few other problems he had managed to hide from everyone, and over five years things went from getting him some help to come to his home each day, with both daughters also there almost everyday, to Cindy moving in with him for full care. A couple of different hospital stays mixed in, then finally having to move to a resident home when was costing so much to get care to his own house. The final year we moved him in with us for full care here, along with hospice aids and such. The only good thing for poor Dan was at the end his memory was so bad I don't think he was really aware of the state he was in. When he finally passed on, it was more of a final blessing to end things for him. That obituary showed your dad certainly did a lot of good with his life.

Yeah, I agree with **Gene** about the irritating factor of books having to have some sort of genre label slapped on them to find a space in the bookshop, though it does seem to be a necessary evil to at least give the book shopper some kind of guidance beyond "fiction". I have noticed many of my own favorite books have simply been classified as "novel", since they couldn't slip easily into specific genres (or the author fought like hell to keep it from happening!) but yes, sometimes a genre label can keep you from trying something good. I've just finished a crackling-good action/adventure novel that was published under the "Harlequin Silhouette Bombshell" label. Not something I might have just gravitated to on my own.

Just realized a bit into the zine that the amazing vanishing apostrophe has made an appearance this issue... or, maybe that would be it's disappearance? It was there through page two, but then gone until got to the letters column. Spooky!

Re: **Ned Brooks** loc; I too like to occasionally let some of the odd sprouts in my yard alone for a few weeks or months, just curious to see what they might turn into. This also drives one of my neighbors nuts, who is constantly referring to what he calls the "junk trees" on my property. I prefer to think of them as cheery mutts, rather than snooty pedigrees, and love them all for the shade they bring.

Re also his comment to **JM** regarding posted speed limits. While in the past it might be true that **all** speed limits were

based on best engineering for the road, that has long not been the case since limits were dropped to 55 back in the 70s for conservation reasons. The roads were and are still being built being quite capable of taking vehicles at higher speeds. Personally, I try never to stray more than 5 mph over any posted limited, simply because I've gotten enough speeding tickets years ago, and I've no problem with having to take an extra three minutes of my life to get somewhere and not have a minor stroke when I spot a cop car suddenly in my rear mirror.

Re: **Sheryl Birkhead's** horrible computer woes. I'm lucky enough to have a friend with vast computer knowledge, who has pulled my own flaming computer ass out of the fire more than once. Most recently, when I could no longer even access my hard drive one morning, he came up with a plan where, for under \$200, I got **two** new hard drives, each twice the capacity of my original, one being installed in the main box, the other as an exterior backup where I can literally copy the entire contents of the computer. Damn, now THAT is peace of mind! But no way I would have been able to shop the drives, or feel confident in installing those, without his help. And I shudder to think what it would have cost to hire someone to do it. So, **BIG** lesson for this modern age folks: if you've any friends with computer skills, do everything you have to to keep them happy!

Cool to see my little LOCS zine in your "Fanzines Received" listing. Though, in support of all the artists who did work specifically for that project, most all the artwork there went far beyond the label of "fillo". Maybe my printed them so small doesn't give them the best presentation, but that's just my weak budget, not reflective of the amazing work and detail that went into so many of those illustrations.

Keep on pubbing!
Brad

☐**CKK**: *I find the long, slow, prolonged death one of the most distressing aspects of life. I am happy that my father had the opportunity to end his days with dignity as was his wish. Labels, genres, and stereotypes are exactly what led to Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, and look what that resulted in. We have one stretch of interstate just south of Milwaukee where the speed limit changes every few years between 55 and 65 at the whim of the County Sheriff. Engineering has nothing to do with this.*☐

Ned Brooks
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19 Sep 2007

Dear Knarl - Sorry to hear about your father.

The pet carrot story was truly asinine.... I read the opening line as "pet parrot" and so found it a little confusing at first.

There would seem to be serious ethical concerns in paid witnesses (aka consultants) in a criminal trial. Does the jury understand the situation?

I suppose in a multiple-choice math test you could assume that one of the answers was the correct one, but I often find that multiple-choice surveys contain questions where none of the options apply to me. I recently tried to do one that insisted that I must belong to some membership store - there was a list of them, but I don't in fact belong to any. The closest I come to that is having a BlockBuster card.

A recent news story concerned a lawsuit over a veteran's burial plaque - he had been an adherent of Wicca, and the "authorities" would not permit that, explaining that there were just 58 "approved religions" and Wicca wasn't one of them. Who had the authority to approve religions? Had they ever read the 1st Amendment?

Best, Ned

CKK: I did not testify in front of jury, but rather the judge during a preliminary motion. It depends a bit on jurisdiction as to how much the jury is told about the arrangement between a witness and the side that he or she has been retained by. Certainly the jury knows whether the expert is retained by one of the parties or by the court. Often at issue is the expert's history of appearing for one side or the other in prior disputes. Most of this then is credibility evidence for the jury to consider in deciding how much weight to place on the expert's testimony. Curiously, in England the experts are typically retained by the court as the system is much less adversarial.

Joseph T. Major
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September 20, 2007

Dear Knarley & Letha:

And now the news ... My condolences on the death of your father.

Michigan needs a faned now that Tom Sadler has moved to Kentucky. We visited him once in Adrian. Very quiet little town. We checked into the motel and then, much to my embarrassment, discovered that I had misplaced his phone number. So we went there at ten or so. He came back to the motel with us and we talked until midnight. Not as odd as what he did with Lan, but those were the days.

InterLOCutions: Elizabeth reminds me of a job offer I once got. The guy had what looked like a startup. (It was in a con-

verted distillery, but that's another story.) He made the salary offer, then asked me what I really needed to live on. You see, he didn't like my working record, so he didn't want to pay me the full salary and then have me leave. I solved his dilemma by declining.

Grant, incidentally, is still with us.

Reply to me: I believe Easter Island is too far south for a landing track of an eastward Cape Canaveral launch. For an engine failure, it was in the right place for a southward Vandenburg AFB launch.

Bill Legate: So "Exit, pursued by a bear" [because the Globe's sfx budget would not permit the necessary arrangements for "They are eaten by a bear"] has biblical roots in other words. Having been teased by kids myself, I have a certain sympathy for Elisha. On the other hand, they might have cried, "Where is Daniel Boone when we need him?"

Joy V. Smith: Wikipedia has a section called "Wikimedia Commons" which has downloadable photos. They subscribe (still) to the early internet ideal of knowledge should be free, which means that they have a lot of fighting and such, not to mention lies. They planned for a community much smaller and more homogenous than what they actually got.

Milt Stevens: Secret religious symbols work the other way. One outfit trumpeted the discovery of a new Satanic symbol, the letter "A" in a circle. Those who had heretofore thought that a symbol of anarchism were rather nonplused. By way of contrast, I recall reading about one church where the parishoners, obedient to their pastor, took the seat belts out of their cars, because, you see, wearing them meant you didn't trust God.

Sheryl Birkhead: Judge Roy Pearson, Law North of the Potomac, not only lost his suit (as well as his pants) and was hit with costs, but has appealed. There is some speculation that he was suing not to actually get any money, but to drive the dry cleaners out of business. Since the owners have closed the shop due to the stress caused by the suit, that seems to have worked.

R-Lauraine Tutihasi: It's not frost, but condensation in general does things to my glasses. Contact lenses don't seem to work for me. My sister-in-law had eye surgery, and while she can see fine now in the day, her night vision has gone down the tube. When I was in second grade, and got my glasses, I discovered that there was a "man in the moon". Heretofore the moon had been just an undifferentiated white blob.

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

CKK: I don't know that I've ever met Grant. I don't understand the seatbelt logic. What if God intended the creation of seat belts and their presence in your car to provide you for the

very protection you craved. Removing them would be defying the will of God and you would thus be punished. It reminds me a lot of the joke where God's punch line is "Give me some help here and buy a lottery ticket."□

Joseph Nicholas
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20 Sep 2007

Dear Henry and Letha

Thanks for the latest issue of *The Knarley Knews*.

I was intrigued to see from **Bill Legate's** letter – and indeed was rather boggled by this news – that he's "recently reread 1 and 2 Kings". The notion of reading the Bible sounds odd enough in a secular society such as the UK's; the idea of re-reading the thing is downright bizarre. But I suppose it just points up the differences in our respective cultures – as Tony Robinson argued in a television documentary earlier this year about our two countries' different approaches to religion, what few people seem to grasp about the USA is the notion of the apocalypse which lies beneath the surface: the wish for salvation through massive destruction. Although I'm not sure that he's necessarily right....

Having said that re-reading the Bible is bizarre, however, I do of course acknowledge that the Old Testament is a historical document, albeit one that has been massively redacted and compromised by the introduction of errors by successive writers, and that without it the archaeology of the so-called Bible Lands might look rather different. Or at least have been undertaken, initially, for a different purpose – the initial purpose having been, in the nineteenth century, to appropriate archaeological discoveries as proof of the Bible's historicity. This usually meant that the first person to find some correlation between a site or an artifact and a name in the Old Testament would exclaim "This proves things!" and whole chronologies would then be built on the back of that – with the problem, as time has gone on and more discoveries have been made, that many of the claimed correlations have begun to seem rather shaky and therefore that chronologies need to be revised. And sometimes more than just chronologies – for example, Judith and I recently went to a lecture at the British Museum (organised through the BM Friends, of which we are members – i.e., you pay an annual subscription and get free entrance to special exhibitions and such) on Ahab and Jezebel, in which the lecturer argued that the archaeological evidence of their period did not match at all the propagandist nature of what the Old Testament said about them. Ergo, what was said about them therefore amounted to a deliberate belittling and smearing of them in order to exalt their successors.

The lecturer didn't quite get as far as saying that David and Solomon had never existed, but he did suggest that they were minor functionaries whose roles had been deliberately

inflated....with the consequence that all those busily looking for some physical evidence of a Solomonic Golden Age were wasting their time, because it had never existed. There was, as you might imagine, some stirring in the audience at this – but perhaps not as much as there might have been had the lecture been delivered in the USA, where it might have concluded with a baying mob of fundamentalists storming the stage and stringing the lecturer up on the spot for even thinking of considering the notion of querying whether to raise the suggestion of the possibility that the Bible might be wrong in one or two particulars.

Joseph Major's suggestion that I might have thought he was Jewish is odd, and rendered even odder when I checked the text of my previous e-mail to you – in which I see that I was referring to the similarity of the depths of the hostility to human rights expressed by both Soviet-era Stalinists and US neo-cons. I can only assume that in this context "Jewish" is **Major's** code for something he wishes to remain unclear to the rest of us – in which case, why bother to write at all? But perhaps his response just confirms that US neo-cons are indeed other than human....

Regards to you both
Joseph

□**CKK:** *I've never given much thought to the historical accuracy of the Bible. I have inherent distrust of any "historical" treatise that has been co-opted for some other use, especially a religious use. It is too easy to pick and choose the sources you want to use to support whatever conclusion you want. When conflicting sources are then systematically suppressed this makes it even worse.*□

Joy V. Smith
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20 Sep 2007

Dear Henry,

I am so sorry about your father. All my sympathy to you and your family.

I am glad that your hard work in law school is paying off! And your articles have been accepted, which is always a great feeling. Good choice for the cave statute. (Think reprints.) All the best in your job search. Relocating is challenging. Moves at work can be interesting; I've been there. I hope you get your shelves and files asap. And I hope you get the puppy housetrained pretty soon. Skippy's circling again!

Re: Labels & contents. Labels can help you find books and movies that you're especially interested in. Yes, sometimes labels are wrong, and there are lots of crossovers, and readers should explore. I recently ordered Terry Pratchett's latest book, *Making Money* (sequel to *Going Postal*; if it's as good, I'll be very happy), btw. Now that is probably labeled fantasy,

though his books are so much more than that. That's why we have to think outside the box. Re: Red, the carrot. I think I'd like a peppier pet veggie. I enjoyed **Jeeves'** Homeward Bound article. Great idea for the tent remodel. What a long and complicated trek home!

Re: LOCs. **E. B.**, orange groves usually do need to be irrigated. **Sheryl**, I hope your computer is doing better. I read somewhere that some people are switching to Macs because of Vista on the new PCs. Btw, we did get the new Harry Potter at the Publix grocery store—plenty of copies and cheaper than the bookstore.

Appreciatively,
Joy V. Smith

☐**TKK**: *I have met few people who have found a move to Vista worth all the effort and hassle. On campus we deliberately reimaged 1000☐ new laptops to use XP rather than Vista because of the various problem; the least of which being backward compatibility with software we've used for years.*☐

John Purcell
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21 Sep 2007

Well, Henry, your issue numbers are getting up there. I highly doubt if my bi-monthly fanzine will ever reach these numeric heights, but I congratulate you on your achievement, your perseverance, and your obvious lack of sanity for pubbing **TKK** for so long. When exactly do those nice young men in their white coats come for you?

You have my heartfelt condolences on the loss of your father. Any loss of a loved one is hard to take, even if you've been expecting it. You had an even tougher decision to make – exams and interviews conflicting with being by your father's side – but your father would have understood. You have my prayers and best wishes for you and your family.

When you were talking about the interview process, your statement "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" is true of any job applicant. I felt the same way interviewing for teaching positions at assorted colleges in southern Texas over the course of the last two years. Eventually some potential employer will recognize the talent and knowledge, then will take the plunge and hire you. I am likewise positive that you'll make a fine attorney for whomever hires you. Keep plugging away.

Also from your editorial blatherings, the story of your department move reminded me of my move out of the adjunct office in the General Classroom building at Blinn College's Bryan, Texas campus, and moving everything across to the Administration building, where my new office is located on the second floor. I have also requested an extra set of book-

shelves to be brought in since I have quite a few boxes of reference books and what-not to shelve, and about four boxes of old class files to sort through. When I have time - whenever the heck that is – I will take care of that sorting project. And like you, I have a window. We must be doing something right, Henry.

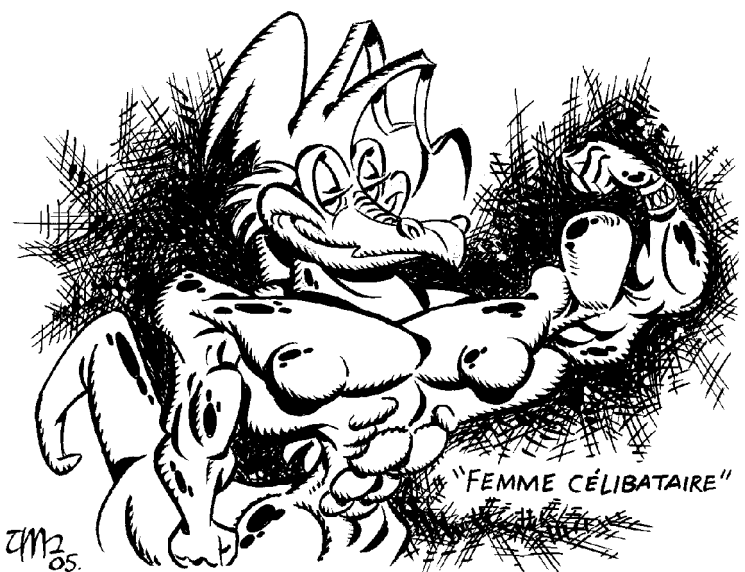
You know, I read your issue and enjoyed its contents – the articles by **Gene Stewart**, **Jim Sullivan**, and **Terry Jeeves** were all fine contributions – but none of them really provoked my loccing senses. But **Terry's** story of his return to England had me inwardly cheering that he made it home finally. I always have been a sucker for a happy ending.

Jeffrey Allan Bowman: I saw on the news earlier today that there was another campus shooting, this time at a small school, Delaware State University. No-one died, but the two students wounded are in critical condition. This frightens me, and I suspect that campus security around the country is going to tighten up significantly for the next few weeks. Even so, I still enjoy teaching and will try to keep my guard up in hopes of spotting potential trouble. Let's hope it never comes to that.

So thanks for the issue, and I will be getting your copy of *Askance #4* off in the mail within the next week, most likely.

All the best,
John Purcell

☐**TKK**: *Aack, I hope college campuses never get paranoid and try to restrict access or lock down entry. Campus and school shootings are something that will always happen and to live your life in fear of this and put yourself through so much inconvenience is simply not worth it. The major buildings in Chicago now require a picture ID to enter and some even have x-ray machines for your brief case. Not too much of a hassle, but what is next? Airport security hardly makes me feel any safer than before and when the confiscate my shampoo because it is inside*



a gallon Ziploc that would clearly fit inside a quart Ziploc I wonder what the point is. (Does the size of the plastic bag make it any more dangerous? OK, I was offered the option of getting back out of the line to go buy a bag and then at the next city they were giving quart bags away for free. Get a grip!□

E.B. Frohvet
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September 21, 2007

Dear Henry,

Beware of scam artists “National Deed Service” of Northbrook, Illinois; who offered to sell me, for a mere \$69.50, a certified copy of my deed to Chateau de Frohvet. I called the county consumer affairs office and they confirmed my suspicion that it was a scam. Should I need a copy I can get it from the clerk’s office for a nominal fee. I counter-trashed it. Speaking of which, there’s an audio form of counter-trashing for telephone solicitors. If the caller is a real person (you can generally tell), simply scream into the telephone at the top of your lungs and hang up. If it’s a recording, wait patiently until they get to “Press One to speak with one of our representatives.” Wait until that person comes on the line, then scream and hang up. It need not be a vulgarism or even a word, just any loud scream.

My sincere condolences on the passing of your father. I do understand; I went through much the same thing some years ago, except that it took a little longer, and I had no assistance from my so-called brother.

With apologies to Hoyt Axton, I’ve never been to Detroit. Since your lifestyle to this point has been, as I take it, basically suburban, you might find Detroit an easier adjustment than Chicago. None of my business, to be sure. I had a similar experience with office relocation. We were told we had to pack up all our office possessions first thing in the morning; which in effect meant we couldn’t get any work done. Did it not make better sense to pack up in the afternoon? “You’ll pack up in the morning because we say so!” End of discussion.

Rather than comment on the basics of **Gene Stewart**’s article this time, I’ll offer a more general observation: **Gene**’s problem seems to be that he doesn’t run the world, which pisses him off. No doubt you could do a better job than President Bush, **Gene** (who couldn’t?); but there’s a point at which one has to start acknowledging reality.

In deference to **Jim Sullivan**, I’ll have broccoli with my dinner this evening. But if he wants a braver pet, perhaps he should consider a whole head of garlic.

Incidentally, Henry, what happened with the apostrophes?

There were many familiar notes in **Terry Jeeves**’ homecoming, most notably the perennial “Hurry up and wait” known

to every member of every military outfit since the Roman legions. And yes, I’ve been in an aircraft landing on perforated (it’s a drainage thing) steel decking; fortunately not as bad a landing as **Terry** experienced. But, any landing you walk away from is a good landing.

Ned Brooks: If you want to know what the little tree-like items were in your drought-struck lawn, see *Rumors of Spring* by Richard Grant, or *The Family Tree* by Sheri Tepper. Hmmm, seems as if there might be an article on botanical themes in SF; I encourage someone to write it. Of swearing witnesses on the Bible, again, I have more important things to worry about.

Brad Foster: Not sure I agree with you about respecting religious beliefs or practices. So long as they don’t infringe on me, I see it as a matter of courtesy. I’ve been with the same medical practice for years, but am on my fourth doctor. Transferred from the first, got along with the second and the third but they both left. Incidentally, **Brad**’s four-armed bowler may have excellent ball control; but as he has only one eye, depth perception is likely to be a problem.

Skunks: Clifford D. Simak, *They Walked Like Men*. (Umm, it was the aliens, not the skunks, who walked like men.)

Milt Stevens: I agree about “Christmas” (pardon me, “holiday season”) lights are attractive and harmless. Local regulations here require that such lights must be taken down by the end of January; so far as I know, no one has sued claiming this rule violates their religious rights.

Sheryl Birkhead: Actually, Maryland grape farmers and wineries had, as usual, a bumper season. Apparently wine grapes thrive on near-drought conditions — the same happened in the drought of a few years ago.

Jim Stumm: Your solution to government incompetence, “Doing away with elections”, strikes me as a solution worse than the problem.

Lloyd Penney: Perhaps I was premature to suppose that Diana Harlan Stein has gafiated. I was aware of her only through her art in fanzines, and so far as I know she has not been visible in fanzines for some years. You neatly sum up the general attitude about religious groups: So long as they are courteous and leave people alone, most of us don’t have a problem. It’s the aggressive over-zealous ones that cause trouble. If one recalls, George Laskowski was divorced from Maia Cowan, and remarried to someone else not in fandom, before his death. Is that correct? Anyone?

Jeffrey Allan Boman: Heinlein did not need to re-write, or submit to mere editing, at the point in his career when he would have most benefitted from both. I thought that I was able to write salable-quality fiction. Unfortunately, few editors agreed with me.

Alex Slate: There was a man named Kennedy, himself a Presbyterian I think, who fought for years to get voting rights

and the right to hold public office for Jews in Maryland. Died of cholera around 1814. Hadassah, the Jewish women's charity, holds an annual excursion to put flowers on his grave.

E.B. Frohvet

□**TKK:** *Holiday lights are not harmless. They contribute to light pollution and greater energy consumption. You have Lan's marital chronology correct.*□

Jim Stumm
PO Box 29
Buffalo NY 14223
September 22, 2007

Joseph T. Major: On the internet, in some article about the Space Shuttle, I found a list of emergency landing sites. Besides US air bases around the world, they include many commercial airports. I don't have the list at hand, but I remember that one was Shannon, Ireland. Imagine the to-do if you're travelling thru some airport, or plane-spotting, and a space-ship lands there!

Alexander Slate: You mention Maryland having been founded as a Catholic colony with religious freedom. A persecuted religious minority that founds a colony to get religious freedom for itself, has another option besides espousing freedom of religion. The Puritans who founded Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth colonies persecuted dissenters from their creed as much as they had been persecuted elsewhere.

The claim that the US is a Christian nation is more than semantics since it's used to justify the government granting special privileges to Christians that are not available to non-Christians, such as posting the Ten Commandments in the courthouse. I wonder what were the exact words they wanted to post. The first 3 Commandments are blatantly religious. Plus the Catholic list is numbered differently from the Protestant, so any courthouse plaque must necessarily choose one and snub the other.

Enumerated Powers: The definition doesn't change. Rather the Federal Government is constantly usurping more power which is not granted to it by the Constitution. The Federal Government does indeed do many things that are not to be found among the enumerated powers, and all of these things are unconstitutional, as the Tenth Amendment says. But the Supreme Court has been letting them get away with it ever since FDR appointed Justices who thought their proper role was to rubber-stamp whatever Acts Congress passed. For a moment, in *US v. Lopez*, it looked like the Rehnquist Court would finally put a limit on Congress's claim of unlimited power under the Interstate Commerce Clause. But in later cases they backpedaled away from that good start. We are waiting to see whether the Roberts Court will be any different.

Yes, the Federal Constitution is binding on the States (supreme law of the land), but only a few parts of it are relevant



to the States, mainly Article I Section 10, and Article IV, and the 14th Amendment. But the meaning of the 14th Amendment is far from clear. The operative phrases are: due process, equal protection of the laws, and privileges or immunities, but what these words mean is hard to nail down.

Eric Lindsay: Thanks for the tip about alphasmart.com. There's a lot that I like about the Neo, including the price of \$219. But it has one deal-killer feature: the display is too small, only 6 lines. In order to be able to edit a text, I have to see a lot more of a page than that. The more expensive model Dana has more programs (that I don't want), but it doesn't seem to have a display that's much bigger. I do like what they say about the Neo: "no internet access, email connections, game-playing controllers, or instant messaging capabilities." This is so that the students it's meant for will be forced to concentrate on keyboarding practice and writing without distractions. The small display in the Neo is probably so they can get a longer life from the batteries, since the display is probably the biggest power consumer, even though it's just LCD without backlighting. But I would use it only at home with an AC adapter, so power consumption is not an issue for me.

While I was googling around, I found another option. The Quickpad Pro is similar to the Dana, with a suite of programs similar to my old word processor which had, in addition to word processing, spreadsheet, daily scheduler, and data base manager. The price of the Quickpad Pro is \$299. Power consumption is said to be 50 hours on 4 AA batteries. But what makes it more attractive is its bigger display: 60 characters across by 16 lines down, which is minimally acceptable to me. Text can be downloaded into a desktop computer, but I can't find any mention of being able to download the text directly into a printer.

Ideally, I'd like a display of around 70 characters by up to 40 lines, sold as a package deal with a compatible plug-in printer that could be unplugged so that it could be repaired

or replaced separately. I would also need to be able to change formats for printing, either on the computer or on the printer. This is all trivial stuff and seems like not too much to ask.

Jim Stumm

{CKK: *The 14th Amendment has been a mess since the 1890s when the Supreme Court denied that the Amendment said what the authors intended (The Slaughter House Cases) and the Court has had to "reinvent" some of these rights in later years using some textually unsupported Due Process arguments.*

Mark Strickert
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busnrail@yahoo.com
September 25, 2007

Hello Knarley & All:

Somewhere in my mess of an apartment are at least two half-written LoCs for *Knarley News*. I think I'll try this new-fangled "Internet" instead. Not very long, but will have to do right now. I'm having trouble finding the time to sit down and finish the latest *MarkTime*, and that will be a short issue!

I'm going to write you some interesting articles? Hmm... have any articles or general topic blatter in my zines stood out as worthy of coverage in *The Knarley News*?

Sheryl Birkhead – re: foggy mirror prevention, I have no trouble with indoor fog at home, but will try this next time I'm at a hotel. I'll have to apply sparingly though, as shaving cream does not clean off things without a lot of rinsing...or, should I use the razor? Also makes me wonder how the discoverer found out this works. Bad aim with a shaving cream can, or were they using it to write a message on a steamed mirror? Did he or she first try other materials, such as sandpaper, paint, peanut butter and grape jam...?

Lloyd Penney – Unless I hear otherwise, I'm the nearest to an Anaheim person in the *Knarley News* audience (I pass within sight of the former Pond of Anaheim at least once per workday). I like hockey, but for me it's something to fill the time between baseball seasons. I gather one of the Ducks' star skaters, Scott Niedermeier, is staying away from preseason practices and contemplating retirement, and I do not recall hearing of any major signings like during the past two off-seasons. I can only guess the Ducks ran into the same problem the Anaheim Angels did after the 2002 World Series, that being nasty payroll inflation after a championship.

Mormon and Jehovah's Witness recruiters are very active in heavily Latino areas such as Pico Rivera. As you note, the Latter Day Saints missionaries are generally laid-back and respectful, roaming around on bicycles two-by-two. The *Watchtower* people, however, are getting to be very aggressive, and are targeting bus stops and train stations. It's getting

to where if I see a minivan slow down and pull into the parking lot behind my bus stop, I dive for cover ☺.

-- Mark

☐CKK: *Leave the shaving cream long enough and it will dry into minimal crusty foam. Of course, that won't solve the fogging problem and may not be any easier to clean off the mirror.*

R-Laurraine Tutihasi
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laurraine@mac.com
26 Sep 2007

Dear Henry and Letha,

Condolences on the loss of your father.

When I moved to California in 1983, I recall learning that drivers should closely match the prevailing traffic speed. However, they seem to have changed that in the latest driver's manual that I downloaded.

In the several times I have been in a court house in California for various reasons, I don't ever recall a bible being used to swear in people.

I wonder if **Sheryl Birkhead** is in touch with local Mac users groups. Frequently that's a good way to find used equipment for sale and to make contact with people who might be able to help with problems. We have a friend who needs lots of computer help for two reasons. She has medical disabilities that it make it difficult for her for to learn new things and make her dependent on visual cues; this has kept her from moving up to the latest operating systems as they become available. She still keeps one computer running an OS several generations back just to make sure she never completely loses the ability to use her computers. The other reason is that she doesn't have a lot of money and is unable to buy the latest and newest equipment or software. She belongs to one or two user groups, and she has found them invaluable. We also help her as much as we can with both advice and used equipment.

I have found that one cannot rely on the postal workers to get the new rates right. Mike recently had a bunch of DVDs to send out. I calculated the postage on the first of these, as it was one he was sending out to have checked by someone else. I used the First Class Mail tables, with the surcharge for an inflexible envelope. When he had the rest to mail out, we went to the PO. The clerk there used the Media Rate on them, and Mike ended up paying more. I didn't object then, because we were being reimbursed for this. I downloaded several PDFs from the USPS site to help me with First Class mail, both domestic and foreign.

The fogging up of lenses is the same whether it happens in a hot shower room or outside in winter. The glass surface is

colder than the ambient atmospheric temperature, and that's why the water condenses. The same method may be used to prevent condensation.

I don't know that backing up into a building would have helped prevent lens icing, since the indoor and outdoor temperatures were so different. The lens icing happened in Minnesota in winter.

We use an Epson 2400 scanner. I bought Readiris software for scanning text, and it seems to work just fine. Our household is all Macs.

Lloyd Penney misspeaks when he calls Maia Cowan, George Laskowski's widow. Technically this is wrong. George's second wife is his widow. I can't think of her name at the moment.

I'm sure I've probably said this before, but I would like to reassure **Jeffrey Boman** that there are at least three extant electronic APAs. I belong to two of them currently, and a member of a third sends me his zine regularly.

My skunk pages are up and can be accessed from my home page. After we finished the work needed to get our house ready for sale, we have much less to do while we wait for someone to make an offer; so I used some of that time to prepare the skunk pages. There are some things I cannot do because things are packed up. I also cannot start large projects that cannot be put away on short notice. The jewelry still has not been photographed, but everything else is up.

I have more time than usual now for reading and writing.

Laurraine Tutihasi

☐**CKK**: *I think backing in changes the way the temperature changes on the opposing sides of the lenses. Lan's second wife was named Kathy. I never met her and despite spending a lot of time with Lan, I don't know that I ever met Maia more than once.*☐

Milt Stevens
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October 3, 2007

Dear Henry and Letha,

In *The Knarley Knews*, Henry mentions having a pastor presiding over his father's funeral even though his father had not been religious. The same thing happened with my mother's funeral. My family is entirely non-religious. We aren't anti-religious. We're just non-religious. I told the pastor that before the funeral. He wasn't too bad, although he did revert a little to religious stuff, but I guess that's just what he knew and what he did.

It's sort of interesting that people who aren't religious still follow the form of those who are. In the end, form is more important than faith. Form is what we really live by. Even I believe in proper form. When death occurs we must hire a death sayer to preside over the ceremonies. Nobody really cares what the death sayer says.

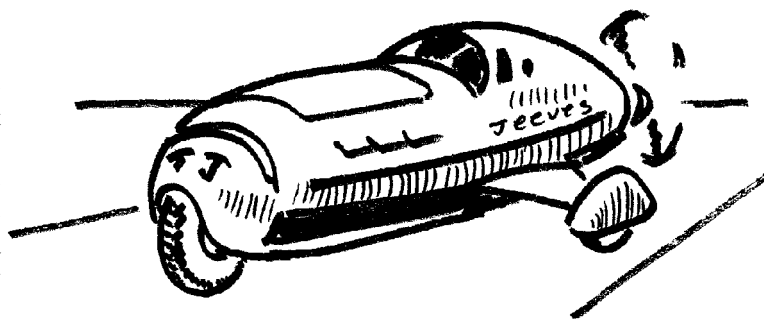
Back when I was in the Navy, grace was said in the ward-room before dinner every evening. The person actually saying grace was the chaplain who was a commander. The rest of us bowed our heads and looked respectful. Except for one guy who didn't. He was a born again atheist, and he felt compelled to make soto voce comments every evening during grace. Did you know there was a regulation in the United States Navy that says all voids in a ship must be inspected every year. (Voids are the sealed spaces between decks and compartments. You find the damndest things in voids.) There are an awful lot of voids on an aircraft carrier. Our born again atheist got to find out just how many. That sort of thing seems to happen to people who just won't follow the proper form.

Henry also mentions the possibility of moving to Detroit. From all I've ever heard, that would be a bad idea. Detroit is a city about which nothing good can be said. At a crime analysis conference years ago, I was part of a general discussion of slime pits of North America. Detroit was a clear favorite as the worst place anyone could think of. A 6-3 Dallas PD police officer commented that if you had the choice between driving through Detroit and driving 100 miles around, it would be smart to drive around. If your plane stops in Detroit, don't get off the plane. It seems that Detroit is a gawdawful place to visit, and you really wouldn't want to live there.

Gene Stewart is working too hard on trying to be controversial. Outrageous opinions for the sake of outrageous opinions aren't all that interesting.

Terry Jeeves finally made it back from the war. I'm not actually surprised. The nice thing about reading war memoirs is you know the person isn't going to get killed in the end.

Yours truly,
Milt Stevens



☐**CKK**: *What the death sayer says can be important. At my grandmother's funeral the priest got her name wrong. Drastically unprofessional in my opinion and to the point of unconscionability. I'm not talking about moving to Detroit, but rather a fringe suburb that would allow me to largely avoid the city proper.*☐

Lloyd Penney
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Canada
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October 6, 2007

Dear Knarley:

I have issue 125 of *The Knarley Knews*, and a couple of hours to fill with some work. I'm getting this started just before Canadian Thanksgiving, so I'll make it quick!

Yvonne's mother is having blackouts because of low spikes in her blood sugar, and she is getting over having a pacemaker installed. Gabrielle has been fairly healthy and independent until just a couple of months ago, and she has spent part of this weekend in hospital. We are not expecting anything bad, but understandably, the Robert family is concerned. We are on Mom-watch, and are seeing what happens.

Congratulations on your success in law studies. Law is an area of study Yvonne's been interested in most of her life, but never got a chance to study. Think you might eventually leave MSOE to take on a law job? You and **John Purcell** and I have had to deal with employers who are dangling a fake job just to see how many people are desperate for work, or know not what they truly want, and are hemming and hawing about whether they are going to hire someone, or give it to the president's daughter for a summer job, or just divvy up the responsibilities to the already-overworked employers who are trying to get out. I have my own job news, more later...

Greetings to **Terry Jeeves**, and congratulations to you, sir, on winning the 2007 Rotsler Award for your enjoyable cartoons and illustrations. We wish you the best in fighting your health problems, and hope you are feeling tiptop again soon. Is this the conclusion of your overseas memoirs, or are there more to come?

Is **Ned Brooks**, correct, that you're going to fold up the paper version of this fine fanzine, and take it to the net? A shame if that happens, but I've heard so much about the recent USPS rate hikes, I'm not surprised.

I saw the *Mythbusters* episode mentioned, about getting a skunk to spray those Adam and Jaime. I thought skunks were nervous types, but I guess it's easier to get them to spray when it's dark than when it's light. The skunk supplied to them was too mellow to be believed, and just wouldn't spray unless terribly provoked.

My loc... Yvonne is still looking for work. Her contract with Castrol Canada expired, and she's had interviews with Virgin Canada and Bayer Canada and a few others, and they all say she's the perfect one for the job, etc., etc., and she still isn't working. See my comments above. Something has to give soon. However, I am working full time now. I have just finished up my first two weeks at the Canadian National Institute for the Blind as an editorial specialist in their ePublications department. I have just finished coding *The Epic of Gilgamesh* for conversion into an e-text file, which may become an electronic spoken-word file or even a Braille text. They seem to like me there, I like my coworkers, the facilities are still fairly new, the general attitude is fairly laid back, I have two windows to look out of, north and east, and I am making slightly more money than I've ever made in my life. I still have my three-month probationary period to go through, so I am keeping my evening job at the Globe and Mail as a just-in-case measure. If things work the way I want to, I will be a regular 9-to-5 guy again in the new year, working at a job I enjoy.

Off it goes into the ether and onto my LJ. Take care, and enjoy the fall. It's been unseasonably warm, and this is just another reason to be thankful this weekend. Take care, and see you nextish.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney.

☐**CKK**: *I have no intensions of going all electronic with my zine. Until I see a better medium than sending out a PDF I will continue to use paper as my main distribution mechanism. It is now cheaper to mail my zine, but I now have the hassle of folding each copy. I'm happy to hear that you have found a decent job after all your searching.*☐

Eric Lindsay
PO Box 640
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Australia
fjagh2006@ericlindsay.com
7 Oct 2007

Dear Henry,

Somehow I thought nose climbing was practised in America only at Mount Rushmore. In Australia it is widely practised, but only by bush flies.

We have been somewhat distracted by Jean's hip replacement in late August. Our apartment is up 35 steps, so for the first few weeks at home it was a real struggle for Jean to get outside on her crutches. She really didn't enjoy fitsy climbing all those stairs five days after the operation. She is walking a lot better now, but her right hip also needs replacement (that was scheduled to be done first, until the left hip went really bad after the operation date was set). The next replacement is scheduled for early November, so we are hoping she will be walking well by Xmas. Since you mention medical imaging I

note the hospital supplied Jean's X-rays on CD, together with Osirix viewing software, as well as on film.

Glad that your law school is going well. It sounds like you have an interesting area in which to work. Your comments on testifying in court reinforce my own preference never to involve the police or justice system in anything involving me.

Regarding postage costs, I don't see any problem with a PDF. I hope to eventually get better at responding to them.

I am glad we don't have skunks here. Although I imagine some people think we have far too many poisonous snakes and marine creatures.

I feel I must mention that if the government doesn't get thrown out at the election (they probably will), then we may have a government led by Peter Costello (current treasurer) and Tony Abbott (leader of the House).

I note there is still a Clunies-Ross on the Cocos Islands, although no longer the king of the island.

12 Oct 2007

I am sorry to hear of the loss of your father.

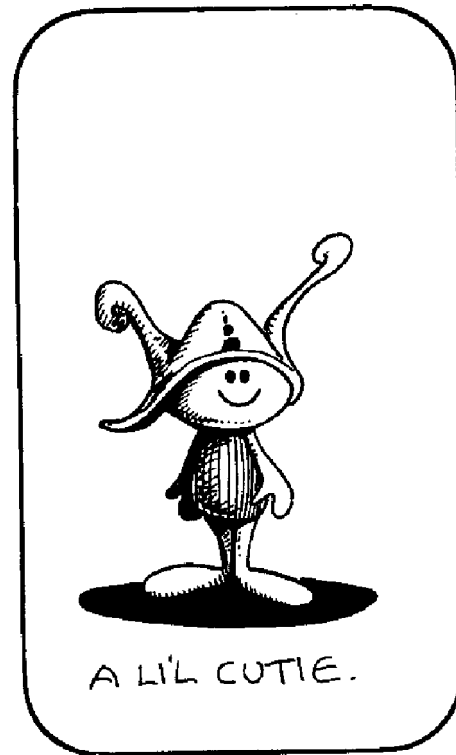
Hope that your new MSOE room is pleasant. Getting out of a basement to the third floor sounds like a worthwhile change to me, especially with a view of a park.

Nice to hear that **Terry Jeeves** had a great stay on the Cocos islands. Australia used them as a detention centre for illegal immigrants, so I hope some of those poor folks found them a tropical paradise also, although I doubt it.

I thought Christmas was intended to indicate that there would soon be clearance sales in shops. However since it is in the middle of school holidays, I try to avoid shops at that time.

A war on weeds would defeat me. I can't even handle stuff sprouting in cracks against the wall of a two metre wide balcony. I am trying to erect a low (very low - about 2 centimetre) rail at the edge of the balcony, so I can turn the Dirt Dog sweeping robot onto the balcony. In tests, the robot has automatically stopped at the edges, but with a five floor drop off the balcony, I don't trust its edge sensors.

Normally I would not drive the car, but with multiple trips to the big city organising Jean's hip replacements, we have been on the road more. Seems to me that a majority of people here in country areas do keep to speed limits on major highways. Of course, when the major highway is a two lane country road that gets cut by floods during the wet season, that is a little different to the expressways **Ned Brooks** mention. It is my impression that the police do tend to book drivers for exceeding limits. I also suspect that a lot of people on the highway are like us, in that we use the cruise control, set to the limit. We don't get overtaken very often.



I am not sure how it fits in with the public display of religion, but I rather like the Christmas lights that some people put up around their homes. Around Xmas, the local (Mackay) TV station tends to have a few minutes of the better examples after the local news. Some are as much advertising themed as religious, with the red and white Santa Claus similar to Haddon Sunblom's successful 1931 Coca Cola advertising campaign. I am relieved to note Clement C. Moore's pipe smoking has now been dropped. Poets are always doing politically incorrect things. We do get Rudolph the red nosed reindeer, from Robert May's 1939 Montgomery Ward advertising, and the Johnny Marks song Gene Autry popularised.

Some homes have explicitly Christian scenes depicted, like the three wise men and the manger. Pity Matthew doesn't mention it was three wise men (did mention three gifts). Come to think of it, didn't they become wise men in a politically motivated change in the King James version? Didn't mention the camels either. Mind you, Matthew sort of implies they went to a house, not a manger. And Luke thinks the manger visitors were shepherds. But it is probably close enough for religious art.

Milt Stevens says Christmas lights are pretty, a sentiment with which I entirely agree. However I fear that religious intolerance will eventually stop them being displayed. I note that environmentalists will not be happy until we are all starving in garrets and the only industry is basket weaving.

Regards,
Eric

☐**CKK**: I hope Jean is recovering well. Please keep us informed. Deceleration trauma can be a real problem for people and machines.☐



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

Banana Wings #31 and 32 by Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer; 59 Shirley Road; Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES; UK; fishlifter@goosemail.com; becoming more regular; the usual. A nice fanzine that is well worthy of its recent Hugo nomination. A nice mix of modern and retrospective pieces.

Chunga Issue 13 by Randy Byers, Andy Hooper, and Carl Juarez; 1013 North 36th St.; Seattle, WA 98103; fringe-faan@yahoo.com, fanmailaph@aol.com, heurithermilab@gmail.com; irregular; \$3.50 or the usual. An interesting zine with a number of articles this issue in the theme of celluloid fantasia.

Ethel the Aardvark #132 by rotating editors; PO Box 212; World Trade Centre; Melbourne, VIC 3005; Australia; ethelardvark@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.

Living Free 138 by Jim Stumm; Hiler Branch, Box 29-KK; Buffalo, NY 14223; irregular; \$2. An interesting zine dedicated to living independently.

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

Opuntia 63.5B & 64A by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. In which Dale visits the Calgary Stampede and stamp shows and compares them to SF cons and then discusses the evolution of life.

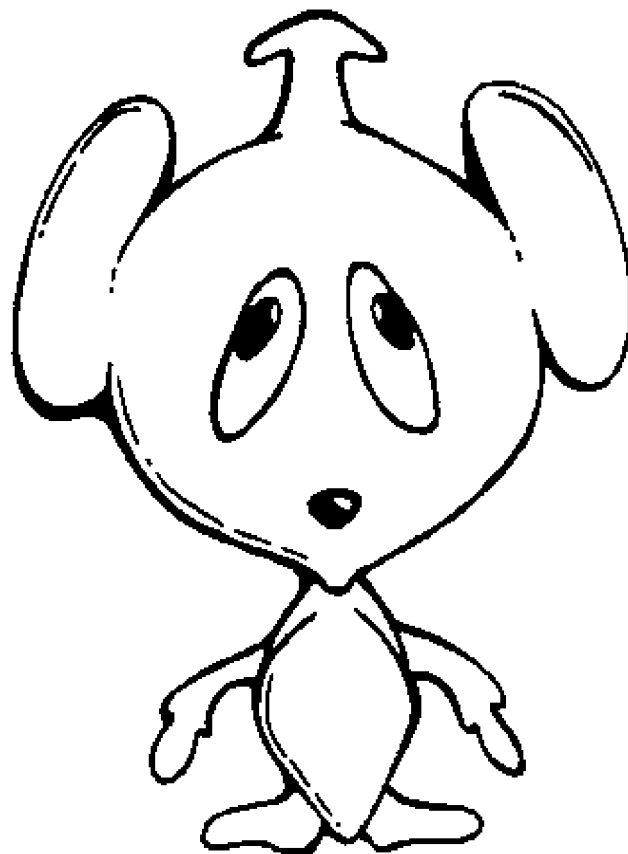
Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol 8 No 13 by R.B. Cleary; 138 Bibb Dr.; Madison, AL 35758-1064; rbcleary@bellsouth.net; irregular; \$10/yr or the usual. The official fanzine of the Southern Fandom Confederation with

Fanzines Received in Trade

book and convention reports and lists of southern conventions and a membership list.

Vanamonde No. 698-707 by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John's APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.

As you may notice the print list of zines was rather thin these past two months. Many of my recent titles have gone electronic of late. Some I can still get paper copies out of because I'm still on paper, and 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 efanazines.com to check out the postings even though I request a publication announcement there.) This will likely continue to be nature of things for the foreseeable future.



We also heard from:

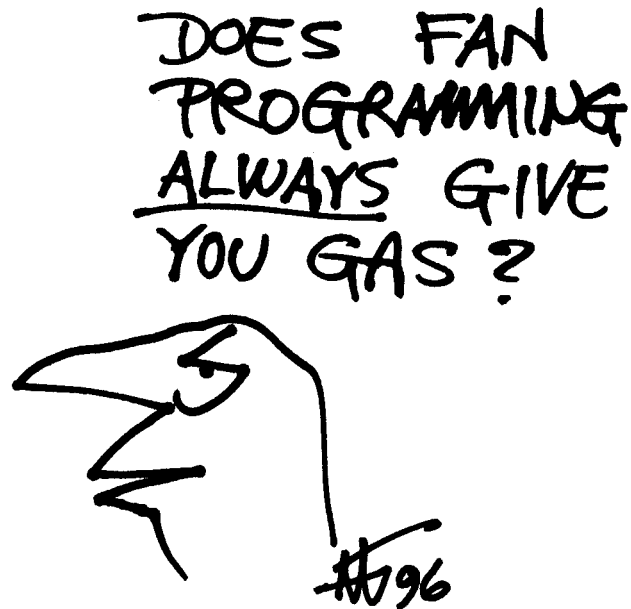
Jeffrey Allan Boman, Al & Megan Bouchard, Todd & Nora Bushlow, Judith Hanna, Patti & Michael Hetherington, Terry Jeeves, Rodney Leighton, Brian Lester, Guy Lillian, Murray Moore, Mark Olson, David Pointer, Robbie Rojo, Marc Schirmeister, Joyce Scrivner, Gina Teh, and Sue Welch

Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Please inspire me here.

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



You Got this Issue Because ...

- It is the end of October and it still hasn't frosted yet. The back porch tomatoes and the jalepeno pepper plants are still blooming.
- I'm pretty sure I saw a pig fly last week.
- 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.