

# THE KNUARLES NEWS



...And as the shocked congregation looked on,  
the Sacred Tree of Fertility both  
blessed and damned the High  
priestess as she danced  
the Good Harvest  
prayer.

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*The Knarley Knews* -- Issue 128  
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**Next Issue Deadline: April 10, 2008**

# Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

Well, it is now official, the Welch clan is California bound! In the last issue I related my interviewing activities in the Silicon Valley area and the dust is finally settled. In the end I received three offers, two declines, one no answer, and one no interest on my part from the seven firms I interviewed with. On the surface all three of the offers were largely identical in terms of salary and benefits with the only significant difference being in the relocation package for one of the firms. (My attempts to hint to that firm that it was an issue were not successful. The trick to negotiating with a law firm is that they know that a counter-offer removes the original offer from the table so you don't want to counter a job offer, yet still negotiate where you can.)

Part of the lengthy delay in coming to a resolution was that the firm I ultimately chose failed to give me the customary salary increase for my Ph.D. in their original offer and I had to delicately remind them of that fact. All three firms had great people working for them and any of the three would have been a good choice, but I accepted the offer from Jones Day.

My rationale for this decision eventually came down to the work opportunities and some of the intangibles. One of the firms I declined had recently made intellectual property a primary department so this imposed some risk (they also had the clearly inferior relocation package). The other firm I declined based all of their associate salary, raise, and bonus information off a standard table. This is great insurance for a starting attorney who does not want to have large risk in this area, however, as I am fairly confident that I will be able to deliver above the average I preferred a firm with flexibility in this area so that quality trumps quantity and the understanding that raises compound whereas bonuses do not. I also picked Jones Day because they were willing to allow me to start in the area of patent prosecution whereas the other competing offer would have forced me to spend a year almost exclusively in patent litigation.

Silicon Valley is also a great fit for me. The technology firms in the region are heavily involved in computer, software, and electrical engineering in a way that many other regions of the country do not. Further, there is so much business in the area that in the unfortunate circumstance that I've chosen the wrong firm I will have many readily available lateral opportunities. I'm generally too loyal to worry about that, but this was a significant concern for me regarding my original offer in the Detroit-area and the affiliated economic concerns associated with the firm's reliance on auto industry tier-1 suppliers.

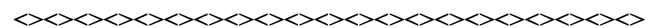
And not to be left out, the firm in Minneapolis finally sent me a rejection letter this past week.

The logistics for the move to Silicon Valley are daunting. While the firm is making the actual moving as painless as possible there is still the matter of timing and having a home to sell. I will be taking a standard 6-week or so bar review course prior to the California Bar Exam offered the last week in July. The latest this review course starts is May 27th. The problem is that I have to work at MSOE through at least May 23rd and will probably also attend graduation on the 24th because I am teaching senior design. Because I will need a car in California this means that I'll have to drive out in a very short period of time. This does not address my living situation while I am out there alone, but between two brothers and one brother-in-law this will work out.

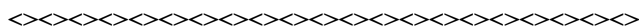
Adding to the complication is that the children will still be in school until June. In fact, Kyle graduates from middle school on June 8th, so I'll be coming back for that. There is also the matter of selling a home that we have lived in for 15 years. Quite a daunting task when you realize all the stuff we've accumulated and the list of minor cosmetic issues that need to be taken care of (touching up paint, power washing the outside, replacing doors, basement carpet, etc.) We have made some strides on the junk removal problem and need to make some significant progress with the rest in the next few weeks. Fortunately, the housing market in Grafton is stable and we are likely to be priced below the median. Pricing the home involves some reading of tea leaves. We live on the river and there has not been another house sold nearby on the river in over five years which makes it hard to determine what premium that and the larger lot impose. (One house down the street has a pending offer which means the real estate agents will tell us nothing; including the original asking price.)

The California market is also very expensive and not knowing when the family will move and how much equity we might have as a down-payment complicate the problem. We are torn between having a nicer property with a longer commute (this is what we have now) and the convenience of a short commute. School districts also have significant differences in quality that is not commonly found in Midwestern suburban districts. We are hoping to make a short trip out there around Easter to case the market, but that requires having a multi-day sitter for the children.

Does anyone want to buy a nice house in Grafton?



A further factor impacting the move is that my brother John will be getting married in California on July 5th. He is the last of the four of us to get married and I'm happy for him. This just reinforces that I would like to get the family moved out to Silicon Valley by the end of June.

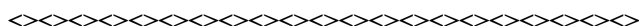


Winter has certainly descended upon southeastern Wisconsin with a vengeance. We went through a multi-cycle period of heavy snows followed by cold snaps which have dumped a near record amount of snow in late January and February. Fortunately most of the snow has been light and dry so that shoveling has not been a major problem (except the regularity at which it needs to occur). We did have one day where it rained most of the day and everything now has a layer of ice including many streets with pot holes in the ice.

A complication of the heavy snows has been an increased problem with ice dams. I have not had to climb on the roof again this year, but I'm keeping an eye on it. So far the major dam is over the kids bathroom (they take a lot of showers and run the exhaust fan), but when it only covers a narrow span of the gutters the melting water will go around and not back up under the shingles.

The school district has also run out of weather days and they will have to use make-up days at the end of the year if any more days get cancelled. (This is a complication to the relocation problem discussed above.) This just in, the school district cancelled an in-service day in April; so this might not be an issue.

On the one hand I miss a real winter like I remember in the mid 1990s. Winter should come and there should be snow that keeps the ground white all winter long. This is what we have now. That is nice, but the intervening cold snaps have been brutal with a biting wind and high threat of frost bite. Overall I think the weather has weighed in favor of the move to the warmer climate of Silicon Valley.



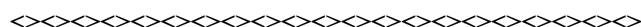
The hockey season is nearing its end. My team has been doing fairly well (3rd out of six teams) and we are generally competitive. I am playing well and even had the second hat trick of my career last week. Not that it is much to brag about. The other team had only six skaters (plus a goalie) and by the third period, when I scored two of the goals, they had lost a player to fighting (don't ask) and were entirely out of gas. The goals, however, were still good quality goals. The first was after I waited patiently and the loose puck dropped out of the goalies pads. He tried to claim I ran into him, but that was his teammate whom I had no contact with. The second goal was a nice rising shot that beat the goalie high, and the last was simply my smart trailing of the play on a 2-on-1 break-away (due no doubt to the tired state of the other team).

Kyle's team continues to struggle. There are too many players and the skill level is too varied across the team to be competitive in their division and level. They were soundly beaten in both state playoff qualifying games even though they played fairly well. Following a recent tournament I sent an e-mail to the coach regarding shortening of the bench (where some players have significantly more play time than

others; you may recall I asked to be traded from my old team because of this) and even in a game when they were already losing 6-0. The result of this was that the coach, who had thought I was a threat to his authority and coaching style, has realized that I am neither and I've been able to work on the bench with the kids during games. I still haven't done a practice, but it is better to have me be on the bench (I have a coaching license) when some of the other parents he has been using for that do not.

Part of my reason for sending the e-mail was Kyle indicating that he wanted to quit. This is rather complicated, but it involves the assistant coach getting suspended (he used the F-word with a referee and his suspension was clearly justified) and Kyle not enjoying the bench shortening. He felt that the assistant coach was the only reason for staying. Things have changed, though, for the better and Kyle is enjoying hockey like he should.

I don't know what affect this will have next year. I know there are a few hockey clubs in Silicon Valley, but I have no idea how comparative the skill levels are between here and there.



MSOE graciously accepted my letter of resignation in January. My immediate superiors knew what was likely to happen much sooner so that they could get ready to fill my vacancy, but they are precluded from acting by the upper administration until a vacancy is official. I was not willing to say my leaving was official until I had an accepted offer, etc.

My teaching duties are almost exclusively limited to teaching juniors and seniors. It is not that I don't mind teaching the freshmen, but I have more interest in the upper-level courses. For example, I just finished teaching senior design and two senior electives. Next term I will have senior design again, a junior-level core course, and a sophomore service course (this was a senior-level service course until this year). My purpose for pointing this out is that the old adage that "you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink" is alive and well in the millennial student. In each of my senior courses this past term I was forced to record an incomplete grade for a student. They had failed to meet the passing average and each had failed to submit more than one assignment. I suppose that technically I could have failed them outright or given them a passing grade, but I think the lesson of not slacking off is too important. So far two of the students have asked me what they need to do and I have yet to hear from the third. This is somewhat depressing for me, but they are adults and they will do what they will do. Over the years I have done the same to a number of other seniors and **NONE** of them have ever done what it takes to resolve the problem. This is already looking better for this year; but the proof will be in the change of grade forms that I may or may not file in the coming weeks.

Continued on page 8

# The Ethics of Money Part 2

by Alexander Slate

In response to the first part of my article, Jim Stumm wrote a response. I am going to use his response somewhat piecemeal, which may be somewhat unfair to his response, but he covers a number of different issues, and I would prefer to use his words in the context of my discussion.

To answer the basic question I posed at the very beginning, Jim wrote: “I would say, in answer to the Dalai Lama’s question, why are some people rich and others poor, that this is a result of natural inequality. Some people have traits that enable them to rise high, others don’t. Such eminence can be handed down to offspring, as wealth, social status, and family connections, and so can enrich later generations of that family. But some heirs squander their advantage. ‘Rags to rags in 3 generations.’ Traits that enable someone to rise high may not be admirable. He might succeed because he is a more ruthless pirate, or a more unscrupulous schemer. Also, what traits are highly rewarded depends on the society you find yourself in. E.g., the physique of a basketball player would not have made you rich in the Middle Ages.”

This part of Jim’s response is possibly quite true, but frankly not in the context of where I hope to go with the articles.

However, I did try to define charity, and included government programs in that definition. And further, asked the flat outright question, “do you consider government programs such as welfare as charity?” To that, Jim responds: “Government programs are not charity, in my view, because the government can only hand out what it first takes in taxes or inflation. Inflation, which reduces the value of dollar-denominated savings, results from the government over-issuing money to support deficit spending. So the definition of charity should be: benevolent giving of what you own yourself. Giving away other people’s property, after you have stolen it, isn’t charity. (new paragraph) Agricultural subsidies especially are not charity since the bulk of them are paid to rich landowners and agri-business corporations. Many of the largest recipients of agricultural subsidies have addresses in NYC, a place not known for farming. To rise even to the level of government welfare, which is still far short of actual charity, agricultural subsidies would have to be based on low farm family income, not acreage.”

I do have to agree with Jim and state that my definition, particularly the inclusion of government programs as charity. Government programs are not charity. Besides correcting the definition of charity is also making another point here, but one which I am not yet prepared to address, so we will revisit his response again, later.

I personally have never been a super charitable person. I give primarily through the Combined Federal Campaign. I give a nice percentage, though not as much as the guidelines would want me to give. However, Laurel and I also give to a few

charities outside of the CFC, but I really don’t know if that makes up the difference. I generally do not give to those who solicit on the streets, whether they be individual people or organizations. There are times, however, when I will contribute on a whim (most often to organizations – the firefighters collecting for MD – the Salvation Army kettle around the holidays; but I have even been known to give a little to panhandlers or street performers).

The organizations that my money goes to are not generally those that help the down and out. Most often my money goes to ecological concerns or those charities that deal with medical research.

So, where do I fit in with Maimonides’ 8 levels of *tzedaka*? Am I even giving charity in these terms?

My first thoughts about this, when putting it in this context were, I am really not sure. When we look at the biblical quotes and those derived (such as Maimonides) it is all about giving to the poor. There is nothing about ecology or medical research. So my giving (for the most part) doesn’t fit in nice and simply.

The reason for this is that during the biblical era neither ecological concerns nor diseases were things that man “worried” about. Both were the concern of God. It wasn’t until the late 1800s or even the 1900s that these became areas for charity.

So again I ask, am I not really giving charity? No, I wouldn’t say that. Because instead of charity as something given to the poor, let us instead look as charity given to someone in need. The ill are in need of succor, of a cure. It also fits within our definition from the last article which included the giving of money, goods and services for the purposes of helping those with real or perceived needs. While charity for the sick in biblical days (and later) was money given to support them or their families while the sick could not work, I have no doubt that medicine would have been considered had they had the knowledge. It is somewhat analogous of Maimonides’ highest level; to “strengthen someone so they no longer need aid” to overcome their illness. It also may indicate that Maimonides’ 8 levels may need to be readdressed in these modern days. But that will come later.

So, I have addressed the money given for medical research, and hopefully established that as worthwhile charity. But what about the money for ecological concerns, how does this count as charity as we have defined it?

Again in the biblical sense it does not. As for our definition from the last article, well it fits within the definition of benevolent giving. But how about helping those with needs? Maybe yes, and maybe not, depending upon how you wish to define the words. The words can be interpreted to mean

people. This is a reasonable interpretation, and by this measure, my money that goes to those types of causes would not be charity.

Yet, in modern Jewish philosophy there is a concept called *tikun olam*, which translates as repairing the world. This certainly includes stewardship of the lands and animals as well as people. And besides, people need nature and animals. The world would be a poorer place and harder to live in, both emotionally and physically with a world polluted and used up. Therefore, whether directly or indirectly, I choose to include this as charity.

But, now let us return to the original question that sparked the entire discussion. With so many rich people, and so many people being soooooo (sic) rich, how can there still be poor?

I think that one of the natural place this leads us is how much should one give? The natural place to start is with the concept of tithing. This has its root (for most of us) in the bible. First mentioned in Genesis (Ch. 14-18) when Abraham gives a tithe of the stuff taken from the ... to Melchizedek. And then again in chapter 25 when Jacob makes the commitment to give back 10% of his increase.

So is 10% what people should give? Nah, I don't think so. The answer, like so much else in life is, it depends. Somehow, I seem to remember (but cannot find the source for) the idea in classical Jewish ethics that everyone, irrespective of their station in life should give. Even those that receive charity should give charity. The reasoning behind this is psychological. When you give, you raise your self esteem; this then barrel rolls outward.

And I think there is a lot to the idea that everyone gives charity. But those living under hard economic conditions shouldn't be giving 10%. It is incumbent that you take care of yourself and your family, before you take care of others. In fact, at a certain economic level, charitable giving is probably best done in terms of your time rather than your money.

On the converse side, those comfortably well off, okay – the rich, should give more than 10%. However, I would say 10% is a minimum at this level.

Now, there is a particular point I want to make, but before I do I am going to digress. Why would anyone not give? Chuck Collins in issue 31 of *More Than Money Magazine* ([www.morethanmoney.org](http://www.morethanmoney.org)) talks about “the great man” theory of wealth creation. This is the thinking that is characterized by the opinion that a person is totally responsible for their own success; that they got where they are by themselves. There is a different version of that psychology taught within a certain segment of fundamental evangelical (politically conservative) Christianity. Here, ones wealth and/or status and/or success is a sign of God's grace or a reward for one's faith.

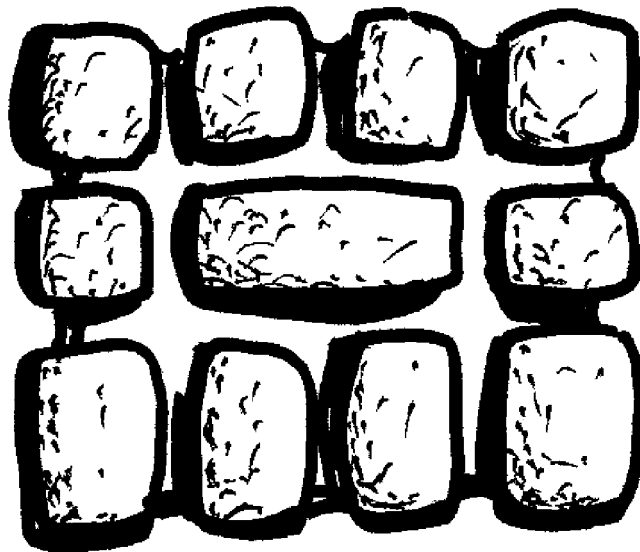
The flip side of this psychology is that the poor can do the same for themselves by working harder or truly believing

and that they deserve to be in the situation they are in. My reaction to this kind of thinking is <insert raspberry here>!

Okay, let's try a little more intelligent, mature response. For the “great man” theory it runs along the lines of a quote from the John Donne poem, “No man is an island.” Collins quotes responses from Warren Buffet and a gentleman named Martin Rothenberg about the basis for their success. They credit everything from the environment Jim Stumm also makes note of wealthy benevolents, “Before condemning commerce and wealth we should take note of the many philanthropic rich like Bill Gates and Warren Buffet. Others are less well-known, such as Chester Carlson, who made a fortune from his invention of xerography, and spent his last years giving away his money, mostly anonymously, which was revealed by his widow after his death.”

Jim Stumm writes, “But wealthy people may do even more good by investing wisely in enterprises that create many new jobs and improve the lives of, or reduce living costs for, their customers. To move toward making sure that no one would ever need a handout, we need to create a prosperous society, and capitalism has done more to achieve that than any other system. Capitalism delivers the general prosperity that socialism promises but never provides.” Which returns us to the point I talked about before, that I wanted to make. And it is another variant of what I just discussed (in a way). Now, let's go back to my first article and the Rambam's (Maimonides) levels of giving. Suppose someone says, “Hey, I run a business and provide employment – with a good salary – to x many people. I have fulfilled all my charitable giving requirements.” How do we respond to that? Jim is obviously of the opinion, that they have done all they need to do.

I don't think that it really is quite that obvious, but I will pick the discussion up at this point in the next installment. Keep those “cards and letters” coming in folks. This could well turn out to be quite a good discussion.



ALEX MONBY, WRSG

# Sue's Sites: Okavandgo Delta

by Sue Welch

One of my highlights in 2007 was the release of the BBC nature documentary series, *Planet Earth*. I first saw this 11 episode series on the Discovery Channel; shortly thereafter I hustled to Costco and purchased these incredibly magnificent pictures of our planet. The first program is titled from "From Pole to Pole" and shows a segment in which elephants migrate towards the waters of the Okavango Delta, a huge swamp or wetlands, in the midst of the arid Kalahari Desert of Botswana. I have got to see this I thought. So began a search for a trip that would take me there – Eldertreks' Splendors of Southern Africa itinerary featured two days in the Delta.

On day 16 of our trip, we hugged Michael, our bus driver, goodbye shortly after entering Botswana. We then enjoyed a leisurely lunch as we waited for the three motor launches (two for the 14 people on the tour and one for our two guides and luggage) which would drive us through the delta channels that twisted and turned every which way. Solid ground was inches above the water. There were many seemingly

asleep crocodiles basking in the hot sunshine as we sped by. Not so, however, every once in awhile one would jump and in its jaws would appear a fish. There was also much black smoke from various fires. The fires are purposely set to control the dense masses of papyrus. Papyrus, a boon to Egyptian civilization, here is a fast growing weed that chokes out other vegetation. After burning, some of the ground is planted with crops.

An hour later found us boarding 4 x 4 game viewing vehicles for a short ride to our lodging, Mbiroba Camp. Our group was housed in the five two story chalets, which produced the choice of opening the windows on the upper floor to obtain some relief from the intense heat and inviting in malaria bearing mosquitoes to share our quarters or suffering in the heat. The shower was a small attached outside enclosure that at first glance seemed dismal but turned out to be the best part. Standing naked outdoors under the cooling water felt so good. This lodge is different because it is one of the region's more established community ventures; it is succeeding by offering



a simple, good-value product to those not expecting five-star luxury. Lots of stuff did not work such as some of the lights; part of our food came in cans but the winning smiles and courtesy of the employees triumphed our discomforts. There are camping facilities on site as well. It seemed best to finish this afternoon, sitting on chairs under shade trees, sipping a cool drink and watching the cows munch grass on the other side of the fence, enclosing us in the Camp. Dusk brought relief from the heat, dropping temperatures into the high 80s range, and producing our first real encounter with mosquitoes. Long sleeved shirts and repellent quickly appeared.

Early the following morning found us at a landing where two people and one poler got into each dugout canoe called a mokoro. The polers leisurely polled us along networks of water pathways through thick vegetation. Along the way were beautiful water flowers and flocks of different kinds of birds! Towards lunch time we got out on a piece of higher ground where we took a walk through the bush, observing trees, birds and plants. The polers meantime had better sense, ate their lunch and took naps. Being a poler is considered one of the area's best employment opportunities; there is a union with strict rules about pay and rotation of hours. All tourist trips must use these union polers who are well trained in poling, area geography and safety of animal encounters. There were 8 polers for our group, 7 men and 1 woman who was dressed in a long skirt.

After our hour walk, lunch was produced but then someone spotted an elephant, then another elephant and some of us started off to greet them. The polers quickly called us back and shouted at the elephants who in their leisurely fashion moved away. Fortunately we did not run into any other animals; this is not surprising because animals generally sleep during the heat of the day. And make no mistake it is hot!

Seronga, near Mbiroba Camp, is a sizable village; it is the regional center for a number of smaller settlements along the northern edge of the Delta. It has a bakery, a bar, numerous

souvenir shops, an impressive complex of K through junior college facilities, a medical center and of importance to us, an airstrip. The next day just after dawn, three small aircraft (two eight seaters and one holding four) dropped out of the sky onto the dirt strip. We loaded our luggage; then climbed in for the 90 minute flight to Maum. I opted for the smallest plane; the pilot looked 16 but assured us she had flown this route several times a day for the last year and a half; she said she would fly as low as possible so we could see the most. And see we did! It seemed as if I was in the Planet Earth series. Words cannot describe this amazing flight.

During dry periods it is estimated that the Okavango Delta covers at least 6,000 square miles but during the wetter times it can spread over 8,500 square miles into the Kalahari Desert. Deep water occurs in only a few channels while vast areas of reed beds have only a few inches. The water comes from the heavy rains in the highlands of east-central Angola, flows through Namibia into northwestern Botswana. This river system annually brings more than 2 million tons of sand and silt into the Delta, yet less than 3% of this water emerges at the other end. The outlets, however, are enough to carry away most of the salts and keep the Delta's water fresh. A complex system of fault lines controls both the direction of the incoming and outgoing water. The continuation of the Great Rift Valley of east Africa tilts the land upward and acts as a barrier so that the river can never find the sea. And hence Africa's largest and most beautiful oasis is created.

Inhabiting the waters of the Okavango are an estimated 35 million fish, hippos, and crocodiles. Open savanna parkland and belts of forests line part of the swamp, giving rise to some tall shade trees. In these drier areas can be found not only predators: lions, leopards, cheetahs, hyenas, jackal and wild dogs but also buffalo, wildebeest, elephants, giraffe, kudu, sable, roan and impala. Some 450 species of birds live here. This large area, although protected, is not fenced and wildlife has never been imported or controlled. It can truly be considered a natural environment.

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Editorial, continued from page 4

My other duties are a varied assortment of administrative responsibilities. I have been an academic advisor for years (I won't be this spring to provide some overlap if there are any questions regarding prior advice I've given). I also handle a lot of the assessment responsibilities for the computer and software engineering programs – even though I am no longer technically paid to do that. I have also taken on a number of software development projects to streamline data collection and workload assignments for the department. I find it a bit curious that I'm being asked to do these in my last year here, but I know that the work I'm leaving behind is sufficiently sound to survive my absence.

The work in assessment pays off in other ways. A colleague and I will be going to Atlanta in April to present a workshop

on our assessment approach at the 10th Annual conference on Best Assessment Practices. This is the premier conference for this kind of activity and I'm happy that they keep asking us back every year. As a side note it also looks like the assessment process we use will be used for all the programs in the department. This has been a tortuous journey as the department chair has provided little direction and has not even indicated that he would like to mandate a largely uniform process. In the end I think this is what will happen and I'm happy that our sound approach is being largely adopted. In the end, however, this will come down to buy-in from all the faculty in the department and all of us are hoping for better than the 50-70% participation rate that is the norm. I think this puts our accreditation in jeopardy, but at this point I will be long gone before this becomes an issue again.



# Anticipating TAFF

By Chris Garcia

I'm planning my TAFF trip to the UK and looking at a calendar and at train maps and at flight schedules and at the exchange rate between the dollar and the pound and the Euro and so many other lists of changing datasets that my eyes are either going to simply bust out in bleeding or fail all together. It's something I've never done before. I'm not much of a traveler, I usually only leave my comfortable home in the Bay Area to attend a con and then return just as soon as I can. I don't consider that traveling, I think of that as getting somewhere for something. This whole TransAtlantic trip thingee is scary-confusing!

Now, I've often thought about traveling, but when you actually have the chance to, you realize that everything is work and nothing is more work-like than preparing for play. I very much think of my TAFF trip as play, which may sound odd. To me, meeting people and running around a large convention and doin' panels and shuffling back to my room at half-past drunk is the best kind of play (that doesn't require a safe word, I should add) and I'm getting the chance to do just that.

But I've gotta say that the part I'm looking most forward to is not the trip itself, though I'm chompin' at that bit pretty hard, but the writing of the report! The TAFF report is one of those traditions that just appeals to me greatly. I've spent the last few weeks reading them from the likes of Arthur Thompson (Atom) and Dave Langford. I can see the care and trouble they put into their work, can understand that the trip either changed their outlooks or confirmed what they most held true about fandom. And while I was reading them, I realized that they made me want to write my own so badly and have it be so completely different from all of that.

And here's why.

I grew up with fandom in my blood. I don't think I'm the first second generation fan to ever win a Fan Fund, but I must be one of the first. I've always been around fandom to one degree or another. Even after my Pops gafiated and I was in and out of the local scene, I was always in touch with folks I had gone to cons with. I always knew a thing or two of the news and I would attend a con here, read a newsgroup posting there and even went to a couple of WorldCons between my active periods. I know my fandom, I've been soaking in it for three decades. I'm not looking at TAFF as a way to confirm or reaffirm anything: I'm looking at it as my chance (and likely my final chance since I'll never be able to afford to go again) to spread the bug that caught me solid somewhere between 2001 and 2006.

I had returned to fandom after a several year lay-off with BayCon 2000. It was a really fun con and I was happy to be around folks. I'd been invited by the Con to talk because I

was with the Museum and they wanted us to do a fan table. I came and somehow felt like there were plenty of people there I knew, though I only knew one or two of them in any sort of real capacity. That year I mostly sat at a table, answered questions and showed off artifacts. The following year I came back and things were different. There was a much different vibe to BArea Fandom, which might have been explained by the fact that there was a WorldCon coming to town in about a year. This felt different and I was meeting folks left and right. I got a hold of the first fanzines I'd seen in ages at that con. I was introduced around and met Frank Wu, who would have a huge effect on all my future FANAC.

That started it. I was afire with fandom again. I went to LosCon that year, and due to Frank introducing me to more folks, I could see that the people I was around were the right folks. They were writers and artists and people who ran cons. Some of these folks would become important to *The Drink Tank* when it would debut three years later and others would pop in and out of my fannish life several times.

Flash forward to 2005 and the weekend when I was Toastmaster at BayCon. *The Drink Tank* was a few months old and people had started to notice it. I had just gone to Corflu a few months earlier and that flavour of fandom had sunk into my bones. The Guests were Frank Wu, Jay Lake, and the most important pair, Fan GoHs Kevin Roche and Andy Trembley. I knew those two a slight bit, but that weekend made us friends. The energy around that con was amazing and even the old timers were saying that it reminded them of the 1980s, when there were young fans running around having a grand time and one of the reasons folks cited was the choice of GoHs. Being around something like that energizes all of us and it really launched *The Drink Tank* into full-speed and new voices started to pop up. Not too much later Science Fiction/San Francisco started by Jack Avery, eventually to be taken over by Jean Martin and I with help from Eva Kent, Espana Sheriff and David Moyce. We formed a little group that could party together, put out a zine and enjoy chatting on those rare times when we managed to see one another.

And that was the group that brought me to my epiphany, well ahead of any TAFF trip. My moment of clarity showed me that fandom is about one thing: fans; and that fans are only definable as one thing: best friends of fans. That may sound weird but stick with me. When I was out of fandom, yeah, I had some fannish friends, but the folks I felt the closest people to me were the ones who weren't fans. When I came back, that was still true. Now, even the folks I only see once or twice a year are my dearest friends and the ones I see more often are even closer. To me, fandom is all about friendship,

Continued on page 10

# If Wishes Came True

(c) by Jim Sullivan

American military planes in the Iraq War zone usually drop bombs or fire missiles. Occasionally they drop leaflets. This is psychological warfare. Various messages are printed on those leaflets. Recently one suggestion for a leaflet message was the following:

## FOR ALL “SUICIDE BOMBERS” TAKE NOTICE!

"An Appreciation Day Picnic" is being held in your honor next Wednesday at 2 p.m. at your local soccer field. Only authentic suicide bombers will be admitted. No family or friends may attend. Doors open at 1:30 p.m.

“Remember, prizes will be awarded for the ten best looking suicide vests. So, do wear your finest equipment to this wonderful occasion exclusively held for you and those like you.

Dinner will kick off at 3 p.m. Free drinks, eats, and desserts will be available for your drinking and dining pleasure. It'll be a meal you'll never forget. And recall also that you might win a prize for best vest at the fest and/or a door prize for bomber coming the farthest distance, for oldest participant, for most suicide bombers in the immediate family, etc.

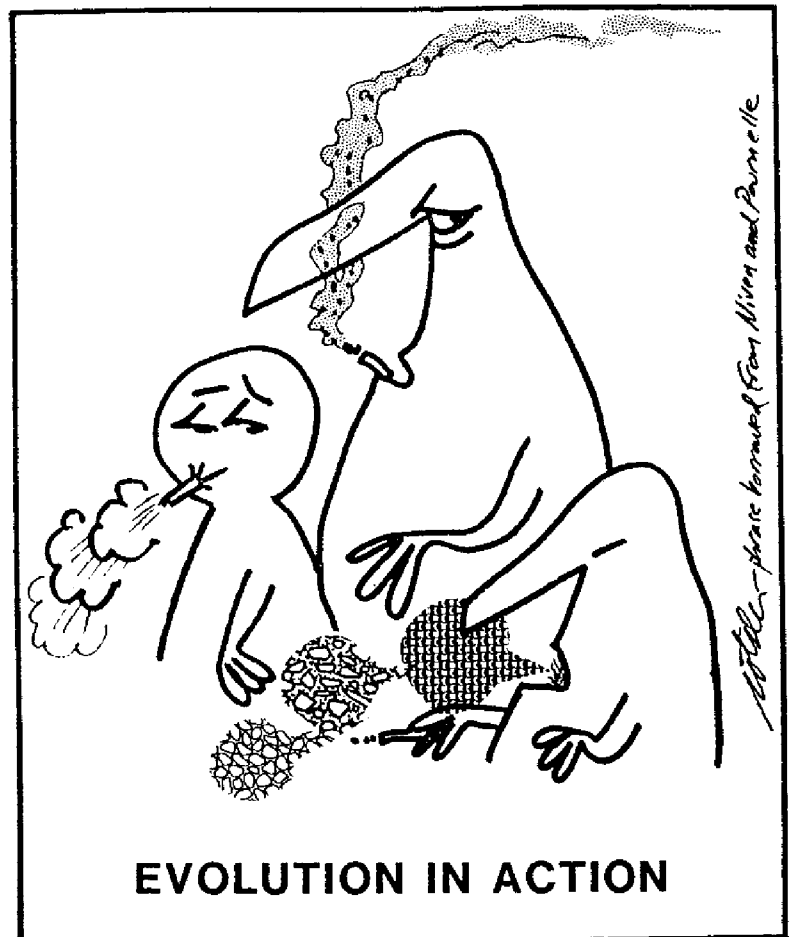
At least 200 of you are expected to attend this gala event. At 4 P.M. precisely, you will be asked to line up in tight military formation with your vest on, armed and ready. An inspection will be held. Then, you'll be asked to, on the count of three, "do your thing!" Try your best to set off your vest simultaneously with the rest of the attendees. Anyone who isn't precise in setting off his or her vest likely won't get another chance to do so! And don't forget, the best part of all this is that you'll be helping to take a coworker to Paradise before the party's over.

“Bring this leaflet to the soccer field with you. If you present it at the gate and are also wearing a suicide

vest, you can be assured of admission. Don't be late. And remember to bring a bomber friend for company.

THE END

P.S. If by chance you miss this unique event, another will be held next Wednesday and on every Wednesday until no one's left to attend!



Anticipating TAFF continued from page 9

and for some reason fans feel like the best friends I could possibly have. They make me more active, they keep me happy in those middle times when a con is far from sight and they are the ones who I most enjoy running into at the strangest of places. In short, fandom's like a constant high school reunion (only if you had an awesome High School experience like I did).

I've already had the meaning of my fandom blown into my face. My TAFF report can't be about that. My report is going to be a long, thorough scrubbing of people, places, events and booze. I'm going to give the full measure of my meetings with photos and huge columns of text blazing across the page. In short, my report's going to be a big ol' issue of *The Drink Tank* and *Claims Department* and all of the other zines I do rolled together. And I can't wait to wrestle with that.

## COUNTDOWN TO CIVVY STREET

Then there was the day when the Flight Sergeant left his office unguarded. Covering the surface of his desk was a large sheet of Perspex which I had long coveted. Here was my chance. Five minutes with a hacksaw and I had bisected the sheet and slid the two pieces up inside my pullover. I refastened my tunic and the only visible sign of my crime was a certain unusual regularity of my frontal view to show where the Perspex had gone. I beat a hasty retreat and assumed the standard position of "airman



**SQUARE FRONT  
AIRMAN**

trying to look busy" Ten minutes later, a minor explosion from the Flight Sergeant's office indicated that Chiefy had discovered his loss. He ranted in and out of every workshop in search of his missing treasure. Tool boxes were turned out cupboards ransacked and a steady flow of colourful language explained in full detail what was going to happen to the culprit when discovered. Not one of these suggestions was in King's Regulations. My rectangular front seemed to stick out a mile as I steadfastly denied all knowledge of the crime, but nerves of steel carried me through and Chiefy rampaged away into the distance in search of a lamb for slaughter.

Then there was the time when some half-witted desk clerk in a bell tent at the Air Ministry made a decision and an incomprehensibly trusting event occurred. Somehow, I got landed with the job of organising supplies for a Mosquito which was due to be de-mothballed and flown from North Creake to Swannington where it would almost certainly be re-mothballed. Mine not to reason why, after due consultation with other tradesmen I blindly ordered oodles of spark-plugs, noggins of hydraulic fluid, gallons of petrol and other strange items, many of which were I suspect, designed to improve life for the airman concerned. The bits arrived and were dumped in a Steptoe-ish heap around the aircraft Once supplied the tradesmen set to work. Ever an optimist, I consoled myself with the thought that my demob number (38), would come up before the Mozzie had to fly – or try to and I wouldn't be there to face all the nasty questions which would be sure to follow.

Things were going peacefully apart from the occasional panic – such as the day a few of us were sleeping peacefully in the control tower when the phone rang. A bored voice informed me that a Lancaster bomber would shortly be landing on one of our runways as the one at Swannington wasn't long enough. Oh well, landing a bomber was the pilot's business, not ours, so we moved to the window to watch. PANIC! The local clerk of works had come to count hangars to make sure none was missing. Being a benighted idiot he had parked his

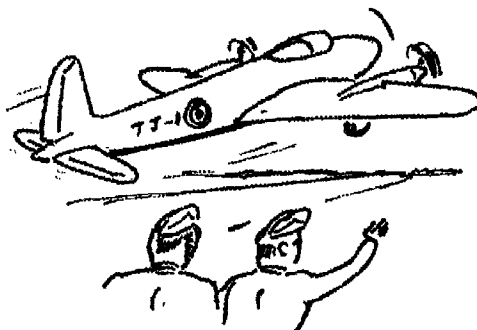
## Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

van slap on the main runway thinking the aerodrome was unused and therefore made a good place to stop for a fag as well as log another hour on his time sheet. A black speck on the horizon warned us the incoming Lane was on finals. Having no radio gear with which to tell it to go away and come back later, we pulled and pushed every button and switch on the control board until an ear-splitting squawk from the external speakers told us we had managed to switch on the Tannoy. After a few well-chosen, non-dictionary words into the microphone we persuaded the clerk of works to make the fastest pit start of his life, off the runway and into the rough, just as the Lane went sailing past. Luckily, it only stayed long enough to unload a passenger before taking off again, so the pilot never got around to give the clerk a parking ticket for being on the runway. Such things make for an interesting life – unless you're a pilot – or a clerk of works.

Came the great day when the burning of joss sticks, prayers to Allah and my incipient demob, all failed to prevent our Mozzie being

ready for flight  
Engines were  
run up, DIs  
performed,  
a pilot was  
inserted in his  
seat No hur-  
ricane or Act  
of God oc-  
curred to halt



proceedings, it was a fine sunny day. Glumly we lined up to watch the expected fiasco with visions of Courts of Inquiry or other nastiness flitting gleefully through our noodles. The engines fired, the pilot taxied his charge to the end of the runway, a brief pause, full throttle and he was away! Up came the tail, the Mozzie made a smooth take-off and vanished into the distance for a perfect trip to Swannington. We all walked tall for the rest of the day.

It was about this time that I began to wonder what I might do on leaving the Service and actually have to work for a living. What civilian job would give me four weeks holiday each year along with short working hours and Saturdays and Sundays off? This seemed an insoluble problem until I hunted through the brochures and in my innocence, selected teaching as being the answer to an airman's prayer. I duly filled in forms and was called to an interview in Norwich. Since this was set for 10:15am, I travelled down the night before and slept in the YMCA – a palatial dormitory almost as good as a doss-house. An early breakfast saw me ready for my interview. All spruced up, cool, calm and collected I enquired my way to the appointed place. Being half an hour early, I took a seat across the road on a park bench and began thinking of

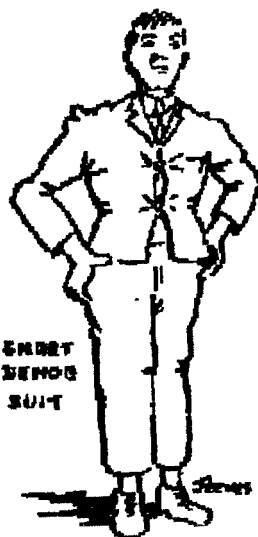
what to say at the interview. It was almost ten o'clock when it struck me that the building across the road looked pretty quiet for a busy interview site seeking to select those who were to guide the youth of tomorrow. Closer inspection revealed why. It was closed solid and derelict.

I had been directed to the wrong offices. With fresh directions from a passer-by, I scout-paced myself over a mile across the centre of Norwich. Wearing full RAF clobber and carrying a side-pack, this wasn't a procedure to be recommended prior to an important interview. Hot and sticky, I got there just before my name was called. After answering all sorts of seemingly pointless questions, "What did I read?", "Why did I want to teach?" I was accepted as a suitable person to become a future moulder of young minds.

Less than a week later, my demob number finally reached the top of the Hit Parade. A word here about this release system. Ostensibly it was based on length of service, first in, first out.. Since I had volunteered in 1941 I wasn't too badly off – I thought. That was the idea before somebody dreamed up a modification. You got points deducted for length of service, but got a lot more off for your age plus a load extra for being in a high trade group. The more points you had, the longer you had to wait. Thus although having five and a half years RAF service, I was only 23 years of age and a Group 1 tradesman – so older people in lower trade groups, joining long after me, got demobbed a lot earlier. Nevertheless, Group 38 came up eventually and on June 1st 1946, I began the usual frantic paper chase for signatures on my Clearance Chit. Having satisfied everyone that I wasn't taking half the station with me, I reached the final hurdle, an interview with the CO so that he could bid me a tearful goodbye. I was ushered before the great man.

"Have you considered signing on again, Corporal?" I could see the brave way he concealed his tears.

"Yes sir, and decided against it." I'm sure I saw his face begin to crumble but he hid it well and gulped down a lump in his throat.



"Well then, are you going to join the RAF Association?" "Yes sir," I answered, having no such intention, but anything for a quiet life. The CO swallowed another lump in his throat and bid me farewell. I left before he burst into tears. Very emotional these partings.

Then it was off to Cardington where I was ushered into a large hall, handed a thick booklet of forms and vouchers, then told "Sit there until your name is called." Over the next

couple of days, this alternated between "sit and wait", or "hurry up there".

Getting out of the RAF took even longer than joining in the first place. Medicals, travel warrants, pay chits, ration books. It all culminated in a large warehouse stuffed with clothing where we all milled around playing at dressing up as civilians, usually in totally unsuitable and ill fitting clothes. Then came the final act which drove home the fact that I had reached the end of the obstacle course. – the dropping of my knife, fork and spoon into a salvage receptacle. That meant they weren't going to feed me anymore.

I shot out of the demob centre like a pip out of an orange. Tucked under my arm was a large cardboard box holding a demob suit given me by a grateful Government. It fitted where it touched and would have given any self-respecting scarecrow, the habdabs, but it meant I was now officially a civilian – or would be when my two month leave expired. Strictly speaking, I was still an airman until the end of that time I suspect demobbed airmen were given this leave, not as a farewell bonus, but as a cooling off period to prevent them returning next morning to thump some officious senior NCO. Nevertheless, it also meant an extra two month's pay and I even got a gratuity of £110. Big deal.

A bumpy three-tonner carted me to the station for the inevitable two or three hour wait for the next train north to God's own county – Yorkshire. I was made welcome straight away. Having started smoking after leaving England I was unaware of some of the rules and regulation pertaining to public transport. As a result I innocently boarded a bus and entered the lower deck whilst puffing on a gasper. The conductor gleefully told me, "Put that out mate, there's no smoking on't lower deck." The warrior was home.

Then came the time when I took off my blue for the last time and hung it away in the wardrobe. It had to be kept clean and ready in case I was ever called on once again to defend this fair isle against the Dark Lord and his evil forces. My release book even had a voucher for a travel warrant if that day ever came. The long-awaited moment was finally here. I was a civilian. Now strangely enough, having worn that uniform proudly for so long, I was going to miss it. It was a sad thought that it was all over, I wouldn't have missed the experience for worlds, but on the other hand, 'Civvy St., and further adventures lay ahead.



# The Terry Jeeves' Guide to RAF Slang

## by Terry Jeeves

Gen	Information	Bull	Excess Discipline
Duff Gen	Bad information	Wizard prang	Spectacular crash
Pukka Gen	Good information	Ops	Air operations
AC Plonk	An AC2 airman	Deck	The ground
SWO	Station Warrant Officer	Jenkers	Punishment
DROs	Daily Routine Orders	Dekko/shufti	Look at
SROs	Station Routine Orders	Kite	Aircraft
PROs	Personnel Occurrence Reports	Wimpey	Vickers Wellington
Dead Loss	Useless	SP	Service Police
Written Off	Beyond repair	Kettled	Drunk
LAC	Leading Aircraftman	In the drink	In the sea
Chiefly	Flight Sergeant	Mae West	Inflatable life jacket
PO	Pilot Officer	Caught a packet	Diseased
Sprog	New recruit	Drop a clanger	Make an error
Got his props	Made LAC	Close hangar doors	Stop talking shop
Got his tapes	Made Corporal	Shoot a line	Tell a tall story
KRs	King's Regulations	Cheese cutter	Sharp brimmed cap
Prang	Crash	Scotch mist	Immaterial, not there
Blood wagon	Ambulance	252	Charge form
Brown job	Soldier in khaki	Cha and wads	Tea and cakes
Glass house	Military prison	Tail end Charlie	Rear gunner
On a fizzer	Charged with an offence	George	UK autopilot
Stringbag	Fairey Swordfish	Key basher	Wireless Operator
Lanc	Avro Lancaster	Work a flanker	Trick someone
DI	Daily inspection	Trolley Acc	Battery on trolley
Crogged	Amazed	Chalk up a black	Make mistake
Bail out	Jump from aircraft	Bandits	Enemy aircraft
Hit the silk	Jump from aircraft	Charpoi or pit	Bed
48	48hr leave pass	Gong	Medal
FFI	Free from infection	Scrambled egg	Braid on officer's cap
Jeep	15cwt truck	Kip	Sleep
Belt up	Stop talking	You've had your chips	You have no chance
Two six	Come and help	Had his chips	Died
Biscuits	Bed cushions	Square bashing	Foot drill
Queen Mary	Long vehicle for aircraft	Bought it	Died
295	Leave form	Chips	Rupees
Sparks	Wireless operator	Gone for a Burton	Died
Chippy	Woodworker	Bobbing on his third	Hoping to become sergeant
Minnie	USA autopilot	Puggled, doolalli,	Slightly mad
GPI	Glide path indicator	round the bend, bonkers	
IFF	Identification friend or foe	Cheesed off, browned	All mean and 'fed up'
Chore horse	Petrol electric generator	off, chokka, brassed off	
Shoot a line	Tell a tall story	Roger wilco	Message received, will comply
Angels	Friendly aircraft		
Charpoi bashing	Resting on bed		
Fruit Salad	Row of medal ribbons		

# INTERLOCUTIONS

Dave Szurek  
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1/5/2008

Henry,

I received the October issue sometime around the first of December.

**Ned Brooks:** I, too, find that too many multiple-choice questionnaires still do not address me, especially when they stipulate only one answer and the simple “yes”, “no”, or even “state in ten words or less” ones are just about hopeless.

**Milt Stevens:** I used to live in Detroit. Hell, I was born there. Granted, I haven’t been there in almost 18 years so I don’t really know what it’s like nowadays. Some individuals say it’s improved a bit, some say it’s actually gotten worse, and others say it’s remained about the same. In retrospect, I say that it had both good and bad things about it although the bad aspects were negatively remarkable. You could pretty much separate the pacifists from everybody else by virtue of who carried knives (the pacifists) and who carried guns (everybody else). In a lot of areas people warn you not to go out after dark. In Detroit, they warn you against going out in the day **and** in the night. Yet, cross over into the suburbs and it became an alien landscape: safer to walk down the street (except in a rather notorious Dearborn neighborhood), but depressingly Republican. Detroit’s reputation, as bad as it was, is exaggerated more in the suburbs surrounding it than anywhere else. Detroit may be the wild, wild west, but in suburban eyes it’s more like Deadwood with murders occurring on every block every hour of the day every day of the year. At night, it’s four or five murders. There were many suburbanites who worked in Detroit by the day. You could identify them by the figures literally running to their cars as evening approached, taking pains to avert their eyes from fellow passers-by. If they crossed into Detroit after dark, often in search of prostitutes or drugs, you could bet they were packing heavy artillery. Still, while Detroit (or at least the Detroit I knew) is hardly utopia, to recommend driving ten miles out of your way to avoid it or not get off at its airport is a bit much. Like I said, it may be the wild, wild west, but unless it’s gotten even worse, Deadwood would be a bit of an exaggeration.

I wonder if **Sheryl Birkhead**’s computer woes are anything like mine right now? Someone attached it with spyware so badly that he almost broke the damn thing. It was out of commission for two days and is still flawed. E-mail wouldn’t work for a few days even after something other than the “infection” announcement could be accessed. The “infection” notice keeps popping up still, interfering with messages and

other cyber endeavors, the pace has become as slow as molasses, more than 50% of the sites can be accessed, but there are a few that still can’t be and the repairmen are all over the place. Some money has had to be spent. Yes, I had virus and spyware protection, but he or she managed to get through anyway. I’m told that it was not only a major assault but that he, she, or they were obviously using very sophisticated equipment. It almost makes me paranoid.

Belated condolences on your dad. Yes, lingering death makes it worse. Both my parents went suddenly and unexpectedly. She or her first heart attack – no history or anything – he in his sleep. After his death we learned that he had prostate cancer which he never told anyone about. If it had gotten too onerous before his death I doubt that he’d have been able to conceal it any longer.

**Chris Garcia:** I still enjoy Donovan’s older works although not his attempted recent comeback as a jazz singer.

Dave

☐**TKK:** *Viral and spyware protection are only as good as the updates and the attackers are always one step ahead. Your goal is to not get attacked until after the update is in place.*☐

Lloyd Penney  
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January 12, 2008

Dear Knarley:

I am very late in getting this letter to you for *The Knarley Knews* 126 ... no matter what issue it goes in, as long as you’ve got it. Here goes... (and 127 just arrived, so I might as well do both. I actually started this loc before Christmas.)

126...Another great **Schirm** cover. I’ve always loved his cartoon girls, and I can’t be the only one.

I am not sure why it is so difficult to find and keep a job these days. The great job I got on September 24 ended on December 12. Why was I let go? No concrete reason given. Both my boss and his boss were very nervous, and when I asked specifically why I was being let go, they simply said it wasn’t working out. That just got me angry; I had worked hard to keep the job, and my previous reviews were all positive. The other reason given was financial...they suddenly couldn’t afford me any more. I know my boss had been working on the 2008 budget... The job appeared on local job boards the very next day, with reduced pay, and I was mad as hell. I

very quickly got a three-month assignment with Panasonic Canada in Mississauga. I gather from others that non-profit organizations are very bad for hiring and firing to save on benefits, and I think that's what happened here. I never left my Globe and Mail job, so I am still employed; just not the way I wanted to be. The resumes keep going out...sigh...

Secrets in High School? I had none. I figured out very early that there'd be no dates for me, so I would have to wait until I graduated. Sure, there were a few girls I liked, but they liked the football jocks, and the contents of their wallets. Moving out to the west coast was the best thing I could have done; it provided me with a fresh start. (However, memory surfaces...I remember a young lady (can't remember her name, can't even recognize her face in my high school yearbooks) who did ask me out mere days before the family was to move to the West Coast. I figured she did it to wish me well or give me a thrill before leaving...never knew her intentions. (Gave me a few interesting what ifs to think about, though...)

Yvonne and I almost got to Mackinac Island. The movie *Somewhere in Time* was filmed there, and there was a gathering of *SiT* fans going there, and we wanted to join them. Jane Seymour, Chris Reeve and Richard Matheson were all scheduled to be there, but the lack of money always prevents you from doing what you want to do.

**E.B.**, I think you're right, Lan Laskowski remarried before he died. I cannot remember his second wife's name. To **Mark Strickert**, I have always found the Mormons to be respectful and kind, and easy to talk to. They are visible in my area by wearing white shirts, black ties, and black nameplates. There is also a Kingdom Hall visible from my balcony, but I don't meet any Witnesses unless they are thrusting a *Watchtower* under my nose. I feel that religion is a personal thing, but if I had to choose someone to talk theology with, it would probably be the Mormons. I've already written about the Scientist who came to the door...all he got to talk about was Elron's science fiction, and I happily did that...

My loc...Gabrielle is getting better, and Mom-watch is off for the time being. My latest job news is above; as for Yvonne, after Castrol, she found work with Diageo Canada, which is the distributor and marketer for Guinness, Tanqueray Gin, Johnny Walker, Bailey's Irish Cream and other alcoholic favorites. She got a shock just yesterday as I write by complimenting her on her work, and then saying that they'd have less than a month's work left for her, and then she'd be gone. She has several irons in the fire...she starts an accounts payable position (maternity leave) at DuPont Canada in a couple of weeks.

127...Good luck on the job search. May you have far better luck than I've had. I've never had to travel far for work, and sometimes I feel hard done by now that I have to purchase transit tickets for two systems to get to the Panasonic offices. At least I am fully employed, or over-employed sometimes, and I can still look. A couple of resumes will go out this weekend.

Great to see **Tom Sadler** again. **Tom**, I think you were thinking of .pdfing your zines to relieve the financial strain of publishing your zines...please do. I'd like to see a zine or two from you, and .pdfing is just fine for me. The important thing is publishing and getting your zine out, IMHO.

I see my share of white holiday lights, but one group that enjoys and appreciates coloured Christmas lights are the Sikhs. They have a few temples around the greater Toronto area, and they often have such lights on their temples and other outbuildings all year around. Some Sikh friends we have enjoy Christmas time for that reason, and can't understand why we'd bother to take them down simply because Christmas is past. Assuming that coloured lights might offend some groups is quite ridiculous, and makes these other groups, whoever they may be, look intolerant.

Interesting and amusing loc from **Joseph Nicholas**. My family would see such groups bantering with one another, in vain hope of conversion, and I'd describe them as the pagans trying to convert the heathens. My mother always laughed at that, and Yvonne laughs at it today. (Different audiences makes material fresh all over again.)

Area code 512 is Austin...the area codes in Montréal and area are 514 and 450. I think there is also an overlay code for Montréal, but can't think of what it is. The overlay code for Toronto is 647, and next door in Mississauga, it's 280, I believe. I wonder what will happen when we run out of three-digit area codes? (Don't all say "Four-digit!" all at once...)

Hello to **Jeff** from Jupiter...I have offered my services to Anticipation to run their fanzine lounge. I suspect that responsibility will go to Catherine Crockett and Colin Hinz, though, so I may have to make alternate plans and see what else I could do. Perhaps something in the dealers' room, or take a shift or two in the fanzine lounge.

It's getting late outside, and dinner is being prepared (by me, in between paragraphs, while Yvonne sees how to assemble a new vacuum cleaner), so I will get this to you as fast as the little wires can carry it. Take care, and I look forward to more issues.

Yours,  
Lloyd Penney.

☐**TKK**: *You seem to have struggled more than just about anybody I know to find the right job. Lan's second with was Kathy.*☐

Jim Stumm  
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January 19, 2008

Alexander Slate: I would say, in answer to the Dalai Lama's question, why are some people rich and others poor, that this is a result of natural inequality. Some people have traits that enable them to rise high, others don't. Such eminence can be

handed down to offspring, as wealth, social status, and family connections, and so can enrich later generations of that family. But some heirs squander their advantage. “Rags to rags in 3 generations.” Traits that enable someone to rise high may not be admirable. He might succeed because he is a more ruthless pirate, or a more unscrupulous schemer. Also, what traits are highly rewarded depends on the society you find yourself in. E.g., the physique of a basketball player would not have made you rich in the Middle Ages.

Government programs are not charity, in my view, because the government can only hand out what it first takes in taxes or inflation. Inflation, which reduces the value of dollar-denominated savings, results from the government over-issuing money to support deficit spending. So the definition of charity should be: benevolent giving of what you own yourself. Giving away other people’s property, after you have stolen it, isn’t charity.

Agricultural subsidies especially are not charity since the bulk of them are paid to rich landowners and agri-business corporations. Many of the largest recipients of agricultural subsidies have addresses in NYC, a place not known for farming. To rise even to the level of government welfare, which is still far short of actual charity, agricultural subsidies would have to be based on low farm family income, not acreage.

The loss of a charitable attitude is a result of government welfare programs displacing private charity, which was more highly developed in the past. Welfare bureaucrats, just doing their jobs, may not feel any benevolent attitude toward their clients. Politicians most likely base their votes for welfare programs on a cynical calculation of what it will take to get themselves re-elected. Citizens may feel no need to be concerned about the poverty and hardship of others because it has been drilled into them that such things are the proper concern of government. Even so, contributions to private charities by Americans are among the highest of any country.

Before condemning commerce and wealth we should take note of the many philanthropic rich like Bill Gates and Warren Buffet. Others are less well-known, such as Chester Carlson, who made a fortune from his invention of xerography, and spent his last years giving away his money, mostly anonymously, which was revealed by his widow after his death.

But wealthy people may do even more good by investing wisely in enterprises that create many new jobs and improve the lives of, or reduce living costs for, their customers. To move toward making sure that no one would ever need a handout, we need to create a prosperous society, and capitalism has done more to achieve that than any other system. Capitalism delivers the general prosperity that socialism promises but never provides.

Bill Legate: Ten Commandments in the courthouse: I recently read that it was indeed the Protestant version that the judge wanted to display, which would be antagonistic to Catholics,

Lutherans, and Jews, who use a different version, as well as to Hindus, Buddhists, atheists, and others.

“Displays pleasing to the judge” belong in his private chambers. He doesn’t own the courthouse and shouldn’t be allowed to use it as his private property. Courthouses are built with taxpayers’ money.

“Respect the judge.” There’s far too much of that. Judges have arrogated to themselves authority way beyond their proper role, and sheepish people kiss up to them and let them get away with it. A judge is supposed to be merely a trial referee, not some kind of tin god. Judges don’t own courthouses any more than umpires own ball parks.

And where did this “your honor” business come from? I thought we abolished titles of nobility. A judge is no more honorable than any other person in the courtroom. We should address him as “judge.”

“We were raised that way.” So if you were raised as a racist or anti-Semite, would that make such behavior okay, never to be examined and corrected?

When we’re overseas, we should expect to encounter many peculiar customs, often including much less respect for religious diversity than what is guaranteed here at home by the US Constitution. I, for one, don’t expect protection from Christian people, but I do expect and demand religious neutrality from the government which is supposed to be a government of all the people, not just of a particular clique of Christians.

The issue isn’t protection from Christian people; not from the people but from the government. It’s not about community space, or public space, or public displays. It’s about proper use of government property, paid for by taxpayers of all religious persuasions, which we should not allow to be hijacked by one particular sect. A courthouse is not the proper place for the display of any religious sentiments which are unrelated to the function the courthouse is meant to serve. There are many issues that are best left to local authorities, but this isn’t one of them. The 14th Amendment guarantees “equal protection of the laws” to everyone, even the smallest religious minorities, especially against the arrogant bullying of local majorities.

Jim Stumm

☐**CKK:** *I think when someone, like a judge, can have so much power over you the correct approach is toward extra deference. I don't believe this has to rise to the level of fawning obsequiousness, but this is just plain good common sense. I try to err on the side of formality when I don't know the norms. Thus, someone who isn't sure should probably address me as "doctor" or "professor" rather than "mister." It remains to be seen what this should be upon the completion of my law degree. (Technically another doctoral degree, but never addressed as such.)*☐



R-Laurraine Tutihasi  
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Oro Valley, AZ  
laurraine@mac.com  
02 Feb 2008

Dear Henry and Letha,

I wish you luck with your job hunting. If you move to California, you'll find that there are all four seasons there depending on exactly where you end up. I've lived in snowy climes but never had any experience with ice dams.

I much enjoyed the "Ethics of Money" article by **Alexander Slate**.

That was a really close call you had with the bear!

I've had to cancel and replace credit cards so many times that I've lost count. There are apparently people out there who make a habit of trolling for credit card numbers to steal.

My sympathy to **Sheryl** regarding the hit and run.

Some people apparently were not meant to wear contacts. My sister didn't have any luck with them. They gave her such oedema that she was practically blind after wearing them for a short time. Soft lenses might have helped her; I'm not sure what degree of astigmatism she has. After the bad experience, though, she didn't want to have anything more to do with them.

We had an unfortunate follow-up to our move. On his second trip back to LA to pick things up, my husband discovered that half the stuff had been stolen. This included his largest telescope, an 8-inch reflector. Fortunately it looks like he will recover most of the money from insurance. He has already replaced the most important things and is trying to decide what else needs replacing. He does not intend to replace a space-themed lunch box he's had since he was a kid.

Other than that we are settling in quite nicely and have begun to do some sightseeing. We went on a short hike at a neighborhood park today.

Laurraine Tutihasi



☐**TKK**: *I'm sorry to hear about the thefts. I carry replacement cost insurance (at a slight premium) to avoid any depreciation arguments with my insurance company.*☐

Joseph Nicholas  
15 Jansons Road Tottenham  
London N15 4JU  
United Kingdom  
josephn@globalnet.co.uk  
05 Feb 2008

Dear Henry & Letha

Thanks for The Knarley Knews 127 – the deadline of 10 February 2008 for the receipt of responses to which I have only just woken up to. Rush rush rush, to get something to you before the end of this week!

I must admit that I had trouble visualising what you meant, in the third part of your editorial introduction, by your reference to the "ice dams" which form on your roof in winter promoting the formation of icicles inside the roof. Your roof slates (shingles) must be fairly loosely laid if they allow water in underneath them – and even then, don't you have heavy plastic or other lining between the rafters and the tiles to keep the water out of the loft? I guess this must all be attributable to the differences in building techniques, and even in the materials used, between the US and the UK: we certainly never get water inside our roof, irrespective of the season.

Jim Stumm says that he has "often wondered to what extent the prevalent secularism in Britain might be a reaction to have a tax-supported Established Church." He need wonder no more, because I can clarify for him here and now that the Church of England is NOT supported by taxation, general or hypothecated. "Established" simply means that it is officially recognised by the government of the country; it receives no money from it. All the Church of England's income is derived from interest on its property portfolio and its trust endowments, and donations by its worshippers. Indeed, the same is true of all other religious establishments in the UK, although since they're much less wealthy they're far more reliant on donations, sometimes exclusively so – for example, the wages of the imams of most if not all mosques in the UK are paid by those who attend them. Ditto for rabbis of synagogues, who seem to have to get by on less than the statutory minimum wage. Presumably the ministers of the various "dissenting" or non-conformist Christian religions are in similar straits, but then I guess one doesn't go into preaching and such with the expectation that one might get rich. (Unless one is L. Ron Hubbard, that is. Or some other cult leader who can persuade their followers to surrender all their wealth for some alleged greater good.)

"I'm glad that Joseph Nicholas clarified that he thinks that saying someone isn't Jewish is a compliment" says **Joseph Major** – except that I never said anything of the kind, and that it was **Major** himself, in a previous issue, who said that he wasn't Jewish. Like that previous comment, this latest one

of his is another non-sequitur which clarifies nothing and confuses everything. Perhaps muddling debate in this fashion is Major's idea of fun – in which case, one can only suppose that Louisville must be cruelly bereft of anything interesting for its inhabitants to do.

**Sheryl Birkhead** says that she can't get DSL – or, as it's known in the UK, ADSL, for asymmetric digital subscriber line, which seems to be the most common form of broadband. We've been thinking about switching from dial-up to broadband, but the more I investigate the different packages available the more infuriated I become by the lack of information the various ISPs provide. Or, rather, the completely useless and off-the-point information the ISPs provide – what I want to know is what I have to do to have broadband installed, what equipment will be provided or what I need to provide myself, and what to do when it goes wrong (because it's computery stuff, so therefore it will go wrong, sooner or later), but what I get instead is propeller-head geekery about the wireless protocols used by the router or impenetrably complex instructions about how to change the router's default password to prevent anyone else from hijacking the signal. But what do I care about the wireless protocol, and what's the point of telling me how to change a router password unless I'm first told how to set the damn thing up? I'm at the point where I'm so frustrated with the non-information available that I'm on the verge of giving up ... although it seems that installing broadband may not improve our internet connection speed: most UK ISPs which provide ADSL services promise maximum download speeds of up to 8 Mb per second, but we turn out to be too far from the local telephone exchange to ever be likely to get anything above 5 Mb per second – and in practice the real download speed will be lower still, at 2 MB per second. Since that's only four times the average speed of our dial-up connection, there seems no point in pursuing the broadband idea any further. After all, dial-up is good enough for e-mail....

Regards to you and yours,  
Joseph

☐**TKK:** *Jewish is an interesting appellation. Some would consider me to be Jewish by virtue of being the first born or the first born, but I have never used that label for myself and I certainly don't even begin to practice or worship in that faith.*☐

Dave Szurek  
See address earlier  
2/7/2008

Knarley,

In regard to **Sadler's** article, but very much in tangent land, I'm afraid my father's side of the family was as confused as could be about its ethnic background. Dad knew he qualified as a mongrel. Mother did too, but not to the same extent. (What's that make me, then huh?) But what he died not knowing (not that he was super-curious about this to begin

with) is whether Szurek is a Polish, Czech, or even Hungarian surname. His own father had the blood of all three in him and it had been quite a while since anybody had come over from the Old Country. The Szurek clan in America, as small as it appears to be, goes back so far that I'm convinced the first Slavic immigrants must have had that name. My mother, on the other hand, was the first of her generation to be born on U.S. soil, both her parents having hailed from Canada. One still had relatives in Cornwall although, as ignorant as this may make me sound, I no longer remember which.

Yea – “how can there be so many billionaires and still be so many people who are hungry?” In my opinion, truer words were never said. There may be answers, but not too many people like to hear it.

From things I've seen, heard, and/or read lately, Detroit's bad reputation seems to have been surpassed by places like Chicago and New Orleans. They seem to have become living nightmares, even by the standards of Hellholes like Detroit. Still, certain studies and travel guides still give Detroit first place on the obvious list.

Unlike **Joseph Nicholas'** experience, the majority of door-to-door evangelists whom I've encountered are white. It's a matter of record that the number of blacks in the two denominations he mentions is large, but in my experience the most visible evangelists have long been white. Maybe things are different in England.

Dave

☐**TKK:** *That would make you prime mutt material. I'm relatively boring being 75% German and 25% Irish.*☐

Sheryl Birkhead  
25509 Jonnie Court  
Gaithersburg, MD 20882  
February 9, 2008

Dear *tKK*,

Really (really) a nice cover- the green on green is nice! I didn't really need to see the little a in the lower right corner to know who the artist is!

Sounds as if the final round of the job interviews (etc.) should be in full swing. I hope that everything works out in a timely fashion – almost said so that things will be in place by the start of the school year, but that will only be a concern for the kids and not you! Ah, needing a slightly different mindset.

I know that family on my mother's side actually came over on the Mayflower. Somewhere in all the genealogy records kept on that side of the family I know are quite a few generations. I actually found a website devoted to one ancestor – can't even remember the first name but the last name is Ferris. That site even went on and includes my generation and my family. The other side of the family is not as documented, but at the first (and to my knowledge only) family reunion a few years

ago, a copy of the genealogy done for the Birkhead side of the family was given over to my sister. I think the thing that impressed me the most was that very few of the attending Birkheads actually spelled their name as I do. The explanation was that since the society had been primarily verbal until recently, when it came time to write out the name, there was a myriad of ways to spell it. I “choose” to think that my way is the right way since it goes back to the city of Birkenhead in England. My sister and her family do a lot of research, but I have yet to ask her if they actually use the facilities available to them in Salt Lake City. It would seem (to me at least) that researching bloodlines would not be all that interesting, but when there are also anecdotes attached to the information it became intriguing.

It will be interesting to see what (if any) mentioned are made in the next round of LOCs about the tonnage in **Jim Sullivan**’s piece. I was a member of the legion he describes until about age 18 and then rejoined about 10 years ago. Life is not kind – when you slow down enough to enjoy life, your metabolism does the same thing but adding on the pounds just adds to stress. All in all, life is just not fair, but no one ever said it would be!

**Terry Jeeves**’ memoirs come all ready to publish. Hopefully someone is already thinking along those publishing lines – and most of the work is already done.

My brother, frequently traveling to China on business, listened to my credit card tale of woe, then let me know he had already gone through the same complications five or six times. He has all his accounts interconnected online and can pay any and all bills that way or move funds. I guess that when you have enough money to do whatever you want, you can take advantage of all the safeguards. He, in all honesty, said I could manage some of the problems I was having if I simply kept at least \$2500 in a savings account linked to a checking account and kept at least \$1500 in that. Uh, if I could do that, I wouldn’t have many of the problems I am trying to fix! (My sister and her husband went to Hawaii in January and my brother and his wife are going in a week – given that opportunity, I’m afraid I would have to ask for the monetary value.) Ah, no problem that a nice fat trust fund wouldn’t fix!

Somewhere in the stack I have **Ned**’s lastish to get to-yup, it’s in line....

Every now and then there are mumblings about changing (I refuse to call it improve) mail service to drop Saturday service and also go central mailboxes only, I am guessing that the central mailbox thing has never gone into practice because so many people simply would not be able to access their mail on a daily basis. The neighbor’s house is still for sale. This area is mostly economic-problem-proof, but the pinches are being felt. Just up the street a new development was started in about October- with the sign saying 1-3 acre homesites starting at \$1 million. I have watched all the road alterations and the preparations being put in place. None



other than the one lot closest to the road (I am guessing it will be the showcase home) has been built on so far. Springtime will tell if this was just a seasonal stoppage, or if the sales truly are down. On the other side is afield with a sign showing 5 acre lots – that started at \$1.5 million and then went to starting at \$1.3 million. I am guessing that the builder was tired of waiting and went ahead and now has two monster homes to sell. He was gambling and has now been out of pocket for the building costs of the two homes (I almost said McMansions, but since these are huge homes on big lots, I guess they don’t quite qualify).

Ah, **Brad**’s tasty illo on page 14. I know that my first taste of Key lime pie is not of the best, but I simply bought one of the little individual frozen slices, so I could get a taste. Unless the “real” thing is at least a magnitude better than the frozen slices, I will put it on my okay list.

Hmm, I can see, from the faned’s point of view how an e-loc would be preferable, I just have never figured out how to go about it in an economical (time) manner. Sigh – more and more I would love to get a new computer, laptop, and Internet connection...yeah, like that is going to happen.

The weather and temperatures here have run the gamut this winter. Last month’s continuing education day coincided with the forecasted snow...and it did. Usually I leave home early in the morning and make the 40 mile back roads trip to the lecture location in Baltimore. This time I had to be elsewhere to watch an ultrasound on a kitten and then head home- to turn around and then head out. The snow started at about 10 – I was ready to make the Baltimore trip at about 11:30. I was not paying a whole lot of attention until the car fishtailed as I made the turn out of the driveway...this is a cul-de-sac so there is not much of a problem except for the deep ditches on both sides of the road. While recovering and trying to get my heart rate back down, I promised myself that when (if?) I got to the main road, if it was not totally clear I would call it quits and try to make up the hours some other

month. The car fishtailed at the next stop sign and at the top of the incline, when I pulled to a sliding stop, I could see that the main road was only partly clear. Turned around and went home. Yeah – and Wednesday it was in the 70s!

**Bill** you mention umbrellas – what about parasols – did they interfere with natural sunlight? Just wondered.

**Jeffrey**, before getting a Mac I took courses in using both the PC and the Mac-and the Mac won hands down. A lot of my problems stem from not having the money to get help when I need it – all my friends have PCs and can't help. I do utilize user groups on-line, but most of the members are so knowledgeable that it is tough for them to understand I need answers in one computer-syllable or less. If my original system and peripherals had been created differently (I had Mac Mall tell me what I "needed" and they goofed – then wanted me to pay for the mistakes they made...I did not and have had to live with problems from the very beginning) things would be different. All this is proof that, indeed, hindsight is 20/20. I do love my Mac and I just wish I knew more and had the money to keep up!

Last Spring I finally gave in and, against my better judgment, answered the phone when I did not recognize the caller. Since this call came in on the business ring, I thought that, just maybe, it was an emergency by someone I did not know. Well, after patiently listening to the caller asking for money as a donation to some police support group, I finally gave in and said I could make a very small donation. They assured me that no donation was too small and they would be in my neighborhood in the next few days. When I told them I would leave the check in the door for them...a check for \$10, they said thank you...and never showed up. The check, long ago stale-dated, sits in the plastic footlocker I keep on the porch for drop-offs or pick-ups. Since then I have not given in to picking up the phone unless I have a specific reason for doing so.

The zip disc that I have used for 8 years and which had (has) my records for taxes became corrupted. I had backed up as of December 26th to a floppy- but did not have copies of the year and total or analyses I had made...getting ready to do Turbo Tax. Long story short – the nice guy at the Mac store took pity on me (but not for free) and when he was recovering as much data as he could, updated my OS to the highest one my 8 year old G-4 can take. We were talking and he said that, since I had a router, all I needed was an Ethernet cable to get this G-3 laptop to talk to the G-4 tower. I tried following all he had told me, but must have gotten something wrong. The two did not talk and then I could not get any Internet connection. I went back and restored things to the way they were. I figure that if I had done things right, I would have created a (local?) network of two computers with the tower being the administrator (wrong terminology?) – at least I would need to log in as the administrator or some such. Nothing like that ever came up. I went to both computers and turned on sharing- then connected them with the cable...nothing. Someone

on the user group for the old laptops used this term and I really like it – I use a sneaker drive – i.e. I take the zip disc from the laptop and walk it over to the zip drive of the desktop tower and print from the zip drive there. It would be more foolproof (remember the zip disc that was corrupted...) if I could make the two talk, but...RSN.

Thanks for this – fingers crossed that the job search is a done deal or at least winding down!

Sheryl

☐**CKK**: *A really good key lime pie is great. Tart enough to tighten the cheeks, but sufficiently sweet. It also doesn't hurt if you like the taste of lime.*☐

Robert Sabella  
24 Cedar Manor Ct.  
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23 Feb 2008  
Hi Knarley,

Thanks for the latest two issues of Knarley Knews (October-December). I half-expect your next issue to be sent from Silicon Valley, and the fact that it has not arrived yet with February being nearly finished tends to reinforce that viewpoint. That should be quite a weather change from Wisconsin to Sunny California (not to mention a cost of living change as well!).

Tom Sadler's discussion of possible ancestor Ralph Sadler recalls my own brief research when I was in college into the history of the Sabella family. There was a royal Albanian Sabella family which was overthrown and driven out of the country, eventually settling in southern Italy. My father's parents were from a small Calabrian fishing village named Porta Canon which was primarily an Albanian-speaking region. Does this mean my family is descended from Albanian royalty? Perhaps, but the fact that they were actually overthrown makes them a more desirable ancestry! (

Take care,  
Bob

☐**CKK**: *I may be related to the Irish pirate Grania (Grace) O'Malley. See *Outrageous Women of the Renaissance* for more information.*☐

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

Al & Megan Bouchard, Todd Bushlow, Mike Dougherty, Terry Jeeves, Jerry Kaufman, Rodney Leighton, Guy Lillian, Joseph T. Major, Dominick Maldonado, Murray Moore, Marc Schirmeister, Alex Slate, Joy V. Smith (who notes that "he rode off in all directions" is one of her favorite quotes), Julie Wall, Sue Welch, and Leah Zeldes



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

*Argentus 7* by Steven Silver; 707 Sapling Ln.; Deerfield, IL 60015-3969; shsilver@sfsite.com; annual; \$3 or the usual. A fine genzine with a broad range of articles. I found the top ten lists of out of print SF the most interesting.

*Challenger 27* by Guy H. Lillian, III; 8700 Millicent Way; Shreveport, LA 71115; <http://www.challzine.net/>; GHLIII@yahoo.com; irregular; \$6 or the usual. This is a fine genzine with good articles, lots of photos and letters. Every bit worthy of its Hugo nominations.

*Ethel the Aardvark #134* by rotating editors; PO Box 212; World Trade Centre; Melbourne, VIC 3005; Australia; ethelaardvark@yahoo.com.au; bi-monthly; AU\$30/year or the usual. This is the official zine of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club and covers club news and SF related material in Australia.

*Fanzine Fanatique Late Summer 2007* by Keith Walker; 6 Vine St.; Lancaster LA1 4UF; England; KWalker777@aol.com; irregular; exchange or editorial whim. A short zine composed primarily of capsule reviews of other zines.

*Lofgeornost 90* by Fred Lerner; 81 Worcester Ave; White River Junction, VT 05001; fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu; irregular; the usual. This is Fred's FAPA zine. This issue is dedicated primarily to LOCs.

*MaryMark Press* by Mark Sonnenfeld; 45-08 Old Millstone Dr.; East Windsor,

## Fanzines Received in Trade

NJ 08520; irregular; the usual. Various strange publications with experimental writing styles.

*Meniscus #15* by Matt Fagan; 1648 W. North Ave.; Chicago, IL 60622; hadmatter@hotmail.com; irregular; the usual. An interesting fanzine from a highly creative individual. He does, though, seem to encounter a greater than his share of people that annoy him.

*Opuntia 64.1B* by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. Book reviews centering on Dale's recent readings in alternate histories.

*The Reluctant Famulus Summer 2007* by Tom Sadler; 305 Gill Branch Road; Owenton, KY 40359; thomasdsad@coper.net; irregular; the usual. The Famulus has finally settled in Kentucky despite the furniture company that doesn't know how to deliver.

*Trap Door 25* by Robert Lichtman; 11037 Broadway Terrace; Oakland, CA 94611-1948; locs2trapdoor@yahoo.com; irregular; \$5 or the usual. An interesting fanzine dedicated to fannish anecdotes. The centerpiece of this issue is a series of remembrances for Calvin "Biff" Demmon.

*Vanamonde No. 718-727* by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John's APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.

*Visions of Paradise #122-124* by Bob Sabella; 24 Cedar Manor Ct; Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023; BSabella@optonline.net; quarterly; the usual. This is a fine example of a personal zine which includes considerable commentary. The three independent parts have been merged into a more integrated zine.



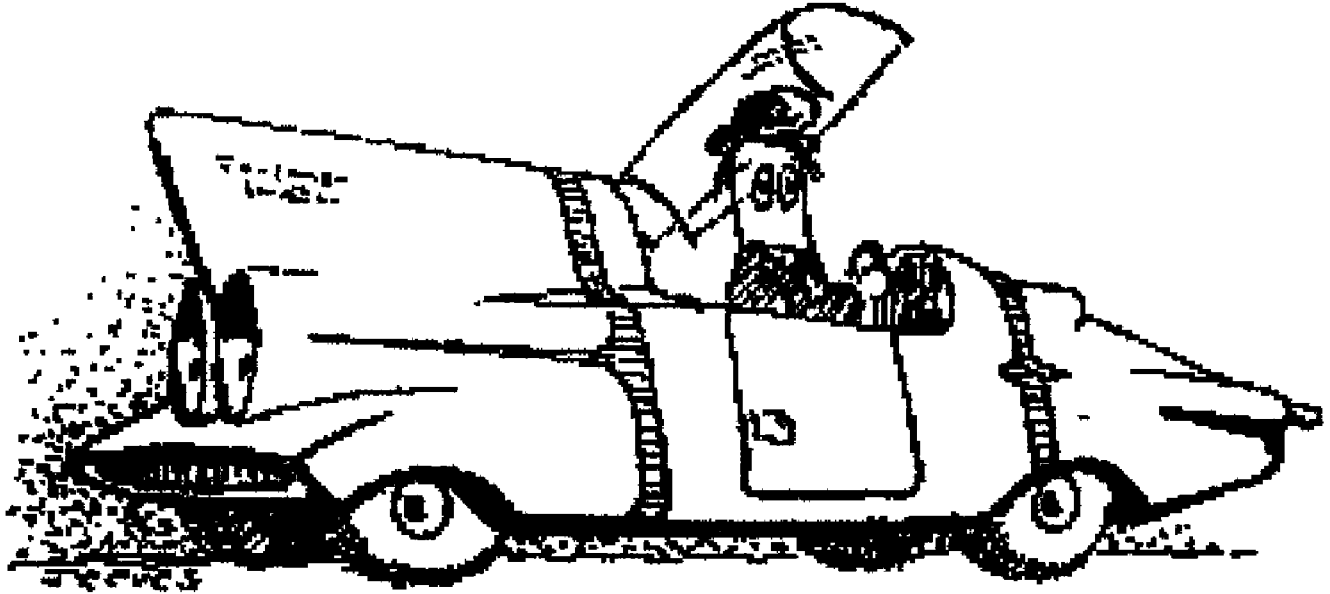
## **Knarley's Planned Con Attendance**

Please inspire me here.

I wonder what there is in the Bay Area?

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



### **You Got this Issue Because ...**

\_\_\_\_\_ This is a healthy break from studying for the Multi-state Professional Responsibility Exam.

\_\_\_\_\_ All of my plaid flannel shirts seem to have a hole in only the left elbow.

\_\_\_\_\_ 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.