

the Knarley Knoes



...this is a
bare bones
kinda zine!

The Knarley Knews -- Issue 129
Published in August, 2008

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Next Issue Deadline: October 10, 2008

Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

I am now officially swamped in a way that hasn't happened in the past. A full-time plus job, law school, and the family were less work than getting a house ready for sale. There are so many little projects that, even though law school is now over, I'm not finding much time to get this issue out. It will, however, happen, but later than the April deadline.

What annoys me the most about getting a house ready for sale is the sheer economic inefficiency of the activity. We are choosing to re-carpet three of the rooms (only the basement really needed it, but the colors are not – buyer neutral) and paint five rooms as well as touch things up elsewhere. What makes this so inefficient is that we are buying neutral colors and lower-grade carpet and the new owners are likely to come along and rip it all out for what they are going to like. Gone are the days of the large DIY contingent of buyers who would take a redecoration allowance. One thing extra we did decide to do was to put in a new furnace because the old one is 26 years old, is covered by rust, and we can get a new one, fully installed, for less than \$1000.

We at least have a sensible realtor who understands what really needs to be done and what doesn't. She correctly identified that our yard is not for someone who isn't willing to work on it so at least the landscaping will not have to be pristine. We are cleaning up the outside where it needs it, but are leaving most of the flower beds alone for the next owner. She even proposed an initial listing price with the exact number we had in mind.

I still don't have any definitive idea if there will be a mid-summer (June) issue as the logistics of where we are going to live in the Silicon Valley area is not known.

>> This is where my editorial efforts abruptly ended on May 8th! <<

It is now mid-August and despite some occasional stray thoughts regarding the next issue of this fanzine, I have done little to nothing to make it a reality until now. For someone who has been publishing as steadily as I have done over the past 20+ years this is a huge aberration in schedule and has resulted in at least two correspondents writing to know why they might have been dropped from the mailing list.

In preparing to finish this editorial and the issue I've mulled over in my head the reasons why the delay was so excessive and, despite all the great reasons I have (see below), the most significant reason was simply that my normal tools for putting the fanzine together in the form of the scanner and printer were simply not available until a few weeks ago and

I was not willing to pay Kinko's prices to get access to the equipment I would need. I am, after all, a creature of at least some comforts.

So what have I been busy doing?

May was a singularly chaotic month. I was finishing up law school – mostly a paper and a straight-forward multiple-choice exam in local government law. I was also finishing up with the teaching term at MSOE with the last minute flurry of grading and other paperwork. While this involved some effort, the real chaos was caused by the house. Our objective assessment of the house indicated that the basement, the living room, one bedroom, and one bathroom needed to be repainted and the carpet updated (with the exception of the bathroom). This entailed completely clearing out each room and preparing it for the carpet people then for painting. This was a monumental task. The basement had two children living in it and 15 years worth of accumulated stuff. The living room had been the home of Letha's business for about seven years and when the dust settled, so to speak, we had filled a 16 foot SAM storage unit in the driveway and created huge clutter piles in the garage and most of the other rooms. To a large extent these piles remained in one form or another until the movers showed up in mid-July and I am still dealing with some of it today here in California. This is in spite of numerous large charity donations (trucks worth) and two trips to the land fill and one to the metal scrappers. We also pissed off our local trash guy who thought we were dumping construction debris when we put a few boards out after fixing the deck stairs.

In the end we never put the house on the market. Letha had placed a pre-listing announcement on the web and we shortly got an e-mail from a family that was interested in renting. A quick consultation with our real estate agent confirmed that being able to wait on the market was a good idea. There were suddenly many homes in our neighborhood for sale and with the recent housing slump we decided that we should wait a year or so to put the house on the market. This should net us at least 10% in value at the expense of not being able to purchase in California because our equity is tied up.

The only wrinkle with the renters is that the father is allergic to cats. We had the carpets specifically cleaned with pet neutralizer and hired cleaners to wash all the walls. The renters, at their expense had the ducts cleaned and installed some floating floors in a few of the rooms. There were some issues – they may still exist – but a HEPA filter seems to be taking care of the allergy problem.

The last full week of May was especially busy. My mother flew into town to attend the two graduation ceremonies that Marquette put on for us and then to attend the official swearing-in ceremony in Madison in front of the Supreme Court on the following Monday. It is apparently a tradition at Marquette that the professional graduates, during the main ceremony, spray massive quantities of silly string after their group's graduation has been announced. (No one told me of this tradition.) It is a particularly wretched tradition. The propellant in silly string is rather difficult to breathe and you can imagine the effects of a thousand cans or so in the close quarters of an arena floor. My lungs may never be the same again.

I finished the finals week at MSOE on Friday with the Senior Design Show that I had to leave early to attend Kira's graduation ceremony from the elementary school early in the afternoon. I feel some guilt for not spending a lot of time with my senior design teams, but I did find enough time to properly evaluate their presentations to the public. On Saturday morning of Memorial Day weekend I attended the MSOE graduation. While this wasn't strictly necessary it is something I believe is appropriate when I teach senior design.

After the graduation I returned home and packed the car before leaving for California with my mother and her dog in tow. The target was my brother John's condo in Silicon Valley by Monday evening some 2200 miles away. All I can tell you is that Iowa, Nebraska, and Nevada are especially boring places to drive across. Wyoming, Utah, and California have better scenery, but when you are not stopping to see any of it, it can get tedious as well. There isn't much else to report. Other than stops for gas, food, bathrooms, and rest we made the trip in 47 net hours. The only remarkable incident is that it rained the entire time we were in Nevada.

I had packed in the car all my clothes, the family pictures and slides (so that I could begin the process of scanning them), and some of the electronics such as the computer to scan the slides and one of the game systems for the children to use when they made the move out. I had put my clothes in a large travel chest that I had lived out of until I unpacked it yesterday into my dresser. Important safety tip – don't ever do this – just take my word for it. The bar review class began at Stanford the next morning – my primary reason for being in California ahead of my family and nominally the central focus of my life until the end of July, but I will discuss that in a separate section below.

If you haven't figured this out by now, I don't do "nothing" well. And studying for the bar was simply not enough to keep me healthily engaged. I found a number of distractions in various forms. My first full weekend in California was spent at my brother John's bachelor party in Las Vegas. Las Vegas is not my favorite city. We did attend one show of a more risqué nature and the only thing that made it worth attending were the impersonations done by the fully-clothed male dancer between the other numbers. Enough said. About a week and a half later I flew back to Wisconsin to attend Kyle's graduation

from middle school and to fly back with Kyle and Kira to California where they moved in with my at John's. At the first of July Letha and Connor drove out in a one-way rental car (we decided the other family car was never going to take the mountains so we gave it away to a friend who needed a car) along with the cat and the dog. They had come out for John's wedding over the July 4th weekend down in Monterey. I then had Connor and the pets under my watch as Letha returned to Wisconsin to finish up the lease agreement, meet the movers, and get the house all cleaned up.

In addition to all of this I spent time looking for a house to rent in Los Gatos. The main source of places to rent was craigslist which had to be monitored at least every other day. Unlike many areas of the country, the rental market in California is very tight. Most places in good areas (defined by the public schools whose district boundaries do not follow the city boundaries) have multiple interested parties and you almost have to have a full rental packet with descriptions of your family, pets, and a credit report. I lost out on the first two places I tried to rent and eventually found a place in the hills above Los Gatos. I think I lucked out and the landlord was too busy to show it to many others and I also think that his originally being from Wisconsin helped. It is a three bedroom place with an attached two room guest unit and a deck and view that are simply fabulous. The outdoor hot tub is nice as well. The place is a bit more remote than I would like and adds about 10 minutes each way to my future commute, but there has been plenty of space for us to simplify the unpacking process even if there is still not enough space to unpack everything we owned. This is where I moved everyone at the start of July.

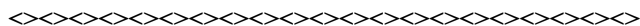
The moving truck arrived in mid-July the day after the bar review class ended. It took two days for them to unload the truck because they had to shuttle everything in a U-haul the last two miles. The crew at this end was less than ideal. They didn't pay much attention to the labeling on boxes and stacked many of them in the wrong rooms and in a haphazard way. This has compounded the unpacking process as we keep finding things in the wrong rooms.

The bar exam (see below) was the last three days of July.

Following the bar exam the entire family drove to Phoenix for my father's internment ceremony. My step-mother specifically scheduled this around the bar exam and despite the somber nature of the occasion it was more like a family reunion than anything else. While in Phoenix we purchased my father's old car. It wasn't our first choice, but the price, credit terms, and quality of the vehicle were too good to pass up. We are now the proud owners of my old 1999 red minivan and a 2003 silver PT Cruiser.

And as an added bonus, by 30-year-old step-son Derek moved in with us last week. This will likely be for an extended temporary period until he can get back on his feet.

This brings us to the present. I start my new job in a little over a week and given the requirements of attorney-client confidentiality you'll probably hear less about my new job than my old one.



Where does one begin when discussing the bar exam? To put it simply, the bar exam is simply a bar to limit the number of people who can qualify to practice law. And while the proponents claim that it is valuable in assessing whether someone has the necessary skills to practice law I have some grave concerns regarding the vast breadth, closed-book, and sprint-like nature of the exam. Each state is a bit different, but in California there are two days where you write three essays in the morning and then take a performance test (something like a real attorney assignment) in the afternoon. This is six hours of furious scribbling under fairly tight time pressures. You can opt to take this at a facility where you bring your own laptop, but I opted out when I realized that I overly perfect my writing while using a word processor and there isn't time for that during the exam. The middle day of the bar exam is six hours of multiple choice questions with tricky and often imperfect answers to choose from. I am, however, getting ahead of myself.

The vast majority of persons studying for the bar exam take a review class. Most of them take Bar-Bri offered by the Thompson Publishing Co. (They are routinely the subject of anti-trust law suits.) The review course consists of daily video taped lectures of three or four hours in length. In addition you are given review manuals, work books, and sample multiple-choice questions, essays, and performance tests. They also include simulated exam days and they even grade a few of your essays and one performance test. The amount of material is daunting. There are six full topics (evidence, criminal law, contracts, property, torts, and constitutional law) in the multiple-choice area (essays are also possible in those areas). These encompass at least nine or ten full law school courses as they also included California evidence rules, both common law and Uniform Commercial Code contracts, criminal law and procedure, as well as first amendment rights. On top of this there are essays and performance tests that are also possible in ethics, wills, trusts, partnerships, agency, community property, remedies, and both federal and California civil procedure. (The recommended outline of topics from the California Bar for California civil procedure is 188 pages long.) Needless to say the review class attempts to triage the material for you by presenting the highlights and stressing the more likely areas of testing.

The review class is also very frustrating. They have what they believe is a tried and true method which involves initially scaring the crap out of you with the amount of material and being quite harsh on the graded assignments. (A typical essay that an examinee spends one hour preparing and writing is typically graded in less than three minutes for the actual exam.) The goal is to identify all the major and hopefully minor issues presented in an essay and to discuss them. The

discussion includes restatement of the obvious and a good essay will also include all the necessary definitions to show that you know the law. The part of this that frustrates me the most is that they really don't care if you get the "right" answer. First, there may be no correct conclusion as each judge and jury are different, but we were repeatedly told that if we didn't know the rule we should make them up and then apply the fact pattern in the essays to them to draw a conclusion. A real attorney operating this way on a client matter would be immediately subject to discipline and possibly malpractice for doing this as it shows a lack of competence and diligence. Even the professional engineer's exam isn't this artificial. With the professional engineer's exam you get to pick the questions you want to answer (based upon your competency) and you are allowed and encouraged to use reference materials during the exam.

I have digressed a bit. On one of the essays I submitted there was lots of written feedback with comments like "good argument" and then at the end I was told the essay was failing. It turns out, that you can still pass the exam even though your work might be failing. Written materials are graded on a 40-100 point scale with 70 being a nominal pass, but after adjustments and so forth a score around 65 or even lower is generally enough to pass. The exam is graded on a cumulative points basis with all 6 essays (600 possible points), 2 performance tests (200 possible points), and multiple-choice (200 possible points) so not every section needs to be strictly passed.

By the end of the review course I had approximately 700 flash cards with the law I attempted to memorize. This, however, is not the biggest impediment to the bar exam process. The real enemy is stress. I think that even though the later part of the course discussed dealing with stress and how low the passing bar is, they did too much to create stress during the early part of the course. I had a few days where I had more stress than I can even describe and got little work done. Most of this I think was misplaced now that I've had the chance to take the exam. My stress was due to many factors. First was the thought of having to take the exam again – not a nice thought. Further I had a few things on my plate (finding a house, kids, pets, family events, moving, etc.), but in the end I think that I would have been better served by more distractions that were less monumental. The wedding and the moving truck were actually healthy and pleasant diversions as you eventually reach a zen-like level of your knowledge of the material going into the exam. My final source of stress was strange beds and no wife to curl up with for most of this period. Up until the exam I would routinely wake up about 6:30am for no apparent reason and then not be able to fall back to sleep. I have since recovered.

The exam itself wasn't too bad. The essays were rather straight forward with clear questions asked which was much different than many of the practice essays I did during the review period which were often blanket directions to "discuss".

Editorial continued on page 9

The Ethics of Money Part 3

by Alexander Slate

We left off part 2 with Jim Stumm's paean to businesspeople and capitalism. And there is something to what he says. Leaving out the socialism/capitalism issue out, I fully agree that the creation of a "prosperous" society and moving towards a world where no one would ever need a handout sounds ideal. I further agree that running a business and providing employment is a good thing. However, I don't think that it is necessarily enough.

Joe Major seems to agree, "I wouldn't say that the employer of x many people has fully fulfilled his charitable requirements. He might be employing them unjustly (e.g. the contract in *Subspace Employers* where the employees were not allowed to resign if they were not paid). But has he done less than the organizer of a charity dance where the janitor is sent out in the morning with all the net proceeds to buy beer for the committee's hangovers?"

Now, it was easier in biblical times, and even in the times of Maimonides. Businesses were local things and very small on the scale of things. (Even if some did look worldwide for stock.) I can see where Maimonides was coming from and agree, that under those conditions, both he and Jim Stumm would be correct.

The problem is that these are not those times. And much of business is not what it once was. Now, Jim's businessman's statement is probably true for many a small businessman. And for them, doing what they do may be enough. However, as a blanket statement for all business and all businessmen, it is just plain laughable. There are a series of questions that a business owner would need to ask themselves to determine whether or not the sheer existence of a business as an employment generator meets the Maimonides test (newly coined, not trademarked, but please credit me, phrase). All these questions probably will fall under the necessary, but not necessarily sufficient category.

First, how are your employees treated? Are the working conditions comfortable, is a living wage being paid? Are the realities of everyday life taken into account when looking at the employment?

Now that last question needs clarification. In today's world we have a lot of women in the workplace. A reality, whether justified or not, is that these women (irrespective of whether they are single mothers or married) are as a rule the primary caregivers to their children. So, is the cost of child care taken into account when determining wages? Is dropping off and picking up children taken into account when determining working hours? But that is just one of the realities I am thinking of – there is commuting time and health care as well. But now back to our regularly scheduled questions...

How is the distribution of reward to responsibility taken care of, and what does the salary scale look like? One of the papers I wrote when working on my Masters in Management dealt with executive compensation and whether it had gotten out of hand. Unfortunately, in many cases, the answer is yes. When the lowest paid employee of a company is paid \$20,000 a year and the top salary is \$50,000,000 (a ratio of 1:2500) and those highly paid executives also receive a house or a car, then something is wrong.

But, I must admit that I have been a bit unfair and over generalized myself. Above I stated that many small businessmen do the right thing. And so far, have seemingly demonized large business. There are large businesses that do act in very ethical ways. A great example is Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream. View the web site at http://www.benandjerrys.com/our_company/our_values/ to see what I am talking about.

However, it is not just about how you treat your employees, but also how you view your customers and your neighbors. Again, look at Ben & Jerry's and what I am talking about should become crystal clear. Their mission statement has three parts, a product mission, an economic mission, and a social mission. To quote from their economic mission, "To operate the Company on a sustainable financial basis of profitable growth, increasing value for our stakeholders & expanding opportunities for development and career growth for our employees." They follow this up in the expansion of their mission statement, "Capitalism and the wealth it produces do not create opportunity for everyone equally. We recognize that the gap between the rich and the poor is wider than at anytime since the 1920's. We strive to create economic opportunities for those who have been denied them and to advance new models of economic justice that are sustainable and replicable."

This company also understands environmental impact and the need to give back to the community, not only in their hiring and employment practices, but through their charitable efforts (including the Ben & Jerry's Foundation), their franchise policy and their stance on what environmental and social impact that their company is going to have. This is what I believe that the Dalai Lama was trying to get across in the vision which led off this series of articles.

It is unfortunate that this philosophy is not the norm in business. The quarterly statement and the pursuit of "cost effectiveness" and "productivity" seems to rule. I have been trying to think of the philosophy of business in the modern economy, but have not yet completely formulated my thoughts. What I have presented here may eventually be the basis for another series of articles dealing with this, but it is not yet time for that. So we are going to wrap up this thread of the discussion for now.

John Purcell wrote:

Alex Slate's second part of his "Ethics of Money" article is interesting, and reminded me of one of my brother Rick's favorite sayings: "Money may not buy you happiness, but it can make poverty bearable." A wise man, that Rick.

John and his brother take us on a different tack. It is one which relates back to part II of this series when I was dealing with how much to give. This is the relationship of psychology and attitude when we are dealing with money and charity.

Now, there appears to be a measure of sarcasm in the statement that John gives us. And there may be, but let's examine the subtext of this deeper. To do this I need to tell you that I believe that Abraham Maslow gives us a lot of truth in his theory of the hierarchy of needs.

Figure: Abraham Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs



(figure courtesy of
<http://webspace.ship.edu/cgboer/maslow.html>)

Maslow posited that man needs to have these needs satisfied from the bottom up. That the person suffocating or drowning can only concentrate on these. Once these basic physiological requirements (perhaps a better term for this to differentiate from the needs which follow) are met, then the next concerns which need to be met are that of psychological safety and stability. The crushing effects of extreme poverty and not

knowing where the next day's food will come from or where you will be able to sleep come night will override any "higher concerns". (Digression: the movie *The Pursuit of Happyness* starring Will Smith is a marvelous portrayal of this.)

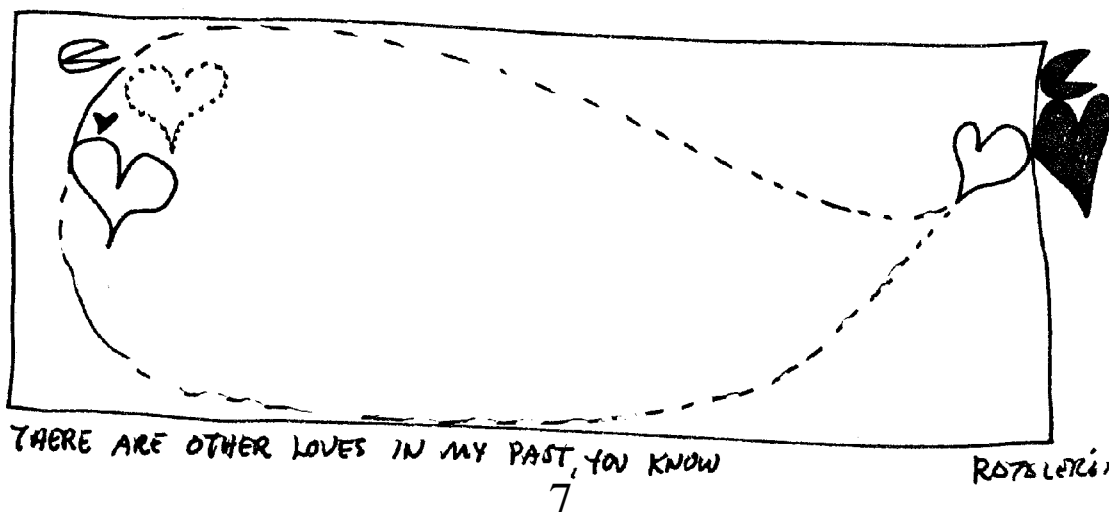
This is intertwined to some degree with the next level, belonging. Belonging and the need for safety start at the center (oneself), but the ties of immediate family can weigh in on this very heavily. This is the reason that the saying "Charity begins at home, and justice begins next door." (Charles Dickens) rings so true. And this now brings us back to John Purcell's brother's statement. Looking for the seriousness which is often at the route of a lot of humor, the need for psychological safety equates to having a certain level of money – at least as life is in our modern society.

Proceeding up the chain of Maslow's hierarchy we come to some things which we have already touched on in part. Esteem needs are the psychological basis of why "modern" Jewish thought requires that even those that receive charity must give charity. It also explains the chase for fame, money and riches.

Finally, note the gap in the figure between esteem and self-actualization. That gap is a real one in the real world, not just in the figure. It also provides the "answer" for the question posed by the Dalai Lama. Crossing that gap is "hard", it is something only done in part or in whole by a relatively small percentage of people. All too many people can never satisfy their esteem needs and go beyond that. They can never be rich enough.

"...I tell you the truth, it is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. Again I tell you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." (Matthew 19:24) Could Jesus be saying here that someone who cannot get beyond the pursuit of wealth and material things not get to the satori – the internal heaven- that is self-actualization? I think it is obvious that I believe the answer is yes.

Well, I think this makes a good place to stop for now. Until the next time, my friends...



Sue's Sites: A Day with the Bushmen

by Sue Welch

No one has the option of choosing the culture into which one is born. At best it is hoped that as children one learns the skills necessary to survive in this culture. To those born into cultures during times of change, one can hope that the existing leadership has both the foresight and the wisdom to encourage its youth to learn new techniques and ways so that their family, tribe, nation or planet will continue to exist.

"Today will be a full day with the Bushmen," announces Roger, our tour guide. "There is no set agenda; we will just go with them and see what they are doing." We had driven about 30 minutes from our lodge in the village of Tsumeb, Namibia when Michael, our bus driver, parked in a wide spot off the unpaved road. The owner of our lodge, a German immigrant, greeted us as we descended from the bus. "Four Bushmen are down this lane and have found a honey nest; they are expecting us so start walking down the road; I will ferry you in my jeep, four passengers at a time." It was early morning yet, the temperature pleasant as we hustled towards the Bushmen. The last of our group completed the 2 km walk before it was our turn to ride. We saw four Bushmen, small by our standards, wearing only a loin cloth, discussing the best way to get honey from the nest in the tree. After their native language, which includes various clicks, British English is fluently spoken. It was necessary to pay close attention to follow their conversation, which sounded as if I was in London and not rural Namibia.

The four agreed it was best to chop down the tree, which was done in less than five minutes. I kept backing farther away vividly remembering the painful yellow jacket stings I have received at home when I was not even trying to steal their food. "African bees don't have stingers," insisted our guide. "Honest, come try the honey; it is delicious." Watching the smiles of our group as they went back for a seconds, I finally put my fingers into the tree for my share of the delicious treat. When we had finished gorging ourselves, the Bush-



men carefully sealed up the nest, explaining that we had only taken a small portion of their stash and that the bees would continue to make more honey in this nest. "We will get some more next week. And now we need to wash our hands and get a drink of water," one explained. He must be kidding I thought; it probably hasn't rained here for months, if not years. One Bushman checked out the sandy soil, saw a tiny plant and quickly dug it out with his hands, making about a twelve-inch circular hole, pulling out a round melon shaped root. Squeezing it, out came a stream of water. We all rinsed our hands and then the Bushmen drank; we resorting to our plastic bottles to wash down the honey and quench our thirst as the day was warming up to its normal hot phase.

Next we were given a lesson in starting a fire, by twirling two ½" notched sticks; it took a mere seconds to get a blaze started with dry grass. Not so easy said one man in our group as he attempted but failed to duplicate this trick. Sitting comfortably on the ground for the next hour, we were treated to similar lessons in how to make rope from snake plant (mother-in-laws tongue) leaves (scrape off the green outside and roll the inside fibers together), how and where to set snares to catch small animals, how to make hunting bows, and how to track and kill larger animals by putting poison on the arrows (closely tracking the poisoned animal until it dies).



Lunchtime was declared and we trudged back along the path and up a hill to find a large table in the shade, filled with food and drink. With a full stomach and the heat of the afternoon, I was contemplating and perhaps already into a nap. "Time to walk to the village," I vaguely heard our guide say. Off we went down a short path, where we were told to sit in a half circle facing the four Bushmen. They made arrows and other tools as we watched. Questions were asked about wives and children. The oldest Bushman asked our 28-year-old South African guide, Chantal, if she would like to be one of his wives and live in the village. And thus began a heated ex-

change between the two. “You wouldn’t want me for a wife,” Chantal insisted. “I need a washing machine, dishwasher and hairdryer. No wife until you buy me these things. Besides you already have other wives who require way less maintenance and I am not too big on babies either.” The conversation continued in a good-hearted manner, in very British English; giving the rest of us big smiles.

Next we walked into the actual village. Outside the oldest Bushman’s hut a group of women were cutting small circles from ostrich eggs for bracelets and necklaces with a small wooden cutter. That looks easy said a one of our female group members who failed at this task. As we continued our stroll, some of the women began to dance, most carrying (some nursing as well) babies while they danced. Our four Bushmen guides joined in and they were smiling and laughing and having fun. Near the dancing was their store – items hung on tree branches. I bought a bracelet made from an ostrich egg and a miniature bow and matching quiver with fire starter sticks and metal arrows (without poison), guessing that a full size one would neither fit in my luggage nor get through airport security.

Sitting on the ground watching the dancing, my eyes roamed the village – so many little kids but none older than six and where were all the men? One of our Bushmen guides explained that the men were out hunting for dinner and the 7-15 year old kids were away at school. “It is not a requirement that children attend school but most do, at least for awhile,” he continued. “School opens some to the world outside the bush and some leave to try their hand at this different culture. The smarter ones get what you call a western education; after that a very few of those come back in a capacity to help their tribe. I, myself, belong to this later group. Leading tours and teaching you about our tribe brings in money, which in turn can be traded for food in times of draught and medical care for those who are sick. Also when I am away I miss my family and I miss my life here.”

“A few years ago,” he added, “the government began building wells so that the tribes no longer need to migrate to find



water. This has resulted in a population explosion as you can see by the number of kids here. Previously women got pregnant only every 4-5 years because they were still nursing and children under 5 usually had to be carried so as not to be left behind during constant moving around.”

“But,” he continued, “An even graver problem is losing children to the schools. Our survival depends upon many sophisticated skills that actually take years to master. When kids are gone for their prime learning years, the time to learn our culture is gone. And without this knowledge the Bushmen culture will be gone as well. Not that our way of life is better but it is ours and as you can see we are a happy lot here today. As with most life, we have our good and bad days.”

Today there are about 85,000 Bushmen mostly in the remoter reaches of the Kalahari Desert in Botswana, Namibia, Angola, South Africa, Zimbabwe and Zambia. Spencer Wells, a population geneticist heading the National Geographic Genographic Project, has stated that the Bushmen (also known as the San people) carry the oldest genetic markers found on earth. Bushmen culture has long been studied as our last connection with a hunter-gatherer existence, a way of life that was a human universal until some 10,000 years ago, before man domesticated animals and grew crops.

Editorial, continued from page 5

On one of the essays I know I missed some secondary issues and another had a section that was outside of any of the study materials on the separation of federal powers that I only did well on because I remembered some of my administrative law course from two summers ago. The performance tests were long, but straight-forward, and the multiple-choice questions were on all sorts of rules that we never really reviewed and I have no reason to think I did any worse than I have on prior multiple-choice exams like this which was better than most. Conclusion – I don’t think I did anything that would make me think I failed the exam, but like anyone who has ever taken a bar exam you never know until the results are out. Oh, and I

shouldn’t forget to mention that this won’t be until just before Thanksgiving.

The exam logistics were the real problem. My nearest option for the exam was to take it in the Cow Palace in Daly City. This is an hour from Los Gatos so I rented a motel room. There are three motels near the Cow Palace and they range from scary to OK. When I called one to make a reservation they said we don’t know call back a week before you need a room. I got into the nicest place and the half-mile walk each way was therapeutic. For those of you who don’t know the Bay Area, the Cow Palace is in a dreadful part of Daly City. There is a McDonalds, a Taco Bell/KFC, one pizza place,

Editorial continued on page 22

When Moonflowers Last on the Mailbox Bloom'd

By John A. Purcell

Moving to Texas from Iowa is a shock. In fact, it's a stunner, especially so if you make that move in July. That is simply asking for trouble.

After the initial shock of being assaulted by the tremendous heat and humidity – which took my family about four years to recover from – we began to get acclimated to the College Station-Bryan environs. Our kids recovered much more quickly than my wife and I did, which is to be expected, but they still occasionally complain about the heat.

There are other aspects of making this Upper Midwest to Texas transition that beg the question of why in the world I took that teaching job at Texas A&M University, and one of the biggest of these is that we loved to garden.

Note the past tense there. Back up in Iowa, pretty much anything you planted in the ground grew. All one had to do was dig up the sod to reveal the darkest, richest top soil in the known universe. The backbreaking labor was always my lot, a middle-aged Hercules laboring in the Iowa summer sun, but the tiller I'd rent from the local hardware store made a large part of these labors bearable. Still, it was hard work, and I had only to do this a few times while we lived in that house.

The effort was always well worth the effort. Our raised-row gardens provided us with peas, corn, cucumbers, radishes, onion, zucchini, sunflowers (those things were like seven feet tall!), and that was in our main garden. We had a separate herb garden which held thyme, chive, rosemary, sage, and dill. The Rose of Sharon hedge was glorious, and so whenever my wife had the urge to establish another garden, I usually tried to make myself scarce. In the end, though, we truly reaped what we sowed.

Not so here in this part of Texas. We noticed that our lawn wasn't truly a "lawn" but more or less a small plot of prairie grass. The only things that really seemed to thrive in this ground – which was usually baked into concrete nine months out of the year – were weeds, wildflowers, and fire ants. (The wheelbugs, geckos, anoles, and snakes are for another story some day.)

Once the weather began cooling off in November last year, we finally – well, our 22-year old daughter, to be exact – had the courage to try to plant a garden in our yard. Digging up a section of our backyard was dismissed without a second thought; the cost of renting a jack-hammer rendered that possibility moot. Undeterred, our intrepid daughter came up with a solution: large planters. In particular, Penny decided to use the tin laundry tubs we brought from Iowa in this capacity. I thanked her for her resourcefulness, then recanted after I lugged twelve 40-pound bags of topsoil, humus, and manure

out of her boyfriend's pickup to the back yard. (Well, okay; he helped, but still...)

Penny started with placing a layer of gravel on the bottom of each tub, then added a mixture of two parts topsoil with one part each of humus and manure. Eventually she built up enough soil to plant some celosia and cineraria in one tub, and they did well. In, fact they are still thriving. It also helps to choose plants that match the gardening zone, so our daughter did her research and the result is that we still have red celosia and ivory-colored cineraria growing in our front yard.

Her next efforts didn't fare as well. Tomatoes were the next grand experiment. So another aluminum tub's base and soil was constructed the same way as before, but after a few weeks of baking in the Texas sun, those poor little plants withered away. They never had a chance. Neither did the gourds. Penny even moved their planter – actually I did it, and after the tub had been filled and planted, of course – to the shadow of our fence in the backyard, but to no avail. The gourd that actually grew – all one of it – suffered nearly the same fate as the tomatoes: it dried up, shriveled, died, and sounded like a mariachi when you shook it.

So, did that stop Penny?

Nope, not at all. In fact, her resolve to defeat the Texas elements and grow something – anything – outdoors became nearly as much an obsession as Aggie football fans the week before the big game against the Texas Longhorns. She was not to be denied.

This time what Penny tried was to weed out and dig up a small square area around the base of our mailbox out on the curb. Filling this three-sided area with the aforementioned soil mixture, she brought out a white trellis we had been storing in the garage for the past four years and stuck it firmly in this garden, then tied it securely to our brick mailbox. Also, this time she planted moonflowers. They supposedly grow very well in this horrendous climate. The object was to weave the moonflowers up and around the trellis as they grew.

I have to give Penny credit. It took a month or two for her constant nurturing efforts to come to fruition, but eventually slender green shoots became climbing the trellis. Up they went, intertwining around the rungs and arms of the trellis, eventually even embracing the mailbox itself. Finally, after a few months of good, old-fashioned TLC, the first moonflowers opened.

If you have never seen a moonflower before or not known their behavior, they are called moonflowers for a very good reason: the buds open at night then close just before dawn. Penny must have done something right, for this time her

planting and care worked like magic. Numerous buds grew on the plant, and sometimes at night we would go out and count the flowers. In the morning when I would head off for work, they were all closed up, ready for another night's show. Moonflowers are not that fragrant – or at least, these white ones Penny grew didn't have a very strong odor – and actually have an oddly pleasant dusty baby-powder smell.

So last winter, from November through early-March of this year, we enjoyed the moonflowers, hugging the mailbox like a long-lost friend, opening and closing their petals, kissing the air with their peculiar scent. Penny was proud of her efforts, and justly so. She had accomplished what she had set out to do: grow something beautiful in this god-forsaken territory.

As this fall begins to cool off the air, the moonflowers are starting to grow again, clinging to the trellis like desperate marines on the cliffs at Normandy. There aren't as many moonflowers as last winter, but the season is still young. More may yet spring forth and begin their winding trek upwards around the trellis and mailbox.

Unfortunately, the growing season here is not that long. Still, when this year's batch of moonflowers bloom, Penny will be out there weeding, trimming, directing shoots, and enjoying herself.

I am just grateful I don't have to do any more digging – I hope.

A Confession

(c) by Jim Sullivan

I'm a happily married man who loves his wife dearly. But I care passionately for another. She's the public library! Yes, I'm owning up to this affair. Perhaps some of you knew. Certainly my affection for this other has been apparent. A few of my friends have accepted it. Others disapprove. Frankly, I don't care. I've done nothing I'm ashamed of. Besides, as some famous person once said, "The heart knows not its reasons."

Okay, the fact is, I'm in love with an institution, housed in a building made of bricks and mortar, which I can't put my arms around. I can't even kiss, caress, or utter sweet words to it. But I'm quite fond of that structure nonetheless. My heart beats rapidly whenever I approach that facility. My pulse always quickens when I'm inside it. On occasion there, my breath grows short. And I can never get it out of my mind. If that's not love, what is it?

At night or during the daytime, when I'm not near this love of mine, I hear it gently whispering in my ear: "Come see me. Step into my reading room. Look at my tomes for as long as you want." Those words are sirens' calls. I can't resist them. And I don't. I'm complete only when I'm with her. Obviously, I'm head over heels in love. So what's a guy going to do?

My wife, bless her heart, is understanding. She knows all about this other attachment of mine. And guess what—my spouse doesn't see the library as threatening.

Of course, I haven't told my mother yet. She may have a different slant on this attachment. But, then, she's a retired teacher. And as a youngster I can still recall her telling me to "Read, read, read!" So how could she object?

Not surprisingly, I give the library little gifts from time to time to demonstrate my affection. Sometimes I donate new books, other times small financial contributions, and once in

a while used books that the library staff is looking for. In such little ways I show how much I care.

When I'm at the library, I love to roam her stacks. And boy, is she ever stacked! Roving around her, I take her books in hand, feel their hard-bound covers, admire their pretty colored dust jackets, and read their immortal pages. In this manner, I fall more deeply in love with her.

Though the library structure is a tad wide at the stairwells, her two stories are extremely well built from top to bottom, front to back. Her portals are wide opening, windows clean, and skylights admitting of bright, life-giving sunlight. And her roof keeps out precipitation. In summer she's cool and in winter warm. Moreover, with her abundant wares: books, magazines, newspapers, music, art, videos, and computers on the internet, this institution is endearing not only to me but to all who know her.

Best of all, I don't have to be silent, or even relatively quiet, in its presence. But I must confess, dear reader, the library and I have been—well, on intimate terms for more years than I care to count. Consequently, one day soon, I'll have to confess this to my spiritual leader. He may not be so understanding. On the other hand, he may care mightily for the library, too. Then I will have a jealous man on my hands. I'm speaking of myself, of course.

I'm well aware that the library has a past. Its branch libraries are all over the community. They're responsive, as they should be, to the main public library that I care so much about. But I understand. All relationships bring with them baggage from the past.

I must tell you that I have absolutely no desire to break off this relationship. That's despite what other people may think. My love for the public library shall go with me to my grave!

Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

After five and a half years a grateful Air Force gave me a large slice of leave, a month for demob plus a day for every month overseas. A grand total of nearly three months (paid) idleness. So although released in June, I was still in the RAF until September. I suspect this technicality was to make a cooling off period for those hot heads who, once they were plain "Mister", might feel like nipping back to duff up some much hated senior NCO.

For my part I spent the time doing as little as possible apart from making radio sets. I also bought an old Radar Indicator, stripped it down and rebuilt it as a 6 inch oscilloscope. To protect the filament circuit of the VCR-97 cathode ray tube from the 2,500 volt supply, I wound an isolating transformer. This worked well except for one minor snag. I insulated the winding with a layer of ordinary paper, on damp days this tended to absorb moisture and pass a leakage current. Happily, this would soon fry itself dry and the 'scope could begin to work – a sort of built-in self repairing facility.

At the end of my leave I hadn't heard any more from the education bods so I toddled round to the Employment Bureau where I encountered a helpful clerk who said, "We'll let you know if anything turns up." I sorted things out by walking into the large music shop, Canns and asking for a job. They took me on in the radio department where I did the odd bit of servicing as well as delivering and installing the stuff. This involved brushing up my driving as having learned while at Salbani, I hadn't driven for a year or two. I took a refresher course with BSM.

My first driving lesson precipitated a minor crisis. Before leaving for my first lesson I had been chatting up a girl in the record department and as I left for my lesson, I jokingly said, "I'll see you when I get back." The lesson went well, but when the instructor dropped me off at the end, I was surprised to see the girl waiting for me. I had no option but to take her to the cinema. As a result, it was about ten pm when I got home. Sheer panic! Fearing me dead in the mangled remains of a BSM car, mother had been pestering the police to find out where I had got to. Half the local gendarmerie had been warned to look out for my body draped over a lamp post. Only one grizzled old sergeant had told her, "He'll be out with some bird somewhere." I later married the girl; it proved a mistake.



Getting to work was easy, a five minute bus ride or a twenty minute walk. Both had their lighter sides. One day whilst standing with a couple of friends in a long bus queue, every-

Civvy Street



one had a good laugh when Barbara cried out loudly to her husband, "Oh Ken, you've forgotten to put your teeth in!" Exit Ken at a high rate of knots, hand clapped over his mouth and ears a bright red.

Cigarettes were hard to get but I sometimes walked with a friend who was able to buy them from a small shop. Over a period of days I waited further and further into the shop as Sid's fags were slid from under the counter. After a week of this, the shopman decided I was a regular and began serving me with fags.

Driving for Canns was not without incident. The van was a clapped out old Austin. It would never have passed a cat-erpillar, let alone an MOT. For starters, I couldn't drive it after dark as it had no lights – well apart from an inoperative starboard headlamp only held in place by its connecting wire. The gear level was in two parts fastened together by a binding of insulation tape. The most entertaining feature was the lack of a passenger seat, in its place was a small wooden box. No seat belts in those days. This meant that if the driver started off too quickly the passenger made a back somersault into the innards of the van. The petrol gauge was inoperative, as was the speedometer. Speed was judged by the amount of rattle and petrol by faith, hope and charity – the charity coming from Mr. Dennis Cann who would grudgingly dole out the odd petrol coupon if I asked nicely when the adroit use of a dipstick indicated a pending severe drought. Then came the day when a brand new Jowett van replaced the old banger. It had a speedometer, petrol gauge and even lights that worked; not necessarily an improvement as it meant night work was now possible. The brakes worked, two comfortable seats and the only thing lacking was a fourth gear. With only three gears there was quite wide ratio gap between second and third which meant that if you had to change down on a hill, then you had to stay in second at 20mph. all the rest of the way up as you couldn't get enough speed to change up again.

Cann's shop was at the top of Dixon Lane, a narrow hill, made even narrower by being bordered on one side by make-shift vegetable stalls. Parking to unload a hefty radiogram always involved an argument with the barrow boys. If a polite request failed to work I would then say, "I'm sorry, I'll do the best I can and hope I don't knock your cart over". I would then begin edging into an impossible space. It was a brave stallholder who could stand his ground as the van's bumper

edged nearer and nearer to his livelihood. It took only one “accident” strewing apples across the road to get the message across.

I had a sixteen year old van lad to help me on my missions. Geoffrey was full of original ideas such as the time when he noticed the wallpaper peeling off in the junk room where we had our sandwiches (grandiosely called “The Tontine Chambers”). His solution was to nail it back up again – using six-inch nails! This idiosyncrasy might have passed unnoticed had not the people in the adjoining room objected to spikes appearing through their wall amidst showers of plaster. Another endearing trick of Geoff’s was to wait until the van was just starting off at traffic lights and then yank out the choke, causing the van to kangaroo forward. A variant was to slip the gear lever out so the engine would thrash like mad and get nowhere at a high rate of knots. If this happened on a hill it was easy to slip backwards into the vehicle behind. On another occasion he was seeing me; back up a narrow alley. I backed gently into a wall without any warning and Geoff’s comment was “I wanted to see if you would hit it.”

Then there was the time he encountered his first Milne’s unit. This was a rechargeable battery which featured uncapped cells filled with a caustic solution. Geoffrey had heard about these but had never seen one. He entered the customer’s house, saw the unit, “Oh is this a Milne’s Unit?” Before I could stop him he had grabbed it up, tipped it for better look and spilled the caustic gunge over the carpet. Cann’s got a hefty bill for that episode. I never knew how they kept him on.

One Christmas we delivered a junior drum kit to a house, doubtless the abode of masochistic parents. I carted up the ironmongery and Geoff carted in the neatly wrapped, drum. We handed over the packages and left with goodwill all round. Once in the van Geoff remarked, “I tipped up with that drum as I came in”. Knowing Geoffrey, I suggested he pull the other leg as it had bells on. When an angry telephone call came next day, it turned out that not only had Geoff tripped up, what he hadn’t mentioned was the little fact that he had put a hole in the drum.. As I said, I don’t know why Canns stood it.

While all this was going on I had been waiting for a place at a Teacher Training College. A letter finally arrived telling me that in January 1947 I was to present myself at Brincliffe Training College to start learning how to be a teacher. I had been all geared up for some distant, and hard to reach, place. My luck was in, Brincliffe was just at the other end of my local bus route and only a twenty minute ride from home.

The first day dawned and some 200 of us met in the Main Hall to be welcomed by a rather podgy Principal called Jack Daniels, who waffled on about “The Criteria of the Curriculum”. I never did find out what that was, maybe it was a new sort of teaching aid to replace the cane. It was forever a mystery as I never met it again. In my original application I had put my name down to study Maths and Science, but when it came my turn to be vetted by the Principal, he talked me

into swapping the Maths for Geography. I gather it made his class allocations work out better, and as I was busy working through a night school course in Higher Maths, I didn’t really mind. But when he then tried to get me to swap the Science for Religion, I dug my heels in. Thus began my introduction to the mysteries of teaching. Rule 1, Blow the education bit, get the class numbers to balance.

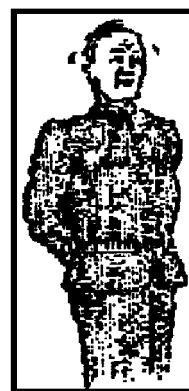
The course included such esoteric subjects as, English (Lit. and Lang.), basic Maths, Education, PE and a few other side issues. Games was a voluntary affair on Thursday afternoons. Service life having taught me never to volunteer, I duly left that activity to the keen types. One of the advanced educational methods employed by the Science Tutor was to appoint one student per session to “teach” the class on some topic. This gave him extra loafing time at the expense of his chosen target. We were told to act the parts of normal pupils and this was just too tempting. On one occasion the guinea pig had just finished his demonstration on the blackboard and unwarily asked, “Is there anyone who can’t see that?” The temptation was too great, I put up my hand.

“Yes Jeeves, what can’t you see?”

“I can’t see the board sir, Johnny Smith has his head in the way.” The class erupted. Luckily for me, it never got round to my turn to teach, so the poor chap never got his revenge.

We had one lady tutor to lecture us on teaching method. Like 80% of college tutors, she knew buttons about the job, but saw it as an easy change from actually teaching a class of unruly children. One of her favourite ideas was telling us to avoid forming habits; such as juggling a stick of chalk, walking up and down, having hands in pockets or clouting kids in the lug holes. Reasonable advice, but in her case it was most irritating as she had the very annoying habit of punctuating every five or six words with and “um”, an “er” or a combination of the two. In one forty minute period I logged her as having delivered 240 of the little blighters.

Then came my first big stage role. I was roped in by a Drama Group to play the part of a policeman in a trial scene. One of the producers had a father in the Police Force and I was duly loaned a uniform and instructed in my part. I simply had to walk on the stage behind everyone else and stand speechless throughout the scene. It was so simple we needed no rehearsal, so it was no until I donned the uniform prior to going on stage that I discovered there were no braces to support the trousers, Panic and a long piece of string was pressed into service as a belt. It was working a treat until faced with the strain of supporting trousers in motion, it broke as I walked onto the stage. Which is why photographs of the scene show me as a policeman with an agonised expression and his hands thrust firmly into the small of his back.



INTERLOCUTIONS

□**TKK:** *Somehow I misplaced Joseph T. Major's LOC on TKK 127. I even tried to lose it again. Aargh and my apologies.*□

Joseph T. Major
1409 Christy Avenue
Louisville, KY 40204-2040
jtmajor@iglou.com
January 7, 2008

Dear Knarley & Letha:

And now the knews ... cost of living is the one thing they never mention when making those generous salary offers, do they? Or other matters. I was reading about the way Trammel Crow did business. Once you got past a certain point, you became a partner. But, because you were a partner, you didn't get any more salary increases. While your costs of living went up, what with all the socialization, residency in the proper neighborhood, etc., that were required for someone in your position. Not to worry, you could borrow against your stake in the business ... which generally meant that retirees owed as much as they held.

The Ethics of Money: I've commented in other places on the bureaucratization of charity; they don't really want your little gift, the bookkeeping and other paperwork are just too much. Far better to send 500 cartons of sweaters donated by the maker to the hurricane disaster in Mexico.

Then private charity has its own problems. The homeless man with the PLEASE HELP sign may be down and out through misfortune ... or through substance abuse. How to tell the difference? And is giving money to someone to enable him to destroy himself really charitable?

Sue's Sites: See the lost Shakespeare play, "Something for Nothing", with his sparkling dialogue:

Flyspray: O thou base cutlet! Thou orson welles.

Velcro: Nay, but what a pied fitchew this fellow is! An 'twere meet, I had lieber scotch a codpiece than moble this patchy kirtle o'wits.

And the famous stage direction: *They are eaten by a bear.*

All this was revealed in the justly famous work *Cvltvre Made Stypid* (1987), Tom Weller's thrilling follow-up to the Hugo-winning *Science Made Stupid: How to Discomprehend the World Around Us* (1985).

An Unlikely Connection: After finding out I was descended from the notorious rebel Sir Thomas Wyatt, my interest in that era increased.

Carry On Jeeves: A further point is that "glasshouse" (UK) = "stockade" (US). I was surprised that Charlie Stross's new novel of that title wasn't retitled for sale here in the States, where we could put it next to *Harry Potter and the Sorceror's Stone*.

InterLOCutions: **Sheryl Birkhead:** When I was in the jury pool, I sat on perhaps a half-dozen commitments. Never got to see the suspect, we had only to go on what the hospital's rep said. The one time I did get called for a criminal case, the special prosecutor was my mother's lawyer. Stricken for cause.

Judge Roy Pearson, Law North of the Potomac, apparently was not reappointed to his position because of his indulging in frivolous lawsuits. Or frivolous lawsuit, singular.

Perhaps looking for a different DSL provider is in order. Grant McCormick, our live-in cat sitter, says that AT&T, as compensation for being bought up by BellSouth, is required to offer DSL at \$9.99 a month.

Ned Brooks: **Chris Garcia** being "young" in 1991? When I looked at his obituary for his father I felt very very old. **Chris's** father was younger than I am.

E. B. Frohvet: I suspect that the reason all the CD's being played in Starbucks were from, like, old-fogey performers was that later performers go straight to MP3 and don't, like, have CDs?

As I recall, the Pennsylvania Turnpike was built on an acquired-but-never-built-on railroad right of way. Handled very nicely; when we were coming back from Boston in 2004 we went back that way from Hagerstown, instead of through West Virginia.

Bill Legate: Rex Stout also thought the Rosenbergs were innocent, and not only mentioned it in one Nero Wolfe novel (which one I can't recall off hand) but actually wrote a story-cum-ad where he portrayed Wolfe as ready to say so. And meanwhile the VENONA telegrams regarding Agent LIBERAL, whose wife, first name ETHEL, did not work, slumbered in the NSA offices ...

"Edward Lear ... a queer epileptic" But was he a poofter?

Jim Stumm: Usually, I hang up on telephone solicitors. Having Caller ID helps screen them. Sometimes, though, I give them a little. For example, I'll ask the kindly credit card solicitors trying to sell me useless services if there is any problem with my account.

Jeff Boman: From what checking I have done, plus memories, as I recall the Torah is written in Hebrew, but the Prophets and the Writings are a mixture of Hebrew and Aramaic.

A frequent Usenet poster who is well known for (among other things) being pompous and strangely-informed said that there was no proof the Tanakh was initially written in Greek (the Septuagint, compose c. 200 BC[E]). When it was pointed out to him that it contains, for example, acrostics in Hebrew that are not acrostics in Greek, he said, dismissively, "Bible Codes".

This is the same writer who said he had learned in grade school that the Zimmermann Telegram was a British forgery. When he was asked for the name of the textbook, he said he couldn't recall and it didn't matter anyway.

Sheryl Birkhead [2]: Lisa's nephew was trying to persuade his other aunt to buy a new Macintosh. The best point he made for it was that it would also run Windows.

Fanzines: I had Garth Spencer on my email list, but *Alexiads* sent to him kept on bouncing. Then he joined Facebook, and I signed up to be friends with him. He was very annoyed that his provider was bouncing my mail.

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

☐**TKK:** *Railroads and utilities have all sorts of right of ways. Your local municipality even has a right of way that extends into your yard at least as far as the side walk. Who knows, they may want to widen the street some day.*☐

Joseph T. Major
See address above
March 4, 2008

Dear Knarley & Letha:

And now the knews . Go west, young man, and grow up with the nation. Does this mean that *TKK* 130 will be delayed?

Yes, I've given up on selling our home, except at a loss, before we die or become incapacitated. The cat smell alone ... Oh well, you and **Laurraine** & Michael.

Also, you seem willing to relocate. This was one of my problems; I didn't want to go down to Texas, where most of the firms advertising work seemed to be. But then, the cost-of-living difference made the salary advantages go away.

This weekend the highs were in the sixties. Right now that "cold Kentucky rain" that Mr. Presley sang about is falling from the skies, and we have prospects of lows in the twenties. Spring spring glorious spring.

The Ethics of Money: I wouldn't say that the employer of x many people has fully fulfilled his charitable requirements. He might be employing them unjustly (e.g. the contract in

Subspace Employers where the employees were not allowed to resign if they were not paid). But has he done less than the organizer of a charity dance where the janitor is sent out in the morning with all the net proceeds to buy beer for the committee's hangovers?

Anticipating TAFF: But I see **Chris** is planning one nontraditional action, namely writing a TAFF report.

Carry on Jeeves/The Terry Jeeves Guide to RAF Slang: You forgot one: Perspex Plexiglas

(Or, to be technically nitpicking, poly(methyl methacrylate).)

Oh another: Steptoe-ish Junk pile

(From "Steptoe and Son", a British TV show about rag and bone men adapted as *Sanford and Son* in the States.) Rag and bone man Junk dealer

I'd better stop while I'm not that far behind.. One thing that seems to have contributed to the death of Redd Foxx, star of "Sanford and Son", was that he was fond of repeating one of the tics that the character he played, Fred Sanford, had, and emoting about having a heart attack. Then he had a real one on the set . . .

InterLOCutions: **Dave Szurek:** We drove through downtown Detroit after ChiCon, back in 2000. The next time we went that way, in 2003 (on the way to TorCon), we made sure we didn't. And now, the cousins with whom we stayed both times are wondering when we will come see them again.

Lloyd Penney: Your job experience sounds like mine between the time I got my second degree and the time I got work with the county. At least you haven't been let go for wearing unstylish clothes.

My sympathies to **Laurraine** and Mike regarding the theft. I had my apartment broken into once, and lost a VCR. It wasn't hard to replace it, but the feeling of violation took longer to get rid of.

So **Joseph Nicholas** doesn't think that saying someone isn't a Jew is a compliment? Could he set us straight?



Szurek(2): Some people run across the most astounding detail. As I concluded after spending some time entering into my genealogical data base a number of people from northern Italy. They were ancestors of my mother; one of their descendants had moved to Geneva. (And one of my mother's ancestors from that line died in Berlin in 1699.)

Sheryl Birkhead. If you are willing to foot the costs we will send Grant McCormick over there, and while fixing your computer problems, he will tell you all about Doc Smith.

You ask, "I wonder what there is in the Bay Area?" **Chris Garcia** will be glad to tell you, I'm sure.

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

□**TKK:** *We've already made great caving and fandom contacts in the Bay Area. Now all we have to do is find a place to live.*□

Robert Lichtman
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05 Mar 2008

Hi, Henry--

A few comments on TKK No. 128, which came the other day. First, congratulations on landing a suitable job in the Silicon Valley area. Second, good luck in selling your existing house in Grafton. I checked via zillow.com to see what values are in that area. It shows that you're assessed at \$258,900 and that houses in the surrounding area are valued in the \$200,000 to \$300,000 range. However, it does beg the question (even if your house is paid for and you can walk away with all the sale proceeds minus commissions, etc.) of how you'll be able to afford a house in Silicon Valley which, as you correctly observe, is "very expensive." You write, "We are torn between having a nicer property with a longer commute (this is what we have now) and the convenience of a shorter commute." Not knowing the length of your existing commute makes comment difficult, but the closest places to the Silicon Valley where prices begin to approach yours in Grafton are many, many miles away. Well, good luck with it all.

To Dave Szurek's complaint about his computer being attacked you write, "Viral and spyware protection is only as good as the updates," and one wonders if Dave was keeping up with them despite his "Yes, I had virus and spyware protection." I have it, too, and am 100% on top of it -- that is, I know the typical days on which updates arrive from SpyBot and AdAware and run them after downloading the updates, plus I run Norton AntiVirus twice a week (updates come in every day, but I don't go that far) -- and have never been infected. This is not for lack of them trying, though, since now and then I'll be warned by one of these programs that something is trying to creep on board and it's dispatched it.

Sheryl Birkhead writes of her succumbing to the implied intimidation of "some police support group" and then not having her donation picked up. Living in Oakland we don't get such calls, but when I lived in Glen Ellen I had annual calls from the local police officer's reserve and fielded them all with "sorry, it's a bad time." They didn't seem to take any sort of offense at that, and when I needed law enforcement on a number of occasions it was there.

She further writes, "Since then I have not given in to picking up the phone unless I have a specific reason for doing so." To Sheryl I suggest making full use of the monitoring capabilities on an answering machine. We do that with 99% of all calls and save ourselves a lot of unpleasantness.

Best wishes,
Robert

□**TKK:** *The housing issue is actually not horribly out of line. You have our assessment correct, except the near area has a median home price of \$300k so we are considered somewhat affordable for Grafton. The new FHA rules will allow us to purchase using a conventional mortgage at the low end of the market and we should have most of the required down payment from the equity in our current home. I won't lie, it will still be painful.*□

Brad Foster
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6 Mar 2008

Greetings Henry & Letha~

Issue 128 in today.

Congratulations on the new job, and good luck with the move and the fifty million things, big and small, that that will entail. I'm sure I speak for the majority of the readers of TKK that, should you find you will have to delay a new issue a month or so while you get on with this big change in your life, we will certainly understand!

I loved looking through Terry Jeeves' RAF Slang list. It reminded me of the Monty Python skit with a group of RAF pilots talking about their latest exploits, the first one saying: "Bally Jerry pranged his kite right in the how's your father. Hairy blighter, dicky-birdied, feathered back on his Sammy, took a waspy, flipped over on his Betty Harper's and caught his can in the Bertie." and the second guy not understanding any of it, and they argue over proper banter.

Dave Szurek's comment on how irritating it is to have a test that wants you to give an answer "...in ten words or less" reminded me of some applications I've actually, honestly gotten to some of the art festivals I've applied to. After listing the titles of the samples of art you are submitting to be judged, they have a small line on the form with instructions

like: "In under ten words, explain your work. This statement will be read to the judges during the jury session." I usually just want to write: "Like to draw. Have bills to pay. Must sell art." But, so far, I've not done so.

Lloyd Penney mentions Sikh temples in his area having colored Christmas lights up all year round. Two years ago I convinced Cindy to let me leave up a single strand of colored lights from our full Christmas display, and they come on every evening to add a little bit of color to our corner of the cul de sac year round. Why not?

Three things regarding Sheryl Birkhead's loc: It is, indeed, quite sad that the more money you have, the less you actually have to pay to keep it. A standup comic pointed out that, when his account dropped below a certain amount, he was charged a fee, which then gave him a negative amount, for which he was charged a further fee. On the other hand, have lots of money and you can go with no fees and actually get interest paid on it. Ah, yes, the American way. On the taste of key lime pie: she definitely has to try a fresh slice. If I had based my opinion of sushi on the horrible stuff I got from a grocery store once, I'd have missed out on the wonderful flavor of the real, fresh stuff. And finally, in regards to the phone call asking for a donation to a police support group, the check for which was never picked up: I've read many tales of such calls being fakes, the thought being no one would turn down a request to donate to the police. It's possible it was, indeed, a fake. But rather than having cash, since she only offered a check, that was useless to them. Just a thought.

stay happy~
Brad

□CKK: *Who knows, maybe the art jury wants to see something fresh in terms of describing your art. The taste of food, and thus the enjoyment, clearly is affected by preparation. If not, no one would ever bother to pay a premium when they eat out.*□

John Purcell
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08 Mar 2008

Well, Henry, congratulations are in order on the new position! How well I know the trials and tribulations of moving inter-state (thrice have I done this: two times with my first wife (Minneapolis to LA in 1985, then back again a year later), and once with my current wife (Marshalltown, Iowa to College Station, Texas in July, 2001). It is a royal pain in the butt, especially when you have years upon years of marriage with children accumulating all sorts of goodies. Even when you think you've cleared out a lot of stuff, there's still way more to move than what you bargained for. So therefore, good luck on the move. I do hope that all goes well and your house in Grafton sells. I'd take it, but that would mean leav-

ing the comfy winter climate of SouthCentralEastern Texas for Wisconsin. What was I thinking?!

Which reminds me: it actually snowed here in College Station yesterday (3/7/08) morning! That's the first time I've seen that in the nearly seven years I have lived here. I even had to drive through a decent-sized snowstorm to get to Bremond High School (48 miles north of here) to teach a Dual Credit English class. Drove out of it, but when I got to Bremond, there was a half-inch of snow on the ground! How surreal. That sort of weather event is rarity in this neck of the woods, and reminded me of my many years living in the Upper Midwest (Minnesota and Iowa).

Alex Slate's second part of his "Ethics of Money" article is interesting, and reminded me of one of my brother Rick's favorite sayings: "Money may not buy you happiness, but it can make poverty bearable." A wise man, that Rick.

Sue Welch's travels in Africa are best hidden from my wife. Valerie has been campaigning locally to bring greater public awareness of the tragedies of Darfur and the female genital mutilations that happen in some parts of Africa. She is very passionate about these issues, and I agree with her, too. It is therefore good to read that Sue had a pleasant bungle in the jungle – to inappropriately swipe a Jethro Tull song simply to make a bad pun – and enjoyed her stay. Even so, much work needs to be done in Africa, let alone raise awareness of these problems here in America. End of personal public service announcement.

By the time this loc sees print (maybe) in your 129th issue, Chris Garcia should have been to England and back on his TAFF trip. He will/have be/been a fine representative, and will have/will have had a lot of fun, I am sure. Here's to reading – and pubbing! – his trip reports. Hmm... I wonder why he hasn't finished them yet...

I so totally enjoy Terry Jeeves' reminiscences. The RAF vocabulary guide he provided was a positive boon to understanding these articles, too. Good show, lad. Reading through these terms and definitions reminds that I need to shoot a line off to you, Henry, old bean. This is contingent, of course, on whether my computer has an unanticipated prang and ends up written off like a condom in a flea brothel.

Well, that last sentence makes sense if you want it to. Trust me; it does. Ah, heck with it. Time to get kettled.

A very enjoyable lettercolumn rounds out your issue, but alas, I have no real comments to make, except one that was inspired by R-Lauraine Tutihasi. I much prefer to wear glasses instead of contact lenses mainly because I cannot stand putting things in my eyes. Heck, I have trouble simply putting drops in them. It is not that I'm scared of contact lenses; I merely don't like the thought of foreign objects in my eyes. Simple as that.

A fine, fine issue. Many thanks for sending it, and when the next issue of Askance is done, one shall be winging its way to

Grafton. In the meantime, try not to get too stressed out with the packing and the move. Oh. Too late, huh?

All the best,
John Purcell

□TKK: *I too cannot stand to put things in my eyes. Some day I may consider Lasix or similar, but I'm concerned with the long-term side-effects having seen my grandmother suffer through glaucoma and cataracts that were a result of her eye treatments. I realize that medical treatment, has improved, yet* □□

Rodney Leighton
RR #3
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Canada
March 9, 2008

Dear Henry:

Congratulations on the new job. I understand Silicon Valley is the porn making capital of the world. I don't suppose that had anything to do with you moving there though.

I will be here 10 years come August if I live that long and nothing happens. Just started the process of researching the possibility of moving. I don't know if I really want to face all that packing and sorting and stuff and I don't have children to consider. Best of luck in getting through all of that with out going nuts.

Ah, I am having trouble writing interesting sentences much less articles. And anything I do think about would be things you would not want. Like: why do TAFF adherents insist on blathering on about writing TAFF reports but no one ever admits that something like 98% of past U.S TAFF honorees have never published a trip report. But, hell, that's an old story.

Or: my understanding is that the fanzines published by **Bob Sabella** and **John Purcell** are electronic fanzines only. Yet you have stated you do not read ezines. Yet you list these fanzines. Thus those gentlemen apparently feel the need and/or desire to make a paper copy just for you. Can't be because they think they need to do so in order to get *TKK* since they appear in the loccol from time to time. Thus, they must want you to read their fanzine enough to make you a paper copy. Which must mean that they have much more liking and/or respect for you that they do for me. That's okay, I'm fine with that. A bit disappointed in the case of **Bob**.

Or: why would someone who apparently publishes a fanzine write a number of letters to someone promising a copy of his fanzine and never deliver?

Or: why would a person send a letter to a fanzine stating that he would send acopy of his latest issue to anyone who didn't get one when he has previously dumped various people off his mailing list with neither warning nor explanation.

Or: why does *Alexiad* arrive flat, in a large envelope and *TKK* arrive in a small envelope folded in two and each envelope has \$1.31 postage.?

Best
Rodney

□TKK: *I think I get the paper copies in exchange for my paper copies. Part of the quid pro quo of the usual. I'm guessing that Joe is more up to date on the international mailing rules and knows which countries flat and folded are the same price. I have to fold all my domestic copies to halve my mailing costs anyway.*□

Bill Legate
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Sequim. WA 98382
March 11, 2008

Gerard Mercator, 16th century, made globes, maps and astronomical instruments. He saw the advantage of what we call the Mercator projection, the world map based on perpendicular latitudes and longitudes. This exaggerates the size of lands farther from the equator, but you get their shapes, and directions within regions. (Such a map wraps around horizontally: you see the same lands on the western border as on the eastern.) You can't compare intercontinental distances very accurately.

From San Francisco, for example, to face the nearest distance to Mecca in Arabia, you would point about NNE, in fact just 19° east of north. To fly there by the shortest distance, your great circle route would start in the direction 19° east of N; on a world map you'd trace this air route in a curve eastward across southern Greenland and southeast across western Europe.

You can also do a "Mercator" projection of a torus. A torus: that's like the surface of a doughnut, or of an inner tube. If you lived on a torus (of suitable size and gravity), you could say that a line around its outside circumference was the equator, and draw lines parallel to that for latitudes; a line going "north" from the equator could cross those latitudes, circling over and down through the "hole", out the bottom, back up to the equator: and call that 0° longitude. (So the map wraps around both horizontally and vertically.)

I find it useful to assume 21 degrees of latitude, where the equator is 0° = 21°, and 28° of longitude, where our starting line is 0° = 28°. — Useful, that is, for drawing the boundaries of seven regions on this torus. They're equal, not in area, but in "square degrees" of latitude and longitude. That's why I call it a "Mercator projection" of a torus. The -21- degees of latitude and -28- degrees of longitude help to locate the inter-sections, to connect the dots, when I map the seven regions occupying all of the torus.

Everyone knows the four-color problem with contiguous regions on a sphere; but on a torus, we can have up to seven

mutually contiguous regions. (You might call it a seven-color problem.) Each one of the seven regions here adjoins the other six regions. Specify any two regions (or yards, or territories), and there is a border between them, a wall or fence or whatever, depending on what kind of story you're writing.

Lev Landau, the Soviet physicist who predicted the existence of neutron stars said "Cosmologists are often in error, but never in doubt."

J. Allan Hobson, in *The Chemistry of Conscious States* (1994): "Not only is volition dependent upon the state of the brain-mind, it -is- a state of the brain-mind."

And, "The common features of normal and abnormal delirium are disorientation, inattention, impoverished memory, confabulation, visual hallucinations, and abundant emotions.... If norepinephrine, serotonin, or acetylcholine levels change suddenly, all hell breaks loose."

The map's seven regions might be named Bashful, Doc, Dopey, Grumpy, Happy, Sleepy and Sneezzy.

Bill

☐**TKK:** *You can only name the regions after Snow White's companions if they are underground kingdoms.*☐

Laurraine Tutihasi
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19 Mar 2008

Congratulations on your new job and good luck with the move. I realize that you won't actually be moving yet because of your obligations to your current employer, but I suppose you'll be making one or two scouting trips out west. I certainly don't envy you your soon to be crowded calendar. Moving when you have children is always a challenge, though my father seemed to manage it pretty well. We moved, though, in the middle of my tenth grade. It's a bit awkward but manageable.

Realtors don't give out the sale price on a house until the deal is closed. My realtor is afraid she'll get lynched by her fellow realtors when they find out the price I accepted on our house. Yes, our house sold. And we got less than we had hoped we'd get when all this started last summer. But I was afraid I might not get any more offers with the way the economy is going. The offer was one I could live with. It just means we'll be scaling our building plans back a bit. The housing downturn should work in our favour when it comes to building.

Our insurance company, State Farm, was nothing but helpful about the theft of Mike's astronomical equipment. Their estimate of replacement cost was way higher than the one Mike made. We've already received one cheque and may be able to get more after Mike submits receipts.



If you don't mind a longer commute to Silicon Valley, you might be able to make out like a bandit, comparatively speaking, on a house. I know in the LA area, the places inland are in really big trouble regarding real estate and a lot of houses are in foreclosure. If it's the same way up north, the situation is probably similar. On the other hand, rush hour traffic will really kill you. I lived up there for eight months. I wasn't working at the time, but I listened to my friends. If you look you might be able to get some good deals in Silicon Valley itself. Even commuting north or south there is a real bitch though. If you're close enough to avoid the freeways, it won't be bad.

It sounds like you will be leaving your family behind until your Wisconsin house sells. Good luck with that. The fact that a nearby house is in escrow is a good sign. I think the real estate snafu is about bottomed out, but it may take a long time to recover. Last time something like this happened, California was one of the states to recover. This should be in your favour.

As to your question about conventions in Silicon Valley, there's Baycon. That's the only one that comes to mind. Make contact with the Bayarea fans. They'll be able to point you in the right direction. Do you know Janice Morningstar? She can probably tell you about the school districts, since she has kids. If you need contact information for her or other Bayarea fans, I can probably provide that.

As for **Dave Szurek's** concern about **Sheryl Birkhead**, I doubt she's having any problems with viruses or spyware as she has a Mac. There just aren't that many that cause problems for Macs. This doesn't mean there aren't any, and any computer user should take every precaution by installing firewalls, etc. Buying her computer from Mac Mall was her one big mistake. Sheryl mentioned contacting online user groups. A friend of ours recommends bulletin boards; she had some specific ones in mind. If Sheryl wants more information on

this, she can e-mail me. If she'd like me to phone her, she can e-mail me that request too.

Five-acre lots for \$1.3 or even \$1.5 million seem cheap to me. Our lot back in California was something like 9,000 square feet. Without a house on it, it could easily bring \$1 million. Strangely enough having an older house on it actually seems to depreciate the property. Things are less expensive in the Tucson area, but an acre of land nearby was valued at a million. The land that we bought was much less and still is less, but a nearby acre and a little more is being offered for a little more than \$70,000.

Again the best of luck with your move and new job.

☐**TKK:** *We expect to get less than we could in the right market, but we'd rather be out from underneath than to squeeze every penny out. Plus, there is the mortgage cost for every month we have two places to live.*☐

Milt Stevens
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March 21, 2008

Dear Henry and Letha,

In the editorial of *Knarley Knews* #128, Henry announces that he and the family are moving to California where he plans on becoming a lawyerfeller. Of course, you know what this means. It means Henry won't be coaching ice hockey anymore. Maybe he should consider water polo. Naturally, he should learn golf immediately. It's the lawyerish thing to do. Tennis isn't a bad idea either, and both of you have to join a health club. It's a California thing. You won't be considered residents until you join a health club.

For some frivolous reason, I've been thinking about Henry interviewing with the diabolical law firm of Wolfram and Hart. In the TV series *Angel*, Wolfram and Hart always exhibit great energy and diversity in their pursuit of absolute evil.. You have to admire that in a diabolically evil organization.

Alexander Slate continues his discussion of money and the lack of it. I think there are really two entirely different situations. The situation in third world countries is far different than the situation in the US and developed countries. In third world countries, starvation is a real possibility. Unfortunately, starvation may be the only effective form of birth control. China and India have been doing something about their population problems, and poverty has been diminishing in those countries. Until the country and the people in it decide to do something about their population problem, there isn't enough money in the world to help them.

I don't really object to the unequal distribution of wealth in the developed countries. Money isn't the only incentive in the

world, but it is an incentive. You usually have to work some to get better toys. The homeless people you see are apparent poverty. In Los Angeles, there are all sorts of help organizations for the homeless. The help organizations are almost tripping over each other. However, helping the homeless ain't easy. Most of them are drug addicts who don't want to sober up to get into a shelter, and they certainly don't want to spend what money they have on anything but drugs. The minority of the homeless were either mentally defective to begin with or burnt out druggies. It isn't illegal to be mentally defective or even insane. That limits the things you can do legally. Which doesn't stop police from doing things anyway. The mentally defective are rounded-up regularly, showered, de-loused, fed, given new clothes, run by the doctor, and kicked out the back door. If we were interrupted in the middle of the process, we would say they were under arrest. After they are out the back door, they are no longer under arrest. Simple.

Yours truly,

☐**TKK:** *I suspect we will join the health club of the local chapter of the National Speleological Society and continue to get our exercise the way we have been for years.*☐

Sheryl Birkhead
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March 24, 2008

Dear Californians-to-be,

I know everything is still in flux, but do you have an, at least tentative, initial start date? All I know about the costs in the CA area I've learned from tv. On the other hand, I also have learned that many large cities are simply more expensive... period. It will be interesting (I don't have to pay the bills!) to see how you assess the costs compared to Wisconsin -housing, groceries (as opposed to simply "food"), gasoline...the usual stuff. On the big positive side the decision has been made and now it's only a matter of getting from here to there.

Around here, you can pretty much get the asking price on any house by going on line. That's how I know the neighbors are asking \$485,000 for the house that has now been on the market for about 8 months and what the actual (over inflated for the current market) assessment is. Sometimes it is nice to have Big Brother watching.

Aha-so between May 24th and 27th you are going to be moving quite rapidly and getting dug in somewhere very quickly. Did the new employer include a relocation budget? Just wondered. Guessing that you might actually be out west even as I write, hope you've managed to pin things down to a neighborhood at the largest. I have never seriously considered them, but my agent pointed out some houses for me to checkout with virtual walk-throughs. I am betting that the technology has improved significantly over the past few years.

This year our winter was very mild!. The schools still have more snow days left and it would seem that warming weather is here to stay. I know that, lurking out there somewhere, is the winter from the nether regions and one of these years it is going to be a nasty one, but for the time being, the trees are almost ready to pop and the spring flowers are all ready to put in an appearance. Is it correct that there are some regions CA-wise that you will have seasons, just simply not as “exaggerated” as those in the East/North? The few times I have been to CA, the main thing I noticed was that, while green, it was the wrong color of green. However, I think the pleasant days would go a long way in outweighing other inconveniences.

Alexander, is the 10% before or after tax dollars? That is actually more than just a frivolous question since it may be a rather large difference. This related since some of our tax dollars go to public assistance – is that charitable? If so, then most of us start out with a foot in the right camp before we even have to actually start “giving”.

I bought a copy of *Planet Earth* back in November and still have not uncovered enough time to tear the wrap off and start taking a look. One of these days....

Chris Garcia should be in the UK about now by my (very) informal calculations. We’ll see what his trip report looks like.

My computer woes took several more nasty turns, but for the moment seem to be under control (notice I did not say cured). I intend to write about the goings on, but suffice it to say that needing to get a new credit card (after unauthorized Internet activity) directly led to my ISP canceling my account without any warning. I also found out that TurboTax rounded off all the data from my stock broker and when it had to match information—nothing would match because...it had rounded off.

I got sidetracked with the problems while doing my taxes and, coincidentally, determined that, while I do file a 1040, I do not qualify for the nifty tax rebates that are to be doled out this year. Sigh – one of the things I intended to do was to find the cheapest way to get my TVs ready for the digital age and spend that rebate making it happen. Okay, so now I have to hunt further.

Lloyd, Tom Sadler has pubbed his ish and, last I heard, was hard at work on his nextish. I just visited the *Anticipation* website for the first time and did notice you listed there. I could not find anyone in charge of the publications individually, so I just picked a few names in general and sent off an email to ask directions for submitting fillos in case.... While Nippon never stated it, pretty much all their artwork was homegrown (nothing wrong with that, but I just wish they had mentioned it)—and I just wondered if *Anticipation* was heading in that direction. Again, nothing wrong with that, but I’d just like to know and not bother.

Laurraine, if I remember aright, your home has not yet been built—right? Where are you calling home (yeah, I see the address on the LOC) and does the sale of your house look good? When I was in graduate school, someone broke into my car. For whatever reason, they took textbooks that I would have figured too esoteric to be of any interest and left my boots, saddle/blanket, and a stack of sf books. Ironically, your car is an extension of your home and a homeowner’s policy covered the loss. It is a personal invasion, but it eases the impact when the items taken can be replaced.

Now that I have, at long last, internalized the fact that I cannot get DSL, I finally understand why the new (ooohhh so beautiful!) Mac does not have an internal modem—dial-up technology is considered obsolete...hence no modem. Oh yeah, I want DSL...there just is now way, now, to get it!

When will you know your new email address? I figure that with so much going over to things cyber the potential for lost “mail” really escalates when almost instantaneous inability to deliver becomes a reality—at least the sender finds out about the problem quickly.

Ah, probably a poor choice in words, but happy house hunting!

‘bye,
Sheryl

□**CKK**: *There are more home virtual tours every year, but they are still not standard. A series of pictures, however, is nearly universal and homes without pictures are generally skipped over by buyers. I find it a bit harder to get lost in cyberspace because you can search for people very quickly if their e-mail goes bad.*□

Jeffrey Allan Boman
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Canada
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April 4, 2008

Hi Henry and my fellow Knarleys:

This will be a fairly quick letter with no LOC replies... my PC crashed in early February and it took 23 days to get repaired (the store had a worker shortage. Even then, they messed other things up. I had to get it to a friend who fixed everything.

His look over my system confirmed for me something I’d been suspecting for some time: my computer woes of the past few years were most likely not from anything I did; they were due to incompetence on the part of store technicians. My friend found at least 4 gaffes they had made, including not seating my motherboard properly, not ensuring my hard drives were plugged in properly... it took him only 3 hours to repair what they messed up in over 3 weeks.

The final diagnosis: I'll never again bring this computer to the shop for repairs, only to my friend. Working it with him will be less expensive, and unlike the stores actually will last.

The other thing taking up my time is Script Frenzy. It was moved to April this year, and now instead of a wordcount it's set for 100 pages. 4 days in, and I have a lot to do! I'm using an idea that I've had for years but never touched. Hopefully I'll do well.

JaB

☐**CKK:** *Computer repair like auto repair or even medicine places a premium on an informed consumer. I try to fix most computer problems myself, but then I have the technical background for that.*☐

Dave Szurek
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4/4/2008

Professor Welch,

While I feel that society should be concerned about hardship and poverty, I also feel that to at least the "minimum" extent, it is the proper concern of government. Hey, where human lives are concerned, hopes and ideals are nice but sadly (and perhaps inevitably) we need insurance. It would be nice to think everyone who could do so, would voluntarily help out, but what if they don't, what if even wealthy philanthropists are unable to accommodate **all** who need help and 'tis a sad experiential fact that some of those who most want to do so are in no higher than that 10% group and some not even that high. I help out charities and even panhandlers on the street when I can, but the sad fact is that I can't as often as I would like. As for those businessmen who feel that by providing jobs they are banishing unemployment, what about those who are

physically or psychologically ill-equipped for what they're offering and those beyond the number of what is needed? As well meaning as such individuals may be (and I'm not sure that there are that many who **are** that well-meaning to begin with). We may be able to point out the good apples, but what about the bad and the mediocre ones? I don't accept that they can save the world all on their lonesome and therefore a little more genuine insurance is needed.

That girls only go for football heroes and those with money has often been a cop-out for guys who don't get many girls for other reasons. As somebody not even very good at sports and who didn't have any money at that point of my life but whom while no great Lothario had **some** success, I'm living proof against that line. I'm not sure how I did it, I wouldn't know what "formula" to advise, I actually don't think there is one and yeah, a lot of things seemed to be working against me but in real life, we're apparently not quite as important as they sound on paper. And I think **Penney** is married or something isn't he? So does everything compute?

Sullivan hits it on the head.

Dave

☐**CKK:** *I never give to panhandlers. I've seen the same person too many times over the years with the same false story.*☐

We also heard from:

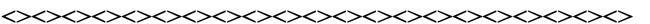
Eric Bederson, Megan Bouchard, Todd Bushlow, Lysa DeThomas, Chris Garcia, Birdi Johnson, Matt Jones, Guy H. Lillian, Dick Smith, Joy V. Smith, Mark Strickert (COA: PO Box 1051; Orange CA 92856-0051), Jim Sullivan, Joey Torrey, Sue Welch, and Leah Zeldes-Smith

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and two hole-in-the-wall Mexican places. I arranged for my mother and brother John and my brother-in-law Dave and his significant other to pick me up for dinner on the first two nights of the exam. Another great stress breaker and I am much indebted to them.

The Cow Palace itself is exactly that. We took the exam in a long low building that is used as a stable during the fairs or whatever else goes on there. It smelled vaguely of animal urine and the floor was covered with unrolled indoor-outdoor carpeting. The exam took place on plastic eight-foot folding tables – two candidates per table, but the real nightmare were the chairs. We had lovely plastic molded deck chairs. My butt still hurts thinking about them. You could bring in a pillow to sit on, but it couldn't have any kind of removable case. I was routinely ID'd by the staff, finger printed, and threatened with a rule violation at every turn. I survived. My fingers no

longer hurt and as you can read I am now ready to begin writing again.



Throughout this ordeal I had a lot of support from my family. Regular phone calls and hugs from the wife and children were very helpful. I do, however, want to acknowledge rather publicly the support I received from my brother John and his fiancée (and now my sister-in-law) Aimee. Not only did they find space for me and feed me for the entire month of June they also allowed me to have two of the children stay during three weeks of this period. This support went above and beyond any reasonable request both personally and financially. This is the way my family is and I wouldn't want it any other way. Thanks John and Aimee – this issue is dedicated to you.



"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. 2 & 3 by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. A nice fanzine with lots of book reviews and a solid letter column.

Askamce #7 by John Purcell; 3744 Marielene Circle; College Station, TX 77845; j_purcell54@yahoo.com; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. John keeps up his regular publishing pace despite the rigors of his Ph.D with his first anniversary right on time.

Banana Wings #33 & 34 by Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer; 59 Shirley Road; Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES; UK; fishlifter@googlemail.com; irregular; the usual. A nice fanzine with lots of traditionally fannish content.

Beam by Nic Farey; PO Box 178; St Leonard, MD 20685; unusalsuspects@mac.com; one shot. A series of Corflu Silver reports dedicated to Bob Tucker.

Chunga Issue 14 by Randy Byers, Andy Hooper, and Carl Juarez; 1013 North 36th St.; Seattle, WA 98103; fringeaa@yahoo.com, fanmailaph@aol.com, heurithermilab@gmail.com; irregular; \$3.50 or the usual. An interesting genzine with a broad range of articles in this issue.

Ethel the Aardvark #135 & 136 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 Winter/Spring 2007/2008 & Summer 2008 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.

File 770:152 & 153 by Mike Glycer; 705 Valley View Ave.; Monrovia, CA 91016; MikeGlycer@cs.com; irregular; \$8/5 or the usual. The 30th anniversary issue of this fine newszine that received the Hugo award earlier this month.

Fanzines Received in Trade

Living Free 139-141 by Jim Stumm; Hiler Branch, Box 29-KK; Buffalo, NY 14223; irregular; \$2. An interesting zine dedicated to living independently.

MarkTime 84 & 85 by Mark Strickert; 9050 Carron Dr. #273; Pico Rivera, CA 90660; busnrail@yahoo.com; irregular; \$2 or the usual. Some brief travel updates and LOCs in these two issues.

Nacrolepsy Press Review #3 by Randy Robbins; P.O. Box 171311; Anaheim, CA 92817-7131; irregular; \$2 or the usual. A collection of capsule fanzine reviews interspersed with art, pictures, and other clippings.

No Award #17 by Marty Cantor; 11825 Gilmore St #105; N. Hollywood, CA 91606; martyhoohah@sbcglobal.net; irregular; \$5 or the usual. I nice genzine that is long overdue.

Opuntia 64.1C, 64.3, 64.5, 65.1, & 65.3 by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. Quite a spectrum of personal, FAPA, and review issues from Dale.

Plokta 38 by Steve Davies; 52 Westbourne Terrace; Reading Berks RG30 2RP; Alison Scott; 24 St Mary Rd; Walthamstow London E17 9RG; and Mike Scott; 9 Jagger House; Rosenau Rd; London SW11 4QY; Great Britain; locs@plokta.com; <http://www.plokta.com/>; irregular; the usual. A very humorous fanzine that tells us how to classify mud.

Popular Reality #3 & #4; PO Box 66426; Albany, NY 12206; irregular; \$3 or the usual. Two very different issues; one on strange and fictitious stories and the other on healthcare.

Quasiquote 6 by Sandra Bond; 40 Cleveland Park Ave.; London E17 7BS; England; sandra@ho-street.demon.co.uk; irregular; \$5 or the usual. It has been 5 years since the last issue of this genzine, hopefully it will become more regular.

The Reluctant Famulus 56 by Tom Sadler; 305 Gill Branch Road; Owenton, KY 40359; thomasdsad@copper.net; irregular; the usual. The Famulus is back with another fine issue.

Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol 8 No. 15 & Vol. 9 No 1 by Warren Buff; 2144B Ravenglass Pl.; Raleigh, NC 27612; warrenmbuff@gmail.com; irregular; \$10/yr or the usual. The *Bulletin* has been passed onto its 9th editor.

This Here #8.5 by Nic Farey; PO Box 178; St Leonard, MD 20685; unusalsuspects@mac.com; irregular; the usual. Nic resurfaces after a long absence with a fine issue.

Vanamonde No. 728-757 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 #125-130 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.

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

**Yeah...of course I'm proud-
that's my cousin on the cover!**



You Got this Issue Because ...

_____ **You are in need of our COA - 18345 Skyline Blvd.; Los Gatos, CA 95033; knarley@welchcastle.com; <http://tkk.welchcastle.com/>**

_____ **I've never been able to view the Perseid meteor shower from my porch before.**

_____ **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.