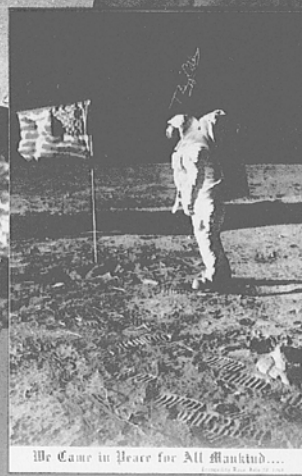
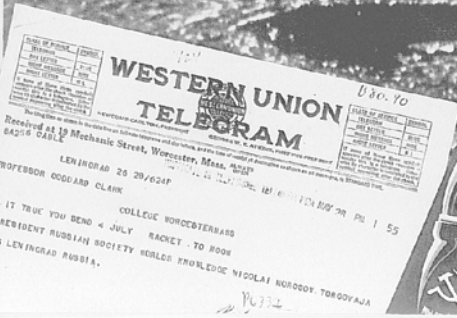
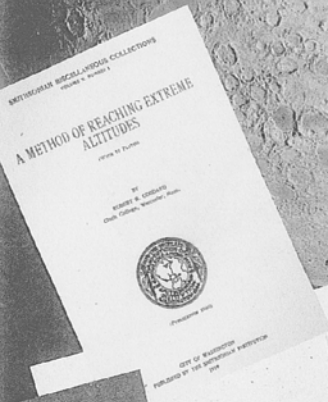
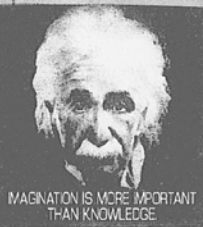


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**THE KNARLY KNEWS**  
CELEBRATING THE  
40TH ANNIVERSARY OF  
THE MOON LANDING!



*The Knarley Knews* -- Issue 130  
Published in October, 2008

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**Next Issue Deadline: December 10, 2008**

# Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

As seems to be the trend over the past few years I find myself postponing the next issue of *The Knarley Knews* to the very end of the even-numbered month in which it is nominally supposed to be published – in this case October. As is often the case I end up trickling a bit past the end of the month and this issue is no exception. I could trot out all kinds of reasons, but it is simply a matter of inertia in getting the issue started as I can often put an issue together in two or three nights.

In retrospect, I'm not certain what really happened with October. I know that I had to spend the last week of the month at new lawyer "training" in Washington, D.C. with the 200+ other starting associates in the various Jones Day offices around the world. The training was to begin late on Tuesday afternoon, which meant that all the associates from California had to fly out on Monday. The firm was making all the travel arrangements, but their web site only offered the 8am flight out of San Francisco. Frankly, this was ridiculous. Get up well before the crack of dawn (the airport is an hour's drive from the house without traffic; as compared to San Jose which is less than twenty minutes). I inquired and found out I that I could arrange for any other flight that was essentially the same price so I opted for the 4 pm flight which allowed me to spend Monday morning at home, stop by the office briefly, and then get up to the airport when traffic was reasonable. San Jose offered no non-stops and the lay-overs were worse than making the drive.

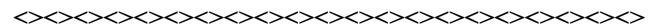
The only problem was that the flight was scheduled to arrive after midnight. Coupled with the delay in departure and the dreadful baggage delay in Washington I did not leave the airport until after 1 am and didn't get to my hotel room until after 2 am. This was the first time I'd been to Dulles Airport, and to put it simply, it is in the sticks; actually beyond them. National (now Ronald Reagan, but I can't bring myself to use that naming) Airport is more convenient, but it doesn't pay when there are non-stops between the two United hubs in San Francisco and Washington Dulles.

I met up with Sheryl Birkhead for lunch on Tuesday, my only attempt to meet with D.C.-area fans while I was in town. After a chartered tour of D.C. on one of the trolleys that afternoon the training sessions began with a meet and greet where I learned the following: 1) I was the oldest new associate, 2) I was twice as old as the youngest new associate (law is an undergraduate degree in Britain), 3) the average attendee was born the year I graduated from high school, and 4) the California offices had hired the only associates older than 40. The training reminded me of every other conference I'd ever been to. Large rooms with too many people, presenters who hadn't ever been given much in the way of training in the ways or presenting, and too much food. I reverted to form and nodded off a few times during the dullest of the presentations.

To keep us mostly out of trouble, there were evening events planned for most of the week. On Tuesday evening we were on our own so a group of us walked a few blocks up to Dupont Circle and observed the "Drag" Race. You couldn't see much and when the contestants started down the race course the crowd surged with them. This worked fairly well until a Sarah Palin look-alike showed up and the crowd abruptly stopped. Wednesday evening gave us a choice and I selected to attend the play *Shear Madness* at the Kennedy Center. This is a somewhat free-form comedy with lots of topical humor based on a murder mystery where the audience helps the cast recreate the events leading to the murder, gets to ask questions of the suspects, and then votes on who they think did it – and then they ended up doing it. On Thursday we had a fancy dinner at the Washington office of Jones Day which overlooks the Capitol. In fact, CBS has a broadcast facility on the roof that they use when they want backdrops of the Capitol building. Afterwards I opted for the late night bowling which sounded much better than going to a dance club called Heaven and Hell.

A major component of the training appeared to be drinking. It was specifically allotted for in the expense limits (at least for Thursday). In fact they sent out a very detailed list of allowed expenses for each of the attendees. When the California people complained that it did not account for lunch on the plane on Monday an update was issued. I sent a private e-mail to the coordinator and humorously inquired as to what happened to common sense? Apparently if limits are not applied the associates show little restraint. As it is I knew of many who over-spent considerably. I wonder if some of this is correlated with the new continuing legal education requirement for credits addressing substance abuse.

Rather than returning home on Friday (Halloween) because there was no way I could arrive before my children were long in bed, I headed south on Amtrak to meet up with friends from the Richmond area. It had been a few years since we'd gotten together, but it was almost like we picked up where we left off. I spent a lazy weekend with them and returned home late on Sunday night.



Work is still coming a bit in fits and spurts. The biggest problem with being an attorney is that you have to account for all your time so that the clients can be billed. As a result, idle time in the office that does not involve work for a client doesn't count toward your annual quota. So, when there isn't enough work to keep me busy then it can be hard to log the requisite number of hours a week. Fortunately I'm at a law

Editorial continued on page 6

# The Ethics of Money Part 4

by Alexander Slate

We begin with a question from Sheryl Birkhead to part 2, “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 [is] 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”.

This discussion of government money as charity is addressed later in this portion. But to answer the question, the 10% would be after tax. Remember that I state that 10% should not be a fixed number; that one should give in relation to one’s ability. And the reality of our lives is that the money we pay in taxes is no longer “ours” to deal with as we would wish.

Milt Stevens had a couple of points to make. One I will actually save for later in this article because even though it addresses something in part 2, it actually fits in very nicely below. The second part is as follows:

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 a 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.

Let’s deal with the first sentence, “I don’t really object to the unequal distribution of wealth in the developed countries.” Well, I do. It’s not that I believe that everyone should share equally in everything. I don’t object to the ‘unequal distribution’, but rather the ‘unfair distribution’. We have a problem with greed in today’s world. Not all of the wealthy are greedy. Many of the rich deserve to be rich, and sometimes the poor are only reaping the results of their own actions. And many of the super rich (Warren Buffet is a great example) return much of their wealth to the world. But many just don’t know when enough is enough.

The remainder is echoed in a comment from Joseph Major. “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?”

There are several answers to Joe’s last question. The first is that one is responsible for one’s actions and that intent plays a part as well. One cannot be fully responsible for the actions of others. The second is that money is not the only form of charity. I think Milt’s example of the police and the homeless is a beautiful example of what I am trying to get across.

Joseph also says, “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.” Alas, he is all too right on the money in some cases. But it isn’t true of the better charities.

Now, I want to change direction. Jim Stumm, in reaction to part 1 of this series of articles wrote:

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

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

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

Now, let us look at this saying from the Talmud:

*There are four characteristics among people: One who says, "Mine is mine and yours is yours," that is the mark of the average person; some say that is the mark [of the people] of Sodom. [One who says,] "Mine is yours and yours is mine," [that is the mark of] an ignorant person. [He who says,] "Mine is yours and yours is yours," [that is the mark of] a godly [person]. [One who says,] "Yours is mine and mine is mine," [that is the mark of] an evil person. - Talmud, Ethics of the Fathers, Chapter 5, Mishnah 10*

So, let's focus on part of what Jim said, "Giving away other people's money, after you have stolen it, isn't charity." Taken in isolation, the saying may be considered true enough. But what Jim is trying to say here is that taxation is theft. Chuck Collins in the article I referred to from issue 31 of *More Than Money* magazine, talks about this attitude as an extension of the "great man" theory of wealth. I see where it is a logical extension, but one which is 'somewhat' extreme and not the only conclusion to that line of thought. It does however; seem to be picking up more and more 'credibility' in recent years and a growing number of proponents, particularly in the evangelical, fundamentalist Christian/libertarian/ultra-conservative community.

"'Mine is mine and yours is yours,' that is the mark of the average person; some say that is the mark [of the people] of Sodom." Yes it seems so logical and right and simple. What is mine, is mine, what is yours is yours. I have no claim on what is yours and you have no claim on what is mine. Doesn't that sound like how the world should be (In other words, "the mark of the average person.")?

However, you in the context above can be any of you; even that impersonal, sometimes necessary evil, the government. Sure, we may need government for the purposes of national defense, and to protect our (read my) businesses from the other nasty, subsidized foreign businesses. But that is all. My money should not be used to help those who don't deserve to be helped - those who don't believe as I do. (*Yes, sarcasm is intended here.*) The sentences that preceded this one seem to be a somewhat exaggerated viewpoint of a libertarian/ultra-conservative group. One that (frankly) takes its starting viewpoint from fundamentalist Christian thought and twists it to their own perceptions to justify what is an "I am the center of the universe" ethic.

The Torah relates that the people of Sodom "were evil unto the Lord, exceedingly," (7) yet we are not told what they actually did. The Midrashim tell of their refusal to welcome guests and the punishments meted out in Sodom by the community to those, who in fact, were hospitable. "Yours is yours and mine is mine" is saying that in Sodom the people refused to acknowledge that they had an obligation to help others. In Sodom they said, "I do not care what happens to you, whether you are poor, or you are old or weak. While I will not steal from you, neither will I help you." - "Business

Ethics of Wealth and Property" by Dr. Meir Tamari (off of the web)

What the above is trying to get to is that the purposes of community are several. One of those purposes is to help those in the community who cannot take care of themselves. For better or worse, government is "the representative of" today's community at large. Does government sometimes go overboard? Yes. But it is better to err on the side of helping than not.

Private charities do a lot, and we can be a generous people. Yet, private charities cannot do everything. In the great scope and totality of private charities, there is no focus. Everyone has their own little pet special projects that they want to spend on. Therefore, government programs are a necessity. But government should not be our sole response to these issues. We should act such that government programs can become unnecessary.

Because there is a group that does believe that all should come from the state, leading to the perception that Jim Stumm wrote about, "[t]he loss of a charitable attitude is a result of government welfare programs displacing private charity."

And now, we come to the end game of this discussion.

With that, I now return us to the beginning of this whole series and the Dalai Lama's question, "how can there be so many billionaires and still be that so many people are hungry?" Ultimately, there is no simple answer. It isn't greed or selfishness, though greed and selfishness are contributing factors as to why there are as many left in poverty as there are.

Now, when I refer to greed above, I am speaking of greed in terms of wealth. But there are other forms of greed and possessiveness that also play a role. Greed for power or status also contributes (Yes, I realized that greed for power/status is often times tied to greed for wealth). Sometimes, problems can be helped, but politics or power plays prevent aid from getting to where it needs to go. Witness the current situation regarding the cyclone in Myanmar. Because the ruling junta is isolationist and seems to have a vested interest (at least in their own minds) in keeping their own people down, they flat out pretty much refuse to ask for outside aid, let alone ensure that what aid comes in is distributed to where it needs to be.

One thing that I feel needs to be brought up now is that the problem is not only self sustaining, but growing. Why? How can I say that? Part of the answer to why so many people are hungry is that the world's population is growing. And it happens to be an unfortunate general truth that the population tends to grow fastest where poverty (and ignorance) is greatest. Can you see a problem here? I should hope it is obvious. Sometimes I think the problems are outrunning the solutions because of this. But what to do about this is outside of the scope of this particular article. (Perhaps in the future.)

But without some response to this problem, the problem of poverty cannot be solved.

There is also the problem of what may sometimes be considered misplaced sympathies that plays a part. Everyone has their own particular concerns. Some people consider salvation of the body without a particular solution to the ‘salvation of the soul’ to be worthless. Some people are more concerned with the welfare of puppy dogs and kittens than with people or the state of the world’s ecology.

All of these, with the shear volume of what is wrong that needs fixing is why there are still those that are poor and

hungry. Charity, or more properly altruism, these days, is not just about the poor and the hungry. If we didn’t have to spend so much money on ecological repair and if we didn’t know what caused disease and diverted a lot of charity to disease treatment, prevention or research could we solve the issues of poverty and hunger? I don’t know. I would like to think so, but deep down I doubt it.

I hope that you have enjoyed these articles. If there is more commentary, there may be a short follow-up. As always, I do want to hear your comments, and would also welcome suggestions on other topics you would like to discuss.

**Editorial continued from page 3**

firm that has a fairly reasonable expectation in that regard and I should not have any problem getting enough hours.



We are slowly adjusting to life in California. The weather has been quite nice, except the two times it rained hard for two days straight. Mostly 60 to 80 degrees during the day, with a fair amount of sun. I’ve managed to even stock up on some firewood for the winter, but I have to work on getting more as I expect the cost of heating the uninsulated rental house to be rather prohibitive. So far we’ve used the wood stove a few times and it does a fairly good job, all things considered.

The cost of living takes more getting used to. When I returned from Richmond the price of gas was about \$1 a gallon more than it was in rural Virginia. The price has since come down about 30 cents so I don’t know what the differential is any more. Electricity is expensive as it works on a graduated rate scale where you pay three-times the base rate for consumption above a fairly low level.

And if there is one thing California has a lot of, it is cars. The commute during rush hour is rather arduous as traffic backs up whenever vehicles are allowed to merge onto the highway without regulation. It works so much better when they meter the on-ramps, but the regulating lights are often not turned on. The only up-side is that Californians understand the importance of politeness during merging and an every-other car approach is common. This means there is little jockeying for position and everyone gets their turn. I think everyone understands that they could be getting the short end of the stick under different circumstances.

We’ve met up a few times with an old friend from my graduate school days in New York who has been teaching elementary school out here for years. She is a great resource for us learning the area and we hope to get together regularly.



I started playing hockey at the end of September. The hockey club out here has two rinks including the one in San Jose with

three sheets of ice that is used as the San Jose Sharks’ practice facility. They have leagues ranking from EEEEE, EEEE, ... E, DDDD, ... D, ... A, etc. and there was no way I could figure out where I was on the scale. So, I opted for the old men’s league which is much less regimented. My skill level puts me somewhere above the middle and other than rather poor goal tending is a good weekly work out for me. Our team isn’t very good as we can’t seem to put together a consistent offense and I think we’ve generally been assigned the weaker goalies. In the end it doesn’t matter a whole lot as I enjoy the time on the ice and most members of the team don’t seem to mind that we struggle a bit each week.

Kyle decided not to play hockey this year and has decided to try flag football. So far his team has only played on pair of games (they play two at a time) and his team did terribly. Kira made the middle school 6th grade basketball team and then decided it wasn’t fun any more and quit. Connor adopted a kitten which doesn’t care for the other four-legged beasts in the house.



# New Minute Men Needed Now

By Gene Stewart

Sociopaths do things because they want and like to. It's that simple. They don't consider whether it harms them or others. They smoke and flaunt "No Smoking" rules. They light up in elevators and dare someone to confront them about it.

They also get drunk or drugged, then drive. Sure, they know the statistics, but they do not care. Safety is not an issue with sociopaths, nor is security.

Sociopaths used to be rebels without a cause. They were viewed as outcasts, society's dregs, and losers who were probably better off in prison.

Prison, of course, only worsened their tendencies.

These days, sadistic prison systems to one side, sociopaths are manufactured on a mass scale. Why? Because corporatism causes sociopathic behavior.

Corporations are living entities focused on one thing only: Profit. Any action increasing profit margins is rewarded, any action decreasing profit margins is punished. So anyone working for a corporation learns to exist in a social order based solely on serving company profits.

And it is profit at all costs, too. Other considerations, such as pollution, crime, or poverty are ignored. In fact, any consideration that might tend to lessen profits is given hostile attention.

For example: Corporations view the EPA not as an agency set up to protect everyone's environment, in which we all live. It is viewed as an impediment to be avoided, an obstacle to be overcome, and a set of laws to be ducked, disobeyed,

and thwarted. Corporate leaders sneer at the EPA and speak of tree-huggers and emotional cripples who cry over mown grass. They belittle and bemoan even as they continue doing whatever they want to do, unless forced to curb their harmful and environmentally destructive actions.

We have seen the epoch of the sociopath dawn, and it is due to corporatism. Robber barons of old could never have dreamed such power existed as that wielded by international corporations today.

Their depredation and looting look paltry and tentative compared to the rape of the world being committed by today's corporate entities.

These corporate beings have rights, too, and can inherit indefinite wealth an indefinite number of times. They can also live forever, and behave accordingly.

All this according to laws corporatism passed. All this according to the sycophantic serial killers we call leaders, who exist to service the corporate contracts that created them.

Next time you wonder if humanity has a chance to survive its own worst instincts, remind yourself it already handed over control of such things to conscienceless, unfeeling, utterly sociopathic corporations and their drones. We cannot curb pollution, let alone cut it, while such monsters hold sway.

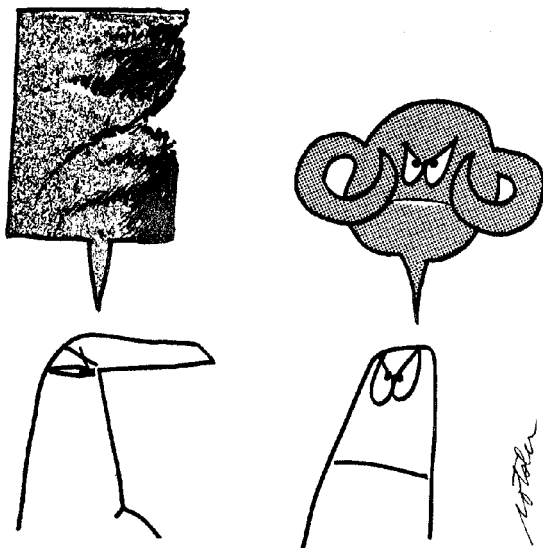
We cannot even agree to acknowledge the water that's up to our chin, or the smog that's choking us, or the weather that pummels us, while corporate sociopaths hold power. We live in a world where federal government sues state governments for upholding the Kyoto Accord. We live in a world where doing what the powerful few want and like are all that counts.

Unless and until we can profile these scum and hunt them down and stop them, they will continue to murder us. We need to learn to recognize corporatism for the mental illness it has become, and eliminate sociopaths from power. We need to stop tolerating end-justifies-means fixations and zero-sum thinking that insists someone must lose for another to gain.

We the People need to reclaim our sole right to legal existence and rid ourselves of these legally eternal sociopathic corporations and their minions.

It could be done legally, Constitutionally, and according to the Bill of Rights, but it would require a renewal of the Declaration of Independence, this time from corporatism and sociopathic business and government practices.

Where are the new minute men when time is running out?



**SUSPICION & JEALOUSY**

# Why I Quit Being an Office Manager

(c) by Jim Sullivan

Running a business office is hard work and, at times, quite stressful. Administration is always in the middle, like a hamburger getting squeezed between two buns, production and sales. And when things go wrong at one end of the business or the other, administration is always the pressure point.

That should have been enough to scare me away from office management as a career. But it wasn't. Moreover, I was trained to handle the incompetency, dishonesty, and substance abuse problems that I had been warned I might encounter when dealing with personnel. So I was ready to face those problems and just about anything else that came my way.

But had I known about one other aspect of administration, for which I received no training in how to handle, I would have looked elsewhere for a career. I'm talking about the petty, but sometimes serious, human problems found in the average office. I only learned of these situations after I became a manager.

The first of these problems to occur arose at a small office that I was managing in the manufacturing field. A delegation of three female office staffers asked, one day, if they could speak to me privately about an important matter.

"Sure," I said, waving them all into my private office. The last one to enter shut my door and closed the drapes both to my window outside and the one that looked out on the staff's office area. That made me a bit nervous. But, still, I managed to relax, thinking that I was about to hear another long story of some staffer's incompetence.

"So, what is it, ladies?"

They hesitated and looked from one to another. They the oldest finally said, "Well, we don't know quite how to tell you."

"Just tell me; spill the beans. I've been around office management now for nearly a year. There's little I haven't heard before."

"Okay, then," the woman continued. "It's Marilyn."

"What about Marilyn? She's a good worker, I thought. All the salesmen tell me that she's top drawer."

"I'm not surprised that those guys in our sales department said that about her. But the plain fact is, she's quite hefty."

"Now, ladies, we can't be going around complaining about an employee's girth. If we did, I'd be the first one in trouble," I said patting my prominent tummy.

"But you don't jiggle and shake like Marilyn does. She ought to be wearing an extra large foundation garment or, at least, a girdle and bra. I mean, and the other women here will attest to the fact that, whenever Marilyn walks, or should I say struts, around the office, she bounces and jiggles like 100 pounds of Jello in a 50 pound container." And the other two women present nodded in agreement. And she added, "I tell you, it's downright disgusting, particularly going braless in public. Of course, the salesmen love it. But they're perverts. We, on the other hand, are all respectable women. And we say that something has to be done about Marilyn."

"Well, you don't expect me to say anything to her about girdles and brassieres, do you? Furthermore, I don't even know what a foundation garment is, but I can well imagine. All I care about around this office is that the work gets done. But, upon reflection, I do see your point about Marilyn. She does seem to, shall I say, shimmy a bit when she saunters, especially on those spike heels she wears. But I'm going to ask that one of you speak to her about the problem privately."

Lucky for me, the woman who'd spoken to me volunteered. She even seemed gleeful to do so. And, as far as I know, she did talk with Marilyn. I have no idea what was said, but Marilyn quit that Friday. And I don't think she was wearing a girdle or bra when she did, either. She was shaking and jiggling far too much to have herself under total control.

I might point out that this was pre-Woodstock and before going braless had come into fashion for women. In any case, I knew well that Marilyn had departed before anyone came and told me. The loud grumbling of our salesforce was a dead giveaway.

The next human problem was reported to me by our deputy manager. He was a handsome, 40ish, extremely shy gentleman. One morning, he came into my office, somewhat out of breath, and whispered, "Mind if I talk to you about something very personal?"

"No, I don't mind, not at all." After showing him to a chair, in which he sat most carefully, I closed my office door, though I didn't adjust the drapes. "What's up?" I asked.

"The receptionist, Sue is very capable and has a good grasp of her work. Everyone says so, and they all like her, too. But yesterday, as I was leaving the office for the day, Sue walked out with me. We exchanged pleasantries and stood silently waiting for the elevator. Then, suddenly, she grabbed my rear end and wouldn't let go. I was so flabbergasted that I couldn't move. My inaction must have been taken for approval because she began squeezing first one side and then the other.



She hurt me, too. I have a boil on my right buttock that is ready for lancing.

“When the elevator finally arrived, after what seemed an eternity of pain and embarrassment, I quickly stepped away from Sue’s grasp and onto the elevator car, backing myself up to a corner, despite the boil, so she wouldn’t have another clear shot at it.

“She’s certainly a beautiful woman. And if I weren’t married already, I’d surely be interested in her. But I do have a wife, and Sue knows very well that I do. I’m just too sheepish and also I’m too pooped from climbing the stairs this morning so I wouldn’t have to wait for the elevator and possibly bump into Sue to talk to her. But someone in authority around here is going to have to.”

My inclination was to throw the situation right back at him. But he really would have been the wrong person to speak to Sue. After all, who knew what she might do to him in a closed room?

For that same reason, I wasn’t too keen on speaking to her myself. I would have preferred that a woman staff member do the job. But, then, I’d have to explain to that staffer what had happened. And I definitely didn’t want the story to become common knowledge in the office. So, reluctantly, I elected myself to speak to Sue.

Because I was afraid that she might do something dramatic, like rip her blouse and run out of my office yelling, “Rape.” I took two precautions when I spoke to her.

First, I left my office door and my drapes open. Second, I asked a management trainee to remain in my office, strictly as a witness, when I spoke to Sue. Naturally, I tried to be as delicate as I could be with what I said to her.

She took my comments fairly well, too. After crying and blowing her nose into my handkerchief several times, she replied, “It’s all a horrible, horrible mistake. I hadn’t meant to touch the deputy manager. I just wanted to push the elevator button for the main floor. But, in any case, I assure you, it won’t happen again.”

And it didn’t. At least not to the deputy manager. Had it, he would have told me right away, I’m sure. If, however, Sue subsequently did the same thing to any of our salesmen, I’d probably never learn of it.

Not much later, in a role reversal of the deputy manager’s problem, another ugly human situation reared up at me. A salesman had patted one of our key female office staff on her derriere. She was upset, and rightly so. She even called her husband down to our office to beat the salesman up. Wisely, he hadn’t hung around the office. So the couple came to visit me in my office to discuss what was to be done to the offender.

The pair were adamant that I fire the culprit. But, as I tried to explain to them, “The matter is out of my hands, no pun intended. Only the sales manager could discipline salesmen. And the sales boss wasn’t in town that day.” But I promised to speak to him as soon as he returned. The couple agreed to this on the condition that I physically protect the woman staffer from the offending salesman. I gave my word that I would, though with salesmen, it wasn’t always easy to keep them from doing one thing or another.

I did eventually tell the sales manager when he returned about the situation. He gave the salesman a stern warning, but nothing more. I thought for sure that this lenient punishment might precipitate a complaint from the victim’s husband, but circumstances proved otherwise. Apparently, he had just been caught having an affair with his boss’s wife. That’s the last I heard about our situation, even after our female staffer’s divorce from her cheating husband.

Then there was the complaint I received from the woman office manager from the company next to ours on the same floor of our office building. Seems as though one of our male staffers was exposing himself every time he went to the men’s room. That facility was directly across the hall from the other company’s office. Its clear glass door allowed an unhindered view of every guy going into and leaving that men’s room. Of course, being friendly, most of us men waved at that office’s staff females when were down that way.

When I confronted the alleged exhibitionist, he, not surprisingly, denied everything. He explained what might have been happening. “I’m always in a hurry, so I usually get ready to use the facility as I wave at the women in the other office. I was just trying to be neighborly.”

I told him he’d better do his waving first then wait until he was actually inside the men’s room before getting himself ready to use the facility. In short, I told him to slow down.

The other office manager reported to me later that “Your salesman has stopped exposing himself, for which we’re all grateful. But he’s also stopped waving. Everyone in our office hopes he doesn’t hold a grudge against us.”

Perhaps the toughest of all human problems that I ever had to deal with as an office manager was a female staff member who had B.O. to end all body odor. I mean, and not to be cruel, her body reeked. I had been aware of the bad aroma, though not where it came from, for some time. Only a dead person wouldn’t have noticed the awful smell permeating the office. In fact, it crossed my mind once that the odor might have been coming from a dead body somewhere on the premises. But I quickly dismissed the thought because I could account for the whereabouts of all staff members.

It took several after-hours sniff tests, which were the most revolting thing I’d ever engaged in, to narrow the guilty party down to one woman. It surprised me, too, for she was neat

**Office Manager continued on page 11**

# Sue's Sites: Roar of the Lions

by Sue Welch



"Chantal, can you run that by me one more time, please?" I inquired of our South African guide. "Just want to be sure what you said." It was now quite dark and we were finishing our delicious dinner of grilled steak, vegetables and rice and were waiting to be served dessert and coffee. We were seated at camp tables with lanterns at a campsite in Botswana's Chobe National Park. All through dinner the roar of lions had trumped our dinner chatter.

"By now you should trust me," Chantal answered. "Hasn't everything I have told you been true? Soon we all will be going into our tents. Leave nothing outside of your tent. Close your zipper at the top of the tent, no talking, no lights and no coming out of the tent until one of the Bush Ways Safaris tour guides checks the area and says it is time to get up, at first light, about 4:45. Same as we have been doing. Don't forget to take a plastic container into the tent in case you have to go to the bathroom." Not much chance of using the plastic container I thought; it is pitch black, can't even see my hand; and besides no matter how much I drink I am still totally dehydrated, greatly reducing my need for a bathroom.

"But what happens if a lion decides to rip open our tent and taste us for an evening snack?"

"If this happens," answers Chantal, "I will throw myself into his mouth next to you because my career as a bush tour guide will be over and I will never find another job. In all the years tourists have been camping in these parks, no animals have ever attacked a person. They know we are here and may wander through our camp, check it out and then wander elsewhere. Just follow the park rules I just stated and we all will be fine." Park rules also state that travel can be done only from sunup to sundown and only in appropriate vehicles; it is all right to get out of the vehicle for a bathroom break, meal or to change a tire but never go more than a few feet from the vehicles and always stay with others.

In the tent (these are two man safari tents) I took off my tennis shoes but kept on my clothes so I would be poised to dash either away from a lion or to the bathroom in the morning. I dozed some and waked some, each time to hear a lion roar and another lion roar in return. Not very far away from us. It was awesome and at the same time terrifying. Who here is the smart one, I kept thinking. What kind of an idiot erects a tent in a meat-eating lion's home, goes to sleep and waits to be eaten!

During the late afternoon we had driven this area in our Land Rover Safari vehicles (amazing vehicles that drive off road in sand and water, have space for all of our water needs, equipment to erect portable toilets as well as a shower, sides that open to provide kitchen facilities). We were looking for lions or any other cats for that matter but without success. In fact we had seen many other animals and birds including baboons, monkeys, hyenas, jackals, mongoose, wild dogs, elephants, zebras, buffalo, giraffes, hippos, impalas, kudus (we had even had one for dinner several nights back), steenboks, warthogs, waterbucks and pukus to say nothing of the variety of birds. Cats, unlike East Africa, are in short supply in southern Africa because of TB and feline aids epidemics, which have killed as many as 90% of the feline populations.

Botswana, slightly smaller than Texas, lies to the north of South Africa and has no access to the ocean. Its terrain is predominantly flat to a gently rolling tableland. The Kalahari Desert is in the southwest. The climate is semiarid with warm winters and hotter summers. Rain is rare. Population is approximately 1.6 million. The Botswana area escaped the worst of the European colonization. The army is not a major player and is used mostly to prevent poaching, and to train for disaster-preparedness and foreign peacekeeping. The economy is driven by diamond mining and tourism. Early on Botswana decided that protection for its wildlife was of the highest priority and today approximately 37% of the land is



in protected wildlife areas. Parks are not fenced; wildlife has a tendency to wander in and out of park areas; it is not uncommon to see elephants or giraffes along the rural roads.

Botswana is one of the few African countries that is relatively developed and modern and most things work. Literacy rate is between 80 and 90 percent. The people are cheerful, friendly and cordial. Any of you ladies who have not read the #1 Ladies Detective Series (8 books so far, #9 coming in April) by Alexander McCall Smith, should. Smith captures the personality of Botswana in his leading character Precious Ramotswa, who lives in the Gaborone, the capitol, and has her own unique way of solving cases; she enjoys eating her lunch under a big shade tree much the way we did. At immigration, the female official checking our passports, jumped up to hug



our guide Chantal and ask her of her health and family. When we left she told us to go in good health. I felt very at home in this country much as I had in the books.

Morning came as it normally does; no one was missing or had suffered any bites. We quickly downed coffee and ate dried cereal and hard biscuits and were off again over park terrain looking to spot those lions who had provided last night's entertainment. As the day grew hotter we returned to our campsite for another meal before we exited Chobe National Park and came upon a paved road, our first in many days. We went down this road to Chobe Safari Lodge on the Zambezi River. Late afternoon found us on a river cruise, again treated to a wealth of wildlife.

## Office Manager continued from page 11

appearing, outwardly clean, and a good hard worker, maybe too hard.

Still I avoided confrontation for a while. But one day after we'd lost our 14<sup>th</sup> customer to the bad odor and the entire office staff threatened to walk out en masse if I didn't do something quick, I decided to take prompt action. The offender was taken out-of-doors where, though the weather was warm, a stiff wind was blowing. She was completely taken aback when I told her that she stunk. Of course, I didn't use those exact words. "I hadn't been aware of it," she whimpered.

I found her statement awfully difficult to believe. But, giving her the benefit of the doubt, we discussed the matter at great length, about twelve feet if memory still serves me. We came to the conclusion that her terrible aroma must be caused by a bad reaction between her body chemistry and some soap, cologne, or makeup item she was using on herself.

Over the next couple of weeks, she claimed, "I've tried many other products and brands, but with little success."

That's when I requested that she see a dermatologist professionally right away. Fortunately, there was one in our office building, and he gave her an appointment that very afternoon. The offending product was tracked down, changed, and the problem solved. Just two short weeks later, the horrid smell was, at long last, gone. In its place was the more agreeable musty office smell that administration workers have grown accustomed to during their careers.

I've had many other embarrassing, upsetting, harrowing, exasperating, and generally depressing experiences with staff member's problems, and those, too, of the sales force, production people, and management team. After a while, I just couldn't stand it any longer, and I up and quit office management. It was the best job decision I ever made. Naturally, I have a deep respect and admiration for office managers who stand up to the problems and solve them. These people are definitely a cut above the average. Unfortunately, I didn't make the cut.

These days, I'm self-employed. I only have my own human problems to contend with now. And I haven't had all that many in recent years. If I had, I'd have quit working for myself some years ago.

## TEACHING AS A CAREER

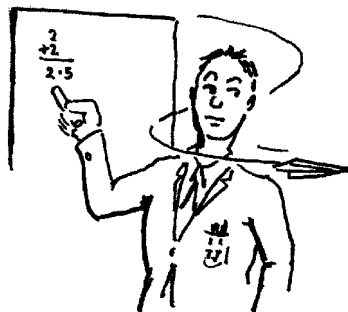
Training College also involved a form of malignant torture known as "Teaching Practice" whereby you spent happy times in different

schools. You became the class teacher and actually taught the classes involved. That was bad enough, but you also had the normal teacher sitting at the back of the classroom, making copious notes. To help keep the embryo teacher on his toes, often the Headmaster would drop in and take a seat. On a good day you could also get a visit from a college Tutor or even a local Inspector might drop in to join the jollity. Naturally, each of them had their own little foibles. Of one occasion I was taking a PE lesson and duly following my College Instructor's advice I had written the sequence down on the palm of my hand. An Inspector vetted the lesson and at the end, said it had gone well, but I should memorise my routine and not write it on my hand as an aide memoire.

The actual training to become a teacher proved quite hectic; in addition to daytime courses, assorted project work and lesson preparation, I was also attending evening classes for mathematics and finally acquired a Higher National First Class Pass. In between all this I was taking out a young lady and made the mistake of marrying here. We had two lovely children. Keith and Pauline before the wife took off for more lucrative pastures as a teacher's £31 a month wasn't enough for her. I finally got a divorce on the grounds of desertion and obtained custody of the children.

I eventually qualified as a teacher and in March 1948, reported to Handsworth County (Mixed) School. It was one of those monolithic, smoke-blackened Victorian structures closely resembling a fortified prison. Its asphalted playground was marked out with cabalistic lines, circles, and other symbols laid down in past ages for the mystic rites of the ancients. Certain red marks proved to be paint, not sacrificial blood stains. As I arrived, a bell was calling the faithful to their lessons. ON the South end of the bell rope was my new headmaster. Well, he was new to me although in actual fact, he was rather shop-soiled. Maurice Green was only a year short of retirement, stood 6'2" tall and rule his school with an iron hand (holding a leather strap). Hearing I was his new teacher, he gave me a puzzled look and took me into his office. As might be expected, nobody had notified him of my coming.

After a brief chat, Maurice took me on a tour of his domain. This turned out to be a two room prefab in the playground and five classrooms on the first floor of the main building as a Junior School occupied the ground floor. The upstairs room had glass walls and opened into a narrow corridor which served as an Assembly hall. It was lined with class-



## Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

rooms which also operated as dining rooms. Very hazardous as the desks had movable tops which if left unfastened could suddenly tilt and deposit a meal on the floor. A nice money saving routine was the fact that the class teacher had to help serve the meals.

As we strolled around, Mr. Green pointed out places of interest such as the cloakrooms. "This is Mrs. Sedgewick's room," was informative if not helpful. We had just reached the next door when Maurice snatched it open and hastened inside. He grabbed a lad from this seat, extracted a leather strap from his picket, gave the kid a couple of whacks, and administered the homily, "Now pay attention to your teacher." Without a word to the unfortunate teacher, he rejoined me in the corridor, saying, "That was Mr. Dowson's room." The tour continued.

Not believing in pampering teachers with "free periods" Mr. Green solved the problem by shoving me in with a Mr. Spencer to share the class of sixty hopefuls comprising Form S2/3B. This introduced me to another wheeze by which Government Regulations could be circumvented. Rules dictated that the Ministry must be notified of classes with sixty or more pupils. Maurice evaded that by putting child number sixty on the register of Form 3A. Once marked as present, No. 60 duly came back to Form S2/3B for lessons. Officially, I taught fifty-nine children despite the sixty seated before me, and every lesson produced sixty books to be marked. Next time you hear of school classes being down to thirty or forty, you have my permission to reach for the salt.

Another fault in the System appeared when a venerable lady was given the extra pay for a Post of Responsibility for looking after children in an annex classroom half a mile away. She had pocketed the money for a couple of years before a teacher's absence meant she had to go and take a class in the annex. She had to ask for directions on how to find the place.

Teacher, schools, and Education Committees are always asking for more money, but a lot could be made available by a better finance system. A few examples:

Example 1: Unless things have changed, we always had to buy items from the official supplier, not from the cheapest source. I wanted some blank recording tape and could get it for 50p a reel from a Government Surplus dealer. No could do, I had to get it from the Official Supplier for £140 a reel.

Example 2: Each teacher was allowed a fixed yearly sum to spend on stock. If you under-spent this amount, your next year's allocation was cut. To avoid this, you bought things you didn't really need.

Example 3: At one school we had a staff room with a lovely parquet floor. Then during a revamp, a large sum was allocated to be spent on the room. Without any discussion, some higher up decided to carpet the whole staff room. Without any discussion, some higher up decided to carpet the whole staff room. Whereas the parquet was easily kept clean, the carpet was soon covered with coffee stains and cigarette burns.

Modern teachers seem incapable of teaching more than one subject. I've had trainees on school practice decline to teach basic maths with the excuse, "I can't take that lesson, my subject is English." When I began teaching, I taught every subject on the curriculum: Maths, English, History, Geography, Art, Science, Craft, Religion, P.E., and Games. On one occasion I even took a Needlework class.

Once class I taught included a sad case, Basil who was an epileptic. He sat in the front row and there was a reason. Without warning, Basil would go into a trance and there would be a general cry of, "Basil's going off sir." The drill was to slide him gently out under his desk and lay him on the floor, put a book under his head, and leave him there while you carried on with the lesson; stepping over him as the need arose. When he recovered after a few minutes he would climb back into his seat.

The first lesson on Monday morning was a nightmare. Children had to be set a load of work whilst I ploughed through a mountain of administrative bumph. First was calling the register, all present had to be marked with a ✓ mark. At 9-30 absentees got a red circle. If a child arrived late he stayed "absent" unless he had been to see a doctor whereupon an



Time for Register, bank and dinner money

"m" for medical was put in the circle. A "d" indicated Domestic Science and if a child was off on holiday, his red circle got a "v" for vacation. Register finished, one tackled the dinner book which meant marking all those staying for school meals. Money had to be collected from those who could pay and "Free" if they were subsidized. Cash was then totaled and book and money went off to the School Secretary. Then came the Bank Book wherein one entered the amounts paid in by pupils with accounts and duly recorded each amount in their pass books and in the Big book. Once a child had reached a pound in his pass book, this had to be recorded as a transfer in both books. Withdrawals likewise, then the money had to be totaled, recorded, and sent off to the office. Finally, one had to count the number of children who wanted school milk on that day. The chaos peaked on Friday afternoon, when the registers had to be totaled both across and down, with an "m" or "d" counted as present, but a "v" was marked absent. This done one had to work out the attendance percentage and enter it before sending the register off to another teacher for checking as well as checking his in return.



Teaching games to sixty children was a memorable event; another teacher took my thirty girls and I was left with thirty boys. Regulations demanded that one didn't teach football, only

skills leading up to this – kicking a ball, trapping it, passing it, dribbling, and so on. Very difficult when only one football was available. Twenty nine children wait while one kicked the ball? Hoping no Inspector would turn up, I divided my kids into two large teams and let 'em play football.

P.E. involved each child carting a small mat into the playground. This was laid on the ground for exercises involving a recumbent posture. Nobody changed into P.E. gear, no such foppishness for them, the simply took off jackets and pull-overs before going through a series of exercises involving neck and torso turning, arm swinging, jumping on the spot, and other torments. A process as tiring for me as for the kids, but after it they could slump in their seats and dozed whereas I had to go on teaching.

Pay day once a month saw cheques delivered by a courier. Whereupon Maurice swung into action. He set off with the cheques to a private house, some four hundred yards away where a clerk arrived in



a taxi accompanied by a large tin trunk crammed with lolly. This was taken into the front room of the private house and the bank was ready for business. Maurice presented his bundle of cheques, withdrew the money, several hundred pounds of it and set off unescorted, back to school. He never attracted robbers; back at school he would sort and dole out each teacher's money.

Less happy was the fact that my classroom not only doubled as a dining room, but also held a huge electric oven in which school dinners were kept warm. The dinner ladies would barge in, switch it on, then rattle and bang as they loaded it with large trays of assorted food. Dinner Duty came around once a fortnight, it involved supervising (and sometimes serving) a long line of voracious children. The routine began by laying out plastic mats on each desk top to protect them against sloppy food – and against the build in hazard of each desk top which could swivel to a 45 degree angle if a securing handle was loose. Disastrous once a full plate had been put down. Large canisters of cooked food were dumped on a large table and doled out by two helpers as the children filed past. If the meal had several parts the duty teacher had to join the line of servers as well as keep tabs on the two rooms. By the end of the meal, food was liberally splatted on desks, children, and everywhere else. It all added to the sense of vocation.

# INTERLOCUTIONS

□CKK: *This LOC somehow managed to disappear in the ether. A bit late, but better than never, here it is.* □

Lloyd Penney  
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March 18, 2008

Dear Knarley:

Many thanks for issue 128 of The Knarley Knews. I imagine that this loc will be coloured by the news earlier yesterday that Sir Arthur C. Clarke has passed away. One of our favorite authors, and one of the best known of early British fans, Sir Arthur will be sorely missed by us all. Now to see what's inside this green fanzines, especially seeing it's just past St. Patrick's Day.

Off to California...back in 1977, our family made a cross-country trip from southern Ontario to Vancouver Island in British Columbia to make a fresh start of things, and it was the best thing we could have done. It looks like you're doing the same, and the best of luck on getting restarted. Now that you are separating yourself from MSOE, you'll have to let us know where to e-mail our locs.

Our winter has been horrible, and I suspect you've had a good slice of it in Wisconsin. This winter has dumped so much snow on us, it's nearly set a record. Other areas like Québec City and Newfoundland have so much snow, they don't know where to put it any more, literally. The city of Laval, Québec has officially declared their streets unclearable, and there is more snow on the way. Several roofs in Montréal have collapsed. We are getting a break with some spring-like rain showers that might get rid of a lot of the snow around here, but even with the first day of spring just hours away, there's still a lot of winter around.

As I write, that Garcia guy is in Britain, either charming the pants off the locals, or making British fandom wonder about those of us on the other side of the Atlantic. Some of both, I imagine. Can't wait to see that trip report, but I guess Chris is busy with socializing; I haven't seen anything on his Live-Journal in a while, and of course, with no new Garciazines on eFanzines, the current fanzine trade has been a little slow. Shows you how much Chris adds to the workload.

Ah, more Jeeves! I had thought his military memoirs to be done. As his title says, it take a bit of time to leave the military and become a civilian again. More to come?

The local...Dave Szurek, I know what you mean about Detroit. Toronto is getting that way. I have friends in Windsor who are relieved that there's a river and an international border separating it from Detroit. All those guns can stay over there. Windsor has its own crime problems.

My letter...when Yvonne departed Diageo to go to Dupont, Dupont treated her so badly in a single week, she called Diageo to come back, and they let her return. She is happily back at Diageo, and there is potential for some future there.

Dinner is just about ready, so I'd better wind it up. Take care, and good luck with the California move. Let us know how it goes.

Yours,  
Lloyd Penney.

□CKK: *This was one of the worst winters I can remember in Wisconsin. Lots of very cold days, but not quite the same amount of snow as previous years. It made up for things by raining most of June. I have a few more installments from Terry Jeeves, but haven't been able to determine yet if I have the entire run. I think the last installments were published in Terry's old fanzine of which I have copies in my files so I can finish the run even if he can no longer find the originals.* □

Eric Mayer  
maywrite2@epix.net  
07 Sep 2008

Hi,

Very much enjoyed *The Knarley Knews* 129. It may have been quite awhile since you published but even longer since I locced. I am amazed you're even able to publish now, with everything you've had going on.

Moving is not my favorite thing and the idea of moving to (and finding housing in) California gives me Lovecraftian goosebumps of pure gibbering fear. I've had more than enough of moving. My next move is going to be into a very narrow box. Sounds like you made it though.

I didn't know Thompson had the Bar-Bri. I do a lot of work for Thompson. I just finished an article on Guaranty for Corpus Juris Secundum. This is not to imply that I retain any knowledge of guaranty. I edit, which is to say I update articles by integrating new statutes and cases. At the speed with which the work needs to be accomplished very little sticks to my brain cells. If I had a photographic memory I'd be a font of legal information.

I never took the bar exam. By the time I finished law school in 1980 I had long since decided I never, ever wanted to practice law. I went into legal editing/writing, taking a job, which required a law degree, at Lawyers Cooperative. I would have taken the exam to say I had, but thanks to financing problems I spent the summer before going to work finishing up my classes. My daughter was born in December and that was the end of any bar exam for the hell of it thoughts. (And I'm sure it would have been hell too)

Good luck on those results. If you feel like you passed you probably did. A lot of people who feel like they failed actually passed. I know there are big differences in state pass rates and, long ago, I recall California was tough, although not as bad as New Jersey, where the pass rate was less than 50%. I knew a fellow who'd failed five times. He was thinking of trying West Virginia where the pass rate was supposedly 100%. I guess West Virginia needed lawyers.

By the way, in 2006 the pass rate for Guam was 0%. [http://www.abovethelaw.com/2007/07/the\\_bar\\_exam\\_and\\_you\\_thought\\_y.php](http://www.abovethelaw.com/2007/07/the_bar_exam_and_you_thought_y.php)

**John Purcell's** article allowed me to enjoy a little vicarious gardening. I have given up on gardens. My family had an enormous garden behind the house while I was growing up and subsequently, after I left home, I kept trying to grow my own. Unfortunately I have rented places with no, or not enough, available ground and owned places without suitable conditions. Here we are out in the woods. I finally figured out that very little grows with virtually no sun and earth that is choked with the root systems of trees which suck up every drop of moisture. Well, hostas do OK. I'm sure someone as persistent as **John's** daughter Penny would find a way but I don't have a green thumb to begin with. Basically I've been cultivating the ferns by mowing around them. Right now we also have wood asters blooming all around the margins of the property. I'm not sure whether they occur naturally in the wild or, like many "weeds" spread from some garden long ago. But they seem happy enough and found their own way here. Moonflowers are neat. My brother had some behind his former house.

**Sue's** piece on the bushmen was fascinating. As I was reading about the tour I wondered what the effect of western culture was, how the bushmen's culture survived, and then **Sue** answered that at the end. The idea of living close to nature – getting subsistence straight from the world, by oneself, seems appealing, in theory. There is little concrete in my own life. Little to connect me directly to the world all around. I deal in words. Abstractions. Even my work comes in and goes out over phone lines. Human beings are very adaptable but I wonder if, being so far removed from the physical world in many ways, a lot of modern westerners are in a sense a bit crazy.

Funny article by **Jim Sullivan**. When I was a kid I loved the library, and all the books in the children's section. But I really wanted to go upstairs and get into the science fiction room.

Alas, that was considered "adult." Luckily my parents were broad minded enough to talk the librarian into allowing me to go upstairs. They had no idea how much trouble I was going to get into!

Probably just as well I am a little late to be getting in on the discussion of **Alexander Slate's** Ethics of Money. As far as I can tell, capitalism, essentially, concerns itself solely with money. Everything a corporation does is supposedly justified by the profit motive. The idea that human existence should revolve around money, that there are no values other than money, is so absurd (not to mention despicable) as to be not worth discussing. That "philosophy" is simply an excuse for greed and selfishness, plain and simple. No, some CEO's endless greed does not, ultimately, benefit society, or anybody but the CEO.

I also enjoyed **Terry Jeeves's** glimpse into another era. I was very sorry to hear recently about the passing of his wife, Val. I hope he has carried the series forward into his civilian life, perhaps even up until his publishing *Erg*.

Best,  
Eric

☐**CKK:** *When I was growing up my high school had some books in a back room which were parental permission only. My mother solved the problem by giving me a note that said "My son Henry can read whatever he wants."*☐

Bill Legate  
PO Box 3012  
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Mon., Sept. 8, 2008

Henry: Delighted to get #129, day before yesterday.

I lived all around Palo Alto, East Palo Alto, and Menlo Park in the early to mid-1960s. We seem to have gotten away with more, back in those days. I went back to visit, a few weeks ago, and it's all built up, trees taken out, ... (Oh, that happens everywhere?) I could tell you where types on the edge of the Stanford campus went, or the musicians and freaks hung out, ...



Joseph: Walter and Miriam Schneir's Invitation to an Inquest (maybe 1965) says that Harry Gold, David Greenglass, and Elizabeth Bentley were lying witnesses against the Rosenbergs, and that Hoover withheld exonerating evidence.

Indeed, Stout had a number of opinions. People often do. He came on a little strong, and it's not my problem. A peculiar lie might be a fine joke; all that proofreading was in his head, not on paper, you could take it or leave it; and I don't care about his psychology beyond how it may have affected that odd interplay between Wolfe and Goodwin: whether or not- Stout knew what he was "really saying" in those stories. His plots did come to him when he was by himself, he thought about them for days, or weeks, and then he'd be writing. And once he had written it – he was done with it. Aw shucks.

I remember Leonato (in Much Ado About Nothing, 5.1.35-36): "For there was never yet philosopher/ That could endure the toothache patiently."

The best visibility of Mars is when Mars and Earth are on the same side of the sun and in line with it. The sun and Mars in opposite directions, then, is called opposition, and Mars is well above the southern horizon at our local midnight. Oppositions occur at intervals of almost 780 days, or 2 years and 50 days. (779.94 regular 24-hour Earth days.) And how far Mars is from the sun, when at opposition, makes a big difference.

At only 128 million miles from the sun, Mars's angular diameter to us is about 25 seconds of arc, but at almost 155 million miles from the sun, its angular diameter to us isn't much more than 14 seconds of arc. And its longish orbit tilts 1.85 degrees from the plane of Earth's, so that the best viewing of Mars is from the southern hemisphere.

I came up with an estimated date of one opposition: in our spring or summer of 2095: but I don't trust it – or know how it relates to the time required to get there. (With high-energy particle radiation out between the planets, you'll worry more about unpredictable solar flares than about occasional meteors.) Stuff about recent rovers in two texts I enjoyed – Mapping Mars (2002) by David Norton and Roving Mars (2005) by Steven Squyres – suggested how much there is to learn about.

Among other learning experiences, some people who were here on Earth but who had to stay in radio contact with a rover whenever it stored solar energy, moved a short distance, or reported its internal states, kept time by a Martian-solar-day clock (24 hours and almost 40 minutes) – and when it was nighttime on Mars for the rover, they remained on the Martian-day time even while back in touch with family and friends.

When I was a kid learning library science, you could look things up in books. Now it's all different, depending on internet, or whatever you call all that. Maybe I can blame that for

my failure to predict what we'll do at the off-world Worldcon in 2095.

Bill

□TKK: *The police and prosecutors are supposedly held to a higher standard to disclose exculpatory evidence because the defendant's liberty interest is at stake. Very few people rely on books anymore. Most, if not all, of the case law and legal treatises are available on-line, for a cost from a number of services. I still do some library research now and then because in a patent litigation you have to know what was available when the patent application was submitted and the internet isn't good at letting you search for material prior to a certain date.*□

Brad Foster  
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12 Sep 2008

Greetings Henry and Letha ~

I think this "gap" in publishing between issues 128 and 129 is more than reasonable, considering all the stuff that has been going on there. In fact, if you want to shift to quarterly or so for a few more issues, since you are still in the midst of so much change, I doubt anyone on your mail list would complain. We love getting TKK, but it's a treat, not a requirement.

I've not heard the phrase "re-decoration allowance" before, but I think that's what I have always wondered about homeowners who spend a fortune to upgrade a house after living in it for years, just to sell it. I mean, they put in carpets and paint and new appliances, but maybe the new owner would want something different. So instead of spending all that money, you just figure how much it would cost, then tell potential buyers that you didn't raise the price by that amount, so they can get exactly what they want when they buy the house. But, guess that's too much work, easier to just go house to house and whine about the color of a kitchen counter, or how many trees are in the backyard. sigh

I was surprised when you noted that "two correspondents" wrote wondering if they had been dropped from the mail list. Clearly they had not been actually reading the last few issues, or they would have known about the delay in publishing. Shame on them!

I'm not sure I follow the logic of being better to rent the house rather than sell it for a while, but then I've never been good at the involved stuff. All I know is I'd never want to be a landlord! Good luck the tenants don't set it on fire or anything!

Regarding your response to my loc comment about the "explain your artwork in 10 words" comment, where you said "Maybe the jury wants to see something fresh in terms of



describing your work.” It’s not the idea they want a description (although have always found that idea kind of sad, since the work should speak for itself), but that they want just 10 words. That’s not a true description of the work, more like a writing contest.

Speaking of art without descriptions, looking forward to seeing my cover on the next issue. Two years and ten issues since I last sent you anything large to use, makes me feel like I’m keeping up my end of things here, since you are clearly doing most of the work in this exchange!

Back to the drawing board  
Brad

□TKK: *We would lose at least 10% in value if we sold the house now and that doesn't include the cost of having the house vacant during a potentially long period on the market. In terms of the exchange, I find it more than fair because I think you could put together a fanzine and I'll never be able to draw a decent cover.*□

Lloyd Penney  
See Address in Earlier LOC  
September 13, 2008

Dear Henry:

Good to see you and TTK back, and I hope the whole family is nestling comfortably into Los Gatos. Let’s all catch up on things with a loc on TTK 129.

I know the difficulties of moving across country. In 1977, our family sold the house and most of our possessions, and we loaded ourselves aboard a continental train and headed off for the West Coast and Vancouver Island. There was the initial culture shock in moving to the West Coast, but there was also the novelty of living in a whole new area, and seeing how different things were, right down to the vegetation and provincial differences. (Our car insurance was provided by the Insurance Corporation of British Columbia, or ICBC, which was pronounced Ickyicky. We learned how to speak BCese.) Our lives changed, and for the better, and I suspect you feel the same way, or you will.

That law book publishing company...was that Thompson or Thomson? Years ago, I did some work at Thomson Carswell, which is located in Toronto. The Thomson Company now owns Reuters, the international news service, and I had another interview at what is now Reuters Thomson a few weeks ago. (I am now finishing up the first week at Tri-Ad Graphics, now owned by Southern Graphics Systems of Louisville, KY. I’m working there as a proofreader of consumer packaging.)

Sue Welch’s day with the Bushmen is an interesting read. At first glance, they may seem primitive, but with fluent English, and an awareness of their status in the modern world, and how becoming modern is losing them their culture and heritage, they are as modern as any of us, and they are perfectly

aware of what is happening to them. I wish the San well, they deserve better than they are getting, and I hope they find a way to better preserve their heritage.

Terry Jeeves’ further adventures post-war are entertaining, but serve as a reminder that he’s just lost his wife Val. Terry himself is in care, and I hope there is an opportunity for some solace for him. Most of all, I hope he is not alone.

The local...having caller ID does help when the cellphone rings, especially when the display reads something like (111)222-3333. Those calls get ignored, and unfortunately, I get a lot of them. My e-mail provider will allow attachments of 2.5 Mb or less, and that’s why zines like Alexiad and Pro-lapse were bouncing back to their senders. I keep a Gmail account as a backup, Gmail allows attachments of 5 Mb or more, and that’s how I get those zines.

My own employment history has been very spotty, and I am hoping that it has now stabilized. If I was ever to be dismissed for wearing unstylish clothes, I could and would take my sudden ex-employer to the provincial Labour Board and file a grievance, and I would win, and probably get some financial recompense.

Brad Foster’s passage about RAF slang looks like a derivation of Cockney rhyming slang. I am not online as I type, otherwise, I’d look up the meanings of these terms, and get myself an esoteric education.

I am looking into the idea of doing my own fanzine, and given how many either like or hate electronic fanzines, I would want to get my ish to as many people as possible. As do many, I would produce a limited number of paper fanzines, and then .pdf the file and store it for download off eFanzines.com.

Hi, Sheryl...I expect that Anticipation will take advantage of its local artists, be they fannish or pro, SF or comics. I think Jean-Pierre Normand has done the covers of the first two PRs, and if I were looking for local talent, I’d look for Gabriel Morrisette and Sylvain Bell. But, I am sure that Anticipation will accept any contributions of art for their future publications. I am listed on the concom as being in charge of their fanzine lounge.

I must get in touch with Tom Sadler again, and see if he can send me the current issue, and any back issues post-move to Kentucky. And, Henry, if you are looking for conventions in the Bay Area, go to eFanzines.com and download issues of SF/SF, edited by Chris Garcia and Jean Martin. All you could possibly want for fanac in your new neighbourhood is there, and there is lots of it.

Thank you for the paper copy of this issue; I also downloaded the .pdf just before the paper copy arrived. Interesting articles? Well, I do have some plans, and I hope I can follow through with them. Stranger things have happened.

Take care, many thanks, and say hello to Letha for us. Maybe she can relay to us her impressions of the Left Coast? Just wondering....

Yours,  
Lloyd Penney

□TKK: *It's Thomson without a "p". I see Chris at the BASFA meetings on Monday nights when I get around to attending.*□

Jerry Kaufman  
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14 Sep 2008

You're much more resolute about publishing on schedule, so my commiserations on your lapse. But big life changes do take precedence over fan publishing. If its any consolation, I didn't think much about the failure of KK to hit our mailbox. I just figured I'd failed again to keep on the letter-writing and you'd dropped us from your list.

I always know we'll get back on, once we get a new issue of Littlebrook in the mail. This will happen sometime before the end of the year, I'm sure. We were just starting to work up some enthusiasm for publishing when my mother was diagnosed with terminal lung cancer. Enthusiasm evaporated in the face of our attempts to find her a place to live and be cared for in what we thought would be her final two to twelve months of life. We were taken by surprise when she passed away about a month after the diagnosis.

So I understand entirely about life and what it throws at you. In your case, though stressful, life has been more joyful, I'm sure. I wish you and your family continuing happiness in Los Gatos.

I found your material about the bar exam fascinating. I've never had to go through anything like it. I'm an insurance underwriter, but the small agency I work for decided I didn't need an agent's license for my job. Even so, the test I would have had to take to get the license would not have been anything so extensive as the bar. I have taken a series of classes to get a Chartered Property & Casualty Underwriter designation, and the three hour tests one takes after each class (weekly classes equivalent to a semester of material) have some similarities to the bar tests, in smaller doses: essay questions that are usually nowhere near as complex as in the sample tests we were given, some multiple choice questions, some test cases.

I also enjoyed this issue's installment of "Sue's Sites." It's interesting to hear about the San's day to day life, but even more, the piece says something rather sad about the ability of local cultures to withstand outside influences. With tourists following their every move, the San are now a theme park exhibit. And it's the only way the culture seems able to survive.

I wouldn't want to live in that culture, myself, as I'd miss all my comforts and pleasures.

Yours,  
Jerry

□TKK: *But it is so easy just to send me an e-mail twice a year. My condolences on the loss of your mother. The bar exam isn't the most modern of examination approaches. They tweak it a bit every year, but no major changes have occurred in quite a while.*□

Bill Legate  
See Address on Earlier LOC  
Mon., Sept. 15, 2008

More stuff:

Morton Sobell, now living in Brooklyn, said a couple of weeks ago that yes, he had been a spy, involved with Julian Rosenberg and with Ethel's brother David Greenglass. According to Sobell, Ethel Rosenberg was a non-participant, and knew only some of what her husband and brother were up to. He said the prosecutors framed her just trying to force a confession from Julius Rosenberg.

Simone de Beauvoir, *The Blood of Others* 1944-1945; translation by Senhouse and Moyse 1948:

In Ch. 5: "People are free," I said, "but only so far as they themselves are concerned; we can neither touch, foresee, nor insist on them using their liberty. That is what I find so painful; the intrinsic worth of an individual exists only for him, not for me; I can only get as far as his outward actions, and to him I am nothing more than an outer appearance, an absurd set of premises; premises that I do not even choose to be...."

"Then don't get excited," said Marcel; "if you don't even make the choice, why punish yourself?"

"I don't choose to exist, but I am. An absurdity that is responsible for itself, that is exactly what I am."

"But things are as they are." He looked at me with a derisive laugh. "I think you are very presumptuous to be so filled with remorse."

In Ch. 12: To be dead; one -is- never dead. There is no one left to be dead.

In Ch. 13: The breathing stops. She has said: "I am glad that you are here; but I am not here; I know that something is happening, but I cannot watch it; it is not happening here or elsewhere, but beyond all presence."

(Well, she -did- hang out with Sartre for half a century.)

Bill

□TKK: *At what level does knowledge of spying cross the line making someone culpable for not notifying the authorities?*□

Joy V. Smith  
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17 Sep 2008

Henry,

You've certainly covered a lot of territory and more than once! Your rental home sounds lovely. The move, mixed with your bar exam and everything else, sounds complicated and stressful. And you have to wait until Thanksgiving to learn the results! (I can see why you appreciate your supportive family.) I'm also impressed that you got The Knarley Knews out already.

Interesting background in The Ethics of Money (part 3). Good point about giving and receiving charity. I enjoyed Sue's A Day with the Bushmen. (The Gods Must Be Crazy is a good movie about a Bushman, btw.) I bet it was interesting listening to their language with the clicks. I always thought that was fascinating.

I sure admire Penny's gardening efforts in Texas. (It makes gardening and landscaping here in Florida's sand look easy. We have to add lots of organic matter; we often use the leaves that some people would add to the landfill! Plus old hay from Sunny's stable next door and maybe some day I'll clean out our compost bin.)

Good article on the public library. I just read somewhere that people could use the reference desk there instead of searching the Internet. Jeeves had a fun transition to civilian life! Re: his work at Canns, I am surprised that anyone tolerated Geoff! I was glad to hear that he finally made it to the teachers' college. Thanks for sharing Jeeves' adventures.

LOCs: I enjoyed learning about everyone's experiences in selling houses and moving. (Our house is still for sale. It's a good thing we're not in a hurry. We've lowered the price and upgraded the house in the interim.)

Appreciatively,  
Joy V. Smith

☐TKK: *I really enjoyed The Gods Must be Crazy. I keep meaning to rent a copy to show to the kids, but I don't know if they will appreciate it as much.*☐

Milt Stevens  
.  
Simi Valley, CA  
.  
September 21, 2008

Dear Henry and Letha,

From the editorial in *Knarley Knews* #129, it seems like things are going along fairly well...considering. Fans in the mid-phase of moving are engulfed in a state of chaos almost



unknown since the early days of the universe. It's definitely bad news. On the bright side, moving is like hitting yourself in the head with a hammer. It feels really great when you stop doing it.

It seems very strange to think that the primary purpose of most college degrees is not to provide or receive an education. The primary purpose is to limit access to certain forms of employment. When I was in college it was said that the BA was to make life easier for personnel departments. As of the early sixties, lots of companies were requiring a BA for jobs that only required minimal sentence. I think things have changed since then, or maybe the value of a BA has just eroded. I recall there were civil rights law suits against using the requirement for a BA as a barrier to promotion. Also, companies may have noticed that people with a BA degree may not be very well educated or very bright. A BA degree is now about where a high school diploma once was.

Some people have expressed doubts that the traditional BA, MA, PhD system makes that much sense under current conditions. The whole system suggests there is a point in your career when you will need no further education. These days, many people need to train for a new career in the middle of their working lives, and many need further education throughout their careers. Maybe the system will be changed...in a couple of centuries.

**Alexander Slate** gives us some more consideration on the Ethics of Money. He has a different interpretation of the phrase "easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." He interprets it as meaning that you can't enter heaven until you have gone past mere striving for wealth. I always thought it meant that wealth itself was inherently evil. John Stuart Mill used this phrase in one of his essays. He believed that an idea which is never challenged will die. He maintained nobody in 19<sup>th</sup> century England believed this sentiment, but nobody ever bothered to disagree with it. Using my interpretation

(which seems to have been what Mill was using) I don't believe it either. I don't believe wealth is inherently evil. Heaven is an issue which is really complicated and outside the whole issue of money.

One more item. I believe *Knarley Knews* #128 was the first issue to be circulated on-line. If future issues are also going to be circulated on-line, I would appreciate it if you don't publish my street address. I know some other fanzines have the policy of not publishing street addresses electronically, and that seems like a good policy.

Yours truly,  
Milt Stevens

PS: Hope to see you at next year's Baycon.

□**TKK:** *The big problem now is resume fraud. Lying about having a certain degree or background. It is now common for prospective employers to actually check the information. I would agree for most mainstream jobs that the degree is a barrier. Most of the professional degrees take special training (law, medicine, etc.) and a Ph.D. does say something about your ability to solve previously unsolved problems. I have put issues routinely online since 2003 in PDF form (see <http://tkk.welchcastle.com/>). If you feel this will be a spam generation mechanism for you I will endeavor to remember to remove your address from the online version.*□

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September 24, 2008

Dear Knarley & Letha:

And now the knews . . . the cats were the reason we couldn't get a home-equity loan. Maybe the inspector was allergic.

After having had to undo a mere seven years of living in that furnished apartment I had when I got this job, I can understand how hard it is to move. If we ever have to move from our current house . . .

Kansas is also an extremely boring place to drive across. When you see signs saying "WORLD'S LARGEST PRAIRIE DOG 60 MILES" and then 50, 40, 30 . . . there is imparted a certain sense of desperation. On the other hand, they do think large, as when the traveller is directed to Dorothy's House. I had understood that was in the Munchkin Country, but it appears to be on the Kansas-Oklahoma border, a substantial drive from the interstate where we saw it being advertised.

"The Ethics of Money": Ben & Jerry's made a big to-do about how they were going to put in a new CEO based on how nice an essay the person wrote about how it would be like to be CEO of Ben & Jerry's. The new CEO turned out to

be another business professional just like those at old-thought square enterprises. It is rumored that he had some assistance with his composition.

The problem with those people who exist at the apex of Maslow's hierarchy of needs is that usually to fulfill their own self-actualization they need to impose it upon others. As C. S. Lewis put it, an ordinary wicked tyrant will give you a break every now and then, but a real do-gooder will spare no effort to make you as good as he thinks you should be.

"When Moonflowers Last on the Mailbox Bloom'd": If **John Purcell** finds Texas too humid, I suggest he not try to live in Kentucky, where we have air you can wear. When Lisa and I visited Texas, back in 1997 (for LoneStarCon) we found the humidity delightful, and easily endured the devastating 90-degree temperatures to be found next to the Alamo.

"A Confession": Lisa figured out how to reconcile **Jim Sullivan's** problem. She works at the public library.

InterLOCutions: Me: As for rights of way extending off the street, the city used this a few years ago, when they widened Central Avenue, and lowered the income of its former inhabitants by reason of their relocation. You see, they used to rent out their yards for Derby parking.

Churchill Downs is in a lower-market neighborhood. You'll notice they never show on TV the buildings outside the block where the track is. They're single-family residences and apartments, with small lots. Pimlico and Belmont are in the same sort of area, I've noticed. No gently rolling fields with the occasional horse here!

**Robert Lichtman:** I usually ask the caller on behalf of the "police support group" if there is any legal problem involved. When they inform me there is none, I thank them and hang up. Just as I ask those people trying to get me to buy expensive and unusable credit services if there is any problem with my credit card. Again, when they inform me that there is none . . .

**Bill Legate:** Martin Gardner wrote a story of an island which had five perpetually feuding tribes, where unrest was common because each tribe bordered all the others. A mathematician visiting there observed that this proved the boundary theorem, painted in all the tribal boundaries in different colors, flew over the place and took a picture – and when he finally got the film developed (this was set in the pre-digital era) discovered to his horror that he had only black and white film.

**Sheryl Birkhead:** And not long after this came out, **Tom Sadler** did indeed publish a new issue of *The Reluctant Famulus*.

Namarie,  
Joseph T Major

□TKK: *Never saw the prairie dog sign, but South Dakota has its Wall Drug signs (or rather abandoned tractor trailers with Wall Drug painted on them). When the city reduces your land you need to petition for a reduction in your property tax assessment.*□

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25 Sep 2008

Thanks for TKK 129

I felt somewhat uneasy about Sue's account of her day with the Bushmen. She goes out in a truck to meet a group debating how to cut down a tree to get at a honey nest, they show her how to get water out of a root plant and make a fire with a drill-stick, she later visits a village where the women are making bracelets from ostrich eggshells for sale to tourists in between impromptu dancing sessions....it all sounds very staged, as though they weren't real Bushmen at all, at least in the sense of not actually living in the bush village itself, but being brought in early in the morning to play a role and taken back to wherever in the evening. Which would account for the absence of children: the village isn't lived in full-time, or perhaps at all, while if the men are out "hunting" it's could very well be for a weekly wage at a motor vehicle repair shop in the nearest big town.

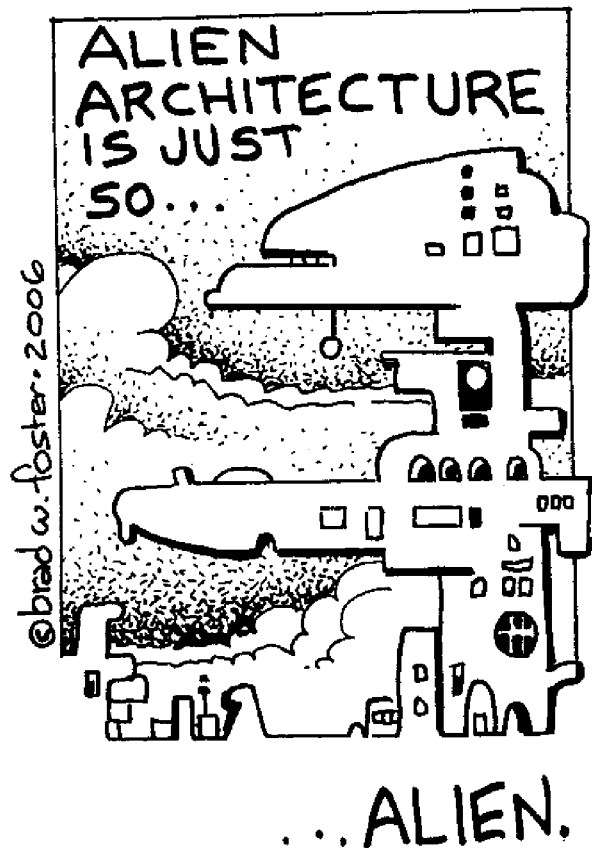
A few minutes' googling came up with links to several encounter-type safaris featuring Bushmen, some more ethical-seeming than others. Obviously, I don't know any more about Sue's tour than she chooses to reveal here, but I have a suspicion that she perhaps had it explained to her at some point that what she was seeing was a recreation of Bushmen life rather than the real thing as it happened in real time. Had it been the latter, the Bushmen may not have wanted the tourists around at all. (After all, would you enjoy having your daily routine turned into a spectacle for groups of visitors from the other side of the world?)

Even so, I was amused by her reference to them being "fluent" in British English, which made it "necessary to pay close attention to follow their conversation, which sounded as if I was in London and not rural Namibia." From a subsequent reference to their South African guide, I'd hazard that they were speaking South African English, which has a much more clipped pronunciation. And if they were speaking British English, it would almost certainly be an older version of English-as-she-is-spoken, left behind when the imperial bonds were dissolved and which has evolved away from the British English the British themselves speak (just as American English has become separated from British English). Even though British English now isn't what British English was then: watch any old newsreel or documentary, even something from as recently as the 1960s, and you're in

the world of what used to be called "received pronunciation" where everyone spoke with an upper class drawl and the vowels were so cut-glass that the letter "e" had virtually replaced the other four ("het", "thet", "cet") except for instances where the letter "i" could be used instead ("hice", "trisers").

"So Joseph Nicholas doesn't think that saying someone isn't a Jew is a compliment?" says Joseph Major. "Could he set us straight?" Only if Major can be persuaded to explain the string of non-sequitur non-observations he's been making to me. (For the benefit of anyone who may have forgotten – and I had to look this up myself – his non-sequiturs have been made in response to an original comment from me about the similarities in ideological outlook between Soviet-era Stalinists and contemporary US neo-cons. Presumably these non-sequiturs are his way of avoiding facing up to that uncomfortable – for him – fact.)

I am very glad to say that we (that is, Judith and I – we both moved several times as children) have never had to go through the palaver of putting a house up for sale, arranging for movers to pack up and translocate our possessions, and find somewhere new to live at the other end. (We bought our current house having previously been renting a succession of flats.) In lieu of that, however, we are currently having some work done on our house to improve its thermal efficiency, in particular to minimise heat gain in summer and heat loss in winter by having the interiors of the west-facing walls (it's a typical outer suburb brick terrace house, so other houses are to the north and south of us) dry-lined with an insulating layer. (The east-facing walls we're not worried about – the back bedroom we insulated ourselves a couple of years ago,



the ground floor below it has a lean-to greenhouse which helps even out the temperature gradients, the kitchen is having a covered passageway built along one side, and the second bedroom – my office – is Just Too Complicated.) We've also had additional layers of fibreglass insulation put down in the main loft, and then a layer of board on top of that, to further reduce heat loss in winter. For the rear extension, where there is no access to the loft, we're having the ceilings dry-lined in the same manner as the west-facing walls...or we were, until part of the bathroom ceiling collapsed a couple of days ago as the insulating layer was being applied. Subsequent investigation showed that this was because the plaster in question, above the bath/shower, had probably absorbed too much moisture to bear the weight....while the laths to which the plaster was attached were probably original to the house, when it was built in the 1890s. So the whole ceiling has been taken down and new plasterboard put up in its place. Extra cost? Yes. And we shall now have to redecorate the whole of the bathroom, including replacing the carpet – the sheer quantity of hundred-year-old soot and dust which came down means that no amount of shampooing and vacuuming can ever return it to its original pale biscuit colour. On the other hand, it's just as well that the ceiling came down while the workmen were still here, rather than two or three weeks after they'd left....

Regards to you both  
Joseph

☐CKK: I moved a number of times as a child and never had to deal with arranging for the movers either as the adults in the family took care of that. }

Jim Stumm  
PO Box 29  
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September 27, 2008

**Alexander Slate:** It seems to me that people who make charitable contributions do so as a result of a biological imperative, a feeling of empathy for others who are in need. The strength of this imperative, of whether it exists at all, differs from person to person. You seem to be trying to turn a matter of biology into a question of ethics, a rather common error. I suppose there are a few persons who are on the fence, who might be pushed one way or another by a convincing ethical argument. But for most it will be irrelevant. Most people are charitable or not as a result of their own personal nature and nurture.

People who are not Jewish will probably not accept Maimonides as their moral arbiter. People who are not Christian will see a Bible quote as a curiosity at best. And the Dalai Lama seems to be a genial guy, but few I think are prepared to practice what he preaches. If you are naming these sources in order to prove that charitable giving is a universal moral imperative, this appeal to authority won't do. It's not a valid proof.

I'm convinced that all values are subjective and generally differ from one person to another, so there are no universally binding moral imperatives. If you are trying to prove that charity is a moral obligation binding on everyone, you have failed to do it, not surprising since I don't think it can be done. Much less can you prove that a certain amount of charity is obligatory. But I have nothing to say against trying to work out what amount of charity is right for you alone.

As for business, few owners would care if they pass the "Maimonides test." Regarding their employees, a business's only obligation is to do for them what it has agreed with them to do. Employers make a job offer. Job-seekers are free to accept it or walk away. I'm sure a small percentage of businesses can succeed with Ben and Jerry's marketing plan of appearing oh so politically correct. They are filling a boutique niche which attracts a small percent of ice cream buyers, tho the great majority of buyers no doubt care more about quality of the product vs. price.

Re charitable contributions by businesses: the owners may do what they please with their own property. But the owners of a widely-held corporation are the stockholders. The management are hired help who generally own little stock. Their responsibility is to act in the best interests of the stockholders. The profits should be used to benefit stockholders by paying dividends, buying back stock, or reinvesting in the company. For management to use corporate funds for any other purposes, such as making any significant charitable contributions, is unethical. Some small contributions may be justified as a public relations gesture. CEOs and management who use corporate funds for any purpose not beneficial to stockholders should be prosecuted for embezzlement.

Jim Stumm

☐CKK: *I've met few people who could be convinced by an ethical argument. I think most people are what they are and don't give ethics much of a thought; even in the face of a moral dilemma. You Libertarian tendencies show clearing in your employment argument. I think the late 19th and early 20th century showed that letting businesses drive whatever bargain they could with their own labor had huge social consequences. I find that there is something fundamentally wrong when the trained pack donkey in the coal mine was more highly valued than the human miners. Your corporate charity argument and stockholders is flawed. First of all, public filings let potential shareholders know a company's contributions to charity and they then buy the stock with the potential of being fully informed. Practically speaking, my social-choice mutual fund has done better than the other parts of my retirement plan than those with other agendas. This shows that responsible corporate entities can, and often are, good investments. I can think of a lot worse things for management to do with corporate money ☐ e.g. Worldcom or Enron ☐ than give it to charity.☐*

Dave Szurek  
505 North F #829  
Aberdeen, WA 98520-2601

Counselor,

I'd actually started to worry that *The Knarley Knews* had died and was about to drop a line (to your old address, in hopes it would be forwarded to your new one) your way to ask the obvious question when #129 surprisingly graced my mailbox. Glad to see you are still around.

"Money may not buy happiness, but it can make poverty bearable." Huh? Well, in general I agree but again, the situation is relative and situational. If one gets the money via means that bother the conscience, for instance, it might not be true but have you ever noticed that it's rarely folk who are hurting that say "money can't buy happiness"? There "does" seem to be almost a conspiracy by the Powers That Be to keep too many people from reaching the level of self-actualization and at the risk of sounding paranoid, the motives should be obvious. I submit, however, that for certain individuals, Maslow's Hierarchy is not in chronological order. Oh, I'm not saying that it isn't most of the time, but there "are" variances, and yes, I go along with **Purcell's** interpretation of the Jesus passage. Also, after we get above the lowest levels of the hierarchy, definitions vary and some are also more important to certain individuals than to others and vice-versa.

I'd urge **Joseph Major** to be a little more flexible about that homeless man with the "Please Help" sign. Could the misfortune be due to the substance abuse he mentions, could the substance abuse that he mentions be due to some past misfortune and how does he know that the abuse isn't in the past but has left the fellow in the down and out position in the present, could just a portion of the money earned go to substance abuse? I've known sign hangers who **are** substance abusers, but they still have to eat, that's just a fraction of who they are and anyway, sign hanging is a relatively peaceful way to support one's habit and/or take care of the other damage it has done. And couldn't it be that the guy "is" simply a down and outer? We don't always know and even when we do, we don't always know which came first. Isn't it possible that the substance abuser among them turned to substance abuse **after** becoming homeless as a means of escaping his or her dreary existence and wouldn't have done so had he or she undergone greater external empathy at an earlier portion of the same? It's a circle man. For the main, the chief difference between us and the sign hanger is two or three paychecks.

**Robert Lichtman:** Yes, I take care of updates. There are some cyber viruses and examples of spyware strong enough to break through anyhow. At least that's what I've been told by more than one repairman. It might be better in the future, but if so, we've not yet reached that point. Maybe you're just in the luckier 25% of the computer users? Its been my understanding that the majority of users who've been online more than five years need a tune up every so often.

When asked why you want the job, a simple "I have to eat and pay rent" is unacceptable in the eyes of most prospective employers. Even McDonalds generally demands more elaborate fibbing than that.  
Dave

□TKK: MSOE used to provide business-card sized lists of addresses and phone numbers of the local shelters. No panhandler I ever saw was happy to get one instead of money. I also knew one panhandler who trotted out the same story year after year about his car, child still in the car seat, and the need for tow truck money.}

Sheryl Birkhead  
25509 Jonnie Court  
Gaithersburg, MD 20882  
October 7, 2008

Dear New Californians,

Congratulations on making the transition. I await your perspectives on life Californian in contrast to life with seasons and snow! My thought was it was just the wrong color green.

It sounds as if you have, temporarily at least, the home sales nightmare. Depending on how things go, and with a little luck, the economic climate will be on the upswing before you actually have to for an outright sale. Well, we can all cross our fingers.

I haven't heard anything about my niece and the bar exam, but I would presume she is in the same boat. I have no idea – is it given at the same date and time(s) all over the U.S. or is it unique to a locale?

Ah, in light of the economic happenings, the ethics of money seems a bit late....

Looking at the "Bushmen" piece reminds me that traveling is a bit like short looks into societies. Lately it has become a bit more important to realize just that – you need to know the culture into which you are peeking so you can behave appropriately. Pretty much it seems to mean that merely by looking you alter the action – so just know what the heck you can do within that societal context.

**John Purcell** – one of the changes (minor, but irritating!) I found when moving from the farm to this house is that I no longer can grow a garden! I was so used to simply digging a small patch, tossing in seeds, and watering – that's it. Yeah, not gonna happen. I didn't realize how nice it was until it just no longer happened. Agh – trying to garden (not my idea of fun) by having to make the soil receptive and able to actually support plants is a lot more work than I had in mind. Ah, how much we take for granted.

The public library today at least sounds a lot different than it used to. Gone are the card catalogs and instead (despite the signs to the contrary) here to stay are the cell phone tones.

It used to be a quiet place, punctuated by shushing from the librarians, but now there seem to be numerous conversations (as often as not involving those same librarians!) and kids running all over the place. There is a nice quiet room of study carrels, but it is off the main room and removed from the computers and research materials. Sigh. Despite all that, I generally visit the nearby library at least several times a week to do a quick Internet search or to put a hold on/pick up audio books. So, although the accoutrements have changed a bit, the local library is still alive and very much thriving around here.

I did check out the possibility of DSL from AT&T, but they do not offer the services in Maryland. I did find one other provider, but when I called the guy and gave him my phone information he came back with the news that he had good news and bad news. The good news is that I am in the DSL area, the bad is that it is Verizon's territory and they will say no – so it would eventually come down to a “no you can't have it.” I could not find any other provider of DSL in Maryland. (I am not sure if cable and satellite fast connection is still DSL – they are simply out of the question for other reasons.) What I have found over the past month is now I have an 80% no and a 20% yes response to my query to Verizon as to whether or not I can get DSL. I decided that a new computer just is not in my financial cards. My phone carrier just sold their customer base and I am waiting to see if they will, as advertised, continue to charge the same rate (which is about 2/3 that of Verizon's). The first company inadvertently connected my business line to a recording saying the number had been disconnected when they took over that account. To make amends they have not charged for caller ID or Identaring, which allows me two numbers on one line. So, if the new company stays with the old prices, I'll stay with them and see if I can get stand-alone Verizon DSL. If the price changes, I'll see about transferring back to Verizon and adding DSL. Either way, I should be ready to hunt for another “yes” from Verizon.

I really enjoyed Geoff's doin's as told by **Terry Jeeves**.

'bye,  
Sheryl

☐**TKK**: *Our house is so far up the hill, that snow is a distinct possibility every winter. The multiple-choice Multi-State Bar Exam, used by most states, is given the same day all across the country. It is offered two times a year. The states that use it schedule their bar exams around it. DSL is an augmenta-*



*tion to a phone line, cable internet uses a completely different technology. The phone companies are very reluctant to provide DSL to those who do not have land-lines with them.*☐

Jeffrey Allan Boman  
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Canada  
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Oct 16, 2008

Dear Knarley Castle crew:

I'll out myself here: I was one of the people who e-mailed you about what was up. I forgot about the move, and shame on me! Mark Twain said a move is like living through two house fires; in that case I've lived through 22 of them so far. I shouldn't have been a pest after that...

This is a busy time for me: as I type these words, Con\*Cept 2008 is less than 2 days away (I might have a report for next issue). I got my own zine ready to photocopy a few days ago; several of them I'll copy to give out at the con. I'll be a speaker on up to 7 panels there, including a zine panel with Lloyd. Next week I start to plot for NaNoWriMo 2008; I have a story idea, I'll see if it pans out. Just listing these things gets me tired!

As for the zine at hand: you called it 'bare bones', and you still have 26 pages. If this is what you call bare bones then every other issue must be novella length!

Re: Editorial... the headaches of a move I already spoke of, and this refutes those words. Hope you're able to find a buyer for your old home. With the current economic woes I worry, but I'll think positive thoughts. / A failed paper, even with a pass in the course, must be a major bummer. / Re: The Ethics of Money pt. 3... I can only guess what **Alexander** will have to say about the recent events. Many people are already upset. / A quote that I've heard: 'Money can't buy you happiness, but it can rent it.' / Re: Sue's Sites... the gods must be crazy indeed! I thought bushmen was a derogatory term. I didn't realize it was an actual tribal name until now. / Re: Moonflowers... it's a good thing I'm not the gardening type; good stuff rarely grows in the city (though we do have several rooftop gardens). / Re: A Confession.... My cat is always jealous when I'm on the phone. Wonder how she would feel about a library. / May you never lose this love **Jim**.

InterLOCutions

**Joseph T. Major** (January): I heard my stories about the Aramaic/Torah link from a rabbi. I'd trust them more than this Usenet blowhard you mention here. / (March): I don't know much about TAFF, but I know CUFF. In fact, the vice-chair for Anticipation won it years ago.



**Robert Lichtman:** I use Eset for my antivirus/firewall. The memory overhead is lower. Look for A squared free for malware in general.

**Brad Foster:** then part of Montreal I work in has a Sikh temple. I'm not here at night so I don't know if it's lit up as you mention.

**Sheryl Birkhead: Lloyd** is also a regular at our local SF-con Con\*Cept. He was our fan GoH around 1995 or '96, and he'll run a zine lounge there this year.

**Dave Szurek:** Ever since I got burned by a panhandler in the 80s (one who thought it was worthy of laughing about it even) I haven't given anything either.

JaB

☐**CKK:** *A house fire may have been less hassle. I held over material that could have gotten me to at least 30 pages and there was so much that wasn't in the editorial.*☐

Laurraine Tutihasi  
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17 Oct 2008

Dear Henry and Letha,

Congratulations on the move. I hope your decision to rent out your old house is a wise one. With the economy going as it is right now, it's anyone's guess. We're glad to have sold our house in the spring, as we really didn't want to have to wait to build. Our home building, by the way, is progressing apace. Most of the foundation work is done, and framing is expected to begin soon. We've picked out a lot of things, including windows and doors. There are some details to be worked out, but they are minor things that won't affect the shape of the structure.

You have chosen a picturesque part of the Bay Area to rent in. Since you won't know your bar exam results for a while, what does this mean for your employment? Do you have some sort of probationary position? Do you have much of a commute?

During my eight months or so in the Bay Area, I never got to the Cow Palace; so I appreciate your colourful and odoriferous description.

I enjoyed Alexander Slate's economic article. Though I studied psychology and therefore am quite familiar with Maslow's hierarchy, I never thought about the fact that most people never reach the point of worrying about self-actualization. It's been the focus of much of my life. The fact that most people never get there is telling and helps to explain the mess that the world is in.

I confess, I'd just been skimming Sue Welch's previous Africa articles; but I read the latest entry with interest.

John Purcell waxes poetic in his gardening article. I guess that's the English major in him coming out. (Don't overdo it, John, or I'll start comparing your writing with Guy Lillian's purple prose.) The soil where he is sounds so much worse than the clay soil back where we lived in California, it makes me a bit ashamed that I complained. Our new house has great soil and should be great for growing things, though I plan to keep most of the land growing native vegetation. I only plan to put in some fruit trees for myself and possibly a vegetable or two. I read that a herb garden will attract bees, so I might put one of those in but probably won't use many of the herbs. I need to learn more details about the kinds of fruit trees I will be able to grow and their care needs in this area; but it looks like the ones I can grow include peach, pear, apple, persimmon, and loquat. There is an arboretum not too far away, and maybe I can get more information about this topic there.

Jim Sullivan's library article was appreciated. I've recently started to use the library again, at least in part because the Internet makes it so much easier. I can order items to reserve on the web. I get an e-mail when the material is ready. Then I pick them up. This is the Pima County system. The house we're building is in Pinal County, and I'm not sure if it's as easy to use. On the other hand, the local library is closer. The local library there is entirely volunteer-run so has rather limited hours. I may end up volunteering. As an ex-librarian, anything they need done should be easy for me.

As usual I enjoyed Terry Jeeves's article.

In my letter I seem to have left out a crucial word. I meant to say that California was one of the last states to recover from the previous housing recession. Possibly this is because home prices tend to soar there in good times. This downturn may just be what's needed to bring prices down to a more sane level.

Milt Stevens certainly is at his sarcastic best.

Sheryl Birkhead's letter talks about the costs of living being different in California. I know that here in Arizona, we pay less for a lot of things, though more for a few.

Good luck with settling down in California. I hope you passed the bar exam with flying colours.

Laurraine Tutihasi

☐**CKK:** *You may be one of the few that is in a position to build at this point. We still have tenants and hopefully things will recover enough before they move on. They have their own home to sell before they can afford to buy. The Jones Day employment manual says I get two chances to pass the bar before I'm in trouble. In the meantime, all my work is reviewed and signed by another attorney. Although, technically, I am admit-*

*ted in Wisconsin and as long as my practice is federal I could probably work around it by getting admitted pro hac vice for short terms in whatever jurisdiction I need to. California has the highest foreclosure rate in the country. Some markets, e.g. Stockton, were so over-inflated that many now hold mortgages that are \$100k or more in excess of current value.*□

Robert Lichtman  
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robertlichtman@yahoo.com  
Oct 18, 2008

Hi, Henry—

And welcome to California! I see from your location that you've effectively doubled the number of active fanzine publishers in your neck of the woods—the other being that prolific **Chris Garcia**, whose *Drink Tank* comes out far more often than either you or me would ever conceive of publishing. Checking Google Maps for your rental home (which sounds like a good one from your brief description), I see that you're situated in one of those areas that's at the same time remote *and* convenient. Skyline being part of State Highway 35 means that it's always kept accessible, is reasonably well-maintained, and is an easy drive (discounting the curves and having to deal with busy Highway 17 in one direction) to the main part of Los Gatos and the rest of Silicon Valley. The caveat is, of course, that there are a lot of other cars on those roads and if you have to travel at commute times you're encountering probably much more traffic than you ever did in Grafton.

Despite all the work and upheaval and expense you had to go through getting out of your house in Grafton, I agree with your real estate agent that this wasn't a good time to sell. The price of homes seems to be still seeking a new level of equilibrium, and it could turn out that your decision to "wait a year or two to put the house on the market" could possibly stretch beyond that. In the meantime, how lucky that you were able to easily rent it—and good that you'd done a lot of relatively low-cost renovation and maintenance (especially that new furnace) because of your original intention to sell. I hope your tenants turn out to be stable and stick around until such time as market conditions are right—and if you get *really* lucky, perhaps they'll like it so much that they'll buy it in order to stay put.

Turning to the rest of this issue, I don't want to dive into **Alexander Slate**'s discussion of "The Ethics of Money" except to agree that the ever-increasing skewing of income from top to bottom is definitely not a good thing. I enjoyed **Sue**'s travelogue and appreciate the photos, but have nothing to add. **John Purcell**'s contrast between gardening conditions in luscious-topsoil Iowa and hardpan Texas was a fun read; Jim Sullivan's confession about his love for libraries was entertaining; and I continue to enjoy your reprinting of **Terry Jeeves**'s memories of military service.

In the letter column, **Rodney Leighton** makes another one of his sweeping and *wrong* generalizations when he writes that "something like 98% of past U.S. TAFF honorees have never published a trip report." Actually, out of 24 U.S. winners going back to 1957 (the first U.S. winner to actually take the trip, Lee Hoffman having won the year before but not gone), nine reports have been published. An additional nine winners have produced partial accounts. A list of all TAFF winners and their publications can be accessed at <http://taff.org.uk/taffpubs.html>

And on a more minor note, **Rodney** says that his "understanding is that the fanzines published by **Bob Sabella** and **John Purcell** are electronic fanzines only." As you note, Henry, you get the paper copies in exchange for your sending paper copies of *TKK*. And I would add that **Bob** distributes all issues of *Visions of Paradise* in the quarterly FAPA mailings.

**Milt Stevens** writes, "China and India have been doing something about their population problems, and poverty has been diminishing in those countries." That's true on the face of it, but if you look closer at both you'll see that it's mainly in the urban areas that incomes have risen while in the "countryside" grinding poverty and subsistence farming still are the prevailing norm.

On the back cover under your planned convention attendance, you write, "Please inspire me here. I wonder what there is in the Bay Area?" If you check out the events listings in the back of the on-line fanzine, *SF/SF*, you'll find convention listings mixed in with book signings, movie showings and the like. The most likely upcoming one for you might be Potlatch 18, which takes place in Sunnyvale on February 27 through March 1 of next year. If you go to <http://www.potlatch-sf.org/> you'll find plenty of additional information. This is the first year the convention has been held in Sunnyvale. Previously it had a number of outings at a hotel in downtown San Francisco and I would always go for at least an evening. I don't know if I'll come to this one because it's a little far to commute to from Oakland and I'm saving my hotel money for Corflu in Seattle a couple weeks later.

Best wishes,  
Robert

□**TKK**: *We are on the "goat trail" portion of Skyline which very narrow and winding. Commute time wouldn't be so bad if they actually turned the on-ramp stop lights on because merging delays are the biggest source of slowdown on my way into work.*□

#### We also heard from:

Al & Megan Bouchard, Todd & Nora Bushlow, Randy Byers, E.B. Frohvet, Bruce Gillespie, Arthur Hlavaty, John Hertz, Randy Johnson, Hope Leibowitz, Rodney Leighton, KRin Pender-Gunn, Randy Robbins, Marc Schirmeister, Joyce Scrivner, Alex Slate, Gene Stewart, Gina Teh, Joey Torrey, and Sue Welch



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

*Banana Wings #35* by Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer; 59 Shirley Road; Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES; UK; fishlifter@goosemail.com; irregular; the usual. A nice fanzine with lots of traditionally fannish content. Just switched to a digest format.

*Ethel the Aardvark #137 & 138* 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.

*Lofgeornost 92* by Fred Lerner; 81 Worcester Ave; White River Junction, VT 05001; fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu; irregular; the usual. This is Fred’s FAPA zine. This issue focuses on his recent trip to Paris.

*MarkTime 86 & 88* by Mark Strickert; 9050 Carron Dr. #273; Pico Rivera, CA 90660; busnrail@yahoo.com; irregular; \$2 or the usual. Travel updates and general nattering in these two issues.

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

*Nice Distinctions 17* by Arthur Hlavaty; 206 Valentine St; Yonkers, NY 10704-1814; <http://www.maroney.org/hlavaty/>; hlvaty@panix.com; quarterly; \$1 or the usual. A small perzine with discussion of temp jobs and the ICFA conference.

*Opuntia 65.5 & 66A* by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. Dale reaches his 200th issue; quite an accomplishment. Lots of commentary on oil markets and gas prices.

## Fanzines Received in Trade

*Plokta 39* 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.

*Popular Reality #5*; PO Box 66426; Albany, NY 12206; irregular; \$3 or the usual. An ever-changing zine with this issue including varied commentary and poetry.

*The Reluctant Famulus 66* by Tom Sadler; 305 Gill Branch Road; Owenton, KY 40359; thomasdsad@copper.net; irregular; the usual. The Famulus is back with another fine issue.

*Sic Boi #1* by Randy Johnson F22545; PO Box 2500; Susanville, CA 96127; irregular; the usual. A difficult to read first issue due to the poorly photocopied hand writing. Also, significantly more use of the F-word than I care to see.

*Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol 9 No 2* by Warren Buff; 2144B Ravenglass Pl.; Raleigh, NC 27612; warrenmbuff@gmail.com; irregular; \$10/yr or the usual. Official zine of the Southern Fandom Confederation with lots of southern convention and club information.

*Vanamonde No. 758-762* by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John’s APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.



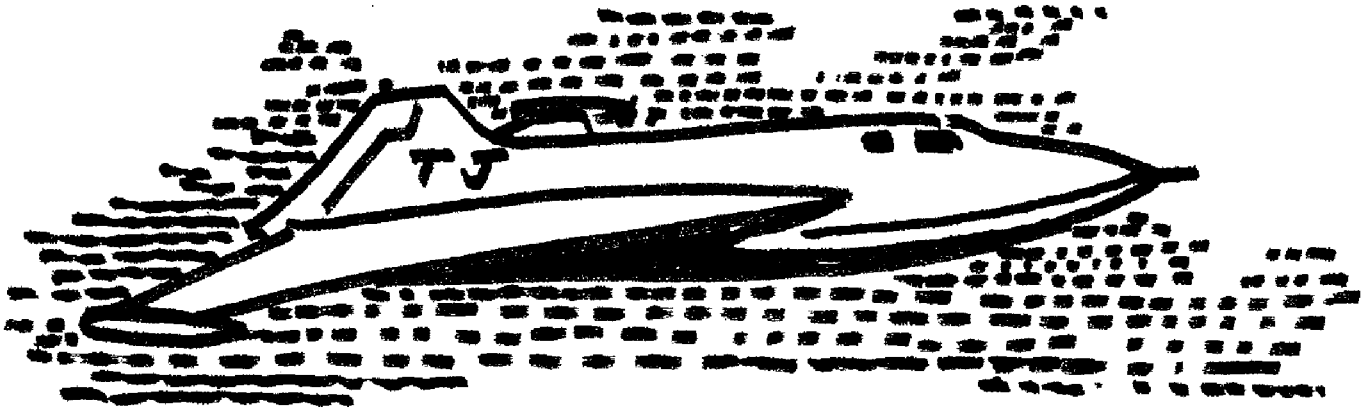
## **Knarley's Planned Con Attendance**

Please inspire me here.

I wonder what there is in the Bay Area?

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



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

\_\_\_\_\_ **<http://maps.live.com/> has a great bird's eye view of the house we rented. It's the one that looks like a boat.**

\_\_\_\_\_ **The large tree outside the front door is a valley oak. The acorns are over 2 inches long (5 cm for you metric people)**

\_\_\_\_\_ **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.**