

Can't Believe Everything You Read on the Internet is the fifty-fifth SFPA-zine (volume two, number thirty-two) from Jeffrey Copeland. It is intended for mailing number 225 of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance and selected others. It is published by Bywater Press, 3243 165th Ave, SE, Bellevue, Washington 98008. The text of *Can't Believe Everything You Read on the Internet* was composed using the T_EX typesetting system, and is set in 11-point Palatino. The original of this publication was printed on 1 February 2002 and it was reproduced by the Xerographic process.



As you might have heard by now, our only President passed out a couple of weeks ago after choking on a pretzel. At least that's the official story about how he showed up one Monday morning with a big bruise on his cheek. There's an alternate theory on the cover. My thought is that Laura was drunk, and she beat him up.

OK, not monumentally funny. But then, we wouldn't be making jokes about what actually happened if the press hadn't made such a big deal out of it.



So, I have a new job at Microsoft, much to my delight.

As you know, while I work for Microsoft, for a variety of not-completely sensible reasons, I actually report through Microsoft's Indian subsidiary. As may have leaked through in my normally-bland commentary here, working as part of an organization half-a-planet away has been a strain and an annoyance. To be sure, distance and time zones are not all of it — culture and experience play into the problems, too. Now, the director of the Indian Development Center has been assigned to increase the size of his development staff there.

The statistic that's been quoted to me is that Indian engineering staff cost half what US-based staff does. Since the senior-most Indian staff members are making a quarter what I am, I was dubious, until I realized that India has goal of full employment through non-jobs. This means that the burdened cost of every engineer has to include expensive, constantly-maintained office space, a support staff of fixers, drivers, gofers, and coffee ladies, and some other extras I can't begin to guess at.

As a result of all this, the bulk of development for Interix is now going to be

done in India, since they can hire twice as many engineers in India for the same money. While the existing developers for the product would be welcome to stay on, there would be less than critical mass in Redmond, and we'd be spending most of our time explaining how the existing code worked to guys with a year of experience.

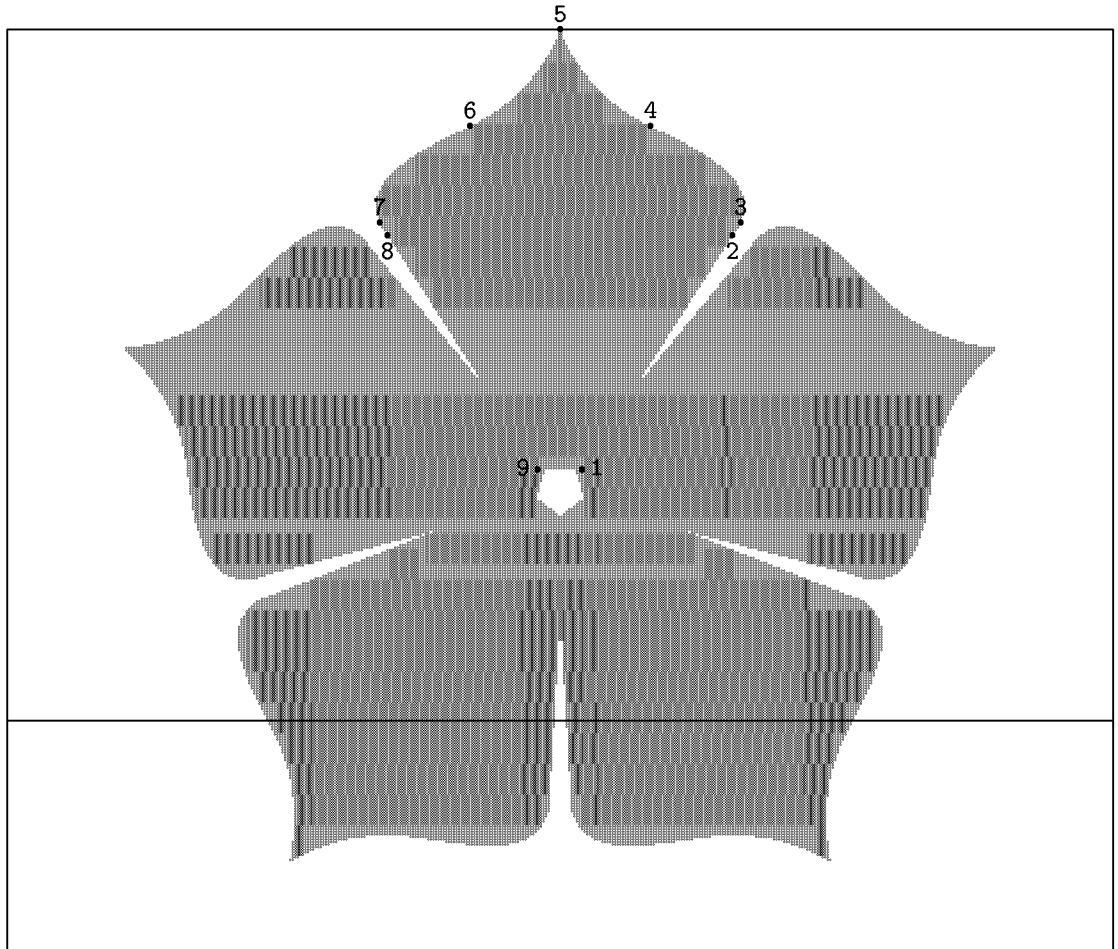
I had several choices other than that: I could have taken on several other Redmond-based jobs inside of the India development organization, but those would have been diplomatic and managerial, rather than technical. And given the resistance within the base operating systems group to anything developed in India, those jobs would have been not only thankless, it would have been impossible to be successful in them.

When I found out about this basic organizational change the week before Christmas, I resolved to not worry about it until after the new year. There are some things I realized I'd be giving up because of moving out of the Indian group: a literal round-the-world tour including a week or two in Tokyo and a week or two in Hyderabad and a probable return through Toronto, not to mention a new laptop at company expense. But in the end, those didn't matter as much as finding a job that I could enjoy and in which I had a snowball's chance of success.

Surprisingly, for me, I was the first one of the group to find a new job. I think it took a day longer than two weeks. I won't be able to start it until we actually ship the existing product, currently planned for March 15th. However once that's done, I'll be working for the typography group in the Windows Division. The longest distance between the offices of folks in the management chain between me and the chairman is across Microsoft Way and a parking lot — indeed, rather than a 36-hour plane ride to visit my manager's manager, I can go between two buildings under a covered walkway.

I am needless-to-say, quite a happy camper, not only about the new job itself, but the simplification of my life. Of course, I'm trading an Indian second-line manager for a French first-line manager, but I think that's probably a win.

Part of the fun of this job will be that I'll be building software to do typesetting again. Folks I interviewed with had large blowups of words on their walls, with grid marks for how they'd get rendered on the screen. And perhaps I'll be able to spend odd moments making more decorative characters like the ones I made a decade ago, of which an example is on the facing page.



Meanwhile, our pretzel-eating President gave a speech the last week in January. He called Iran, Iraq and North Korea the "Axis of Evil". Well, okay. All three of them have been madly working to get nuclear weapons. Except that South Korea has been trying for a couple of years to engage North Korea, and the US was involved in talks with both of them, and it seemed to be having a positive effect.

At least until the Bush administration started, and they cut off all contact.

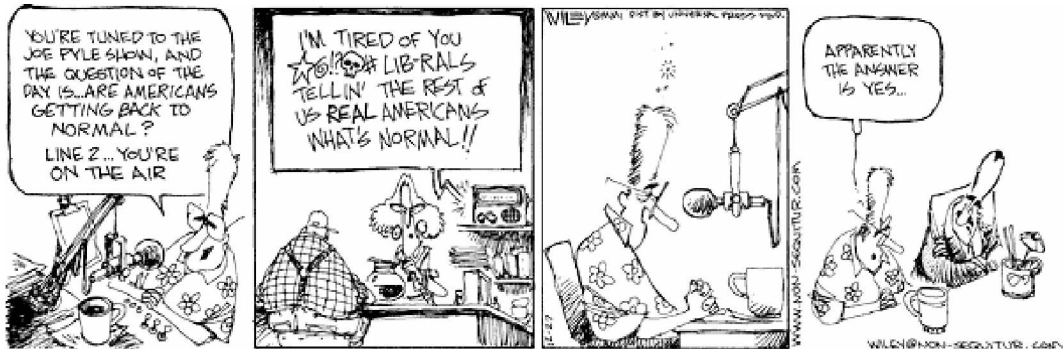
Similarly, after the Republican party spent so much effort to pillory President Clinton for proposing the Americorps volunteers program, here it appears again in Bush's State of the Union address as an important volunteer program. What did I miss?

And then: in the aftermath of the Enron bankruptcy, we've got Dennis Hassert talking about how Shrub won't tell anyone what corporate bigwigs came to give visit him and Dick Cheney in the White House. Um, excuse me, but isn't this the same Dennis Hassert who was insisting that the Clinton administration disclose everyone who was an overnight visitor to the White House?

Goose. Gander. Sauce.

Then we've got the non-specific warnings from the FBI: "there's going to be a terrorist attack." "No, we can't tell you where, or how we know." Look: Either they know there are going to be terrorist attacks, or they don't. The we-know-there-are-going-to-be-attacks-sometime approach just won't work.

I guess things are back to normal, more-or-less.



Those of you in the geek business probably know the name Richard Stallman. For the rest of you, Stallman invented the notion of free software – that is, software unencumbered by intellectual property restrictions. He went to MIT in the days when software was principally an academic pursuit and mostly given away in a practical application of socialism in the software world. As MIT software spinoffs started being formed, (so the story goes) Stallman became frustrated that software was becoming a commercial enterprise.* So he went off, invented free software,

* Imagine his annoyance at reading Bill Gates' famous letter in 1976: "As the majority of hobbyists

and founded the GNU project — GNU is a self-referential acronym standing for “GNU’s not Unix” — as a way to continue doing what he had been, and not have to get a nasty commercial job. If it wasn’t for Stallman’s extensive “GNU Manifesto”† Linus Torvald’s wouldn’t have adopted the very restrictive “General Public License” for his experimental operating system Linux. If Stallman hadn’t invented free software, Eric Raymond wouldn’t have made the empirical observations in *The Cathedral and the Bazaar* codifying the differences between open software development and commercial development. Nor would Raymond and Stallman have later gotten into a monumental pissing match over semantics matching anything at a Soviet Party Congress from the ‘thirties.

Consider the following other detail, though: Stallman is notoriously difficult to get along with. Apparently he was recently diagnosed as being bipolar, and is finally on medication. What if he wasn’t getting invited to join any of those new MIT spinoffs *because* he was difficult? What if he had no choice but to invent free software because nobody wanted to play with him? What if he was pissed off that his former colleagues were going off without him to get rich, and he struck back by taking the communist party line? So, if Stallman had any social skills, would there be a free software movement? Would he be a retired software millionaire now? Or would he have chosen this path anyway?


As we may have mentioned previously, southern California fan Hal O’Brien has become an honorary member of the household. The company Hal was working for imploded post-IPO, and left Hal looking for work. Since he and Ulrika have been wanting to move up to Seattle for a long time, Hal came up in November to borrow our spare bedroom and has been searching in the fairly dry Puget Sound job market (give or take a couple of trips back to Orange County) since then. He’s having some success in landing interviews, but hasn’t landed a job yet.


Nonetheless, it’s been a lot of fun to have Hal around. He’s been a pretty low-impact houseguest, and it’s fun to have an extra foil for adult conversation around the house. It’ll be great when Hal finishes his job search and he and Ulrika make their move.


must be aware, most of you steal your software. ... Hardware must be paid for, but software is something to share. Who cares if the people who worked on it get paid?”


† Which says things like “In the long run, making programs free is a step toward the post-scarcity world, where nobody will have to work very hard just to make a living. People will be free to devote themselves to activities that are fun, such as programming...”


Reviews


 *Fellowship of the Ring* is the most beautiful movie I've seen in quite a while. We all know the story. It's great fun. It's a wonderful, gorgeous production.


 When they made *Moulin Rouge*, I don't think they were intending to make a comedy. Nicole Kidman is smashingly cute. Ewan MacGregor can't sing to save his life. There isn't an original song in the film, and all of the musical numbers are hilarious. I gafawed from opening to ending credits.


 *Monsters, Inc* is a kids' movie from the wonderful people who brought you *Toy Story*. Cute story about monsters collecting power for their alternate universe by scaring children. There's a wonderfully-designed sequence in the storage area where the doors into the childrens' universe are stored. But, all-in-all, more of the same.


 So that dead white dude, Shakespeare, is *tres* trendy. We've had remakes of a bunch of his stuff in recent years, and we finally caught up with the new version of *Taming cf the Shrew*, re-jiggered to occur at Padua High School, *10 Things I Hate About You*. It's a very nice rendition, including a spectacular sound track, and exchanges like "His testicle retrieval operation went quite well, in case you're interested." "I still maintain he kicked himself in the balls." The only downside is that it's got current teen heart-throb Heath Ledger playing Petruchio, er, Pat Verona, opposite Julia Stiles' excellent Katherina, er, Kat Stratford.


 The current George Clooney version of *Ocean's 11* is pleasant, colorful, a good caper movie, and nicely plotted. It had a nice resonance for me, since I saw it two months after being in Las Vegas. An advantage is that even though Julia Roberts is a featured player, she doesn't get much screen time. However, this version is vastly different in tone than the original: while the Sinatra version was a very dry martini, Sonderheim and Clooney is a sweet manhattan.


 As you know, Jay Ward and Bill Scott were the comic geniuses who invented Rocky and Bullwinkle, George of the Jungle, among others. Unfortunately, in *The Moose The Roared*, Keith Scott, the Australian actor who voiced Bullwinkle in the live-action movie, has managed to write a completely boring book about completely zany people. There's certainly interesting way to the history. Unfortunately, it's not repeating the same story as told to seven different fan writers. How dull can you make the man who put a cardboard cutout of himself in the receiving line at his daughter's wedding? The answer is very. Don't bother picking this up to even look at the pictures.


 *What's the Worst That Could Happen?* is a movie starring Martin Lawrence and Danny DeVito from one of Donald Westlake's Dortmunder books. It's actually not a bad rendition of the story, and Lawrence isn't completely unreasonable as the Dortmunder character.

 Hal O'Brien made us a present of the newly released DVD of *The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai Across the Eight Dimension*. It contains a large number of tongue-in-cheek add-ons, like the complete list of CDs released by Buckaroo Banzai and the Hong Kong Cavaliers, including titles for all the cuts. (Sample song title: "The Intermediate Vector Boson Whistle.") Very amusing all together, and now JJ knows why I say "It's not my god-damned planet, monkey boy!"

 In the on-going attempts to expand the *Babylon 5* franchise, we had the movie *Babylon 5: Legends of the Rangers* on the SciFi channel the other night. It does nothing to really expand the Babylon 5 universe, but does allow for the return of Ambassador G'Kar, Straczynski's slightly-cynical observer of the bipedal condition. G'Kar, of course, gets all the good lines.

 For Christmas, my beloved family gave me all the episodes of *The Prisoner* on DVD. We've only managed to watch about a third of them so far. And even though we've told the kids the whole plot hinges on a comma, they've not twigged to how or why yet. The episodes vary in quality and interest from those that advance the plot ("The Arrival") through those that are psychological dramas that only could have been written in the sixties ("Dance of the Dead").

 *Legally Blonde* is a mindless bit of fluff, which has the entertainment value of having been filmed, in part, at my *alma mater*. Blonde airhead sorority girl is just bright enough to get into Harvard Law School, which she does because her ex-boyfriend is going there. She turns out to be better at law than even she expected.

 Consider this a pre-review, without benefit of seeing the movie in question: In the dull period at the beginning of the year newspaper entertainment editors run stories on "movies you'll see this year." One complete paragraph of the article in the local paper reads:

Paul Thomas Anderson Untitled: The "Magnolia" director's as yet untitled comedy features Adam Sandler and Emily Watson.

Even though both Anderson and Sandler violate the Geneva Convention, I think we should just save this flick for torturing prisoners from *al Queda*.

Mailing Comments on SFPA 222

It worked well last time to blast through the really old mailings and just respond to comments to me, so I'm going to continue it. We'll see if I can get through 222 and 223 in this pass, which will make me only one mailing behind. Now that my plans for a long Asian tour this spring are off, I won't be able to plan on 60 hours of airplane time to catch up on SFPA.

Ned Brooks ☒ *The New Port News* ✎

ct me – Commonplace Book: “Excellent! I have a small collection of such compilations somewhere. Sometimes I can even find it...I see there are two copies of the Revelation XXIII – I'd trade you one for another copy of the Commonplace Book so I could leave one in the mailing and put the other with these.” Such a deal! Did I remember to send you an extra? I should probably also send you an extra of Bartland's *Unfamiliar Quotations*.

Richard Dengrove ☒ *Twygdrasil and Treehouse Gazette* ✎

ct me: “I haven't been able to find out too much about Linda Tripp since she got fired. ...” Once more with feeling: She didn't get fired. She was a presidential appointee. Presidential appointees have a job only as long as the administration lasts. If she was fired, so was Janet Reno. “Someone claimed out that she was fired because, despite her reputation as an angel of the Right and an avatar of the truth, she was a nonpartisan gossip. She was accusing Bush senior of having a mistress.” Well, the first part of the statement isn't true, but the second is: she was an avatar of gossip rather than truth. She was kept around in the White House by the Clinton administration because she had some experience in how the White House worked. Reading between the lines she got promoted to a job at the Pentagon because she kept shooting her mouth off with accusations about members of the Bush administration.

☞ “Good for you, planning for your teenagers to fly the coop so they wouldn't be so rebellious. Of course, it takes two to tango in this case. You have to have halfway reasonable teenagers.” Well, it helps that she's reasonable most of the time. She learned it from her mother.

☞ “I'm afraid I can't get as interested in investments as you and Irv are...” I'm not interested, so much as fascinated by Irv's complete engrossment. Our investment strategy really is pretty simple: find good things; buy them; don't sell.

☞ “About Penelope Ashe, whom you quote from *Naked Came the Stranger*, Ashe was just a pseudonym for a number of *Newsday* reporters...” This I knew. They each wrote a chapter, and got the (fairly attractive) sister-in-law of one of them to front the book. The discovery of the real identity of the author by the Manhattan press was quite the *cause celebre* at the time. As I recall, the group of reporters contained no women, which only added to the amusement. “One of them, Mike McGrady, wrote a book about it,

Stranger than Naked.” I vaguely remembered that one of them had written a book about the experience, but now that I’m looking it up, I discover that McGrady was also the “as told to” on both of Linda Lovelace’s books. (Incidentally, Lovelace’s books have among their Library of Congress subject headings “Prostitutes – United States – biography”.)

ct Brown: “I think people are taking Johnny Hart too seriously. He looks like he is having fun with his Evangelical faith.” No he’s not having fun at all. He’s so insecure in his faith and his belief system that he’s having to be mean about anyone else’s. If you want to see a comic strip that takes religion with a dose of fun, see Dan Wright and Tom Spurgeon’s “Wildwood”, which is about a ministerial bear named Bobo and his anthropomorphic forest-dwelling congregation.



Arthur Hlavaty ☒ *The Frozen Weblog* ♣

You run a completely silly “Ode on the Mammoth Cheese” here. Do you remember Chris Kostanick’s “Ode to Velveeta” lo these many years ago in LASFAPA?

Irv Koch ☒ *Offline Reader* ♣

ct Southerner: “You got my mailing label correct but have a ...28 in my ZIP code on the roster instead of ...38.” Hmmm. It looks okay now. I must have caught and corrected it earlier. (For a variety of reasons, there are three places where the SPPA addresses live: on my Palm, in the file that becomes the roster, and in the address book of the postage software. If I could get the postage software to talk to the Palm desktop address book, or had the time to write the connector from the Palm desktop to the roster file, or get the postage software to talk to Microsoft Outlook, the problem would be solved.)

Guy Lillian ☒ *Spiritus Mundi* ♣

“Rose-Marie Donovan and I were married.” And many congratulations

(Whatever this typeface is, my handheld scanner is having trouble decoding it. That last sentence started as “*ose-Maric Donoran and I were mammed.”)

"[Her] yorkie, Jessie, ... had attended our wedding and had no problem with strangers..." Aha, that explains the very furry bouquet she's holding in the picture on the cover.

"As an aside, let me say how good it was to have L.E. around. ..." I envy you: both my siblings skipped my wedding. Alan Winston has my undying gratitude for performing brotherly duties that day. *"I'll forgive him for looking better in a tux than I did."* Not judging by the photos you show here: the suit actually fits you well and nothing takes away from your air of happiness. L.E.'s the one who looks out-of-place in the photos.

ct me: "You've Got Mars!" Maybe I've got Mars, but I haven't got your zine. It was in the mailing, and I even took notes on it, but somewhere twixt hither and yon, it vanished. *Could I borrow another copy?"* If I haven't already sent you one let me know and I'll get one to you forthwith. (This is the danger of my being so far behind. I egoscan and respond to OO comments and personal requests outside of the APA, and then forget that I've done so.)

Trinlay Khadro ✉ **Dewachen** ✉

ct As We May Think: "Ohhhh, still a good fun article, some of that stuff is pretty much what we see every day, sans the punch cards =)." I'm not sure how much of the shape of computers today is due to Vannevar Bush's influence, that is, how much notions of computing environment were shaped by his suggestions. Certainly, Harlow Shapley's book *Beyond the Observatory* owes some fundamental ideas to Bush.

"Every new technology stands on the shoulders of so much that came before." What was it Isaac Newton said? "If I have seen further it is by standing on ye shoulders of Giants." Or da Vinci earlier: "The great bird will take its first flight on the back of the great bird, filling the world with stupor and all writings with renown, and bringing glory to the nest where it was born."

"(Anyone remember the PBS show 'The Day the Universe Changed'?)" Yeah, but James Burke is full of crap. I've never been able to watch either this or *Connections* without periodically yelling "stuff and nonsense!" at the TV. He has some interesting ideas, but he gets so many fundamental facts wrong that it's just frustrating.

"KT and her peers note that dubbed Animae are often bowderdized and culturally edited, much to their dismay. 'it hurts the stories' they rightly observe. They also much prefer the mbtitled as they are trying to learn Japanese by watching them. Recurring 'courtesy phrases' and levels of address seem to be rather easily picked up that way." I know enough Japanese — or at least enough of the ebb-and-flow and form of the language — that by watching *Princess Mononoke* with the Japanese soundtrack I got a different insight into the relationships.

"Weekly World News sells Ts with their favored covers." Yeah, but I bet you can't get one that says "Official Newspaper of the Windows 2000 Group" off *their* web site!

Neutron Weapons: an Agonizing Death

By J. GARROTT ALLEN

To minimize the horrendous devastation of nuclear warfare, exemplified by the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the Reagan Administration has decided to produce the neutron warhead, which is designed to release enormous amounts of radiation while inflicting minimal damage to buildings and property in the targeted area. The principal advantage, we are told, is that the radiation would penetrate enemy tanks and rapidly kill military personnel, as well as anyone else within a radius of about 500 yards. There seems to be little awareness that many other people will receive lethal doses of radiation but will not die for weeks, months or even years. This poses medical problems of a magnitude never before considered.

Most physicians have not encountered patients heavily exposed to a sudden burst of ionizing radiation in which blast and heat are not components. I am one of the few who have.

During World War II, I was a physician on the Manhattan Project to build the first atomic bomb, and I witnessed the death of a 32-year-old physicist, Dr. Louis Slotin, who had been exposed to radiation during an accident at Los Alamos Scientific Laboratories in May, 1946. He was the leader of a group of eight men trying to join two pieces of nuclear material in order to create a critical mass. Slippage occurred that allowed a super-critical mass to develop momentarily, setting off an uncontrolled chain reaction and creating a sudden burst of ionizing radiation. Slotin had the presence of mind to immediately command the other seven persons in the room to remain stationary until he could draw circles around their shoes. He did this in order to identify their location so that later on their clinical courses could be correlated with the dosage of rems (roentgen equivalent, man—a unit of radiation) that each received.

In less than an hour, all were admitted to the local hospital; in that brief time, Slotin had turned a tragic accident into the nearest thing that we have to a controlled human

experiment on acute total body exposure to ionizing radiation. Slotin had already made a rough estimate of his own probable exposure dose as being more than 1,500 rems, and on that basis concluded that there was no hope for his survival. From numerous previous experiments on dogs exposed to ionizing radiation, there was no doubt that, if his calculations were correct, so was his prognosis.

His clinical course resembled that of some of the radiation victims in the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings 10 months earlier who had been in locations where heat and blast did not reach them. Much of this radiation was secondary, not direct, and resembled X-rays. Therefore, the exposure doses could not be nearly so well estimated. In the case of most of the fatalities, death was instantaneous from the heat and the blast, which extended beyond the bomb's radius of radiation.

The clinical results in Slotin's case duplicated what would happen to a person exposed to a nuclear tactical weapon, uncomplicated by the effects of blast and heat. During the first 12 hours, Slotin vomited several times and had diarrhea and a diminished output of urine. His hands, which had been the most heavily exposed to radiation, became swollen. Edema (swelling) and cyanosis (bluish discoloration) of the fingernail beds were noticed within three hours of the accident. Also, patches of erythema (redness) appeared on his hands and forearms. In 24 hours, erythema was also noted on the chest and abdomen. By the following morning, massive blisters had formed on his hands and forearms.

After the first day, Slotin developed adynamic ileus (paralysis of intestinal activity), which could be relieved only by the use of a continuous suction tube through the nose. This tube soon became painfully irritating because of ulcerations that developed on his tongue and in the back of his mouth and nose. His hands and arms became increasingly swollen and painful. He required morphine for relief.

By the fifth day, diarrhea was frequent and uncontrollable.

David Schlosser ☒ *Peter, Pan and Merry* ♣

ct Metcalf: "Interesting that anyone had the notion of Radiation Sickness prior to the development of atomic weaponry. I guess people who actually worked with the materials would have been in a position to (at least anecdotally) see a cause and effect relationship." Remember that it was known that Marie Curie died of radiation sickness. The clipping that's reproduced on these pages is one I've carried in my wallet for a more than twenty years. In fact, it's got a notation at the bottom:

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(I've Seen It)

ble. His hands had become gangrenous because the swelling had shut off the blood supply. The erythema and edema increased daily over his entire body. Frequent doses of morphine were the only treatment that was symptomatically effective. Nothing could be done to stop the steady progress of total disintegration of body functions.

On the ninth day, Louis Slotin died.

The autopsy findings were the same as those we had seen many times in experimental animals—hemorrhage throughout the body, the absence of platelets, and blood that would not clot.

The total body irradiation that this victim had received was later estimated at 1,930 rems. The other seven scientists in the room experienced much lower doses. The man standing immediately behind Slotin at the time of the accident, Dr. Alvin Graves, 34, received the second heaviest exposure, 390 rems. He eventually returned to work, directing many of the studies at the Nevada test site for several years before developing cataracts, becoming blind and dying at age 54 of other complications attributed by medical authorities in part to his radiation exposure in 1946. Two other members of Slotin's team subsequently died of acute leukemia.

There will be many survivors, both military and civilian, if and when nuclear tactical weapons are used. They will have received enough radiation to kill them, but for many death may be slow in coming. There is no effective medical treatment for serious radiation injury, and these deaths will be almost as agonizing to those looking on as to the victims themselves. The production of neutron weapons is probably as immoral a concept as human minds have yet devised.

J. Garrott Allen is a professor emeritus of surgery at Stanford University Medical School. He is a founding member of the Radiation Research Society and the author of numerous articles on the effects of radiation injury.

ct me: "‘Teaching to the test’ is one of those terms that you have to be careful with. If it means focusing all the effort on the type of questions that will be on the test, then it’s shortchanging the students. On the other hand, if it means making sure to cover the topics that the test covers... then I have no problem with it.” Yeah, the issue is cramming for the exam as opposed to actually learning the material. I’m sure with the new emphasis on testing in education, this is going to rear its ugly head again and again.

Janice Gelb ☒ Trivial Pursuits ♣

“I was so impressed that I asked him where I could write a letter of commendation, which I did. I also told him that I’d recommend CDW to all my friends, so I am.” Your experience with CDW matches my experience with PC Connection: they’re remarkably knowledgeable, and have always been really good with followup.

ct Brooks: “The ‘What, me worry’ GWB cartoon was done for The New Republic...” The Nation, actually. Or at least that’s the source

of the one I reprinted on the back cover of my zine a while back.

ct me: “Regarding George’s troubles with converting Celsius to Fahrenheit, you say ‘Repeat after me: $F=9/5C+32$.’ ... Try this: $F=2xC+30$. Much easier mental math and surprisingly accurate...” Aha! Thanks for the hint.

“To add to this discussion about foolproof voting equipment, I had an interesting talk with Ashley Grayson at Westercon, After the election cock-up, some of their engineers for their own amusement designed a touch-screen voting machine that can print a paper receipt.” The paper receipt for the voter doesn’t replace a printed record for verification of the count.

Gary Brown ☒ Oblivio ♣

“The Missing Intern And what a field day for lawyers and former cops and political analysts.” Yeah, I guess part of Gary Condit’s problem is that all those CNN (and especially Fox) talking heads had nothing left to do after OJ Simpson and the Impeachment and the Florida recount madness were all over.

ct me: “That’s terrible that work gets in the way of your hobbies. I hate when that happens.” Yeah, so do I. There have been way too many missed dinners and twelve-hour days and Saturdays in the office in the past year.

ct me – Commonplace Book: “Be honest now, if this was back in the 1960s without personal computers, you never could have done this zine, right.” Actually, I’ve kept a list of interesting quotations since college. Once I could put the file on the computer, I typed in the sheaf of paper I’d been writing them on in longhand. *Would* I have bothered to type them onto stencils and mimeo them? Probably not. But I can imagine that I might have typed them up on the Selectric and Xeroxed them once Xerox machines were more common.

I’m already donating money to patriotic causes, and I bought some plastic flags made in China, but I felt I needed to do more. Then it hit me. There is one patriotic duty for which I have prepared my entire life: dehumanizing the enemy. In a sense, that’s been my full-time job for years. I just need to replace the word “management” with “Taliban.”

— Scott Adams, Dilbert Newsletter #38, 7 Nov 2001

Eve Ackerman ☒ **Guilty Pleasures** ♣

“Among the ashes of the dotcoms that crashed and burned we find Dreams Unlimited...” I’m sorry your original publisher has folded. They seemed like nice folks. *“LTDBooks wanted my pirates and will re-release it in August from their site, www.ltdbooks.com, in a variety of e-book formats.”* Cool. Very cool. I’ll have to check these folks out. If they have your books in a variety of formats, it means I won’t have to violate the Digital Millenium Copyright Act to get your books into my Palm.

Steve Hughes ☒ **Comments** ♣

ct me: “Spending your time working on work! That’s a scandalous misuse of time.” Yeah, yeah. I’ve heard this complaint somewhere else recently.

“I suppose it would be a pain to be identified with someone like Alice. I used to have a small, about 20 pages, volume of Carroll’s photographs of children. The subjects were all young, mostly just pre pubescent, girls and most of them were nude. Yeah, doesn’t quite fit the image you have of Carroll. In fact, if still had the book I’d probably have to get rid of it since it would definitely qualify as child porn by today’s standards. I’ve never seen any evidence that Carroll’s interest in children went beyond photographing them.” Actually, I did a paper on *Alice* in high school, and my English teacher kept wanting me to talk about Dodgson’s pedophilia, and how it affected the whole *Alice* story. I think you’re right, though, that Dodgson really was following the practice of the time. He really had youngsters for friends,

whom he photographed both nude and dressed up in various costumes. (As for his photographs being child pornography: in the current mindset where a photograph of a 13-year-old in a bathing suit is proscribed by the Supreme Court, in a case involving entrapment, I agree that even looking at Dodgson's photos is probably illegal.)



"Got any plans for later?"

Toni Weisskopf ☒ *Yngvi is a Louse* ♥

So congratulations on the wedding thing. Sorry we can't be there. (How come no SFPAs are getting married in the Pacific Northwest? Oh. Never mind.)

Your note next to the ticket stub for *Pearl Harbor* says "lousy movie." You saw Ebert's review, I presume? Something along the lines of "the Japanese launch a sneak attack to break up a love triangle." (Oddly, I don't have the exact quote stashed away.)

ct me: "Comments on zines? Heck, I'm almost as far behind as you are...)" Well, misery loves company.

ct Lynch: "Re: India & food: When Hank goes over there he eats only the fruit, which he says is great. I've seen Hank's slides of the Taj Mahal in Agra (as you recommend to Jeff). Can't wait to see it in person. Looks magnificent." Well, as I explain in my natter, I probably won't be going after all. Which is really annoying. I had been looking forward to taking a side trip up to Agra since I've always wanted to see the Taj Mahal. Though, I'll keep Hank's advice about fruit as a solution to the what-to-eat-without-causing-my-intestines-to-rebel problem for future reference. In that part of the world, the fruit is usually really fresh and tasty.

"The Wall Street Journal Wednesday, June 27, 2001 'A Very Brady Affair:'... Briefly, the Actors Equity complaint is this: that in accepting a role with the non-Equity Sound of Music tour, [Barry] Williams violated union bylaws, and they've fined him \$52,000" Um, here's the basic problem: when you join the actor's union, you agree to only act in Equity productions, and you agree to pay a fine if you do. There are specific work-arounds for small theaters, but I can't imagine that *Sound of Music* was playing 99-seat houses. Is that agreement a bad thing? I don't know, but Williams signed it. Is Equity's enforcement a little heavy-handed? Maybe, but he's fairly high profile, and if they don't enforce the rules against him, they can't enforce them against anyone else.

Gary Robe ☒ *Tennessee Trash* ♣

"The Missionary Imposition" I'm glad you had the time to go on this trip. I sounds like it was a lot of work, but that you got a good bit out of it and did some good work.

Liz Copeland ☒ *Home with the Armadillo* ♣

"DSC took up 2 Doubletree hotels..." Boy, you really wanted to go to another regional convention this summer. So did I. As fun as Westercon was, I'd have liked to have gone to DSC, too, too.

That's all there's time to do, folks. My zine time in January got sucked up in part by job search, I'm afraid. But I've got a page-and-a-half, so we'll provide Toni with some comics and quotes.

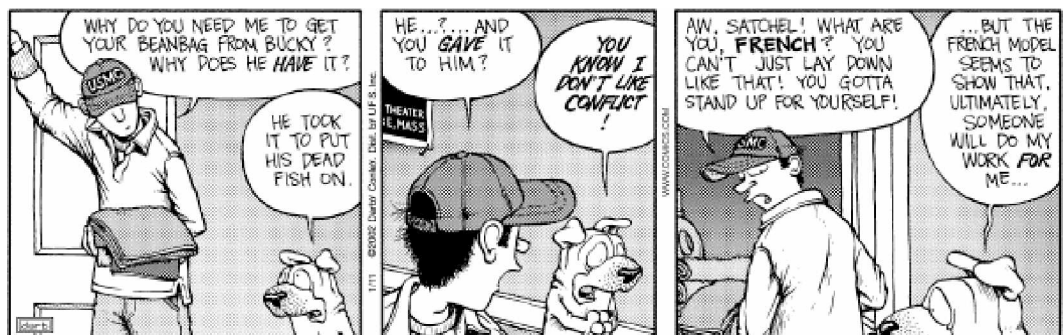
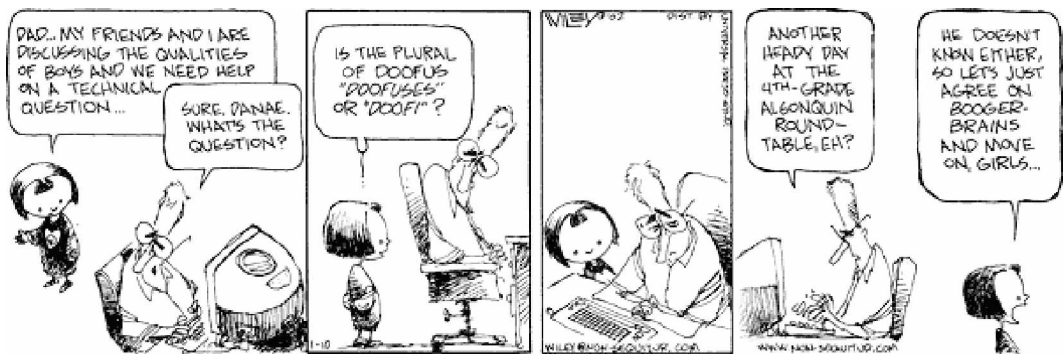
HEART OF THE CITY

BY MARK TATULLI



In the old days the soda pop tasted like soap, the soap lathered like toilet paper, the toilet paper could be used to sand furniture, the furniture was as comfortable as a pile of canned goods, the canned goods had the flavor of a Solzhenitsyn novel, and a Solzhenitsyn novel got you arrested if you owned one.

— P J O'Rourke, in *Eat the Rich* on Russia under Brezhnev



Like nearly every serviceman in the armed forces of the United States, the AAF men at Cerignola came to hate the sight of Spam. This was true even at the very top. After the war, General Eisenhower met the president of the Hormel company and thanked him for the Spam, then added, with a grin, "But did you have to send us so much of it?"

— *The Wild Blue* by Stephen E Ambrose

Art Credits

The front cover features the Boondocks strip from 28 Jan: additional speculation encouraged. (However, I'll note that the Car Guys on NPR recently had a fake ad for Pre-chewed Presidential Pretzels.)

Page 1: *Boondocks* from 30 Jan — ah, wait: here's additional speculation about the pretzel incident. Page 4: *Non Sequitur* from 12 Jan — America: Normalacy returns. Film at 11. Page 9: *Sylvia* from 31 Jan — Ms Hollander takes my approach to airline security. Page 14: *New Yorker* from 7 Jan. Page 15: *Heart cf the City* from 16 Dec 2001. Page 16: *Non sequitur* from 10 Jan, *Shoe* from 16 Jan ("yeah, it's in Joisey, just off da Toinpike"), and *Get Fuzzy* from 11 Jan. The back cover features a refrigerator magnet Hal O'Brien was kind enough to supply.

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HELLO! MY NAME IS

JOHN

Yoyodyne Propulsion Sys.