

Twygodrasil And Treehouse Gazette #72

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Serious Pictures of Chandra on the DC police website

TABLE OF CONTENTS

My Trip to See My Parents.....	1
Watch the Skies (1994) by Curtis Peebles.....	6
Chandra Levy Case.....	10
Comments on SFPA #222.....	11
Arthur.....	16
David.....	21
Eve.....	24
Gary B.....	23
Gary R.....	32
Guy.....	17
Irvin.....	16
Jeff.....	11,26,28
Liz.....	25,28
Mike.....	29
Ned.....	13
Norm.....	12
Palm d'Or.....	21
Randy.....	33
Richard L.....	14
Sheila.....	15
Steve.....	30
Toni.....	31
Trinlay.....	19

GRAPHICS: COVER, DC Cops speculate on how Chandra may have disguised herself; p5, Bald Chandra Levy in City Paper's parody vs. picture from D.C. Cops' website; p10, Chandra disguise on D.C. Cop site vs. Nancy; p15, Chandras with degrees of long wavy hair; p20, I Gotta Go; p25, Have you asked him (need I say about what?); p30 Randy's porpoise in landsuit; BACK City Paper mocks DC Cops speculations.

MY TRIP TO SEE MY PARENTS

I went to see my parents August 4th to 10th. It was a rollercoaster all right.

But I expected to be more depressed than I was. My brother Bob kept telling me that my father, 87, was in serious condition. And might die soon. This was one of the reasons I chose to see my parents in the Summer this year rather than around Xmas.

That the condition was serious wasn't apparent when I saw my father. It is true that he had a problem with his legs. One, he kept propped up and there were blisters where his socks used to be. Both legs were swelled up. In addition, he had had problems with his asthma medicine. At one point, he had to change medicines. With the new medicine, his nose has been eternally stuffed.

Also, he had lost a lot of weight.

In any case, it was the legs everyone was concerned with. My mother whispered that she didn't like his internist, an old friend as old as my father. Older. Bob, a psychiatrist like my father, and thus a physician, also whispered that he should see a specialist.

Then he told my father outright.

I have heard the condition of leg is called edema. And it is indicative of heart problems. Bob, I learned later, feared it might be something worse. That his prostate cancer, untreated because it is slow moving, had metastasized into a faster moving cancer on his legs.

At the time, my father promised to see a vascular specialist. The first appointment he could get with the one he chose was a week hence, when I would be home in the D.C. area.

There I found out what the outcome was. The vascular specialist felt that it was

same problem his internist had been telling him. The swelling of the leg had to do with reactions to his asthma medicine. The specialist told him to keep taking his diuretic and walk. Even though the latter was very difficult for my father, the prognosis was far from dim.

I don't know whether Bob still thinks it is cancer. And that my father should have it looked into further. I think Bob is panicking. He is letting his fears run him. For various reasons, my father's dying would, to him, be the Deluge. For that reason, the facts seems more dismal than they are. My father is very old and cannot live forever. But now, I don't think, will be his time for going.

Not even his weight loss was that bad a sign. Part of the reason for it being he had lost his sense of taste, a product of age. Also, while my father was thin, he was not emaciated. I have been as thin as that at various times during my life. And it was not considered a medical problem.

Another family roller coaster I road on was the crisis of the washer and dryer. When I came, both the washer and dryer chose to break down. They were both thirty years old. My sister Lois, who had come in from Los Angeles, helped my mother buy a new one at Sears. Part of the contract was that my mother had purchased an electrical kit so it could be installed the same day it was delivered.

Also, it was in the contract that Sears should take away the old washer and dryer.

Well, Sears delivery, depending on where you are, can be unreliable. Especially, I guess, when Sears contracts it out. The delivery men knew nothing of the electrical kit. And they said we

should have had an electrician there to install it.

Forget that. Lois called up Sears and pointed out it was in the contract. It came to yelling to some extent. After some runaround, they agreed to send out someone to install the machines.

Which they did, the next day.

And they took away the washing machine. But they decided the dryer was not in the contract. So that was placed on the sidewalk outside my parents' house.

At one point, my father, and I – under the circumstances, mostly I – dragged the washing machine onto the lawn so pedestrians would not be impeded.

And there it remained when I left.

But that is not the end of the tale. There was the matter of my mother using the washer and dryer. The manuals were written by lawyers and warned of the machines setting on fire and blowing up. My mother was afraid to touch them.

So, the last night I was there, I decided to be the guinea pig. I had accumulated a lot of laundry by then. My sister Lois had read the manual and I, rightly or wrongly, assumed I could master the washer and dryer by experience and intuition.

There was a false start. When you set it on double wash, it only gives you the second wash. You had to set it for an entire cycle: e.g., permanent press, ultrawash, etc. Then it went through a complete cycle. While I didn't like that feature then, I liked the moisture detection in the dryer.

While this was going on, my mother was unsure it would not explode. At one point, she wanted to take all the wash out. And I could take it home dripping wet. But I told her it would be OK, and she grumbled a bit and left me and my sister to our devices.

Of course, my wash came out OK. My laundry could have been less rumpled. It could have been better folded. (Not the responsibility of either the washer or the dryer.) But it was OK.

My mother also thought it was OK. So she decided to do her own laundry. And when I got back to the DC area, I found out that load had turned out OK too.

Then there was the problem of the alarm system. My parents have had the same alarm system for thirty years. Just like they had had the washer and dryer for thirty years.

And, of course, it chose to blow while I was there. I opened the basement door and the alarm started going off. My father heard it and went down to the furnace room as fast as he could. Which, of course, under the circumstances, was not too fast. But he unplugged a tube of some sort and it stopped.

I was astonished he did not blame me for it. His attitude was that we should be able to open the basement door.

Next, I and my father tested the system, and he concluded it had broken down. When the tube was plugged in, the alarm always went off when we opened the basement door.

At this point, my mother returned. She noted that part of the system in the garage was missing. Sure enough. There was space on the wall where apparently something had been screwed on and there had been wires. This raised a great mystery.

My father told me to look in buckets underneath the space. But to no avail. I and Lois were wondering whether we would be slain in our beds because



City Paper



DC Cops

some thief had stolen it and would return.

Then my father remembered. There hadn't been any part for the system there for years. The current part in the garage was tacked on elsewhere. Thus, something seemingly inexplicable was naturally explained by forgetfulness. I wonder how many ghosts, flying saucers, possessions have a similar

explanation.

The alarm system is connected to the police station. Presently, the cops came. We explained the situation. At one point, my mother heard them say we were going to have to get another alarm system. Her mind, being open to conspiracies, she decided that the cops were trying to get us to purchase a competing system they were getting kickbacks for.

The real explanation was something else. My father found out that the company that sold him and serviced his system was now a monopoly. And that, after thirty years, and despite a contract to the contrary, they didn't want to fix his system. They wanted him to buy a whole new one.

My father figured that that was what the cops were talking about.

I had a small bump on the rollercoaster ride having to do with my nieces Pam, Joan and Libby. Although my

sister Lois has led a wild life, she is very worried about them. Maybe because of that. Especially Joan, her favorite.

Part of the problem is things my nieces have said to her. Some remarks of which showed a disquieting immaturity. ("What's the big deal about getting raped? You get raped and you go on Oprah.") Other remarks, I bet, were to impress their cool aunt Lois with how hip they are, although she takes them as reflecting their true belief.

This time around Lois worried when Joan, who looks vaguely like a model, had gone into the van of a punk band called Good Charlotte. Joan said two of the boys were her friends. A third had tried to 'hit' on her. And he wasn't her friend.

Lois asked me: "Do you believe that?"

"Yeah," I said. "I have no reason not to."

In fact, there are reasons to believe it. I don't think my sister Lois realizes Joan is twenty now, and nearly of age. In many ways, mentally and emotionally definitely of age. She is certainly far more responsible than I was at her age. Lois might disagree, however.

Whatever their condition five years ago, our little nieces have grown up. Far from seeing the youngest, ten years younger than they, as another child, they see her their child. They got together recently and bought her an electric car she can drive in the yard. It cost several hundred dollars.

Somehow I myself got involved with Good Charlotte in a way. I heard Joan say she had wanted to know the origin of the band's name. And my librarian's wheels started working. But I

really wasn't able to find out until I got back home.

I did my Google search. And three sites claim it is named after a book *Good Charlotte* (1969). Which is apparently a teenage girl novel about orphans, their wards, their skinflint benefactor, and the royal or noble origin of one. There is apparently only one book by that title. A strange work for a punk band to be named after, but stranger things have happened.

Of course, I haven't been able to tell this to Joan. Communicating with my brother's daughters is impossible. They are never around. Anyway, I don't know how she would take this info from her uncool Uncle Richard. Nice but definitely uncool.

The roller coast was smooth riding when we went to a nearby supermall. I and my sister decided to buy Tarot Cards for one another. By tradition, you are supposed to use a deck you have received as a present. I got my sister to buy me one. And then she prevailed upon me to buy her one. It was the traditional deck, the Waite-Rider. We got a manual and A.E. Waite's book with it. Having read Waite before, I am want to look into it.

In a Friendly's ice cream place, she gave me a reading. She has had some practice with it. And, sight unseen, I gave her a reading. She said I had confidence and I was convincing.

And, who knows, I may have read the Tarot right. The general belief has been the Tarot works by pure intuition. You can read the manual and learn some traditional methods. You can read about what the symbols traditionally mean. You can give ethically sound readings.

But the bottom line is supposed to be intuition. Your unconscious.

Back to some bumps on the roller coaster ride, there is the one about my father's will. My father complained to me one day that he could not teach my mother the nuts and bolts of the family finances. She had a hard time remembering anything he told her.

The next day I asked him if he had someone to take care of these things in his absence. He told me it was my sister Lois. He had named her first executor of his will, as opposed to I and Bob, who are second executors.

This makes sense. She is the only one my mother truly trusts. My mother likes me but I don't think she trusts me. She also likes my brother Bob, but I know she doesn't trust him. His wife Debby, according to my mother, is the source of all her troubles.

One unfortunate thing: Bob doesn't know. And I think my father wants to tell him in his good time. I'm not certain he'll like it. Not especially after all he's done for my parents.

On the other hand, my father is going to have to tell him sooner or later.

I took time out from the rollercoast during my vacation. One day, I and my sister visited my father's friend Cyril. We always like to talk to Cyril and his wife Vi'. That day they set a particularly nice repast of bagels, lox, creamcheese and salad for us. With ice coffee.

Before we were about to leave, Cyril's Israeli cousins arrived. They were charming. Both were psychologists, just like Cyril is a psychiatrist. The wife was an industrial psychologist. She claimed that a psychologist is only needed for management. The Israeli workers have,

what is called in China, the iron rice bowl. No one can be fired and no one can be let off. She termed that the soviet system.

The husband is a psychologist studying gestures. He has apparently learned a great deal about human nature. Whether from his studies or hard knocks, I don't know. When I lost my glasses. He found them very fast. I had not been looking in the proper place in the bathroom for them. He somehow knew to look there.

Both the husband and the wife had strong views on the Arab-Israeli dispute. Very strong. And I was not about to give mine. My sister baited them rather subtly, however.

The wife was trying to convince us that it was safer to live in Israel than it was to drive. Lois asked whether Israelis don't drive too. And was told that was not the point.

Later, Lois asked what she could do to promote the Israeli cause. Become a sabra? Instead, they suggested she become a settler.

Not my sister, I don't think.

My journey ended in a loop-de-loop. I rented a car for it, a Pontiac Grand Am, and refused to get the insurance that came with it. Which was 40% on the price of the rental. I wish I had. A week or two afterward, I was watching a travelogue. And the expert said that he always gets the insurance when he rents a car.

Somehow I got through driving rains driving to New Jersey and from. I also got through traffic jams. I got through New Jersey drivers as well. And Virginia drivers.

Then I was about to take the car back to the rental place. But, first, I had to fill the car up with gas. I did that. Backed out. And I could have sworn there was no

one in back. But there was. Smack! Her door was a mess.

There seemed to be some scratches on the back of my car. At the car rental place, they said that the scratching was even less than I thought. But they took my deductible. Which was \$500. 500% more than insurance would have been.

They claim I will get most of it back through my insurance company. And I better.

We will see what my insurance company does. Both my victim's insurance company and it have contacted me. I admit it is my fault. I am not going to say that it wasn't.

I could say as an extenuating circumstance the Grand Am could have had better visibility. Less extenuating because I should have adjusted the mirrors. And certainly not enough to exonerate me. The bottom line is I should have really watched where I was going.

And that ends my trip to my parents place. A rollercoast or what?!

WATCH THE SKIES (1994) **by Curtis Peebles.**

This book is a history of flying saucers. Since it is a skeptical book, it is out of print. In reviews on the web, while old believers in flying saucers dislike Peeble's skepticism about sightings, their antagonism is not what it once would have been. Not since the flying saucer myth has been hijacked by younger crazies.

And they admire his history.

I admire it too. It gives the flying saucer myth as well as flying saucer facts.

Which is what I am interested in. Facts are boring nothings without myth to give them meaning and purpose.

According to Peebles, the flying saucer myth was started by Ray Palmer and Richard Shaver in the magazine *Amazing*. Shaver did the writing and Palmer the editing. They made the flying saucer mindset popular from 1944 until the first spotting. And, after that, they made the real McCoy popular. Peebles is not the only one who claims this. John Keel of *Fate* magazine, which, I guess, gives him strong believer credentials, did for many years.

At first this thesis does not look promising. For one thing, all the beings in the Shaver mysteries come from this world. Originally from Lemuria, AKA Mu. For another thing, the space vehicles in the Shaver mythos were not flying saucers, at least not in shape. While beings known as Titans fly about space, in the one illo I saw, they do so in rocket shaped vehicles with birdlike wings.

What Palmer and Shaver added was the conspiratorial mentality. As Palmer said, "If you think responsible parties in world governments are ignorant of the fact of space ships visiting Earth, you don't think the way we do."

In addition, they bridged the era of pop Lemurian and Atlantean occultism and the era of pop flying saucer occultism. Those doing the flying had originated in Lemuria on Earth, not extraterrestrially.

As late as the '60s Palmer was still trying to associate flying saucers with his descendants of Lemuria.

Palmer and Shaver set the stage for Kenneth Arnold to observe the first flying saucer, June 24, 1947. In his own plane near Mount Rainier. He said, they

"flew like a saucer would if you

skipped it across the water."

From that the newspapers got the idea it was a flying saucer Arnold saw. And the flying saucer entered the world's consciousness.

For a time, the Air Force was wondering whether they were Russian, or a threat to national security in some other way. It took it several years but it finally determined that they were neither.

However, the Air Force felt they posed an indirect threat. Flying saucer reports might clog the nation's early warning system and slow response to a Russian attack.

If this was the only reason, the Air Force could have just said it would only investigate for reasons of national security. Forget extraterrestrials. And its early warning system would not be clogged.

But it could not do that. It was afraid the public might panic. So it decided to try to convince the public that flying saucer did not exist. Was this a conspiracy? While the Air Force employed a number of skeptics like Captain Ruppelt and Allen Hynek (who later became a believer), I am not certain the brass who supervised all this were not believers.

Of course, it is not clear what evidence it suppressed. The debate between the believers and skeptics was not fought over the facts, but the interpretation of the facts.

Ultimately, the Air Force got out of the business of trying to prevent the public from panicking. It had the Condon Report done. Most academics would not touch the study with a ten foot pole. However, the Air Force was able to scrape together both believers and

skeptics. Of course, the skeptics were given the upper hand. And in the end it came out very much against their existence in 1968.

And thus justified the Air Force getting out of the business in 1969.

Now we come to the sane saucer advocates vs. the crazy ones. This terminology is loaded, un-p.c., prejudiced, elitist. You name it. I open myself up for a lot of flack. But it fits my own prejudiced view better.

Beliefs, which claim to be fact, sound crazier to me as the actual myth content rises and the actual fact content falls. Ultimately, with more recent flying saucer beliefs, we are approaching 100% pure myth proclaimed as fact.

This is not only my view. The skeptics have it of course. And right now the old believers in flying saucers have it. And I'm not certain the public at large does not have that view. Which is what makes the Art Bell and the Fox specials so entertaining.

First, the sane saucer advocates. In the '50s, they dominated the debate. A Donald Keyhoe came to the fore. He had been a flyer in the marines and retired as a Major in 1923. At times, he wrote for the pulps. But I think *True* magazine was regarded as slick, even though it was a 'men's' magazine. Its editor put him on to investigating flying saucers around 1949.

He became a believer, and they became his cause. He was convinced the government was covering up evidence of their existence. He started a lobbying group, NICAP, to lobby for hearings.

Each time he was about to get them, however, the Air Force would convince Keyhoe's congressional champion that that endangered national security. An important consideration during the Cold War.

But the Cold War ended. And a physicist, James E. MacDonald, got for a time in 1967 what had eluded Keyhoe. He was a disgruntled staff member for the Condon Report. And he used connections in Congress and his knowledge of the Condon study to give a seminar on the subject to Congress itself.

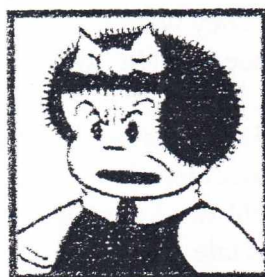
Next come the crazier flying saucer advocates. There have been contactees since the '50s. They were regarded as crazy by Keyhoe and NICAP. The reporter Frank Scully, based on information from a "Dr. Gee," was the first person to come up with crashed saucers the U.S. government was keeping a secret. Three. He told the tale in *Behind the Flying Saucers* (1950). Later, he was exposed as the dupe of two swindlers. And it was not until the '70s that the crashed saucer myth arose again.

More ominous were the Men in Black. Mysterious individuals who intimidated those who learned too much about flying saucers. Of course, these mysterious individuals were associated with black suits. This goes back to 1947, almost to the beginning of saucer sightings, to a Harold Dahl at Maury Island. A Gray Barker wrote a whole book about them in 1956, *They Knew too much about Flying Saucers*. Of course, the Men in Black became a comic book and the rest is history.

There were other more mystical contactees. The first was George Adamski in 1950. He was a third rate cult leader down on his luck. Who was reduced to flipping burgers in a hamburger stand on Mount Palomar owned by one his disciples. He claimed he met beautiful people with long hair who took him on trips on their saucer.



D.C. Cops



City Paper

They told him to warn the world of atomic testing. He claimed he flew to Venusian and Jupiterian mother ships. And circled a surprisingly lush Moon.

Adamski had a number of imitators. Later, extraterrestrials of this kind are called the Space Brothers. They are here to uplift us spiritually. During the Cold War, tending to warn against the dangers of atomic war. Also,

they have tended to be of a Nordic body type. And have sometimes been referred to as Nordics.

Other aliens were not quite so good looking or beneficent. In 1966, there was the Betty and Barney Hill abduction. Events were supposedly revealed to Betty in dream. However, hypnosis did play a part in the story. Later on, hypnosis became the way to fill out our recall of lost time spent with aliens.

The aliens were there to experiment on Earthmen. Originally, they had big noses and blue skin. Which some have regarded as anti-Semitic. In the '70s movie, they were transmuted into your standard Greys, with small, thin bodies and large heads.

Not all contactees have been considered crazy. Lonny Zamora, a police officer of Socorro, New Mexico, is regarded as a sane contactee. He had reputation for being honest, although not the most

articulate man in the world.

But I would presume that the beings he spotted in 1964 were from Earth. They were humans, maybe a little short, and wore coveralls. Of course, that they were Earthmen would not have been the assumption of advocates of the Space Brothers.

For the most part, however, contactees, alien abductors, crashed saucers, etc. have been regarded as crazy. These fringe beliefs remained on the borders of the public consciousness until the '70s. Then they were really exploited. Not only by the fringies themselves but by tabloid and newspaper television. Now even respectable news and TV have started doing it.

Ultimately, the crazies took over in the public conscious. And that is the only venue that means anything anymore. Supposedly, according to the polls, fewer people believed in flying saucers during the '90s than did earlier when saner believers prevailed.

Along with this, theories about saucers have become taller and taller. In the early '80s, a Dr. Paul Bennewitz, a physicist who owned his own company, came up with a new take. As many myths of the flying saucers as possible woven together. Mass abductions, a pantheon of good and bad saucer people, underground cities with aliens. A treaty between the Greys and the U.S. government, which they violated. And now they are poised to enslave us.

Ultimately, Bennewitz's behavior became erratic and he had to be put in a mental hospital. But others followed who were otherwise sane as far as I can tell. A Milton Cooper advocated this mishmash but later found it more profitable to warn

against the New World Order.

All this to the consternation of old believers. Jacques Vallee, when he heard that one underground alien city was the size of Manhattan, asked, "Who takes out the garbage?"

One take on the Crashed Saucer myth that is missing from this book was by a Philip Corso, a top level military officer who served several Administrations. He said he loaned out crashed saucer technology to companies not telling them the origin. And they back engineered it, creating all the great advances of the next thirty or forty years: fiber optics, computer microchips, integrated circuits, lasers, Star Wars. Microwaves? His book was published several years after Peebles' book was, 1997. As someone said, a Roswell ridden year.

How that will fit into the great tapestry of conspiratorial theory, who knows? And how much crazier can the flying saucer myth become, the future will tell. Maybe it will go full cycle and pop occultists will go back to Lemuria and Atlantis.

So ends my outpouring of enthusiasm.

As a postscript, I thought I would mention some people did not get the idea behind the Space Brothers. In 1978, Jose Inacio Alvaro, an 18 year old Brazilian, claimed he had been abducted.

He recalled having sex with a female UFO pilot who was naked, tall and plump with almond-shaped eyes and long silvery hair. Her breasts were fuller than any Earth woman, he said. Alvaro quivered with pleasure as he told this.

The hell with warning us about atomic war!

Another example of worldly Space

Brothers was by Reinhold O. Schmidt of Nebraska in 1957. At least Alvaro's account can give us a chuckle; Schmidt's was just plain boring. His aliens were 5'4" humans, wore pendants and spoke high German among themselves. A language which apparently Schmidt understood.

They told him they weren't doing any harm.

THE CHANDRA LEVY CASE

The local, D.C. underground paper, *The City Paper*, came out with an issue devoted to this Washington scandal. Of course, ridiculing the media for hyping this and the police for trying to pretend they are doing something when they are doing nothing. When there may be nothing to do.

Several years ago, during Monicagate, they had an issue with an article on Monica. They mocked themselves up to look as much like a tabloid as possible. Of course, if you read the fine print, you knew you were being put on.

The substance of the Monicagate story was that one of the paper's reporters, a Jake Tapper, had a date with Monica. And she proved a very nice and kindhearted lady. She even offered to pay for part of the meal.

Unfortunately, with the Chandra Levy affair, the *City Paper* could not live up to its antics during Monicagate. Not even with several articles on the Chandra Levy case as opposed to one on Monica then.

In fact, most of the articles fell flat. One did an analysis of Chandra Levy as a Jewish American princess. It looked like too many other serious analyses I had

read. Life these days imitates parody. Also, there was an article on the competition to produce a song about the affair. Again life imitates parody.

However, there was a good account of the investigation of Gary Condit's apartment. The cops had found suspected blood in the bathroom and livingroom blinds.

One policeman said there was not enough blood for a homicide. Another added that there wasn't enough for a broken nose. A third said it could have been sauce for Cluck-U-Chicken wings.

All these being good conclusions when some of the spots were microscopic.

Also, *The City Paper* did succeed in parodying the cops' pictures of how Chandra 'could have' changed her appearance. This was difficult. These were pretty ridiculous already. However, *The City Paper* had her bald. One pose the cops did not think of. Also, a cop picture had her in a hairdo reminiscent of Ernie Bushmiller's Nancy. *The City Paper* did them one better: it actually had a picture of Nancy.

Leaving *The City Paper* let's go to Connie Chung's interview with Condit. When the interview was announced, I figured that, no matter what Gary Condit said, the press would claim his interview raised more questions than it asked.

From past experience, I suspected the media had sunk so low that if he refused to answer, the interview would raise more questions than it answered. If he answered poorly, it would raise more questions than it answered.

And if Condit had answered brilliantly, rebuffing their claims with flawless facts and perfect logic, then it would raise more questions than it

answered. More so in the last case, because then the media are going to have to struggle that much harder to find him guilty.

It would only be satisfied if Condit pulled a Monica and told of throbbing purple members and doing it upside down. At the very least, that he killed her and the gun was still smoking.

Boy, was I in for a surprise. I still believe the media is pretty low. However, Condit somehow made himself the issue in my mind, and succeeded in raising more questions in my mind than he answered. Not just in the media, where more questions would be raised no matter what.

This is an achievement. His problem was not owning up to the obvious. He couldn't even say what we knew all long: namely, he had had an affair.

I decided to create the Gary Condit game.

Reporter: What's your name.

Condit: Well, names are something relative. And we have had names for as long as mankind has existed. What your name is depends on what your definition of name is. On the other hand, Chandra is a nice name. I think her parents named her quite well.

...

I'm not certain that, in that situation, the best thing isn't to own up to the obvious in a self-confident, but penitent, manner. While avoiding the gory details, that would make you look like a panderer.

And you should do this even if you are embarrassed to your core and in the throws of emotional paralysis. I

admit, a difficult thing to do.

COMMENTS ON SFPA MAILING #222

JEFF COPELAND

the southerner

☹▼☹ Janet's husband Kyle has a difficult to diagnose **infection**. And that's why he's in the hospital. My father has the problem in my family. He was being treated for asthma and that has spawned all sorts of side effects: a runny nose, potassium that's too high. And now swollen legs with blisters where he used to wear his socks. He can walk. But it's a problem. He doesn't go far.

I realize this should have been in the aches and pains section of the zine. But it's not my aches and pains.

☹▼☹ Sorry Jeff, Twain and this issue did not meet.

☹▼☹ You don't have to charge everyone for priority **mail** as far as I'm concerned. I'll pay for mine. Anyway, this is just for however long the zine comes out of Bellevue, Washington. Because, I believe, there are mailing problems involved with that.

NORM METCALF

tyndallite v.3, #96.

☹▼☹ ct. Me. Yes, *Captivated by Aliens* might be a better title. Especially since Joel is a skeptic. A lot of people are going to disagree with me that he is tolerant and has a good sense of humor. Especially since he laughs at flying saucer contactees. However, he laughs at everyone. Including, I found out during his lecture in front of the local skeptics group, himself.

☹▼☹ *Forecast* was better than Gernsback's stories if they are inventions connected by a thin plot and near zero

character development. In *Forecast*, he merely dropped the plot and character development. And served us up direct what he did well, the wonders of the future.

☹▼☹ Sometimes people yell "Define your terms!" as part of general hostility. But sometimes a lot of confusion could be eliminated if we defined our terms. Could Babbage's machine, a device of pulleys, be a **computer**? Could punch cards, which serve as a player piano roll for mathematics, be a computer? Or do computers have to be 'electronic.' And what constitutes an electronic computer.

Of course, literally speaking an abacus is a computer. It computes. As do our fingers.

☹▼☹ Pitched a new blend? I thought it was "pitched a new blade."

☹▼☹ I have been saying that science fiction has to do with science. But I will have to admit, to be science fiction, it would have to have something to do with extrapolated science.

Of course, it could be science extrapolated into alternate timelines.

☹▼☹ I don't think because *Journey to the Center of the Earth* is based on bad science, it is not science fiction. Last time around I would have said it was bad science fiction. But right now I am only going to say that it was science fiction based on bad science. I hear it is a perfectly ripping tale.

☹▼☹ ct Ned Brooks. Would you consider science that is considered bad right now inappropriate for **science fiction**. I know you have a lot of problems, Norm, with H.G. Wells' *First Men on the Moon* (1900). But apparently the idea that gravity was some sort of radiation that could be protected against

was good science when Wells' wrote it. Later Einstein proved things did not work that way.

☹▼☹ ct. Rich Lynch. That there are some errors in **Sam Moskowitz's** writing may mean nothing. There are errors in all research as far as I can see. Rechecking on myself and others, I wonder how I or they could have written things like that.

☹▼☹ Also, I'm wondering whether any research is up-to-the-minute. Is not being **up-to-the-minute** the body blow against Peter Bellwood's *Man's Conquest of the Pacific* that some might claim? In a lot of fields, you are out-of-date immediately after you publish. Hey, immediately after you wrote your tome.

Of course, in a other fields, nothing changes. I seem to remember one where there has been no progress for the past three hundred years. The definitive work was done then and no one has bothered to research it since. I wish I could remember what field it was.

Come to think of it, the Old Testament hasn't changed since B.C. times.

☹▼☹ ct. David Schlosser. If **science fiction** is things that could possibly happen, then it could be about anything. Anything is possible. Of course, it has to have something to do with science.

Hey, past empires of pseudoscience could have existed : Atlantis, Lemuria, Yonkers. So, science fiction could be extrapolated into the past.

☹▼☹ ct. Gary R. Robe. An impeccable source has claimed Verne proposed that the *Nautilus* be piloted by atomic power. One that cannot be contradicted – Walt Disney.

You really want to bother refuting this, Norm?

NED BROOKS

the new port news 198

☹▼☹ COVER. *The lumber of the fetishes, my own manuscripts and my exploded **theories** feed the flames of my conclusions.* Just like I feel.

☹▼☹ ct. Me. Installing new **software** was fun because it gave me new capabilities. Installing new software for you was hell because you couldn't even keep your old capabilities. Even one so basic as a modem.

☹▼☹ Fortunately, my **shingles** was mild too. Just that these days it is associated with venereal disease. You don't want to say the world 'herpes' too loud, which apparently shingles is a type of. It is better to say dormant chickenpox.

☹▼☹ About your nonexistent **beard**. Either my memory is shot or you have a fake beard you use to fool unwary newbies. ...Probably my memory is shot.

☹▼☹ I didn't even bother to look at Catherine **Asaro's** prose. The covers were enough. Of course, I am sure they were, as she claimed, misleading. Where bodices were being ripped, there was a spaceship. Where no bodices were being ripped, we saw half-naked heroes. Didn't see any half-naked heroines, though. ...Damn!!

Yes, I know I'm being unfair. But is prose any better an indicator of a good book? I thought there was the plot, the characters and – in the case of hard SF – the technology.

☹▼☹ So where did they get the 700 and 800 numbers for **Paul Street** if it was never more than two blocks long?

☹▼☹ Let's face it if you're a paranoiac, the **rays** have nothing to do with electricity. They are an occult energy that's in the mind. And, I guess, can be



D.C. Cops



City Paper

stopped with aluminum foil if that's what the person believes. It's like a lot of people say about vampires here. They will die from whatever the victim believes will kill them.

☹▼☹ That's what I've been saying. The version of *Arsenic and Old Lace* with Boris Karloff, and not Raymond Massey, was a TV version. There was also a stage version with Karloff.

It's like *The Man Who Came to Dinner* (1939). Alexander Woolcott, the celebrity reprobate who was being lampooned, played his persona, Sheridan Whitesides, in the repertory theater. But Hollywood, for some inexplicable reason, decided Monty Wooley should play him in the movie (1941). I don't quite remember it.

I saw a made-for-TV stage version, however, with my sister, where someone who looked like Woolcott, Nathan Lane, played him. My sister thought it was much much better.

☹▼☹ ct. Lynch. What can I say? A lot of people confuse newer versions with older versions. Gateway with your **modem** isn't the only instance. I one time had my CD-ROM Drive replaced with a new one. I couldn't get it to work. The person who installed it said the problem was unfixable.

It struck me that I had Windows 3.1, and I wondered if he had forgotten to

rewrite the Autoexec.Bat. I deleted a line in it that was obviously the culprit, and my CD-ROM Drive worked smoother than a kitten's fur.

About your Dialup box. Are you sure you can't get it from the Startup Menu? Or you can't at least place a shortcut for it on the startup menu?

☹▼☹ ct. Hlavaty. According to A.E. Waite, the original, 18th Century Comte de **Saint-Germain** was a member of minor royalty. Who was always dabbling in diplomacy, to the French government's dismay. That is in addition to claiming to being an adept in alchemy and having lived 2,000 years.

Recently, a Saint-Germain has been one of the ascended masters of the Neo-Neon-Theosophical "Church Universal and Triumphant" of Elizabeth Clare Prophet.

☹▼☹ ct. Sheila. I think you are right: that **dogs** cannot translate a TV image into the object it represents is more a function of poor eyesight than problems with abstract thinking. TV images look too much like the real thing.

Certainly apes can appreciate TV. That's how they entertain them at the National Zoo. And the apes watch for hours in rapt attention. Of course, they are animals rather like us.

☹▼☹ About **propeller beanies**, Ray Nelson claims he invented it. And the beanie preceded the concept. In 1947, he was taking gag shots ridiculing the intrepid spacemen on pulp covers. The beanie being the appropriate, un-airworthy headgear of the intrepid spaceman.

Ray admits he thought the beanie was worth absolutely nothing and gave it to a George Young. Who popularized it.

Both of them, by the way, are still around.

☹▼☹ Can we prevent students from bringing **guns** to school and shooting their teachers?. Probably you couldn't stop some kid who was intent on doing it. It is a dirty little secret that some ills are impossible to cure. We have to do something, no matter how silly. Trying Nathaniel Brazill as an adult may be one of them.

I know at work there has to be a cure for everything, no matter how impossible or ridiculous. We are currently experimenting with card activated doors on each floor of my building. And it's not even to cure a pressing problem; it is to cure something that isn't broke. We haven't had any incidents there in years.

The DC cops are worse. They are making fools of themselves trying to claim they are doing something to find Chandra Levy when they are spinning their wheels. Like putting ridiculous pictures of her on the web.

☹▼☹ ct. Toni. The Germans of 1632 could have had cotton, even if it came from Egypt. They had spices that came from even farther away. The ancient Greeks had silk and they hadn't the foggiest notion of where it came from. The Chinese, as far as they were concerned, were just the silk-producing people.

RICHARD LYNCH **variation on a theme #1**

☹▼☹ If the small business **initiative** is over, why are they having you travel to Eastern Europe? More power to you, but why?

☹▼☹ I decided I liked **opera**. I got a taste for it by listening to WGMS Saturday afternoons on and off while they presented the Texaco broadcasts from the Met.

Unfortunately, that is a feature that they terminated recently. ...Darn!!

☹▼☹ It's good the Czechs and Slovaks haven't given up on **culture** as bad as things may have gotten for them. Or is culture just for the tourists?

I was told the Russians were too depressed to indulge in culture. Also, I hear you can't show any skepticism on Russian TV of fortune telling, flying saucers, et al. But, I guess, Tchaikovsky is still being played.

☹▼☹ I don't associate the **Cadillac** El Dorado with the limo at weddings. My one real memory of it is seeing a drunken cowboy sleeping in one in Somerville, Massachusetts back in the '60s.

☹▼☹ **Carmina Burana** is a very rousing piece. But strange. While in Latin, sometimes the chorale sings it with a jazz beat. Almost jitterbug.

☹▼☹ ct. Me. I think you're right: I detect a little of the Big Bands in **Shostakovich's** Jazz Suite. If I remember correctly.

☹▼☹ I agree that no series could say **everything** about Jazz. Or anything. But an artistic work has to try to fake it. Sometimes you don't need much art. Play *Inky*, *Dinky Parlez-vous* (?), and you've got World War I. Play *Old Susannah* and you've got the Gold Rush.

Other subjects are virgin territory and you have to try harder. If people were criticizing Ken Burns for having a little too much of Wynton Marsalis in it, then maybe he needed to apply some more art.

Certainly, in the last several series of his I saw, he could have applied less political correctness.

☹▼☹ I don't have an open mind about **Dubya**. Can anyone when it comes to politics? It's too hot button to be

judged by the facts. Even though many people delude themselves that that's what they're doing.

My preconception about Bush, by the way, is that while not an idiot – that's media hype – Cheney and other actually capable people are running the government for him. Another preconception of mine is his Administration is too beholden to the right.

SHEILA STRICKLAND

revenant #7

☹▼☹ Sheila, since people aren't **reporting** about news groups, mailing lists and *Dark Shadows*, I'm not certain they wouldn't be perfect subjects for this APA. How many people can report on the latest blockbuster movie or the latest SF fave before it becomes boring?

☹▲☹ It's not rain and **floods** that disturbs the Washington area but snow, ice and overturned tractor trailers.

Anyway, that's true for the most part. However, I used to live near a place around here called Four Mile Run, that, at one time, used to overflow its banks all the time. That was before my time, however. And when the cops told us to move to shelters in my time, they could safely be ignored.

☹▼☹ The reason you are reluctant to go to the Philadelphia **Worldcon** is that rationality is creeping in. Insidiously. You are wondering if you will enjoy it and whether it will be worth your while. And the vast amounts you will have to spend. Since my experience with *Buccaneercon* in Baltimore, I have been reluctant to go to *Worldcons* too. It seemed basically a lonely place. On the other hand, I knew people at *DeepSouthCon*, and it was great.

☹▼☹ ct. Me. You are very right that **shingles** is a carry over from chickenpox. Measles was a slip of the trigger. While I confessed that last time, I am not adverse to repeating it this time.

☹▼☹ ct. Me. You're right that, before the early 18th Century, the Scottish wore dresses. I don't know if they are the same as kilts, however. My two sources traced **kilts** to that Englishman who wanted to work bare chested in his foundry. And so decided to cut off the upper part of the dress.

I hear, by the way, the Scottish divers had mini-dresses.

☹▼☹ I haven't had a chorus of reminders that Arthur C. Clarke said that any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from **magic**. That doesn't mean you're not right. The one person who mentions it on the web attributes it to Arthur C. Clarke too.

☹▼☹ THE LOUISIANA CAPITOL. I understand why **Mark Twain** criticized Louisiana's capitol as too ornate, and he himself had a rather ornate house.

Simplicity was the byword in his time. On the other hand, people, like Twain, were very hypocritical about such things then. A lot of buildings from the 1890s and turn of the Century were very ornate, despite the byword. The Library of Congress certainly is.

I admit Twain's house is extreme even for the time and he was more of a hypocrite than usual. They call Ulysses S. Grant's White House steamboat gothic. Twain's seems to fit that description even better.

In all honesty, I wouldn't have associated Louisiana's castle capitol with being a public building. I always think of them as Neo-Classical. However, it's the

type of fashion you could get used to.

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY

the frozen weblog 2

☹▼☹ ODE ON THE MAMMOTH
CHEESE.

"I've often thought my poems would
be neater

"If, in addition to rhyming, they had
the slightest trace of meter. ..."

☹▼☹ **Hannibal Lecter** symbolizing our
age? Naw, there's no wit or erudition these
days.

☹▼☹ *Swiss Family Robinson Crusoe*.
The more the merrier.

☹▼☹ You're right that example of R.
Lionel **Fanthorpe's** prose is completely
opaque. And, I hear, typical. He certainly
was in the running for worst writer.

But he did succeed in finishing 250
books during his salad days. And now
claims to be a judo instructor, management
consultant, volunteer Anglican priest and
television show host.

IRV KOCH

offline reader. volume 1 issue 23

☹▼☹ ct. Me. If it isn't one example of
bureaucratic bull in **government**, it's
another. It's great that we have locality pay
and someone who has worked in Alaska will
be able to get in a job in Washington.
However, now I have to put my subscription
service out for bid annually. A pain.

And the management has decided we
need cards to get from one floor in my
building to another. A lots of card operated
doors 'accidentally' are kept open.

☹▼☹ I think **Dollar Averaging** is the
best a noninterested person can do. But I
have to remember to apply each year for the
Thrift Savings Program. And make sure my
forms are received by the Thrift Savings
people. A problem.

☹▼☹ ct. Norm. In the competition to
be fan GoH, **Julius** gets some merits for
being so old and being a fan that many
years. But he gets demerits for pushing
his autobiography in your face and not
taking no for an answer.

☹▼☹ ct. Steve H. I have **Dragon** and,
as far as I can tell, it is worthless. Of
course, the problem could be the
microphone. They purposely give you the
cheap microphone. And then want you to
upgrade. It's sort of a con, but I may bite.

☹▼☹ ct. Randy C. I'm afraid I'm still
in an **apartment**. And, I guess, not an
adult.

☹▼☹ Even though I live in an
apartment in, what should be, urban
sprawl, there is forest. In fact, **forest** that
comes up to the back of the apartment.
My wife reports seeing deer there on
occasion.

And we were kept awake recently
by a fox in heat. At least my wife Heidi
was. It's cry was something like a woman
screaming. I have to agree with the
animal control people on that. It was too
smart to be frightened by loud claps and
light being shined at it.

I wonder if we could have played
its shrill cries back to it, as someone
suggested. And it would assume it was
another fox's territory. Or would it have
been too smart for that too?

It was so smart no animal control
person wanted to try to trap it.
Fortunately, the screaming happens only
during the mating season.

GUY H. LILLIAN III

spiritus mundi #184

☹▼☹ At my **wedding** the dominant
emotion was not fear but impatience. The
justice of the peace kept telling us

homilies and we were wondering when he was going to get around to marrying us. Of course, my marriage was not the big megillah yours was.

☹▼☹ In short, the cynical **Stanley Kubrick** was underneath that cynical exterior a softy. His movies told us how rotten humans were but he yearned to give us hope. And that was why he gave A.I. over to Spielberg.

Or was his real self hope? Obviously his real self was both cynicism and hope. While Kubrick may have wanted to deny the optimistic side of himself, he wouldn't have been a great director and made great movies if a part of him hadn't opted for hope.

There have been attempts at a completely bleak view of the world. It sounds deep. One publisher looked for the bleakest author he could find in '40s France. I forget the name of the school of literature he made up.

Of course 100% bleakness makes us depressed and we wish to avoid it. Unless it's a put-on, like people have told me *The Sopranos* is.

☹▼☹ ct. Me. Glad you got my wedding present.

☹▼☹ I am scoping out an article on the origins **flying saucers** right now. How about this quote from Alexander Pope's *Essay on Man*.

"Superior beings, when of late they saw

"A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law.

"Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,

"And shew'd a Newton as we shew an Ape."

There are angel superiors in his essay, but

there are also extraterrestrial superiors.

☹▼☹ My dad's *Sexology* articles. I don't know which of his articles specifically were published there. I do know some veered toward curiosities.

I remember one he wrote during the '50s on women raping men. Something he admitted was rare, but, through wide reading and clipping, he had accumulated info on. In one, the women were caught when they tried to force their victim to buy hair dye afterward.

There was another article on devices men used to fight impotence. One was a cattle prod, which was used by Japanese men.

About meeting Hugo Gernsback, my father told me he never did.

☹▼☹ The problem is that **science fiction** is more art than science. It reports what's in our psyche not the facts. That is why it didn't predict the web or personal computers. They were not in the collective psyche until they burst upon the scene.

For my money it does a better job than the pundits in the papers who are more interested in sucking up to the powerful even while claiming to bash them.

☹▼☹ No, Guy, you're wrong there. People still remember the **Big Bands**. There was an article on them in the *Wall Street Journal* several years ago. Just that their fans are older than we are.

All the big Big Bands still exist, by the way, including Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. Of course, without the long dead Tommy Dorsey. In fact, the tendency is to want young people to play the music. Nostalgia is part of the Big Bands' current appeal. One bandleader



has even made up new Big Band tunes, just like in the old days.

On the other hand, you get people who have traveled a long way to see Tommy Dorsey. And are disappointed.

☹▼☹ Art by dunking earthworms in paint and letting them crawl on canvas? Would the Abstract Art advocates have realized they were being mocked. Or would they find that person's work 'interesting'? The problem is that a lot of put-ons have been passed off as **art**. In fact, a good put-on might even be art.

Of course, Pop had even more put-ons in store for us. Andy Warhols' canvases of one-dimensional comic strips, for instance. And I bet the put-on era has yet to leave us. In fact, I get the feeling all artsy art these days is a put-on.

☹▼☹ In short, **vampires** are in our mind. Whatever symbol we think sacred kills them. Does that demean religion?

Maybe not. We are too tied to the idea things are objective, real, there for all to see. Others have to see the same thing. But the subjective is all important in religion.

Maybe a loon could kill his vampire with a hubcap. But what really counts is you have to use something you really truly believe in to kill yours. Something you take seriously. Christ, for instance.

☹▼☹ ct. Arthur. Why shouldn't the **Retro Hugo** go to works we find great right now rather than what people found great forty years ago. Since we give a Hugo for works published last year we enjoyed recently, why shouldn't we give one for works published forty years ago we enjoyed recently.

☹▼☹ ct. Ned. You're fighting an uphill battle for your view on the **Confederate Flag**, Guy. In the local area, a boy scout brought his Confederate Flag in for his merit badge, and was careful to say that it shouldn't demean other Races. But a Black kid protested. And later White adults in authority did too.

☹▼☹ ct. Janice. I'm sure living through SFPA's **feuds** was not pleasant. But nostalgia can make anything pleasant. Hard work. Going barefoot in the snow. Anything. The French have a genre called Nostalgie de la Boue. Or Nostalgia of the Gutter.

☹▼☹ ct. Mike Don't be jealous of the **Trekkies** who got to dance with the beautiful, nubile blond because they were Trekkies. What could she have been like if she was a Trekkie?

☹▼☹ ct. Randy. I don't think Randy was worried that he had gotten to the age **love** would be impossible. I think he was worried that, prematurely, love would be

impossible. Lest we forget because we're getting to the age when many things are not premature anymore.

TRINLAY KHADRO

the deep end of the universe

☹▼☹ ct. Me. TWYG68. I'm glad you and KT thought so highly of **my zine**.

☹▼☹ I agree. I don't save to floppies but I save to the hard disk several times an hour. Rarely have I lost anything to a **glitch**. It happens, though. I forget. Also, my Wordperfect is supposed to save every ten minutes or so by itself, but it doesn't always do it. And after a glitch, I would lose the entire session.

☹▼☹ I use my **cell phone** on trips as well as for emergencies. But I paid for minutes I will never use.

☹▼☹ Apparently, the couple mentioned by Poe were **lovers**. Which, one would think, shows some balls during the 19th Century. But some others also showed lovers who were obviously having sex. I know William Morris did in one of his fantasies, near the end of the Century.

☹▼☹ I would imagine that the **Lemba** were pagan before the Christian missionaries came, even though they had some Jewish ways, like, I hear, in butchering cattle.

That they were pagan would be in the Jewish tradition. In Judaism, people get their religion from the mother. And mothers would not have been Jewish. The theory is only Jewish men immigrated from Yemen. At least that is how I remember hearing it.

☹▼☹ I don't know whether the fat, thin and strong intermarry too much for them to ultimately divide into different races and species. According to Gould's theory of Punctuated Equilibrium, **Evolution** doesn't work that way. If it happens just a little, that

could be the impetus for a new species.

Of course, under the same theory, the human race could eschew my path of evolution and evolve in ways completely undetectable right now. Evolution is a crapshoot.

It doesn't matter how scientific evolution would go. The reason I advocate that humans will divide into fat thin, etc. species is more satirical, and whimsical, than scientific. That this is what we get for our obsession with diet, weight and exercise. Recently I have been honest with myself and admit I believe more often because of irony than reason.

Later, of course, I come up with facts and logic. Sometimes even sound facts and logic.

☹▼☹ No, no. That three pairs of pants protects against bullets is not a particularly good **urban legend**. If it were a particularly good urban legend, I would have taken it as gospel.

☹▼☹ I think Joe Mayhew could have gotten **Mad Cow** disease without having eaten any meat at all. Beef is just one way to get it.

☹▼☹ On the other hand, the opposite is true: people who want to live look at **boobs** more. Would we care about boobs if we had lost the will to live? So the correlation between the will to live and boob watching might come from that.

How did I get involved in debating this? I'm a real boob. Thinking it over, I say what the hey: the regular viewing of boobs might very well strengthen somebody's will to live.

☹▼☹ I have seen that scam on the web where all sorts of ills are attributed to **aspartame**. I wonder what they have against it.

☹▼☹ I agree. The Windows 98 isn't

responsible for **my machine** having trouble booting. I have heard it is the video card. I finally took the computer back to the dealer. And it is no better than it was before. So I am taking it back again. And then I'm taking it to someone else, guarantee or no. As W.C. Fields say, no sense in making a fool of yourself.

🍷🍷 TWYG69. I bet you're right. Tommy Dorsey's "Song of India" probably did remain on the **jukebox** because the owner wanted it there. That was before mass marketed music.

🍷🍷 We know now **Dan Quayle's** problem wasn't stupidity. His wife could have made up for that. It was that he was in the wrong place at the wrong time. Maybe during a Quayle presidency his Vice President or wife would be the actual President. But he would have no trouble getting elected if the Zeitgeist was with him. Like it was with Dubya.

🍷🍷 You're right that a prayer doesn't have to be exotic to be moving. But the exotic often makes prayers more moving to some people.

Traditionally, the prayers of ritual magic are made up of 'barbarous' words the speaker does not understand. Because of miscopying over the centuries, no one understands.

🍷🍷 ct. Me and My Monkey. You ain't the only one. We all need to spend part of the time in our **inner world** to survive. I could be a nothing in my adolescence and crazy to boot. But, in my dream world, I was a hero, a great thinker, an ultra competent individual.

Of course, you used your dreamworld to give you lessons in dealing with the real world. Maybe I should have done that. But maybe it's just as well. I would have had a problem learning morals

from my dreamworld.

Also, later, when I tried to mix my dreamworld and my real world, I found myself thinking I was superman and falling into open manholes.

🍷🍷 If we relied on our peers for **validation**, would we have *only* been diminished? As far as I could tell, I would be a nothing.

Did you really need a boy friend to validate yourself, that you were worthy of love? I know I periodically need someone so I can't throw stones. But, as you say, we shouldn't be depending on others.

🍷🍷 I agree that we have to avoid sterilizing traditional **values** and archetypes. Actually, the problem is worse than sterilizing them; the temptation is to throw them out completely. Usually all we need to do is change them a little to accomodate the present.

🍷🍷 ct. Newport News. I'm sure the idea behind **faith based** initiatives is to spend less on welfare. But that could easily backfire. Right now when the Repubs cut welfare spending, they are saying no to welfare workers. Whom their constituency regards as dirt. But under faith based welfare, they would be saying no to people their constituency respects, ministers of the faith. No is not going to sound as good.

🍷🍷 ct. Aristotle Meets Gernsback. So **Japan** is back. Japan was really big in the U.S. when Japan, Inc. looked like it was going to whup us in the early '80s. I remember going on the subway and seeing all these Black dudes with t-shirts displaying Japanese. I guess it was Japanese. I hate to think what it meant. I'm sure these dudes didn't know.

Now KT wants to learn Japanese even though Japan is down. But I guess Japan has been known among kids for a long time for its animé. Anyway, more power to KT and friends that they are embracing Japanese even though, for the moment, it does not signify power.

☹▼☹ WEIRD TALES BUDDHA. For some reason, that **cover** reminds me of a pulp magazine hero from the '30s-'50s. The Green Lama, I think he was called.

I read somewhere, maybe Ron Goulart, the idea was that he defeated villains without use of any violence at all. Strange for a pulp hero. Still, he supposedly had some popularity.

Of course, when I searched the Green Lama on the web, the sites, which mostly pertained to the Green Lama comic books and the radio show, claimed he was anything but nonviolent. Nor were his Tibetan monk teachers particularly nonviolent.

☹▼☹ THE AFGHANI BUDDHAS. So your idea is that the **statues** are less important than humans. Whom the Taliban are also beating down too. A nice humane position and it sets our priorities right. But I can't help thinking it's a shame about those statues.

DAY OF THE PALM D'OR

☹▼☹ RUTH. Welcome back. Even for a little appearance in the palm one-shot. You belong among the steller people you introduced. How's show biz? How's your talking books? I better look back at the email you sent me.

☹▼☹ KYLA. "**Cleanliness** is next godliness." The slogan of the Church Universal and Triumphant – and Baths.

☹▼☹ "Where is your **cow**, jerk?" Isn't that what you say to a cowboy?

☹▼☹ ALLIE. I think we should give Allie some slack and not protest her entry in the **one-shot**. Isn't the idea behind a one-shot slack?

DAVID SCHLOSSER

peter, pan & merry #38

☹▼☹ ct. Me. You're right that **music** doesn't have to be rock to drive you nuts. Rock is just more prevalent now. Alfred Bester in the early '50s *Demolished Man* had a jazz tune that was so mind boggling it made telepathy impossible.

☹▼☹ I have several sources for the history of the **kilt**, all in books on Tartans, strange as it seems. Of course, Sheila is right that a dress – I don't know whether it would be considered a kilt – predated the skirt we know as the kilt.

☹▼☹ I agree that the religion of the victim of the **vampire**, or lack thereof, should drive off the vampire. Just, as I said, a nondenominational vampire doesn't sound right.

☹▼☹ That's what I was told. The recipe for **macaroni** and cheese includes cottage cheese, even though that is not an apparent ingredient when you eat it. Maybe one of the cooks here can tell us whether it is required or not.

☹▼☹ My source that **Joseph** means add and remove in Hebrew is Edersheim's *Bible History: the Old Testament*. My ancient Merriam Webster Dictionary just says the name means increaser. I haven't looked in the *Encyclopedia Judaica*, my usual source.

☹▼☹ Yes, that Biblical quote used by prohibitionists is out-of-context. For Christians, that whole portion of the Bible from Exodus to maybe Judges, when the law and the priesthood are established, is out of context. That only is

supposed to pertain to Jews.

I recently saw that part of the **Bible** used by a Christian to support capital punishment. The same general area where disobedient children, adulterous wives and masturbators are to be stoned to death. Not only does it not pertain to Christians, but the Rabbis of the Talmud repudiated it.

☹▼☹ Thank God that I will never have to give myself **shots** in the vein.

☹▼☹ ct. Norm Metcalf. Yes, **radiation** sickness was figured out empirically long before the atomic bomb. As I said, from the experience of a Madame Curie and people painting numbers on clocks in the '20s.

☹▼☹ ct. Ned Brooks. I have heard there are a lot of **wines** made from fruits other than grapes. Elderberry and Dandelion wine, for instance.

I was told there was a debate over where the Norse were on the North American continent based on what kind of wine they were drinking. Some experts claim that it was not grape, but some more rugged berry, and they need not have gotten farther south than Newfoundland. Whereas if it were grape, I think they would have had to have gotten at least to Maine.

Of course, the name Vinland does refer to grape. And the speculation was that Leif Erickson named it that for p.r. purposes, like when his father Eric the Red named Greenland.

☹▼☹ ct. Janice Gelb. Do the **Kosher** rules pertain to what you feed the cow? I don't remember seeing that in the Bible.

☹▼☹ ct. Jeff Copeland. Trust me, there is a difference between **reading** advanced books and being an advanced reader. I remember taking the speedreading course and trying to speedread every book I was reading. What I was doing was faking it.

And I was told later that has been

what many speedreaders apparently do. According to the Straight Dope column, in tests, speedreaders often do not notice that a line – or two or three – have been eliminated from texts. Which regular readers usually do.

☹▼☹ ct. Gary Brown. **Cheney's** quote that energy conservation won't solve the energy crisis. That was pandering to industry and the right. I'm sure when he was talking about conservation, he was thinking of plant huggers. And not real Americans.

Certainly he wasn't think about the law of supply and demand. Maybe industry does not want to think that consumers do not use as much energy when the price goes up. It's painful to them.

☹▼☹ NATTER x COMMENTS. My theory is that managements save on **staffing** so that they have money leftover for their own salaries. The problem is how to actually run the operation.

☹▼☹ I would first go to my doctor and then the **chiropractor**. Of course, you never seem to have actually found out what happened from either your chiropractor or physician. And you don't seem to have done anything fancy to treat it: rest, anti-inflammatory medicine, painkillers. You could have given yourself that advice.

GARY BROWN

oblio no. 135

☹▼☹ A NEW CAR. I tend to keep my **cars** forever, but maybe I should trade them in periodically. I rented a recently Pontiac Grand Dam to go to my parents'

On the other hand, I have hardly ever had to get my 1993 Toyota fixed. Not even the amount charged for annual



servicing has been all that high. So I may keep it for a while longer. Automatic lights, I can wait for. Who knows, by that time, they might have automatic wipers.

☹▼☹ SAN DIEGO. You're an even worse con goer than I am. You didn't go to any Comic-Cons from 1977 to this year. I just have been on my con fast from 1990 to now. Also, I haven't known whether I had friends at any con. You knew you had friends there. But you chose not to go.

☹▼☹ It must have been depressing learning that, for Harry Donenfeld, **comics** were a mere commodity. Not only that but color and the number of the issue were as important as what was inside. And the color favored was orange.

I wonder if the cover was even more important than the inside. That gorilla there was more important than what the Flash or Superman were up to.

☹▼☹ ct. Me. I would start an aches and **pains** section but I am afraid in ten years it would take up half the zine.

☹▼☹ No, I don't think the explorer Gary Brown would fall for an ugly villainess. But the **comic's** artists might. She'd be easier to draw than a deadly beauty.

Maybe the artists could have made her look like Britney Spears. And put some mouse ears on her. That's what my porno spam seems to believe is irresistible these days. Slurp, slurp.

☹▼☹ I would imagine that's what everyone does when they look like they are about to lose the election: blame someone else. The Democrats blame fools and dupes for electing the Republicans. It never works but it's part of the game.

The **Republicans** may differ in blaming the opposition party for bad economic times experienced under them. They cannot receive enough payback for Herbert Hoover.

☹▼☹ You have a good point. You are the southernmost SFPAns in the **Southern** Fandom Press Association. However, if we took such sound reasoning to heart, we wouldn't be able to make many comments.

☹▼☹ I didn't realize *Anchors Aweigh* with Gene Kelly and Jerry Mouse was made in the '40s. I remember seeing it in the '50s. But a check of the Internet **Movie** Database says 1945.

☹▼☹ Well, I'll try Krispy Kreme again, but only if the **doughnut** is hot, as you suggest. I'm not overly entranced by the cold product.

☹▼☹ ct. Ned Brooks. **Weight** in our genes? I gather if the fat gene or genes

were ever found, it wouldn't be a matter of fate making us fat. It would be a matter of certain environmental factors interacting with genes to make us fat.

Not for now, though. It is true researchers have found genes that are unique to fat people. And they have been able to derive medicines from them. But so far without any great advances for weight loss.

I have another great philosophical revelation here. When researchers do find that and we can all be thin as sticks, that very day thin will be out. Professional 'thin' people (who are often fat) will no longer be able to lord over us.

ct. Janice Gelb. Bush trying to keep his energy meetings a secret. I wonder if Bush will have to reveal all that went on in those meetings because of precedents set during the Clinton Administration. Precedents set over Clinton's health insurance proposal.

That is the problem with all these **legal tricks** that make it easier to hobble political opponents: they set precedents. They weren't supposed to. They were supposed to just pertain to one person. Clinton. Nixon. But they come back to haunt those who thought they would be all bennies.

Knick-knacks increase to fill up space in a house. Books, zines, clothes, pocketbooks, old bicycles, etc. If it isn't a corollary of Parkinson's Law, that knick-knacks expand to fill up space, it should be.

ct. Don Markstein. The proponents of **twenty-oh-one** should lighten up. Hey, even the proponents of twenty-fifty. This is a two thousand century. All the dates will be two thousand this and two thousand that. Two thousand and one, two thousand and fifty.

There's no technical reason why it shouldn't be twenty-something. It has to do with the music of words. Twenty-oh-one raises raw notes.

What can I say about **Turok, Son of Stone**? I remember it and my wife remembers it. I from the early or mid-'50s. I don't recall that Turok was trapped in a lost world. I remember him as a prehistoric Native American. And, who knows, there could have been prehistoric Native Americans. We weren't sure what prehistoric people wore.

No one probably still knows.

EVE ACKERMAN

guilty pleasure 19

I imagine my father's parents arrived in the U.S. through Ellis Island. They settled in Jersey City. A hop, skip and a jump from New York. But I haven't figured out where my **mother's parents** arrived through. No one living knows.

I did some research at the National Archives. I wasn't able to find them on the ships' manifests in New York City and I wasn't able to find them in the manifests through Philadelphia.

I thought I found a cousin of ours. But his son says no. And, anyway, it isn't my grandmother or -father. An Aunt of mine is listed in the 1920 Census. It can be no one but her. But, of course, that doesn't tell where she arrived.

All this is not abnormal. I hear a lot of records are missing. In fact, the archives people told me up front that fifty years was missing out of the New York City manifests. They were burnt up in a fire.

You better believe that large parts of **New York City** have become

Hispanic. I recited a piece of Bronx poetry to a Hispanic women. You know "Toity poiple boids sittin' on the coib." She said she had lived in the Bronx for twenty years and never heard anyone speak that way.

☺▼☺ I remember going to **Quebec City** over forty years ago. It seemed very much like a part of France tacked onto North America. The hotels spoke English – like in France. But a lot of people didn't. It sounds like the place has become more Americanized since then.

When I was in France last, in 1964, my French was not great but I knew enough to make my way. I don't know whether I would be able to in Quebec right now. My French is now very rusty.

☺▼☺ Even though I am not a public librarian, I have to say we need more **public library** supporters like you. I feel a little ashamed for not supporting my local library more, other than using it a lot. It's what keeps my personal interlibrary loans honest; I don't have to make them myself through my solo library at work.

☺▼☺ **MYTH OF MATRIARCHAL PREHISTORY.** Cynthia Eller isn't the only feminist who hates the **Matriarchal Age**. I read a very long article in 1979 by two feminists that took a very dim of it indeed.

Of course, those were Marxist who probably didn't like the religious implications of the idea. But I read an interview with Starhawk, a woman of very good Wiccan credentials, in the last issue of *Gnosis*. There she lambasted the idea. There is a theory that that attack killed the journal.

Part of what peeves scholars off is that the Matriarchal Age seems a way people attempt to gain fame without evidence, without reading and without brains. They advocate it and then claim that they are the new Galileos. That these are

often freshmen makes things all the more galling.

But there must be something else at work. There is some problem with this myth that looks custom made for the feminist age. A truly powerful myth is only questioned by a foolish few. This myth, which seems so well adapted, is questioned by everyone.

☺▼☺ **AN APOLOGY.** Endings are a problem. You could write a number of alternative **endings**. And tell the reader what holes in them make them unsatisfactory. That way the reader will not think you are trying to put something over on him or her. This takes a page from Children's books about ten or twenty years ago. They gave alternate endings.

Better still, you could have figured out the ending before you wrote the novel, and then written the novel around it. Of course, it is a little late for that.

Actually, the easiest thing to do is tell the readers to stay tuned for the sequel.

LIZ COPELAND

home with the armadillo #48

☺▼☺ My problem going to my parents' place in New Jersey was not having **directions**; it was having directions for only going in one direction. I figure I wouldn't have missed Highway 295, a shortcut from Maryland to Virginia, if I had had directions back.

On the other hand, I wouldn't have been waylaid for fifteen minutes to Washington, New Jersey, as opposed to Washington, DC if I had merely read the signs right.

☺▼☺ Northwest **DeepSouthCon** in

Portland? Why not?

☹▼☹ ct. N. Brooks. You agree with Matt Helm that National Guardsmen should have killed a **Kent State** protestor with each shot? Or not have fired at all. I thought you were a liberal. Or has all that time spent in Boulder pointed you in the opposite direction? ...Or are you saying the National Guardsmen shouldn't have fired at all?

☹▼☹ Kneejerk reactions are a problem in **politics**. Especially politics of the extreme right and left. For those Black 'leaders,' whenever a cop kills a Black man, it's police brutality. For others at the opposite extreme, it's appropriate law enforcement.

☹▼☹ The big difference between **Elian** and a Jewish refugee fleeing the Nazis is not that the Nazis had a shot at taking over the world. That's irrelevant here. The difference is that the Jewish refugees were persecuted – even if the Holocaust came later – and **Elian**, I'm sure, is being feted.

☹▼☹ That Nicole Hollander cartoon is a fraud. What she's saying is we should at times stifle our impulses and practice reason. Reconsider telling that best friend something for her own good, reconsider having our body pierced, reconsider purchasing that overexpensive house in Cannes, reconsider buying badly designed designer shoes, etc. Would any self-respecting **goddess** practice reason. This is the New Age, AKA the Newage.

☹▼☹ **THANKS, RURAL REPUBLICANS**. It's not **States** that receive benefits, it's people who receive benefits. Those voting in the Repub majorities in those States may be benefiting more from the tax cut and less from Federal largesse.

JEFF COPELAND

the notorious jumping zine of calaveras county

☹▼☹ **REVIEWS**. The best **horror stories** are those we can identify with. You quake at arson because you nearly met your end at the hands of an arsonist.

It can be hard to ascertain this beforehand. It is true that we will be murdered in our beds is the staple of horror movies, and an evergreen. It's what Stephen King goes for.

But anything subtler than that can prove a bust. I tried to write a horror story years ago. It was about people having their selves annihilated and replaced by the mind of some creature from outerspace. That is something we are supposed to fear the most according to what people proclaim.

But apparently we really don't give two hoots about our individuality.

How about threatening bosses? Does anyone there think that will work? With all the complaints I have heard recently, one who kills and is supported by Yes Men would be more than enough of a clear and present threat for a horror story. But who knows?

☹▼☹ Great! Lara Croft fights the **Illuminati**. The *Tomb Raider* writers have at least done some reading and have some sense of humor. Hoorah for them! ...But I bet the Illuminati being fought are not like the original, i.e., Illuminated Masons.

☹▼☹ ct. Me. Alright so your definition of **computer** is "programmable." What would it have to program? Be capable of doing addition multiplication, subtraction, division? Didn't slide rules do that and more? ...Would you have to be able to program a spreadsheet too?

Tell us lay people true, who know nothing of mainframes.

☹▼☹ Aha, a conspiracy. Between **Microsoft** and the *Weekly World News*. I knew I was suspicious of them for good reason.

☹▼☹ I still think the right person and the right mindset for a good **marriage** is luck. We can't will commitment Especially these days. I will, however, admit some people will never have such a minset or find such a person. The only one they can love is themselves.

☹▼☹ I wasn't thinking of **Bach** on the moog; I was thinking more of the Swingle Singers. Maybe 'turned-on' was the wrong word. They were just the opposite, low tech, acappella Bach. The Swingles were French but the driving force was Ward Swingle, an Alabaman. Does anyone remember them? I hear they were as popular in the mid-'60s as a lot of popular music.

☹▼☹ About respective abilities in this Administration. Before **Bush** got to be President, he was known for being famous.

☹▼☹ My sister tells me that I was wrong about the **Atkins Diet**. The no veggies rule is only for an extreme and temporary diet for quick weight loss. And the maintenance diet does include veggies.

☹▼☹ If atomic weapons played a part in Kornbluth's *Not This August*, then I heard wrong. Or interpreted wrong. I never read the book, although it is somewhere in my mother's pantry, where my parents seem to be storing books rather than food.

☹▼☹ I don't know. I find it more convenient to carry the peel-off **stamps**. They are less likely to become moist and stick to anything – that is if you keep the backing on.

☹▼☹ That one **State** would have more

power, I don't think, is the issue it was when the Constitution was written. We all look upon ourselves as citizens of the U.S. first and secondarily only of our States.

☹▼☹ I was thinking more of an individual having a **bookmaking** machine. He downloads the book on the computer and he can have it in leatherbound quarto if he so desires. Of course, a machine like that would probably be too expensive for the likes of us right now.

☹▼☹ I have to confess no one is consistent in **politics**. Especially not when you have the good guys on one side and the bad guys on the other. Which is a normal mentality in politics. You're not going to treat both the same. You want the good guys to have an edge, especially the winning edge. In fact, usually, you want to stack the deck.

☹▼☹ OK, you admit that people traveled faster on the sea in **1860** than they did in Caesar's time. But I'm not certain overland travel wasn't faster too. You had to go partway across Europe and America by horse, but you could go partway by train in 1860. Anyway, weren't the roads better than in Caesar's time.

I think 1860 is too late, even for overland travel to be the same as in ancient times. 1760 would probably be much better.

☹▼☹ ct. Ned Brooks. The **Internet** may be giving us a lot of misinformation. But, with all the time they've been burned, do people believe what they read on the web? I doubt it.

Unless they want to believe it to begin with. In which case people will believe anyway. Maybe, with the web,



they have a better choice these days and can choose the belief they want better. But I doubt that they approximated the truth more in ye olde days.

☹▼☹ No, **Bush** is tied to the right. If both Congress and the Senate go Democrat, he will attempt to be the Republican Harry Truman and blast it as do-nothing. Only a Ronald Reagan could reconcile himself to a Democratic Congress and get away with it.

☹▼☹ ct. Guy Lillian. Illegal judicial coup? Justice Holmes was right: the **law** is what the court says it is. As to whether the Supremes actually did George Bush any favor is another thing.

☹▼☹ Missing election **records** of Florida counties. Missing records are not anything out of the ordinary. But some will have you believe they are. I told my mother I couldn't find her family on ships' manifests or in the Census from the early part of the

Century.

And she said, "That's funny." I pointed out, no it wasn't. All the New York City ships' manifests from 1848 until the Turn of the Century, or thereabouts, were burnt up in a fire. And are therefore unavailable.

Still, I think my mother believes it's a plot.

☹▼☹ The movie *Traffic* says we are losing the drug war. People don't want to hear that. Like *Primal Colors* says that some corruption in politics is inevitable. People definitely don't want to hear that. Especially not beaten into them, which the film did.

Reality had to include our fantasies.

☹▼☹ **Bob Kerrey** was lucky. The public was tired of the media crying wolf so much: which it did throughout the Clinton Administration: the public was not willing, in kneejerk fashion, to send Kerrey into Coventry.

The media has so wanted to bring back the halcyon days of Watergate, but it instead has accelerated its drift down into National Enquirer land. The problem is that they can't play Walter Lippman with Matt Helm minds.

☹▼☹ ct. Randy Cleary. I think the surveys where people thought the **Declaration of Independence** was Communist were taken during the '50s. During the McCarthy period. A nadre for support in America of democratic government and civil liberties.

Also, if the pollsters read the passages from the Declaration advocating the "Right of Revolution," people anytime would be quaking in their boots. Even though the passages were probably taken from the Classics.

LIZ and JEFF COPELAND

alaska trip report

🍷▲🍷 MONDAY, JULY 9. There was an Ann-Margaret Los Vegas act which concerned the **midnight Sun**. Only in Lapland rather than Alaska. She wouldn't take a lap up on any offers to spend the night because **THE NIGHTS ARE SIX MONTHS LONG**. Then that was the refrain for a song.

🍷▲🍷 TUESDAY, JULY 10. Some enterprising individual should start Alaskan **restaurants** in the 48 States serving Salmon and Venison. We have just about every other cuisine imaginable. Including, in Olde Towne, Alexandria, Scottish restaurants, where you can get shephard's pie and haggis. Fake haggis, I hear, because the real stuff is too gross to be imported.

🍷▲🍷 WEDNESDAY, JULY 11. All sorts of great stuff is done to con **tourists**. Not only golden moose 'nuggets,' like in Alaska. I hear, in the '70s, some cowpokes in Texas sold cow chips, they claimed, were from LBJ's Ranch.

In Maine, they invited you to be conned, and buy canned air. The idea was that it represented the Yankee trader in some clever 'Mainiac.'

🍷▲🍷 THURSDAY, JULY 12. So Alaska's **tectonic plate** is breaking off. I wonder if it will meet the San Andreas plate one of these days in the Pacific between Alaska and California. Maybe form a mini-continent.

I say this because I once wrote a story about such a 'continent,' which I called Porphry. More after the Greek philosopher than the rock. I don't remember much about it but I remember magicians

lived there.

🍷▲🍷 FRIDAY, JULY 13. Except maybe for the high priced restaurants, the main attraction of **Alaska** is Alaska: the glaciers, the moose, the whales, the sea lions, the kittiwakes. Also, some Alaskan preoccupations have attracted tourists, like husky sledding and Indian crafts. The oil companies, however, have not found out how to attract tourists to their operation.

MIKE WEBER

false knight on the road

🍷▲🍷 In all honesty, I can't make heads or tails out of the **False Knight** on the Road. Maybe it's symbolism has long since bit the dust, like "Pop goes the Weasle." Didn't that pertain to a bar in London? Maybe this is one traditional song that's a put on.

🍷▲🍷 ct. R. Lynch. It's easy for you to say, build a **computer**. What about people like me with two left thumbs?

🍷▲🍷 ct. GHI III. I figure the **Moon** landing where Aldrin breaks his leg and he and Armstrong can't get back would be called "The Coldwater Equations."

🍷▲🍷 ct. N. Metcalf. Who knows whether Richard **Haliburton** fed the four year old Dalai Lama porridge with lumps and helped tuck him into bed. Haliburton apparently told his share of lies. Like about his swim in the Taj Mahal pool. Which is apparently too shallow to swim in.

Of course, Haliburton's lying is part of his charm.

🍷▲🍷 You say the Japanese **tourist**

with the three Nikons is like the loud American tourist in the Hawaiian shirt. In other words, some are like that.

🍷▲🍷 Ford made sure he built an old reliable after the Model T, the Model A. It dispensed with the chewing gum and the bailing wire, and most things you could fix with a bobby pin. Which was why it was important to have a woman present.

Ford was unlike GM, which succeeded in overtaking him with **undependable** annual models. And Intel and Microsoft have learned from this. They don't produce anything dependable anymore.

I may have been suckered into a 1000 MHz computer, which is less stable than an A-bomb at implosion. But at least I rejected the Windows 2000. I had heard the problem was getting drivers for it. And I didn't want to add to my headaches.

Good luck in getting your modem and scanner working.

🍷▲🍷 Too bad about **Nana**, but she did live a good long life. My Aunt Cele did too, poor woman. But not as long. She died at 86. And it was sad to see her going with Alzheimers, or the vascular equivalent, like your Nana did.

She started having the ailment three years before she died. She had been a vigorous woman all her life. A nurse in New York City, her hospital thought so highly of her it called her back at 78 because of an emergency situation.

Since she had led such a vigorous life, it was difficult for her to adjust to a memory that kept fading. I would call her on the phone and she would try to pretend she knew me. And I knew she didn't.

I'm not certain that last call I made wasn't sadder. She had given up completely.

She didn't even try to remember. Or cover up. Then she had the last of three strokes and died.

STEVE HUGHES

comments 12

🍷▲🍷 ct. Me. All Presidents claim that they were responsible for good times and their opponents bad times. But it must be particular galling for you when **Clinton** or his supporters do.

🍷▲🍷 I am frankly puzzled by your comments on mine about **Kosovo**. I thought my point was that our Kosovan war did not have much to do with genocide – whether it happened or not – or morality or justice in general. And thus not much to do with good guys and bad guys. That it was basically a matter of power politics.

In all honesty, I get the impression that, for you, the Kosovan war is a matter of good guys vs. bad guys. Which I don't consider wrong. Despite the world's complexity, we often have to make those judgments.

I suspect, for you, Milosevic was basically the good guy, only defending himself. And Bill Clinton was the bad guy. He made the war to distract people from the Impeachment trial. And, during it, he backed terrorists, violated Serb sovereignty, violated human rights and made unreasonable demands on Milosevic.

🍷▲🍷 I don't really have experience with **electronic checks**. I have signed up with PayPal and I'm going to use them one day and see.

🍷▲🍷 ct. Ned Brooks. Sometimes I

have to delete the Temporary **Internet** Files. On my old computer, now a backup computer, I have several different drives. And the C keeps getting filled up. Periodically I have to delete something. And the internet files are it.

I cannot say I regretted doing it in the least. It didn't take that long to bring up my web pages afterward. Not detectably. For that reason, I am also more than willing to limit the number of the Temporary Internet Files so the drive wouldn't keep getting filled up.

🍏▲🍏 *The Wind Done Gone* is a parody, I hear. Only not on *Gone with the Wind*, but on political correctness.

🍏▲🍏 ct. Arthur Hlavaty. If what you say is true, Arthur is half right. There is a problem with getting people to view **advertisements**.

What is it called when the products advertised are included in the show? *The New York Times* had something about it several months ago.

The practice goes back to the '50s. *Mad Magazine* had something about it then. And the practice was called something different. In *Mad's* examples, when Charles Laughton said, "A Loaf of Bread and a Jug of Wine," he was paid by "Aloafa bread and Ajugga wine.

🍏▲🍏 ct. Guy H.. Lillian III. I read an article in the *Wall Street Journal*, where some of those places, like Walgreen's, will go to the cops if they think your **photo** violates the law. On the other hand, as in the case of Wal-Mart, management wants to make that decision, not their grunts.

🍏▲🍏 ct. Janice Gelb. Good for you, being able to remain **friends** with someone

who stole your work and passed it off as her own. At least for purposes of a seminar. Other people would be yelling bloody murder.

🍏▲🍏 ct. Gary Brown. Does **TV** make kids insensitive or does it appeal to an insensitivity that's already there? I hate to say it but kids I know – even nice, responsible, intelligent kids – are about as sensitive as watermelons. And we're not talking about killings. We're talking about day trips, puppy relationships, school work, and sexual mores.

About unimportant people being killed off, my handbook on writing from the '40s said that that's who you kill off in fiction. People the reader has not identified with. Of course, do you have to kill as many as the movies and TV do now?

🍏▲🍏 Do I feel outrage at policies opposed to mine being implemented? Of course. Have I forgotten other people have an opinion? Naturally. In fact, are my political views visceral? You bet.

Of course, I don't believe in my **political views** breaking up friendships. And if I was actually passing legislation, I would also take a different view of things.

T.K.F. WEISSKOPF
"yngvi is a louse" and other graffitos

🍏▲🍏 KREEGAH. If **government** is evil, from my experience there, I have to say there are a lot of people into evil. A lot of rich, powerful and very conservative people. The farmers are certainly into evil. So are the banks and the supermarkets. Wholesale.

🍏▲🍏 CHARLOTTE'S WEB. Your

childhood looks like another world. What with few painted houses and paved roads.

Mine is just another country. TV was a novelty when I was very young. The *Moon is Blue* was a dirty picture. And *Amboy Dukes* was a dirty book. Joan Baez was kicked out of Boston University for going barefoot. Because of these latter, I hope the country my childhood was akin to was not an Islamic Republic.

🍷▲🍷 SPECULATION TO FICTION.

I remember about twenty years ago a company came out with generic, or 'no-frills', **fiction**. I read the blurb for their no-frills science fiction. It promised all the 'conventions': a rocketship, a robot, a hardbitten hero and a plucky heroine. Or something like that. Which seem more like the conventions of movie, TV and pulp SF.

This no-frills fiction had a saving grace. A friend who read it claimed it was hilarious.

🍷▲🍷 ct. Don Markstein. One of your litmus tests for telling whether the media is **partisan** is their attitude toward Monicagate. If someone wasn't 100% for conviction, it shows they are hopelessly partisan.

Monicagate is my litmus test too. Only, for me, if they don't believe it was a bunch of hooley, they have been struck by partisan madness. And I believe that whether Clinton lied about his tête à tête or not. Which still would not meet the legal definition of perjury.

An exception is the media. I suspect they had reasons having nothing to do with Right or Left. But more practical concerns. As I said earlier, they were trying so hard for another Watergate. And to restore their lost fortunes. – Without restoring their reputation for decency that made Watergate

possible.

🍷▲🍷 There's been a big Bush tax cut and the tax rate shows no sign of going down? Maybe it's impossible for the tax rate to come down and we shouldn't bother with tax cuts.

GARY R. ROBE tennessee trash #42

🍷▲🍷 The Devil trying hard to keep you from your missionary work in Mexico? He wasn't that hard working a Devil. Of course, some say that the Devil works his way through humans, who are both good and bad. At least usually.

In this instance, it was between the tax man who doesn't want to see any claiming business expenses not doing business and the Mexican reps wanting for their own reasons for you to be there on a particular day. Which may be practical and may be ego, but isn't 100% the Devil.

Anyway, you won against the Devil.

🍷▲🍷 Given my fascination with the occult, some of my activities would be denounced by the minister Hector Romo. Other activities of mine he would denounce are not as apparent. On the other hand, given his belief, he would have to denounce them.

And Hector was preaching like the Bible does, no question about that. In fact, probably namby pamby in comparison with the early Bible, which I'm reading right now. Also, I imagine that Hector was preaching like a lot of Churches do in the Bible Belt. Just that you might not wish to join a Church like

that – even if it is less p.c.

☺▲☺ I can understand that Steve the missionary could not translate Hector straight. I don't know about Spanish but I know about French. Straight translation sounds like gibberish there. You have to some extent to translate freely.

And, as you say, sometimes, words that work in French, you have a hard time putting into Spanish. In French, a whole bunch of 'em are upfront, the idioms. But I bet, in Spanish, what Hector was saying was more difficult than that.

☺▲☺ It's no wonder you preferred to spend time with missionaries over time at a trade show and with customers. You were spending time with decent human beings. Business can get rough and isn't always 100% decent.

☺▲☺ Maybe you could have done something more useful than putting on Bible School for a bunch of middle-to-low class Mexican kids. But more important still was the motivation. What's wrong with piousness? It sounds to me like it is something very right. And what's wrong with feeling good about yourself for having helped at least a little?

What is wrong is we are so hep on having an impact that we denigrate the inner man. It may seem that sating the inner man is vanity and illusion. But unfortunately, all too often good works are. In the world, especially of humans, we run into large masses of terra incognita; It is often difficult to tell if our works are actually doing good. We can only know our motivations.

RANDY B. CLEARY
avatar press

☺▲☺ HOME SWEET HOME.

There was a joke about anarchists who believed each home should be a separate state with the **householder** as the absolute monarch. I can see how many people would feel that way. You get to redecorate a space exactly the way you want it – within your budget. And be happy with your Lazy Boy recliner and queen size bed.

I hope you can get your mom to move in.

☺▲☺ Ah, sleeping at a Red Carpet Inn in Georgia for \$19.95. I wouldn't expect other than a dive.

I have told about it before, but probably pretty long ago. I stayed in one French 'inn' for the equivalent of 80¢ back in 1964. The room had not been swept in years. However, the bed, I remember, was made. God knows how long ago. And since they gave me a drink in addition, a beer with diablo grenadine, I got my money's worth.

☺▲☺ I avoid all pitches for **time shares** like the plague. A lot of people have had a lot of bad experiences with them. At least you didn't have any kids, so they couldn't hold those hostage.

☺▲☺ VACATION. You are the proud owner of a Cocoa Beach **hat**, and I am the proud owner of a propeller beanie. I will have to tell my fellow SFPAns sometime how I came to buy it. But I bought it by phone from Interstellar Propeller in Berkeley, California. It has a brim unlike the classic, so it is partially practical.

When I walked down Olde Towne in Alexandria, VA, the chi-chi section, no

less than three women complimented me on my hat. A cute teenage girl had to touch the propeller. Also, my propeller beanie wowed the ladies at the Post Office.

I hope I'm not giving Guy any ideas.

♥▲♥ **FAMILY NEWS.** The number of my aunts and uncles has been decimated too. In fact, they are almost nonexistent. My father has one brother still living. Of course, my father is eighty seven and that brother is way into his eighties and long since retired.

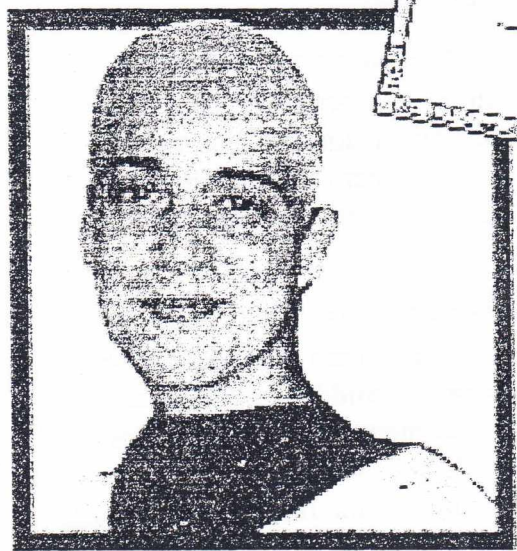
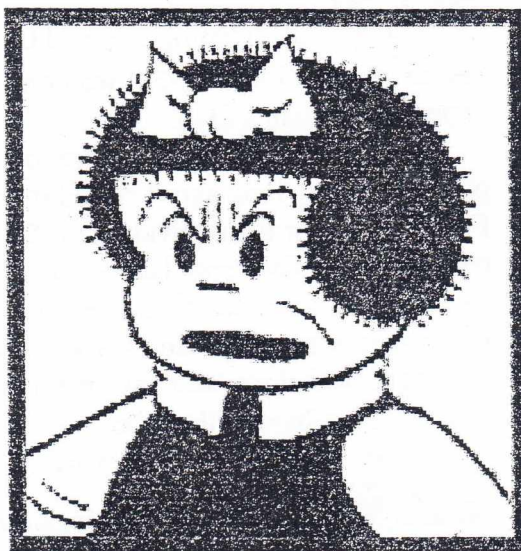
My mother has no living siblings.

The last one was my Uncle Lou, who died several years ago. Shortly after my Aunt Dora died. Of course, Uncle Lou was eight-one and my Aunt Dora was way into her eighties.

That's what happens as you get on in years. I don't like it but I understand.

♥▲♥ **GALLERY.** I'll make sure to save your **clip art**. ...A porpoise in a spacesuit (landsuit?). Hmmm.

THE END



City Paper's parody on the DC Cops' website