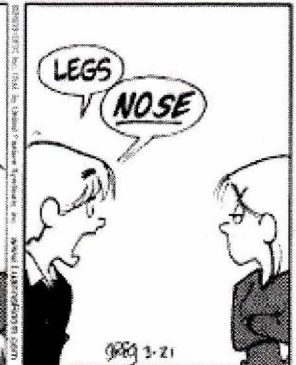
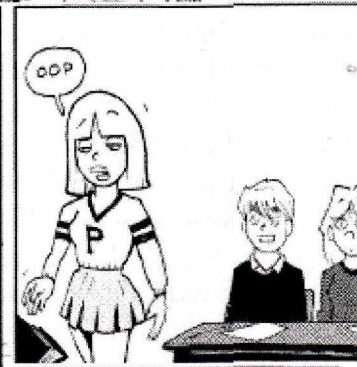
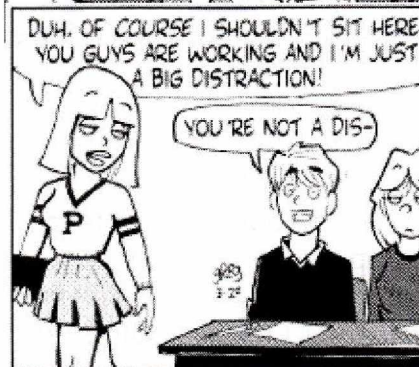
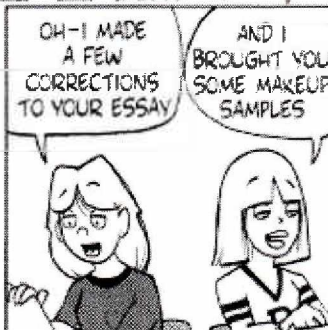


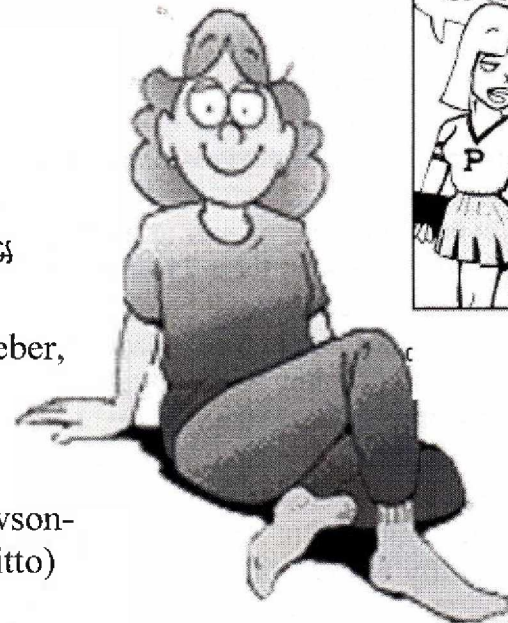
BOB'S INFECTED THIGHS LEGS

NOSE



BOB'S INFECTED THIGHS LEGS
NOSE

Is a SFPazine from mike weber,
intended for the May 2003
mailing of the SFPA.
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I would like to apologise for the unconscionable lateness of my recent SFPA zines, and to hope that this one is going to be sent in a more timely manner.

Unfortunately, as i begin typing (the Saturday after the March deadline), it's beginning to look as if we won't have enough money to pay the rent (which is already two weeks late), much less to print a SFPAzine. <heavy sigh>

It's sad -- with my move to the new store and my shift back from lab to sales fulltime, and the increased hours i'm getting, this check should top \$500, and if we just had \$400 more, we could pay the rent. And, actually, Kate will get a decent-sized check about Thursday; she's worked two 40-hour weeks at her "part-time" job at the gas station and another eight each week [paid separately] at the vitamin shop... But the landlord is already cranky and Thursday the third of April may be a bit late to pay the March rent...

There may well be a new address in this zine or at least in the OO this mailing. <encore heavy sigh>



O blio =| Gbrown =| Actually, until you get *even* older than your mid-50s, you probably need flu shots *less* than younger and older people -- by now, you have either acquired or have natural immunity to all or most of the strains that have been through in your lifetime, and are not starting to have immune problems or a generally-delicate respiratory system, which will happen when you get older. I remember when i was about forty or so, there was a Really Bad flu season -- and it hit almost exclusively those under about thirty-five or so; it was the same as the strain that had almost killed my dad when i was five, and everyone who had been around at the time either had it or was immune, so we didn't get i on the re-run. (I never got it, even in the same house with Dad, who spent a week in bed.)

Actually, when i looked at "Catwoman", i thought of Frank Robbins. (I haven't picked up the latest issue yet, being Very Poor, but it's on hold. This was the one in which they were supposed to be Making Changes Yet Again, and i'm worried.) As to changing the character in the first place, since it took exactly to issues after Devin Grayson left the title to change me from a dedicated buyer to someone who wouldn't even look past the cover, the current Slam Bradley/mean streets look and storyline (except for the rather over-the-top windup) was just what i wanted to see. Particularly since the strong gay relationships were treated as simply relationships, no different from any other.

If you'll look at the snazzy cover i designed for the CD jewel case, you'll see it lists "SFPAzines 11/01 to 11/02". There's a lot more, including the original television production from 1953 of "Casino Royale"...

Back when the Thing had his own story monthly in some book or other, he went down to the local bar he hung out at and ran into Sandman, who wasn't currently wanted for anything and they were having a few quiet beers and talking about the whole "super" thing when something/someone (i forget) caused trouble, not realising who was in the bar...

Wonder Woman was *designed* as a bondage figure -- consider the "if a man ties her bracelets together" thing. Marston was a shrink; he knew what he was doing.

There was a rumour that CDs would die after a while, based on what turned out to be badly-conducted "accelerated aging" tests. And there were some that, indeed, did fail, due to bad manufacturing -- some were printed with an acid ink that ate through the reflective layer, some were not properly sealed and the aluminum corroded (same things that caused "laser rot" in video discs). I haven't heard of a single properly-manufactured CD failing (and i have several that are over fifteen years old already). Now, recordable CDs -- like the one i sent through -- might be a different matter, since they depend for their function on a layer of dye, and coloured dyes (as in photography) are notoriously unstable. OTOH, the colour prints produced on our Fuji Aladdin digital printer at work are guaranteed to last at least 75 years. I suspect that the medium will be obsolete for computer purposes before today's data CDs will become unreadable. (And it's no problem to recopy a CD every five years or so, if you're really worried about stability...)



I dunno. By the time he was portraying Agnew as a hyena in a White House Guard uniform and Nixon as a spider, i think Kelly was stretching. But when he *wasn't* being political, "Pogo" was still Really Funny.

The more i hear about "Signs", the less i feel impelled to see it. But i may yet get it through Netflix.

These MCs are still about the January mailing...

Variations on a Theme \+ \

**RLynch \+ ** I had a copy of "New Possibility" some years ago; it was excellent, but i don't know what happened to it. I also had a copy of the CD re-issue of "Blind Joe Death" (combined with another album, i think). An incredible guitarist; one of the few i hold in as high esteem as Richard Thompson.

"Syncopated Clock" and "Bugler's Holiday" i know; i may have heard the other Anderson compositions you mention but not connected them. ((BTW: the "syncopated clock" sound effect in the original recording was done on a typewriter...))

Toyotas and Nissans used to be almost impossible for me to enter and exit; most of them i could squeeze into the driver's seat with some difficulty, but a number of models i simply could not get in and out of the passenger seat. I have never had this problem with either the Honda Civic or Accord. And especially not with the Civic station wagons, like the '85 Susan and i had and the '90 that Kate and i now drive.

Yeah; "The Postman" is fine till the third section, whereat it takes a solid nosedive.

I recall John Campbell mentioning the "wobble" as a method of detecting extrasolar planets, and i think it was in one of the big issues of "Analog".

Right -- due to the Laws of Thermodynamics, attempting to run a process that produces power with power it produces is doomed; even if there were no losses in the system at all, you would still only get enough power to produce that much power. This, of course, is why perpetual-motion machines don't work.

As i said in the zine, i suspect that the "dirty work" in the Ascending/Descending cover takes place at the lower right corner, using the camera's monocular vision to cause

things on two different levels to appear to be on the same level. It certainly wouldn't work from any other camera angle, i'd bet.

"...the more prestigious the orchestra is supposed to be, the more likely they will play compositions that are apt to leave you cold." Because they can get away with it without losing too much money, unlike less "prestigious" and more-precariously-funded orchestras?

Spiritus Mundi }+{ GHLLII }+{ Out

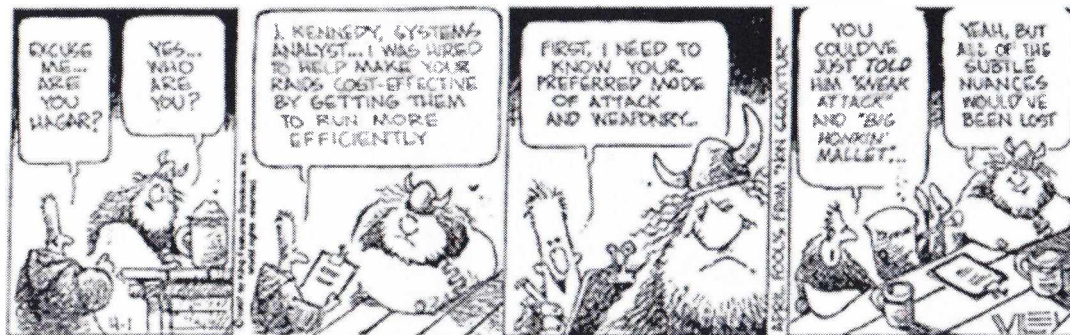
of order, since i just noticed it in leafing through this zine, the "thing" Jughead wears on his head is a beanie made by taking an old fedora, cutting scallops into the brim and, i think, turning it inside-out. At the time the characters were

created, it was a fairly common type of headgear (in a time when wearing a hat was more common than not). It's about the last vestige of the original "Archie"-cast costuming -- remember Archie's bowtie, baggy pants and letter-sweater?

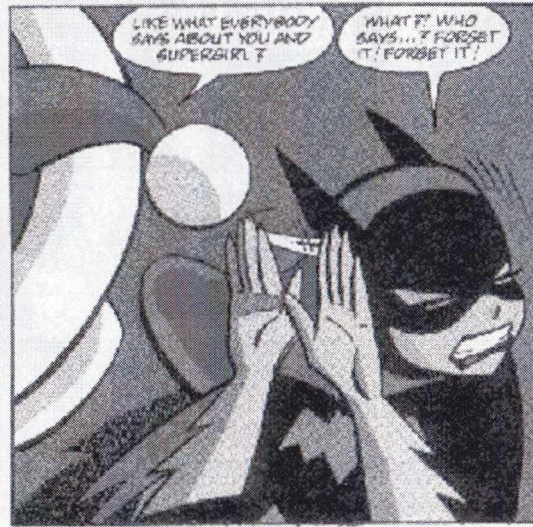
I don't know about your mother-in-law's shower curtain -- but i did know a

guy whose translucent white shower curtain was printed with a black silhouette of a knife-wielding "old lady"...

First, it's NOT the "Australian" ballot. Second, i don't feel that the sort of situation you speak of is that much of an injustice; it is very unusual/unlikely, i'd say, for something that is popular enough that it gets A Lot of first-place votes to not also get A Lot of second- and third-place votes on the ballots of people who didn't give it first place. A situation where something gets nothing but first-place and last-place votes (or even is omitted in favour of "No Award") indicates a nominee on which the voters are sharply divided -- or, quite possibly, an attempted ballot-stuff. Something that is solidly in first place on the first round, but



Does this or does this not remind anyone of someone we all know and more or less love?



steadily drops downward as the rounds progress because other nominees got all the second- and third-place votes probably isn't overall well-enough regarded to give the award to.

Speaking of elections down that way, i understand that saying "Vote for the crook -- it's important!" isn't sufficient distinction now, as Duke has ALSO been convicted of embezzlement.

"Red states are fundamentally dictatorships with no established method of transferring power, and the vacuum that will result when Fidel

kicks it will be turbulent, indeed." That was basically what everyone my Dad knew in Spain (particularly in Catalonia, where he spent most of two years for his company) thought about what was going to happen when Franco stepped on a rainbow -- most serious political commentators over there were expecting at least attempts at revolution by the Catalans and the Basques. Never happened. Smooth transition.

Shelton chose to join her husband when he died, true. She also chose to kill him.

One of the most horrific cases of bad editorial practise at Ace books was when Doris Piserchia was informed -- apparently when she was almost ready to hand it in -- that her novel (her first, i believe) "Mr Justice" was NOT going to be a full book, but rather half of an Ace Double -- and, i think, the "B" side, as it were, and she had to cut it by about a third. Given the intricacy of her plots, while it was a fascinating read, it made no sense in several places. (Had a lovely Freas cover, though.)

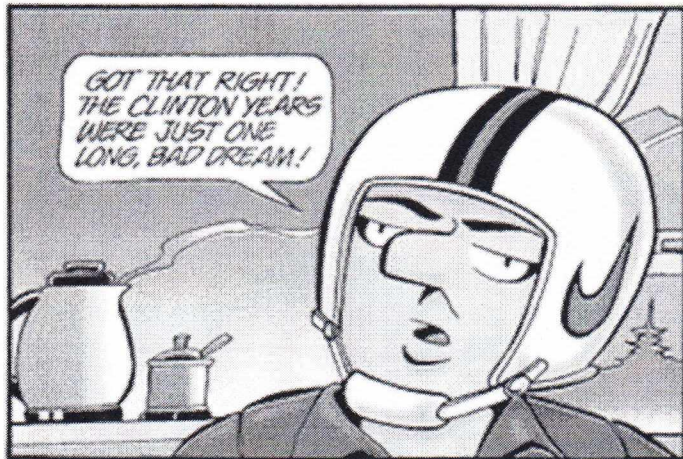
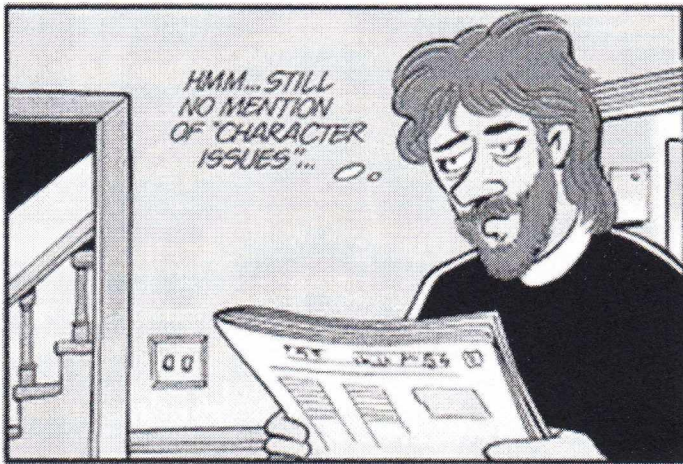
Did you really mean "Donald Eastlake", quoting Simmons' dedication, or mayhap "Westlake"?

Your remarks about introducing oneself to Harry Warner are now, sadly, irrelevant. Another jiant gone from among us.

Milt Gross, who drew a novel entitled "He Done Her Wrong" also did a deadly yiddish parody of "Hiawatha" that is in the "Cartoon Cavalcade" collection i inherited from my dad (if i can ever find it).

Sorry. Sherman's March was designed to do exactly what it did -- break the economic and materiel ability of the South to make war, and to also, if possible, break the will to do so. in that regard, it was a legitimate military operation.

Quoting from a review of a novel about the March: "What made Sherman's March to the Sea new was the way that he handled the civilian community of the South. Sherman ordered his army to burn, take, or render useless anything that could be used for making war. This was to include farm products, housing, supplies, railroads, and industrial facilities. Beside destroying the war making abilities of the Confederacy, Sherman also destroyed the fighting spirit of the civilian population."



Sherman has been called the first modern general, as his March foreshadowed modern ways of making war.

Sadly, Max Cleland's loss of limbs wasn't in combat -- it was a grenade clumsily dropped by one of his own buddies that got him. As a matter of fact, i seem to recall that for some time he was afraid that HE had been the one who dropped the grenade, but that later inquiries proved it was someone else.

Right, Erin Grey played Wilma Deering on the teevee "Buck Rogers" -- however, the suit was Spandex (or something of the type) rather than leather. Sexiest outfit on teevee (well, aside from Princess Ardala, come to think, but she cheated; her outfits were definitely "less is more") until Two of Thirty-Eight -- i mean, Seven of Nine -- came along. Grey was in a Kennie Rogers film entitled "Six Pack", filmed in the Atlanta area, and dropped by Cliff Biggers' classroom one day -- a mutual acquaintance working as a stunt rigger on the film had mentioned that Cliff had a tape of something that Grey had been in that she didn't have, and arranged for Cliff to make a copy and bring it to his school, which was near where they were filming. I understand that Cliff's standing with the students was at least temporarily improved by having Erin Grey walk in and ask for him by name...

Actually, Nicholson's first role was two years earlier (1958) than "Little Shop", in "The Crybaby Killer". And in 1968, he co-wrote the Monkees' movie, "Head", after co-creating the series.

Kurosawa was originally chosen to direct the Japanese sequences in TORA TORA TORA. (This must have been interesting, since he and Toshira Mifune, who starred in them, had come to an acrimonious parting of the ways a while earlier...) He was unprepared for working on a big-budget American film for an American studio, and the demands made drove him to a nervous breakdown which, being Japanese, led him in turn to a suicide attempt. But it got him out of the contract. And prevented him from making "Runaway Train", made years later by Konchalevsky, from a script adapted from Kurosawa's original screenplay.

My favourite Supergirl drawing in "Ascending Descending" is the barefoot jeans-clad slacker version i put on the CD label as well.

I'm actually working on doing something you might be able to use in "Challenger" with the Verne calculations, as well as a possible photo-illustrated article that you might like about a rather macabre and morbid little bit of (mostly-Southern, i think) pop culture...

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Twyggdrasil and Treehouse Gazette(:) RDengrove (:)

Some people just are not suited to care for kids -- perhaps your cousin was one and was bright enough to realise it; certainly i never wanted kids, because, while i dearly love kids and generally get along well with them, i have to know that i can say "Hey, kid -- go tell your mother she wants you" when i reach the end of my patience -- which, unfortunately, can happen abruptly and without warning.

I hope that when i die, my friends and family will throw a party celebrating my life (not, i hope my death) instead of a gloomy funeral.

Cecil Adams may or may not be right about air escaping from a plane in flight. BUT. The aircraft is still maintained at an

internal overpressure (otherwise you couldn't breathe at cruising altitudes), AND the aircraft's skin is actually a structural member. What this amounts to is tons of pressure pushing outward on the fuselage -- consider a cylinder a hundred feet long and twenty feet in diameter [just madeup numbers, but probably in the ballpark] this has a surface area of 31,415 square feet, or over 4.5 million square inches. If the overpressure is, say 5psi, then the total outward pressure being exerted on the fuselage is over 11,000 tons. Do anything that seriously compromises the structural integrity of the skin and Bad Things can happen.

(Incidentally -- modern racing cars are built in a similar manner; Gran Prix cars not only have no frame at all, using the "tub" as a structural member in itself, but also use the engine as a structural member -- the engine is bolted to the back of the "tub" and the rear suspension and transaxle are attached to the back of the engine...)

It has also been suggested that Tunguska might have been a small mass of anti-matter.

The illo you reproduce of unairworthy aircraft is pretty much the sort of thing that Verne's Robur's craft is usually pictured as.

Dennis Dolbear once described drunk driving as "attempted negligent homicide". I always liked that phrase.

As the Supreme Court is established by the Constitution, it would take an amendment thereto to abolish it. They might get it through Congress, but i bet it would be hard to get it ratified by two-thirds of the States.

I recall hearing that the Biltmore Mansion in Asheville NC is as huge as it is because of a belief held by the mistress of the house that she would die if the house were ever completed.

I didn't say "The Clone" was the first novel with That Word in its title, just that it came before the one you had cited.

Of course Weight Watchers isn't objective about whether people are fat -- if they were, they'd lose money.

As to the "Forbidden Planet"/"The Tempest" relationship -- you might look here:http://www.geocities.com/conn_33604/tempest.html

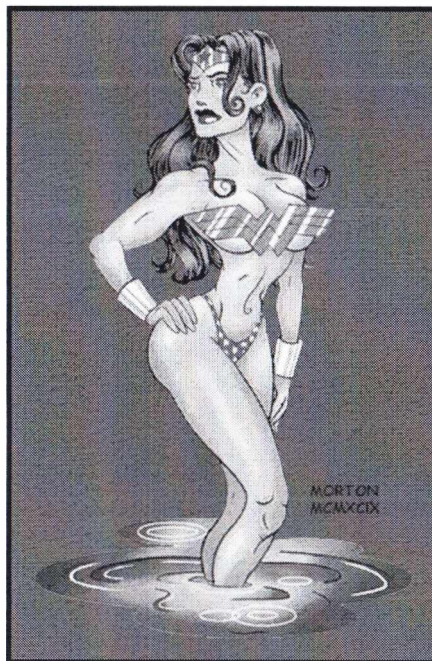
Or this:

"A great deal has been made of the fact that Forbidden Planet is essentially Shakespeare's The Tempest (1611) in an sf setting. It is this which transforms Forbidden Planet into far more than a mere pulp reading. The Tempest is set on a Mediterranean island where the magician Prospero lives in exile from Milan, along with his daughter Miranda, the tamed spirit Ariel and the bestial Caliban, original lord of the island. The idyll is upset by the arrival of various shipwrecked Milanese dignitaries, one of whom falls in love with Miranda. Forbidden Planet transplants the play and finds science-fictional equivalents for the Shakespearean characters - the magician Prospero becomes the archeaologist Morbius, Miranda becomes Altaira, Caliban becomes the Id monster, the Milanese dignitaries become the Earthmen and in a transposition that it is unlikely that Shakespeare in his wildest dreams could ever have imagined the ethereal Ariel is now played by a robot. And what is even more striking is the subtext put on the play - Caliban is transformed from the original inhabitant of the island into an amorphous 'monster from the id' made manifest, a direct nod to the era's fad for Freudian psychology. But there's also the fact that Morbius/Prospero, despite being given an ostensible reason about wanting to protect the Krell discoveries, can be clearly read as

having an unstated jealousy over the sexual attentions forced on his daughter by the earthmen. It's quite an incredible underscoring to a film, especially to find when one comes to this as a film whose legend lies in fandom more for its successful display of pulp content."

from <http://members.fortunecity.com/roogulator/sf/forbiddenplanet.htm>.

The plot of "Buffy" IS confusing -- even if you watch religiously every week...



Unfortunately, toward the end in "Pogo", though the humour and whimsy weren't totally gone, the satire began to become the main element.

I'm sorry; good as the story is to recount and tempting to believe, the economics of selling handmade cars -- which would cost much more than true production units to make -- as used cars, given that the maxim of the era was that a new car lost 40% of its value the first time the owner started it up, is just not gonna work.

The World Trade Center was essentially a self-supporting box, its walls being the main vertical load-bearing structure, held together by the floors inside. As someone on line pointed out, when some of those floors and some of that vertical structure were compromised by fire, the upper section essentially became a Very Heavy Box sitting on another box with weak walls, and the whole thing went. Remember how it seemed to go straight down rather than toppling sideways? The failure actually began high up rather than near ground level.



The New Port News +@+

NBrooks +@+ Nicely silly cover. You must look at as many oddball sources as i do to come up with these things every mailing. (Actually, i anticipate that the supply of Supergirl and Batgirl cartoons online that qualify as more-or-less risqué without actually being outright Rude will eventually dry up. I already have a couple that, no matter how much Guy would like to see them, i am *not* going to use in SFPazines...)

Murray Leinster is one of the authors from the Forties, Fifties and even the Sixties whose work, in general, remains quite readable these days, unlike some who were quite popular. That's as much because he really had little or no style -- there were certain stylistic tricks in his writing, particularly in dialog, and the occasional vivid though economical description -- "The ship did the equivalent of digging a hole, climbing into it into it, and then pulling the hole in after it." was one i always liked.

I do wonder what today's audience would make of "The Pirates of Ersatz" ("The Pirates of Zan" in paperback, due to Wollheim's firm conviction that he knew better than a mere author what title a work should bear...)... And particularly Kelly's wonderful cover for the serial in Astounding, showing a classic pirate, complete with headscarf and, as i recall, golden earring (and maybe even an eyepatch), climbing in through a spaceship's hatch, sliderule firmly clutched in his teeth. I wonder what percentage of today's SF audience would *recognise* a sliderule.

And, of course, the variations he rang on the landing grids and their implications in interstellar travel and trade were as many (or more) than Asimov did on his Three Laws.

Our '90 Honda Civic Wagon was getting 30 mpg at 70 before the speedometer died.

As to the letter-denominated stamps -- i always like to figure out how the letter relates to the picture on the stamp.

Coal (and oil) come from seams or domes in sedimentary rocks: volcanoes involve igneous (and maybe metamorphic) rocks and strata.

I don't find Asimov's fiction or his style therein "dull", but it is certainly flat and affectless to a great extent.

Actually, gold dissolves in aqua regia. That's about the only thing that will dissolve gold -- however, this is not a test for gold, since a lot of other things dissolve in it, also. (This is something i picked up from the "Swallows & Amazons" books)

Your mention of Harry Warner here is the first i have come across since i heard that he had died; apparently he was dead for some days before his body was discovered, if i read the posts on rec.arts.sf.fandom correctly.

Sigh

There were giants in the Earth in those days.

In 1990 i passed quite close to him driving through Maryland (returning from Hartford, Connecticut), and considered stopping and phoning, but i think i decided it was an inconvenient/inconsiderate time to do so, and didn't. Oh, well, missed chances...

The problem with Cavorite (as used by Wells, anyway) was that merely shutting off gravity from one direction does should not automatically propel you in the opposite direction -- unless we are operating by the Universal Repulsion theory of gravitation that i have mentioned before.

I generally do all of my text entry and editing in EditPad Lite, and only do the formatting in the DTP software; for some reason i am typing this directly into the DTP, saving about every paragraph. It's in the default font, Times New Roman, right now, but i'll be changing that.

Again, i had thought i had mailed "The Stone Tape" and discovered i hadn't -- it's progressed as far as being wrapped and addressed and just needs to get to the Post Office in conjunction with some money to be in the mail, which i anticipate happening no later than this Thursday (10 April -- when i have a day off).

I think that i had been working out two separate sets of calculations and accidentally slipped in one from one into the other when transcribing it. Conversely, without looking back i can't tell, but i may have failed to apply a conversion factor to one figure when transcribing.

I thought that you had been the one to bring up the Wallechin-skys' recounting of what has to be urban legend anent the '57 Chevy. Sorry. I still think that someone is conflating the '57 Chevy and the



Avanti II.

You and i hold precisely opposing opinions on the '57 Chevy Bel Air -- it's my opinion that it is one of the cleanest designs of the period, with nothing on it that hadn't ought be there.

I suspect that the sound dropouts in the MPEG file on the CD may have been my fault; i may have processed the file wrongly. Next year i'll try to make sure that whatever i include will be better done. (Actually, "Casino Royale" was sort of a spur-of-the-moment inclusion.)

I think that Steve got the name of the guy he did want to mention -- the one they're looking for in connection with the Olympic bombing and the nightclub bomb here in Atlanta and the abortion clinic one in Birmingham, whose name i can never recall -- mixed up with Jewell's.

The Sphere

\:\ DMarkstein

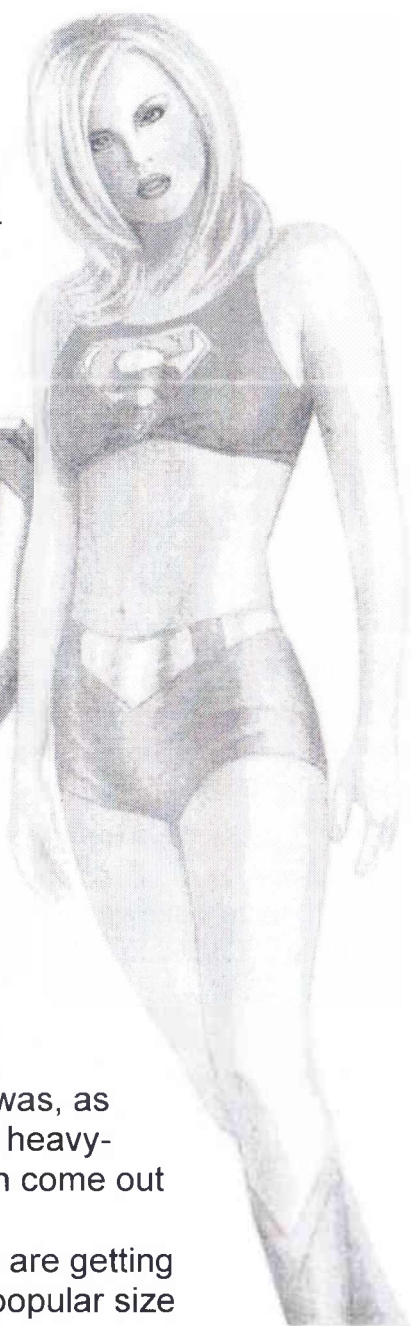
\:\ My own problem

with this mucking about with the Rawhide Kid is that it's totally unnecessary and generally annoying. It's not as bad as what's been done to Jonah Hex, but it is, i think, Not Good. Not the gay part as such, but the

nasty feeling that the Powers That Be think it's necessary to do such things for a possible small bump in sales.

I read the first issue, and it was, as you suspected at this time, pretty heavy-handed... and they hadn't yet even come out (as it were) and Said It yet.

I suspect that 27-inch tubes are getting harder to find because it's a less-popular size



than it used to be; "mountain bikes" and the like seem to use squattier, smaller-diameter wheels. (This is more or less casual observation, rather than actual research.)

Was it Goering or was it Goebbels who made the crack about the Big Lie?

As to Herriman's race -- in Barbara Hambley's "Ben January" novels "Colored" is, i believe, the term that would be used for someone of Creole birth.

I think it was Feiffer from whom i got the "ambiguous Krazy Kat gender" image; i note that someone else in SFPA (in the next mailing) has said "Of course the Kat is male" or words to that effect.

When (roughly) did Seldes "[bring] Krazy to the attention of the Literati"?

Well, that is just about that -- i don't think there's any more of the January mailing that i really need to do comments about.

Work continues apace -- between myself working full-time at Wolf, and Kate, who has two part-time jobs, one of which is edging over toward full-time, we are just about making enough to pay the rent. We'd like to move to a less-expensive place, but moving costs more than we can probably afford. Sigh.

So far we have looked at a couple of places -- one would be just about perfect, except that (a) it's not a lot less than this place -- \$165/month less -- and, although it's a 3-bedroom, it has only one bath. On the plus side, it has a huge fenced backyard, which would be perfect for the pup and it doesn't have a dog prohibition (which the present place does have, actually).

There was also a 2-bedroom trailer, which was pretty nice, except that the master bath had no tub -- a shower head poking out of the wall, and drain pipes, but no tub; Kate talked to the landlord, and he said that after we'd been there a couple months and he was sure we weren't too destructive, he'd think about it. We decided to not think about him.



the war

And so the Shrub has his war. That two-bit dictator who dissed his daddy is gonna suffer.

I must say, it's gone better for him -- which means better for the troops on the ground, thank god -- than i anticipated.

Which is not to say that i thought that there was going to be any significant amount of problems driving to Baghdad; i anticipated Bad Things Happening when we actually reached the

capital.

Traditionally, urban fighting is the worst part of war; snipers and ambushes are much more common than in more open territory, every building must be either cleared and secured or must be destroyed, and so on. The enemy holding the city is on his own ground, which he knows intimately while you don't, and if he is an irregular (or a regular willing to violate the Rules) he is wearing civilian clothing just like everybody else.

Apparently, that's not happening, though it's still potentially early days.

I have to say that the absence of Saddam Hussein from the political scene -- or even from the world entire -- is not a prospect that particularly worries me. What does worry me is that if this little incursion is successful, the current ruling junta and their sympathisers may get the idea that it's a good thing for the US to intervene more or less unilaterally in other places where we don't approve of the governments -- like France.

"They've got to be protected
All their rights respected
Until someone we like can be elected..."

The difference between a cop and a bully is often slight, frequently unappreciated by the policed (sometimes with reason) and sometimes even non-extant.

(The above was written on 4/9/2003; it's the wee morning hours of 4/11 as i type now.)

So we seem to have killed or driven Saddam out -- i haven't really been following the news the last day or two.

I notice that the war has developed so quickly that apparently Trudeau decided to pull some "Doonesbury"s -- that's the only explanation i can come up with for last Sunday's rerun strip. Looks as if the war has moved more quickly than he anticipated.

On rec.arts.sf.fandom there's been some discussion of the crowds cheering the liberating troops and smashing statues of Saddam. In a comment that was admired by at least one poster for its phrasing, i remarked that anyone who has survived this long in a situation like Iraq almost certainly has a highly developed survival-oriented suck-up reflex -- are these people we now see cheering wildly for their US liberators and smashing statues of the hated dictator Saddam the same ones we saw last month burning pictures of the imperialistic US President and cheering enthusiastically for their beloved leader, Saddam Hussein?

And when, if ever, will we find out?



From "Popular Photography" magazine 4/2003:

Just when everyone was coming to accept the digital process, news has started to leak out about some amazing new technology that is set to revolutionize still photography. Supported by Kodak, Fuji, Nikko and Canon among others, the new technology is known as Universal Visual Format (UVF for short). Many details are still secret but insiders are boasting great advantages for UVF. These claims include:

1. Totally platform independent files that can be read in 5, 10 or 100 years with no compatibility concerns. The technology uses a system called "spatially correct access memory" in which the memory files are written in the same geometric relationship as they exist in the image.

2. Images are stored in maximum quality RAW format to obviate the need for image quality choice at the taking stage. The file size per image will vary from 30 megabytes to a huge 150 megabytes, depending on image size within the UVF format.

3. Cheap removable memory cassettes will cost as little as \$6. per GB.

4. UVF will automatically write semi-archival files as you go, obviating the need to transfer files to CD after the shooting session is completed. This is achieved by using what the developers of the system call "Fast Integrated Light Management" technology.

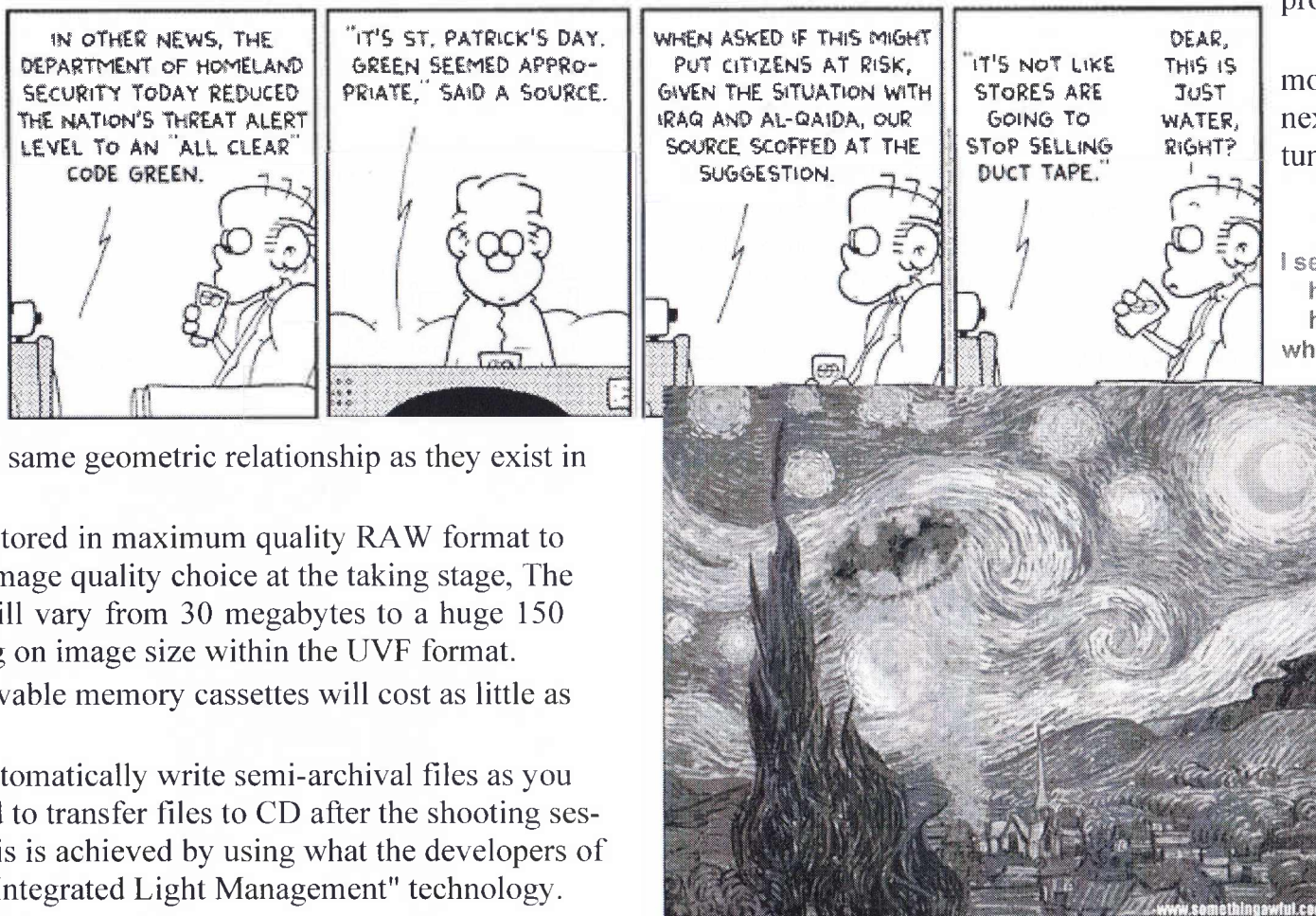
5. The system is compatible with all existing SLR lens ranges. Unlike most digital systems does not have a focal length multiplier effect, so wide angle lenses will retain their full angle of view.

6. UVF images can be printed to paper, projected or sent over the internet via an adapter that will cost in the order of \$200.

7. UVF projectors will be available late in 2003 and will provide two to three times the resolution of current digital CCD projectors. They will be fully stand-alone machines, with no need for a separate computer interface. Full-screen vertical as well as horizontal image viewing will be possible. The UVF projectors are expected to sell for as little as one quarter the price of digital projectors.

We expect more information next month, so stay tuned.

I seem to have left a hole in the layout here; i'm not sure what was supposed to go here. Lemme see...



Mr Richland's Favourite Song

4/20/2003

The time has come, the Walrus said
To speak of many things;
Of a fallen star who works in a bar
Where Yesterday is king --
The fans all stop for an hour or two;
They still remember his fame.
But the time has come, the Walrus said,
To call your fans by name...

A Has-Been who won't give it up is sad.

A Never-Was who didn't get the message and drags on
is sadder.

And saddest of all -- especially if they're friends of yours
-- is a Should-Have-Been who never quite was..

Last night i went to a bar in Atlanta (over an hour's drive
from where we live now) to see Dash Rip Rock.

Seventeen years ago Mel. Clark and i went to an Atlanta
club and saw a hard-rockin' New Orleans trio (Bill Davis, guitar;
Fred leBlanc, drums; Ned "Hoakie" Hickel, bass) called Dash
Rip Rock for the first time.

If there was any justice, somewhere along the line, Dash
would have gotten at least a little breakthrough -- aside from
Jason & the Scorchers, DRR were/are the most versatile
"cowpunk" band i've ever encountered.

But they signed a deal with an indy label run by the club
where i first saw them, just before the Indy-Label Implosion.
They had one album out before the label died under them, leav-



ing another album in the can (the production on these first two albums is pretty dire, but you can hear The Sound fairly well). Even though that first album came out in '86, there was no CD.

Picked up by large and fairly successful indy Mammoth, the first album got a CD rerelease, and the second finally came out -- just about the time that drummer Fred LeBlanc, one of the poles of the dichotomy in musical direction that made the DRR of that period so great¹ decided to leave (after an apparently fairly-successful tour in Europe), in 1989.

It made "Album of the Month" in "Stereo Review" -- ironically, with a half-page cut of a publicity photo showing not Fred but his replacement in the band, Chris "Lucky Dog" Luckett.

¹You never knew when they were going to cover Hank Sr (in a hard-rock version of "I Saw the Light" that Fred bellowed out as he furiously assaulted his kit), cheerfully sing a somewhat bawdy ditty entitled "String You Up", comparing a girl's anatomy to an electric guitar, sing a soft and tender ballad, roar through Fred's signature tune "Jenny Says", do a punked-out version of the "Mr Rogers" theme that they called "Mr Rogers Goes to Hell", cover anything from the Beatles (either beautifully straight or messed-with as the mood hit) on up, sing songs based on Sam Shepherd plays² or Thomas Wolfe

²Johnny Ace ("Johnny Ace spun the chamber of his cowboy gun ... Didn't even cry, stuck it in his eye/Pulled the trigger and he said 'bye-bye!...'") who committed suicide (or something) backsatge at a Christmas Eve concert; quotes Shepherd : "... a rock'n'roll Jesus with a cowboy mouth..." Even though Bill wrote that song, Fred named his own new band Cowboy Mouth.

Their next two or three albums were similarly high-rated by "SR" or other music magazines, and i kept looking as if they were going to make the jump to major-label status... but they never quite did.

And then Mammoth dropped them.

(Fred, meanwhile, in 1991, put together Cowboy Mouth, a blistering quintet who, while they still haven't Broken Through, have released three or four albums on major labels, as well as about five on their own label or indies He also has produced at least one national hit for another NOLA band)

Then Chris left to be with his daughter as she grew up, which is a bit hard to do in a "road dog" band that makes as many as 200 dates in a year, and was replaced



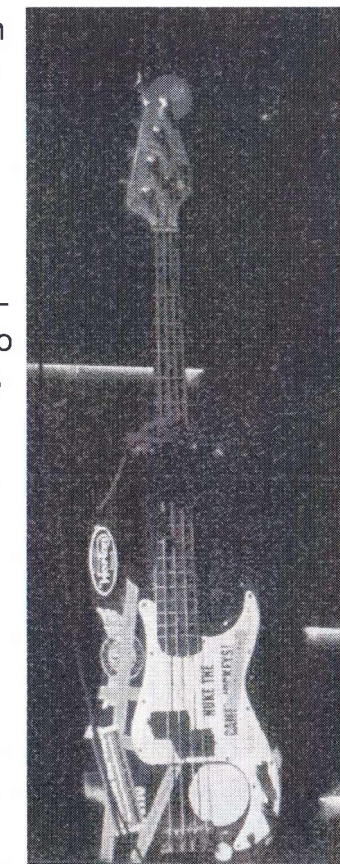
by Kyle (<http://dashrirock.net/kylesweeden.jpg>) Melancon on the drums. (An irony -- Fred had been Chris's protege, picking up a lot of tips from him -- and Kyle had been Fred's).

Somewhat later, original bassist Ned (Hoakie) Hickel (of whom the quip "I don't have a drinking problem -- I drink, I get drunk, I

fall down. No problem" might have been coined) left and, so i understand, is now a charter-boat fishing guide/captain on the west coast of Florida. Replacing Hoak was Andy-i-don't-know-his-last-name.

Seventeen years down the road -- three drummers (and another previous to Fred who i never saw), two bass players and one lead guitarist/singer, eleven albums on various labels and another coming soon -- i saw them last night.

The songs are still great, the



performances kick ass...

But i don't think i'll be going back again unless i just happen to be in the neighbourhood.

Saddest of all -- especially if they're friends of yours -- is a Should-Have-Been who never quite was..





Let There Be New MCs!

Mailing Comments on the March, 2003. mailing of the SFPA

Well, it's time to finally get caught almost up-to-date on Mailing Comments. I hope.

Hello Kitty 40000 ==+= J.Copeland ==+= I have to sort-of-agree that what we are doing may well approach the Right Things, but for the Wrong Reasons. And, mentioning bogus reasons a la Tonkin, remember the Maine!

The removal of Saddam Hussein is a Good Thing. As of right now (4/20/2003 Happy Easter), i question whether the Shrub and his handlers yet have any workable ideas as to what will replace Saddam's regime -- anything that will be stable, at any rate.

Ah, well.

As to Mr Rogers, you mention the toy trolley in the Neighborhood; it was the subject of a feature article on its construction in an issue of *Model Railroader* some years back -- someone on the production staff was a railfan/model railroader, and volunteered to design and build it when someone came up with the idea that a trolley might be nice. This is sort of like Ward Kimball (one of Disney's "Nine Old Men"), who offered to research and design a rural depot to be used in the movie *So Dear to My Heart* for free -- on the condition that it be built practical, not as a one-shot set, and that after the movie it would be moved to his home to house his rail memorabilia collection.

I get overdosed on Bob Fosse very easily

-- i guess it's because of all the Bad Imitation Fosse choreography that was so common in commercials at one time (i remember hearing a McDonald's spot for the first time on radio and accurately visualising the BIF teevee version, right down to the last little headfake and shoulder roll...). I do want to see *Chicago*, though.

The Banger Sisters is another film i want to see but haven't yet; somehow (i guess the presence of Sarandon) i keep finding *Thelma & Louise* coming to mind when i think about it.

It's funny, but i have only seen one-and-a-half Tom Hanks films, and neither of them is what one would call Great Cinema [the one is *Turner & Hooch*, the half is *Dragnet*, BTW]. It's not that i avoid his films, as i do Kevin Costner's (except "Silverado") (and "Field of Dreams"), but i just don't seem to see them, even when i want to -- "Philadelphia" comes to mind. I REALLY wanted to see "Road to Perdition" (still do, and will proly eventually see the DVD) but i never managed to get myself to the theatre.

Yow. Kim Darby being cast as a parent. Eeek. I'm old.

As i recall from a biography of wossname -- the American



woman who co-owned "Shakespeare & Co" with her lover and published *Ulysses*, it seems to me that there were several rounds of correcting the proofs which then introduced new errors -- at least partly because the typesetters were Portugese who read/spoke very little English anyway.

Unfortunately, Richard's comment that those who want to write must be educated; it doesn't show in a lot of fan-writing if they are (and i'm not just talking about your friend's reaction to amateur porn, either. ~~BTW—what site was he looking at?~~). The levels of ignorance about such things as subject/verb number agreement, the proper use of "I/me", "he/him" and so on and the proper word to use from such pairings as "discrete/discreet", "infer/imply" and "flout/flaunt" are simply amazing. And spelling appears to be a Lost Art -- leading to the uncritical and indiscriminate use of spellcheckers which leads to even more incorrect-word usage.

Interesting to come across this off-hand mention of "Night of the Comet", since i was just thinking about the film not quite an hour ago.

Speaking of running Windows software on Linux, does anyone have any idea as to whether Lindows has self-destructed yet (or, conversely, succeeded yet)?

Any time you make crime/evildoing harder, without actually decreasing the anticipated benefit from it, you wind up with smarter criminals -- fewer, perhaps, but smarter and probably more dangerous. Look at how the War on Some Drugs and similar actions have resulted in escalation of amount and degree of violence and such by Bad Guys; in the 1960s, the Jamaican Posses and their like had yet to arise, mostly because that degree of ruthlessness and violence was not yet necessary to succeed in the drug business.

Love the story about your brother and the restaurant...

Karl Wagner once told me a story about seeing someone (drunk) shot more than once in the torso with a .357 who just kept on coming until his friends caught up with him and persuaded him he ought to go with them to have his leaks plugged. I wish i could remember the details. I wish i could ask Karl to refresh my memory.

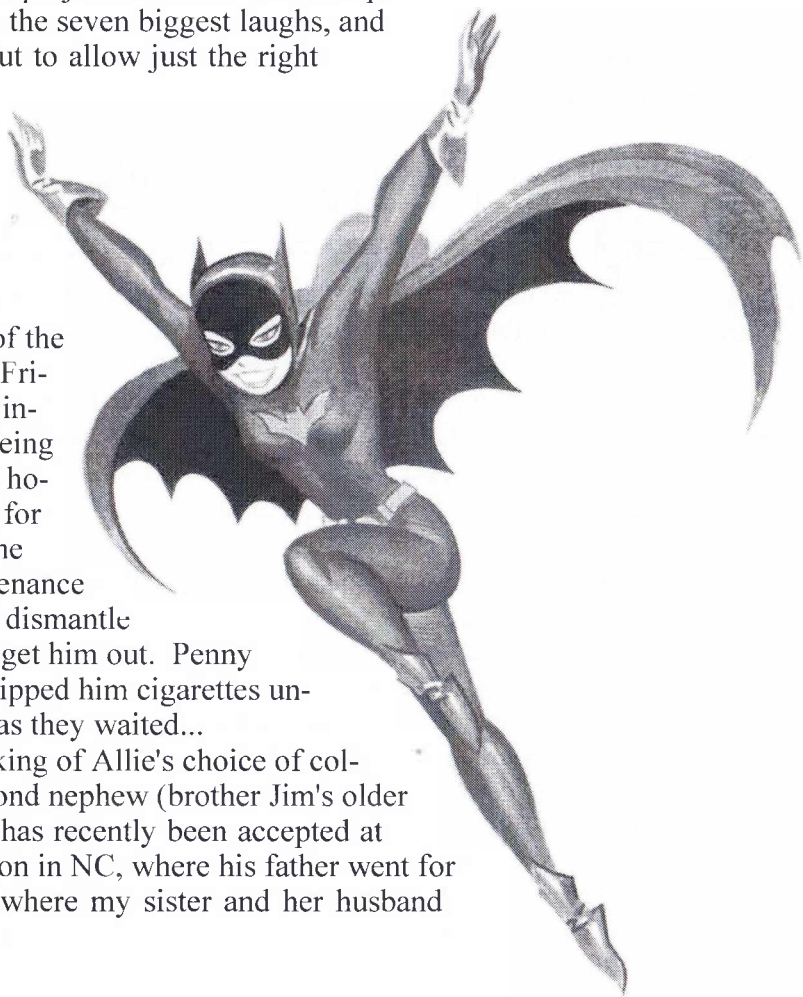
I guess everybody's gotten tired of pointing out that the Austrian Ballot isn't.

The kind of timing that Guy and i were discussing in regard to the Roadrunner cartoons (precise timing of falls and so on) is a bit different from tha kind you're talking about (making sure that the thing

isn't Too Long Overall). Comedic timing -- especially on film, where you can't cue from audience reaction -- is one of the hardest things to learn; to a great extent, if you don't have some idea to begin with, it's almost impossible to learn. The Marx Brothers films aren't as good as the stage revues that some of them (*Cocoanuts*, for example) were based on (according to contemporary accounts by friends and others in the industry) because without audience reaction to guide them they either stepped on laughs or held too long after gags. Laurel and Hardy were much better at comedic timing in their films -- and one of them, of which i forget the title, was sneak-previewed for seven nights while Stan sat in the projection booth with a stopwatch timing the seven biggest laughs, and was then recut to allow just the right hold for each of those laughs before it was officially released.

One of the great Meade Frierson stories involves him being locked into a hotel bathroom for hours until the hotel's maintenance people could dismantle the door and get him out. Penny periodically slipped him cigarettes under the door as they waited...

Speaking of Allie's choice of college, my second nephew (brother Jim's older son, Phillip) has recently been accepted at Warren Wilson in NC, where his father went for a while and where my sister and her husband met...

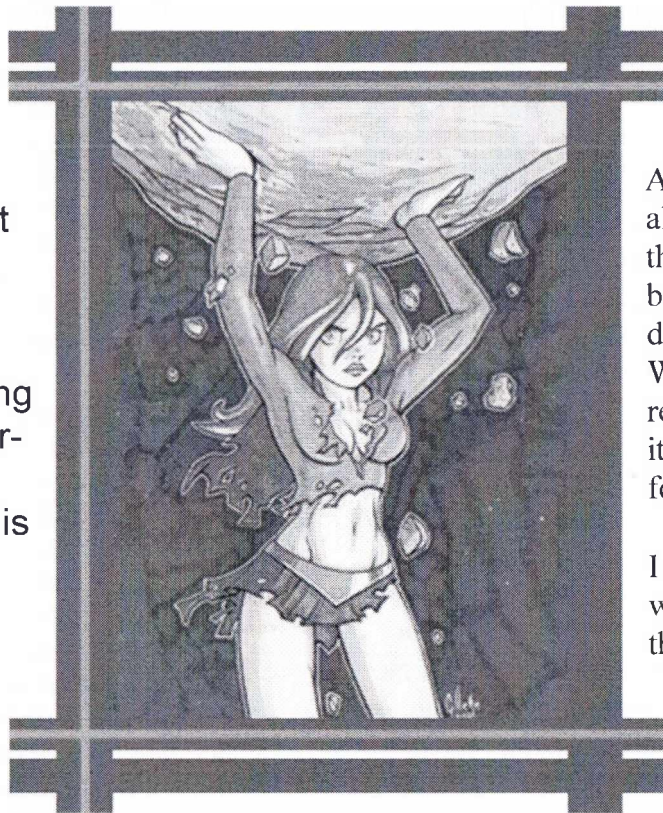


Guilty Pleasures :+:
 E.Ackerman :+: Up till quite recently, a good quick-and-dirty check for probable validity of most US coinage was to ring it on a hard surface, because if it was genuine, it did have a good, clear ring to it. The cu-pro-nickel "sandwich" coins that replaced silver-content dimes and quarters have a bit less of a clear ring, but the genuine US Government issue counterfeit pennies that we've been afflicted with since '83 hit the table like a lead quarter.

The President's Analyst is a fun film, but there are about four different versions, due to music licensing problems -- the broadcast teevee version is different from the theatrical version and the home-video version is different from either of those.

Tennessee
 Trash #@#
 G.Robe #@# Huh.

Twice in two zines tonight, something i was just thinking/wondering about comes up in the text -- in this case, *The Two Georges* and the question of who did what. That Dreyfuss did most of the plot and Turtledove did most of the writing i can easily believe, as the plot is rather different form typical Turtledove, but the writing itself is quite professional.



Frequent Flyer)(T.Feller
)(My problem with movie musicals is that they look "real" and then (with no explanation or attempt to integrate it into "reality") proceed to have a random assemblage of simple villagers who not only dance with perfect choreography but also know all the lyrics and sing perfect

five-part harmony back up the traveling American they've never seen before... (I don't have this problem with the same musicals on stage because they are clearly Not Real even before the singing begins.)

As to elves and so on in films, they are usually presented in a manner that integrates them into the story in a more or less plausible way, or the story is written to accommodate them as more-or-less a part of The Real World, while musicals never really give any reason for the occasional song or try to make it look like part of The Real World. (Except for "Once More With Feeling", of course...)

"One of the first alternative histories I ever read postulated that the Confederates won at Gettysburg." Would that be "Bring the Jubilee"? Winston Churchill wrote a story in which the South won, but i don't think i ever read it. And then there's Thurber's "If Grant Had Been Drinking at Appomattox" (or something like that): "It was a good fight, Bob, and we

damned near whupped ya!="

Hispanic terrorists? You mention Puerto Ricans who bombed offices in the 70s/80s -- how about the PR gunpersons who opened fire from the Visitors' Gallery in the House of Representatives in 1954?



Twygg- drasil and Treehouse Gazette

@!@ R.Dengrove

@!@ Interesting that the rabbinical tradition said that magic was okay, if used for good and held that that magic which called to God could not, inherently be evil. I'm not sure if this is Anglican/Episcopal doctrine, but C.S.Lewis certainly held

that opinion, based on some of his fictional writings -- as when Aslan tells the young Calormen soldier that, though he thought he was serving his nation's "god" Tash, he has actually been following Aslan, because nothing that is good can be done truly in Tash's name, and nothing that is evil can truly be done in Aslan's.

Your summaries of these various magical books reminds me that i've been meaning to ask -- do you know anything about the "Pow Wows; or, The Long-Lost Friend", the magic book that Manly Wade Wellman alludes to in the "Silver John" stories?

Aristotle was trying to test for whether the gold had been adulterated.

I have seen other citations from "The Straight Dope" that are either suspect or flatly wrong (though what the ones that were Flat Wrong were i cannot at this time remember), and would be awfully careful about using anything from it as the main basis for an argument...

A quick Google gave me this:

His drinking, drug-taking and sexual exploits were renowned, even for Hollywood, but the phrase is said to have been coined following his acquittal in February 1943 for the statutory rape of a teenage girl. This seems to be supported by the date of the first example recorded, in *American Speech* in December 1946, which cited a 1945 use in the sense of something being done easily.

The trouble with this explanation is that examples of obviously related expressions have now turned up from dates before Flynn's trial. Barry Popik of the American Dialect Society found an example from 1940, as well as this from the sports section of the *San Francisco Examiner* of 8 February 1942: "Answer these questions correctly and your name is Flynn, meaning you're in, provided you have two left feet and the written consent of your parents". To judge from a newspaper reference he turned up from early 1943, the phrase could by then also be shortened to I'm Flynn, meaning "I'm in".

It's suggested by some writers that the phrase really originated with another Flynn, Edward J Flynn—"Boss" Flynn—a campaign manager for the Democratic party during FDR's presidency. Flynn's machine in the South Bronx in New York was so successful at winning elections that his candidates seemed to get into office automatically.

The existence of the examples found by Mr Popik certainly suggest the expression was at first unconnected with Errol Flynn, but that it shifted its association when he became such a notorious figure. Since then, it has altered again, because in 1967 a film, *In Like Flint*, a spy spoof starring James Coburn, took its title by wordplay from the older expression, and in turn caused many people to think that the phrase was really in like Flint.

[<http://www.quinion.com/words/qa/qa-in/I.html>]

And

Another theory links the phrase with Edward J.

"Boss" Flynn (1892-1953), a Democratic machine politician from the Bronx. Flynn's candidates always won. The date of the phrase's appearance fits with this explanation, but there is no solid evidence of a connection.

And it may not be eponymous at all. In like Flynn may simply be rhyming slang, originally not referring to anyone at all. Barry Popik turned up the following in the San Francisco Call-Bulletin of 9 February 1943:

But two correspondents, O.B. and John O'Reilly agree that it began with some such phrase as "Well, I'm in like Flynn." Finally, you were "in, Flynn." Now it's just "I'm Flynn." The reverse of the phrase is not common, but it started with "I'm out like Stout," which was shortened to "out, Stout" and is now "I'm Stout" (meaning things aren't so good).

Rather than being named for Errol Flynn, in like Flynn appears to be a term that became associated with him in the early 1940s, probably facetiously during his trial, and could not shake the association afterwards because of his fame.

[<http://www.wordorigins.org/wordori.html>]

And then we have Adams, who obviously did little real fact-checking before writing his column:

The earliest known use of "in like Flynn" in print is in the December 1946 issue of American Speech. Penn State prof Ed Miller reported that students of his who had served in the army air force during World War II used the expression to mean, "'Everything is OK.' In other words, the pilot is having no more trouble than Errol Flynn has in his cinematic feats."

http://www.straightdope.com/classics/a5_156.html

Note the earlier citations mentioned by the first two sources, compared to Adams' flat assertion that 1946 is the earliest in print. The Italian spy spoof, "Kiss the Girls and Make Them Die"

(starring Mike Connors and Dorothy Provine, essentially remade without credit as the second half of Moonraker) features beautiful girls put into suspendid animation and "frozen" in cubes of plastic. In bikinis.

John Fahey played a nylon string acoustic, yes. I doubt it was because he felt "virtuous" about it; more likely he just liked the sound and the action.

Richard Thompson plays both kinds, and he does things with an acoustic that most guitarists can't do with an electric.

One thing i will say about the relative "virtues" of acoustic vs. electric guitars -- it takes more work and usually more skill to make an acoustic really "sing" than it does to make an electric scream, if only because you have to provide all of the sound energy with your pick, rather than letting an amp do it for you. be-

As to Dylan being booed at Newport for going electric, more recent accounts (some from people involved in running the event) suggest that the boos were for an overly-loud sound system (if it was set up for acoustic acts and not reset, one can understand this) or even because it was such a short set. Another Google yields:

Widely varying eyewitness accounts of the 1965 festival differ over why and how much he was booed: perhaps because of a loud sound system or a short set, more likely because he dared to rupture folky purity with rock instruments and ambitions. (A bootleg tape captured cheers.)



<http://www.hangoverguide.com/out/hall/dylan.html>

Note the reference to cheers on the bootleg tape.

But forget bootleg tapes -- check this (from Bruce Jackson, a Festival Director, who has the original soundboard tape to quote:

The July 25, 1965, audience, the story goes, was driven to rage because their acoustic guitar troubadour had betrayed them by going electric and plugging in. The booing was so loud that, after the first three electric songs, Dylan dismissed the band and finished the set with his acoustic guitar.

There's a host of other associated narratives about goings-on in the wings: Pete Seeger and other Newport board directors were so repulsed and enraged they struggled to kill the electric power; Pete was frenetically looking for an axe to chop the major power line; people were yelling, screaming, crying, beating breasts, rending garments. Griel Marcus tells some of those stories really well at the beginning of his 1998 Dylan book, *Invisible Republic*.

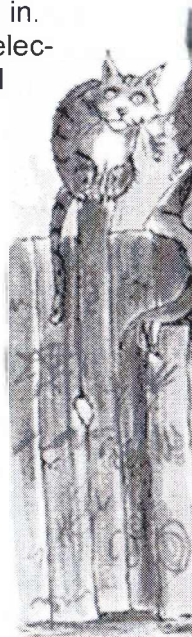
Great stories. But not one of them is true.

I was one of the directors of the Newport Folk Festival and I was in the wings during Dylan's Saturday night performance. Every time I heard those stories retold, I'd say, to whoever was talking, "That's not how I remember it. Nobody made a move for the power. Nobody took a swing at the sound man. It wasn't Dylan the audience was booing."

<http://buffaloreport.com/020826dylan.html>

(A complete transcript of the tapes with comments on captured audience reactions, etc. can be found at the above URL)

If anything, Dylan's set, rather than being cut short, ran over-length.



I recall a wonderful column in (i think) *Rolling Stone* some years back, in which a music journalist confessed that he was very likely the inspiration for the "Mr. Jones" of Dylan's "Ballad of a Thin Man", after he went in to interview Dylan in the dressing room and (by his own estimation) revealed himself as absolutely clueless. (I just did a little more research; it appears to have been a guy named Jeff Jones, at the time a junior researcher for *Newsweek*. Apparently the article i'm remembering appeared in the 1970s sometime, and the on-line RS site doesn't seem to know about it..)

I always interpreted the "Currier & Ives" reference in "Sleigh Ride" as a nostalgic reference to times gone by.

Your reference to Harry Warner: *Sigh* Another Giant gone. (I may have said this before, but it's still true. And will remain so.)

A story involving Guy and Michelle Feiffer wouldn't be slash.

Sherman's mission was to end the ability of the South to resist effectively.

As to Jughead's cap -- as i've said before -- i suspect it's a mutilated fedora turned inside out and decorated with buttons, not paper.

Differences or not, the writers of *Forbidden Planet* said that it was inspired by *The Tempest*. Consider Dashiell Hammett's *Red Harvest*, Kurosawa's *Yojimbo*, Leone's *Fistful of Dollars*, Walter Hill's *Last Man Standing* and David Drake's *The*

Sharp End. Every one of the last four on that list admittedly is in some form a rewrite of *Red Harvest*, though Leone and Hill (allegedly, to my mind it looks more like the original Hammett) did rewrites of a rewrite, taking off from *Yojimbo*, the similarities and differences between the five are fascinating to look at.

All industries that sell to the public "avoid" taxation. If you made an "after tax" profit, then you successfully passed your entire burden of taxes on to your customers.

"Representatives are also accountable to their conscience and common sense": The idea behind elected representatives is that you elect someone who, being at the Seat of Power and benefiting from



better communications than you have available (or had, in the 18th Century), you think will vote as you would if you knew everything that they know. If they don't vote as you would have wanted, then you have the option of not electing them the next election. Or -- though hardly anyone ever goes to this much trouble -- of finding out why they voted as they did and whether it makes sense after all.

Skim milk does, indeed, taste like water into which chalk has been thinly ground. My mother drinks it with an ice cube to keep it cold. Why bother putting anything beside water in the glass in the first place?

"I seem to have downloaded MyMorph just for the hell of it. It translates text into PDF well enough, but you can't insert illos." The STP that i do these zines on is a direct descendant of a program i bought for \$9.95 around ten years ago; i've spent about thirty bucks on upgrades since then, and the latest version (Version 8PDF) is what i used to do the full PDF versions (including illos) of my zines on the CD i ran through. It's from Serif Software, and they also have low-cost equivalents of other expensive programs.

Captain Nemo was opposed to the British Government -- he was opposed to all governments; he was an anarchist/nihilist in at least one of his appearances in Verne's books; as Norm has pointed out, though, Verne didn't seem all that concerned with keeping Nemo's appearances consistent.

The files on my CD were PDFs, yes. Except for the MIDI's and MPEGs.

"Why is it comments that send my blood boiling are better comment hooks than comments that are pleasant?" Interesting times, i guess.

"Gays trying to get AIDS? Sounds more like they believe they can somehow beat the rap." Everyone is immortal in his own mind until something major proves he isn't. I have scars and other physical symptoms that remind me that i'm not.

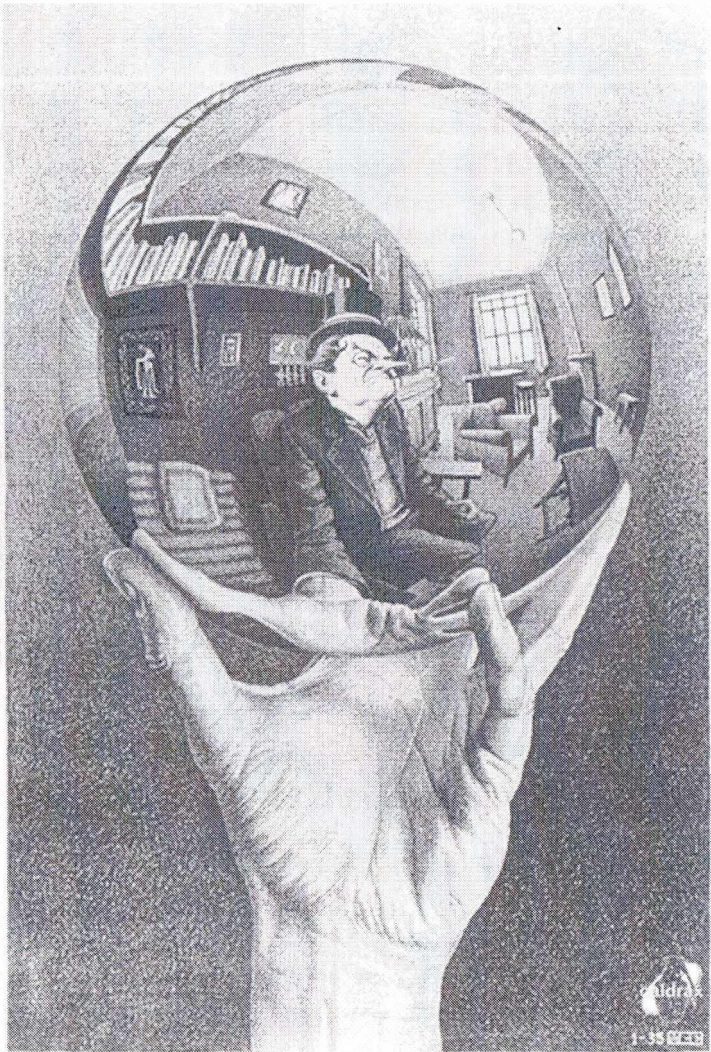
"So what you're saying is that if Bush had allowed the votes to be counted, he would have won, and any doubts about his legitimacy could be laid to rest. Which is why he was right in not doing it." Well, of course -- remember -- the strongest proof that the Republicans kept evincing that Clinton was guilty of All Those Awful Things was the fact that there wasn't any evidence; if he wasn't guilty,

why had he suppressed all the evidence?

The "Alma Mater" you quote reminds me of a snatch of song quoted in a recent DC comic (i Googled to see if it was a quote from an actual song, but couldn't find any reference) -- a parody of Dylan's "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue", it goes "Sid and Marty Krofft are after you/And it's all over now, Scooby Doo..." If it is an actual, complete song, i would love to see the whole lyric.

A different area code "connotes a different State"? The Atlanta Metro Dialing Area, the largest in the world (at least in number of phones you can call toll-free, possibly geographically) has three area codes, laps into Alabama, and, from certain phones at its edges, can make local calls to at least two other area codes.

"...at AT&T ... immediately after they announce that you're laid off, security escorts you out. They're afraid you might try to sabotage things." And with good reason -- Susan Big-





gers got into computers by getting a job as tape librarian at what was then "Peachtree Software" (or maybe a predecessor to that) -- they made the mistake of giving her predecessor advance notice she was being let go and she wiped a bunch of tapes.

And then there was the case here in Atlanta of a temp doing word-processing at a legal firm who was let

go because he didn't appear to be working (actually, he was fast enough to finish the assignments a lot more quickly than anticipated and then made the mistake of sitting around visibly reading books on their time); apparently he was given some advance warning, and he passworded all their files with a password only he knew. Which he thought was a Very Humorous Joke On Them. And then it took the concerted efforts of two friends who actually knew something about the law and what Bad Things might happen to persuade him that the law firm was serious when they threatened to prosecute him if he didn't reveal the password.

Oblivion +++ G. Brown +++ Is the film you're referring to in regard to Ned's cover possibly Harold Lloyd's *Safety Last?* The one where he hangs from the clock? ((And really did; the only safety rigging there was was a platform with mattresses on it just below camera view on the side of the building.))

Oh, i dunno about being in the boonies necessarily being why you can't get pizza delivered -- last i heard, Domino's had cut all deliveries to the neighbourhood in Nashville -- fairly dense suburban -- where Dan Caldwell lives, because it's too dangerous for the delivery guys.

Re: *League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*: "Hope the movie is true to the books" Don't hold your breath -- Quartermain is the leader, Mina is apparently a secondary character (though played by Peta Wilson), and T.

Sawyer, American Secret Service Agent is part of the group, based on what i've read at IMDB.com.

As regards the Rawhide Kid thing, DC did the same thing (well, not the gay thing, but the radical changes in established character) years ago with Jonah Hex, and i didn't like it then.

I believe that's "Frostbite" Falls, not "Frostbitten".

Home With The Armadillo \\\ L.Copeland \\\ Oh, there most definitely is an ethnic Cleveland -- Chef Boy-ar-dee (or Boiardi, as i believe it's originally spelt) was a Cleveland Italian resturateur originally. There was, at one time a pretty sizeable Irish community, where the Clancy brothers spent their first few years in America after Tom had to leave Ireland because he was a little too close to fellas who were wanted for shooting sheriffs out of season. the neighbourhood where we lived till i was seven was mostly Italian Catholic.

I'm sury Gary B. could tell you more than i can about the subject...

Yngvi is a Louse ::: TKFWR
::: I am so proud of the Dixie Chicks; they did exactly what the other side was doing -- announced their political opinion on a relevant issue as a part of their show. Maybe it's going to cost them some audience -- look what happened to Donna Summer when she made anti-gay remarks -- but letting fear muzzle you is a Bad Thing.

I remember Johnny Cash -- the one Nashville type who really knew much of anything about the Viet Nam war, from first-hand, in country experience -- damned near getting run out of the industry because he dared to publically suggest that maybe the anti-war types had a right to ask questions. ("You better help that voice of youth find out 'What is truth?'...")

Right wing jingoes are happy to accept support from figures in the entertainment industry, but they rave about how opposition figures

from it are "just actors" and don't have a right to voice their opinions.
Bah.

Also, i don't have a transcript of exactly what the woman in question said, but i doubt she was supporting appeasement; except, of course, in the manner that the current ruling junta in Washington has tried to twist the meaning of the word, which is, basically "Anything that might have stopped the Shrub from having his big-dick confrontation with Saddam."

As to Hank's comments: I agree that George Carlin was out of line attacking Marily Quayle's looks. I doubt that he did it for several years, the way that Rush Limbaugh made fun of Chelsea Clinton's looks and did his best to come as close as he could without risking suits to saying that she was gay.

And then there was the right wing columnist who wrote a column -- allegedly as a joke, but it's an awful mean-spirited one -- advocating killing Chelsea Clinton before she has a chance to grow up, because she is a Clinton.

But, of course, those are just funny jokes, because no-one but liberals is ever mean-spirited.

And then there's Hannitay (or however you spell his name), who's an even bigger jerk than Rush -- metaphorically speaking, of course, not on an actual pound-for-pound basis.

As to Clooney's comments abut Heston and Alzheimer's, no matter what i might think of the NRA and anyone who would publically admit to being its President, and no mattrre what misfortunes i might wish for them otherwise, having watched my grandmother slowly go away before she was gone as she sank into Alzheimers, that is not something anyone should wish on anyone.

"...families who make more than \$50,000 -- which is most of the tax-paying families in the U.S." As of right now, if Kate were getting fulltime work (she isn't), between us we'd be making about \$33,000. She used to make \$80,000+ as an engineering-group supervisor, but the wonderful economy under the current ruling junta in



Washington has given her the opportunity to work part-time in a gas station instead.

OTH, i AM against the death tax.

Actual, while you're quite right that none of the things you refer to would have ended slavery, the simple fact that the slave economy was already becoming non-viable in much of the South and would have continued so as industrialisation moved ahead.

I suspect that the orange thingies you refer to on the wires are there to make powerlines that cross apparently wide-open spaces visible to low-flying aircraft; another place locally where you can see them is on a line that crosses the Chattahoochee paralleling Ga 400. I've noticed them in a number of places -- there's a powerline running along I65 across from Standiford Field (Louisville) that's decorated with them, for instance. (My grandfather, an electrical engineer whose specialty was power transmission and delivery systems, once tried to explain to me that they were harmonic decouplers to prevent excessive stress on the lines due to harmonic coupling of wind forces... but he couldn't keep a straight face.)



Tyndallite :=:

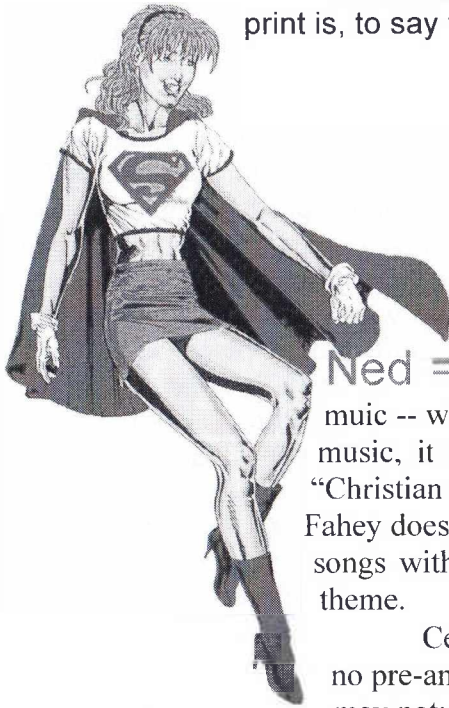
N.Metcalf :=:"[vanVogt] was a nice man who wrote some excellent fiction (and some so-so ho-hum fiction."

And some ghodawful fiction.

"[Hubbard] wasn't as prolific in science-fiction as some people would have us believe." Hubbard himself once made the claim -- in so many words -- that the major reason (or one of the major reasons) that Campbell started up "Unknown" was that he (LRH) was too prolific for just "Astounding"...

The last time that i saw what claimed to be an authoritative listing of "Doc Savage" attributions, all but about fifteen were attributed to Dent. And he also wrote one "Shadow" story, apparently.

The letter from Harry Warner that you print is, to say the least, poignant in context.



New
Port
=+=

Ned =+= Try Fahey's Christmas music -- while it's indubitably Christmas music, it is in no way what i'd call "Christian music"; it's Fahey doing what Fahey does so well and happening to choose songs with Christmas associations as a theme.

Ceramic stereo cartridges needed no pre-amp; magnetic cartridges may or may not; as i recall one of the two types (moving magnet and moving coil) of magnetic cartridge requires more amplification than the other. That said, most stereos of the Latter Phonographic Era of technical prehistory have both ceramic and magnetic cartridge inputs. (Or their inputs are switchable)

I have seen axes and sledge hammer handles repaired with tape that worked quite well -- it depends on the type of break. A common type in such handles is one that runs along the length, on a diagonal. I have seen such repaired with virtually every type of adhesive tape except Scotch tape -- medical adhesive tape, black friction tape, vinyl electrician's black tape, duct tape, what have you.

I believe that the Bowery Boy character with the beani may have been Huntz Hall, but i could be wrong; i never cared for them outside of the filmed play "Dead End" from which they took their original name as a group.

I was able to exempt PT courses when i attended Georgia Tech -- i had at least three reasons that i could -- i was over twenty-one when i began, i was going to be over twenty-five when i graduated,

and i was a veteran.

Taking colour from B&W pictures made through different colour filters works Just Fine, so long as the B&W pictures are truly panchromatic, at least. That's the principle behind the original TechniColor; three B&W strips are exposed through different filters simultaneously, and then the final print is a composite of coloured prints of the three negatives. (Well, positives made from the negatives. But the principle is valid.)

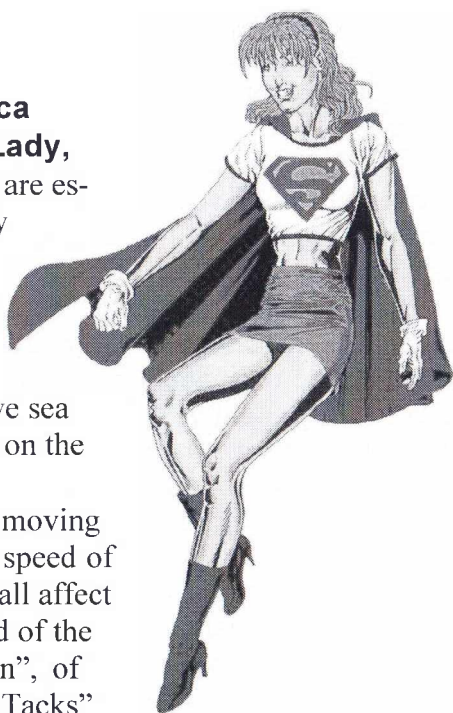
What's on "Peace and Love" by the Pogues? Well:

- 1. Gridlock**
- 2. White City**
- 3. Young Ned of the Hill**
- 4. Misty Morning, Albert Bridge**
- 5. Cotton Fields**
- 6. Blue Heaven**
- 7. Down All the Days**
- 8. USA**
- 9. Lorelei**
- 10. Gartloney Rats**
- 11. Boat Train**
- 12. Tombstone**
- 13. Night Train to Lorca**
- 14. London You're a Lady,**

Of which #s 3, 4, 9,10,11 and 14 are essential Pogues music, particularly "Lorelei" and "London You're a Lady".

While aircraft cabins are pressurised, the effective altitude maintained is rather above sea level-equivalent, to reduce stress on the bulkheads and skin.

As to the question of air moving through a hole in the skin at the speed of sound and whether it would overall affect the cabin pressure, i am reminded of the story "The Permanent Implosion", of which JWCjr admitted in "Brass Tacks"



that he hadn't thought to run the math on just how long it would take for a significant portion of the Earth's atmosphere to escape through what amounted to a two-foot diameter hyperspatial tube to intergalactic vacuum when he bought the story because it sounded so good.

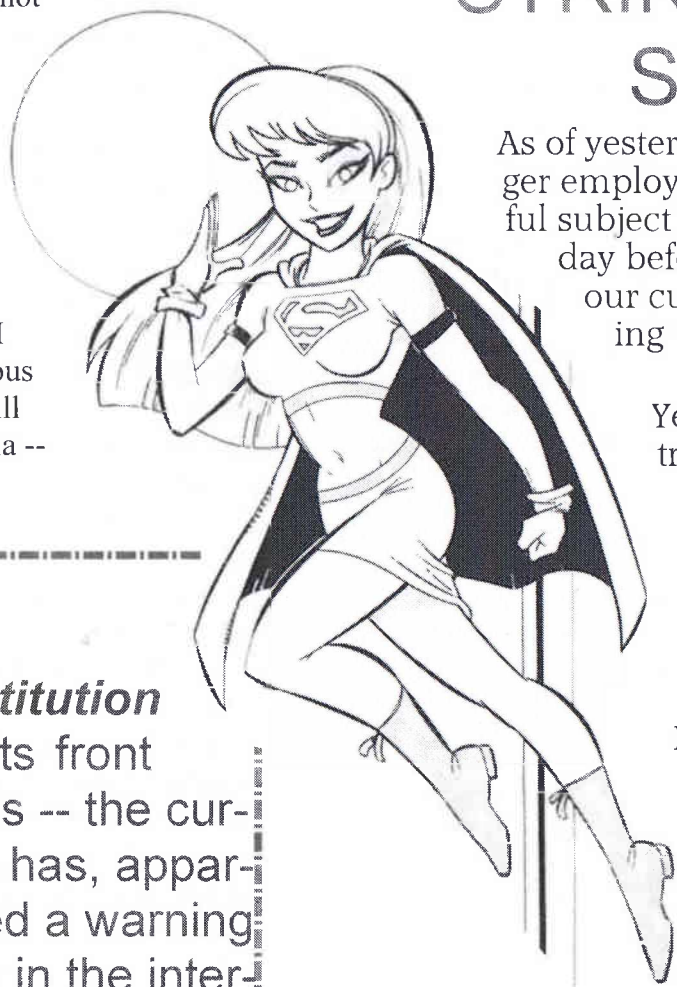
(A scarier concept -- imagine if the accidental hyperspatial congruency that the story turns on was established not to interstellar vacuum... But to the heart of a star.)

Dobby reminds you of someone from Narnia? Perhaps Trumpkin the dwarf?

The Aloha Airways flight lost a major section of skin due to structural failure of the skin itself which caused the rivets to let go. It was attributed to metal fatigue in the skin, at least originally.

Speaking of nannyware filters, you say "...I think all of them will block some perfectly innocuous sites." I understand that some of the nannyware will block a lot of references to Forsyth County, Georgia -- because its county seat is Cumming.

Today's Atlanta *Journal Constitution* (4/24/2003) has a story on its front page that is absolutely hilarious -- the current ruling junta in Washington has, apparently with a straight face, issued a warning to other nations not to interfere in the internal affairs of Iraq.



STOP PRESS! UNEMPLOYMENT STRIKES IN DAW- SONVILLE!

As of yesterday -- 4/26/2003 -- i am no longer employed by Wolf Camera. It is a painful subject and it's Bad News -- day before day before yesterday we gave notice to our current landlord that we were going to be moved out of here by 15 May.

Yesterday we found out that the trailer we hoped to rent had gone to someone else.

Today we learned that we were going to be making about \$1300/month less than we thought we were.

Oops.

It's funny, but the biggest worry that i have at this instant (which is actually 1AM on the 27th) is what is going to happen to Oz, my twelve-or-so year old cat, who i inherited from a former roommate who bailed on the lease and me in '98...

I'm sure i'll develop some others fairly soon.

One good thing is that Kate is switching from a part-time job that was only giving her about 12 hours or so a week to a full-time one that may actually give her some overtime and is closer to home, too.

The following review was written by Amazon.com's #1 reviewer, who has literally thousands of reviews to her credit:

Then Comes Marriage

Kasey Michaels

5 stars

Engaging historical romance

Feeling pity when Viscount Willoughby Rutland and his wife Abby saw the innocent looking Regina Bliss begging for spare change outside the theater, they hired her as a maid. When Earl Bradley James sees Regina working for the Rutlands, he asks her what brought her to such a crisis?

Regina, an actress, relates her tale of woe, but Bradley does not believe her. He makes a few inquiries and draws the attention of the wrong people. Soon three aristocrats abduct Bradley and toss him into the Thames to die. He survives and devises an ingenious plan to flush out the culprits with Regina's assistance as she too has a score to settle with these thugs. As they work together to catch a killer, they fall in love, but a relationship will have to wait to see if they survive their endeavor.

Adored by readers for her Regency romances, Kasey Michaels provides her audience with her best work to date in THEN COMES MARRIAGE. The relationship between the lead couple is hilarious due to their witty repartee that camouflages their true feelings for one another. Also amusing is the straight-laced Brady takes on the persona of Gawain Caradoc, a frivolous dandy so that he can move freely among the Ton. This is more than just a strong regency; this tale is an engaging historical romance that should be on everyone's short list.

The following review is by "fairportfan", reviewer #414 (at the moment), other wise known as me:

Then Comes Marriage

Kasey Michaels

3 stars

An Engaging Romp in the Tradition of Georgette Heyer

A Little Personal History to Begin, or, Why Is a Middle-Aged Male Reviewing Regency Romances?

When i was twenty (which was rather more than half my life ago) and stationed at the Naval Shipyard at Norfolk, i read an article in

a science-fiction fanzine about Georgette Heyer, a british author of romances. The article included a rather fractured but hilarious plot-summary of a book entitled "Sylvester, or, the Wicked Uncle." I, being bored, checked the Navy Exchange's book racks and discovered a Heyer book entitled "The Talisman Ring", read it, and was hooked. ((It was some years later before i found a copy of "Sylvester", which proved to be even more gloriously silly and complex in plot than the article i had read had implied...))

Anyway, having read every Regency or Georgian romance and all of the historical novels the late Ms Heyer published (her mysteries are a different and, i'm afraid, unfathomable, thing entirely), i came to the conclusion that she basically wrote two types of story: Romps and Sweets, as i called them.

Sweets were imminently readable, consisting primarily of relatively lowkey action and devastatingly-drawn observations of society and drawing room wit/comedy of manners writing.

Romps had the comedy of manner, but usually also featured wilder elements, such as gender swaps between brother and sister in order to hide in plain sight, military officers taking over the operation of a country tollgate on a whim to discover where the missing gatekeeper is, abductions of various sorts for various purposes, smuggling and various other nefarious activities, a young woman married to a man she'd never seen till fifteen minutes before and then widowed less than an hour afterward, and



murders, duels and fisticuffs of various and sundry sorts. And love stories.

So what, you ask, does that have to do with a review of a Kasey Michaels novel? Just that this is a Regency Romp that is *almost* as good as one of Heyer's.

And *almost* as good as Georgette Heyer is readable indeed.

There are, in fact, familiar elements of Heyeresque plot scattered throughout this book -- and at least one neat little bit of dialog that my wife and i are both sure is a tongue-in-cheek reference to Heyer's "These Old Shades", possibly the best of her romps.

Brady James, a typical Heyeresque heroic non-pareil, is attacked and thrown, weighted, into the Thames to drown, barely escaping with his life.

Arranging with friends to fake his own funeral, he retreats to his country house to recuperate and to plot the discovery and punishment of whoever tried to do him in.

He suspects that the attack may have something to do with his enquiries into the

background of a Miss Regina Bliss, a young lady apparently incapable of telling the truth when an outrageous lie will do better who was rescued from the streets by friends of his in a previous book.

As he recuperates, he and Miss Bliss work out a scheme in which he will be his own foppish distant cousin, newly returned from France with his inheritance of Brady's title and estates and she will be his ward. Together, they will discover his own attackers; and Miss Bliss, who has an agenda of her own, will also look for revenge on old enemies of her own whom Brady knows nothing of.

And, as anyone can predict, though the path of True Love will hardly run smooth, it will happen.

Lots of fun, well worth the attention of anyone who likes Heyer and has run out of her books.

Meanwhile, on the Home Front:

I continue to look for work (though i need to get at it a bit harder) and i have two nibbles so far -- a video store in Dahl- onega and a WalMart photo department in Buford.

Neither needs a fulltimer, and, in fact, the v ideo store may only need someone for one shift a week.

The WalMart photo manager told me to go and fill out

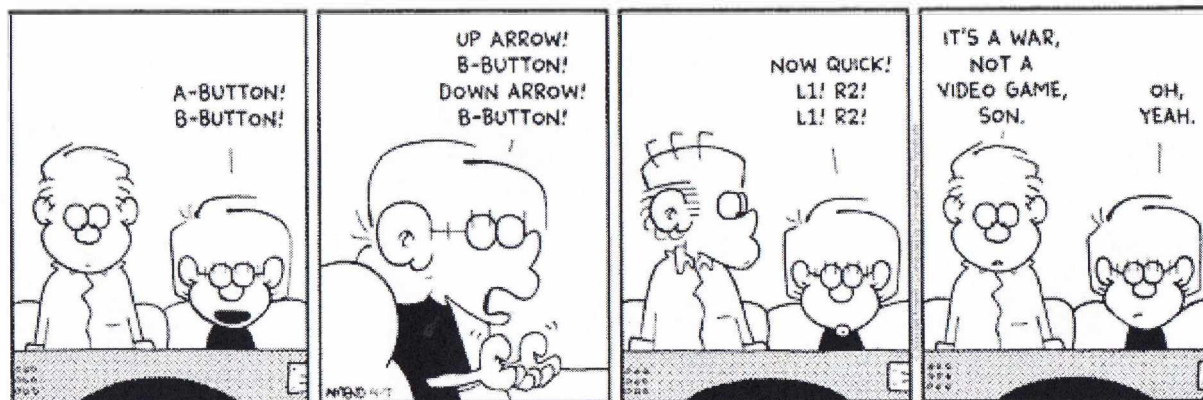
one of WalMart's on-line job applications on one of the computer setups they have for the process, but they were down.

And they don't have any hardcopy applications anymore, nor any means of processing one if they did.

On the day that the online application kiosks went online, they trashed all the remaining dead-tree application forms. Arrrgh.

So i have to go back another day -- soon.

Meanwhile, i'm trying to get in contact with a lady who's in charge of hiring for the WalMart portrait studios; she seems to need a travelling assistant to go to various stores to fill in; according to a sign i saw posted in one store, the principal job requirement (even more important than reliable transportation) is the ability to make children smile...



Well, neither of the job prospects mentioned on the previous page came through.

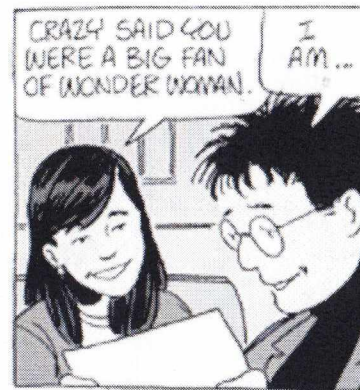
Meanwhile, we have finished moving, and the new address is (as reported in the two-pager that stood in for this zine last mailing) 3303 Indian Trail, Gainesville GA 30506; the phone is 770-297-0785 (not "8785", as reported last mailing, and my cell/voicemail number is 770-906-5929. The computer has its own line, on which it is set to receive faxes only, at 770-287-7816.

The *Funky Winkerbean* strip reprinted on this page was, in fact, drawn by John Byrne, who filled in for a while (supposedly a

month, which should be over by now, but i'm not sure) to let Batiuk get caught up on *Funky* and *Crankshaft*. While he continued basically in Batiuk's current style, there were certain stylistic tricks of Byrne's that came through -- mostly in posing and layout, but in places in actual rendering.

I haven't followed "Funky" in a long time -- in fact, i never "followed" it, but, after being tipped off that Byrne was doing it and looking in, i got caught in the continuity that ran during Byrne's

tenure, with the heavyset, geeky comicshop owner getting involved with the waitress at the pizza parlor, cutting his hair, buying almost-normal clothes... and then selling his whole collection, including the original "Hey Kids! Comics!" spinner he had salvaged when the local candystore closed (he put that up on eBay) to buy an engagement ring, only to -- just as he was getting up his nerve to pop the question -- have it announced on teevee that an (apparent) former love of hers had been found alive, after all, after being reported KIA in Afghanistan.



Poor guy.
Sort of reminds me of the way that they wrote Mrs. Peel out on *The Avengers*, though i was always a

little suspicious, since i'm sure that i recall from somewhere that her husband's plane crash was in England or France, but the newspaper headlines said he'd been found alive in the Amazon. I always suspected a plot to abduct Mrs. Peel to The Village, myself.

Which reminds me -- in that abysmal *Avengers* film, i thought it would have been neat to have them pass, just as they were either entering or leaving the underground garage, a BRG Lotus Seven, driven by a scowling man in a black blazer with white piping...