

A Benefit for the Pike Place Market Foundation

## **Shocked and Sleepless with the Armadillo #49**

is brought to you by Liz Copeland of 3243 165th Ave. SE, Bellevue WA 98008. Phone number is 425-641-0209. Email is received at lizc@nwlink.com. Started in August 2001, for SFPA 223.

My senior year of college, I lived in Reed Dorm with all the freshmen and sophomores who wanted to pledge Greek houses. This happened because my off campus housing plans fell apart and my deposit date to the housing people was so long ago that I moved to the front of the waiting list. I ended up sharing a suite with 2 freshmen and 1 sophomore and I quickly fell into the roll of Older Sister who knows it all. That fall, there was a rapist with a master key in the dorm. Now, Reed was one of the tall towers with 8+ floors of dorms and 4 wings so the chances of him picking our door were slight. Nevertheless, my brain decided I should wake up and check who it was every time the door opened. My roommate was highly amused and I was young enough that it didn't really disturb my sleep as I would just roll over and go back to sleep. Once the rapist was caught, we all calmed down and I went back to sleeping like a log for 8 hours straight.

After September 11, the part of my brain responsible for security checks has gone into overdrive. For 2 weeks, I didn't sleep more than 2 hours at a stretch. The slightest sound would wake me, and if I didn't wake because of something, my brain woke me anyway just in case. And now being older, I couldn't get back to sleep easily or at all. So, once I woke, I'd be awake for 2-3 hours. Needless to say, I was a brain dead zombie after 2 weeks of this. So, we went to the beach last weekend, borrowing Dave's family's beach house, and that calmed me down enough that I can now get 6 hours of sleep at a stretch. But I'm still unnerved enough that I cry at least once a day. This has all been so overwhelming. The extent of loss is too much for me to deal with easily or quickly and I find myself losing focus when I try to work on my zine or things around the house. So I've sought solace in quilting.

I spent part of the weekend at the beach working on a Linus quilt. Linus is an organization that distributes hand made quilts and crocheted or knitted blankets to children dealing with loss, or facing possibly terminal illness. You can find out all about them at [www.projectlinus.org](http://www.projectlinus.org). I wish I could make quilts for the kids who lost a parent in

the World Trade Center attacks, but I can't. What I can do is do something locally. And to help me deal with my own feelings, I'll be doing a piece to send to Houston. The quilt art list is tied into all the major quilt shows in a big way. (Think of us as the SFWA of quiltdom.) So, there will be an exhibit of quilts at Houston done in reaction to the terrorist attack. Any quiltart member who wants will have a piece in the show. I've always been a little put off by the people on the list who go into their studios and do a piece when they're upset by something major. I'd never understood how that process worked. But now I'm going to try it, because I need to do something. Besides hugging my kids several times a day.

I did the following comments in early August as part of my plan to get all caught up on comments this mailing. I'm sorry I don't have current comments, but I promise to comment on the latest mailing next time.

## ***Mailing Comments on SFWA 219***

***Fantasy and Reality/J. Copeland***                      Lovely covers. And a very thought provoking collection of quotes.

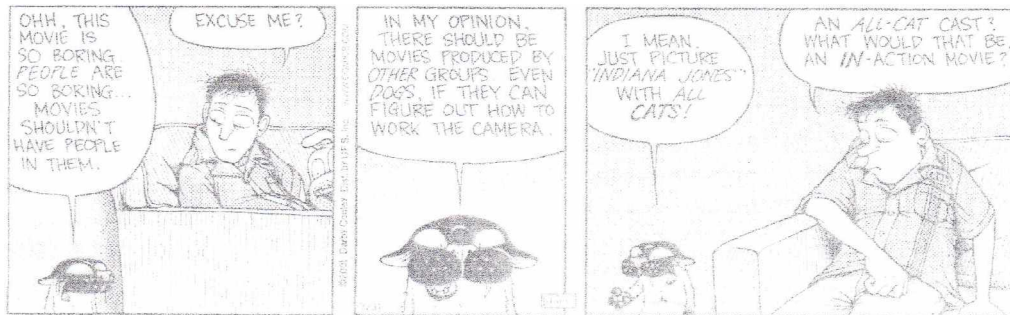
In your comment to Eve, you say: *Unless we have the societal will to just leave the victim of a motorcycle accident by the side of the road to quietly expire, we have to make some restrictions on riders.* Have you heard what ER workers call motorcycle riders without helmets? Organ Donors.



What's the point of recreational shopping? Maybe my failure to understand is a guy thing. While it certainly is a guy caricature, I doubt if James P. would agree, especially about fabric. Maybe it has more to do with your color blindness or you're being at one extreme on the things vs. ideas spectrum. My mom is at the other end of the spectrum. And for those of us who enjoy color and form combined, shopping is a way to have a visual feast. Admittedly, I don't do it to the extent my mom does, but I do understand the appeal.

Both Liz and I have little bundles of notes we've written each other over the years - I think Liz may actually have the complete collection of erotic haiku I started writing for her when she was pregnant with JJ... Yes, and I keep them in the drawer under my side of the waterbed where the movers apparently found them and read them during the packing (I assume, based on them being taken out of their little envelopes). The only downside to having them in a written form...

Correct me if I'm wrong, but aren't Marx and Engels dead white males? Yea, so? Actually, I'm not sure what the feminist party line on such DWMs is; but I do wonder why you assume the PC feminists are also of a particular political stance. They don't even need Marx for class structure analysis - what's the name of the female French writer who wrote that classic book about oppression?

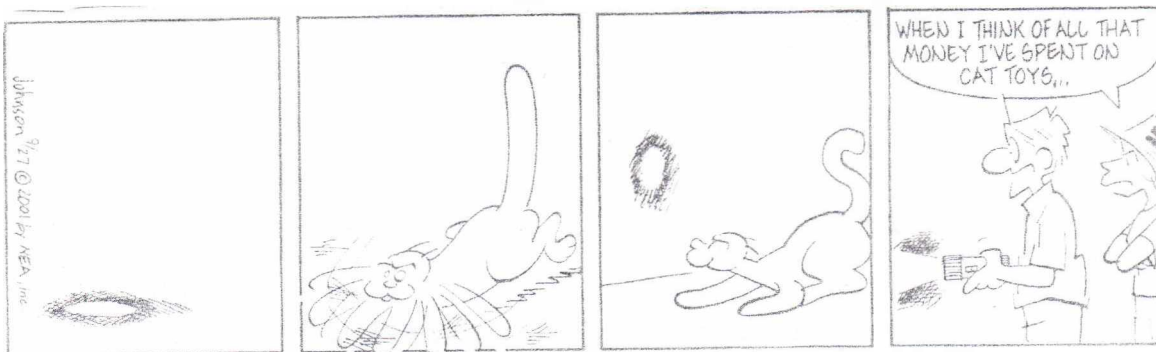


Ct Liz: 'You see a lot more movies than I do.' Yea, she probably does. I've gotten her in the regrettable habit of watching a movie on video most Fridays, since it's one of my modes of relaxing after a hectic week. It's only become a habit because you won't go dancing with me...

And here's another quote for you, from the quiltart list:

Every now and then it pays to read the celebrity blurbs in the paper. Yesterday there was a quote from Woody Allen, talking about his new film: "Because, if you ask me, when I start out to make a film, when I'm in my bedroom writing it, I always think that this is going to be the greatest film in the world, this is gonna be my 'Citizen Kane.' And then, I actually start to make the film and, as my friend Marshall Brickman says, the truck with compromises pulls up every day, and by the time I'm finished with the film and I start editing it, I just pray to God that I'm saved from humiliation."

And I know just what he means. I have now gone thru this with 2 quilts and he's hit it exactly on the head.



**Oblio No. 132/Brown** We're not lazy either but we still have boxes that are not unpacked. I managed to finish my sewing room boxes this summer but Jeff didn't have time to get to the dozen boxes in his office and there's still a few in the storage room. It's only been 18 months for us which is really good as we often still have boxes that were not unpacked when the movers come to pack us up again...

Thanks for all your commentary on the election. (Okay, these are old comments, but I still mean it.)

*"But at this time of year, when I'm out washing my car in shorts and T-shirt, while you northern clime folks are spending 40 minutes just getting dressed to go and shovel snow, it's (the humidity) something we learn to live with."* That was Boulder with the snow thing, not Bellevue. In

Bellevue, we don't have to wash our cars in winter; it rains and does it for us.

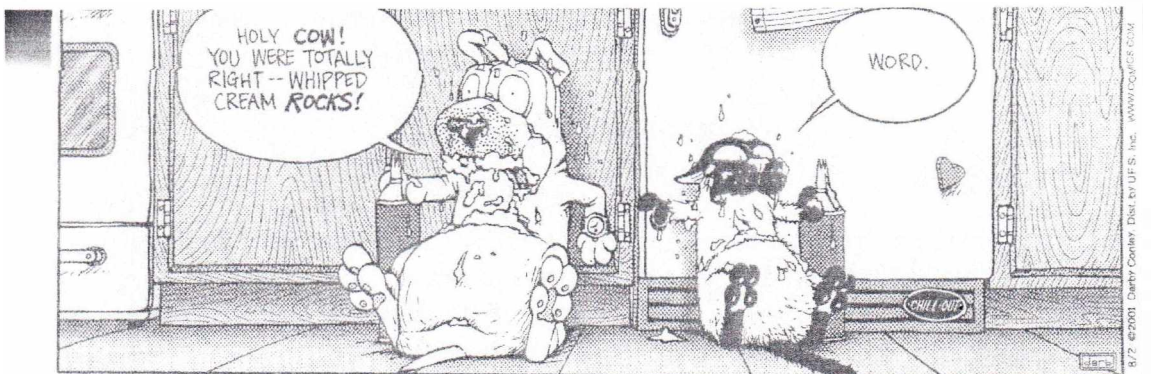
One of the things I discovered in planning the Alaska trip was that the cruises generally go to southeastern Alaska along BC, where Juneau is. Anchorage is way north for them. I was amazed at how spread out Alaska is.

**Trivial Pursuits #93/Gelb**

I only caught the first 3 episodes of the Jazz series but I really enjoyed them. I'll probably try and see the whole things sometime, maybe when JJ is 15 or 16 and I can watch PBS in the evenings again...

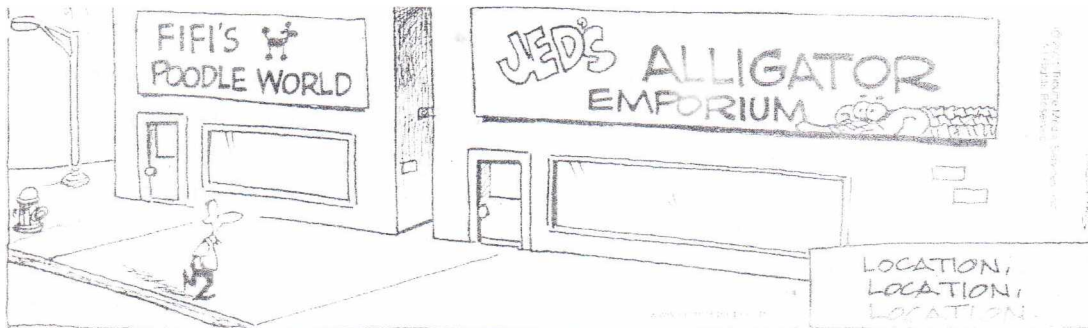
The Grand Ellipse has been added to my library list on my palm. I've actually gotten it out of the library once, but didn't get it read before it was due so I'll try again later. I took out too many SF books at once that time. I'm still working on balancing my library pile but haven't yet worked out what the optimum balance is. This problem is aggravated by the fact that I use the webpage to put holds on books and I can never really predict what books will get to me when I next pick up a batch. The Grand Ellipse had a great cover, tho.

*"As for the people complaining about the Harry Potter books, even if they're not the greatest juvenile fantasy lit ever written, they're getting kids to be enthusiastic about reading and I can't understand why anyone would think there's something wrong with that."* Exactly. JJ, Jeff and I are reading the second one out loud after dinner, taking turns doing the reading. This lets us go thru a chapter or most of one each day. JJ loves it and demands to have reading time. I'm thrilled.



"If you want to get hot water with a coffee maker, just fill the water reservoir like you were making coffee but just don't put coffee grounds in the basket." And you get hot water that's not quite hot enough to make a good cup of tea, along with a lingering icky coffee taste from the oils left on the basket and the coffee maker. Makes lousy tea.

Allie uses Instant Messenger for chitchat with her friends; staying in touch teenager style. But I think they're in no rush to respond to each other because they do it while they're surfing the web. I'm also remembering the long phone calls I used to have when I was a teenager in which nothing really was said.



**Yngvi is a Louse #69/Toni**  
interesting and provocative genzine. Any hope of an apazine anytime soon?

Yngvi is turning into an

I have an interesting quote for you (and Hank):

I don't resent criticism, even when, for the sake of emphasis, it parts for the time with reality.

- Winston Churchill

As for Linda Bowles quote about the 1950s tax burden being 5% rather than 40%, this is what happens when corporate taxes are slashed. Yes, the scope of government has grown, but the tax burden has also shifted from corporate/business taxes to individual taxes. Jeff tells me there's a book

called **America: What Went Wrong** that has more details about this.

**Guilty Pleasures/Eve**

Great news on the radio interview of Darlene Marshall. We took several ebooks to Alaska with us but Jeff was the only one who actually got any of them read. I ended up playing yahtzee with my mom. Pirate's Price is still waiting for me to read it.

About Micah and his Bar Mitzvah, you say: "He exceeded all of our expectations, fulfilling his obligations with skill and poise." Isn't that a fabulous feeling? Allie has blossomed here in Bellevue and I am continually impressed with how mature and organized she has become.

We're growing rather fond of Shiraz wines too. Trader Joe's carries a nice selection of Australian wines with several Shiraz and Shiraz blends that are quite tasty. I'll have to look for Teal Lake wines.

**Random Thoughts/S. Hughes**

Your reflections on election manipulations made me think back to my own high school interest in politics. I joined both the Young Republicans and the Young Democrats in succession and found no real difference between them. The members were interested in learning how to win an election no matter what that required. And they had very little interest in issues or policy.



**Tennessee Trash #39/G. Robe**

E-shopping for Xmas sounds like a good idea. Especially for all the out of



town people because we have to ship things to them by the first weekend of December.

I keep meaning to get my own Dremel tool. Beaders love them for opening up bead holes and quilters use them to drill holes in all sorts of things to put on quilts.

So, where can I buy some of this \$1.50/sq ft. leather? That's about the same price per yard of ultrasuede, the fake suede, and that's using the cheap price for the comparison.

I must say, the headlight looks good.

JJ doesn't eat fish when he has sushi - he gets tamago, the egg stuff. And he orders only 1 dish at each restaurant we go to so when he wants something different to eat, we have to go to a different place.

**Avatar Press/Cleary** Sorry to hear your nephew is being such a problem. I am so glad that we seem to be making it thru the teen years without catastrophe.

"Hello, my name is Sue. You are my father. Prepare to die." Is a Johnny Cash meets Princess Bride joke. Probably for boomers only.

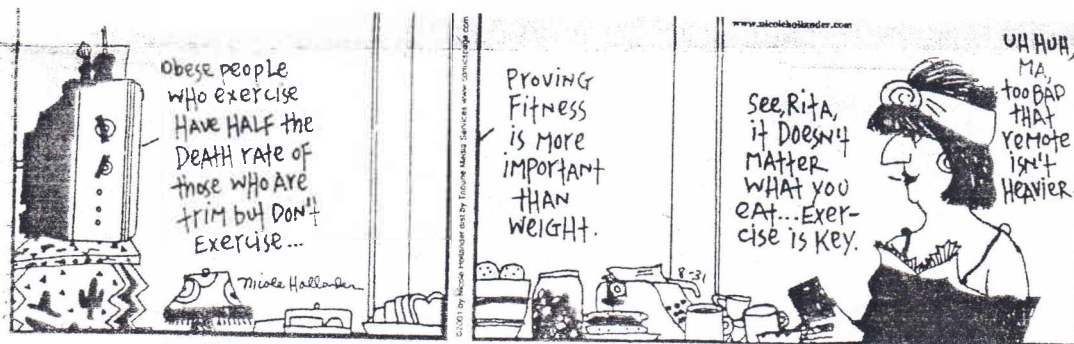
You mention the Legion of Fire Babylon5 books. Would these be good for an 11 year old boy? How does the reading vocabulary compare to, say, Harry Potter? I ask because JJ really likes B5.

## Reviews

**The Tipping Point by Malcolm Gladwell** This is a very interesting book about how ideas and trends spread, and the types of people who help this happen. I found out some new things, like the rule of 150, which are applicable to any area of life. Well worth the time to read it.

**No Human Involved by Barbara Seranella** A gritty novel set in Venice, California in the late 70's (just a bit before the time that Jeff and I lived there) that succeeds as a mystery. Seranella does an excellent job of setting the scene and developing her characters with only a slight fumble with the plotting at the end. After finishing it, I immediately went online to get her other 3 books from the library.

The front cover is pictures of some of the Pig sculptures done as a benefit for the Pike Place Market that just happens to have this bronze pig statue in it. My personal favorite is the orca pig in the top right corner. And below are some comics for Toni and others. Enjoy...



**CRABBY ROAD** / John Wagner



Ms. Clean; Pulling into Northgate Mall on Monday was a white Ford Explorer with a split personality. The left side of the vehicle was filthy. The right side was sparkling clean.

On the left (dirty) side, someone had taken a finger and scrawled "HIS." On the right (tidy) side, the moving finger had written "HERS." Who said opposites don't attract?



**BOUND & GAGGED**



## CELL PHONES

CONTINUED FROM E 1

can afford to describe the person over the P.A. system and announce that her clinic results are in or her trailer is on fire.

**Incident:** Customer talking on the phone during checkout at a store.

**O/I/D ranking:** 6. *Why not snap your fingers and point, too?*

**Response:** If you are the cashier, ring up some items twice. Or single out the most embarrassing personal ones: "I need a price on the EXTRA STRENGTH GAS-X at checkstand three, please. That's the price on EXTRA STRENGTH GAS-X at CHECKSTAND THREE!"

**Incident:** Talking on a cell phone in a public restroom stall. (Heard from a stall here this week: "... Call you later. Love ya, bye." Heartwarming.)

**O/I/D ranking:** 7. One of the most frequently reported. But that's not what VoiceStream means, folks.

**Response:** Answer as if you're

the one being spoken to: "I don't love you, and I want you to stop talking to me so I can concentrate."

**Incident:** A woman making someone a job offer on a cell phone while in a public restroom.

**O/I/D ranking:** 9. The trifecta! Multitasking taken to its extreme limit — unless she had her lunch in there, too.

**Response:** Interrupt the interviewer by urgently and loudly asking for paper and asking her if she had the curry, too, then shrieking. Repeat.

**Incident:** Letting a cell phone ring during a funeral.

**O/I/D ranking:** 10, even if it doesn't bother the dead person.

**Response:** Embalming. Or toss the phone into the open grave. *Call waiting in Hell for you, ma'am.*

**Incident:** Making a call from a golf tee while others are shooting.

**O/I/D ranking:** A solid 9 when combined with the clothing. Even the TV announcers know enough to whisper.

**Response:** See "Goldfinger": Kick his ball into the rough. Then throw your razor-brimmed bowler hat at his neck.

**Incident:** A university professor taking cell calls during lectures. Seriously.

**O/I/D ranking:** 8. Even more egotistical than someone with a Ph.D. having "Dr." printed on his checks.

**Response:** Get his number from the department office, then have a friend call during the class and tell him it's the student-loan people. Say that they want the little finger of his left hand.

**Incident:** Having a long or loud ring, especially in the form of a song.

**O/I/D ranking:** 7. Even Ravel's "La Valse" would be annoying as a cell ring.

**Response:** You should already be carrying a paintball gun at all times for situations like this.

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# CELL-PHONE OFFENSES PROMPT ONE MAN'S CALL TO ACTION

BY MARK RAHNER  
*Seattle Times staff reporter*

A beachhead had been established against the terminally obnoxious/inappropriate/dangerous. I was smug with optimism.

New York had banned handheld cell-phone calls while driving. And strolling through downtown Seattle, I thought: *Yes. Now the justice will blow westward, like a strong wind — the kind that causes static.*

Then a sight yanked me out of the reverie like a strip-club bouncer: a guy driving a Rascal motorized scooter one-handed across the street while yakking on a cell.

*Very nice, sir. Perhaps you could hold a lit Roman candle as well.*

I wasn't sure if I could catch him. The law hasn't fully addressed that situation, anyway.

## Monday in The Times

*Dave Barry  
thinks there  
oughta be a law  
to take care of  
cell-phone  
ding-a-lings.*

Neither has social etiquette. A shush and a glare usually do the trick for people blabbing in a movie theater, but that doesn't seem adequate for someone doing the same thing with a cell phone.

Here's my suggestion: Treat cell phones like guns. Any offense committed with one de-

serves a much harsher penalty than one without. For instance: that Rascal rapper should have been pulled over, cuffed and sent to a Turkish prison if he'd bumped into anyone.

If cell gripes have become so widespread, how come there's no corresponding shrinkage of the problem? Maybe people are too wrapped up in staving off their inner emptiness with the phones to have any perception of how obnoxious/inappropriate/dangerous they are. For example, if word still hasn't gotten around that you're really *not* invisible when you're attacking your nose in the car, it'll be quite a while before the jerk in line with me at the ATM realizes his loud cell conversation is making my ears bleed. *A news flash, sir: You're not standing in a Cone of Silence.*

Speaking of Cones of Silence, the best model for cell-phone use might be in the old "Get Smart" TV show. If you had to take your shoe off and hold it up to the side of your head to make every call, you'd be more judicious about doing it.

But we can't wait for shoe-phone legislation to pass. Something's got to give, and we may have to do it on our own.

Here are some true cell-phone incidents that my co-workers and I have suffered, along with their obnoxious/inappropriate/dangerous (O/I/D) rankings, and some polite suggestions for navigating the etiquette of the situation.

It should be noted that there is no O/I/D ranking below 6 because we're talking about cell phones.

**Incident:** Getting in a fender-bender with a driver who was talking on a cell phone.

**O/I/D ranking:** 8. Infuriating.

**Response:** Urgently ask the person who hit your car while blabbing if you can use his or her phone to call for help. Then hurl it as far as you can, into water if possible. That's what those disposable ones are for anyway, right?

**Incident:** Talking on a cell phone in a movie theater.

**O/I/D ranking:** 9. Incomprehensible.

**Response:** You can't get through to someone at level 9. So quietly go to the lobby and tell the manager that the talker attempted to sell you some rock-like stuff in a little vial. After he groped you.

**Incident:** A guy at the gym talking on a cell phone between sets.

**O/I/D ranking:** 7. Narcissism a thousand times worse than flexing in the mirror. In a Speedo.

**Response:** Eat a bag of Funions and ask him to "spot" you closely on the bench press. Follow him to the locker room, then snicker as he changes clothes. Or accidentally drop a dumbbell on the dumbbell's phone.

**Incident:** A young woman talking on a cell phone on the dance floor at Polly Esther's Culture Club.

**O/I/D ranking:** 6. *Are you really so terrified of being alone inside that little noggin'?*

**Response:** Pay the DJ the largest tip you

PLEASE SEE *Cell phones* ON E 2