

D'Clutter Bug

News from Bill & Laurie Kunkel

New Beginnings

I love autumn. It, even more than January 1st, always struck me as the time to make resolutions and fresh starts.

After all, a new school year begins in September (mostly), the calendar declares the start of Fall, and the air smells crisp and clean.

I think about eating warm Cream of Wheat on the porch on a cool Autumn morning. Hot homemade soup simmering on the stove. The

smell of spaghetti and fresh homemade bread, a warm blanket and a good book.

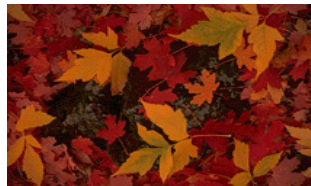
I love the State Fair and looking at the biggest pumpkin and the best drawing by the kids, and the beautiful animals the 4H kids lovingly took care of all year long.

Look at the trees as they change to their bright colors, and walk through the fresh fallen leaves! The colors—the rich oranges, golds, browns, and reds!

Popping popcorn, bonfires, and warm sweaters!

I am ready to rest inside, and to look inside. I am ready for the coming darkness and the different perspective it brings.

Autumn will be here before I realize it, but there's plenty to do until then.



Autumn leaves to crunch and walk through are always fun.

Sorrow in Gulf Coast

One thing that was a definite growing up in my house in the Midwest was that I learned to stand up for my country and its leadership.

I feel betrayed. I've felt betrayed for quite a while, actually.

I don't know. Maybe the office has just had a bad run or something, since I was born (during LBJ's reign) but we

need a person in office who won't sit for 7 minutes reading *My Pet Goat* when buildings collapse or 72 hours before assisting those along the Gulf.

From what I have learned since Katrina, not only does the Executive branch owe the victims of Katrina apology, but so do we as a country for allowing the of-

fice of the president to be denigrated by those who only saw power and privilege, and reward.

Somewhere, the officeholders forgot that with great power comes great responsibility.

The irresponsibility shown to the citizens of the Gulf is reprehensible, given the prewarning time that the government had.

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Inside this issue:

Decluttering and Purging	2
Bill's Confessions...	2
Where We'll Live	3
Observations on Snaps #5	4

Special points of interest:

- Clipart from Microsoft Publisher; Cartoon by Bill Kunkel; Book Cover from Rolenta Press; Stamp from Short Information on Tuva; and GOOHF from This is True.
- *D'Clutter Bug* #1 is a random 'zine by Laurie Kunkel. I can be reached at 289-202 Steelhead Lane; Las Vegas, NV 89110; elfkunkel@aol.com.
- This ish is for SNAPS and will be posted on eFanzines.

Decluttering and Purging

When we moved in 2002 from the 2-story, 1800 square foot condo into the 2-bedroom, 844 square foot apartment, I really did get rid of a lot of stuff.

I look around our apartment right now, though, and I have to rethink about that.

It's not even trash—really. It's stuff for daily living, but, for the new place, we won't have a need for most of what currently fills our walls and floors.

So, we need to get rid of a lot of stuff, since we are moving less than 400 cubic feet.

Here then, is the plan. We are going to be selling the items we do not absolutely love nor need with us in Michigan.

And you, my friends and friends of friends, are welcome to come and pick

through the detritus. Ah, that perked up your eyebrows, I see.

Mark your calendars! Most things must go.

So, what is on the auction block?

Dishes, glasses, silverware, kitchen table and chairs, storage containers, storage drawers, side tables, entertainment center, hutch, clothes, artwork, knickknacks, upright freezer, books of all genres, planters, plant stands, bed-frame*, and things I am forgetting.

And, to make it even easier, I'm going to try to have most things labeled, but, if you like it, we'll negotiate.

So, what are we taking with us?

Well, the cats, of course. Unless you really bid super, duper high, and even then, it's doubtful we'll give up a member of the family. Especially since by then we will likely have found a kitten to join our happy

household.

My plants, I think. Although, it may, with a couple of exceptions, be the time to replace them, and not struggle to get them out there.

The movers are taking the shelves my dad made, Bill's office suite, a college size refrigerator, decorations, an oil painting, computers, pictures, electronics, safe, my art supplies, and much more. The vast percentage of our books are being weeded through and shipped ahead via Media Mail).

But we still have a lot to do in pulling out the stuff we aren't taking and getting it packed up.

The sale will be announced at both a social and through Joyce's email list.

One thing that we will be buying though is a vehicle. Right now, we have our eyes on a 1978 Ford Econoline 350 Conversion van. It is equipped with a king-sized bed, refrigerator, sink, 2 new batteries, dual tanks (good when we find cheap gas!), and snow tires. I am comfortable with the vehicle being a 1978, since at that point, vehicles were still made with metal and by people with the idea of lasting.

*Due to our sleeping on it, we'd like to arrange for the bedframe to stay with us until we are ready to leave.



Bill's Confessions...

Bill has written an autobiography of his (and Arnie and Joyce's) life and times in setting up the first *Electronic Games* and even how they met. The publication date is November 20th.

Bill wrote in his Introduction, the project began "for the gamers who want to know what it was like in this delightful and slightly crazed business back before the magazines were all aimed at kids, the games all featured an hour-and-a-half of cut scenes and most of the rules hadn't even been written yet, I have put

together my favorite essays and photos into this collection under the name of my most famous pseudonym."

The stories naturally contain references to drugs, sex, and violence, or at least two out of three.

Arnie wrote an introduction to Bill, in his highly enjoyable style.

The book will be available from Rolenta Press (www.rolentapress.com) for roughly US\$21.00. Bill will sign books—if you get your copy to us either before or after we get moved. This also makes a great present!



Front cover of Bill's book.

Where We'll Live

Our new residence is a 16' by 80', 3 bedroom, 2 bathroom, 1998 mobile home.

I think.

We hope.

It includes everything currently in the mobile: furniture, washer and dryer, dishwasher, refrigerator, dishes, silverware, cleaning supplies, even 2 rolls of toilet paper!

The master bedroom has burgundy carpet (the rest of the mobile is carpeted in a pretty forest green, according to Mom) with oak furniture. There's a queen-sized bed, nightstands, armoire, and 5' long dresser (with built-in his-and-her jewelry cases) and a television mounted to the wall.

The master bath has a walk-in shower (especially good when I am stuck using the walker) and a whirlpool, sunken tub.

The living room has a pull-out sleeping couch, matching recliner, a leather-look recliner, coffee table, lights, entertainment center, and a larger TV.

The kitchen has white wall-board with little blue flowers on it. There's also a skylight over the sink and stove. (It gives off such good light, Mom thought a light was on.) Also, as mentioned, the dishes, pots and pans, silverware, glasses, and more. The cabinets are done in a decorative front that Mom couldn't identify beyond "it's like what Dad and I had."

Which didn't help me a lick, since I hadn't paid that close of

attention, but thought that they had plain fronted cabinets. (Obviously, not.)

There's a dining area with a nice table and chairs. Not sure about the size, but I know the lady who lived there, had her son and his family over a lot, so I'm figuring at least the standard 4, if not 6, seats.

The hall bath is a standard equipped full-size bath.

The two front bedrooms are roughly 8x10, and one (mine!) has a skylight and bay windows. (Bill said he didn't care, and since he tends to keep his room as dark as a cave, it makes more sense for me to have the natural source of light.)

There is also a shed, complete with lawnmower and weed whacker...we'll only have to get snow removal equipment. We will, at some point, change out the mower for a more ecologically correct, and tons safer, push mower, but in December, a lawn mower will be the least of our problems.

There is a large patio running almost the entire length of the mobile. There is also a parking area for one or two cars, which is convenient in the winter for shoveling/plowing the street. We're not sure about anything else on the property. I'm just glad I'll be there in plenty of time for setting up for spring planting. One of our first steps will be turning the open patio into a screened-in porch.

And the going price for this

gem? The man asked for \$21,900. Marilyn, my Mom's partner, countered with \$12,900, and he accepted it! We believe that we will be able to pay back Mom and Mare the loan within the year, so by 2007, we will once again be homeowners, with only the park rent to pay. At that point, we may look for our own piece of land.

This set-up also means that the only things we have to move are my art supplies, books, and stuff, Bill's office contents, our clothes, our personal items, the plants, and, of course, Bopper and Speckle. ALL of our other stuff will definitely be sold or donated, which is a very liberated feeling. (See page 2.)

We will be about 36.7 miles Northeast of Ann Arbor (about 47 minutes on clear roads); 39.6 mi. Northwest of Romulus, home of Detroit Metropolitan Wayne County (DTW) Airport (about 52 minutes on clear roads); 56.7 miles East of Lansing (about 1 hour, 9 minutes on clear roads); and 40.2 mi (about 47 minutes on clear roads) Southeast of Flint.

So now we wait for the loan to go through and the mobile home to close. The anticipation is frustrating, but I have nothing but high hopes for this.

Of course, if you don't mind adding your positive vibes to this endeavor, it would also be appreciated. We'll even plant a flower in your name.

Observations on Snaps #5

Vegas Notions, R. Chamberlain

Ross, I love the photos from your backyard. Sunrise and sunset are my favorite times of day. I will miss the sun rising and setting in the mountains.

I understand Kant and Hegel much better after reading *Sophie's World*. If you've ever wanted a readable history of philosophy, Jostein Gaarder's book is the one to pick up. I wish I would have had it for Philosophy 101.

Bat Signals, T. Cochran

Your article sent me to Google to learn more about Tuva. It is a truly



interesting place, and the stamps are very attractive. I really liked the one above. It made me wonder what shape their envelopes are.

I wonder if people there threaten their children with throat singing lessons as we threaten children with music lessons?

Hard Science Tales, J. Katz



Joyce, I'll pass on the \$1.00 donation since I just laid in a new supply of Randy Cunningham's "Get Out of Hell Free" cards. I do have more, if you'd like some. I'm giving them out to people who are having a truly hellacious day. They seem to make people—especially waitresses and nurses—smile.

I am going to miss you when we move. But, if you decide to visit, we have a place for you to sleep!

Der Fleigender Hollander, J. Taylor

I dread more jobs being outsourced to Gupta and his friends. I understand that the concept of a "living wage" is far different for Gupta than the average American, but when you look at unemployment rates, you have to wonder where the integrity went.

My other problem with Gupta and friends is that while I am willing to "Press 1 for English," I have no guarantee that the person I am holding for will actually comprehend the English I am speaking.

By the time I repeat the problem for the fourth time, I am ready to give up and not care if it is ever fixed. (Which might actually be the company's secret plan.)

Softcore Fantasy Adventure, A. Katz

Deadlines? What are deadlines? Seriously, Arnie, your comments about deadlines caused

me to chuckle. Bill and I have fun with his deadlines for *Auto Glass Journal*, since we're never sure if the deadline is Eastern time (where the editor and publisher are) or Pacific time (where we are). Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending on perspectives, when we move we'll all be in the same time zone.

For D'Clutter Bug, I've decided that my deadline for finishing it for SNAPS will be five days before it is due. If I miss the deadline, then the monthly issue will go on eFanzines.

I've given thought to your last word dilemma. The best way to ensure that you get it, is to engrave it on your tombstone. Unless, of course, you were going to assign that task to Bill, in which case, the last word will be his.

The Peripatetic Phan, K. Daugherty

Midlife Crisis, L. Bushyager

Kathryn and Linda, you respective cruises sounded wonderful. I've always dreamed of taking a cruise to the Virgin Islands, and have made sure (thanks to inland lakes and the Great Lakes) that I am not seasick.

Of course, going back to the Wolverine State virtually guarantees I will never make it on a cruise, but for now, I can pick up all of the brochures and dream!

Kathryn, are SMOFs allowed to tell non-SMOFs that SMOF conventions exist? I would have thought that would have been in the top ten rules of SMOFs. This requires thought to wonder what else SMOFs are hiding.

Linda, the cruise pictures may have taken up a lot of space, but they were wonderful to see.