

KNARLEY KNEWS

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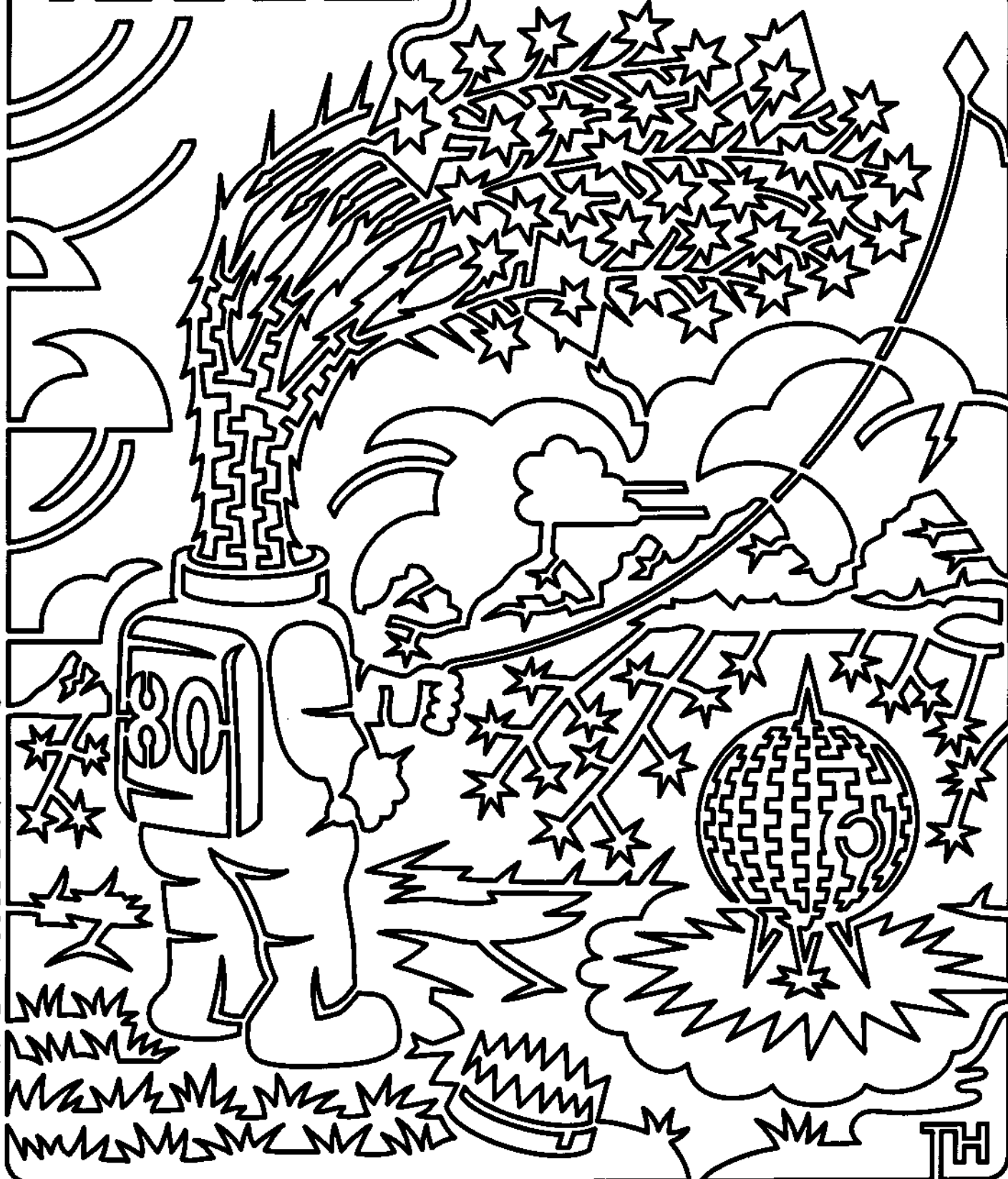


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Editorial and Subscription Policy

The Knarley Knews is meant to be a general purpose fanzine whose primary goal is to maintain lines of communication between the editors and those beings they consider to be friendly. With this in mind, the following are the general guidelines.

1. All contributions may include a pseudonym (e.g. Knarley, Sydrous, Shit-for-Brains) at the contributor's whim.
2. To get this fanzine you are required semi-yearly to initiate contact with the editors. This could be a postcard, phone call, your fanzine, or contribution of your choice. The editors, of course, prefer a contribution so they don't have to write so much. This notwithstanding, you may purchase copies for \$1.50 each.
3. Advertising is free provided that the ads are of interest to the editors and that it is for a non-profit organization.
4. It is the editors' policy not to unduly censor or restrict the ideals of free speech. (We like a good argument as much as the next guy.) However, we reserve the right to make minor content and format changes to fit your piece in or to add appropriately denoted editorial comments.
5. Contributions are currently acceptable using the following computer formats.
IBM: Virtually any format
MACINTOSH: Virtually any format
6. The editors are open to bribes of any size and have never turned down a financial contribution.

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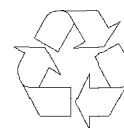
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Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

It only seems like the other day that I was putting an issue of *The Knarley Knews* in the mail and suddenly it is time for the next issue. Sometimes I think about going quarterly, but I don't think that will solve the problem. The real issue is that work has been quite draining this past year. We just switched over to laptops for the freshmen so all the faculty now have matching machines with the implication that we should start integrating them into the classroom.

The bottom line is that I now know more about PowerPoint than I'd like and was too much about Microsoft Windows Virus98. I have never been more frustrated with technology until this year. What this means is that even if your lecture is already prepared in handwritten form you need at least 90 minutes to convert it into PowerPoint. Every figure has to be redrawn or scanned or something. The format is not the most ideal either since you can only get about 10 lines up per slide. Consequently the laptop has been following me home all too often and so I haven't felt like sitting down to do yet more typing on an issue as much as I'd like.

The real casualty is my LOCs. I have been horrible at sending off timely LOCs on the zines I've received. As I sat down to do the listings at the tail end of the issue I noted that only five of the zines listed had actually been LOCed. Bad boy Knarley, very bad boy. Things will improve next academic year when I start repeating courses that already have PowerPoint in the machine.

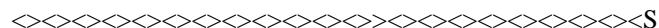
Other interesting things I've been trying are the paperless classroom (with the exception of tests). The lecture is now electronic and since the students can network in their computers in the classroom I don't give them handouts. Reports are now being accepted electronically, graded in Adobe Acrobat, and returned via e-mail. It takes a little getting used to, but in the long run I don't think it will take me much extra time with the caveat being I can't grade just anywhere since I need the laptop.

MSOE is very busy. We just added a degree program in Software Engineering and our core courses have gone from 2 sections in the junior year to 4 starting in the fall. We've managed to hire a few new faculty, but not enough. So, if you know of any Ph.D.s in the computer area who like to teach by all means send them my way. I'll split the finder's fee with you.

While I'm marginally on laptops I should mention that the majority of this issue is being prepared on an Apply Power-Book Duo. I've gotten so used to Letha's regular Mac (you know, the one with the two page monochrome monitor and nearly as large color monitor) where I can look at nearly four

pages of information in full scale while doing the typing and editing.

However, due to a busy schedule I decided to do the issue while we vacationed a week in a time share at the Wisconsin Dells. I very carefully loaded all the software I'd need to process the electronic LOCs and regular editing and layout (with the exception of the scanner for the final artwork) and brought it along. I got part way through and found I had not installed all the goofy fonts and so I couldn't put the issue together. So you'll get it a few days later than I'd hoped. (The masthead lies, I'm not finishing this issue until March, so sue me!)



In part because of the timing of the initial ticket sales (I was home that day) and because I really appreciated the video tape I bought Letha two tickets to *Lord of the Dance* here in Milwaukee. I'm not really into the theater and the price of the tickets made my somewhat cheap nature squirm. I suppose I should have known better, but the show should really be billed as Michael Flatley's *Lord of the Dance* because it was simply a traveling company doing his choreography.

As expected the dancing itself is very impressive. That anyone can move their feet that fast and do it purposefully is amazing. The real problem, though, was in the male lead. He was quite young and appeared to be picked for the part almost exclusively for his footspeed during the duel scene. While he performs every flourish and move from the original he simply lacked the stage presence that comes with Michael Flatley's quiet arrogance. The dancer playing the evil lord tended to steal the show and at points the music was so loud that you couldn't be certain whether some of the instrumental parts were actually being played.

The show was in Milwaukee's Riverside theater which is a grand old theater with a balcony that has to be seen to be believed. It swoops so high up into the rafters that it gives new meaning to the term "nose bleed" seats. We were sitting on the floor about 1/3 of the way back which is where I'd recommend sitting.

The show was not sold out and there appeared to be many good seats that were either empty or unsold. Probably the worst thing about the show was the smoking. Wisconsin is supposed to be a clean air state but nobody seemed to want to enforce the smoking outside rules. Many of the patrons simply lit-up in the lobby despite the lack of ash trays. I don't even want to imagine the air quality in the nose bleed area.

CHARLOTTE'S WEB

Reprinted with the permission of Charlotte Proctor from *Yngvi is a Louse*

What is it with movie critics anyway? Did they get up on the wrong side of the bed? Did they eat something that disagreed with them? I've been to three movies lately the critics weren't wild about, and they weren't so bad. A lot of it has to do with your mood, and the company you're keeping. I saw *Mystery, Alaska*, which is a hockey movie, with a bunch of hockey fans. Well, of course we enjoyed it. It was great fun! (The theater's Ladies' Room was festooned with toilet paper—damned hockey fans...!)

Then Julie and I went to see *For the Love of the Game*, which is a baseball movie with Kevin Costner. Well, the critics haven't liked anything Kevin has done in years. Nonetheless, he still looks good to us, and baseball is a nostalgic sport for me. (I understand they still play, but I don't follow it anymore.) His hair is thinner, but I think it's his. The boy/girl story was interesting enough to make us glad we went. Tonight I went, by myself, to see *Random Hearts*. From the reviews I had read I was expecting the worst, but soon got sidetracked. For one thing, this is one that will never be an in flight movie. There was graphic footage of underwater buckled-in dead people. The story is about a man and woman travelling together who died, and their surviving spouses' reactions. The woman whose husband had died was ready to put it all behind her and be done with it. I thought her a sensible woman. But Harrison Ford's character, Dutch, wouldn't let it be. Dutch was a police investigator and he had to understand all about it.

I read recently that Ford had his ear pierced, at age 50 or thereabouts. He said he had always wanted to. Well, there it was in the movie, a tiny non-reflective stud. They gave Dutch a hairstyle that looked like a crew cut growing out—I guess they thought a policeman should have a pseudo-military cut. He looked like a dandelion. I saw him later in an interview with the hair still short, but lying down and brushed back. It looked a lot better. At least he still has hair. I'm sure 47 people will correct me if the man wears a wig. *Random Hearts* wasn't nearly so dark and somber as I had been given to understand, and I enjoyed it more than I thought I would.

The one movie the critics have raved about lately is *American Beauty*. A tribute to the continuing War Between Men and Women, it was billed as a black comedy. Black it was, but comic? No. There is nothing funny about a family falling apart. There is nothing funny about a madman living next door. It was so unfunny, it was riveting.

We lived next door to a madman once. His wife and daughter lived in fear of him just as the movie's wife and son lived in fear of their mad husband/father. Our madman shot himself in the head on the living room sofa. The movie's madman also used a firearm to solve his problems.

Kevin Spacey's character, Lester, fixates on a cheerleader in his daughter's school. He fantasizes about her. O.K. This sort of thing happens. The girl is an innocent pretending to be Lolita, not understanding the trouble she can get into, and cause. Watching the movie, I was afraid for her. I remember being 16.

By the middle of this movie I was mesmerized, watching in

horrified admiration as Lester methodically destroys his life. His daughter and the madman's son (who is kind of crazy himself) are drawn together, and I am impressed once again with the human animal's ability to survive. Whether they survive after the story's end, I don't know.

The madman's wife has withdrawn from the world. She seems an automaton, paralyzed, having to live in the same house but unable to live in the same reality as the monster her husband has become. He seems so normal on the surface...

Lester's wife, on the other hand, fights the good fight. She is flawed, but she is feisty, too. The more Lester acts out, the more she reacts. She doesn't understand what is happening to Lester, and that's a pity because she is a strong woman.

We know how this story must end... we see it coming and are powerless, in our theater seats, to keep it from happening. As so seldom happens in Hollywood, the story plays out as it must. Lester redeems himself at the last minute (not knowing it was his last minute) and for that we are grateful. But his fate is not diverted, neither by scriptwriter nor money-man wanting a happy ending.

So, I'll give the critics this one. *American Beauty* is a very good movie, one of the best of the year. Definitely not a feel-good movie, but one you'll think about and talk about long after you've seen it.

I went to see *Bringing Out the Dead* this afternoon, by myself again since I knew no one who wanted to see it. Sometimes I have to see something really bizarre to make me feel more normal. It's almost like being a voyeur, to look into the seamy side of life that I will never experience. And this was bizarre. Nicholas Cage played what he plays so well: the anguished, suffering Everyman, in this case the paramedic who has worked too long in the field. His beat is the neighborhood where he grew up—rife with whores, drug addicts and drunks. He's suffering from guilt at not being able to save more lives—a particular face haunts him. In short, it's getting to him. In three nights he is paired with John Goodman, the most nearly normal one; Ving Rhames, the religious one; and Tom Sizemore, the crazy one who enjoys it too much. As he can't help the dead, our Hero fixates on the daughter of a dying man he brought in. She has almost more problems than he does, but he finds peace, temporarily anyway, with her.

But all this aside, what was really interesting about this movie was the Emergency Room at Our Lady of Perpetual Sorrows. It makes our *E.R.* on NBC look sterile. It's worth it to see and listen to those emergency room doctors and nurses work, and that security guard! Waiting in chairs was like waiting in the lion's den. The uniformed and armed guard wore dark shades and his ultimate threat to the unruly waiters-in-chairs was "Don't make me take off my glasses." The gore and gritty realism was at a much higher level than what you see on TV. There was a dead baby, and a man impaled on a cast iron fence. All in all, you come out feeling that your own reality is not so bad after all.

MORE WITCHARD'S ARMAGNAC?

“But Is It Real?”

Witchard's Armagnac is a potent spirit that some say adds clarity to otherwise muddled thought. Let's hope.

E.R. Stewart

Recently, during a science fiction writing workshop conducted via email, two Asimov stories were cited as examples of how certain themes and ideas can be handled.

Professor James Gunn, who hosts the workshop, mentioned the interesting fact that these two stories – “The Bicentennial Man” and “The Ugly Little Boy” – were the two stories least typical of Asimov's work. Further, “The Ugly Little Boy” was Asimov's favorite among his many stories.

The Good Doctor wrote that “The Ugly Little Boy” was not only atypically emotional for an Asimov story, but had come as a complete surprise to him. He claimed not to know how he'd managed the story's sentimental effect and further claimed he could never duplicate it.

Professor Gunn quoted Theodore Sturgeon's observations that “...all writers have a story they could not possibly have written...” He then pointed out that Asimov had two.

One of the students then chimed in. He claimed to be an Asimov fan and to have read most of Asimov's work, but said he'd somehow missed “The Ugly Little Boy”. He found a copy and, having read it, called it a disappointment. Asimov had ended it illogically, he said, and had spoiled the story by opting for emotion over logic. “I did not expect this of Asimov,” was his central comment.

This response both surprised and unnerved me. “The Ugly Little Boy” is one of my favorites from Asimov for precisely the reasons that so disgusted the other reader. It surprised me that its very difference made the story fail for this other reader.

It unnerved me that such an ungenerous attitude would be extended toward even a work by The Good Doctor. After all, if an Asimov story must meet certain categorical expectations in order to please fans, what chance would one of my stories, with no fan base to defend them, stand with readers?

It seemed especially faanish, this martinet attitude towards writers. “We'll accept you only this way and no other,” it seemed to say. “We'll decide what you can write by keeping you categorized, boxed, and safely within our expectations.”

Not so great, is it, for a writer with a wide-ranging set of interests or skills? Not so great for a writer who might want to branch out, who might like a challenge. Not so great for creativity, either.

No writer wrote as wide a range of books as Isaac Asimov. He was not the most prolific, despite his hundreds of published books, but he was unquestionably the most polymathic of writers. His work covers most of the Dewey Decimal system.

And yet a self-proclaimed fan insisted on the tried-and-true when assessing the very story Asimov liked best of his own work, and found the story despicable.

No quarter was given. No relaxing of ironclad expectations. His fan's rant seemed to say: “When I read an Asimov story, I want logic and I'll accept nothing else. No surprises, no new angles, and certainly no emotion; Asimov's allotted one button and he'd better push it or else.”

Fame is fleeting but fandom is fierce, even of rare, small digressions from its idea of a writer's proper work.

Obviously the workshop teaches harsh lessons. One lesson might well be to beware of attracting fans to one's work. That readers don't always realize what writing means to the writer, and worse, don't care, is clear in too many cases.

Writing, as with all art, is human first and foremost, and human beings do emotional, irrational, and unexpected things all the time. It should come as no surprise that human art reflects all this surprise, encompasses and embodies all the wild talents and hidden variables of its creators.

To pigeonhole is to try to control. Maybe fans can be understood that way: When they become dictatorial about what their favorites can and cannot do, perhaps they're only struggling to master their own insecurities. They crave reinforcement, reassurance, and repetition. Anything else sparks anxiety and prompts attack.

Dickens learned this when he tried to kill off Paul Dombey. Doyle learned it when he tried to kill off Sherlock Holmes. King wrote of it in *Misery* and even Heinlein grumbled about it from the grave.

I learned it in a James Gunn email workshop. Others will learn it from the marketplace.

After decades of organized fandom and endless sercon discussion of how to define and even how to read or interpret sf, the message that it's often a game of cookie-cutting thanks to inflexible reader expectation remains faint and broken-up. Maybe there should be a workshop solely to teach writers what to expect from readers.

Barring that, occasional cries from the wilderness such as this must serve at least to perk up some ears and sharpen some senses.

Well, bottle's closed. Hope such a short snort did you some good. And if you liked it, come back again for more, on various topics.

INTERLOCUTIONS

Trinlay Khadro
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1/14/00

Dear Knarley and the Knews,

Well, we'll just have to have a BIG party for the real start of the millennium next year. I know a few people who seem a bit disappointed by how little happened as a result of Y2K.

Nora & Todd's trip report was nifty; my family spent 3 weeks in Israel when I was 11 or 12 and we went to many of the same places. My Mom was likewise surprised by the river Jordan...having grown up hearing a song about it being "wide and deep." We crossed it at a point where I'd call it a "creek". At Masada we hiked up via the "snake path" ... it was a nice hike but I recall it being terribly hot at the top. There is also a Chagall window at the art institute in Chicago.

"Witchard's Armagnac", I've got to agree with **Alex** and Mr. Clarke on several points; since religious impulse/perception etc. (and religion itself) are a part of the human experience. How realistic is a world view/story that just ignores it all together? I doubt it's going to vanish from human life at any point, (though the roles and expectations for religion may vary quite a lot over time.) in the foreseeable future.

I don't know if this supports **E.R. Stewart's** view or not, but at one time I was on a Buddhism e-mail list; moderated and run by an "A.C. Clarke" who appeared to be e-mailing from Sri Lanka. Oddly enough; I haven't managed to hold on to the address and it never occurred to me to ask "Are you A.C. Clarke the author?" I may dig around a bit and see if I can round it up and send him an inquiry...and maybe a copy of the article.

Gene: Egads Congress is a regular rogues gallery! I don't care about anyone's sex life, but this list of "activities" leaves me wondering, of the lot of them, who's got any business pontificating about morals or "family values". So, how many owe arrearages on child support or alimony? (Yes, including the females!)

So, how can we respond to an A or B on a report card followed with a comment "Not working to potential"...this has left me puzzled for a year or two. Particularly an A+ with the comment.

IMHO all the references (or most of them) in the Lucas films are supposed to be recognized by adult viewers. Though there is a secondary game of "spot the iconography" that can be played as well. (i.e. half-buried Buddha statues on Naboo; and the Jedi Council building being set in the center of a Mandala.)

I vaguely recall that the "shock therapy" trips to the morgue had a significant effect, but for a short period of time. However, it may buy enough time for some teens for their behavior to be modified by maturity. Likewise in most cases; people who aren't much affected by TV violence still find real violence disturbing, shocking, and heartbreaking. Violent crimes in which the act of violence is enjoyed or glorified also tend to include the criminal's dehumanization of the victim. Of course, mileage varies.

As for "advertisers wouldn't do it if it didn't work" brings to mind the "Energizer Bunny" who for years I'd never recall his product but could perfectly recall the fake ad products that he interrupted.

I'm glad you liked Faeriepithicus and caught the reference to Archeopteryx. There's a cast of the famous fossil at the Milwaukee Public Museum which was partial inspiration.

In addition to *The Three Stooges*, *Road Runner*, etc. I was also watching Kung-Fu movies as a kid. Heck, I still enjoy them, but I never attempted any of the moves on the playground. (OK, I did try a few in the privacy of my own room, and years later I took a course; but that's it.)

Sticky fingers may or may not wear postal uniforms, but I do know that mailroom staff are often not only the lowest man on the totem pole but the lowest paid. Even if the cash makes it out of the mailroom intact with your order, the next worker to see it doesn't make much more than the Joe in the mailroom.

I like print zines because I can haul them to work with me and LOC at lunch; or read them in the tub at home.

I finally asked the landlord and the switch, apparently, controls an outlet I can't reach.

Also what is "Tschüß" and how does one do it safely? Do I need a helmet? Safety belt? Bungee?

The full story of my recent medical adventure is at: <http://www.homestead.com/tktk.myscar.html>. (Warning it includes an icky jpeg.)

Marty, my current day job is for a courier service, all the company vehicles have the number on the side and the message "now hiring drivers". 90% of the calls in response to the truck ads are "bored retired guys". (Though some of our best drivers are in their 80s and one is 90 something! Reliable, on-time, and safe.) Maybe it won't be working for McD's but eventually you could very well find yourself looking for something to do.

Harry, I do know a few, people who have remained not only friendly "for the sake of the kids" but actually very good

friends. "I still love, but we were just not meant to be married to each other." I find that situation enviable! I do believe that **Julie** will come through this alright without becoming some kind of "man-hater". But it looks like rough going, and we may all need some occasional reminding that "not all men are dogs."

Locally there is a record shop (almost exclusively CDs these days) where there's generally a \$5 (or more) discount for cash. Brand new hot albums are often \$10-12 there (cash). I think by cash they mean real cash and not cheques which are sometimes suspect.

Lloyd, Milwaukee will also (after 2003) lose Gencon to Indianapolis we're told because there is "no hotel space adjacent to or in the convention center." Oh geeze! conventioners might have to cross the street or walk a block in Milwaukee in August. Gee, are gamers that out of shape?

It's possible the long term Gencon attendees will revolt at the loss of such traditions such as The Safe House, etc.

I think most of us seriously don't care and don't want to know the gory details of the President's (or anyone else's) love life...except maybe the perverts in other public offices.

Joseph, look up Ah Ch'ing surely you jest...someone needs to look it up? :-) (Do I get any points for knowing off the top of my head? What is the most recent Imperial Dynasty of China?" or "Which Chinese Dynasty was actually the Manchurian?" "Who are the bad guys in all those Kung-Fu flicks?")

I hope **Sheryl**'s housing/land troubles will be happily resolved for her. I'm kinda hoping to eventually be able to buy a home of my own; maybe after my daughter goes off to college and I can move into a lower tax region outside of the county.

Take care of everyone!
Trinlay

☐**CKK**: *I wonder if I fall in the dog category of men or some other less than savory classification? I had heard Gencon might be moving, but hadn't heard it was final. It is one of the largest events every year in Milwaukee and was one factor in the convention center expansion.*☐

Ned Brooks
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January 15, 2000

Hi Knarley - Thanks for the zine. The audio version of *The Green Mile* that I have is read by Frank Muller, and consists of 12 tapes boxed two at a time with a notice that each box runs about 3 hours – that would make it about 18 hours altogether. It doesn't seem to say anywhere that it is unabridged, but they can't have cut much. The book came out as a serial in 6 parts. The movie, which I haven't seen yet, must be adapted somewhat as the part Hanks plays is a much older man in

the original. I couldn't see sitting through over three hours of movie – I may get the tape one of these days.

Nice cover and other art. What is it in your DTP that forces a paragraph break in the middle of a sentence? I gave up doing *IGOTS* in double column because the software has a flaw where it forgets the paragraph indent in the right-hand column. Your blank line between paragraphs is like HTML and I am forced to that when I convert the zine for the website. There are two things I haven't been able to do with HTML – it apparently is incapable of doing an indent, and I can't make the background in the illos have the page color. My graphics software seems to offer this, but does not actually do anything.

Best, Ned

☐**CKK**: *Any breaks in the middle of sentences are due to import glitches from e-mail that I missed while editing. Entirely human error. The blank line between paragraphs is entirely a style choice by me, the software lets me set anything I want in terms of indents or whitespace.*☐

Elizabeth Garrett
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1-18-00

Knarley Gnome:

Samuel Hetherington is charming, as newborns generally are. It is a survival trait. Cute gets nurtured and newborn humans take a peck of nurturing before they can begin to even try to do anything for themselves.

Not that it's much comfort to **Julie**, but when my big cousin Jimmy, then 40 decided to trade his first wife in on a trinket my age (28 at the time) he took such a fit of the uglies that all the family landed firmly on Jeanie's side, and poor Shelia couldn't understand why her new in-laws wouldn't accept her. Jimmy'd denigrated Jeanie to her, and she didn't realize that none of the rest of the clan felt that she was that bad a Carver-by-marriage.

Gene Stewart et al.: My mother couldn't grasp that having been put up a grade made it impossible for me to please some teachers – especially if I had knowledge that didn't, as sometimes happened. I had some good teachers, but there are a lot out there who see it as a godlike profession with pupils as mortals to be shaped. My ideal criterion is someone who (1) has contagious passion for the field s/he is teaching combined with (2) an understanding of how to convey the mechanics of this type of learning to the student who is non-intuitive in the field.

'Nuff for now.
Elizabeth Garrett

☐**CKK**: *As a professor I hardly see myself as god-like. I do feel though that I have plenty to pass on and wish that more of my students had a true passion for learning. Some are all but impossible to inspire.*☐

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, MD 21740
January 18, 2000
Dear Henry:

So far, I'm still perfect at writing dates. I thought a lifetime habit of beginning a date with 19 would take months to break. Apparently all the commotion over Y2K and arguments over when the 21st century begins overcame that old habit.

I enjoyed the recently arrived *Knarley Knews* just as much as if it were still 1999 or any preceding year. The lead article was particularly interesting to me, because I have been reading a great deal by and about Joyce Grenfell, not too well known in the United States, but enormously popular in the mid-19th century in England as a monologist, singer, and actress. She spent years entertaining British troops in outposts throughout Africa and Asia and wrote extensively about her adventures. Some of them occurred in much the same territory that **Nora** and **Todd** write about for you. Things over there have obviously changed and remained the same simultaneously in the course of the past half-century.

This might be the only article in the history of fanzines about Harry Connick, Jr., the one that **Charlotte Proctor** writes in this issue. I'm sure the musician doesn't jibe with the interests of either those who like rock and those who like serious music. He may be one of the last of his kind, because the two forms of entertainment are drawing further and further apart.

E.R. Stewart is probably right in arguing that science fiction can't afford to exclude anything. But something deep within me wishes mightily that a few exceptions could be made for this generality; cute computer-driven robots that serve as guides to intrepid spacemen, dolphins that do improbable things to keep a plot moving, and *Star Trek*'s "universal translator", for instance.

Madison Avenue seems very irrational in its handling of demographics. For instance, we are told that television advertising needs to go into programs that interest young people, from the late teens to 40 or thereabouts, because that age group has the most money available to spend and is most apt to try out new products. So about 80% of all television programming is aimed at this age group. Maybe one-fourth to one-third of those in the target group are in poverty conditions and thus unlikely to spend much money on advertised products and services. Of the remainder, how many will be

watching a given offering on the 40 or so channels that most cable systems and satellite dish services now offer? If interest is split 40 ways, it won't be much of an audience for any given advertisement; if a few channels attract most of those viewers, the majority of the ads will have miserably small viewing. Meanwhile, the middle-aged and elderly audience are overlooked, even though they eat just as much as young people, probably spend more on patent medicines and household cleaning products, and are often more credulous about advertising claims than the skeptical younger generation.

All this talk about new area codes for telephone users caused me to think fondly of the old days when there were "exchange names" that permitted telephone users to need remember only five digits when dialing a number. I imagine almost nobody under 40 or thereabouts remembers them now, and I'm not sure why the telephones manufactured today still have the three letters next to each number as it was in the old days. Hagerstown was REgent. The southern part of this county where the battles of South Mountain and Antietam were fought had a GEneral exchange, and the county's western part, whose hillsides were covered with thousands of apple and peach trees, had an ORchard exchange. The telephone company got into deep trouble when it used CANal for a part of the county along the abandoned Chesapeake and Ohio Canal bed. Its employees hadn't realized that the vicinity of the canal was inhabited by poor white trash and the most affluent residents of that area objected to anything reminding them of the old waterway. The changeover to all-digit telephone numbers was made because so many combinations of the first two digits didn't exist in English words. I suppose the only way the average person can be reminded of the old system today is by a glimpse of exchange letters in an old movie.



Curiously, I can't remember a night when at least one of my parents wasn't in the house when I was a child. It could have happened during babyhood when I hadn't yet begun to remember things, of course. I do recall the strange feeling when I was eight or nine years old and my father's brother died. My father had to spend several days in Delaware attending to funeral details and estate matters. It was sort of scary for me and yet exciting to know only my mother and I were at home.

Yrs., &c.,
Harry Warner, Jr.

☐CKK: The letters on the phone dial are still used. They are used to enter text on messaging pagers, on my cell phone to

give names to numbers, and to browse a phone directory for an automated answering service. We have an old yard stick that still has the old exchange name on it.□

Joseph T. Major
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January 19, 2000

Dear Knarley and Letha:

And now the knews...The Y2K prophets of disaster have spin-doctored their prophecies of disaster. No one will be so rude as to remind Gary North that he was predicting cars being unable to start, even coffeepots with implanted chips dying. Depictions of starving masses howling their way through paralyzed, lightless towns did not come to pass. But it sold books.

Editorial: "I was the only active zine editor in attendance" at Ditto. Ghood Ghod! On the other hand, as reported in *File 770*, the Corflu crowd – Ted White and his associates are now writing for Arnie Katz's consumer website.

"The Sydrian Perspective": I understood that Petra was Arab, not Roman, but it is Roman-era. It is also the "Rose-red city, half as old as time."

"My Reality Checks Are Bouncing": First, *Commentary* has this article on a singer who died an agonizing death, and oh yes, she had Crohn's Disease. Then, a magazine article about a 54-year-old man who died an agonizing death, and oh yes, he had Crohn's Disease. Now **Alexander** writes about Brenda Bennett and her agonizing death, and oh yes, she had Crohn's Disease. There are many who see this as an invigorating prospect for me (and oh yes, I have Crohn's Disease).

"More Witchard's Armagnac": I thought it interesting to read the Panshins' *The World Beyond the Hill*, with its discussion of the transcendental theme of science fiction. But, they say, science fiction came to an end in August, 1945; once the atom bomb had been used, it was no longer possible to write science fiction. (This Theory, which is their Theory, with a Capital "T", was severely criticized, or perhaps criticised, by John Clute, whose Theory, which is his Theory, with a Capital "T", is that science fiction came to an end in October, 1957; once the first satellite, Sputnik, had been launched, it was no longer possible to write science fiction, and hearsay must by ruthlessly extirpated.)

Since Sir Arthur C. Clarke, who specializes in transcendental themes, was writing after the epochal date of August, 1945, he only thinks he is writing science fiction, and is entirely beyond the Panshin purview. Poor Ego.

InterLOCutions: Gene "Old 815" Stewart: "[Who] does it profit to keep some counties dry?" Why, the bootleggers! Yew ah talking, suh, 'bout one of Kaintucky's most basic industries – moonshining'. Why, Missuh Al Capone hisself sent planes down to Golden Pond in Western Kaintucky to

fly in tew Chee-cago some've Kaintucky's finest 'shine. Small wondah that ouah finest cash crop is now mari-juana.

Seriously, that is true. Those who sell illegal, or semi-legal (in "dry" counties it is legal to have liquor at home, but you can't buy it locally) liquor find a community of interests with those who are opposed to its sale and consumption altogether. Having a closed market makes for higher profit margins.

"Jar Jar Binks may yet prove to be a Dark Side agent in Barney Fife disguise." You mean, the new Sith Lord, Darth Binks? "Yousa joinsa with meesa, embrace the Dark Side of the Force, bery bery powerful, yes."

Trinlay Khadro: I too read all three (of the projected seven) Harry Potter books. You may be interested to learn that *Harry Potter Number 4* ranks high on the book sales list of BigSouthAmericanRiver.com (oh all right Amazon.com) even though it has not only not been released but has not yet even been **announced**! They are, I thought, if anything else relentlessly conventional.

A fun thing might be to, by testing on carefully selected phrases, get some of those wild fundies to denounce the Bible as satanic propaganda.

Which family reunion? Uh, there are the Garrotts in July (**Elizabeth**'s family, the Thomas-Bridges Association in August (Lisa's family), and the various get-togethers by Majors in Christian County (my father's family).

You did know that "Subaru" is the Japanese work for "Pleiades." This is why the corporate logo has the stars.

And sometimes, of course, anti-heros can be fun. Otherwise, why are there so many Flashman fans?

E.B. Frohvet: The editor chastises him, saying "You unfeeling brute. You should have just laid about the serving staff with a large thigh bone," when the staff served to the climax of Also Spake Zarathustra. Then, **EBF** would have screamed victory and thrown the bone into the air, where it, turning over and over, would become a nuclear weapons satellite revolving to the tune of the Blue Danube Waltz...

Joseph T. Major

□**TKK**: *We took advantage of the "dry" county rule for our wedding when we brought in our own wine, champagne, etc. to serve at the reception.*□

Marty Cantor
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January 19, 2000

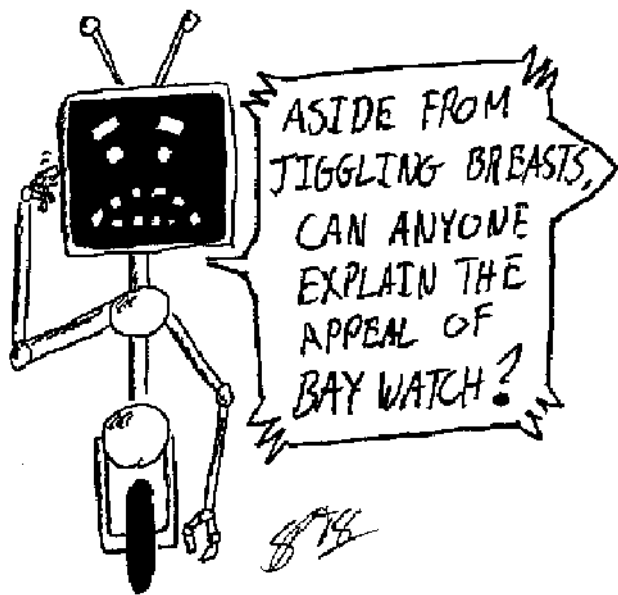
Dear Knarley Pipples:

Again, I thank you for sending the latest issue of *TKK*.

Nora and **Todd** write about their 8-hour trip to Tel Aviv being long. Well, yes; and I suppose that 8 hours non-stop on

an aeroplane is rather tiresome. I understand that flying non-stop from Los Angeles to Sydney is 19 hours in length – that is long. When I flew that route, we made stops in Honolulu and Auckland going there. The return trip (from Melbourne) had stops in Auckland and Tahiti. The stops both ways were appreciated by this fan; still, both flights were very long. “So, we came in the Mediterranean Sea; floated in the Dead Sea, and dove in the Red Sea.” I guess that we can call them seasoned travelers.

Gene Stewart writes about how his kids can tell the difference ‘twixt movie or television depiction of “the real thing.” They compare well, then, to the general population, a goodly portion of which seem not to be able to make that distinction. I remember a “documentary” of some sort, produced by one or another right wing nut (and I forget the name of both the producer and the production) that made quite a stir at the time (it made “the rounds” during the 50s and 60s). A co-worker of mine at the Post Office said that it “showed” the “commies” influencing college students. “You mean,” I asked him “that part where is showed a large college sit-in with students moving back and forth in the rear of the room



and the voice-over stating that the students in back were ‘commies’ egging on the students?” “Yeah,” he replied. I then said to him, “Just because the announcer said they were ‘commies’ egging on the students does not mean that those individuals were doing what somebody reading a script in a studio says that they were doing. They could have been passing along the word of some other campus event – or something else completely innocuous like just talking with their fellow students or telling them that it was going to rain soon and they had better leave now or get drenched.” “Well, this demonstration was communist inspired,” went on the drone from this otherwise intelligent person. People tend to believe what they want to believe and showing other interpretations of “facts” will not always open the minds of some people.

Knarl, the FCC is in the process of implementing something called Local Portability (for which Californians now pay 50¢ per month) – this funds the new capability for subscribers to keep their old telephone number when they switch to a new local provider.

Harry Warner writes that he must be the only person in fandom or the world who has not seen either Barney or Jar Jar. No, there are at least two of us.

E.B. Frohvet writes, “In the absence of the lamented Buck Coulson has Marty Cantor taken over as fandom’s resident curmudgeon?” Just one of them, **E.B.**, just one of them. But then, in my case, I do not have to try very hard.

Joe Major writes about the proposal that the Hugos should be made of some sub-critical mass of plutonium. This was first proposed back when *Locus* was winning all of its Hugos in the Best Fanzine category. If I did not like Dave Langford so much, I would put forth a proposal to have the winner of X number of Hugos be automatically a winner of the MAFF (the Mid Atlantic Fan Fund).

Rodney Leighton writes about some faneds considering all letters to be LOCs, whether or not they are intended as such. To meet this challenge, I have created a “Not a Letter of Comment” template which I use whenever I want to write to a faned and indicate that it is not a LOC.

Faanishly yours,
Marty Cantor

□**TKK:** *I've read some of the basic patents that will eventually allow for the local number portability. Most of it is simply based on more sophisticated computers to do the switching when a number is dialed.*□

Garth Spencer
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January 19, 2000

Dear Henry,

Just got my issue with the dreaded “O” on the back cover. Guess I'd better hurry up and write at least a quickie loc, and (I hope) a more in-depth, reasoned response later.

Skimming the whole thing to begin with, I noticed that you misdescribed something in **Dale Speirs' Opuntia**. The article you referred to wasn't someone's conrunning guide; it was a *survey* of conrunning guides, a fanhistory, that is. I'm surprised you didn't see that, it was in the title of the article.

The fact that I'm writing this serialized article isn't why I'm disturbed. There is this malign and sinister force that keeps people from actually perceiving what I actually write, sometimes. What is this? Am I communicating with a universe next door, or something? Are mail pixies playing practical jokes on me? Some days I get totally misanthropic and other

days I don't think any of you speak my language and then other days, I say "Oh, sod it" and go see a movie.

Taking a more detailed look at this issue, like in the loccol, the first few things I noticed included the perennial discussions about conrunning. It's clear I'm going to have to go back and see what the discussion was in previous issues (but then I've got a stack of the past year's fanzines to review, and respond to that way). For one thing, I had no idea that conventions had dried up in Milwaukee. Or Cleveland. Or getting squeezed by hotels, in Toronto.

Here's a question I'd like to disseminate to all fanzines on my list: what parameters have generally changed for conventions, in the last, oh, ten years alone? *Are* hotels hiking their function space fees out of the range that concons can afford? For over fifteen years I've been sure that concons generally needed to trim down their plans to something modest, and therefore within their grasp ... at least a few, occasional enthusiasts with delusions of grandeur need to scale down, when they get too enthusiastic... but my concept may not be a great idea, if hotels and chains are jacking up a major expense.

The conflict between cheap fans and hotels wanting catering events is part of a larger mismatch I conceive... a mismatch between the business hotels conceive themselves to be in, and the services fans want, and at what costs. Even the mismatch between how fans present themselves, visually, versus other conference service customers, is part of something larger: our "conventional" convention may be basically misconceived. Have you ever thought that, really, fans have stitched together a fabulous beast, composed partly of a conference, partly of a workshop, partly of a trade show and partly of a temporary gallery, with other features that remind you of Shriners, or the American Legion, or a weekend frat party? I'm not turned off on conventions when I say this. Not hardly. What I'm saying is, these parts are in conflict with each other. So I end by asking, do conrunners generally drag these potential conflicts out in the open – the conflict between hotel and convention, and between different parts of the convention – and resolve them; or do they generally ignore and take for granted the mismatches that can screw up a convention?

I put the question to all of you. I'm willing to bet good money that at least half the conrunning groups in fandom just don't reflect about things that will screw them up. Discuss.

Oh, enough of this for the nonce. I wonder where fannish fandom went?

It was a bit stunning to see **Gene Stewart's** response to **Lloyd Penney**, who apparently saw some kids as left unable to tell the difference between TV or movie depictions and reality. There may be some people like that – there is world enough, and time, for all things – but the kind of character depicted in *Galaxy Quest*, who really really wanted to believe all that TV sci-fi stufh was for real, is...um...not

within my experience. But I gather it happens a few times. One psychiatrist wrote about such a case in something called *The Jet-Propelled Couch*.

☐**CKK:** *The error in describing your article is due to my own poor notes while reading Opuntia and nothing more. As far as conventions go in Milwaukee we've always been squeezed by a pricey hotel market and in most cases the committee hasn't so much overreached its resources as much as slightly overestimated the likely attendance. In recent years it has gotten to the point where the attendance is no longer sufficient to support even the most scaled-down version of the convention the committee wants to put on.*☐

Andrew C. Murdoch
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January 19, 2000

Dear Knarley,

A few years ago in B.C., the area covered by the original 604 area code shrank, from covering the entire province to only covering the area surrounding Vancouver. The rest of the province then got the 250 code. Unlike your situation (and many others in the States, by the looks of the lettercol) this was due to an increase in phone usage rather than an increase in phone companies. Local phone service is still the domain of the monopolies here.

Trinlay Khadro's encounter with banned books reminds me of a friend who showed me a comic printed by some radical Christian group of some sort or another. The comic outright advocated the burning of fantasy and role-playing game books for the good of childrens' souls, even specifically mentioning that this included C.S. Lewis and J.R.R. Tolkien. This despite the fact that Lewis was a born-again Christian and became that way after meeting Tolkien.

This pretty much naturally brings me to **E.R. Stewart's** column. It seems to me that one of the key points about any fiction, regardless of genre, is that it is not about a murder, or living through historical events, or a torrid affair, or hurtling through space in a barely-guided tin can, but about people. Therefore there's absolutely nothing out of place about occultism, mysticism, or religion in SF. Indeed, it should almost be expected.

And, indeed, the notion of a religion of reality, or, as it seems more to me, of the wonders of the universe and everything in it, does seem to be a powerful one. It satisfies the notion of belief in something greater than oneself, yet allows you to feel connected to it. And, best of all, no messy commandments or scripture or the like to compel one to take up arms against another who disagrees, as Clarke fears.

Harry Warner, Jr.: You're not missing much by having never encountered either Jar Jar or Barney (Though I rather liked *Phantom Menace*, Jar Jar included). For those who

couldn't stand Jar Jar, I had my own thoughts on how Lucas could satisfy those who despised him while sufficiently advancing the story. Seems to me that since Jar Jar is, as portrayed, a very helpful, kind, and benevolent sort who really wouldn't hurt a fly, it would be all the more potent scene if he were to be the first being snuffed out by the recently Darkened Anakin....

E.B. Frohvet: While hotel management might not like SF cons, I've heard time and again how staff tend not to mind them much at all. On the whole, we're neater than Shriners, and tip better than businessmen.

Thanks again for this ish. Until next...
Hail, Centurion!
Andrew C. Murdoch

☐**CKK:** *Part of the area code problem in the states is also due to the proliferation of cell phones, pagers, fax machines, and second lines for computers. The proliferation of phone companies with minimum number blocks is just accelerating the inevitable.*☐

Gene Stewart
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19 Jan 2K

Dear Knarley & Letha,

Excellent **Mayhew** cover. Is that the name "Katherine" on the painter's forearm? Great dreamy expression on the face, and love that bowtie.

The layout is clean and sharp and the art reproduction is, too. Nice job.

My only time away from my family has been hospital time. Talk about changed logistics. Sounds as if you had a much better time of it at Ditto, although I don't believe all worries are left behind when one is away from one's kids.

R.I.P. Walt Willis. Celebrate his life and fannish legacy. And yes, Irish fandom's been hit hard lately.

"The Sydrian Perspective" – **Nora & Todd** sure have fun. A romp through the Holy Land sounds great; all that history.



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Belated happy birthdays to **Nora, Todd**, and Todd's father. So you've discovered the Israeli origins of the Klingons, eh?

I envy you seeing all those archaeological sites, although I doubt I could take the heat. Thanks for sharing this wonderful trip with relative coolness.

Page 5's illo from **Terry Jeeves** reminds me of our household, where making sure three boys get clean can be a challenge at times.

Alexander Bouchard's Reality Check bounced into sadness. Brenda Bennett's demise is fandom's loss. Thanks for letting us know of her passing.

As for the second column's brooding: Yes, people are a mandala of light and dark.

"Charlotte's Web" – One of Harry Connick's childhood friends helped me get through ICU in the Landstuhl Regional Medical Center, near Ramstein AFB, in Germany, after my heart-attack. He was delighted to discuss jazz with me, and to reminisce about his days running all over the Big Easy with Connick. It sure kept my spirits up.

And go, Stella, indeed: Her last name wasn't Kowalski by any chance, was it?

INTERlocUTIONS –

Trinlay Khadro – It's typical that they've lumped the Harry Potter books with the Narnia books – such hysterics can't even keep their friends straight, so desperate are they to find enemies. And as you say, yes, I run toward Satanic witchcraft any chance I get, if for nothing else than to warm my hands a bit.

Maybe it was the re-release of Hitchcock's *Vertigo* that led to locking bell towers.

I'd wonder where you are if your letters ceased. Might even write to ask, but then, I'm like that: The exception to all rules. I can understand Knarley's POV, though. As he says, too many have come and gone for him to chase down shadows.

Caring for the elderly is a big and largely thankless job. I admire you for shouldering it.

It's just that my mom's letter arrived a couple weeks after she died. She'd apparently mailed it just before that fateful afternoon, perhaps even on the very day. Yes, it's a treasure now, but it came as a surprise. That's all I meant.

I, too, have noticed that the Buddhism discussion groups tend to have a good many sf fans. My theory is that Buddhism's lack of god-talk and dogma appeals to the same set of minds who would be attracted to sf.

Animé is often violent, yes, but Manga makes it seem quite tame, with its frequent themes of rape and garish revenge & murder, which are used to excuse splashy panels indeed. That most are in black and white is probably a saving grace, especially for the world's supply of red ink.

Indeed, “gifted” kids usually do work far harder than others. It goes hand-in-hand with brains, possibly because the work is more engaging for the smarter kids, who can see more in it than just a chore. They can find more ways to enjoy or use what they learn.

One reason the blast-'em type of hero proliferates is that readers no longer tolerate the more rational, methodical, problem-solving types. This could be due to everyday life's increased pace & pressure. As the tempo increases, impatience does, too. They're not calling CNN HEADLINE NEWS “Get to the point news.” Cut to the chase is an absolute necessity for audiences raised on Hollywood's flashier movies. Anything short of frenetic is viewed as static and boring – they mistake senseless blurs of motion for action. Writers have adjusted by giving us more such “action” of the blast-'em sort, that's all.

Then again, *Gattaca* and *The Truman Show* and a few others have shown that not every story need be the Verhoeven version of RAH's *Starship Troopers*, so it's not entirely a bleak scene.

TKK – I was in a car that reached 140 m.p.h. on a highway in Pennsylvania in the 1970s. My Dad was there and his friend, who'd souped up the Roadrunner with a supercharger, was driving. I was, get this, straddling the gear-shift console. Those were the days before seat belts and, apparently, the days before brains, too. We whizzed by the State Police barracks at Ebensburg, PA, by the way. Last place you'd ever expect to find a traffic cop, you see.

Marty Cantor – But what do you know about PHONES? And just how accurate was Hitchcock's *Dial “M” for Murder*?

How about that new Honda ICE/electric car? Good gas mileage.

They build some zoos on hills in Germany, too, and yes, it does make for pleasant panoramas.

Julie Wall – You've always been SMOFFy to me. Way to go.

Harry Warner, Jr. – Bring back the Hays Commission? You crack me up, **Harry**. How's reviving the Volstead Act strike you?

Lloyd Penney – Literary conventions are evaporating because literacy is moribund. Soon the Haves will have no need to learn reading; their machines will handle everything related to it. So soon literacy will be a sure sign of the lower classes, the mark of the Haven'ts. And the funny part is, they won't be able to read the writing on the wall when it's their turn.

So what movies were/are you in? Tell us, tell us. Or did you erase them already to record another *Farscape*?

Terry Jeeves – Hope all's well; haven't heard from you in a while.

Ned Brooks – King's *The Green Mile* was a great read and I can't wait to see the movie version. Who read the book on tape?

E.B. Frohvet – I thought **Harry Warner, Jr.** was fandom's current curmudgeon, although I don't wish to take away any of **Marty Cantor**'s thunder.

Knarley wrote: “...you should have just laid about the serving staff and trays with a large thigh bone...” and it struck me that you could only do that after falling off the chair, and then only if a large thigh bone was already there. Quel Viking.

Joseph T. Major – Idiot, imbecile, moron, and retarded are all still in use in various places, as clinical terms, but they are, indeed, politically incorrect thanks to the taint such words are seen to carry. However, isn't there a lesson in the fact that any and all words used to describe something that unsettles people eventually gets a pejorative spin put on it?

I think that definition of Jar squared Binks as a cross between a lop-eared rabbit and a gay donkey pretty much sums it up. Also cracks me up. What is it with Lucas – or donkeys – these days?

Ah, but Lucy Lawless being married means nothing, you realize. After all, David Crosby was already spoke-for. So take heart, girls.

Murray Moore – Dead Tree Fanac Forever: Tee shirts anyone? We need to prowl cons wear

And of course you realize that if hemp were the source for paper pulp, most fanzines would go up in smoke.

Joy V. Smith – Hm. Parker used the keyhole-sniffing trick in *Pastime*, didn't he?

Janine G. Stinson – David Berkowitz was convicted on somewhat shaky evidence and, in fact, there's a serious chance that he was but one of several shooters. While he was almost certainly involved and also nuts, the case against him is anything but airtight and, had he been able to afford big-ticket lawyers, he might well have skated.

Eric Lindsay – Methinks our estimable Knarley underestimates the size of the USA. Heck, it's possible in NEBRASKA to find one's self farther than a hundred miles from a gas station.

Ruth M. Shields – My eldest son enjoys *Age of Empires*, too. Also *Civilization II*, *Railroad Tycoon*, *Master of Orion*, and countless others. Strategy games rule, I'm told. Or is it that they rock? Or course, we only recently discovered NanoSaurt hidden in one of our upgrades, so there is a bit of shooting going on, too.

Yes, the Eye of the Needle was a narrow gate in the city wall that prevented more than a single line coming in. Standard defensive technique for centuries, still in use today.

Rodney Leighton – Cigars are just fat cigarettes, you know.

Tom Feller – I'd guess the percentage of U.S. Presidents who have committed adultery is roughly equivalent to the percentage of high-powered executives and the like who have done so. What that is, I've no idea.

Joseph Nicholas – Again, along the same lines, I'd say that the percentage of U.S. Congress members who are gay or lesbian is about the same as in a similar sample group, such as executives of corporations or somesuch. The rule of thumb for the general population is usually about 10% homosexual, but I'm sure it skews somewhat as one factors in special aspects, such as wealth or travel or social prominence.

Right now there are several local news items from around the USA concerning Xtians hounding so-called "atheists, pagans, and New Age satanists" from jobs such as school teacher. It's simmering, but the national/international media has yet to bother with it.

I'm also not sure I agree with Knarley that USA is backwards on sexual matters. Having lived in both Japan and Germany for extended periods, I'd say both those nations were far more backwards when it comes to both sexuality and sex roles. True, nudity and sex are not considered a big deal in Germany, but take a look at the kinds of sex and nudity they don't bat an eyelash at and you quickly realize they're stuck in out-moded, even primitive mind-sets. In Japan it's illegal to show a woman's pubic hair, even in girlie magazines, but Manga are focused on themes of rape, dominance, and brutality of women, along with bloody murder.

A vocal percentage of the USA's diverse population is stridently prudish, yes, and even reactionary, and controversy abounds, but it's as often as not a mask for political agendas advertizing and merchandising to a high degree, but again, look what kind of sex is being presented and you may be surprised at how Neanderthal it all looks.



Sheryl Birkhead – But yes, **Teddy Harvia** is female. It's that **David Thayer** fellow who's stricken with male-ness.

They charge for "perking" where you live? Try drip coffee, then.

Scott Patri's toon on page 26 had me puzzled for a bit. It looked to me as if the canine was scratching fleas onto the outraged minuscule gnomish being, but the I saw the blob and deduced that he must be taking a whiz at the guy. I'm thick as a brick at times.

And this brings us to the exceptional Back Cover, on which we see **Samuel Harley Hetherington**. Welcome to the festival, lad. It gets a lot weirder very soon, so brace yourself.

A grand time was had by me, and I look forward to the next ish. May you always be Knarley, everyone. Or at least one of you.

Tschüß wisely --
Gene Stewart/OLD 815

☐**CKK**: *I'm reminded of some of my reading in high school (not the approved kind) from The Canterbury Tales where sexuality was hardly taboo and many of the sins were associated with avarice. My, how societal morals have changed.*☐

Dale Speirs
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2000-01-20

Area codes are changing everywhere, I see. Alberta recently added a new code. Fortunately I and the old frequent long-distance numbers I call were all in the old area code, so I don't have to re-programme my speed dialer.

Harry Warner mentions he found a new non-electric typewriter. You will notice that I am typing this LOC on a manual typewriter. I do single-page letters on typewriters since it is faster than a computer. I've been through two Brother electrics in the past five years. They are the only ones sold here anymore, so when the second one went, I decided to go with an old-fashioned manual. Calgary has a half dozen typewriter shops selling manuals and IBM Selectrics. All the shop owners agreed that recent electric Brothers are poor quality but the IBM is a steady seller. Word processors are good for long articles and layouts, but in the time it takes to warm up the printer and boot up the computer, I can be done half a page of a LOC. I do find that one problem is that when I sit down at the typewriter, I instinctively reach for the on switch.

With regards,
Dale

☐**CKK**: *I never developed the finger strength for a manual (my mother used to own one) and now the computer is on most of the time so I don't have to wait for a reboot or printer to whip out a short LOC. However, the short one's usually end up on post cards.*☐

Joy V. Smith
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January 20, 2000

Eric Lindsay
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January 21, 2000

Dear Knarley,

Interesting cover. An artistic sheep/rabbit cross?

I'm glad you got to escape to Ditto and have that great meal too. (If you're ever at EPCOT, check out the Norwegian buffet in the castle.)

Wonderful report on the trip to Israel. (I'm pretty sure I'm never going to ride a camel.) What a lot there is to see in that area! I hadn't realized that swimming in the Dead Sea could be so uncomfortable...

Interesting article on SF, religion, and mysticism. Why should we limit ourselves when writing SF, which I think is one of the most unlimited genres?

Nice selection of LoCs. **Trinlay**, I checked out your daughter's web site—very nice. (I did not build my web site, btw.) Thanks to **Marty Cantor** for the info about the blocks of phone numbers. That makes sense, but it certainly is wasteful. Interesting about overlays too. **Harry Warner**, I dropped AT&T when they started charging me for not making long distance calls. Just about that time AOL offered me a \$25.00 check, no monthly fee for not making long distance calls, and some free AOL months online, so I took them up on their offer. You have to pay your local server when you do this, btw. And it took a while to get registered with AOL for some reason...

Lloyd Penney, Isortofmiss**Scott Patri**'s Trekkiecartoons. (I know, **Scott**, they're NOT Trekkie cartoons.) **Tom Feller**, thanks for the info on presidents and adultery. It's too easy to make generalizations. (I hope the trend is not to even more immature presidents.) **Sheryl Birkhead**, all the

best in your real estate situation. These things can drag on...

I love the cartoon on page 26, but there's something about the way that dog's lifting his leg...

Oh, and thanks for the baby photo on the back cover. He is so cute! Congratulations to his parents.

Appreciatively,
Joy V. Smith

☐**TKK**: *The minimum monthly charge for long distance calls is so far below my radar screen that I don't even notice it. We typically run upwards of \$100/month on long distance between Letha's business and with our families distributed to the corners of the US.*☐

Thanks for TKK #79.

Glad to see another fan who knows when the millenium actually commences.

Our scanner has gone troublesome, with several lines of pixels dead on it. Makes OCR work impossible, and only careful placement will let us scan photos without some error in the result.

I haven't owned a coat or a tie for some time now, so I wouldn't be able to attend the sort of places **Dick** and **Leah Smith** took you. I do recall they took me to a Chicago pizza place once that certainly did impressive work. Not being a big eater, restaurants are normally wasted on me.

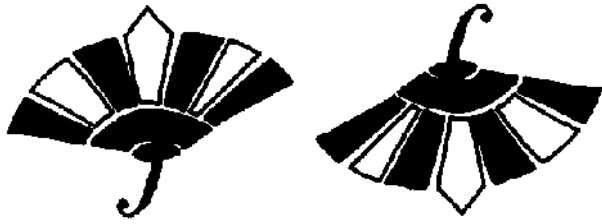
I'll stick with my point that advertisers wouldn't do it if it didn't work. I wouldn't deny for a moment that it may not work as effectively as they would wish, and I agree with **Gene** about lies, damned lies, and statistics. My argument is that there is no great reason to allow companies to do whatever they like. I have no objection to individuals doing anything that doesn't harm others, but I strongly believe the power of companies needs to be curtailed, and soon. If they have no heart, and no soul, then their morality needs to be established by legislation, and not left to the goodwill of a company. Especially not when the bottom line and stockholder returns are considered to be essential.

Jean and I certainly don't object to US dollars in cash; we can use them when we are travelling in the USA. Many tourist areas will accept US dollars, usually at a ruinous rate of exchange. I have noticed here that US\$100 bills are not accepted by the banks – too many forgeries around, I guess.

Jean got her truck licence without trouble. I was hopeless at driving the thing, and probably can't get a booking for another test until sometime in April.

All the best
Eric Lindsay

☐**TKK**: *Most of the places that require coat and tie keep a limited selection of coats and ties for use of the patrons. They aren't the highest quality things nor the best fitting, but they will do in a pinch.*☐



Rodney Leighton
RR #3
Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0
Canada
Jan. 21, 2000

Dear Henry & Letha:

Thanks for #79.

For about 8 or so years, I wanted to write some sort of review of every DIY item I received and did so, publishing them myself and submitting them here and there. Then I started occasionally thinking doing so was more of a pain in the keister than anything else. I started slowing down. Periodically I would get the reviewing urge and write some things and send them off or publish them. My thoughts on writing reviews would range from wanting to have reviews written by me published in every zine I got that published such things and more besides to not wanting to write any. Five years after I started thinking about not doing so many reviews, I find myself almost at the point at which I do them by request only. Which is about where I wish to be, I think.

For a number of years, I used to state that I would write the best LOC I could to every fanzine which arrived, after I had read it, and would have the LOC in the mail within 3 weeks of receiving the fanzine. I did it too. I wanted a lot more than I got. I would have gladly held to that criteria. About 3 years ago I started having concerns and reservations. Since then I have ranged from a desire to obtain many more fanzines and read them all and LOC them all as soon as possible to deciding to gaffiate completely.

Right now, I am at the stage of enjoying reading them but am not the interested in being involved in the conversations on going or in participating much, if any. Which is not really what SF fanzines are all about. I am not soliciting any for the simple fact that I do expect to be FAFIA for the summer and fall. But I wouldn't mind having some show up.

I would anticipate that I will be gone from SFandom completely within two years. But who knows?

Where did you get this idea about a law against sending cash in the mail? Could be although I've never heard of any such thing. When...the infrequent time...I have money to spare for things I always send cash. Almost all of it has gotten through. Some has likely gotten lost. There have been hundreds of \$1 or \$2 orders which never appeared but I figure that was almost all rip-offs. None within fandom; other zines and stuff. I have often sent \$20 bills to people and gotten

what I ordered. A publisher friend in Australia once sent me about \$15 in Canadian cash that some fools had sent him for his zine. Unlike US cash which is valuable many places, Canadian cash ain't worth nothing outside of Canada and not a hell of a lot within Canada.

I should tell **Harry Warner** that I don't have any idea who or what Barney or Jar Jar might be. Perhaps that indicates I didn't pay attention last issue or something.

Best,
Rodney

☐**CKK:** *The law I recall is that it is illegal to send cash out of the country.*☐

Tom Feller
PO Box 68203
Nashville, TN 37206
TomFeller@aol.com
January 22, 2000 12:57 PM

Thanks for sending the zine.

Like Robert Heinlein, Tom Clancy writes about competent persons. His Jack Ryan character would not be out of place in one of RAH's novels, except that he goes to church and is faithful to his wife.

I don't consider Clancy to be an SF writer, because his Jack Ryan world never changes as a result of a scientific discovery or a technological advance. No matter what happens, Ryan and his friends manage to restore it to the same condition they found it, minus a few bad guys.

Regarding discounts for cash payments, my company's discount rate for Mastercard and Visa is only about 1.8%, because of our transaction volume and use of card swipes, and Discover and American Express are not that much higher. Consequently, we'd lose money if we offered a 5% discount for cash, and I doubt offering a discount for anything less would be worthwhile. There's not even any advantage in getting the money immediately, because we get our money from the credit card processor via automatic deposits in about the same amount of time as it takes our people at the properties to take cash and checks to the local bank and then for our folks at corporate to transfer the funds to our main bank accounts.

A "mom-and-pop" operation that cannot negotiate such a low discount rate and can directly deposit its receipts into its checking account may still find it advantageous to offer discounts for cash.

Best wishes,
Tom Feller

☐**CKK:** *More and more merchants now tell me that cash is their most expensive payment option due to the risks of theft and increased handling. I just want readers to understand that the real money in credit cards is in the handling charge, not in the interest payments.*☐

Harry Andruschak
PO Box 5309
Torrance, CA 90510-5309
harryandruschak@aol.com
23 January 2000

Dear Editors:

Thank you for sending The Knarley Knews #79. As you can see I now have e-mail, sort of. This e-mail is restricted to those whose e-mail addresses I have put into a special registry.

I note **Gene Stewart's** comment to me. I should point out that my viewpoint on the human race in general and teenagers in particular may be warped by the fact that I have been working at the local AA office as a phone volunteer, twice a week, 4-7PM since 1993. (And I should be celebrating 16 years of sobriety on 17 March 2000.)

Also noted **Ruth Shields'** comments about computer games eating up time. My current addictions include SimTower and SimIsle among others. Plus an old shareware game (but I paid for the registered version, thank you very much) titled "Capture the Flag".

Yours Aye...

□**TKK:** *The e-mail registry sounds like an attempt by AOL to reduce SPAM and it works fine as long as you know in advance who you'd like to get e-mail from. That won't work for my wife's business or for a university professor.*□

Robert Lichtman
PO Box 30
Glen Ellen, CA 95442
robertlichtman@yahoo.com
February 02, 2000

Dear Henry,

I see by the number on the backcover of *TKK* No. 79 that I've been remiss in writing to you in recent months, and can only plead a very busy life that's not involved as much time in front of this computer as usual. I've also, of course, been continuing to recover from the auto accident I suffered last summer. My neck still bothers me but it's been getting better. I had an MRI on it last fall which was reviewed by a neurosurgeon, who told me that happily I don't require surgery but unhappily that recovery takes place over an extended period of a year or even more. I'm also still working on the details of a settlement with the auto insurance company of this party who hit me.

Because I'm still rather short of time, I'm going to restrict my comments for the most part to No. 79. It was good that you and Letha got to attend Ditto in Minneapolis last fall. I know exactly what you mean about how wonderful it was to get away from the kids, even for a short period of time. It must've made Ditto into something of a second honeymoon for you.

Nora and Todd's travelogue was interesting reading. Their mention of "the bunkers the Syrians used to attack the communities across the lowlands across the Jordan River" reminded me of similar installations that survive to this day along the headlands in Marin County overlooking the Golden Gate Bridge and the parts of the Pacific leading to it. These were put in place during the early days of World War 2 when it was feared that the Japanese might try to invade the U.S. mainland. When my children were younger, they used to love it when I'd take them to those bunkers so they could jump in and out and over and survey the sea and entrance to San Francisco Bay.

E. R. Stewart writes, paraphrasing Arthur C. Clarke, that "science fiction is the only literature to deal with reality, because it's the only one to include technology and science and the effects they have on our lives." This is a nice, pat statement, but it leaves out every other part of reality, including the natural world and the human experience, and I think it's a weakness on Clarke's part to say so. There are certainly plenty of science fiction stories that put the lie to it.

Regarding **Trinlay Khadro's** experience with owning a Subaru, it's too bad that it's soured her on imported automobiles. I know several people who own Subarus and they're quite happy with them, but they do admit that part of that happiness is predicated on having a reliable mechanic who knows the eccentricities of that particular car. I've owned Nissans and Toyotas since 1980 and have no complaints about them. They are in wide enough ownership and exist in sufficient quantities everywhere in the U.S. that there is no problem finding someone who knows them well to perform maintenance and repair on them. I'd also add Hondas to the list. Of course, all three are mostly now made in the U.S.

Harry Warner Jr. writes, "Sometimes I think nationalizing the telephone system in the U.S. would give better service." But **Harry**, the phone service was sort of nationalized until 1984 in the AT&T monopoly that was broken up. The phone service, or lack of it, was a national running joke – remember Lily Tomlin's Ernestine the Operator?

Where did you get your information, in your response to **Terry Jeeves**, that "in the USA the wholesale cost of milk is fixed depending upon the farm's distance from Eau Claire, Wisconsin"? This is news to me. It seems to me that milk pricing is much more balkanized than that.

And regarding your comment to **Murray Moore** about the term, "dead tree fanac," I also eschew it. I've priced hemp paper, thinking I would use it for at least the cover on an issue of *Trap Door*, and it's too expensive. Maybe someday hemp paper will be competitive with the more usual kind, and then I'd be happy to switch over.

Eric Lindsay comments that the phone system in Australia has "moved exclusively to eight digit numbers." I've long thought that the proliferation of area codes in this country would be largely unnecessary if we'd do the same. It would instantly increase the number of available phone numbers by

1,000%. I still remember in the late '40s when a seventh digit was added to my parents' phone number in Ohio. I was only about six at the time, but it made quite an impression on me.

Like **Sheryl Birkhead**, there have been times when I've rented a car to make a long trip rather than rely on my own. Usually this has been at times when I no longer trusted the reliability of my own car beyond what my auto club card will tow for free, but sometimes it's been because I wanted either a larger car or one with cruise control or both.

Best wishes,
Robert Lichtman

☐**CKK**: *Glad to hear that you are recovering. I recall exploring one of the WWW watchposts when we toured Marin County prior to Confrancisco. The wholesale price of milk and the distance to Eau Claire is a long standing annoyance to Wisconsin dairy farmers. Every year our senators attempt to get the problem addressed, but it is usually quashed in favor of some other pork. I think kenaf might be a cheaper paper alternative than hemp. It has a higher yield, has whiter pulp, and doesn't suffer the political and social baggage of hemp.*☐

Lloyd Penney
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Etobicoke, ONT M9C 2B2
Canada
penneys@netcom.ca
February 02, 2000

Dear Knarley and Letha:

Many thanks for a copy of issue 79 of *The Knarley Knews*. I'll dive right in, and comment here and there.

I would like to get to another Ditto some time. I was at the first one in Toronto, and that's been it. For us, it's money and distance. Even the year it was held in Ann Arbor, MI, we were flat broke, and couldn't get there. I am hoping for one within driving distance soon. Also, the long line of friends passing continues...Mae Strelkov passed away on January 22.

I hope **Todd** and **Nora** are enjoying the Netherlands. I've never had any desire to visit Israel, but I went to Holland in 1990 for the Worldcon, and had a great time. I'd like to see their Dutch trip report, to see if they went to any of the places Yvonne and I did.

I think that superstition, mysticism and religion can exist in a science fictional world because it exists in ours. However, in a future that is presumably more scientific and rational, there may be more explanation for why those all too human thought patterns exist in the sfnal world. The first is that that sfnal world has human beings in it. I can't see our need for explanation going away any time soon, even if that explanation is in those superstitious, mystic or religious terms. We explain based on what we know and observe, so if one doesn't have a scientific background or knowledge of empir-

ical methodology, that explanation will include non-scientific terms

I think some teachers are caught between the desires of parents for attention to the special needs of their children, be they gifted or behind the rest, and the policies of the school board they work for. I was considered gifted when I was in early grades, so the school board skipped me a grade. I spent three days in Grade 1, and was deposited in a Grade 2 class. In many ways, this was the worst thing they could have done for me. I lost all touch with my own age group, and basically had no peers my own age. The same school board tried to do the same thing to me again for Grade 6, but my teacher intervened. He'd skipped two grades himself, and knew what I was going through, and what would happen if I was two years younger than my classmates.

After all the discussion about area codes, I believe there are several websites that detail the assigning of new codes, redi-vision of geographic areas and planned overlays. I remember seeing them long ago, with critiques on how a division or overlay would affect the people involved.

I've seen one semi-messy divorce in local fandom, and another is now happening. The interesting effect in both of these splits is that he has become quieter, and she has become nasty. More than two people are often affected in these divorces, no matter the amount of mess. You want to stay friends with both, but sometimes, they demand that you choose sides. Often, you wind up staying friends with neither.

I saw more of that show I had mistakenly thought was called *Farscape*...it is a Henson production, but is called something like *Lost Brats of the Galaxy*, or something similar. It seems to have disappeared again from local schedules, so I may never see more of what I did see, and never see anything called *Farscape*.

Both Yvonne and I would like nothing better than to go to the final Rivercon, but as always, it seems, money and distance get in the way. When Rivercon goes away, it looks like there will be a sizable gap in the convention landscape...what con could replace it?

Tom Feller talks about adulterous presidents...just recently, the dalliance, shall we say, between Thomas Jefferson and slave Sally Hemings was confirmed, and a television movie about this was almost immediately broadcast. Power corrupts, I guess. If such an opportunity was to be presented to us, could all of us say we would refrain?

Ah, **Sheryl** liked *Bicentennial Man*, too. Yes, Asimov was preachy, but he did have a message to preach about. The movie does have a great story, especially if you are married.

Personal news...I think I relayed earlier that Yvonne and I will be the FanGoHs at our local con, Ad Astra 2000, in around two weeks. Now, we will also be FanGoHs at V-Con 25 in May in Vancouver.

Well, that's it for now. PR5 for Chicon has arrived, so it's time for a good look, and arranging a room, and probably, a suite for the Toronto bid parties. It's getting closer...aaaaack! Take care, and see you next issue.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney.

☐CKK: *I probably could have skipped a grade or two in school, but since I was generally able to get instruction at the level I required it wasn't necessary.*☐

Karen Johnson
35 Mariana Ave.
South Croydon, VIC 3136
Australia
karenji@labyrinth.net.au
February 07, 2000

Just a quick line to say hi Knarley One...

Got *The Knarley Knews* the other week, right on schedule as usual...

Sorry I haven't given you a proper letter for so long – a lot of things happened that took my attention away from fandom... I got sick from stress for one thing:(, and went on a long holiday to Western Australia after Christmas for another...

Trying to get up enough enthusiasm, ideas and cash to do another Kaje...I'm flat broke and on Unemployment benefits now, until I start getting some teaching work for the year anyway... I've got masses of locs waiting to be typed, but very little other material except fillos – got millions of them ATM because **Eric Lindsay** passed a huge envelope full (mostly Rotslers) on to me... since he's not doing paper zines any more he figured I could put them to better use than him... bit ironic that now I've got all this art and nowhere to put it! I'll come up with something sooner or later I'm sure – it's just a matter of finding the inspiration (looks under the carpet – no, it's not hiding down there!)

They're having power restrictions here at the moment – the power company has been in dispute with the workers over pay and conditions and it ended up staging a lockout! No coincidence that this happened at the very hottest part of the Summer so far... all my sympathies are with the workers on this one, but it doesn't change the fact that we're having power-rationing! No electrical devices to be used from 1pm-7pm except absolutely essential ones... so you can leave the fridge and freezer on, but you're not allowed to use VCRs, stereos, pcs, air-conditioners, fans etc... Personally, I would have counted a FAN as an absolutely essential piece of equipment in this weather - on Friday, the first day of the restrictions it was 40C. They didn't have restrictions over the weekend, and yesterday wasn't a burden because it was only 24C, but today is supposed to get up to 38... and you can't even go to the Shopping centre or movies to cool off there, because THEY'RE not allowed to have the air-con on either!

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**Profits go toward sponsoring an
iguana in Ian's name at the
Melbourne Zoo.**



I notice you mentioned my possible run for DUFF... that's actually turned into a non-run now.... a few people pointed out possible (probable) hitches in my plans (like the fact that I have ZERO money of my own), as well as the little fact that I've been around fandom-proper (as opposed to silent membership of the Trekkish masses) for less than three years... It seems that I haven't had enough to do with fandom in my own country, which is a bit ironic – looking at my last mailing list

for Out of the Kaje (the pre-Aussiecon issue), the figures are 44 - Aus/NZ, 5 - Canada, 30 - US, 14 - UK, 5 - Other European countries...Just an interesting tidbit to fill some time.

Got to go now – it's very nearly time to switch off my stereo and pc for the afternoon...

Karen J.

☐CKK: *Sorry to hear that you will not be running for DUFF. Keep it in mind in a few years when your finances improve. I think that the real commitment is not so much funds up front to take the trip, but the time, energy, and funds to help raise funds the year or two after you make the trip to replenish what you've spent.*☐

Melissa Dunajski
10813 El Arroyo Rd.
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MDunajski@aol.com
Feb 16 2000

Dear Letha,

I'm am totally, completely, obsessively addicted to *Farscape* – best SciFi show I've seen in a long, long time. Lots of character development, lots of plot twists, good special effects, great snappy dialogue and I'll admit to being a bit 'shippy' and wishing for more moments between John and Aeryn. Claudia Black and Ben Browder are doing a fantastic job with their characters!! I've got a *Farscape* poster in my office, wallpaper and screensavers on the PC, I visit and post to the BB regularly and my kids and I use "Scape-speak" in our everyday conversations and we understand each other perfectly! Mike's recliner is now "the comfy chair" and the kids are afraid when I say "on the ground now!" in my best PeaceKeeper Australian accent! I just hate waiting for the new season to start – not until March 17! Worst part is that my VCR is almost dead and we're having problems with the satellite/TV/VCR reception and connectivity – hoping I can find some

tapes of the Premiere episode and *PK Tech Girl* that just reran on the 11th – I missed those 2 the first time around and the tape I made on Friday is no good! Withdrawal symptoms are an ugly thing...

Take care and talk to you again soon
Melissa

☐**TKK**: *I enjoy Farscape, but I'm not certain it is great science fiction. It thought the concept of humans being the only race that could think non-linearly and out-of-the-box went out in the 60s.*☐

Terry Jeeves
56 Red Scar Drive
Scarborough YO12 5RQ
England

Dear Henry,

Once again I have to thank you for another excellent issue of *TKK*. An amusing cover illo and plenty of interior artwork. **Nora** and **Todd** certainly had an interesting trip to Israel. That's a place which for some reason doesn't appeal to me at all. I envision lots of dusty roads and sandy hillocks. No doubt far from the truth. I'm glad you felt safe there as the people have had their share of problems in the past I'm sorry to say.

Re Clarke's 'mystic7 fiction and *Rama*, I enjoyed *Rama 1*, *Rama 2* was passable, but I couldn't finish *Rama 3*. Once Clarke collaborated with Gentry Lee (Did Clarke write more than the outline for Lee to embellish?, I wonder). It's funny how authors seem to go off as they get older. I really enjoyed van Vogt, Heinlein, Clement, Clarke, etc. in their earlier

years, but with maturity comes dullness. I just read "Under" by Hal Clement in the 70th issue of *Analog*. I'm afraid I found it pedestrian.

I also enjoyed the *LOCcol*, but it was hard to sort out your responses from the *LOCers* comments. Couldn't you use italics for your replies, it would make sorting people out easier. All in all a nice friendly issue with plenty of variety to suit every taste. Keep up the good work.

Now what news from this end? I'm typing this on the doddering old BBC computer, now 18 years old – and for why? Well, a while back, I got a letter from **Dave Langford** saying that a number of fans had donated a new PC to Vince Clarke. Sadly, since he is no longer with us, would I like it? YES PLEASE!

The wheels began to turn, that good man Bernie Peek in London, but the bits together and assembled a lovely machine with a 6.7GB hard disc, 128MB of RAM, CD ROM drive and an in-built modem – but how to get the finished PC, from London to me in Scarborough? Here stepped in two other good fen, Alison Scott and Stephen Cain were coming up to Lincoln for Christmas, so they extended their trip by umpteen miles to bring me the PC and get it working – which would have been beyond my skills as my monitor was acting awkward. Alison did much wonderful keyboard and screwdriver magic to tame the brute and now I have a fully functioning, net-worthy PC.

I'm still unfamiliar with all the bells and whistles on the new machine, so I'm using the Beeb for a few items until I get the hang of it. Meanwhile, John Rupik came over from Doncaster to install other goodies and get me on the Net, but being a total computer nerd, I'm still not clued up enough to cope with loads of incoming or outgoing e-mail, so I'm not publicizing my e-mail address for a while.

Well, reckon that's all for now.

All the best,
Terry

☐**TKK**: *I use a distinctive font change for my responses which I think stands out better than italics. Opinions? I look forward to receiving some e-mail from you.*☐

We also heard from:

Sheryl Birkhead, Nora & Todd Bushlow (from Amsterdam), Tom Feller, George Flynn, E.B. Frohvet, Mike Glyer, Jeanette Gugler (who survived a 20" snowstorm in North Carolina), Arthur Hlavaty (who reports breaking a bone in his shoulder while changing a light bulb), Guy H. Lillian, Joe Mayhew, Mark Proskey, Jim Rittenhouse (who is recovering quite nicely from cancer surgery with a minimal chance of recurrence), and Sue Welch



REVIEW TEMPLATE

Fanzine Title by editor(s)' name; address; e-mail (if known); web URL (if known); frequency of publication; acceptable "payment" to receive a copy. Some mostly useless commentary by me about the issue. "The usual" generally refers to either a letter of comment (LOC), a contribution, or trading with your fanzine or generally any friendly means of communication.

Covert Communications From Zeta Corvi #9 by Andrew C. Murdoch; 508-6800 Westminster Highway; Richmond, BC V7C 1C5; Canada; raven@wolf.spydernet.com; irregular; \$2 or the usual. This zine contains a list of awards, zine listings, reviews and LOCs.

Dinosaur Spit #1 by Murray Moore; <NEW ADDRESS> 1065 Henley Road; Mississauga, ON L4Y 1C8; Canada; mmoore@pathcom.com; irregular; the usual. This is Murray's new SAPSzine. It serves largely as an introduction.

Fanzine Fanatique by Keith Walker; 6 Vine St.; Lancaster LA1 4UF; England; KWalker777@aol.com; irregular; exchange or editorial whim. A short zine composed primarily of capsule reviews of other zines.

File 770: 133 by Mike Glyer; 705 Valley View Ave.; Monrovia, CA 91016; MGlyer@compuserve.com; irregular; \$2.50 or the usual. A newszine with articles in this issue on Aussiecon, commemorative postage stamps, and unfortunately too many obituaries.

The Geis Letter 71 by Richard Geis; PO Box 11408; Portland, OR 97211-0408; 100313.3440@compuserve.com; irregular; \$1 or the usual. Coverage of lesser conspiracies this issue and a number of reviews.

Green Stuff 10 by Murray Moore; 1065 Henley Road; Mississauga, ON L4Y 1C8; Canada; mmoore@pathcom.com; irregular; the usual. This is Murray's FAPA zine.

It Goes on the Shelf 21 by Ned Brooks; 4817 Dean Ln; Lilburn, GA 30047-4720; nedbrooks@sprynet.com; irregular; the usual. A compendium of Ned's eclectic reading which ranges across the spectrum to SF, fantasy, and genres I can't even put a name to.

Memphen 262 and 264 by Michael Kingsley; %MSFA; PO Box 820534; Memphis, TN 38182-0534; monthly; \$12/12 or

Fanzines Received in Trade

the usual. The unofficial publication of the Memphis Science Fiction Association. These issues contain a little bit of everything.

NOVA Express Vol. 5 No. 2 by Lawrence Person; PO Box 27231; Austin, TX 78755-2231; lawrence@bga.com; <http://www.delphi.com/sflit/novaexpress/>; semi-annual; \$12/4 or the usual. This zine has high production values and is attempting to do some serious review of SF material. I got this issue as part of their annual Hugo campaign.

Opuntia 44.1b and 44.1c by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. Two review zines with a focus on mail art (44.1b) and alien biology (44.1c).

Pink Mind Wallabies by Karen Pender-Gunn; PO Box 567; Blackburn, Victoria 3130; Australia; fiawol@ozramp.net.au; <http://www.ozramp.net.au/~fiawol/>; irregular; the usual. A small zine dedicated to Karen's late husband Ian with many pieces actually by Ian from Karen's files.

Stet 9 by Leah Zeldes-Smith and Dick Smith; 410 W Willow Rd; Prospect Heights, IL 60070-1250; lazs@enteract.com or rhes@enteract.com; irregular; the usual. The zine that attempts to make us all look bad; this has a semi-professional look to it. Masquerading as an almanac ala Poor Richard it contains a calendar and lots of useful reference material on SF awards and conventions.

Twink 16 by E.B. Frohvet; 4716 Dorsey Hall Dr. #506; Ellicott City, MD 21042; quarterly; the usual. A nice genzine which actually discusses SF. We need to take away EB's publishing license.

Vanamonde No.333-42 by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John's APA-L zine with interesting tidbits on the side.

Visions of Paradise #83 by Bob Sabella; 24 Cedar Manor Ct; Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023; bobsabella@nac.net; <http://users.nac.net/bobsabella/>; quarterly; the usual. This is a fine example of a personal zine which includes considerable commentary and Bob's diary zine. Also included was the supplement *Halcyon Days 83* which contained the overflow of LOCs normally found in *VoP*.

Vojo de Vivo #1 by Michael J. Lowery; 1847 N 2nd St; Milwaukee, WI 53212-3760; orange@execpc.com; irregular; 7/ \$14 or the usual. A new FAPA zine from Milwaukee's most visible fan (They don't call him Orange Mike without reason). This issue serves as an introduction to Mike.

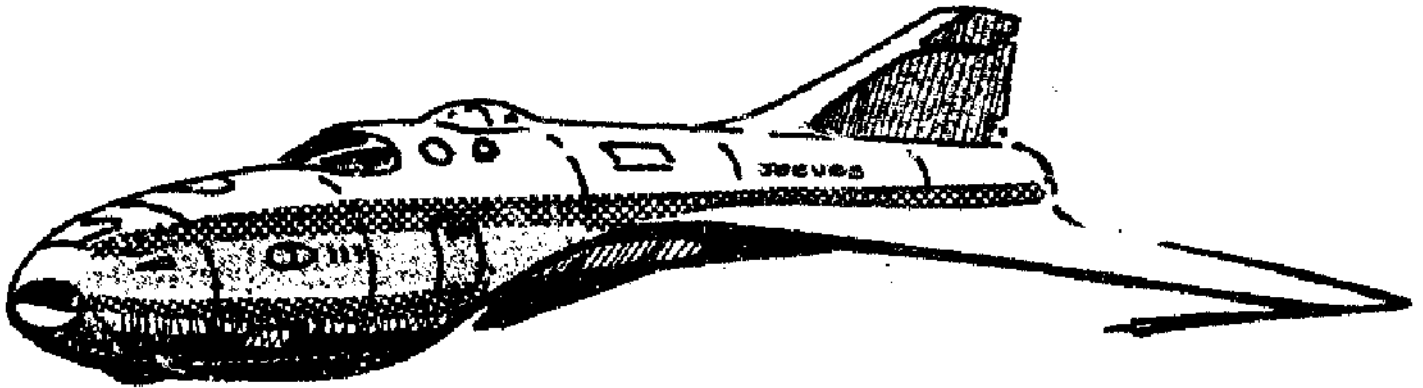
A number of e-mail newsletters from Joyce Scrivner; PO Box 7620; Minneapolis, MN 55407; jks1@unisys.com. The last few issues have dealt with her recent communications problems that have resulted in significant stress related to Minicon.

Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Chicago 2000 – Chicago, IL
Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) -- Marsport, Mars

August 31 - September 4, 2000
Labor Day, 2095

This list has become embarrassingly brief. Inspire me, please!



You got this issue because ...

- _____ Connor has turned into quite the fumit generator. If I left this issue lying about it might get buried.
- _____ I'm a really nice guy even if I can be terribly cynical and anti-social, and ...
- _____ The weather has been unseasonably warm and I no longer need it to insulate the walls.
- _____ We Trade
- _____ You sent me a contribution
- _____ You sent me a letter of ~~complaint~~ comment

According to subscriber records, you have _____ more issues left in your subscription.