

The Knarley Knews

Issue 82 - June, 2000

The Joe Mayhew Memorial Issue

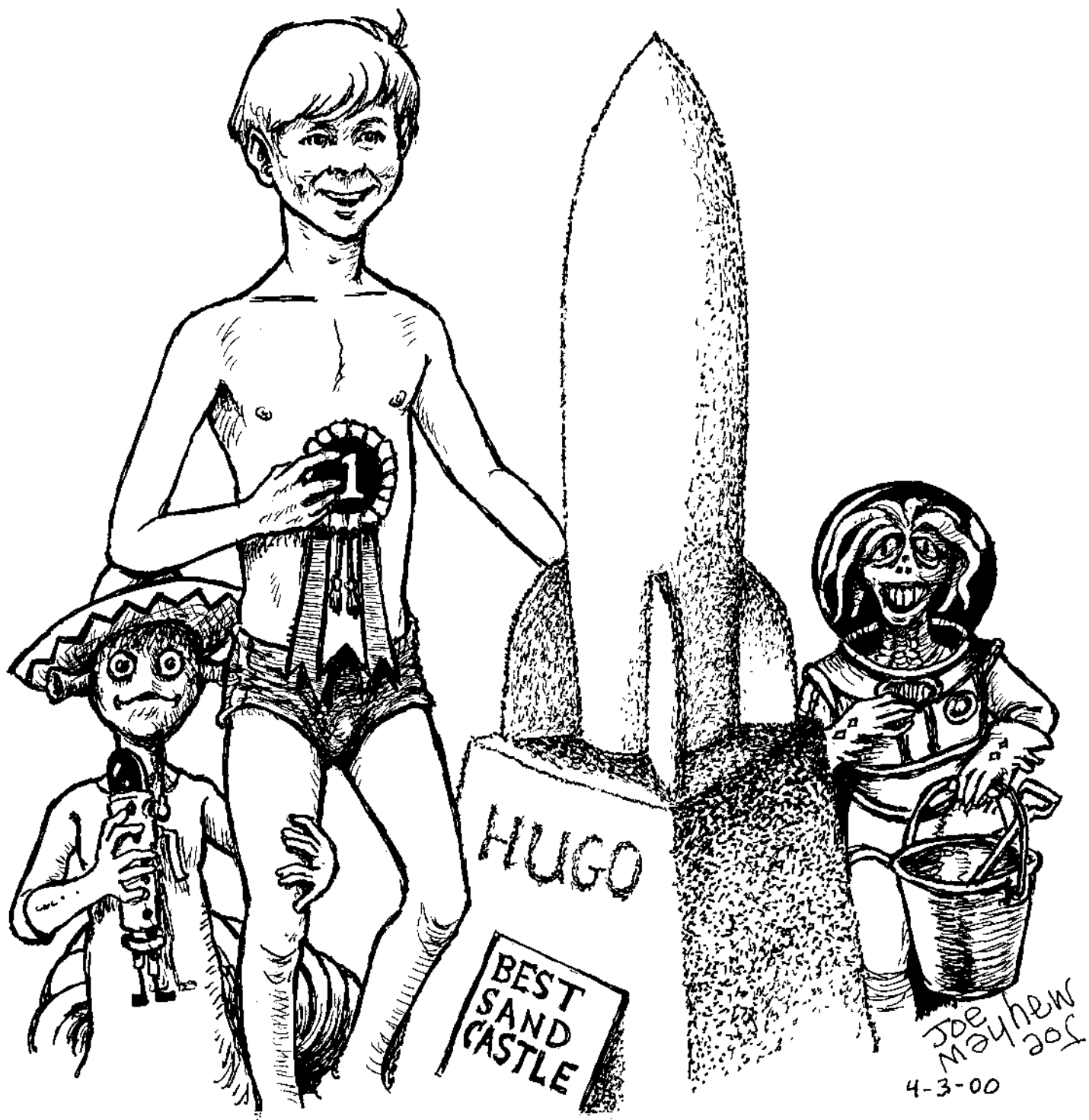


Table of Contents

Item	Page
Table of Contents/Colophon	2
Editorial	3
My Reality Checks Keep Bouncing	4
Alexander Bouchard	
Charlotte's Web	5
Charlotte Proctor	
InterLOCutions (alphabetically)	6
Harry Andruschak	10
Ned Brooks	8
Marty Cantor	15
E.B. Frohvet	6
Terry Jeeves	9
Trinlay Khadro	9
Eric Lindsay	18
Joseph T. Major	6
Andrew C. Murdoch	18
Lloyd Penney	16
Mark Proskey	16
Joy V. Smith	8
Gene Stewart	10
Harry Warner, Jr.	14
WAHF List	18
Fanzines Received in Trade	19
Conventions/Back Cover	20

Art Credits

Artists **Page(s)**
All art by Joe Mayhew
This issue is dedicated to your memory!

All uncredited textual material is the responsibility of Knarley.

Editorial insertions are denoted: ☐**TKK:...**☐ or
Ms. **TKK:**

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
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6. The editors are open to bribes of any size and have never turned down a financial contribution.

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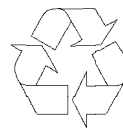
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Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

In what has become an all too common occurrence of late, a friend to fanzine fandom has passed away at entirely too young an age. I'm referring, of course, to Joe Mayhew who left us for the great convention in the sky on June 10, 2000.

I first met Joe at LACon III in 1996. (A convention I almost didn't attend which would have been my huge loss.) I forget who introduced me to him in the fanzine lounge, but he immediately earned my gratitude by opening a huge portfolio of fillo art and asked me to take all that I wanted and could use. What zine editor could refuse such an offer?

Later that day he joined Letha, myself, and Benoit Girard for a "short" trek down the street for dinner at a sushi restaurant. The walk turned out to be a bit longer than expected, but Joe never complained; although he used a walking stick to help get around. He turned out to be a delightful and witty dinner companion filled with all sorts of wonderful stories.

Since then we have corresponded regularly with frequent gifts of fillo art periodically arriving in the mail. In fact, Joe was every editor's dream, he routinely offered to do covers (no arm twisting here) including the one he prepared for this issue. As with William Rotsler before him it is my firm belief that despite his passing Joe would have wanted his art to continue in fanzines. As you have seen I'm using his last cover and have used his artwork exclusively throughout the zine. I cannot think of a better tribute that an individual zine editor can give an artist than this.

I am glad that Joe was able to receive a Best Fan Artist Hugo in 1998. This is something he clearly earned and deserved and I'm saddened that he will not be around to win a half-dozen more. His death is a great loss to our community.



Accepting the Best Dramatic
Presentation Hugo on behalf of
the late Sir George...



MY REALITY CHECKS ARE BOUNCING

A somewhat regular column about whatever strikes my fancy

© 2000 by Alexander Bouchard

THE FOURTH VERSE

As we approach the Independence Day holiday, the Fourth of July, I can't help but think about the national anthem of the United States of America.

Ever since it was written on the back of an envelope in Baltimore Harbor during the War of 1812 by a lawyer who had gone to bargain for the release of prisoners of the invading British, "The Star Spangled Banner" has been considered a problem of sorts.

The original tune, "To Anacreon In Heav'n", a popular English drinking song of the time, is considered by most professional musicians to be a melody too difficult to sing, spanning too many octaves for the comfort of most people. A popular alternative is "America the Beautiful", or Irving Berlin's "God Bless America".

(In these strongly secular, great-wall-between-church-and-state times, Mr. Berlin's tune has lost some of its luster. Pity... it's a very nice song. But, that's another essay...)

In this matter, I find that I completely agree with the late Isaac Asimov in his unwavering support of "The Star Spangled Banner" as our national anthem. His essay, published in the Readers' Digest one July, some years ago, defending Francis Scott Key's composition as a proper and meaningful choice for our national anthem, has continued to stick in my mind these many years ago.

I think, however, that it is indeed a pity that most people don't know all four verses of the anthem; they seem to think that the last two words of the first verse are "Play ball!" I don't recall immediately the second and third verses, but, from when I lived in Baltimore years ago, and saw the sign-off of one of the TV stations (yes, children, TV didn't used to go all night), I remember with undimmed clarity the words of the fourth verse.

And I quote:

Oh, thus be it e'er, when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation.
Blessed with vic'try and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
Then the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

When you compare this verse with the words of the first verse, you can find the answer to the question posed in the closing part. Yes, the star-spangled banner does still wave

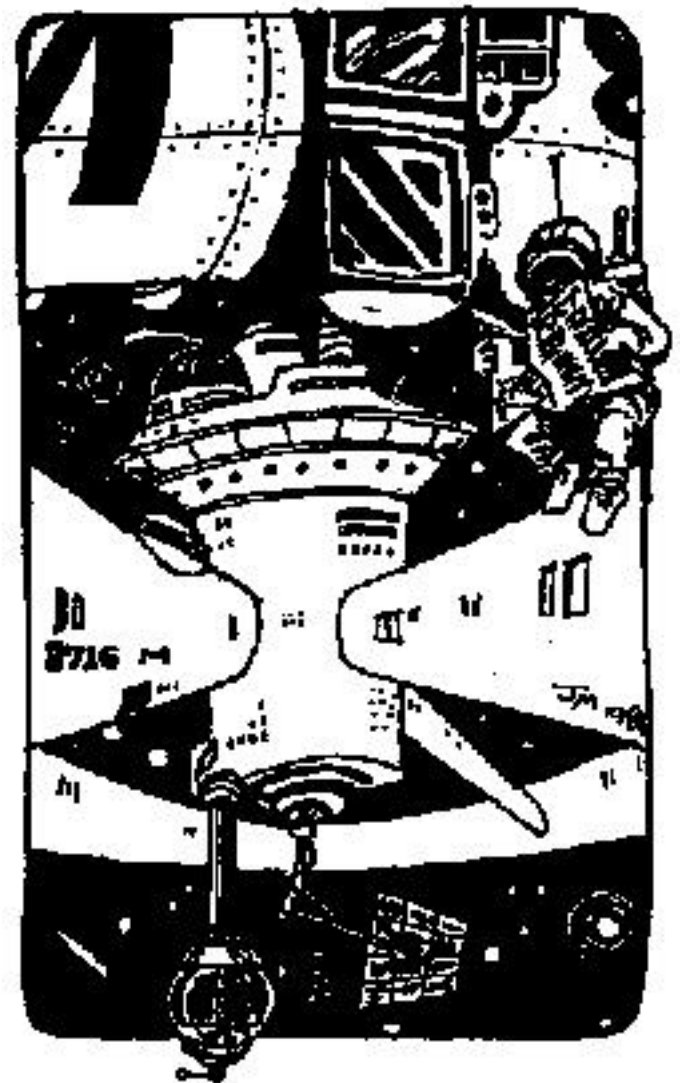
over Fort McHenry. Yes, the spirit of the defenders does carry forward.

Patriotism hasn't really been in vogue since the early 1960's; thanks to chicanery, mendacity, and skullduggery at the highest levels, the trust of the people in government in general and our government in particular has eroded like a sandstone wall in a hurricane. But the ideals that brought our nation into being are still sound, and can be restored if we put some effort into it. Break out the jeweler's rouge, put out with a little elbow grease.

Work for it.

After all, the best things in life are what you earn.

Shredded paper packaging material!



CHARLOTTE'S WEB

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

Hunting Badger, Tony Hillerman

I like this series of stories set in the west, featuring Jim Chee or Joe Leaphorn, or sometimes both. I remember Wade Gilbert trying to get me to read these books and my initial hesitation. I thought stories about reservation Indians would be too far outside my ken to be enjoyable. But Wade continued to praise the books, so I finally tried one—and have become a believer.

Joe Leaphorn is the older character, a widower now retired from the Navajo Tribal Police. Joe, while knowledgeable about his people's customs and mores, accepts the fact that things don't always stay the same. He knows that many of his people's ceremonies and beliefs will be lost as they accept and are accepted into the modern world. Jim Chee, on the other hand, also an intelligent and educated man, also with the Navajo Tribal Police, is an idealist who would like to preserve his people's customs, beliefs, and ceremonies. But even Jim runs into opposition from the really conservative Navajos who would keep 7 or 9 day ceremonies intact—Jim would rather accommodate the modern Navajo who has a regular job and hold the long ceremonies over two or three consecutive weekends.

Over the past few years we have witnessed Joe coping with the loss of his beloved wife Emma, and with Jim looking for true love. In the course of their personal travels, we have also learned a great deal about the Navajo, the Hopi, and our own American history—all in the guise of police procedurals. I have grown to love these books and to look forward to each new one. Wade worried, all those many years ago, that there wouldn't be a next book because the author was not a young man. Well, I'm even more worried now because Mr. Hillerman is that much older (as are we all) and because his newest book *Hunting Badger* seems to tie up so many loose ends. I'm really afraid he is ending the series. I'm really glad, of course, that Joe is not suffering as he did, and that his life has direction and meaning again. I'm really glad, too, that Jim has finally come to his senses (or grown up) enough to appreciate what's right under his nose. All this is sheer speculation on my part and, God willing, Mr. Hillerman will live to be one hundred years old and continue to entertain us with stories set in the real west. Goodness knows, Jim Chee will never get along with the FBI, nor will he ever be a team player. And so long as there is evil in the world, there will be mysteries and murders for our intelligent and intuitive Jim Chee to solve.

Two for the Lions, Lindsey Davis

Previous books in this series have taken us on guided tours of various aspects of Roman life, and to various parts of the Roman Empire, in the company of Marcus Didius Falco. This one focuses on the entertainment industry, that is, the Games. Every Roman worth their salt went to the Coliseum to cheer for their favorite Gladiator, or their favorite team of charioteers. It sounds not much different from today's sports fan,

does it? The Romans had vendors in the stands selling overpriced snacks just as we do, and stretcher-bearers to carry off the dead and wounded. Oops, all of a sudden it's a little bloodier than football, or even hockey. Besides gladiatorial deaths, criminals who had drawn Death by Lion were regularly executed in the arena. The executions were public, before the Games. This no doubt served as a deterrent to would-be criminals. Falco investigates the death of Leonidius, a man-eating lion, and ends up in the arena himself. As Lord of the Underworld, wearing a beaked mask, not as a criminal...

Doomsday Book, Connie Willis

I liked this book, which I just read even though it was published in 1992, for the same reasons I like the Marcus Didius Falco books. It is an up close and personal look at a far away time and place. But that is where the similarity ends. The Falco books are amusing little detective stories set in Ancient Rome, while *Doomsday Book* is about the plague that killed half of Europe.

Ms. Willis, writing about the Oxford University Time Travel Department, tends to make the present as scary as the past they visit. The present is full of petty, self-centered people not listening to one another, going off on tangents—the more critical the situation the more contrary the characters. A girl is lost in the past and the professor in charge won't open the gate, for instance. Self? important hypocritical egotists far outnumber intelligent reasonable men. The system cannot be gotten around. Those in charge are rigid and uncompromising. It is frustrating to read and leaves me with the feeling that I would not want to live in Oxford, or any other academic community. Now, you'll probably say 'Oh come now, Charlotte, it's not really like that. Don't be so gullible.' But I'm afraid you'll say (from experience), 'So true, so true.'

But I digress. Kivrin, our heroine, is mistakenly sent to 1348 at the height of the Plague in Europe. To me, this is a much more interesting place—not that I would rather be there than in Oxford, or any other academic community. Kivrin finds that Plague statistics were not exaggerated. She is mistaken for a saint sent to help the people in their hour of need, but she feels powerless, frustrated and not at all helpful. I mean, they all die! (Not Kivrin, she had her shots.) This story illustrates how distant from and uncomfortable we have become with death. Medieval man lived with death as a constant companion—it was not feared so much because it was known, and was a part of life. The priest, even as he lay dying, is grateful to Kivrin who has made their dying easier, and eased their way into the next life.

Willis' storytelling becomes smoother when she writes of the past. It seems to be another way of illustrating the contrast between the frenetic present and the much slower past. For all its dreadful subject matter, I really enjoyed this book. It was a real trip in time.

INTERLOCUTIONS

E.B. Frohvet
4716 Dorsey Hall Dr. #506
Ellicott City, MD 21042
May 21, 2000

Dear Henry,

Thank you for *The Knarley Knews* #81. The first thought that occurs to me is dismay that cover artist **Sheryl Birkhead** (I recognize her artwork at a glance now) did not make the "Fan Artist" Hugo ballot yet again. Well, always next year.

I hardly think anyone is in a position to complain about the publishing schedule of *TKK*. If it went four or five months between issues I would feel some concern; but it's no comparison to, for instance, the personalzine which recently resumed after a largely unexplained two-year absence.

On mainlining money, I deduce from your research that it is legal within the US. I generally send cash as my voting fee for TAFF and DUFF, to the North American administrator. If indeed we ever get around to electing a Canadian to TAFF, the rules may come into play.

Wishes for a speedy recovery to **Alex Bouchard**. On limited acquaintance, I doubt if **Alex** is "a pony nuke with a hair trigger". Everyone who is ill gets irritable, especially after the painkillers wear off. More tea-and-honey, **Alex**, lay off the Szechuan cuisine until your throat heals – "this too shall pass".

Trinlay Khadro says in passing that on a trip to the Middle East, the climate in Jerusalem was comfortable even in summer but, "Elat could cook eggs on the sidewalk". I recognize this is a common figure of speech. However, I recall an occasion when a local TV station attempted it, on black marble on a scorching summer day. What they got was a fairly hot raw egg. All ways of cooking eggs involve reducing the water content, which requires boiling directly or indirectly, which requires 212°F.

In response to my LOC, concerning the (still "alleged" in my view) relationship between Sally Hemings and Thomas Jefferson, you take the view, Henry, that "I had always thought that adultery occurred when the two involved were not married." Sorry to pick nits, but Webster's *New Collegiate* being near to hand – how anyone can run a household without a dictionary is beyond me – "voluntary sexual intercourse between a married man and someone other than his wife or between a married woman and someone other than her husband". Voluntary intercourse between two people who are not married to anyone (Hemings was not married and Jefferson a widower) is "fornication", not "adultery".

Nice to know that my fanzine is a "disgrace".

Sincerely,
EB Frohvet

☐**TKK**: *Your science is a bit off there. Boiling requires a combination of temperature and pressure. You can boil ice water (I have) by reducing the pressure. However, it is not necessary to boil water to remove it. Ice and snow have been none to sublime directly to water vapor and lakes and streams evaporate all the time. The heat of the marble was simply not high enough to accelerate the evaporation fast enough to mimic cooking.*☐

Joseph T. Major
1409 Christy Ave
Louisville, KY 40204-2040
May 23, 2000

Dear Knarley and Letha:

And now the knews...Editorial: There was a complaint about the abuse of PowerPoint®©™SMBill Gates is GOD! in the military. If you have ever read the comic strip "Beetle Bailey" you will recall the ardent buffoonish lieutenant who prepared complex, inane presentations for the boredom of the staff. Now these people have it computerized. Matters that take five minutes to formulate and two to present take ten days to prepare with fancy computer graphics.

There is an additional consideration to the matter of sending cash out of the country. The Postal Service is not the only government organization involved. The IRS has some concerns about sending more than \$10,000 in cash out of the country.

"More Witchard's Armagnac": One of Dahmer's victims escaped. This naked Laotian boy, bleeding from the rectum, ran up to police and begged for help. Dahmer persuaded the officers that the boy was a lover of his. (Well, he was barring a certain lack of volunteering on the boy's part.) Suppose the police had taken Dahmer's next meal away from him; why they would have been censured for homophobia! Similarly, Jim Jones cultivated political ties for the People's Temple – he was after all an ordained minister in the United Church of Christ. Scammers also look for good defenses.

Trinlay Khadro: I know that there are a lot of people out there who are dying to hear this. Crohn's Disease is an inflammation of the intestinal tract. It is also called ileitis since the inflammation most often occurs in the ileum, the terminal portion of the small intestine, which connects to the large intestine, but the symptoms can appear in any part of the gastrointestinal tract from the mouth on down. They symptoms of Crohn's Disease include diarrhea, fever, and

abdominal pain. (The fevers often cause night sweats, which as you will recall is also a symptom of AIDS.) The syndrome was first identified by a team of medical researchers from Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, led by Dr. Burrell Crohn.

In advanced cases, fistulae form in the affected area. Other advanced symptoms include arthritis, foot ulcers, inflammation of the eye, liver disease, and kidney and gall stones. So far I have not yet acquired any of these. The cause of the syndrome has not yet been determined. Have a nice day.

EB Frohvet should be made aware that *Jefferson in Paris* is a campaign movie distributed by the Federalist Party for the 1800 election. The problem was that they had to wait for Edison to invent the cinema, which rather cramped the possibilities of the flick.

Harry Warner invokes the spectacle of unimaginable horrors with his speculation about the autobiographical elements of Asimov's "The Ugly Little Boy". "The kindly chekist agent from State Security pulled the cord, and she and little Isaak Israelovich were snapped back to the Worker's Paradise."

Ah, but it was said on the Internet that *The Blair Witch Project* was real. And the Internet is the communication system of the Twenty-First Century, used for spreading Truth pas the lying filterers of the Established Powers... There are too many people out there who have no connection with reality, whether they be media fans who believe that actors make up the dialogue and plot of the show as they film it ("Writer? What's a writer?") or cyberpunks who think that everything on the Net is true, dude, since, like, no one on the New would, like, you know, lie? About the only people who seem to have any sense about this film are the makers of bawdy flicks, who have produced such stirring titles (what they stir are another matter entirely) as *The Bare Wench Project* and *The Erotic Witch Project*.

The current fad in telephone numbers is on a tangent to the naming that **Mark Strickert** points out. What the in crowd does is to use dots between the elements of the number instead of the parenthesis and dash custom; i.e. 502.584.9926 instead of (502)584-9926. It makes the number look cyberpunk.

Joy V. Smith may be interested to learn that in the break room at the office where I work there are several a-oh-hell, or AOL, CD-ROMs offering 500 free hours for the first month. People who use AOL are the not the sort to stay linked throughout their entire waking life (do the math).

I have finally read the book by the man who discussed "bowling alone" and to no one's surprise it is titled *Bowling Alone: The Collapse and Revival of the American Community* by Robert D. Putnam.

I must have a different setup to **Eric Lindsay**. A manual typewriter would not be faster for me for writing a short LOC. For example, I went to a space between two existing

paragraphs and introduced this paragraph. With a manual typewriter, I would have to use scissors and tape.

Lloyd Penney notes expectations in readers. Expectations are even greater in chain bookstore managers. This was why the novel *Justinian* was written by H.N. Turteltaub and why Megan Lindholm had to die so Robin Hobb could be born; you are only as good as your last book.

Considering that my new cell phone is about the size of a communicator, and offers no-extra-charge long distance, I can see his point.

So far, Louisville had not had to deal with cons that had eyes bigger than their stomachs. However, the reliable Rivercon crew is retiring this year, and so there is always that to consider. Or fear.

Jan Stinson points out that SFX can't hold a movie together, but I guess it can hold the characters' ears together. I am thinking of the lobby scene in *The Matrix*, where Neo and Trinity outshoot five security guards and a dozen soldiers. The latter part involves firing off automatic weapons at a prodigious rate. What all those rounds being shot off in such a small enclosed area as that lobby way, the survivors should have been deaf, perhaps for life.

The defense lawyer would shoot down that "airtight" witness who saw the entire crime by questioning him over and over again in discovery, then tearing apart any different use of words as proof of misunderstanding and/or characterizing any repetition as proof of coaching. A lawyer can destroy any witness, no matter how skilled, credible, or able. A superiority of the British legal system may be observed in the result of the David Irving libel case.

I only passed on the comment about Jeff Bezos's humongous money-losing company, BigSouthAmericanRiver.com. The originator of that term is Martin Morse Wooster.

"Everything that Joseph T. Major is reading": Thirty-seven books as of May 22.

Unfortunately for **Gene "Old 815" Stewart's** theory, the polytheistic and the irreligious turn out to be just as intolerant as the monotheistic. However, there are those for whom, for example, the mass executions of Christians by the bakufu in Tokugawa Japan had been merely just vengeance.

The author of *Butterfield 8* said that writing a spicy play titled 228 just would not have the same feeling about it.

"It's neither a new nor a particularly controversial observation that sf embraces a much wider range of materials than any other genre." And this observationist traces back to John W. Campbell, Jr., too.

Joseph T. Major

☐**CKK:** *Who has ten days to prep a lecture. I have to do it in less than two-to-one as a normal ratio. Less than two hours per hour of class. The bonus being that it is more legible and I have an electronic form I can distribute to the students.*

(Dahmer's victim also had a skull wound from a drill and other bodies in his apartment at the time. On another occasion he had body parts in the back seat (in garbage bags) during a routine traffic stop. The two officers that returned the victim were suspended and later reinstated after a court battle. One of them still works as an officer here in Grafton.)

Ned Brooks
4817 Dean Ln
Lilburn, GA 30047-4720
nedbrooks@sprynet.com
May 23, 2000

Hi Knarl – Just back from DeepSouthCon in Jekyll Island, got three zines, 6 books and 250 e-mails while I was away. Interesting about the business of sending cash in the mail – I have done it mostly to England. I see that the restriction to registered mail applies there, but there is no prohibition – nor is it made clear which country imposes the restriction or what penalties there might be for violations. It isn't at all clear whether these are postal regulations under which the USPS might return your letter marked "Cash prohibited in this class" or federal laws under which you could be charged with an attempted crime.

I think you are right that sex between unmarried adults is adultery – but only as a religious definition. Legally it is fornication or prostitution depending on the financial arrangement between the parties.

Eric Lindsay is quite right about the "non-breaking spaces" in HTML. I tried it and left the result on my website. Haven't gotten any further with HTML as yet. I would not go back to a typewriter for even short notes though, as long as the computer works – I do all that sort of thing at once anyway, if the computer isn't on I leave it until it is. But I don't mess with Word or any such Windows voodoo, I have gotten so used to doing FancyFont in ascii from DOS that I do everything that way.

I never saw the word "fumit" before – the medieval hunters referred to the excrement of deer as "fewmets". I see that the OED prefers the spelling "fumet" even though they give "fewmet" in the relevant quotations.

Best,
Ned Brooks

☐**CKK**: I didn't pursue the issue of what the penalty for "cash in the mail" was and don't care. I simply wanted to clear up

the legality or permittedness of such an action. Is there anyone out there with too much time on their hands to figure it out?

Joy V. Smith
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May 24, 2000

Knarley,

Cute cover. Re: editorial. Enjoy your summer respite from lecture preparation. Your tentative summer job sounds interesting. I hope to hear more about that if you get it. I'm glad to hear that you solved your tax filing problem. My sister's tax preparer made a similar mistake this year and copied the wrong number, which resulted in a letter from the IRS, which always makes you faint dead away, but it turned out that they'd caught the mistake and were merely writing my

sister to tell her that they would be sending her a bigger refund. (Jubilant and hosannas resounded.)

Alexander Bouchard: Recognizing a problem is the first step to solving it. I hope you're feeling better soon.

Re: credit cards. I haven't kept track, but I'm pretty sure I haven't gotten that many. I wonder what your ranking is compared to other people.

Re LOCs: Several *Sailor Moon* story arcs end with the Sailors being crucified!

EEK! (I've seen it now and then, but never that, though I did see Xena on

the cross. I haven't watched that for quite a while...)

Re: computers vs. typewriters for short LOCs. My computer is fast; I can correct mistakes so much easier and faster; and I can send them by e-mail. Or regular mail. And then I post pertinent info to the AOL SF Fanzine folder just by copying. That's efficient. After reading about laptops, however, I shall not get one.

I enjoyed the zine reviews too.

Appreciatively,
Joy V. Smith

☐**CKK**: The tax saga has finally worked out. The state finally sent their return check last week. Then the new assessment came today for the house. Perhaps the assessor would be will-



ing to pay the price he came up with. The market certainly won't support it. I suppose I'll have to file an appeal.□

Terry Jeeves
56 Red Scar Drive
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England
erg40@madasafish.com
May 25, 2000

Dear Henry and Letha

Many thanks for the latest issue of *TKK*, and as is evidenced by this letter (if you get it), I am now on the net. I also have a PC problem or two with this new machine, but the faults dear Brutus are in ourselves, not our starry machine.

Re the sending of cash through the mail, whilst most countries deplore it, not all have laws against it. I have always sent or received cash by mail, simply because US cheques arriving here are subject to a hefty conversion fee.

Re "Witchard's Armagnac", my comment is, "The poor (and the sadistic, greedy, cruel and gullible) we shall always have with us.

On credit cards, I often wonder if anyone has applied for them all, then drawn out the maximum in cash and taken off for the hills. Is there any mechanism to stop this happening?.

Nice lot of LOCs and re the comments on phones using letter instead of numbers. I seem to recall these were in use in London before the war. **Jan Stinson** deplores meaningless phrases on school reports. I was on the other end of that. For several years I never taught "my class". They came in at 9am, I did the register, then at 9.10 they departed to other teachers and my classes came to me. However, at the end of term, I had to write class teacher's comments on their reports. All I could do was base me generalised comments on the remarks added by specific teachers.

Re PCs, this new one is a honey, but can anybody help me. My old machine used Ami-Pro, the new one has Word Pro. Formerly I could Edit/Cut an illo from Paintbrush and Edit/Paste it into a frame in Ami Protect. Not so with Word Pro, I've tried with and without using a frame, but I always get "You have performed an illegal operation..." The system works OK using the pictures installed in Word Pro, but not with my own bmp or pcx illos. Any one help?

All the best,
Terry

□*TKK: Credit card companies use as part of their screening process the number of other cards you have and their credit lines. Someone with too much credit could advance all the cash and leave the country with quite a nest egg.*□

Trinlay Khadro
PO Box 240934
Brown Deer, WI 53224
5/27/00

Dear Knarley and the Knews,

I'm still recovering from the accident in February. I'm getting physical therapy and chiropractic treatment. I'll be writing to **Arthur Hlavaty** next after his horrifying tale of a broken shoulder. When I start feeling whiney I'll remember that he's worse off than me.

EB; according to local news at the time; Dahmer's neighbors had complained about smells – but they were generally blown off by Law Enforcement as well as the landlord. It wasn't exactly a "good" neighborhood.

In another case, in the Eastern US, a murderer was turned in by unknowing neighbors, when the mummified girlfriend of the killer leaked fluids into the lower unit and the neighbors called the cops. Sometimes, I think, it's easier to believe a neighbor is a slob rather than imagine that he's a serial killer...it probably wouldn't be **my** first conclusion... It seems easier to believe that a group of strangers went home; or found another village to disrupt; than that they've all been murdered.

Alex B.: Wow! You are the 3rd person I know of having throat surgery for respiratory problems. Is it just that the respiratory problems are getting diagnosed sooner or is this surgery a rather new thing? I hope you recover well and soon. As you recover I expect your "evil twin" will vanish and your normal sense of balance and your normal self will return. It's very difficult to avoid that hair trigger state when exhausted or in pain. PostOp really is no picnic.

While, assuredly, one never learns everything the computer can do, different people need and use different "special" functions.

Mark Strickert; it's not necessarily "the mailroom guy" however, (and I've been there) they're the first to see incoming cash and are rarely paid adequately. I know that the temptation can be high for many people whose hands that cash has to travel through in the processing of an order.

Joy, the switch to nowhere goes to the outlet behind the file cabinet!

I vaguely recall some hoopla in the 70s or 80s with a song "867-5309" which resulted in all kinds of prank calls all over the US. (Even now I feel tempted to call...)

I did have a small bit of good fortune, I got a copy of *Kundun* for \$2 from Blockbuster. It was in the previously viewed (overstock) sale pile! I don't think it had been previously viewed which is a pity. Lucky for me; I'll probably watch it till I wear out the tape.

I'm getting some training at work and I'm helping out over in Customer Service in the last two hours of my work day.

This may lead to a promotion and raise at some point. In the meantime I've been putting in some long days.

Take care,
Trinlay

☐**CKK:** *Dahmer's neighbors also had a history of regular and petty complaints to the police. Hopefully the promotion and raise will come through.*☐

Harry Andruschak
PO Box 5309
Torrance, CA 90510-5309
Harryandruschak@aol.com
May 27, 2000

Dear Editors:

Thank you for sending *The Knarley Knews* #81, which arrived today in fine shape. This time around I have more time for a proper LOC, being on sick leave. As you may know, I have become something of a world traveler. **Harry Warner Jr.** has repeatedly expressed concern about the way I put my life in danger. White water river rafting, sky-diving, trips to exotic and dangerous countries, encounters with foreign militias, hazardous roads and trails, riding mules in the Grand Canyon, riding camels in Africa, and so on and so forth.

Well it finally happened, and **Harry Warner Jr.** can properly say "I told you so". I was at a Dude Ranch up in Kern County, and as I was dismounting from the horse in the corral, it spooked, I fell, and wound up in the hospital with two cracked ribs. This was on Thursday, 18 May. Not sure how long I will be off work. Now back at home with Tylenol 3 w/ codeine for the pain.

I note your comments on about sending money in the mail, and the problems of finding reliable information on postal rules. I work for the Post Office myself, but I hardly know



the myriad of rules and regulations for sending mail in the USA, much less overseas.

I don't get as many credit card offers as you do, but that is probably because I am not a homeowner. But I get enough to keep me amused. And I always remember that the postage paid by all these credit card companies is part of my biweekly paycheck. And that biweekly paycheck finances my vacations.

Read the rest of the zine and enjoyed it, but cannot find much to comment about. Hope all is well with you.

Yours Aye

☐**CKK:** *Sorry to hear of your injury. It could have been worse (e.g. Christopher Reeve). Get well soon.*☐

Gene Stewart
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28 May 2K

Dear Knarley & Mom,

Better late than never, no need to apologize or explain.

Interesting cover, which puts me in mind of a fannish Juan Valdez peddling sf'nal and probably quadrupedal coffee beans.

I hope your summer job panned out and proved enjoyable. Interesting stuff on sending cash through the mail, a law broken by virtually every grandparent on grandkids' birthdays. In fact, greeting card companies encourage the flaunting of the laws by making and selling those cards with slots for money to be enclosed. Aha. Any litigious types in the reading audience?

Any word, by the way, on WHY it's not legal in most places? What's the diff?

Loved the **Jeeves** illo for my Witchard's; thanks.

Alexander Bouchard – Amen to your condemnation of the lackwits who infest bureaucracies the world over. Such wastes of breathable air in Greenville, SC's probate court recently lost the original copy of my father's will, then tried to blame me. When I was able to come up with not only a copy of the will but a receipt for their fee proving they'd filed the original they "found" it filed under Junior, which in Dixie constitutes an actual name I suppose.

Beyond this, I got a call from the Ohio State Attorney General's office awhile back telling me that we were in arrears for state taxes, that penalties had been assessed for some ridiculously high sum, and that legal proceedings would commence forthwith. Turned out we hadn't even lived in Ohio that year and could prove it six ways from sideways. Think that'd take care of the matter? You don't know Circumlocution Office Illogic. Now they're trying to extort money from

us to pay for the paperwork and such generated by their error and threatening legal action if we don't cough it up.

Amen to less-costly zines. This is why so many have gone electronic, I believe, more than any other reason.

Hope you recover from your throat surgery soon and completely. I learned how noxious I can be when I stopped smoking years ago. No one ever quits, they just stop. And boy did I get nasty. But I wasn't about to let those little tubes of drugs get the better of me, and it worked. Haven't smoked for 15 years.

Knarley – Once again, I'm simply flabbergasted by your Credit Card Abuse. Take 4 only underscores what we all know but what few will admit: We have got to change our way of doing these kinds of things. Not a day goes by that I'm not told of being pre-approved for some unghoddy amount of credit. It's absurd and smacks of not just a huge confidence trick, but of organized depredation. So what about it, folks? Shall we retire the national debt? Or is cable TV and gas going to cost that much more in the coming year?

Trinlay Khadro – Try both Asimov's "The Ugly Little Boy" and "The Bicentennial Man" for a heady mix of thought and emotion. And the Asimov/Silverberg collaborative novel-length expansion of the short story, "The Ugly Little Boy", is worthwhile, too.

I hope you're healing or already healed. Sorry to hear of the wreck.

Yes, Lewis and Tolkien were both members of the Inklings and good friends, along with Charles Williams. And yes, people of faith can indeed be fans, and vice versa. As well as being scientists, dog-catchers, and week-end joggers.

You're certainly not invisible on my radar scope, but I understand how you feel. After all, yet ANOTHER year has gone by without me being nominated for a Hugo in one category or another. Talk about being invisible.

I like the conceit that Sense of Wonder is what links sf fans and Buddhists. Hm.

Could even be true. As you say, both groups tend to apply that feeling to most things, and that's a powerful similarity.

Sorry, I quit the Iowa Pagan discussion group I'd belonged to, which was the source of the many stories of various pagans & freethinkers being hounded out of jobs and so on, so I can't really supply any chapter-and-verse examples. You're quite right, though, that it's completely illegal, not to mention stupid. It's also something that belligerent xtians tend to do, and in a self-righteous manner, so it's less a legal than a personality conflict most of the time, or so I'd guess.

The fact that industrial hemp is disallowed in USA merely demonstrates USA's excessive, Draconian categorical intolerance, its tendency toward bigotry as policy, and its ability

to substitute blind prejudice for thinking in most matters. Not that I have any strong opinions one way or the other.

E. B. Frohvet – I was just joshing when I called **Marty Cantor** and/or **Harry Warner, Jr.** a curmudgeon. You're right, **Warner's** the nicest of fellows, especially for a fan. And **Marty's** the Smartassery of the Earth, what's not to love?

I'll support your appeal even unto the Ted White level. A faned's right to pub an ish is sacred and must remain inviolate. (One of my favorite colors, inviolate...)

Yes, Carolinians panic at snow of any amount, and they also wreck in numbers far higher than their local government officials can count.

What's with this fascination about Jefferson and Hemings? Watch *Roots* and shut up, everyone. Jeex. Now if you can come up with an affair between Jefferson and, say, Hamilton, well, then we can talk mini-series for SURE.

Harry Warner, Jr. – You curmudgeon you. (A joke, honest.) Your insightful remarks about "The Ugly Little Boy" having been at least partly autobiographical on Asimov's part are cogent. Perhaps the illogic of the ending was simply an emotional fillip he could not avoid, given such unremarked longings.

You mention that a 19-hour flight would probably madden you and that brings up an interesting question. How come more folks don't take sedatives and sleep through long plane rides? The idea's been around for decades, certainly in sf, where long-range journeys have always involved sleep-travel, suspended animation, or hibernation of some sort. Why don't more folks just sleep now? It's feasible and fairly safe and easy.

I'd no idea that the poor folks of Burkittsville MD are being swamped by witchhunter dweebs. That's too bad, and one can see such cases leading to some law against citing real places in movies. (They already use fake telephone numbers.) This is similar to the folks who can't distinguish between actors and their roles in soap operas and so on. One trusts this blur never affects fans of sf movies and TV shows, but then again, there are more members of the Starfleet Academy, for example, than Roddenberry every mentioned, ahem. It just strikes me as amusing to think of someone so far gone that they believe, say, that Michael Dorn really is a Klingon warrior. (Heck, in real life he's not even surly and gruff but is mild-mannered and soft-spoken.)

The trick with learning everything a computer can do is that very few of us ever bother. We learn to do what we want and then explore the other features and options hardly at all. My eldest son continually astounds me by doing things on this computer that I had no idea COULD be done, for example.

Julie Wall – "Just talked," she said. Famous last words, eh?

Sorry to hear about your father's surgery and glad to know he's doing fine. That sort of thing is hard on everyone.

Mark Strickert – Would I lie to you, even about long drives between gas stations?

Joy V. Smith – Thanks for the support in my amazement about the rigid, dictatorial fans. And yes, Asimov is to be admired for keeping one name despite his wide variety of out-put, but often it's not really the writer's choice, at least not in practical terms.

Yes, the kid sniffed the keyhole in Pastime – actually, Spenser sniffed – because they were checking on his mother.

Isn't *Vojo de Vivo* simply Voice of Life?

Rodney Leighton – How'd you know my blathering was incomprehensible if you didn't read it? Your psychic powers amaze me. Also, how come no one else found it incomprehensible? Perhaps you held it upside-down. In any case, thanks for not blasting my ridiculousness, as I'm not done with it quite yet. Your diagnosis of my head, however, completely missed several pertinent features, most notably the sheer thickness of the thing. My neck muscles are the size of Rhode Island, I tell you.

In short, calm down, **Rodney**, I was merely joshing. (Also, it was **Marty Cantor** I called fandom's resident curmudgeon, anyhow, wasn't it?) Otherwise one might get the impression you take me literally, and that might put you in Burkittsville MD with those others, something I'd not wish on anyone.

Oh, wait. I get it. YOU want the nomination as fandom's resident curmudgeon. Duh. (It takes me awhile to pick up on things sometimes, being an idiot and all.) Now I wish you HAD blasted me. (Or did you?) Blast. As Gilda Radnor used to say: "Nevermind."

I like *The Blair Witch Project*. Of course, I like porn movies, too.

Marty Cantor – Your milder version of the Adamant Fan, (not to be confused or conflated with fans of Adam Ant, a whole 'nother thing), works for me because you neither put him down for writing in other ways nor denigrate the genre

work you don't read. That reduces it to a matter of personal taste, which is inarguable.

Incidentally, I'm a fan of Poul Anderson in any genre, having enjoyed his sf, fantasy, and even his mainstream thriller work. But then, I don't really believe in genre anyway, and have no discernible taste, so what the heck do I know?

That's nothing – I can remember when telephones were tin cans and string. And before that hurled rocks to get attention. (Puts me in mind of that Foster's Lagerswill ad in which a guy at a bar is gazing at a TV screen when something slams into his head and he turns the channel. This is defined as Ozzie for Remote Control.)

If the price of milk is determined by its distance from Eau Claire, WI, then how far away from the dungheap must one be to accrue the costs of our Federal Kakistocracy?

Did anyone every call and ask you how to REMOVE a telephone's transceiver? Or were all those sorts of inquiries focused on insertion?

Joseph T. Major – I'll keep an eye out for Richard Powell's books. Thanks for the recommendation. / And what IS it about everyone wanting to pigeonhole writers? I mean, I know we're dangerous as all get-out and all, but jeex.

I, too, doubt that kids were running into concrete pillars thinking they'd leave holes in them. Seeing a movie wouldn't utterly reprogram a child's experiential worldview. Sounds like something an UNBLINKING FEARFUL IMAGINATION-HATING SPIRIT-CRUSHING NO-FUN-ALLOWED RIGHTWING XTIAN made up to thwart the dire threat of GEORGE OF THE JUNGLE to the nation's morals, to me. And no, I don't mean Tim...

I wrote a satire of the John Carter/John Carter of Mars stuff called "A Voting Man of Mars" in which the confused nuclear scientist's astral persona ends up on Mars only to find that Dejah Thoris and his namesake grandfather abdicated in favor of democracy ages ago and that he must now RUN FOR OFFICE in order to become anything like a god-emperor of Barsoom. He ends up a sort of pathetic Teddy Kennedy sort of fellow, insecure, impotent, (pre-Viagra, yes) I, and drinking heavily despite the relatively lessened gravity. Needless to say it was neither widely nor narrowly published as no one seemed to get it. Sigh.

They didn't publish the one in which a fat president suffocates an underaged prostitute in a hotel room during drunken sex, either. Damned liberal media.

Agreed, Hentai is wilder than Manga. I've seen images that looked like Giger's wet dreams, or perhaps the sexual nightmares of a psychotic insectoid from Zeta Reticula. (Or are they the lizards? One forgets...) I hadn't known that about *Sailor Moon* story arcs ending with crucifixion, though. Yes, Xena has been crossed at least twice.

Is that true that Clancy had to give fifty percent of the Jack Ryan character to his wife in the settlement? Clancy's



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always been a modern RAH as I've read him. Reincarnation, anyone? (Now there's a new Shaver mystery, eh?)

I suspect Clancy didn't mention the Ebola quarantine in *Rainbow Six* because he didn't know about it. Either that or he didn't want mere reality competing for the reader's attention, although Richard Preston uses real references to good effect in his thriller *The Cobra Event*. He's the guy who wrote *The Hot Zone*, which brought Ebola-Z into everyone's consciousness initially.

Eric Lindsay – My computer comes on inside 30 seconds, including all the booting, and doesn't crash all the time. I'm sure I'm faster on it at locs than on any manual typewriter, or even than any electronic typewriter.

Lloyd Penney – Well, King Stephen wrote the superb "The Body" and "Rita Hayworth and Shawshank Redemption" and "Apt Pupil" and many another non-horror story, novella, or novel, and I've enjoyed them all. He's a good writer, better than the critics give him credit for in many ways. It's difficult for me to believe that there are readers so hidebound that they'd refuse even to try a book if it didn't fit their narrow expectations, and yet that seems almost to be the majority. Scares me to think what this means, and on many levels.

I shall keep hoping to see you and/or **Yvonne** up on the big screen.

As for *Farscape* I'm afraid I've seen only ads for it, never an episode, so why people hate it remains a mystery except that maybe it's the Muppets involved.

Jan Stinson – Down with Inflexible Reader Expectation, eh? I'm not sure wanting the same-old same-old is a modern phenomenon, though. Ever observe children? They love nothing better than hearing their favorite books read to them over and over, or watching the same favorite videos or cartoons over and over. This craving of the familiar and a sort of secondary craving of reinforcement of the familiar seems hardwired into the brain. Perhaps that's how we each create our world.

I suppose the trick for a writer would be to find something readers love that could be done endlessly and still provide stimulation, interest, and challenge. Of course, against boredom the gods themselves contend in vain, isn't it?

I'm with you in preferring a challenging read for diversion. Try, by the way, the superb and hilarious *Cryptonomicon* by Neal Stephenson. One marvelous, fascinating, smart, funny, knowing, telling book. Wow, what fun. I keep pausing to inflict passages upon my eldest son, or just to laugh aloud and savor something, and I haven't done that since last I read Dickens. Not that Stephenson's Dickensian, exactly. He's more like a relaxed Pynchon, or something like that. Try it.

It won't win the Hugo, though, I suspect, because sf folk will prefer the traditional, such as Vernor Vinge's book, over

what looks suspiciously like the literary. But maybe not, surprises happen.

I'm in complete agreement with you about creepy teachers who say little Jane or Johnny isn't "working to potential". As if they could tell, y'know? Self-important ego-bags.

Yes, Tschüß is like ciao, exactly. It rhymes with Choose, though, so I always say, "Tschüß wisely" as a sort of bone-headed bilingual pun.

We probably disagree about the reliability of witnesses. I'm not convinced even someone standing right there during a crime will notice much of use. Anyway, though, you also asked what I'm reading currently. Well, *Cryptonomicon*, of course, and also *Into Thin Air* by Jon Krakauer, a true account of the 1996 Mt. Everest debacle that killed six climbers in his party. I'd missed reading it when it first came out but my wife read it and she's right, it's excellent. There's an IMAX film, too, that was filmed at the same time as the events Krakauer describes that we'd like to catch sometime.

I'd heartily recommend *The Perfect Storm* by Sebastian Junger, too, considering that the George Cluny vehicle will stir up public interest in it. The book's just great, and will convince you never to go to sea in a small fishing trawler. Ever. No matter what. Whoa.

Oh, and Henry's right, don't dare ask *Major Joe* what he's reading, you just plain wouldn't believe it. No kidding, he goes through books like salted peanuts.

George Flynn – Okay, y'caught me being a martinet. Usually I'm a Blue Jay but there are times I can't constrain myself. I tend to overgeneralize in columns to get points across in relatively brief space and, yes, as squibs to prompt comments. You're perceptive, though, to have spotted the fact that I was responding not merely to the brief comments I included from the student who objected to Asimov's "different" story. In fact, we'd had several exchanges on it, a debate/argument I was coming off of when I wrote the column. Nice going.

Phantom Menace is perfectly good and Binks isn't that much of a blemish; relax and enjoy the movie, especially some of the wonderful environments. I agree with Henry, though, that it's a big-screener. Video diminishes such movies.

Andrew C. Murdoch – If you notice that a particular critic is consistently opposite of one's taste, then that can be as reliable as a critic who shares one's tastes. In fact, I've often viewed movies just to see what all the critics were yipping about, and have been pleasantly surprised quite often.

Ah, but there will be expert systems in place of technical manuals. No kidding.

I can't take any credit for envisioning a future in which the haves won't have to read thanks to machines and only the haven'ts must know how to get along. It's portrayed vividly in Harry Harrison's *Make Room, Make Room* and even in the film of that book, *Soylent Green*, an under-rated sf classic to

my thinking, in which Edward G. Robinson, in his final screen appearance, plays Sol Roth, a Book, meaning someone who can read. Poignant stuff, as he also serves as a Memory and a Conscience for what's been lost to global warming and overpopulation. Excellent stuff, and by the way, *Soylent Green* is almost a scene-by-scene precursor to *Blade Runner*.

Incidentally – because I know some stickler will chirp up – the ugly revelation that *Soylent Green* is People is intended and functions more as a metaphor for the fact that we're basically consuming ourselves to death, not as a literal sf'nal horror. In the movie, of course, it's sort of the pivotal zinger, the MacGuffin, and the core mystery, and it's taken mostly literally in the movie, but even there one can discern a higher interpretation at work – consider, for example, where Heston is when he hears about it, and where he is when he shouts it out: He's in church. It's a matter of conscience, intended literally only for the literal-minded.

But anyway... Klaatu barada nicto.

Also, Namaste and Tschüß wisely –
Gene Stewart/OLD 815

☐CKK: *The summer job didn't work out. The company has become a bit annoying with their lack of action since now the back☐up project may not launch until November. So much for extra money this summer.*☐

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, MD 21740
May 30, 2000

I see from the letter section in the April *Knarley Knews* that opinion is evenly divided on whether I am or am not a curmudgeon. This seems to indicate that I have a dual personality, exhibiting one or the other phase of curmudgeoness at unpredictable intervals. It would probably be best if I donated my brain to science, in the hope that its study would create a method to cure this same affliction occurring in other persons. I could probably enjoy life after giving up the brain: I could enter politics and even run for President, I could enjoy rock, I could participate in call-in shows on AM radio, and I could continue to write most of the LOCs I now create.

Your tax return problems met with the proper amount of sympathy from me. Each winter I decide that I'm going to turn over to a tax preparer all the documents and consider the fee well spent. Up to now, I've always gone ahead and filled out the return documents myself, theorizing that I'm if I make a mistake and am forced to pay a fine or interest on insufficient payments, the sum probably won't be much worse than what the preparer would charge. Surprisingly, this year my refund check came back from the federal return in exactly the sum I'd calculated. The state tax return was found to contain an error but I benefited by a few bucks more than I had calculated for that refund.

Curiously, credit card offers are the one form of junk mail that rarely reaches me. I don't think I received more than two or three such items during 1999 via the postal system. I'm not sure why, because I'm deluged with catalogs and bargain offers and such in fields that I've never exhibited any interest at all (military equipment, outdoors life, even professional firefighting equipment). It's possible that this situation derives in part, at least, from the fact that I buy nothing on credit, have only one card, and pay off immediately everything I use the card to buy.

I'm glad **Trinlay** escaped that accident without more serious injuries. Following too close is a serious problem in the Hagerstown area and it's one of the more irrational types of bad driving. It saves the following car only a second or two at most if the followed vehicle makes a turn or pulls over to the side of the street. It requires the following car to waste a lot of gas and wear on the brake system because its driver must indulge in an endless amount of slowing and speeding up to stay close without a collision. And in almost every case, it's the one kind of accident-prone driving in which the law automatically charges the guilty party instead of depending on witness testimony or lies or scientific evidence.

By a not very big margin, I'm not old enough to remember when there were no telephones. But I can remember the years when telephone numbers were radically different from the way they are today in Hagerstown. Up to the middle of the 20th century, Hagerstown's telephones used the number, please switchboard operators to make connections. Residents of the city had numbers of one, two, three or four digits, often with a letter following the final digit. Only commercial establishments and some rich people had private lines that required no letter. Cheaper service could be chosen from two-, three-, and four-party lines. If one telephone was in use on a party line, calls couldn't be made from the other users who could listen in to the conversation that was preventing them from calling a number. Out in the country, there were no private lines, just party lines that could have a dozen or more persons sharing the service. They had a couple of digits, a letter, and a couple more digits for numbers. The last two digits told the operator how to ring the person called, because every phone on one of these party lines would ring and the person for whom the call was meant was informed of this fact by this particular phone's last two numbers. If they were 13, for instance, the switchboard girl would ring once, pause, then give three more rings in quick succession. I forgot the old numbers for the most part, but I do remember that the county jail had 1 as its telephone number.

It is hard to comment on the frequent fanzine LOCs that are devoted to the latest movies and television shows because I haven't been to a movie theater in years and I rarely pay attention to a science fiction or fantasy program on the tube. But I can understand one reason why there is less discussion of written science fiction: it takes too long to read the 500-page paperbacks that dominate the new releases and only an

hour or two to watch the theater or tv screen. So there is a tendency for many fans today to limit themselves to the quick fix in their fantasy addiction.

Some people tell me I'm ridiculous when I suspect that several veteran science fiction writers had their new output turn sour because they switched from typewriters to computers for creating manuscripts. But it seems to be something more than a coincidence that it came out that way in the cases of both Sir Arthur Clarke and Jack Williamson.

Jan Stinson mentions the way some persons love the "endless serial novels". I've found in local thrift stores an even more amazing situation. Several times recently I've seen a woman with a sheaf of papers in her hand kneeling before the rows of romance novels, looking at the numbers on their spines, then at her documents and purchasing the numbers not listed there. Obviously, some persons are afraid of missing any release from the publisher whose output they like.

Yrs, &c.,
Harry Warner, Jr.

☐**TKK**: *I wonder if you've been stuffed. A very illegal practice where the free information from cards found in magazines and trade journals are filled out in another's name for the purpose of filling their mailbox. I've long been annoyed by the lack of editing among successful authors. In the 50s and 60s when the outlets for SF and fantasy were fewer the editors did their jobs thoroughly. Now the best selling authors are simply allowed to get whatever printed because, in most cases, its cheaper to have to occasional flop then to do real editing jobs.*☐

Marty Cantor
11825 Gilmore Street #105
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May 31, 2000

Dear Knarley Pipples:

Once again, into the breach. Except that I have a growing pile of zines to be locced, so I am a bit later in getting locs into faunching faneds. *sigh* I am retired, so why am I now busier than I was before I retired? At least I am having more fun. So, I thank you for sending me *TKK* #81 – it nicely contributes to the fun.

So I will start out writing a bit about sending money out of the country. From what you write about your researches in the matter, it is not illegal to send money out of the country (except, maybe, to certain other countries), it is just a matter of the form and the amount the Post Office will carry it. After all, you can carry with you any amount of money you wish to carry if you take it with you on or in a vehicle. Or you can take it in the form of plastic which can be spent abroad. I think that the postal regulations have more to do with insurance and safety matters. So it might not be illegal to send money to most other countries, but it is stupid to put a bill into an ordinary, non-registered envelope as they might not

get to their destinations intact. You did good research, but I do not believe that you completely answered the question.

E.B. Frohvet proposes a fandom-wide election to see who should be its resident curmudgeon? Well, if you want to energize all of the curmudgeons to vent their spleen at the idea, go to it.

In the discussion of the money made by credit card companies you write, "The discount rate (often as high as 3.5%) is much larger than the interest rates." Huh? Where did you learn your math? Interest rates, which are often up to 20% average about 13%, both of which are higher than 3.5%. With about a trillion dollars of current outstanding credit card debt at any given time, the credit card companies are making most of their money on interest payments because most people do not pay their credit card debts on time. Whilst I cannot give you an exact reference for these numbers, I pay daily attention to business developments and also read the business sections of newspapers so I am confident that I am in the correct ballpark.

You respond to me, "Your phone use instructions sound incredibly painful. My ear is too small to contain any reasonable part of a phone." Obviously, you have the choice of either getting a smaller telephone or enlarging your ear. I have solutions for everything but I make no claims for practicality.

You write about me, "So you're fandom's resident curmudgeon – and here I'd been thinking Ted White had that title sewn up." Nah – Ted is just opinionated. Well, so am I. On top of that, though, I am a grump. Whether or not I am fandom's resident curmudgeon is something for others to say, not me. But I am probably LASFAPA's resident curmudgeon. (Anybody else want to join? Contact me if interested. *free plug*)

I think that the best way of limiting Hugo Awards to a given person is to make them out of Plutonium in a size just below critical mass.

As for The Cult being the "Nastiest Bastards in Fandom" – not a chance, as I am not a member of that APA.

Gene also writes, "Quite right, there probably are folks who take entertainment as reality but I've never visited that particular aunt, either." I did not know that we were writing about Ronald Reagan in this fanzine.

Faanishly yours,
Marty Cantor

☐**TKK**: *The discount rate is charged up-front and on all purchases whether or not they are paid on time by the user. This is a huge source of income for the credit-card companies and comes without the potential loss due to non-payment by the customer. Opinionated is one word to describe Ted White, but it wouldn't be my first choice.*☐



Mark Proskey
719 W Aldine Ave
Chicago, IL 60657
June 8, 2000

Knarley,

A few comments on things brought up in 81's letter column.

Joseph T. Major – When I saw *George of the Jungle* there were little kids running into the walls singing “George of the Jungle” after the show.

Robert Lichtman – I too wonder what the big deal about *American Beauty* was. Though I did enter a *Chicago Tribune* sponsored “Beat the Critic” contest where I guessed 5 out of the 6 Academy Award winners. I lost because I put Annette Benning down as Best Actress instead of Hilary Swank (who was my first choice) because of the hype.

Well I'm looking for the next issue of *The Knarley Knews*. Thanks for listening and the fine fannish pub.

Best,
Mark

☐**CKK**: *I'm so out of the modern movie scene. I don't have a clue who the nominees or winners have been the last few years and I doubt I've seen most of them.*☐

Lloyd Penney
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June 12, 2000

Dear Knarley and Letha:

Got issue 81 of *The Knarley Knews* a little while ago, but as always, my own time is short, and my excuses are lame. So, here goes with a loc, and see if something of value comes about...

I guess you have heard the bad news by now, and having a cartoon of his on page 3 makes it all the more ironic...Joe Mayhew has passed away, a victim of Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease. Joe fell ill around Easter, and went into a slow but steady decline. Our numbers continue to dwindle, and now

three of our top fannish cartoonists, Rotsler, Gunn and Mayhew, have passed away within a fairly short time. We were looking forward to seeing Joe in Chicago...now Chicon will be a little quieter and a little smaller. (Our CUFF trip report may be a little delayed...Joe was to illustrate it for us.)

On sending cash through the mail...I don't recall if I said it was legal; in fact, I wasn't sure. However, that doesn't stop me from sending small amounts (US\$10 or less) the very odd time in well-padded envelopes. Can't recall the last time I did it, though... Why did you assume Canada would have the laxest currency rules?

E.R. Stewart is right in saying we should care for our fellow man, and cease our apathy... Christian upbringing urges you to help your fellow man, but real life tells us to mind our own business. If I was to intercede in a robbery, it's possible I might get tagged as an accomplice, or the robber might sue me for injuries or damages, or I might get scragged by both robber and victim. I'm not imagining things; I have read about each of these things happening to good Samaritans in our overly-litigious society. We tell our children not to interfere, or not to go near strangers, and mind your own business, we punish them if they take any action, no matter what they learned in Sunday school. We reap what we sow...besides, with the predominance of guns in American society, who knows who's got something lethal in their pockets...is the average person going to risk his life to help out a stranger? Not likely. Being good to your fellow man has become simply too dangerous.

All the best to **Al Bouchard**...having to deal with crises in health and employment is no life. One or the other is bad enough, but with both on your back...stay well, and with luck, we'll see you in Chicago. I think we all can be much worse people than we thought...for some reason, it's easier, or more natural, to lash out at others, and be negative. So much for being a so-called more evolved animal, hm?

Trinlay Khadro...I have had in the past one person (a former neighbour who made a great fuss about being Born Again and saved) call me a Satanist because I like science fiction. It assumes the existence of beings outside of our earth, which is against the teachings of the gospels (!), some books deal with spirits from heaven and hell as if they were human beings, and by enjoying SF, and by writing it, we are trying to usurp God's sole power to create worlds. I responded by saying that it is truly a marvel of God's work that he chose to give us minds and imaginations that can conceive of beings and worlds that can't possibly exist. Besides, if we are created in God's image, then we should be able to think thoughts on God's scale. Only Satan would put such thoughts in your mind, and make you believe such things, was the reply, and I was promised eternal damnation. I can't help but feel that an especially hot place in hell is reserved for television evangelists and the overly-righteous.

I've had a look for it on local cable and specialty channels...-*Farscape* isn't here yet, but might be in the fall. The growing

of hemp is now legal in Canada, with strict licensing and security. The quality of products that come from hemp is being improved all the time, including clothing and paper, but if could just get "Pot!" out of our minds (we are still in a *Reefer Madness* state of mind), hemp could provide us with sufficient raw materials to take pressure off our forests for pulp, and therefore increase the amounts of oxygen in our atmosphere.

I don't think fans tip more than groups like Shriners or businessmen, but I think we leave the facilities in better shape than do the other groups. Whatever money we don't leave behind in tips, we save the hotel in minor repairs and eventual renovations. The majority of convention fans value the function space we can get, and treat the space with care; sometimes, we even give the facilities and related equipment back to the hotel in better shape than we received it.

I hope **Julie Wall** will enjoy her GoHship in Huntsville. Over the Memorial Day holiday, Yvonne and I were FanGoHs at VCon 25 in Vancouver, British Columbia. We had a great time, for it had been decades for each of us since we'd been in B.C. We got to explore the historic parts of Vancouver, we met old friends and got to meet **Garth Spencer** and **Scott Patri** for the first time. We guested along side of Robert Sawyer and Spider Robinson, and the con treated us all like king and queen. The con suite was a good time, and the folks from Bellingham, Washington held two great parties. It was the best con we'd been to in a while.

Looks like it didn't take **Mark Strickert** long to settle in to a new life in California and find some work. I would have thought that getting work would take a while.

We all apologize for the timeliness (or lack thereof) of our locs...I know I do sometimes. I want to be able to promptly respond to the zine say a day or so after receiving it, but it's just not possible most times. So, I write it when I can, and with the help of e-mail, it can be as timely as possible. **Rodney** is right, *Stet 9* was an excellent fannish text. **Dick** and **Leah** did their research, and they have produced not just a fanzine, but a reference text that will go on my reference shelf instead of in the general fanzine collection. *Stet* is an old typographer's term to let something specified stand instead of proofreader's marks that might direct the specified copy to be changed or deleted. I'm sure *Leah* used it in her journalistic career, and simply transferred it to her fannish work. Do it all the time myself.

My grandmother, when she still lived in Toronto, was in the Rogers exchange, and her telephone number began with RO3...cannot remember the final four digits. Our telephone number in the town of Orillia, where I grew up, was 325-2515, but the last five digits were sufficient to place a call. Wasn't there a rock song called "867-5309"? People called that number for years, and the people at the other end were not pleased. And in March of next year, those of us in Toronto, area code 416, will have to dial all ten numbers when Bell Canada introduces to Toronto an area code overlay, 647.

Conventions are starting to fade in importance to fandom as a whole...I hope this is just temporary. If not, the continuance of conventions is important to the fannish social life. I think that's one reason why I stay with the Ad Astra committee, and will be on the committee for the 19th straight year.

The Bicentennial Man didn't last long in the theatres, but then, I had to wonder if the average movie-goer understood it. I have asked if it will appear in video stores soon...the answer is no. It may be repackaged or re-edited, or just re-released to see if the public can pick up on it. Yes, the reviews were bad, but I still thought the movie was well done and charming.

Me and **George Flynn**...we both spent three days in Grade 1, we both work as professional proofreaders, and of course, there's the choice of literature. What else do we have in common, **George**, or are you a long-lost relative I didn't know about? Would your birthday be in June?

In WWII, Canadian soldiers liberated large portions of the Netherlands from the Germans. That's why there is such a close relationship between Canada and Netherlands. Also, during the war, the Dutch royal family were living in Canada in Ottawa, and Queen Juliana was pregnant with Princess Beatrix. To ensure the continuance of the Dutch Royal family line, the federal government here officially ceded the land surrounding the hospital where Beatrix would be born to the Netherlands. Beatrix is now Queen, and in gratitude for liberation in the last World War, and for such kindnesses as this unprecedented ceding of land for the continuance of the royal line, the Dutch government and royal family sends 100,000 tulip bulbs to Ottawa every year, and Ottawa becomes the Tulip City.

Some inspiration for the bacover...have you two pre-supported Toronto in 2003? If you had no problems with Winnipeg, it's even easier to get to Toronto. We're hoping real hard...and that should be it. I've written more than I expected, so I shall fire up the e-mail burner, and send it off. Many thanks, and hope to see you next issue, if not Chicon 2000.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney.

☐**CKK**: *I assumed that Canada would be the laxest since currency is routinely exchanged between citizens along the border with the benefit of banks. NAFTA is also supposed to streamline this sort of thing. I think we've presupported both Toronto and Cancun. We'd prefer to have the excuse to go to Cancun, but consider ourselves friendly to both bids even if we have don't more advertising for Cancun. Doing even minor work for the Chicon has shown me how immense and complicated the modern worldcon has become.*☐

Eric Lindsay
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June 18, 2000

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26 June 2000

Hi Knarley,

Many thanks as always for *TKK*, in this case #81. I certainly think any of us who have ever edited a fanzine can very well understand that sometimes it just all gets too much. In my case the latest

post office postal rates have been a case of real sticker shock. The \$1.05 airmail letter rate has

gone up to \$1.50 for an airmail letter. The PO say this isn't as bad as it seems as you can now include 50 grams instead of 20 grams. Were I in the habit of writing 6-8 page letters (hi **Joseph Major**) that might be somewhat more helpful. Meanwhile, the cheapest fanzine rate for me seems to be the \$3 prepaid envelope, which allows 125 grams. That is about three of my ensmalled 12-16 page fanzines. Doesn't help much in encouraging me to mail frequently. Thank ghod for email for locs.

Likewise, I can certainly agree with **Alexander Bouchard** that not going to work does not automatically free up time for fanac (or anything else for that matter).

Visa seem to have failed to notice me here, although American Express sometimes send me application forms. I went to the trouble of getting a Gold Visa (mostly because the "free" travel insurance on travel bought with it was cheaper than the usual rate of travel insurance). I certainly didn't get offered the somewhat staggering credits limits some of your credit card providers seem to offer.

I must free **Harry Warner Jr.** from the idea it takes 19 hours to fly LA to Sydney. It only takes 13 or 14 hours (depending on the wind).

Likewise, with phones changing from numbers to letters so as to shorten the buttons dialled. I guess **Harry** hasn't seen the mobile phones where you just speak the name you want, and the phone looks up the number and dials it. Say, isn't that about what you did with phones back around 1920?

Jean and I have been promoting the idea that June 2002 is the month that there is likely to be a bunch of New Zealand and Australian National SF conventions. We also hope to bid for Corflu for that period.

□*TKK: The last US postal rate increase saved me money on domestic mail. The first ounce went up to 33 cents but follow-up ounces dropped to 22 cents. Since I typically send in the 2-3 ounce range I save a whopping 1 cent per zine. Good luck with the Corflu bid. Sorry, but it isn't enough of a draw for us to visit, though.*□

Dear Knarley,

Your idea for a Visa sponsored by your fanzine could be an interesting idea if expanded to faneds in general. Imagine a pool funded by raw pure capitalism from which faneds could draw in order to pub their ish. It definitely wouldn't dry up any time soon, given enough cardholders.

I notice you had one credit card application addressed to one of your children, which to me proves a couple of things anyway. First, it's a good idea to be reasonably paranoid about who you give personal information to, but second, if it's in the hands of big business, they're just as incompetent with it as any bureaucrat.

Trinlay, between your experiences and Steven King's, there may yet be a remake of Christine in the works involving a minivan of some sort (although I think the one that hit him was grey). Still, you could always do what he did, buy the minivan in question and a sledgehammer.

Also, I'm surprised there isn't at least some industrial hemp production in the States, but considering what an incredible stigma there is there around drugs in general, maybe it's not so surprising. There is some industrial hemp grown under strict government control up here in Canada (strict meaning if anyone takes part of a plant off the farm they're charged with trafficking), but here they also agree that smoking the stuff grown for fiber won't be that much fun. It was said you'd need to smoke a joint the size of a telephone pole to get a buzz off it, and you'd die of carbon monoxide poisoning long before then.

Hail, Centurion!
Andrew C. Murdoch

□*TKK: I don't recall the details of the credit card app for the child but it could have either been Connor (age 8) who once had an AOL account (for the free minutes with SPAM isolation) which required a credit card for billing, or Letha's oldest who is now 22 who occasionally gets mail to the wrong last name at our address.*□

We also heard from:

Amanda Baker, John Berry (who says British non-smoking areas are rigidly enforced), Sheryl Birkhead (COA: 25509 Jonnie Court; Gaithersburg, MD 20882 and can't find anything after the move), Melissa Dunajski, Karen Johnson (e-coa: kaji@labyrinth.net.au), Rodney Leighton (who feels the zine should become "irregular" like *Opuntia*, yet still very regularly), Guy H. Lillian, III, Jim Rittenhouse, Sue Welch



A rather thin assortment of zines this time around. Then again I did receive 4 zines in the mail over the weekend that I haven't had time to read and review yet.

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.

Derogatory Reference 95 by Arthur Hlavaty; 206 Valentine St; Yonkers, NY 10704-1814; hlvaty@panix.com; quarterly; \$1 or the usual. A small perzine with discussion of a recent accident involving light bulbs and broken bones.

Erg 149 by Terry Jeeves; 56 Red Scar Dr; Scarborough, YO12 5RQ; United Kingdom; erg40@madasafish.com; quarterly; the usual. A smallish zine with this issue continuing a discussion of matinee movies of the past.

File 770: 135 by Mike Glycer; 705 Valley View Ave.; Monrovia, CA 91016; MGlycer@compuserve.com; irregular; \$2.50 or the usual. A newszine with a broad-spectrum of coverage from conventions to movie memorabilia.

FOSFAX 199 by Tim Lane & Elizabeth Garrot; %FOSFA; PO Box 37281; Louisville, KY 40233-7281; quarterly; \$3 or the usual. A very large zine issues with oodles of SF related material and lots of political discussion.

NOVA Express Vol. 5 No. 3 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. This is one of the few I don't LOC or trade with since I've previously indicated little or no interest.

Opuntia 45 by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. Continues Garth Spencer's review of con-running material. I'm amazed that

Fanzines Received in Trade

there is so much out there and yet it can never be found by those who really need it.

This Here #3 by Nic Farey; PO Box 178; St Leonard, MD 20685; Nfarey@comappspect.com; irregular; the usual. A slightly different kind of perzine which includes commentary on wasps, music, and professional wrestling.

Vanamonde No.353-7 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 #84 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. Congratulations are definitely in order since Bob's book *Who Shaped Science Fiction?* has finally been published. Includes *Halcyon Days*, the like-numbered LOC column companion.

Wabe #1 by Tracy Benton; 108 Grand Canyon Dr.; Madison, WI 53705; benton@uwalumni.com; Bill Bodden; PO Box 762; Madison, WI 53701-0762; billzilla@mailbag.com; and Jae Leslie Adams; 621 Spruce St; Madison, WI 53715; jaeleslie@aol.com; irregular; the usual. An interesting start for a fanzine inspired by a publishing contest at Corflu. Includes an article on Type II diabetes by Andy Hooper.

"Yvngvi is a Louse" and Other Graffitos #65 by T.K.F. Weiskopf; PO Box 130162; Birmingham, AL 35213; irregular; the usual. This is a SFPA zine plus a whole lot more. It fits the definition of a genzine much better than most APA zines. Congratulations go to the editor for her recent Rebel Award from this year's Deep South Con.



Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Chicon 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 ...

- _____ 4 out of 5 zine editors surveyed recommend paper fanzines when you read fanzines.
- _____ I'm very underemployed this summer and had better do something at least marginally productive with my time.
- _____ I'm hoping for a bit of a meatier issue to take with me to Chicon in August.
- _____ 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.