



HARLEY NEWS

The Knarley Knews -- Issue 103
Published in December, 2003

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Art Credits

Artists	Page(s)
Sheryl Birkhead	4
Brad Foster	17
Terry Jeeves	10
Joe Mayhew	14, 17
Scott Patri	7
William Rotsler	11
Alan White	Cover

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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 (black-holish behavior is not rewarded). 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, although their efficacy is highly suspect, and have never turned down a financial contribution.

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The editorial board is:

Henry L. "Knarley" Welch -- Editor
Letha R. "Mom" Welch -- Layout Editor

All comments/requests should be sent to:

The Knarley Knews
1525 16th Ave.
Grafton, WI 53024-2017 USA
(262)375-8763
welch@msoe.edu OR
<http://people.msoe.edu/~welch/tkk.html>



Next Issue Deadline: February 10, 2004

Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

In the beginning there was only darkness. And then the contractor too way too long to finish the kitchen and then there was only mostly darkness and lots of dust. And then it was a year later and there was still mostly darkness and ye olde editor finally got off his sorry ass and ordered some lights for the kitchen. The first five were easy the local Home Depot had them in stock and other than minor problems with the mounting hardware being slightly incompatible with the ceiling boxes (it's complicated, but the internal structure interfered with the height adjustment that attached the cover to snugly to the ceiling). The last and grandest light over the island had to be ordered over the internet. Despite my occupation as a professor of computer and software engineering I have been slower than most to center my shopping around the internet. I may be a grumpy cuss, but I still prefer being able to see what I'm buying and to make a decision regarding the "quality" of the seller.

The light arrived promptly and then sat cluttering up the kitchen until I had a day off to do the installation. This light required the installation of a new ceiling box. They make retro-boxes that can be installed through the normal electrical box-sized hole and are rated for a heavy fixture or ceiling fan. It's kind of a pain in the ass to do this since you have to stick everything through a four inch round hole and then work around the box and everything else to pull the wire through. I've done one of these before where I had to pull out the old box (don't try this at home; wait I already did), but this was to be a new installation. The units are designed to handle the normal 16 inch separation between floor joists, but can be adjusted a fair amount either way. They are, however, not capable of getting as small as 12 inches which was necessary since this was the old spacing for the soffets from peninsula cabinets we removed 18 months ago. I had to cut the unit down and then use the extender attachment on my screw gun to anchor the ends with deck screws. At this point you'd think most of the grief would be over.

The unit we chose was a large Tiffany-style lamp in the Sonoma line from tejaslighting.com. My initial inspection of the light showed that everything was fine, but when we pulled it out of the box to adjust the height we noticed that one corner was completely missing the glass and the metal was all mangled. This was not a shipping problem, but rather it had been packaged this way at the factory. Crap, clean up all the plaster and tools and call the 800 number on the shipping label.

Tejas got back to me the next business day and said they'd send a new unit out with a return label for the old one. OK, not a problem, but then there was only silence. It was almost two weeks later and I had just fired off an e-mail query when the second unit arrived. I quick check showed that it had all

of the bits of glass and metal where they belonged. Now for the fun part; adjusting and installing the unit. Imagine if you can a 55 pound lamp being lifted up to the ceiling to make certain the right length of chain can be used. Normally 55 pounds isn't that heavy for me, but when I'm stooped over on top of the island it takes on a whole new aspect. The final annoyance was the hollow bolt through which two pairs of wires and the safety ground have to be fed. Threading a needle while blind is probably easier. And now there is light. Now all I have to do is remind the children that this is the most expensive light in the house to leave on at 250 Watts with a potential to be enhanced to 400 Watts.

To top things off I finished the last bits of painting in the kitchen today and so the remodel there took only 19 months.

Not to leave well enough alone we are rearranging the kids' bedrooms. Kira decided she wanted a regular bed so her loft was moved to Connor's room which was better configured for it. The dressers moved around too and now I have an extra double bed to go with all the other furniture that I still can't find a new home for. Kira is really excited since Letha found here a pink castle canopy with matching sheets, comforter, pillow, etc. My daughter is decidedly pink despite the best efforts of her parents. Connor's room is now a disaster since he, like most 11-year-old boys would rather be tortured than pick up his room. Kira also has an issue with all her doll stuff since it got moved from the debris piles in her room to boxes. I'm so tempted to take it all out to the curb tomorrow for the trash collector, but I'd never be forgiven.

Despite the progress on the remodeling front there have been annoyances elsewhere. Both cars have needed to have a major gasket rebuilt. The gasket itself is not too expensive, but the 7 hours in labor is. Add in a few tires and a brake job and the coffers are now rather bare. Add in a poor year for Letha's business and it doesn't look like we'll be doing much traveling over the coming year. If you know of any good consulting jobs out there for a computer or software engineer...

No thanks to the rest of you I managed to get my leaves raked this year. I have to leave them every year for the week of Thanksgiving since the trees hold their leaves so long. Last year it snowed the week before Thanksgiving, but this year it didn't start until 30 minutes before I'd finished. This is cutting the margin closer than I'd like, but done is done.

Continued on page 9

Sue's Sites: Three Day Summary

by Sue Welch

"Spirit" was the very essence of the Breast Cancer 3-Day walk. For three days volunteers, crew and bystanders along the way made us feel "oh so special". They clapped as we went by, put beaded necklaces around our neck and stickers on our ID's, offered candy and thanked us over and over for walking. With so much encouragement what could one do but keep putting the foot behind in front and continue walking, no matter the pain, the tiredness, the cold or the drizzling rain that dominated the second day.

Day Zero, as the day before is called, began with a 45-minute video: "The theme of this walk is no whining." And for three days no one whined. There was a real community where everyone smiled and asked, "How are you doing? You can make it. You are almost there." Decorated cars passed by every few minutes honking and waving. The rule was wave or if you need to be picked up put your thumb down. My biggest injury was a tired arm.

The walk began at the Orange County Fairgrounds promptly at 5 am on Friday. Over 2000 walkers hung out drinking water and doing stretches until the opening ceremony at 6:30 am. Personally I was ready for a nap long before they released us to begin walking at 7. The route was more or less flat, wandering through residential neighborhoods and spending part of the afternoon along the beach. Every one to three miles was a rest area: we were told to drink a bottle of water, go to the bathroom and fill up with food at each stop. At alternate rest areas, there were physical therapists and medical personnel to handle problems, and there were lots of both. The middle of the second day my shins hurt so much I thought it was over but a piece of tape put along my legs from my foot to my knee, although not reducing the swelling, did alleviate the pain while walking.

We camped Friday and Saturday nights in big open fields. On Day Zero each person received a nametag to be worn around your neck at all times during the walk. It had a scan to track each walker as well as a tent address. Upon reaching the campsite, one tent mate picked up a tent and found the address. Mine was 84D which meant I was in row D, space 84. Little plastic markers on the ground indicated each tent place. Luggage for row D residents was neatly placed on the ground in front of row D and was redeposited here the following morning. The activity following putting up the tent was quite unique: grab your soap and clean clothes and head in the direction of the semis. Inside each semi were eight showers with very hot water; truly a wonderful experience.

Next stop was the dinner line with huge quantities of food and marvelously hot coffee. By now it was 5:30 pm and thoughts of bed seemed dominant. Can't remember ever thinking it was bedtime at 6 pm. Several cups of coffee later most walkers managed to participate in the evening stretches



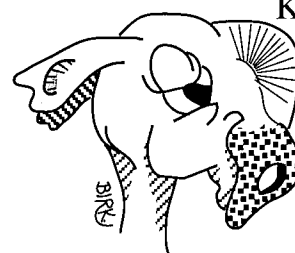
A NATIONAL PHILANTHROPIC TRUST PROJECT

and listen to the evening's entertainment. Breakfast began at 4:30 am but walking was not permitted until 6:30 and actually few were ready to go at this time.

A quote from an email from Howard Sitron of the National Philanthropic Trust Project,

"I want to congratulate and thank you for your incredibly successful fundraising and training efforts... I also want to extend our profound appreciation and gratitude for the warmth, energy, commitment, passion and love that each of you brought with you to the events. I have experienced nothing before to match the wonderful community that you created."

The oldest walker was a 77-year-old male. A 58 year old woman told her story the first night at the evening program: she has walked every mile of every breast cancer 3-day. To date she has raised \$335,000+ for eliminating this disease. At the closing ceremonies non-breast cancer walkers wore navy shirts and survivor walkers wore pink. The navy shirts surrounded the pink ones which by the way included one man. The LA walk raised over \$4,000,000. A Pretty Impressive Amount! And a reason to celebrate the dedication and efforts of the 2000 plus walkers. Each step did make a difference.



Knarley's mom
tells the greatest stories!

Reflection On ...*FOSFAX*

by Rodney Leighton

My earliest experiences with *FOSFAX* were as a secondhand fanzine that was thick, with small print, and everyone said it was a political fanzine. Although I no longer remember if they all arrived in the same package, I can clearly recall having three unread and unlooked at issues of *FOSFAX* in a row on the bottom of the pile.

I was preparing to request that I be removed from the mailing list when editor and primary publisher Timothy Lane hit a financial brick wall and publication basically ceased. In between, there were a few not good times but there were also a lot of good times. *FOSFAX* was once, for about 4 years, my number one fanzine. Everything else was set aside when an issue of *FOSFAX* arrived; I read much of the contents; I sent long locs and I submitted a considerable amount of contributions, of which Tim printed about 95%. It was *FOSFAX* that provided my greatest egoboo moment; this publication provided me with many hours of enjoyment; entertainment and some education. The fairly small amount of disharmony is not enough to negate my gratitude to Tim and his co-editors and publishers for the fun and enjoyment I derived from *FOSFAX*.

I don't have too many copies left. I trashed all fanzines when I moved from Pugwash and periodically someone would express interest in reading an issue of *FOSFAX* and I would pass one along. Everyone should know I am not a fanzine collector. I do have a small stack of them.

For a long time *FOSFAX* was bimonthly. It was 72 pages of small print. *FOSFAX* was ostensibly a clubzine although I once queried if there were any members of FOSEA other than Tim, Elizabeth Garrott, Joseph T. Major and Lisa Major and received no response. The fanzine goes back a long time; it has had a few editors before my time, including Joseph T. Major. In my experience, it was edited by Timothy Lane and Elizabeth Garrott and published by Tim with help from Joseph and the elusive Grant McCormick. In a response to Joseph Nicholas in issue #191, June 1998, Elizabeth emphatically states that *FOSFAX* will not expand beyond 72 pages. *FOSFAX* #193, November 1998, is 84 pages, which was supposed to be two issues but they discovered a badass stapler and put it all into one. Page count varied a bit after that: #204, October 2001 is back to 72 pages; #205, July 2002 is 60 pages but is half of a double issue; the pair ran 120 pages.

The two things I read mostly about *FOSFAX* were: it is a mostly political fanzine and; Joseph T. Major is a house name for all the contributors to *FOSFAX*. I think the latter has been disproved and is fairly silly (although I confess that I once considered it possible). As an exercise to check number of contributors, I pulled a copy out of the middle of the stack,

purely and entirely at random. I suppose it is stretching credibility to believe that I plucked the issue containing the most egoboo I have ever received. But it's true.

Issue #190 contained an essay by me based on and prompted by a Dean Koontz novel entitled *Dark Rivers of the Heart*, which ran just over a page. #191 contained a considerable amount of response to this, including a full-page response from Mr. Koontz himself. I didn't have much in that issue but I counted 11 contributors, counting Tim and Joe and me.

Two days after my birthday in 1998 I wrote a loc to *FOSFAX* in which I felt the need to mention that I didn't read everything; I read 50% to 80% and hoped that was sufficient to remain on the mailing list. In #193, published in November, this letter appeared, followed by the comment from Tim that: "I expect few people other than us will like **everything** in such an eclectic fanzine".

Within my experience, *FOSFAX* was the Tim Lane and Joe Major show, with some input from Elizabeth Garrott and brief appearances by Mrs. Major. As a result, this was a fanzine with multiple facets which, understandably, leant towards the main interests of the people primarily involved. Tim is deeply interested in politics and political philosophy; this is something he studies and debates and writes about. So, yes, there is a degree of politics in *FOSFAX*. Once upon a time, when I had some spare time, for fun, I did a totally unscientific survey of two issues and came up with a figure of 45% of material that could be considered political. The other 55% was reviews of books Joe had read since the last issue.

No, I'm kidding, I can't recall if I counted the reviews. Naturally there were quite a few. Joseph Major reads more books per year than an average high school class and he enjoys writing review essays about some of them. Tim reads a lot of books and reviews some of them. Other people read a few books and sometimes write reviews of them.

FOSFAX was almost always divided basically in two, with the first 30 or so pages being sercon material; the next 30 or so pages being locs and the final page or three being silliness...humor, I mean. #191 has 29 pages of serious material that is book review essays by Joe; a page of editorial material from Tim and half a page by Elizabeth; a page of poetry reviews; Joe's contribution to the loc section entitled Errata and Addenda in which he makes comments on comments in the loc section; a list of Hugo nominees; a few con reports; a column by Johnny Carruthers and sundry reviews and other stuff. Other than the fact that there is less political stuff than usual, this is a fairly normal first half of an issue. 29 pages, 11 contributors; 28 pages of locs, 33 writers. #193 is similar

except there are more politics and it's the first issue after the worldcon and contains scads of material about trips to Baltimore and is 37 pages plus 43 pages of locs from 33 people albeit not exactly the same 33 as appeared in #191.

The letter section consistently contained a wide range of commentary covering a multitude of topics ranging from very simplistic to completely obscure; from personal to political; from friendly to feuding. Similar to every fanzine I have seen, some folks appear every issue; some appear in many fanzines; some show up sporadically and some appear hardly ever; and some in no other fanzine. This is a normal part of fanzines. Harry Warner Jr. would appear in the loccol from time to time of every fanzine. On the other hand, who might Louis Gray be? Well, I know who he is and Marty Cantor and Milt Stevens do. Perhaps he locs all sorts of fanzines; the only one I can recall is his letter in #193.

Anyway, there is not a lot of point in actually reviewing *FOSFAX*. Tim hit a financial brick wall and has had serious employment and fiscal difficulties for a number of years now. As I write this in late December, 2002, *FOSFAX* #207 has been printed. I considered sending Tim some money for a copy or awaiting a copy if he is going to send me one but since Joe says he doesn't have much in it, that issue will be considerably different from the *FOSFAX* I fondly remember. Tim is also having major psychological problems that he would probably deny. Being unemployed for three years would be hard on anyone. I appreciate all the material of mine that Tim published. I can empathize with his problems. I am not going to trash Tim in this article.

I don't know anything about #207 other than what I wrote. I suspect there are likely back issues, which all ran \$3. I would suggest that anyone who hasn't read *FOSFAX* send \$6 or \$10 to: FOSEA, P.O. Box 37281, Louisville, KY., U.S.A., 40233-7281 and request some issues from the late '90s. 1997 to 2000 were the best years. Because those were my active years of contributing. Seriously, I think 1995 or so to about the end of 2000 were the best years.

Perhaps Joe can inform the readers of the status of #207 and the probability of any future issues. Or maybe Tim will send in a loc. I just realized that I can't recall seeing a loc from Tim Lane anywhere.

When I started thinking of doing a column on *FOSFAX* I was thinking I would like to write at least a page, in part because I've never seen a review of *FOSFAX* that was longer than a paragraph (albeit Guy Lillian's paragraph was a long one.). Looks like I surpassed the objective.

Well, I suppose it comes as no surprise to learn that *FOSFAX* #207 appeared two days after I wrote the foregoing. I was delighted to see it and even happier to find that Tim has calmed down somewhat albeit Joseph Nicholas may not agree. This one is listed at \$4.00. Seems to be some confusion over the future of the fanzine. Tim states that there will be a couple of issues a year although that apparently depends upon the

financial assistance provided by others. Co-editor Elizabeth Garrett makes the comment in the loccol that: "We are getting **some** financial support; how many more issues and how often remains to be seen. "One of the supporters, Taras Wolansky, comments to Tim in the loccol: "...to you, *FOSFAX* is your magnum opus; to me, it's an entertaining hobby; to others, it's a diversion." That is an excellent comment that describes things well; if Taras starts to find *FOSFAX* not entertaining, his support will disappear. With a growing fanzine of his own, how much financial support can Joseph Major provide? Copies of 207 are probably available. Of course, the more people who buy 4 issue subscriptions for \$12...

In spite of the near absence of the primary contributor and a number of familiar letter writers, this issue is not much different than other issues. There is not quite as much ad hoc slurs on left wing folk, at least in those sections I read. Tim is still of the opinion he is being persecuted by liberal fans; he thinks he may never be in the fan lounge of a worldcon again since he is obviously not welcome. Damned if I know how he could afford to attend one of the things. However, in the editorial, he quotes someone as stating how difficult it is to accurately interpret communication and mentions that it is very true and a good reason to be cautious when interpreting written communication and then proceeds to demonstrate that he either does not believe that principle or doesn't bother to practice it.

The genzine portion of this issue runs 43 pages with editorials, poetry review column, con reports from various folks on various cons, part two of Joe Major's alternate history and a bunch of articles by Tim based around a certain book. One on environmental issues is excellent although I found it too bad that Tim either fails to understand or doesn't care that such statements as: "Even Joseph Nicholas should be able to see the difference" detracts from an otherwise excellent treatise. Leigh Kimmel had a hell of a time at Con Jose although her report deals mostly with dealing stuff and a few parties and transport. Taras apparently enjoyed the previous worldcon although since all he did was attend panels on hard SF, something that holds not interest for me, I skimmed that report. Tim looks at the theory or anarchy; James Dorr attends a con. Tim writes about ancient history and mysteries; Leigh goes to yet another con. Joseph Major reviews one book. **One!!** That is the major (sorry) difference in this issue and previous issues.

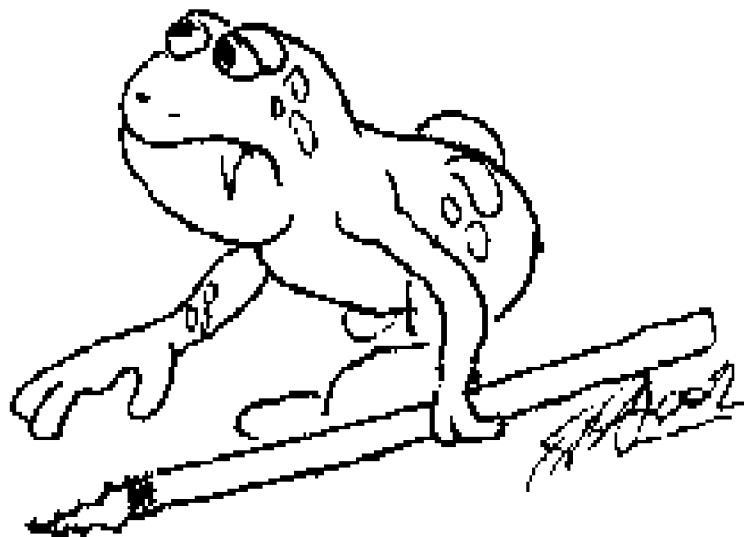
The LOCsmiths column runs from page 44 to page 62. A number of regulars do not appear: Chuck Lipsig; Marty Cantor, Darrell Schweitzer and Martin Morse Webster, who had a loc in something like 76 straight issues. A couple of new people. Most *FOSFAX* loccols run about 40% politics; I don't think this one is any exception. Fair amount of: "I'm sorry to see *FOSFAX* die" type comments. Well, me too. Big spat with Joseph Nicholas although since Joseph and Tim both interpret such things differently than I do, who knows what they would call it. I found it quite amusing.

Highly amusing is the thing near the end by Karl Johanson called Generic Science Fiction Convention in which he describes a lot of nerds, idiots and jerks. Fans are likely pissed off at that; I found it hilarious.

FOSFAX has a front cover; this one sucks. Most of the art is bitty pieces stuck in the zine in a helter skelter fashion although I imagine Elizabeth spends a lot of time and effort creating that impression. 20 artists contributed to this issue ranging from people I've never heard of to the greatest fan-artist in the world. A couple of them are dead and the pieces by Peggy Ranson are about 8 years old.

FOSFAX is a fine fanzine. Ardent liberal, left wing people would likely find it disturbing, aggravating or worse and probably should avoid it. Ardent right wing folks should like it a lot, albeit very far right wing nuts would consider it too conservative. Anyone with a reasonable balance with an interest in a fine fanzine with a somewhat political slant really should try it out.

I have no idea when this will appear. Joe would likely answer queries about availability of copies.



“24 Pages of Reasons why I won’t be Joining the Science Fiction Book Club”

by Gene Stewart

I agree with the judge who tried to stop the law, it’s unconstitutional.

It’s also the thin edge of the wedge that will eventually separate all of us from free speech, as we allow more and more things that “bother” us to be outlawed.

No one likes being bothered at dinner time. Solution? Unplug your telephone, screen your calls, get an answering service, what ever. However, if the phone rings and you choose to answer it, it was **you** who made the choice to bother yourself.

And you did it out of curiosity.

And then you are childishly let down when it’s not good news or a person you’d want to hear from. So you throw a hissy fit about it.

And the cold, calculating sociopathic vampires know all this and exploit it in order to begin a slow process of making certain kinds or categories of speech illegal, of determining who may do what when, how we communicate, when, and with what content, etc.

It’s unbelievably chilling yet most are hugely in favor of it for babyish reasons, never even **thinking** of their Constitutional rights being taken away. And so it goes. Or is it Und so weter? Ja vohl.

On what is perhaps a less contentious front I’d like to take you on a tour of the latest mailing from the Science Fiction Book Club. It’s a catalogue and offers five books for fifty cents, with another for free, unless you’d rather have the SFBC tee shirt. Decisions, decisions. A free book or free advertising for them, what to do?

Okay, first off it’s the Science Fiction Book Club, right? So what else is on the cover but a wizard in conical hat, with a white beard and wild amphetamine eyes, making some gesture under a pall of suspicious smoke. The tag line is: Beyond here the great adventures begin.

So right off we’re being enticed by adventure. Whiz-bang. Juvenile stuff. They’ve left the whole notion that sf is a literature of ideas behind. Guess it didn’t work to draw in more readers, hm?

So let’s examine the best bait these book sellers can toss out to draw in readers, shall we? On the cover we see three books. One is the latest *Dune* extension, *Machine Crusade*. Then comes the latest *Shannara* blather. The cornerstone is, of course, *The Lord of the Rings*.

Inside the front cover we get the gist of the deal they’re offering and, on the bottom of the page, one of those Ron Popiel moments of “But **wait**, there’s **more**”. What breathless deal? The aforementioned offer of a sixth book for free **or** a lovely SFBC tee shirt. Yowza. The model is simply stunning, with

her back turned so we can see the vaguely dragonic blur of color on the shirt.

Of course, there's still more. You can, it seems, WIN a DVD of *THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE TWO TOWERS*. Post literate all the way here, and likely a good hook these days, given Peter Jackson's movie trilogy's popularity.

Next page we get the *Dune* Machine Crusade book profiled, as well as the *Shannara* one, and four others. Of these, only one is science fiction. The others are what is called fantasy these days from the likes of Goodkind, a right-wing loon, and the sad Tad Williams, whose potential imploded right after *Cat Chaser*.

Page four of the catalogue – they count the front cover as page one of

course – is the Tolkien page. I've either got these books or don't want them, so it's of no interest to me. Moving on, we find page 5 is dedicated to two series, those of Jordan and Brooks. Yes, Brooks again. The next page offers an anomaly, a mixed bag, featuring both Poul Anderson and John Varley and David Weber and a *Star Trek* novel. Oh, and a *Star Wars* novel, too, of course. Page seven offers another mix, from MZB to Harry Turtledove to Robert Charles Wilson's book *Blind Lake*, the only one in the whole catalogue I'd give a shot, due to having liked his work before.

I begin to see a problem; none of this stuff interests me. The plot synopses make these books seem embarrassing, derivative, or just plain stupid. The overwhelming impression is that old canard: It's juvenile. And hell, most of it is not even science fiction.

Page eight gets us more mix: James White with Ken MacLeod and Wil McCarty and a ubiquitous dragon book, along with an equally ubiquitous *Star Wars* book. Page nine lets the sf mask slip and shows us all fantasy, including a couple omnibus books of a Quartet and a Trilogy, that dreaded neologism.

Page ten gives us, finally, graphic novels, from Sandman and Batman to another *Star Wars*. Page 11 is more specifically comic book related, with Spiderman, Wonderwoman, Batman, and X-men for those discontented teenagers in the heart of every fan.

The old guard gets a bow on page 12 with RAH and Poul and Cliff Simak, and of course Sir Arthur C. Clarke, whose least science fictional and most fantasy flavored novel, *The City and the Stars*, is featured.

Page 13 is an unlucky mix of old pulp from Doc Smith space opera and Heinlein's didactic fictional lectures, Andre Norton's witches, Stephen R. Donaldson's adjective / adverb / malapropism Thomas Covenant festival, and poor old Fritz Leiber, whose Fafhrd & the Gray Mouser would find precious little to steal here.

By page 14 and 15 all conceit is dropped. Art books by the dubious likes of non-anatomical Boris Vallejo. books of water color Faeries, and of course Dragonhenge. There are ten naked or semi-nude women posed on this page, the rest being monsters and dragons; we perceive a bias toward adolescent gonads here and move on with a sigh for lost youth.

Only to be confronted by the Boris-derivative art of Bolton, Caldwell, and others. Bad fantasy art appealed to Saddam Hussein, and to some of the kids who looted some of it when they rotated back – remember when soldiers served specific tours of duty? It does not appeal to me, so once again I'm left with nothing appealing to me. I'm not sure Roger Dean, Ian Millar, or Frank Frazetta would have helped on these pages.

Page 17 is Harry Potter and related items. I'm 45 years old and reasonably well read in imaginative literature and, while I like the Potters well enough, enough's enough and, again, nothing to entice me here.

Pages 18 and 19 are Epic Fantasy and Fantasy Adventures respectively. Dragons, Princesses, Witches, and Wizards. There is even a Terry Pratchett called *Wee Free Men*, the cover of which shows small blue humanoids crawling on a smiling sheep's face.

That's not a bad image for today's imaginative literature and its relationship to its dwindling readership.

Page 20 is labeled Horror. This amuses me. We have the required vampires represented, of course, from the pulpy likes of Rice and Hamilton, but we also have the obligatory King Stephen book. The fact that it's a collection is of no significance. There is a Dean Koontz, too, which seems more satire than horror. We even have what seems to be a rare werewolf novel, of all things. Quite a range of horror, a genre that usually interests me somewhat. None of these seem worth the bother, not even the mildly interesting anthology of old stories from dead writers like Lovecraft. In truth, I've probably got them all already, maybe many times for some of those stories.

It saddened me to see on page 21 that Greg Bear is succumbing to the series demands to produce another book in what I guess one calls the Darwin series. He goes from Radio to Chidren, an equation scary enough to have been in horror, if done right.

Page 22 anchors all that's gone before. It's labeled Media, and on it we see, of course, movie and TV show related books. *The Hulk* and *Daredevil*, *X-men*, and *T2* of all things. The Warhammer series puzzles me, frankly, and the oddity I note is R. A. Salvatore's *The Thousand Orcs*. It's said to be of the Forgotten Realms series. Perhaps they mean it's for those who have forgotten that Tolkien invented Orcs.

Or maybe it's just a form of mild insanity, as the synopsis tells us that this is the first book in a trilogy that extends the **seven** other novels he's written about these characters. Books as TV channels.

We're down to the last two pages, which comprise the back cover. More pitches for us to join now, take advantage of their wide-legged offers, and a handy postcard to send in. No postage necessary if mailed in the United States. Can't beat free, can you?

If this is the best bait to entice readers so-called imaginative fiction can dangle then it's no wonder so many filthy pros are moving on to write mystery novels, or quitting entirely, or being forced out by the tireless typists who give us these endless series and reshuffled decks of the same old cards.

Gresham's Law applies as the bad forces out the good.

In this catalogue, which covers 22 pages of nicely advertised books, I found only one that I'd give a shot, and none that much interested me, let alone that compelled me.

Oh sure, maybe it's me. Maybe I've aged out of the genre. I've heard that happens, despite all the grey-haired fen one sees hobbling in and out of costume at conventions. Still, though, maybe it's not me. I do manage to find new sf and fantasy and horror that I enjoy every year. It's just that every year there are fewer such books, and they seem both more precious and less celebrated. I was glad to see Wen Spencer's excellent debut novel, *Alien Taste*, acknowledged this year, but I was also bored silly by the round-robin irrelevance of

the Hugo Awards. SS, DD as King put it. Oh, here, Gardner, you hold this for a while, then give it back to me, k?

Gardner Dozois is who I mean. He edits Asimov's. He said, in his acceptance speech, "Now is the Golden Age of Science Fiction."

I cannot disagree when I think of the rare few good works I find each year but feel bound to remind him that we went off the gold standard a long, long time ago and, worse, it never seems to accrue much value. especially not in a field that increasingly values the silver screen.

Post literate science fiction: Now that's one the Golden Age writers, not even the cynical ones like Pohl and Kornbluth, thought to complain about, let alone predict.

The top of the Science Fiction Book Club catalogue kind of says it all: Approach If You Dare. Of if you don't know any better.

"There can hardly be stranger wares in the world than books: printed by people who do not understand them; sold by people who do not understand them; bound, reviewed and read by people who do not understand them; and now even written by people who do not understand them." – George Christoph Lichtenberg

We also heard from:

Ned Brooks, Tom Feller (COA: PO Box 140937; Nashville, TN 37214-0937), Jerry Kaufman (who recommends The Museum of Flight at the old Boeing plant), Leigh Kimmel, Rodney Leighton, John Light, Guy Lillian, Mark Proskey, Jim Rittenhouse, Darrell Schweitzer, Ruth Shields (COA: PO Box 12888; Jackson, MS 39236-2888), Joy V. Smith (who admires my mother for her walk), Owen ThomasJulie Wall, and Sue Welch

Christmas Card WAHF:

Sheryl Birkhead, Karen Johnson, Patti Hetherington, Krin Pender-Gunn, Garth Spencer, Gene Stewart, and Julie Wall

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Editorial continued from page 3

We spent Christmas this year at a time share in the Wisconsin Dells called Christmas Mountain Village. One of the motivating factors was that they offered skiing. The children will be going to Vail in March with their grandmother and uncles to ski without us. I had wanted to get them at least one day of skiing before then to get them tuned up. Alas, the skiing area is an insult to the sport. They had four of their runs open with a total vertical relief of maybe 300 feet. Further their equipment rental fees were more than we'd have to pay in Vail and the lift ticket prices were over half of what we'd pay in Vail. Despite getting some free lift tickets from the sales office I couldn't muster any enthusiasm for this so we went to the Kalahari (I still think Calamari makes more sense) water park. They claim to be the largest indoor water park and they may be right. We ended up renting a room there since it was cheaper than the water park admission and it also allowed us to use the park on the second day. The kids had a lot of fun, but there really isn't enough to keep adults engaged all day.

The week away from home did provide some opportunity for relaxing, but overall I wouldn't recommend Christmas Mountain Village for a vacation. The cottage units are **very** small and there is only one bathroom. The resort amenities are somewhat anemic (they didn't have an indoor pool or the other usual stuff since it burned down last spring).

Not much more to say here.
Until next issue...

INTERLOCUTIONS

Trinlay Khadro
P.O. Box 240934
Brown Deer WI 53224
trin63@dias.net
11/16/03

Dear Knarley & Knews,

Children have an upside too they'll be the ones who will choose your nursing home.

I grew up in Michigan City, Indiana and took many field trips to the Cook Energy Center. I recall especially enjoying playing with the Theremin. (ooooo eeeee oooooooo.) It's been decades since I've been there, and it'll be decades before I go again. But Kira, if they lived next door it wouldn't be so nifty to visit it would, perhaps, become boring. However, Kira seems like the Welch child least likely to experience, or complain of boredom.

Love and prayers to assist **Sue** in the walk. I wish I could make a donation, but I really can't swing it this year.

Rodney: sorry to hear of your losses. I was glad that you liked my response to your inquiry about the hereafter. It's been several years since my grandmothers passed away, and I still miss them terribly, most often when I'm in the kitchen cooking.

Wild Thing: well y'know, in both psychology, and in Buddhism. As far as the perceiver is involved, perception is reality. I do think I've benefited from parents banning television with a few exceptions for a few years while I was growing up. We've also benefited from a wide variety of reading material, and the time to think. Does technology keep us from taking the time to know ourselves? Is technology interfering with communication? But those are another article now aren't they.

Joe Major: the HOG anniversary resulted in events in several cities, including the Harley Birthday Party in Milwaukee. Motorcycles, and cyclists and the events made the national news for a week or two. Locally there were complaints from some about the sound levels, on the other hand it was a boost to the local economy.

Im not aware of an IKEA anywhere near me. I have picked up things like bookcases and cabinets from Target and assembled them at home. KT acquired a real enjoyment of assembling these kits over the summer when she redecorated her room.

EB: I think everyone finds the sounds of the rain, as long as they themselves are dry and toasty, soothing. I've occasionally run the dishwasher when I've had trouble sleeping.

Re: IKEA, wow staff in a store you can actually find and who will speak to the customer. Isn't that one of the signs of the apocalypse?

Joy: Somewhere, I have a postcard from the 1920s (grandparents wedding trip?), from somewhere in Wisconsin with a photo of a Jackalope, and another from the same trip with a fur covered fish declaring something to the effect that due to the Wisconsin climate fish in the northern lakes evolved to have a coat of fur in the winter. The Jackalope is rarely seen in the wild but seems to be a common fixture in taverns and bars.

Mike G: I always had the impression that for every security guy that the audience can spot there is at least one that is plainclothes. I don't know where I had gotten that impression, but its there. (I also hate the t.v. shows where some big shot is taken hostage by terrorists/psycho with revenge obsession I always wonder so if this is such a big shot, where were his security people/ bodyguards?!?!?

Eric: About 20 years ago, there was an article I read in I think *Psychology Today*, wherein, they described Darth Vader Syndrome in which the mirror shades worn by Sheriff's deputies distanced them from the people they were dealing with. The Deputies, due to the lack of eye contact, were intimidating, and to some people the mirror shades dehumanized the deputy. This actually was found to be dangerous, in that if a



fugitive was not seeing the deputy as a human being, it was easier to shoot the cop. I imagine the Secret Service shades serve much the same purpose, but in that setting are intimidating, and keep people from approaching them or the person they are guarding.

It is advisable to not rely overmuch on the spell checker. I find that between the spell checker and my human proof reading I still miss quite a few errors. Though more often or not I can catch when the word is the wrong word the spell checker can only judge the spelling, not if it is the word you want.

I'm still having economic troubles due to lost work from the fibromyalgia. I've started with jewelry sales for Filiz & Co., which I can do on my own time. For the time being, I only have one catalogue, more to come shortly, and they're also looking for sales people. If nothing else it will help me cover the gaps in income when I've had to miss time at work.

We did have a good Halloween season, but also KT has been fighting off a Bronchitis that doesn't want to go away. She seems to be doing a bit better, but her ribs are really hurting from the cough. Hopefully she'll be over it soon.

I really enjoyed the Computer Rat (click and get a virus) cartoon.

Take care,
Trin

☐CKK: *The nearest JKEA is in Schaumburg, IL. My one and only bout of bronchitis sent me to the hospital since I thought I was suffering from another pneumo-thorax. I don't wish that malady on anyone.*☐



E.B. Frohvet
4716 Dorsey Hall Dr. #506
Ellicott City, MD 21041
November 17, 2003

Dear Henry,

Colonel (U.S. Air Force Reserve, retired) Harry C. Stubbs died recently at the age of 81. He was of course known to science fiction circles as "Hal Clement". I could hardly claim to have been a close friend. However, there were few SF writers who were more avid convention-goers than Hal Clement. During the period when con-going and con-running were prominent in my fanac, I spoke with him many times. He was in fact the first SF writer I ever spoke to – as a teenager, I approached him with a question about *Mission of Gravity*. Having in common that we were both early risers in a realm in which generally nothing happened before 11:00 AM, I had breakfast with him once in a while... Hal Clement was a convention program-runner's dream guest; he would show up for any panel or event, and take his best shot at it. Consult on the writer's workshop? Judge the trivia contest? Fine. I recall once he was invited at the last minute to talk on why Darkover's moons were pastel-colored rather than grey. Admitting from the outset that he found the idea unlikely, Hal Clement manfully tried to figure out a plausible chemical explanation. He will be grievously missed.

On a related topic, I call to the attention of readers the new TV series *Joan of Arcadia* (CBS, Friday night, check local listing). Not SF or fantasy, but well worth watching. Steady pros Joe Mantegna and Mary Steenburgen provide a solid foundation as Joan's parents, but young Amber Tamblyn in the title role carries the show. In addition to the normal stresses of being a teenager, you see, God talks to Joan – all the time, and in different guises, so Joan never knows if the next stranger on the bus is the Deity. Puberty is bad enough, but Joan is also going through an extended crisis of faith. Tamblyn is pretty enough, but she also has some idea of what she's doing as an actress, a rare quality in one so young. Reminds me of Claire Danes.

Spumes: I rarely sleep past 7:30, even on weekends. "Children have their upside too." – That's an interesting take on it... You need not worry about the uncannily accurate schedule of the *Knews*. My notes show it has arrived regularly every odd-numbered month for years; the latest date it has turned up is the 22nd. Orlando, you say? Huh... It does indeed sound unusual that an air park in Kalamazoo, MI should have such a selection. However, they probably have more space for less cost than the Smithsonian Air & Space Museum. My understanding was that SR-71 needed such size due to flying at very high altitudes. Anyone know what the altitude record for a jet aircraft is? You and Brett Favre have in common? I was going to guess that you both liked to shoot geese. (Despite achieving fame with the Packers, Favre is a good ol' Southern boy with a taste for hunting.)

Gene Stewart: “In my mind I am comfortable while in the world I am often lost.” Funny, I would have said, the other way around.

Rain songs: 214 and still counting. It seems to me that the use of chemistry to preserve books, and that someone can make a living at this, is the good side of free-will capitalism. CEO’s gutting their own companies for personal profit is the flip side.

Ned Brooks: I think I get around the same number of fanzines of which “once a week” is a fair approximation. It’s fannish letters that have dropped off substantially since I quit pubbing. In one of the Janet Kagen “Mirabile” stories they have a belfry and want to acquire bats to go with it. Unfortunately they find the bells deafen the bats – apparently bats tended to occupy **deserted** belfries.

Mike Glycer: The Secret Service agents wear dark business suits precisely because this helps them blend in to the President’s normal environment. By the way: On a U.S. Navy vessel, what were they guarding the President from? If the President is not safe among his own military, then he really has a problem. ...There was a “nice faneds” panel? Who showed up? (No, really, I’m curious.)

Lloyd Penney: I don’t recall having read a formal con report of Torcon (well, maybe *Alexiad*). It all sounds very familiar though – how many times have we read about the concom who don’t know what they’re doing but are unwilling to ask for help? My experience of fanzines has been that people will do fanzines only to the extent they want to. I got to 30 issues and that appears to be about average.

Trinlay Khadro & Henry Welch: Easy solution to both your problems – get together and bid for Ditto in 2005! Milwaukee has an airport, right? And a hotel? There you are! See how easy it is when you deal with Frohvet.

“Seemingly causeless traffic jams”: I theorize that you can put up a road sign that says **anything**, it could say “grem-flood”, and drivers will slow down and clog traffic to look at it, because they think they are supposed to. “I need help raking leaves.” No prob, Henry. Ship them here, I’ll dump them all over the lawn, and the landscaping company that has a contract for my condo association will take them away. Of course, you’d have to rake them up in order to ship them to me. Hmmm, on second thought this may not work after all. Oh well, I’m an idea person, I leave the petty details to others.

Best wishes,
E.B. Frohvet

☐**TKK:** *Amber Camblyn has been cutting her acting teeth for years on the soap operas. This is embarrassing, but I don't recall all the faneds in question. I was there as was Alex Slate and Beniot Girard and possibly Tom Feller, but beyond that I cannot recall. Thirty issues is hardly average; it is well above*

average. For those that persist beyond about the second issue it may be typical, but not in general. Milwaukee has been on the short-list for Ditto more than once, but we like to spread the regional wealth. Now, it you'll guarantee that you will attend☐☐

Joseph T Major
1409 Christy Avenue
Louisville, KY 40204-2040
jtmajor@iglou.com
November 18, 2003

And now the knews ... I think I saw that guy on the cover in *The Martian Crown Jewels* by Poul Anderson, wasn't it?

Congratulations to **Pat** and **Roger** for winning the bid for Ditto 2004. Will we be able to make it? There is the home insurance...

They had an SR-71 at the Space Center at Huntsville. If you want to see a Huge Jet, go to the Air Force Museum at Dayton, where they have a B-70.

Toronto had amphibious bus rides. The boarding site was on the street that the Convention Centre and the Fairmont Royal York were, so I passed them at least twice a day.

“Guns are ... one of the few things Freudian analysis works on pretty damned accurately.” Yes, Freud thought that wanting to ban guns was a sign of mental problems.

WorldCon programming hasn’t always had problems; Moskowitz & Taurasi let Isaac Asimov in and he was on the program, while keeping Pohl, Kornbluth, Wollheim, and the other Futurians out, and they weren’t. But the TorCon3 programming was particularly bad, with the schedule being revised every morning. Ask the Penneys.

Fandom wants to see a lavender *Knews* – and the second James Bond novel by someone besides Ian Fleming had a Bond-girl named Lavender Peacock.

People who live on the streets around Churchill Downs make a good deal of money renting out their yards as parking places during Derby weekend.

Now **Mike Glycer** was a Worldcon Chairman. He could have had bikini wrestlers grappling in a pool of chocolate sauce if he had wanted to have bikini wrestlers grappling in a pool of chocolate sauce. Now that would have been a Worldcon tradition that Asimov would have heartily approved of.

David Fisher described an icebreaker trip to the North Pole. Some of his fellow passengers were members of the Circumnavigators Club, and pretty obnoxious about it. After finding about the rules, he organized a circle march around 90 degrees, thus getting a whole bunch of new eligible members who had done it with a few steps. Those members who had circumnavigated at lower latitudes were peeved about this.

Another passenger on the trip was actually returning to the Pole; Wally Herbert, the first man to lead an expedition that crossed the Arctic.

Talking about all ones, this January 3 was Tolkien's eleventy-first birthday.

And I was glad to finally meet **Lloyd** at Torcon. Next year at NorEasCon we hope to have a dinner.

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

☐**TKK**: *Daily changing Worldcon programming schedules are a fact of life. I cannot recall a Worldcon where this didn't happen to some extent or other. If anyone wants to send me a ream of lavender paper then I'll be more than happy to do the cover in that color.*☐

Brad W Foster
PO Box 165246
Irving, TX 75016
bwfoster@juno.com
20 Nov 2003

Greetings Henry and Letha ~

First, congrats to **Sue** on the 60 mile walk. I've done that too, but I did it in little 100 foot sections over the course of a couple of years, so it's not quite as impressive an accomplishment. On the other hand, I have to say that Fall is my own personal favorite season for exactly the reasons she dislikes it: After months of searing heat in Texas, having the weather turn colder is great, and the knowledge that Fall is coming is one of the things that gets me through the sweaty, sweltering days of Spring and Summer. As far as getting dark, it's the same thing... evening and night should be dark. With the longer daylight hours, and shift of hours through Daylight Savings Time, it can be 8 or 9 at night in the summer and it is still light. I look forward to the fall every year, where the day is light and the night is dark, as it should be.

Ned Brooks mentioned, in relation to the Nigerian Spam stuff, that "It must still be working for them." I think it is a matter of being able to throw a million of these at the wall, and only needing one to stick. It is easier to do with Spam, unfortunately, than taking the time and money to try it in paper. But the vast amount of all kinds of Spam which, to my mind, clearly won't get a response from anyone, reminds me of an article I read years ago from a reporter who got curious about the small classified ads in back of many magazines that would offer "My Mother's fabulous pie recipe, send \$5 to..." or others to that affect. The reporter wondered why anyone would send off so much for a single recipe, when you could buy a whole book of them for that amount. When they actually contacted a number of the people who put out the ads, they found that the majority of them never sold any, and those that did maybe one or two. But the reason they had placed the ad is because they had seen all the *other* ads offering recipes,

and so figured it must work, because look, here are all these ads, and the whole thing became self-sustaining, even though there really was no market for them.

And I loved **Mike Glycer**'s analysis of the possible interpretations of my little flying ship on the cover of #101. I don't think I've ever seen anyone look at my drawings that closely before, at least in a loc. In my mind, as the design came about, it's more fantasy than science fiction, some sort of odd floating machine propelled by who knows what power source, floating along with gentle movement through the clouds. Or maybe it uses dilithium crystals, who can tell?

stay happy ~
Brad

☐**TKK**: *You should try coming north in August where it can be light until well past 10pm. If that won't offend your sensibilities then the Aurora Borealis can extend matters even longer.*☐

Eric Lindsay
Airlie Beach Nth. Qld.
Australia
fijagh@ericlindsay.com
24 Nov 2003

I've had to change my email address due to spam.

Many thanks for **TKK** #102, the special detective issue. Or maybe it isn't Sherlock Holmes on **Sheryl Birkhead**'s cover, maybe it is a bug hunter.

That you are tired comes as no surprise to me. I get exhausted just reading about all the things you are doing. Given it takes us years to get three (pre-made) shelves from Ikea, I have to suspect we are being a mite less efficient than you. I get up earlier than you these days (around 5:15 a.m. to go swimming) but that is not reflecting in getting more done.

Congratulations on the number of Hugo nominations. I think you do a fine job of your fanzine. Wish I could manage either the frequency or the quality, let alone both.

I would hate to attempt a 60 mile hike. However at least part of that is the temperature and humidity here in summer. Although it is usually under 30C (86F) in the shade, the direct equatorial sun is really deadly, even at 7 a.m.

Sorry to hear of **Rodney**'s father. I hope **Rodney** is somewhat recovered by the time your next issue comes out. I kept having little flashes of "I must mention that interesting thing to my mother", and then realising that could never happen again for years after she died. So I tell some of them to Jean, whether she wants to hear them or not.

Interesting to read the fanzine colors quoted by **E B Frohvet**. White is the only cheap paper here (about a cent and a half a sheet), while the colored papers are generally about twice that for light colors, and perhaps three times for the very

bright or fluorescent colors. I generally think color paper makes reading harder.

Like **EBF**, I find it hard to understand just why various people dislike the Ikea stores. Our ones don't have sufficient staff for them to be really polite and helpful, but they aren't terrible either. The layout here seems specifically designed to ensure you go through every section of the store before emerging. They do however have lightweight knickknack things after the assembled furniture, and they have the heavy packs of assemble it yourself stuff just before the checkout. It isn't a bad system, and once you know the store layout you can often find shortcuts to where you want. On the other hand, I think there are many better furniture stores. It is just that Ikea were fairly convenient when we lived in the city, and once we had some, to extend them (even by a mere 3 shelves) meant visiting an Ikea, even if very distant.

I think the safety people are thinking in terms of very young children, in their preference for vertical railings rather than horizontal. I should perhaps try to find you a comparison photo, but fear it would add almost a megabyte to this as an attachment. If you don't mind that, let me know and I'll send the comparison photo.

I'm astonished at how assiduously **Joseph Nicholas** approaches the allotment. We had a tour of the famous garden while visiting on our GUFF trip, and it is a reasonable walk away. Not terribly long, but you can't just duck out to grab a carrot sort of thing. As I'm finding the challenge of looking after the balcony plants enough for me while Jean is away, I take my hat off to **Joseph** and **Judith**. Luckily I have improved my technology, having bought a squat 5 litre watering can (well, actually it is a plastic) to replace the 1 litre version. This has reduced the work from about a dozen trips to the kitchen sink and back outside to about three, which I'm certain you will agree is a great leap for my garden productivity.

Joseph would perhaps have been impressed by our return from an air tour in the Northern Territory, in terms of distance covered. We took off from Adel's Grove at 8 a.m. Landed at Mt Isa and refueled from the unattended tanks (you swipe your credit card). Took off, saw a fuel leak, and landed again to check. On to Blackall for more fuel, and a trophy photograph of both planes and all the travellers. Now in a rush, we made a very quick stop at Moree in a nasty crosswind, and managed to refuel the planes in what seemed about five minutes! Then a landing at Tamworth, where we dropped off two of the passengers who live there. Then on to our final destination Bankstown, where we landed in the teeth of an almost gale, with 45 knot headwinds. Mark, our pilot, never did answer my question about just what wind speed was too much for us to land in. He just said it was not a crosswind. It was after dark before we got down. Wasn't quite dark enough to get a good look at red hot cylinder heads and white hot manifolds (but I could read the gauges, since I was sitting in the copilot's seat).

Tony Keen is perhaps attributing purity of motives to me somewhat out of line with actual events. While it is true that I champion the online fanzine, I do actually recognise that paper is still in many ways a more readable medium. However my involuntary retirement, plus lack of access to cheap photocopying, corresponded with the internet becoming much more readily available to most fans. One could argue that, sooner or later, the ezine would be better. However it was mostly a matter of the ezine being all I could afford that made me jump a little early for what the technology was really able to handle.

I absolutely dispute that you can't read a computer screen between periods at a hockey game or over a cereal bowl. The PDA I use is just fine for (well written) HTML and PDF ezines. It starts up instantly (as computers should), and runs all day on batteries. It is just fine for treating just like a paper-back (except I have a few dozen books on it at any one time). And it has a VGA display, which is a heap better than on my early desktop computers. Within five years we will be reading our fanzines on our cell phones!

☐**TKK**: *I think when green space is at more of a premium then you start to appreciate it more. Other than my college years I've always lived in homes with yards large enough to support a vegetable garden and to have a myriad of horticultural issues.*☐



Suddenly, a tiny galaxy tweaked my nose.

Milt Stevens
6325 Keystone St.
Simi Valley, CA 93063
miltstevens@earthlink.net
November 26, 2003

Lloyd Penney
1706-24 Eva Rd.
Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2
Canada
penneys@netcom.ca
December 11, 2003

Dear Henry,

In *Knarley Knews* #102, you ask what you may have in common with Brett Favre (other than living in Wisconsin). I would guess it isn't the pay. Ah, maybe I have it. Most of your job consists of getting something out of your hands and into someone else's. I think that describes a large percentage of all jobs.

If your mother can walk 20 miles a day, she doesn't need my support. I could use her support. I didn't read about this until after it had happened. Even though I live in Southern California, I don't recall hearing anything about it. That isn't surprising, since I don't really pay much attention to the news. If half the state burns down, I can be counted on to notice it. Otherwise, I can easily miss it. There was one fund raiser I did notice. There were handbills for it all over Hollywood. It was an AIDS dance marathon. Maybe it shouldn't, but I'm afraid the idea of an AIDS dance marathon impresses me as just plain funny.

Bill Legates explanation of TOE and GUT was certainly impressive. I can't say I understand it, but it is impressive. It's possible my mind is bogged.

I agree with **Brad Foster** that 111 is a graphically interesting number. One possible justification for still using Roman numerals is they offer all sorts of possibilities for design things. As you mention, 1111 would also be graphically interesting. So far, only one fanzine has an issue number that high, *Rabanos Radiactivos* by Fred Patten. Fred is now past his 2000th issue and still going. It all comes from hitting every distribution of a weekly apa (Apa L) for almost forty years. Thinking about it makes me want to take a nap.

As you suspect, the Commies we had in Southwest were not a very aggressive bunch. They had reached their comfort zone and stayed there. I think they probably all lived in Santa Monica and only came over to our neck of the woods for an occasional visit. It was the same two dozen people year in and year out. If you think fandom has trouble recruiting new people, consider the problems of recruiting for the Communist Party. They may be a little trendier than the Prohibition Party but not by a wide margin. They're just a bunch of poor old conservatives who don't realize the world has passed them by.

Yours truly,
Milt

☐**CKK:** *My all-time out of touch record was not knowing that Brezhnev wasn't dead until three weeks after the Soviets announced it.*☐

Dear Knarley:

I've got issue 102 of the *Knews*, and I've got some time to catch up on the In Box. Here comes some pertinent commentary; yeah, right.

I know what you mean about lack of sleep. I never get enough, and there are times I think I'm permanently sleep-deprived. If I ever did catch up on my sleep well, some would call it hibernation, and I'd call it welcome. *yawn*

I honestly think fanzine conventions are permanently out of my reach. They're too expensive, and too far away. I'd love to get there, but money is getting progressively tighter, and most of my efforts these days are going towards my job hunt. (Maybe I'm also afraid if I go to another one, well be in another car accident. Our car insurance has nearly tripled after our fender-bender last year.)

The haunting grief **Rodney Leighton** must be going through is my destiny, I'm afraid. Both my parents are alive and healthy, but they are also in their 70s. Time will bring me this grief, and I must wonder how I'll handle it. I hope I can stand up and deal with it the way **Rodney** has.

Gene Stewart has a fine grasp of unreality; I share his opinions. We are in those interesting times the Chinese warned us about. The entertainment industry has no importance for me, at least in a news sense, but in many ways, people would rather see what Jennifer Lopez is wearing or who she's boinking these days, rather than deal with the news. The name of the latest person to be kicked off the island in *Survivor* makes the news, for Chrissakes. The news channels are trying to be more patriotic than thou in the cause of ratings rather than try to present the news in a balanced fashion. (Certainly not in the Fox News sense.) The fake and phony have become the most important, and reality is relegated to the dull and boring. The Bush regime has, in a few short years, turned the USA into one of the most feared and unpredictable countries in the world, a short span from a champion of freedom and peace. Bush has suspended basic human rights for a select few, and he has alienated most American allies. Those Chinese couldn't have had something as bad as all this in mind I know **E.B. Frohvet** is bothered by how non-Americans see his country. I don't hate America, but I am concerned about what America has become, and I hope a new president will return America to being considered a friend of the whole world and a force for good. I believe that because I do not see the media-based nonsense that can obscure my view of the world, my view is clearer. I cannot abide any of the US-based news channels, not even CNN, because their view of the news has that patriotic skew that changes what they show. CBC, BBC

and other international sources show something much more balanced, and they help me to form my own opinions of this crazy world.

I have never thought that IKEA feminizes men. There's one visible from my balcony, and we've been shopping at IKEA for years. I wouldn't want a whole home outfitted in IKEA furniture and other items, but we do have some. IKEA can be an expensive habit, especially when I'm thinking with my stomach, so last time we were there, we purchased some jars of lingonberry sauce and some Swedish meatballs, and we eat IKEA-Swedish from time to time.

(To respond to **Julie Wall's** comments on IKEA Yvonne drove many of the LA in 2006 bidders to that very IKEA, and even drove them to our home to pick up some tools. They loved the IKEA there, and wished they'd had the time to stop and eat. Yvonne commented on strange it was to be at Worldcon and yet drive home.)

Saw on the news the other night about line-ups out the doctors' office front doors, waiting for a flu shot. Yvonne usually gets a shot, and I usually don't have to, but given how bad it's been this year, we both got the shots. I hope the kids got theirs, too. I've seen horrible things about what the flu has done.

Got a zine from **Terry Jeeves** earlier today, and he has some bad news he's been diagnosed with prostate cancer. We've got to think positive vibes for this fellow he's become the senior faned among us, and we've lost too many good friends.

Scott Patri's become a furry? Oh, Ghod, they're worse than Trekkies! I still adhere to the idea that fandom is a smorgasbord of activities and interests, and I have certainly changed my fannish interests over the years. **Scott**, I know what you're talking about when it comes to unemployment it's been seven months for me, and I still can't find anything.

Our own convention attendance this coming Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday is a convention called The Gathering of the Fellowship, which is a Tolkien convention organized by websites around the continent. They chose Toronto as the place they wanted to have it, so we have memberships. Should be quite interesting. Then comes many local cons in the spring, and we do intend to try to go to Boston for Noreascon 4 and then I expect that will be our final Worldcon. The World Mystery Convention, or Bouchercon, will be in Toronto next year, and we have volunteered our services to that one. Beyond that I think our traveling days are done. They're simply too expensive, and my own income is too precarious.

Time to fire this off to you, and say thanks. Yvonne and I wish all the Welches the best of Christmases!, and see you next year.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney.

□**TKK:** *To believe that any news program or sound bite is without at least moderate spin is a mistake these days. Why can't we get the full and real news about events in Iraq and hang the damn agendas? Our family is not big on flu shots. We stay rather healthy in spite of this.*□

Bill Legate
Box 3012
Sequim, WA 98382
Dec. 16, 2003

I got static about so specific a Planck time as $5.39E-44$ s. See, you divide h by 2π to get \hbar , multiply that by G and divide it by c -cubed; square root of the dividend is Planck length; light travels that distance in Planck time. So look up some current minimum and maximum estimates of the values involved, and figure it for yourself. I get a Planck length about $1.616E-33$ cm, and time about $5.391E-44$ s.

Joseph, thanks for reminding me of Howard Schoenfeld's 1949 "Built Up Logically"; it's hilarious. Schoenfeld owned the copyright, but is not in Clute's encyclopedia. Who was he?

The closest I remember to a self-referential story, existing in the world it describes, is on the last page of Gabriel Garcia Marquez's 1967 *One Hundred Years of Solitude*: Aureliano reading parchments of his own past and future history, to decipher "the instant that he was living." Another self-referential story is Richard Bozarth's 1978 "Bat Durston, Space Marshal" in which Bad Bart says "Nobody is gonna believe this! This ain't real life!", and Bat Durston says, "All I know is if'n this ain't real life, it oughta be."

But a serious self-referential might have aliens threatening the earth, held off by a clever human tactic, happening across this published story in a library, and so conquering us. I think the story would have to describe the aliens' actual reading of the story, seeing how we have managed to resist them, proceeding to conquer us, and then reading the rest of the story to where it says that they're read the rest of the story.

Then if it can all be cast in second-person future tense and not feel contrived, that's just gravy. "The Jamaica Blue Mountain beans will be delivered and you will make a pot of coffee."

Good old days.
Bill

□**TKK:** *The Neverending Story series of movies is entirely self-referential. A central prop is the book that chronicles the present and the holder of the book can write the present any way they want. There is also the scene in Space Balls where they consult the "tape" of the movie to see where the other side is hiding.*□



Fanzines Received in Trade

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. As a general rule I don't list internet-only fanzines.

Alexiad Vol. 2 No. 6 by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. Lots of reviews and good SF and topical commentary.

Erg 163 & 164 by Terry Jeeves; 56 Red Scar Dr; Scarborough, YO12 5RQ; United Kingdom; erg40@madasafish.com; quarterly; the usual. A smallish zine with these issues featuring Terry's World War II diaries.

Ethel the Aardvark #108 by Justin Semmel; PO Box 212; World Trade Centre; Melbourne, VIC 3005; Australia; bi-monthly; \$25/year or the usual. This is the official zine of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club and covers club news and SF related material in Australia.

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

Farming Uncle 92 by Louis Toro; Box 427; Bronx, NY 10458; quarterly?; \$2. A periodical for natural people and mother nature lovers composed mostly of short articles and classified ads.

It Goes on the Shelf 25 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.

Let's Kiosk! by Judith Hanna & Joseph Nicholas; 15 Jansons Rd; South Tottenham London N15 4JU; jehanna@gn.apc.org; josephn@globalnet.co.uk; one-shot; the usual. Mostly reprints from Live Journal with themes of gardening and travel.

Lofgeornost 73 by Fred Lerner; 81 Worcester Ave; White River Junction, VT 05001; fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu; irregular; the usual. This is Fred's FAPA zine. This issue focuses on the novel *Silverlock* and comfort books.

MarkTime 71 by Mark Strickert; 9050 Carron Dr. #273; Pico Rivera, CA 90660; busnrail@yahoo.com; irregular; \$2 or the usual. A brief year-end summary of 2003.

MaryMark Press by Mark Sonnenfeld; 45-08 Old Millstone Dr.; East Windsor, NJ 08520; irregular; the usual. Various strange publications with experimental writing styles.

No Award #14 by Marty Cantor; 11825 Gilmore St #105; N. Hollywood, CA 91606; martyhoohah@netzero.net; irregular; \$5 or the usual. I nice genzine including personal natter, book reviews, and LOCs.

Opuntia 53 by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. A nice genzine issue wherein Dale discusses the positions of stamps on envelopes and some alternative histories.

Plokta XP Annoyances (29) by Steve Davies; 52 Westbourne Terrace; Reading Berks RG30 2RP; Alison Scott; 24 St Mary Rd; Walthamstow London E17 9RG; and Mike Scott; 9 Jagger House; Rosenau Rd; London SW11 4QY; Great Britain; locs@plokta.com; <http://www.plokta.com/>; irregular; the usual. A very humorous fanzine featuring lots of pictures

Rodney's Messy Zine-Like Thing by Rodney Leighton; RR #3; Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0; Canada; irregular; the Leighton Usual. Stream of consciousness natter from Rodney.

The Royal Swiss Navy Gazette #11 by Garth Spencer; PO Box 15335, V.M.P.O.; Vancouver, BC V6B 5B1; garthspencer@shaw.ca; <http://www.vcn.bc.ca/sig/rsn>; irregular; the usual. One of Garth's main interests is successful convention running and this issue contains various nuggets of advice.

Ten Page News 29 by Owen Thomas; PO Box 9651; Columbus, OH 43209; vlorbik@aol.com; irregular; \$1 or the usual. This issue focuses on the perils of graphing calculators in the classroom.

Vanamonde No. 518-22 by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John's APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.

"Yngvi is a Louse" and Other Graffitos #86 by T.K.F. Weisskopf; 196 Alps Rd. Suite 2-385; Athens, GA 30606; tweisskopf@mindspring.com; 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.

Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Ditto 17 (Orlando, FL)

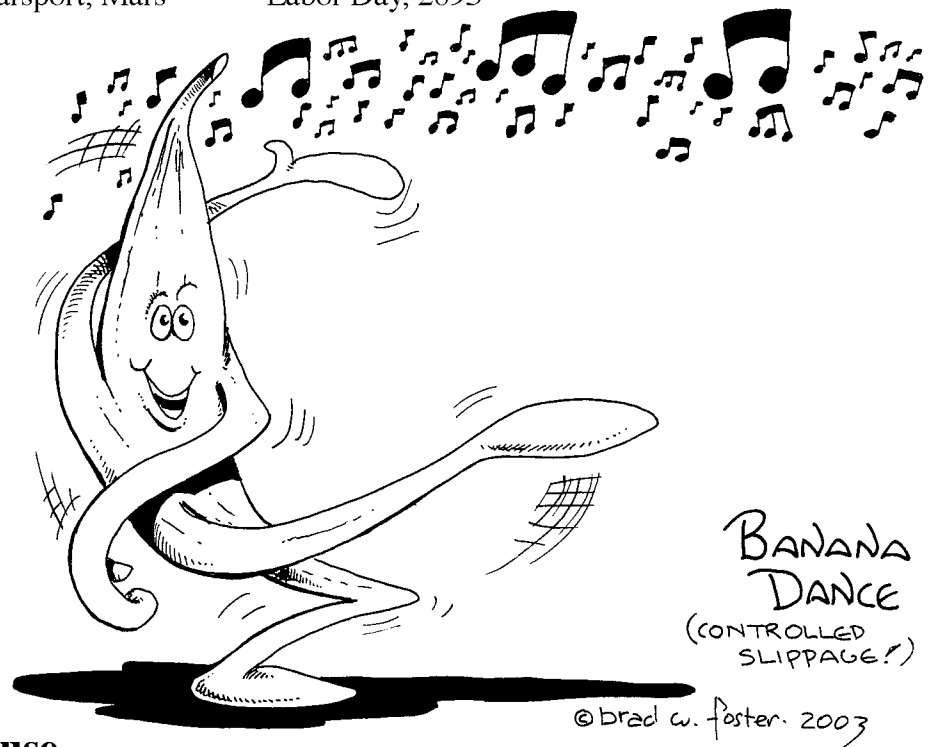
Fall, 2004

Noreastcon 4 (Boston, MA)

September 2-6, 2004

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



You Got this Issue Because ...

- ☐ Under the new and improved lighting conditions I didn't misplace your address label.
- ☐ Networking is important and you are part of my network.
- ☐ Anti-gravitons have been discovered in your neighborhood. Mine some of the excess and share the wealth.
- ☐ We trade
- ☐ You sent me a contribution. Thanks.
- ☐ You sent me a letter of ~~complaint~~ comment.

You have ☐ issues left before you are designated a black hole and dropped from the mailing list.