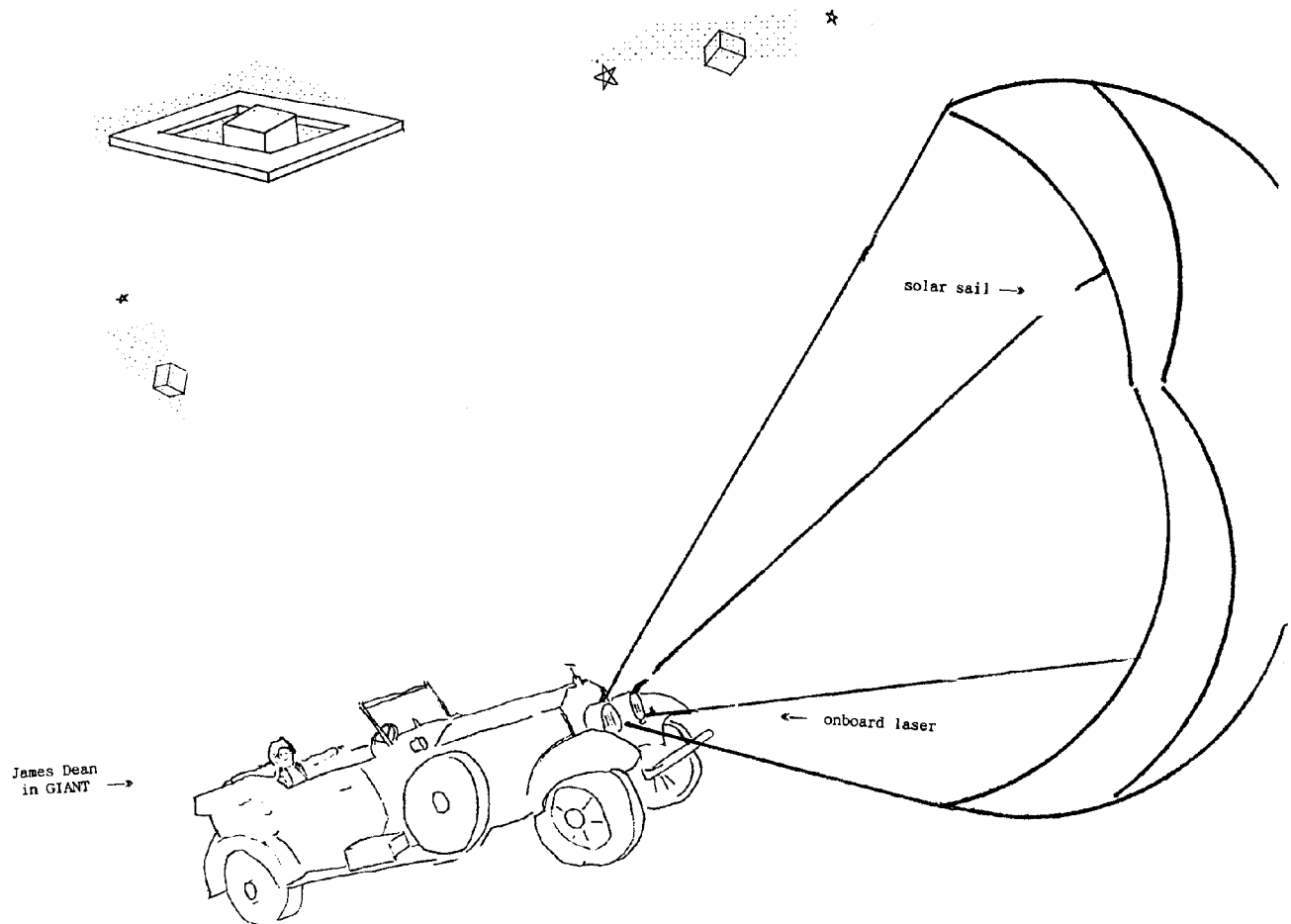


The Knarley Knews

Issue 106 - June 2004



The Knarley Knews -- Issue 106
Published in June, 2004

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1. All contributions may include a pseudonym (e.g. Knarley, Sydrus, 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
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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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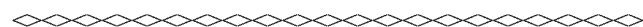
Next Issue Deadline: August 10, 2004

Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

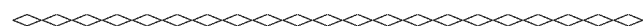
Welcome to another issue of *TKK*. I'm trying to be a bit more proactive in soliciting articles and that certainly shows in this issue. For the most part it can be a bit of a catch-22. More articles result in more LOCs so you have to deal with the two-fold increase in size. The issues had certainly been a bit thin for the past few which was nice at the post office (cheaper mailing), but the content clearly suffered. Then again the number of LOCs in this issue is inordinately large compared to the recent comment in articles. If anyone can figure out the formula please let me know.

To be honest it would be great if more of you sent in something. Whether it is talking about what you've read recently, comments on recent events, or simply some family dialog. I get brief notes and e-mails about stuff all the time that could turn into grand adventures or at least humorous anecdotes. Please keep the content coming and then you won't be subjected to reprints of my law school homework.



Speaking of law school, I think all the dust has settled. As was no surprise to me MSOE declined to give me anything other than moral support. The VP of Academics and the President are very short-sighted individuals and refuse to treat me like an adult. Rather than tell me there is no money to fund this they denied my request on its merits saying that this was not an appropriate use for such spending. I responded with a three page letter explaining why it should be funded, how MSOE stood to profit from it, and how there were hidden costs associated with forcing me away from MSOE to seek higher paying summer work. I carboned the letter to a fair number of people and I received a terse two sentence response saying it was a closed matter. I have, thus, pissed off the VP of Academics, but there is little he can do to touch me. I just received an eight year extension to my teaching contract and I'm already a full professor. Besides, he'll retire long before my contract lapses and probably even before I finish my law degree.

In the end funding won't be much of a problem. Marquette Law school provided a \$7000/year renewable scholarship (about half the required tuition) and then found Stafford loans to more than cover any balance. In fact, the loans were such that I could even forgo some income during the period. Paying them off will likely force me away from MSOE, but the administration doesn't seem to care. The irony is that Marquette is willing to invest more in my law career than MSOE and all they know about me are a 20-year old college transcript and an LSAT score. As many of you have commented dickheads are everywhere and MSOE is no exception.



June has been a busy month for the Welch household. Not only have I been teaching a night class (Numerical Methods), but Letha has been doing shows in Columbus, Rockhome Gardens (in IL), and in Denver. On top of this my mother just completed her MBA and wanted the family to get together for her graduation. This is her fourth college degree and she currently leads the pack. My father has three, I have three, and my brothers have three, two, and one respectively. I'll be catching up soon, but I doubt I'll ever make it to five.

Graduations at Cal-Poly Pomona are very interesting. The campus is on an old horse farm donated by the Kellogg family (yes, the cereal people). As long as they continue to raise the horses they get to keep the campus. Like many southern California campuses it is largely open air. The graduation is held in one of the quads out in the open. The stage is covered more to keep the dignitaries out the sun than out of any rain. The entire event is rather casual. The graduates are grouped by major and their order depends on where they sit. As they get to the stage they give the announcer a card with their name on it spelled phonetically. Since my mother was receiving her MBA she was the last group. This means that my brothers and their families joined mine (just the children and me since Letha was at the show in Columbus) and we moved a bunch of chairs under and extra canopy and ignored things for about 90 minutes. Not what I've seen at any of my graduations, but then I've stayed in the east.

There were two additional reasons for making this trip. First I put off visiting my mother since last year. Apparently of the four sons I'm the only one who inherited any interest and facility with tools. Consequently many of the more technical house maintenance chores that can wait end up on my list. After two years the list had more than a few items on it. The majority of the stuff involved plumbing and electrical work. Nothing hard, but certainly not stuff most people would tackle on their own. The most interesting part of this was that I took my cordless drill along in my luggage. As you can imagine a cordless drill looks a bit gun-like on an x-ray. Even in the post-9/11 fear-monger craze it is still legal to put unloaded weapons in your luggage with appropriate disclosure and paperwork. Surprisingly the baggage Nazi's only "inspected" the bag once.

My second reason for putting this trip together was to leave the children with my mother while I traveled to Salt Lake City for the annual American Society for Engineering Education (ASEE) conference. Now a smart person would have traveled directly from LA to Salt Lake City and then back to pick up the kids. Then again, I couldn't do that since I had to travel back to Milwaukee to teach my class and to at least make a pretense of living at home.

This trip made for some interesting travel arrangements. As anyone with children should know it is generally not a good idea to have children travel unaccompanied. The big impediment is not the gate security. You can generally get a gate pass from the ticket counter to let an adult get the children too and from the plane, but rather the airlines themselves. Long gone are the days when an unaccompanied minor would be watched by airline personnel and get decent service. Now they charge a rather exorbitant fee to barely pay any extra attention to your children.

In my case I needed to set up the following. For myself I had to fly from Milwaukee to LA (actually Ontario, the city not the province) and then later from Milwaukee to Salt Lake City. The children meanwhile only had Milwaukee to LA and back. In the end I worked it out rather nicely. I flew both times on American West which has its hub in Phoenix. This isn't very convenient for Salt Lake City, but in this case it worked out reasonably. My father lives in Scottsdale (a suburb of Phoenix) and after leaving my kids with my mother she later transferred them to my father. I then met up with them during my layover on the return from Salt Lake City. This way the kids got to visit both grand parents and the royal treatment all the way around. Explaining all of this, though, to the America West agent on the phone was quite involved.

The real beneficiary of all of this was Connor. He had his 12th birthday in the middle of all of this. He has now had, in one form or another, five birthday events. One before we left (to see the new Harry Potter movie), one before the graduation when all of the aunts and uncles were there (at Disney Land no less), one on his actual birthday (his aunt's father got them Yankee-Dodger tickets behind home plate), one in Phoenix, and then one earlier this week when he had friends over for cake and ice cream. And to think that initially he didn't like the idea.

Utah and Salt Lake City are certainly rather interesting. It is rather hard to describe the city. The downtown area is rather neatly laid out with well-numbered north-south and east-west streets. Many of the streets are named, but typically an address might be 700 East 600 South. Everything is centered by Temple square (where West Temple and North Temple intersect) which houses the main Mormon facility. Compared to most large cities, however, the downtown isn't very large. Just a few blocks with high-rises and malls, but not much more than that. Most of the nice housing appears to be up in the hills, but the view would simply be of the city as opposed to the mountains.

The after effects of the Olympics can easily be seen. The major mall was clearly built as part of the main Olympic square and the attached condos were most certainly used for athlete housing during the games. Whether it is all sustainable economically is another matter since there didn't seem to be enough going on downtown to keep things going.

They have a rather modern mass-transit system and in the downtown corridor it is free with a two-hour pass being \$1.35 and an all-day pass \$2.70. Cab fares weren't bad either with \$15 from the airport to downtown as opposed to \$27 for the same in Milwaukee.

The liquor laws in Utah are rather unique. There are apparently three kinds of bar/restaraunt operations. A basic bar can serve the 3.2% beer without a problem. Most restaurants can get a liquor license that requires the bottles to be out of site of the patrons. A full-operation is a "private club for members". These operate very much like most bars elsewhere, but you have to join. For some it is a small monthly or yearly fee and for others, like a hotel, the guests are automatically members. Beer can be purchased in convenience stores and everything else is purchased from the state store.

As for the conference there isn't a whole lot to say about an ASEE conference if you aren't an engineering educator. The big reason for going this year was that the board of directors was approving the bylaws for the Software Engineering Constituent Committee I am leading the effort to have formed. Everything was approved and now I have to learn all the intricacies of running an operation like this. Despite our being too new to have a business meeting and an election it appears that I am the chair. Where is that convenient hole in the sand when you need one.

South-eastern Wisconsin saw plenty of rain in May. Not exactly record rainfall, but enough that Lake Michigan has gone from an all-time low to normal depth. Part of this may be to the billions of gallons of partially-treated sewage released by the Milwaukee sewerage district. For years they've been taxing everyone (by property value not usage) to build large underground tunnels that were supposed to handle 50-year floods. Clearly everyone was lied to. The real problem is that the sanitary and storm sewer systems need to be decoupled and in the end that will have to be paid for as well. We're lucky in that Grafton is just out of reach and we maintain our own system that doesn't put anywhere near as much shit in the river, even when you factor in relative size and population.

The yard has been very happy with all the rain. Everything is in full jungle mode and as in most years I spent much of the month of May beating down the weeds. The garlic mustard is rather persistent and I've had to make weeding runs multiple times, but it is now mostly done for the year as has the dandelions. Because the ground was so wet I had to postpone planting the tomato garden for an extra week, but the plants are finally starting to grow.

Work on the tree forts has stalled. In part because of the rain and in part due to lack of materials. I offered on more than one occasion to help them with them using some materials left over from our remodel, but between the rain and the schedule this hasn't happened yet. I suspect that part of this is

that it simply isn't as fun with dad as it is on your own. In the meantime the yard is littered with toy weapons of all kinds. I continually have to dodge pistols, rifles, and helmets when I mow. They've also used every spare broom stick we have as swords and now they are all bent and dented and all over the place. In part I wonder if some of this is due to the high-profile of the Iraq war.

My right shoulder has continued to bother me since I dislocated it in February. It got to the point where it hurt every morning, but not so much it disturbed my sleep. I finally decided to seek medical advice since in the past this has healed by itself in a month or so. Explaining things to the nurse was almost futile. She kept asking who re-socketed the shoulder and I kept saying it popped back in by itself when I sat up. The doctor was amazed that I hadn't done more damage.

The diagnosis was simply tendonitis. I apparently stretched the bicep tendon during the dislocation and it was still a bit inflamed. He prescribed Celebrex for two weeks (14 pills). Celebrex is one of those drugs they advertise all the time on TV, but never tell you what it is for. I, and now you, now know that it is an anti-inflammatory drug generally prescribed for arthritis (hence the TV exposure).

My insurance company refused to approve the subscription saying that other drugs had to be shown to be ineffective first. At first I thought this was odd. Between me and my employer we pay about \$5000/year for health insurance and this was only a \$45 prescription. Once I understood that this was arthritis medication and they thought I might be on it for years did it kind of make sense. In the end I returned to the doctor who gave me samples.

Celebrex is rather interesting. It is kind of like ibuprofen, but has a slightly higher occurrence of side-effects. Not long after taking it I developed some flu-like symptoms that could have been a severe side-effect, but it turned out just to be the bug going around. Celebrex also seemed to make both my shoulder joints more sensitive to abuse. My left shoulder started to bother me a little as did some of the other tendons in my right shoulder. Use of a computer mouse seemed to be an aggravating factor. I am, however, happy to report that once I stopped taking it both shoulders have calmed down and as long as I don't spend too much time playing Diablo on the Mac, my right shoulder seems to be better.

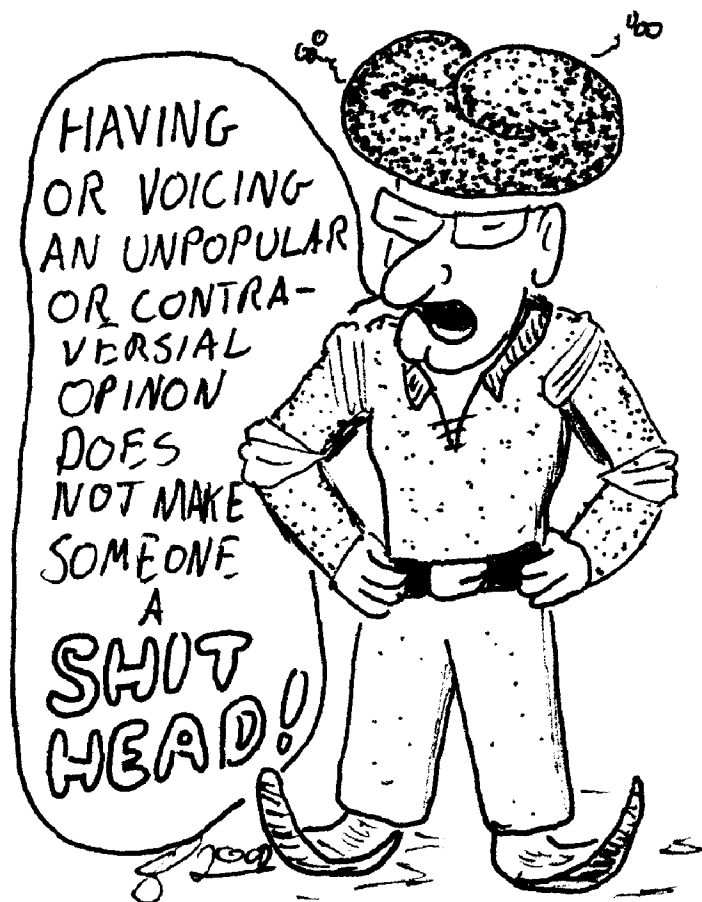
I'm now going to go back to my weight therapy to strengthen the shoulder and I will be getting new shoulder pads designed to reduce the incidence of these kinds of injuries. After all, why should I let a little injury like this interfere with my ice hockey.

My only comment on recent events has to do with the canonization of St. Ronnie. (See Gene Stewart's article for a more in-depth treatment.) I have been totally appalled at the massively one-sided treatment of Ronald Reagan since his death. You'd think he was our greatest president ever. Not to minimize his accomplishments, but he was far from the greatest president and certainly he did many terrible things with his social agenda.

The reality of his ending of the Cold War is rather simple. I figured out before I was twelve that the Cold War would be one by the side to go bankrupt last. Reagan saw this too and pushed when he thought the time was right. In the end it worked out, but he nearly took us with the Soviets.

I guess I wouldn't be so bothered, but if the media coverage were a bit more balanced then I could have handled it. In large part this should help put to rest some of the left-wing media conspiracy theories since a fully left-wing controlled media would not have canonized him. And what's with the excessively long period of flags at half staff? I don't recall anything like this for Nixon or even Truman before him.

Until next issue...



Reflection On ...The Final One

by Rodney Leighton

I know I have promised ... threatened? ... to do a column on *Mimosa*. I had fully intended to do so, but I find I do not have much to say. It was a very good fanzine which I greatly appreciated receiving. It won seven or so Hugos for Best Fanzine. It devoted a large portion of its pages to fan history and it is now a part of fan history. Being that fan history is one topic which is of little interest to me. It is rather interesting and perhaps a tribute to the quality of the fanzine and the abilities of its contributors and publishers that I read about 90% or more of each of the final 25 or so issues.

As with a number of fanzines *Mimosa* first came to me from a friend, of a bundle with a bunch of other fanzines. I wrote a LOC on one or some to those and Nicki and Rick were kind enough to put me on their mailing list and keep me there in spite of not much in the way of response. I am uncertain what issue that was. In reading the fanthology issues, I found that I recalled some articles quite well; including one from issue #5, but that issue may have come secondhand. I don't know and it doesn't matter.

I found myself quoted a couple of times in the special fanthology issue, which was nice. I seem to have had some influence on the decision to use a printer for issues 18 onward. I always loved the artwork which was always appropriate to the article and very well done and the covers were mostly interesting, intriguing, beautiful or sometimes all three. I enjoyed the Chat toons. Creator Teddy Harvia also provided what I consider the greatest article to appear in *Mimosa* with his memories of the late Ian Gunn. Nicki and Rich chose not to reprint my personal favourite article and I forgot not only the issue it appeared in but also the guy's name but it was about this man working in a wildlife part. The fact I forget some of those factors does not negate the fact it was my personal favourite.

My favourite series of articles and author was undoubtedly "Tales of Adventure and Medical Life" by Dr. Sharon Farber. There were only 17 of these, including two in issue #30. I thought that they were fun, informative, interesting and intriguing and very well written. With the exception of one edition in which she went nuts and wrote about Star Dreck.

The anthology issues were interesting. I even learned some things I had forgotten. A couple or three years ago I mentioned to E. B. Frohvet that I had never read anything by Andy Hooper. Yet, here he is with an article which first appeared in *Mimosa* #15. I know I got that issue. (Issues of *Challenger* and occasionally some other fanzine such as *No Award* #13 disappear in the intricacies of the United States Postal System but each issue of *Mimosa* arrived safely.) And back in those

days I read everything in every fanzine, so I must have read Hooper's article. So I lied to EBF. Sorry about that.

One of the most amusing events in SF fandom came thanks to the Lynches. Having been WAHfEd three or five issues in a row, I wrote something like "The greatest ambition of my life is to appear in the WAHF section of *Mimosa* for 25 straight issues." That's not exact, but you get the idea. Recognizing it for the joke it was intended as, Nicki and Dick, as I think he was going by at that time, printed the bitty LOC followed by "We are sorry to make you start over again." I laughed for days.

One of my favourite moments of receiving a new issue was in seeing which version of Richard the male half of the team was using that issue.

I always enjoyed receiving and reading *Mimosa* and I thank Nicki and Rich for sending me copies all those years.

There is another connection between me and *Mimosa* which is somewhat interesting, at least to me. When they announced that publication would end at issue 30 I extrapolated their publishing schedule and guessed that #30 would appear in mid to late 2003. I wrote them a note to that effect and added that I suspected that the end of *Mimosa* would coincide with the end of my active participation in SF fandom. I was dead on with the first part of that prediction. Off on the second part by a bit.

There is a comment in the latest *Alexiad* which says "Rodney Leighton is still trying to work out what he wants to do with/to/about fanzines." Yeah, to some degree I suspect I always will unless I sever all connections and all publishers remove me from their mailing lists. My friend, gaffiated for three years, still gets an occasional fanzine. Everyone who is kind enough to send me their fanzine deserves some sort of response but I have lost all interest in LOCcing.

I will have some presence in fandom for a while. Joe Major has started reprinting potions of my zine thingy.

What will the future bring? Who knows? For now, this is the final installment of this column. I have been known to change my mind, in case no one has noticed. I might do so on this but I don't think so.

My thanks to Henry from printing all these columns. It was go good run and fun.

☐CKK: Thanks for writing all of them. If the muse strikes you again you have but to send me the material.☐

Sue's Sites: Colonial House

by Sue Welch

Would you be able to survive in a 1628 colony on the shores of New England? Some 10,000 people thought they would like to give it a try. Initially 17 are selected to live there for four months during the summer of 2003. The oldest is 63 and the youngest is 9. "Colonial House" captures the essence of this recreated seventeenth century colony during an eight-hour public television series.

Plimoth Plantation, the well known Plymouth, Massachusetts recreated 17th century colony, serves as the resource consultant for the planning and execution of the new colony. Historians built the houses, stocked the storehouses with provisions, and placed supplies, furniture and tools into the houses. At Plimoth Plantation, the 17 would be colonists attend an intensive two-week training workshop to familiarize themselves with food preparation, tools, laws and entertainment. They are blindfolded during clothing fittings, to keep their role in the colony a secret. Travel to the New World from England is on the *Nina*, a period tall ship. Upon arrival, a document, outlining the roles of each person, is opened, after which the men led by Governor Jeff Wyers, go ashore to assess land condition while the women and children wait onboard ship.

For this project the Passamaquoddy Indian Tribe of Maine lends a 1000-acre area of tribal land in Machias, Maine, remote enough to isolate the group from the modern world for the project's duration. The tract chosen has a protected bay, access to deep water for ships and a richness and variety of resources such as animals to hunt, berries to pick and clams to dig. The colonists find a village of four furnished houses plus two storage sheds, ready to be occupied. The Governor's home houses the Governor Jeff Wyers, his wife Tammy and their three children Bethany, Amy and David plus two indentured servants Paul Hunt and Julia Friese. The Heinz house consists of Don Heinz, the assistant governor and lay preacher, his wife Carolyn and one indentured servant Jonathon Allen. The third house holds freeman John Voorhees and his wife Michelle and their 11-year old son, Giacomo, plus unattached Amy-Kristina Herbert whose husband died on shipboard plus dog Chloe. The freemen's house is occupied by Danny Tisdale, Dominic Muir, Don Wood and dog Henry; it has no fireplace because the house has no women to cook for it.

The purpose of this colony is two fold: to survive in a fashion true to a 17th century village and to turn a profit for its English investors. They must discover ways to repay the debt plus interest. The investors have supplied their initial needs including food in the form of wheat flour, dried oats, dried peas as well as dried fish. Also cones of sugar and spirits are provided. The colony has goats for milk, chickens and a

pregnant pig. Several days after their arrival three Passamaquoddy Indians bring a precious gift in the form of seed corn. The colonists are expected to till the soil, plant, harvest and dry the corn to use to trade with the Indians for furs.

The colonists arrive as 21st century U.S. and English people, volunteers used to living with modern technology and convenience but willing to be 17th century colonists. Yes, they know living conditions will be harsh, the food meager and the work hard but none are prepared for the rigidity of the social structure in which the Governor rules and the lay preacher preaches. The Governor's council of the lay preacher and one freeman consult. Indentured servants must do whatever chores are requested by their owners plus complete the village project for each day. Women keep fires going, cook and do laundry; they have the lowest status. Dress codes are strictly enforced including the wearing of shirts by the men and corsets and hats by the women. Enforcement of the Sabbath law often seems to pull the colony apart, even to the point of spelling its end. Colonial House captures the drama of everyday life in a small colony; it also shows how ordinary people cope or don't cope when removed from their culture. The colonists are catapulted into a life that demands setting aside their differences for the sake of survival.

Quite unexpectedly about half way through the summer, 8 new colonists arrive, much to the joy of the village but also causing a housing and food shortage. Soon thereafter, Amy-Kristina Herbert and freeman Danny Tisdale leave for personal reasons. And then a true 21st century tragedy finds its way into the colony, causing Governor Wyers and his family to leave. Assistant Governor Heinz becomes Governor, now fulfilling a dual role and changing the tone of the colony's leadership.

With only a month to go before being graded by historians as to the colony's success or failure, Jack Lecza, in his powerful role of cape merchant and treasurer arrives, to take stock of the Colony's economic progress and motivate them to work harder to ensure a successful evaluation.

Unlike most colonies, Colonial House is not required to survive a Maine winter. During their four months in Maine, no one is injured or sick. Without exception they all stay true to their 1628 roles.

Anyone unhappy about missing participation in this 17th century drama, visit [pbs.org](http://www.pbs.org/wnet/colonialhouse/) in late 2004 and early 2005 to obtain details on how to apply for casting in future House series.

For pictures of the settlement see <http://www.pbs.org/wnet/colonialhouse/>

The Sydrian Perspective: Rabbits & Caverns

by Todd Bushlow

Well, we had quite an interesting winter here in Fort Worth, Texas. The Valentines Day snowstorm was probably the most severe in 25 years four whole inches of snow! And real snow too, not the wet, slushy, icy stuff wet usually get in these parts. As things began to thaw from the long hard winter (about a week in duration), we planned our first trip for 2004. Where to go? West, of course.

We headed west on Interstate 20 towards Midland/Odessa Texas. No, we weren't there to visit dubya's museum, we were there to visit the giant 8-foot Jack Rabbit of Odessa! Gasp. Unfortunately, it rained the whole way, and we decided to make for the hotel, when the sky opened up and dumped massive quantities of rain on us. What to do? Take a nap of course. A few hours later, after the deluge has subsided, we were off in search of said rabbit, and somehow we found it just before nightfall. Cars honked at us in obvious support of our pilgrimage. We laid fresh carrots at the feet of the Rabbit, took pictures, and then copied down the recipe for Rabbit Stew that was on the backside of the adjacent historical sign. Then we danced in glee, and quickly fled before the cops showed up. The next morning we noticed the carrots were still there. It must take the Rabbit a few days to process these goodies. We figured such pilgrimages must happen quite often in these parts!?!

Later that morning we arrived at the famous Odessa meteor crater. Never heard of it? There's a reason, folks. It's not very easy to see, as much of the impact area had been filled in over the years. We did see a real live jack rabbit, and we had an enjoyable walk through the grounds and a nice visit at the museum. What's up with these rabbits, anyway?

We then made tracks through the desert down to Interstate 10 in our quest to find the caverns of Sonora. The terrain was rugged yet beautiful as we drove through the small towns along the way. Hills were dotted with cactus, windmills, and the odd patriotic mural. A few hours later, we pulled up to the caverns. Nora stood near the entrance, obscuring the So, revealing the wonderful Caverns of Nora. Yeah! We had a great time touring the caverns, and they were quite unlike any that we've seen. The formations were very white and crystalline, and everywhere. It was an easy tour, but someday we may go back to take The Discovery Challenge. Off the developed trails, rappel down the pit you know, the good stuff! We then spend the night in Kerrville, and began our third day touring the Texas hill country.

Our last day on the road, we started out towards Fredericksburg. It's a really fun place right in the heart of the hill country. Why the hill country? Well Texas is generally rather flat, with the exception of the western areas (Big Bend, Guadalupe mountains, etc.) and the hill county. The hill country is,

well, hilly, with limestone outcroppings, trees and desert foliage, winding roads. It's very scenic indeed. Oh yeah, back to Fredericksburg. We actually decided to skip it this time, but there's a lot to do there, including shopping for antiques and visiting the Nimitz WWII museum. The hill country is also home to Luckenback, Texas (Waylon, Willie, and the boys) and the LBJ ranch. Instead we drove through the countryside, and headed for Longhorn Caverns. There weren't many formations in this cave, as it was cut by running water, sort of a junior Mammoth Cave, if you will. From there we drove past Fort Hood, and two hours later we were home.

What's next for us? We have a few trips planned over the summer, including Ohio, Maryland, and New York. Then it will be time to plan something exciting for our upcoming tenth anniversary. Stay tuned. See ya



3-1-97

Hugos as Usual

by Milt Stevens

It's that time of year when Hugo touts around the world pull out their scratch sheets and place their bets on this year's nominees. Some even resort to reading the fiction nominees, although that is a notoriously poor way of picking winners. Last year, I read the nominees and scored a perfect 0/4 when it came to winners. None of my first place choices won the award.

However, this does suggest another idea. Maybe I should ask pros to pay me an honorarium (or even a bribe) not to vote for their stories. Without my vote, they still might not win the Hugo. With my vote, their chances are **doomed**.

This year, I read the nominees again, and starting from the bottom, here are my choices. Bet accordingly.

Short Story

My top three choices in this category are top notch stories, and I would probably include them in a best of the year anthology if I were editing such a thing.

5. "Paying It Forward" by Michael A. Burstein. A neopro uses his PC as a ouija board to contact a dead science fiction writer. I wonder why he didnt contact Elvis while he was at it.
4. "Robots Don't Cry" by Mike Resnick. A robot mourns for his dead mistress. This sort of story went out with the fifties. In some places, it would be referred to as bathos.
3. "Four Short Novels" by Joe Haldeman. Despite the title, this is more like four Fredric Brown short shorts on the subject of living forever. I always liked Fredric Brown short shorts.
2. "The Tale of the Golden Eagle" by David D. Levine. The Cordwainer Smith influence is quite evident in this story of an eagle which becomes a spaceship which becomes a woman and a strange romance which ensues. Very well done.
1. "A Study in Emerald" by Neil Gaiman. The game is afoot or possibly a tentacle as the murder victim lies on the carpet dripping green. The answer will become obvious if you remember who wrote "Dynamics of an Asteroid." Do I have to tell you the murderer is the last person you would suspect? This is a very clever story.

Novelle

This category has six nominees. I'm not considering one of them. That story is "Into the Gardens of Sweet Night" by Jay Lake. The reason I'm not considering it isn't because it appeared in *Writers of the Future XIX*. The reason is availabil-

ity. I've long since stopped buying new material anthologies just to read one Hugo nominee. If they want me to consider it, they better make it available. This nominee is only available as an e-book. I don't know what I would do with an e-book if I had one. Also, the site that has this e-book wants personal information before you can download it. Not by the hair on my chinnychinchin. I don't go around providing information to unknown persons or organizations just because they ask for it.

5. "Bernardo's House" by James Patrick Kelly. The first time I tried to read this story I didn't finish it because it bored me. After it was nominated for a Hugo, I went back and read it entirely. It still bored me. This is a story of a house with a female persona who is mourning for her missing owner. If the story didn't contain a little gratuitous sex, I'd say it was the sort of story that went out with the fifties.
4. "Hexagons" by Robert Reed. This is a routine alternate history with a Chinese dominated future where Churchill, Roosevelt, and Hitler show up anyway. Hitler is still the bad guy.
3. "Legions of Time" by Michael Swanwick. Coming out of the closet can be risky. Going into the closet can be risky too, if it happens you've been hired to just watch the closet by bad guys from the future. This is a fair to middling time travel yarn.
2. "Nightfall" by Charles Stross. Stross is the master of technobabble. It all sounds like it ought to mean something even when I strongly suspect that it doesn't. His stories are generally fun. In this opus, humans have traveled to a distant star and been uploaded by an alien server. The humans come to suspect the aliens plan on using them as fungible currency. Really! (Side note: I have no idea why this story was titled "Nightfall.")
1. "Empire of Ice Cream" by Jeffrey Ford. The protagonist suffers from synesthesia. That means he can taste blue and hear pizza. His parents think he's abnormal. That sounds like a pretty good guess to me. However, when he eats coffee flavored ice cream he gets a really odd effect. He has visions of a female about his own age. When she eats coffee flavored ice cream she has visions of him. This story is highly original and very well done.

Novella

5. "The Green Leopard Plague" by Walter Jon Williams. This is really two stories which shouldn't even have been on speaking terms. The first is a story of jealous revenge. The second, which gives the story its title, involves a

couple trying to spread a genetically engineered plague which is supposed to eliminate hunger by causing humans to generate chlorophyll and start engaging in photosynthesis. I suppose that would be an OK plan if you didn't mind aphids.

4. "Walk in Silence" by Catherine Asaro. It's certainly not PC to comment that mixed marriages can have problems. However, when you start going outside your own species the question "What will the children be?" can become serious. I know, they do it in *Star Trek* all the time, but they do a lot of unreasonable things in *Star Trek*. In this story, a female human starship captain has an affair with male human variant who has four arms and a thick pelt of fur. OK, there are some gals who could go for a guy like that as long as he bought drinks. Coincidence is stretched beyond the breaking point when she becomes pregnant. It does give a new perspective to the term "Problem Pregnancy."
3. "The Cookie Monster" by Vernor Vinge. Many people feel they have been kicked around by their employers. The protagonist in this story discovers she is being rebooted as well. That entry level physical she had to take uploaded her personality into a computer. If she doesn't do something, she will have to work customer service for a large but evil software company forever. She conspires with other uploaders to leave clues for their next iterations. The details are worked out pretty well, and it makes a good sort of mystery.
2. "Empress of Mars" by Kage Baker. This story reflects the indomitable pioneer spirit and the influence of beer on human progress. It's also the story of an Irish pub on Mars complete with evil English landlords. It's both colorful and entertaining.
1. "Just Like The Ones We Used To Have" by Connie Willis. This is a Christmas story, but at least it isn't a heartwarming Christmas story. Heartwarming Christmas stories usually make me want to puke. As we begin this story, it's Christmas Eve. During the month of December, radio stations have played "White Christmas" by Bing Crosby 6932 times and by other artists 4898 times. It starts snowing. It's snowing **everywhere**. It's snowing in Honolulu. This jolly holiday season might be the beginning of an Ice Age. I really enjoyed Willis take on the news media and experts. While this story was published in *Asimov's*, it could just as well have been published in the *New Yorker* or *Playboy*. I think it also would make a pretty good movie.

Novel

If I really believed these nominees were the best five out of somewhere around 1000 novels that were published last year, I would have to conclude it was a dismal year for novels.

5. *Ilium* by Dan Simmons. First off, this isn't a novel. It's an excuse for a sequel. Ingredients include; Greeks, Trojans, Greek Gods (who live on Olympus Mons on Mars), Propero, Caliban, literit loving AIs from the moons of Jupiter, little green men, post humans who have apparently moved to another neighborhood, an effete human civilization still on Earth, and robot thingies who are obviously up to no good, but you won't find out what sort of no good for at least a couple more volumes. Put it all together, and it makes about as little sense as anything I've read in recent years. Oh, there is a final showdown. However, that's in the next volume. Maybe.
4. *Blind Lake* by Robert Charles Wilson. Without a phony mystery element, this novel would collapse like a punctured balloon. Basic situation: humans have managed to develop a technology which allows them to observe activities on the surfaces of two alien Earthlike planets. These two planets are being observed from two different sites. One planet has no animal life, and the other has a somewhat lobster-like alien race. The lobsters honestly aren't very interesting, but what can you expect from a bunch of lobsters. Something has happened at the site observing the uninhabited planet. The dumbass guvment cordons off the second site and doesn't allow anyone to leave. It also cuts off all TV, radio, fax, computer, and telephone communications incoming or outgoing. I don't think it's possible to cut communications like that, and it certainly wouldn't be desirable except to create a phony mystery element. What stops people from turning on their car radios?

This situation goes on for months. The thousand or so people in the quarantine zone are supplied by robot operated trucks. Nobody bothers to even include a note explaining the situation to the people who are affected. They don't even bother to tell them they are surrounded by a field of smart land mines. The only way the residents find out about that is when a couple people try leaving and are killed. A bunch of things happen during and mostly because of the quarantine. The guvment finally decides to evacuate people in about the next to the last chapter. If they had done that in the first chapter, I wouldn't have had to read this stupid novel.

3. *Humans* by Robert J. Sawyer. This novel has the same basic problem as its predecessor. The Neanderthals are too politically correct to be believable. If you can accept the unbelievability and the didactic lectures, you might like this novel better than I did.
2. *Paladin of Souls* by Lois McMaster Bujold. The setting is fairly standard fantasy medieval. Livestock does not include dragons, unicorns, or Trotskeyites. Livestock does include horses and one demon infested ferret. The protagonist was driven mad by a curse left over from a previous novel. However, she's gotten better. She goes on a holiday and encounters many strange things. The strange things include one guy who is dead but refuses

to do the proper thing and lie down. That presents a bit of a mystery. She also encounters some demons who are up to no good. That's the nice thing about demons. You don't have to worry about their motivations. They're always up to no good.

1. *Singularity Sky* by Charles Stross. In this novel, we have an apparently omnipotent AI called the Escaton. The Escaton doesn't like causality violation. If you use causality violation (like time travel) to create weapons of mass destruction, the Escaton will crottle your greeps. We also have a selectively neo-luddite government called the New Republic which controls several worlds. They were established to prevent downsizing and outsourcing. They don't like high tech.

Rochard's World is part of the New Republic. Things change on Rochard's World when the Festival arrives

and cell phones start raining from the sky. To call the Festival a high tech conglomerate doesn't quite do it justice. The New Republic responds to this attack by dispatching a destroyer. The destroyer is eaten. After that, all sorts of interesting things happen. This novel has plenty of action and humor, and you can even watch all the little allegories running around loose. Stross also throws in a quite good space battle for those of you who still like that sort of thing.

So another year in science fiction goes to the record books. As years go, this certainly was one. Has my sensawunda declined over the years, or is it just that my digestion is worse. If I were to conclude that science fiction ain't what it used to be, I might have to make some sweeping generalization about the future of science fiction. Since that's too much work to do for a fanzine article, I won't do that.



Fight for the Facts

by Gene Stewart

Fight For the Facts

Once, in an interview, Philip K. Dick was asked if he wrote surreality. He said, No, it's irreality.

It's a word he made up to describe the way his fiction tended to project aspects of our reality in steeply skewed terms. His perspective was bent. He warped reality and very often showed us terrifying and bizarre glimpses of very persuasive possibilities.

In his Verne-like sf adventure novel, *Killing Time*, historian Caleb Carr deploys the phrase *Mundus Vult Decepi*. It's fractured Latin for The World Wants to be Deceived. It means that people prefer almost anything to reality.

Reality must strike most people the way plain unflavored oatmeal does. And by the time they're done adding things, the actual oat content is down to the single percentiles where they seem to think it belongs.

Now look around.

One of the most despicable Presidents in history is being lauded as if he were a saint. The lies about him go beyond what any self-respecting fantasy novelist would dare try to get away with. There is even an organization that's been working for years to have Reagan's name put on monuments in every county in the United States, on every building and mountain and airport possible, and to have his face carved on Mount Rushmore. They seek to Sovietize his image, make his name ubiquitous, and by so doing paste a label on reality that suits their fantasy world.

And by and large everyone's going along with it, just as they happily accepted Ron E. Ray Gun telling them trees pollute and ketchup's a vegetable and the homeless are homeless by choice.

Oh, there are pockets of clarity, of sobriety. Ask any random group of gays or blacks what they think about Mr. Reagan's policy of ignoring them and crushing them? He destroyed labor unions by firing the air traffic controllers, who were merely exercising their hard-won rights. The ghost of Henry Ford no doubt stood up and applauded.

In debates and conversations the question arises again and again: What is **wrong** with us? Why are we choosing to ignore facts in favor of fantasies?

And then it hit me: This is not a question of partisan boosters shouting down complacent, cud-chewing cattle. No, this is a cynical attempt to usurp reality. It's a calculated, cold-blooded attempt to replace factual reality with a controlled irreality.

It is, beyond anything PKD ever saw coming, mind control on a national level.

No, not mysterious rays or psychic warriors or hypnotism – what's doing it is marketing. One thinks of Pohl & Kornbluth's story "The Marching Morons". If you haven't read it, grab a copy and be terrified and amused at the same time.

This Reagan mania is being exploited by the C3 crowd. Conservatism, Christianity, and Consumerism. It's the Neocons using high-pressure hard sell to shove a completely false set of assumptions down our collective mental gullet, in order to replace factual reality.

If this sounds strident or hysterical, well, then you're not paying attention. It is simply factual.

And therein lies the problem, hm?

Fight for the Facts. Don't accept the lies any more. Apathy is a reality killer.

Once they institute an irreality they can manipulate it at will. That's what they did after 9/11. They lied outrageously about Iraq's connection to Al Qaeda – which the investigative commission now finds has no basis in fact – and weapons of mass destruction and so much else, all to rush us into a war planned on paper long before W was even proposed as a puppet, long before the electoral coup, long before Reagan's October Surprise...

Gee, easy to confuse one irreality with the other, which is why the Bush League is pushing so hard to link itself with Reagan's fantasyland.

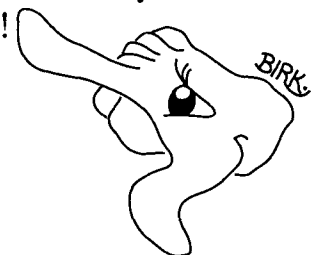
They are literally replacing what is real with their fantasy in order to control not only what they can make us do, but how we see things.

Philip K. Dick got out while he could but the rest of us are stuck here in Lie Land.

And once we can't tell what's true anymore, how can we take meaningful action?

Fight for the Facts.

Now that's an article any faned
would die for!



INTERLOCUTIONS

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03 May 2004

Since my last missive, perhaps not so much has been going on. I'm still struggling with the fibromyalgia. There are good days, there are bad days, and there are really bad days. I manage to get out to visit with fannish friends a couple times a week. I'm glad to have these weekly events to keep my spirits up and to stave off my hermitish tendencies.

Megumi is my big hero! She saved my life! Tuesday 4/20 I took a new medication for the first time around 9am...I had a bad reaction to it and around 9:30- 10 am I was passed out on the couch! At about 2:30 in the afternoon I was awakened by Megumi washing my face and meowing loudly...I don't know how long she had been trying to wake me, but when I came too I realized I was in trouble. I called a neighbor who took me to the Emergency Room at the hospital where they took care of me right away. Even then I was at the hospital for nearly 5 hours before I was well enough to go home. Megumi certainly is a blessing! She's my angel! I'm telling everyone how wonderful my kitty is...I always hear stories about dogs rescuing people, but in my story the cat is the hero.

Yes! a Ditto in Milwaukee would be great, I'll help however I can.

It may be worth while to mention that April showers in Wisconsin may very well include snow. This year, knock on wood, we've been fortunate to not have had the late season snow storm or spring flooding...so far.

When I was about Kira's age, and even older, I disliked the feeling of dampness...a kitchen sponge could evoke the same response as an earthworm.

Years ago we recovered most of a squirrel skeleton – including a skull which indicated it was a juvenile, I don't recall what we ended up doing with it, or where it might be now. The foxes you found may just as likely have met their end to poisoning (poisoned rat or mole), illness (canine distemper brought down the local population), old age, and so forth. Life in the wild isn't easy.

Would you possibly be a candidate for a scholarship or grant? Employer sponsored "education reimbursement programs" are notoriously unusable. All too often it's really a fund to send execs to conventions and fluff seminars. Executive area will never ever admit it made a mistake or mis- budgeted. It pisses you off because you CARE about the students. That is exactly the trait that makes you such a wonderful asset to the

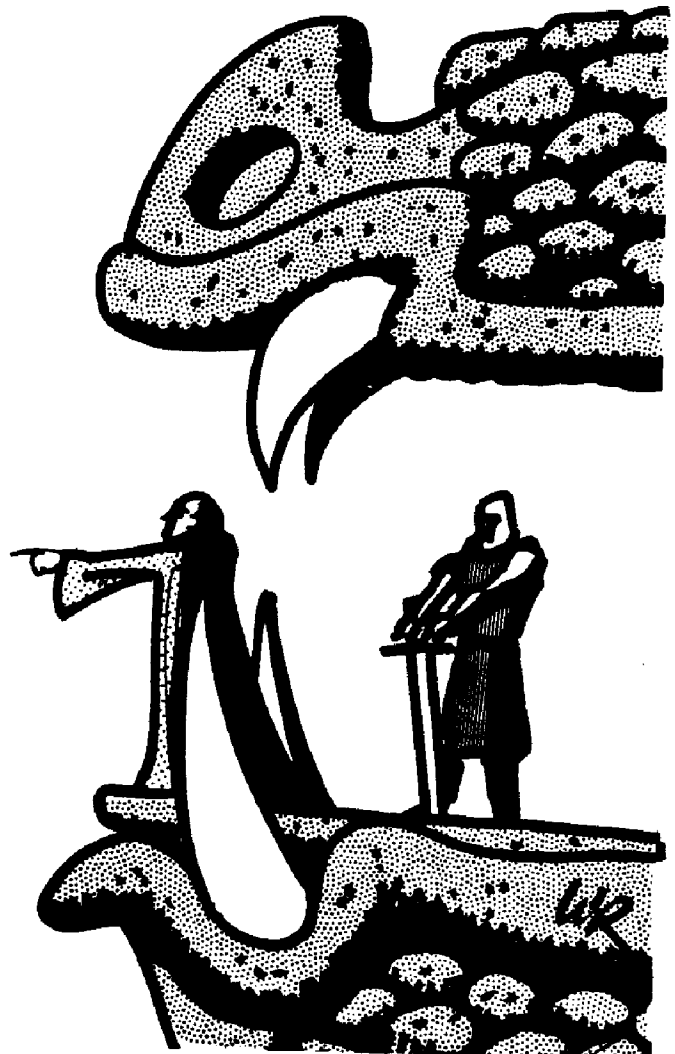
school. I've come to the conclusion that it's a rare employer in the US that actually wants employees to give a damn... A lazy disengaged employee isn't going to challenge management to excel. It's easier to have meetings filled with endless TQM jargon & point to *those* as indications of Quality and Customer Service.

I'd have gone to Concinnity, but didn't find out when it was, till it was over.

Rodney: RAE but NC

Sue- I never really go anywhere, so I really appreciate the trip reports. Though I should never ever entertain the idea of skiing...I'd only kill myself falling down the mountain. =)

Joseph M & Ned- caller ID is great, prior to that I'd sometimes use the answering machine to screen calls...way back in the Dark Ages



My hobbit like dad was nicknamed "Orky" at a tender age, but I've never been able to pry the origin out of his sister, or anyone else. Though for a while, recently, he was collecting Orca whales.

Marc- "As seen on TV" lovely! and **Brad-** Alien Angel – coooooo!

EB- *Alexiad* has all the good points of *Fosfax*, but none of the baggage.

When that "What if God were one of us" was a pop song on the radio, there was quite a noisy debate locally whether it was a good teaching & sharing tool OR Blasphemy.

I have a preference for the 25W florescent swirly bulbs...they give out a white light as strong as a 100W incandescent bulb.

There is talk from time to time of a Trans Lake Ferry. Brown Deer is easy driving distance from both Milwaukee and Grafton. Though I'm not at all envious of Henry's commute.

Sheryl: hi! My lamp installment experience is very limited. 1) buy lamp at Target 2) put in bulb 3) plug in lamp. (I rent)

Eric- My sister has a friend who sells his music directly to people over the net. If he had to rely on the Recording Industry, he wouldn't make a penny off his music. Likewise I recall friends taping things off the radio in the 60's & 70's and if it turned out we **really** liked something, we'd then go out and buy it...this seems to be what the kids are doing now, and **they** are also buying from bands that don't go through the big companies, or get radio play.

Joseph reads faster than most of us can think! And then, fortunately, he reviews most of it for us!

Jeeves- nifty alien!

Take care everyone,
Trin'

☐**TKK:** *I got a batch of the swirly fluorescent bulbs that took so long to heat up that they were useless unless you intended to keep the light one for more than ten minutes. The new Milwaukee to Muskegon ferry is already in operation (lakeexpress.com), but it is a bit pricey.*☐

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3 May 2004

In his LoC, **E. B. Frohvet** says that the theme song for the show *Joan of Arcadia* begins "What if God were one of us/ Just a stranger on the bus...." Would that it did. The actual lyric, alas, runs "What if God was one of us...." I cannot listen to it without flinching.

I had a custom bumper sticker for a while that read "I brake for speed limits". (makestickers.com allows you to complete a number of proffered templates with your own text, a nice touch.) Husband David said "I don't think that means what you think it means," insisting that it implied rapid & hazardous deceleration. I thought it was an accurate, non-pissy way of saying "There's a reason I'm going this slow, and tailgating me won't change that [you asshole]." What do you think? It's moot for now; I've replaced it with a patriotic-yet-festive red white & blue one that reads "Civil marriage is a civil right."

Rod Leighton's review of a zine that consists entirely of zine reviews, and the review's (and the zine's) various musings on who has succeeded in sending/receiving which zines to/from whom, rapidly ate its own tail. Or perhaps someone else's. I couldn't tell.

An interesting snapshot of snowless Vail.

Kate

☐**TKK:** *I used the ultimately cynical tag line of "Life's a bitch and then you're reincarnated" for years. Most ignored it, but a few really enjoyed it.*☐

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May 4, 2004

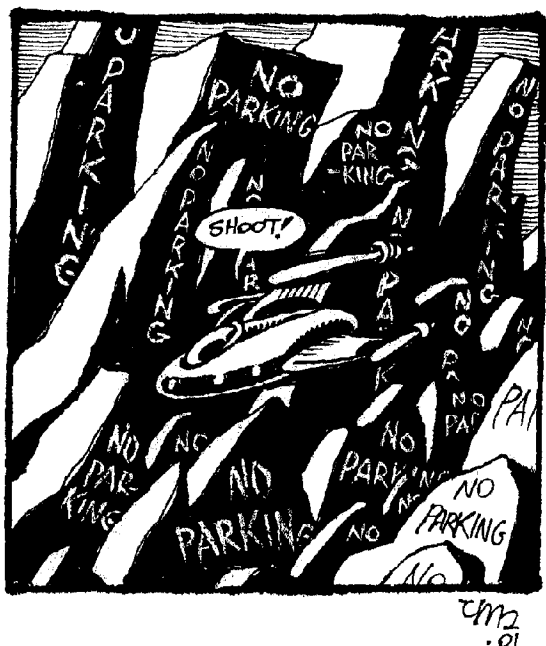
And now the knews..Dave Berg in *Mad* had a nice comment on it: Husband and wife at home, wife sings "When April showers may come our way!" and husband replies, pointing to one at work, "They bring the plumbers for floods in May!"

One of the *New Worlds* authors back in the sixties took Herman Kahn's rungs of nuclear war description and wrote a step-by-step description of two neighbors having an argument that began with a dog barking and ended up with the people tearing their houses down to get catapult ("slingshot") ammo.

Perhaps you should report the Concinnity concom to **Garth Spencer**, who collects such horrors. The horrors the horrors...

"Sue's Sites": And here I thought Vail was one of those ultra-rich places where anyone with only a seven-figure wealth is so ... common, Not Really Our Sort. Like Telluride, where they are wondering why the service is so poor. Perhaps because they only pay minimum wage and on that you can't even afford a box behind the restaurant.

InterLOCutions: Funny; I'd read all of the SFBC's reprint classics, before I turned thirty even (probably before twenty even).



Schoenfeld's "Built . . . Logically" stories play a lot of games. I liked the woman who had the time machine that only worked on the entire universe.

I believe it was L. Sprague de Camp who quoted the story of some pyramidologist caught filing down a protrusion in the Grand Gallery of the Pyramid of Khufu in order to fit his theory.

Insurance is often not available. The Free Traders of *Citizen of the Galaxy* for example probably would not seem to the ordinary insurance executive as very desirable risks and therefore communally self-insured. This was why *Sisu* was so overcrowded; the ship was supposed to split off a descendant, but they had covered the costs of another new ship which had promptly vanished. Rather like the original Lloyds.

Denver wants to bid for 2008? Against Chicago? And as far as I know there are no bids for 2009. Denver is, just barely, in my driving range. I'd like to go see there.

I have been a member of the SFBC for about thirty-five years. My father had to sign for me.

As I recall, the way two cohabiting people can work the system is that each signs up the other, one getting the introductory books and the other getting the signer-up free book, buy the minimum in the time period, quit, and rejoin. Lather, rinse, and repeat.

I have solved the problem of software copies by using older versions. For example, I have been using WordPerfect 8 for some time even though WP10 is out there. (That I use for creating .pdf files.)

If the vast majority of recording artists never made any money with the old model, this may explain their lack of concern over the free downloading of songs.

When I went in for my B-12 shot the tech asked if I wanted a flu shot, which would not cost extra. Being in an at-risk group, I agreed.

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

☐TKK: I used the SFBC sign-up scam once right after I met Letha. They have so few books anymore that I'm interested in that I don't bother. I have them on passive mode where if I do nothing they send me know books. (You have to ask for that status.) You can use ghostscript for free to create PDFs if you don't mind the extra last page with the brief statement that ghostscript was used to create the file. I get a full version of Acrobat at work as part of my job so I don't worry about it.☐

Joy V. Smith
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4 May 2004

Dear Knarley,

Congratulations on your letter of acceptance into the part-time law program! I hope you get your funding. You've certainly been working hard at it. And all the best too with your consulting/expert witnessing. It's not easy getting started, but you've got your foot in the door, and I wouldn't be surprised if one of these days you're turning down work; in the meantime, waiting is so frustrating.

Re: weeds. They're winning in my yard. Dandelions are not as bad as some of the others that are taking over. I hand weed and spray assorted herbicides.

I think it's neat that the kids are building tree forts. And what a great opportunity for them to travel on their own. Staying with family members is a good way to get their feet wet.

I enjoyed Sue's report on her visit to Vail, and I'm glad she got some snow. (I've heard about the drought out there and that Colorado finally got some snow – must have seen it on a weather report).

Re: LOCs. I loved **Joseph Major's** anecdote about drivers' distractions ("the other cell phone caller asked what was wrong"). Interesting comment by **E.B. Frohvet** about the lack of insurance in C.J. Cherryh's *Chanur* series. (I love that series, btw.) It makes you think a little more about alien cultures. (Speaking of alien cultures, the ezine, *Multiverse*, has world-building articles that are very interesting. And I have an article on world-building, Straight on Until a New Planet, in the May/June issue of Working Writer.)

Was that a missing radiator or register in Connor's room? And how did you lose a phone jack or were you planning to add another one in the master bedroom? I know what you

mean about finishing... As a matter of fact, the last chapter in my house book is called Remodelling Your New Home.

I enjoy reading the fanzine reviews. I don't get as many as I used to. (I got a lot through *Factsheet Five* years ago; I don't think that's around anymore. I think it was on the verge of being revived, but I haven't heard anything about it lately.)

Appreciatively,
Joy

☐**TKK**: *I aggressively avoid herbicides since I'm right on the river. The house is wired for phones with a 6-wire (3 pair) cable. The one pair had gone bad and between painting and switching over I never got farther than putting the new phone jack on the floor under the desk; and it still isn't wired.*☐

E. B. Frohvet
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Mary 4, 2004

Dear Henry,

In the last month: a detailed advertising packet, not from a Jaguar dealer in Maryland, but from a Jaguar distributorship in California; a "free weekend" in Hilton Head, SC, during which they would happily explain to me the bargains to be had in timeshares in that resort; and a satellite TV service offering a "home theatre complete with six speaker surround sound" as a "gift" for choosing their service. These people must have some false notions that I am rich.

With absolutely no disrespect to **Robert Lichtman**, whom I hold in high regard, I really can't see *Trap Door* receiving the FAAN Award as "best fanzine" for 2003, on the basis of its one issue consisting mainly of a glurky piece of fanfic. Of course the Inner Cult are never going to give a FAAN to you or me or **Bob Sabella**, but still. **Steve Stiles** did receive the "fan artist" award, which counts for something.

And a pink cover, highlighted for my amusement! Very nice; thank you. For those who are not up to speed on the reference, at the 1998 and 2000 Worldcons, I wore my pink shirt, the most conspicuous item of clothing I own, so it would be easier for fellow fans to identify me. It became something of a trademark.

I wonder if perhaps keeping your yard free of "garlic mustard" might not be sufficient, and let the riverside look out for itself. The plant is a nuisance, but it must serve some need in the ecology – maybe the deer eat it, they eat everything else.

Your experience with management seeing personnel as fungible peons is so typical as hardly to be worthy of comment.

Rodney Leighton: Possibly your column on **Guy Lillian's** *The Zine Dump* was a while seeing print; at last count *ZD* was up to five issues and another should be due soon, though **Rosie** and **Guy** have a lot on their plates lately. I agree with

you that **Guy's** habit of listing zines that have not published in two or three years is mildly irritating, but it's his zine. **Keith Walker's** *Fanzine Fanatique* from UK is another useful reference.

Joseph T. Major: I'll grant you poetic license, but **calamari** are squid not octopi. Quick, what movie whose principal character was a marine biologist, feature octopi? Hint: think period piece not SF.

Yes, **Janine Stinson** advised me that her local airport has regular commuter flights to Milwaukee. My limited understanding of Ditto suggests that if you wish to hold it in 2005, you should be ready to present the "bid" at this year's con. In correspondence with **Joy Smith**, she is looking for information on the Orlando event, so anybody who knows anything, pass it on.

Rodney again: Well, it's possible that someone else reached the same erroneous conclusion about **Joseph Major** being a "house name" at *FOSFAX*. The quantity of his reading/writing/reviewing is intimidating to us mere mortals, but I've met **Joseph**, and he is a real person. (Or is **Joseph** a simulacrum, he puts up a very good front.)

Milt Stevens: Spreadsheets are what used to be called "double entry bookkeeping". See L. Sprague deCamp's *Lest Darkness Fall*, where his ignorant clerks carefully enter the bribes they have received!

Alex Slate: Sorry to hear about the death of your friend. I was aware of Lori Wolf only as a contributor to Lawrence Person's *Nova Express* and to the best of my knowledge she was not involved in fanzines outside of that.

Fanzine reviews: I sent **Claire Briarley** some information on badgers, from a book found at the library. Evidently the usage (concerning Wisconsin) stemmed from an early 19th Century mining rush in which miners too busy to build housing lived in abandoned mine shafts, "in holes in the ground like badgers". There are two other U.S. colleges that use "badger" as their mascot, one is Spring Hill College in Alabama, I forget the name of the other but it's in New England somewhere. (If anyone cares, the commonest mascot in the U.S. is "eagle"; more than seventy colleges use some form of this, and many of them cite the same Biblical verse as inspiration. Isaiah 40:31, "But those who wait for the Lord shall renew their



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Orders@fantasycrafts.com

strength, the shall mount up with wings like eagles.” New Revised Standard)

I was politely dropped from the mailing list of one fanzine, the editor agreeing with my observation that he and I occupied very different fandoms.

Best gremflods,
E. B. Frohvet

□TKK: *The marketing types probably don't know you are rich as much as they find you have an excellent credit rating. Garlic mustard is not native to Wisconsin and the other native plants cannot compete with this early sprouting plant; so it has no ecological purpose.*□

Rodney Leighton
RR#3
Tatamagouche, NS
Canada
May 7, 04

Dear Henry:

Thank you for *TKK* #105 which arrived yesterday.

Fanzines seem to be shrinking. Yeah, #87 was twice as large. What is happening? Well, the issue from 3 years ago had an extra page of editorial. **Mom** has stayed the same size. No article by me 3 years ago, but **Jan Stinson** provides a page and **Stewart** provides the same number of pages in that issue as I do in the latest one. Two pages for the credit card thing back then. Big difference in the letter column: 19 loccers and 12 pages in #87, 10 loccers and 7 pages in #105. Well, actually I guess I can't make a case for a decrease in interest in fanzine fandom. I think there were 11 loccers in #87 who did not appear in #105 and one can hardly expect Harry Warner to write a loc from Heaven. Of the other absentees, I suspect that **Stewart**, like me, is losing interest; one had already gafiated; one was close and the rest ... well, who knows? Is this the first issue ever of *TKK* without a **Lloyd Penney** loc?

I suppose my impending “retirement” is not going to help. Sorry, I have no plans to write any further columns. Of course, you know what happens with me and I read a great quote a while ago which is: “If you want to amuse God, tell Him your plans.”

Unless God has other plans, I expect to start work within the next month and I should have work for the rest of the year. With gas close to a dollar a liter, for much of that time, I am going to have to work one day a week just to pay for the gas I burn. One day a week goes to the government, two days a week to the banks; doesn't leave much. I am planning on devoting almost all of my energies to work. No garden this year, I am going to let the neighbour mow the grass with his ride-on and let the spiders take care of the house and basically just work and sleep. Not going to spend much time fighting with this machine.

In spite of this temporary return to a couple of letter columns, I am not much interested in locking. And the incentive for doing columns is gone. **Guy Lillian** may be the only person who is unhappy with them, and **Brad Foster**, or perhaps they are the only ones who say so. But not many people find anything in them to comment on. Hey, that's not a complaint. I rarely find anything to comment on in fanzines these days. Besides which, I have run out of material. Other than the two which tired **Brad** out, they have all been about fanzines. I don't get many any longer. And I have written about them all. And fanzines tend to remain fairly similar, as witness two issue of this one, three years apart. I wrote the commentary about *The Zine Dump* 14 months ago. I had issue #6 inflicted on me not long ago. The only changes are that I would not recommend it now but that is due to the personal denigration I received in #6.

Of course, anything is possible. If there are two more issues of *FOSFAX* and **Tim** sends me copies and doesn't slander me too much, I may do some sort of article on that, because it is now quite a bit different than the ones I wrote about and especially if he announces the end of it. Fair number of ifs there. It is possible someone may send me a fanzine or a bunch of them which will stir me to writing a review or a column. Who knows. I may someday receive an envelope from Seattle which contains fanzines actually produced in that city rather than something produced in the United Kingdom.

I got a big bunch of *Apparatchik* not long ago. I have been reading an issue or two a day. They are quite good, I find some interesting stuff. Some bullshit, of course. Some things which are of no interest. Recently I was reading the latest U.S. TAFF delegate wondering if he was a fake fan or a fringe fan; obviously over the next two or three years, he decided he was a super fan. Or maybe there was a find in the U.K. he wanted to have a lot of sex with, which seems to be one of the primary functions of that particular fund. Hey, I ain't complaining. Looking at the list of FAAN awards for one year, 1997, I think, without checking, I was intrigued to see a long list of people generally considered to be part of a certain clique and **Joseph Major** almost in the middle.

But the great thing about reading these is that I can enjoy reading what I wish, ignore the rest and when finished with it, pass it along to someone else. No locs to write; just one thank you letter; no feuds or fussing; didn't inspire any columns.

Perhaps I'm just getting lazy.

Best
Rodney

□TKK: *There have been plenty of issues with a LOC from Lloyd. I will admit to being about four pages thinner than I have been for most of the past few years. This issue should make up for it. You've seen more issues of Apparatchik than I have (none) and I'm published in it.*□

Lloyd Penney
1706-24 Eva Rd.
Etobicoke, ON M9C 2N2
Canada
penneys@allstream.net
May 8, 2004

Dear Knarley:

It is long past deadline, and you've probably got another issue on the go, but here's some comments on issue 104 of *The Knarley Knews*.

What's kept me behind? A new job. I now work for CMI, Communicorp Multimedia Inc., and I am now the proofreader for all WalMart flyers in Canada. CMI is in Markham, just north of Toronto, so I now have a two-hour commute there, and the same back. It allows me to catch up on reading and napping, I guess. However, I am now making more money than I ever have in my life, so I am trying to convince myself that the commute is worth it. We'll see who wins the argument on that one.

Rodney Leighton's article on *Alexiad* seems fair, if a little brusque. I am enjoying *Alexiad* where I did not enjoy *FOSFAX*. The former is not politically neutral, but at least it is not politically extreme, like the latter. And, as **Rod** says, there's no demonization of the loccers. One wag did state that *FOSFAX* could have been the official fanzine of Fox News.

Gene Stewart's article illustrates the complexities of modern life. Since 9/11, we have had to be vigilant, but were all so tense, the slightest yank of our strings, or even a careless "Boo!" makes us jerk and jump. The terrorists seem to do this, and others do too, to get a message across. Perhaps numbness might be a suitable response; a little reaction, and then, get on with our lives. Yet, numbness should not mean a feeling of false security. How do we judge what's really going on when we see these events happen? It's all subjective, and 9/11 colours those judgments. For instance, something that happened in Toronto recently: a man was reported to the police pulling a screaming child out of a shopping mall. A child molester with his next victim, or an exasperated father with a drama king/queen for a child? The police found it was the latter, but the person who reported it instantly assumed it was the former. It's a tough call do we err on the side of caution? Will every father disciplining his child be subject to arrest if his actions are misinterpreted? Society has changed so much because of terror, and the good old days seem so long ago.

Joy Smith I am not sure how the websites got the word out about the Tolkien convention, but they all seem to be connected to a webbing. I must assume it makes it much easier to get the word out to all websites members/subscribers.

June 1, 2004

Got some comments on TTK 105 so little time these days! The new job takes up so much time, plus we've been busy. Our 21st wedding anniversary was on May 28, there was the



great annual party at Mike Glicksohn's this past weekend, and my 45th birthday is tomorrow! Weekends are more valuable than ever.

Congratulations on your acceptance at Marquette! Now to see if MSOE will help out. I think most organizations will hem and haw before putting forth any money to help out an employee. I have thought of further education from time to time, but even if I had the money, I would need the time. I wish I could bank time the same way we bank money.

I remember having the same *Challenger* reception problem **Rodney Leighton** had. Two issues were eaten by the post office, and **Guy** was good enough to try again and again to get me the issues in question. At one point, I asked **Guy** to send *Chall* to my work address, and it got there with no problems. I never was sure why it couldn't get to my home address.

You know you have arrived in the public consciousness when you appear as a clue in a crossword puzzle. Kudos to Ursula K. LeGuin.

When I read **Milt Stevens'** story of Jerry Pournelle with homemade nitro in a swamp, I couldn't stop laughing. I know Jerry from his performances at conventions about 20 years ago. I'm still laughing. At the story, that is. Thank you, **Milt** for a smile I needed.

Short time means short locs. Take care, and see you next issue.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney

☐TKK: If your commute is by train then it may be worth it. Two extra hours a day to do reading and the like has its merits.☐

Bill Legate
Box 3012
Sequim, WA 98382
May 10, 2004

Milt Stevens
6325 Keystone St.
Simi Valley, CA 93063
miltstevens@earthlink.net
May 12, 2004

Thanks for 105, recd May 3.

Suppose that two spheres are on one axis, in otherwise empty space, and one is rotating with respect to the other. Which one bulges due to centrifugal force? Newton assumes an absolute space in which one or the other sphere is in reality the one moving, and so bulging. But Ernst Mach claims that notion is determined by the total mass present in the universe, and in this case whichever sphere is smaller is the one that bulges. (General relativity doesn't always support Mach; it starts with a different model of space itself, and exceeds my competence. But isn't the business about two spheres on one axis interesting, though?)

We experience statistical mechanics as the temperature and pressure of a gas, and we call it the second law of thermodynamics: entropy (disorder) increases. The event horizon of a black hole (the "surface area" you don't see past) is equivalent to the entropy which has fallen into that black hole. When matter and radiation fall in, the event horizon grows; when two holes fall together into one, its event horizon is greater than the sum of the two, and a lot of extra gravitational radiation is broadcast as well.

Stars too massive for light to escape, John A. Wheeler started calling black holes in 1967. They're what John Michell called dark stars, in 1783, although he, and then Simon LaPlace from 1796, understood them in a Newtonian frame. (And I always preferred "dark star" to "black hole", from hours logged at many shows hearing the Grateful Dead work through 20 to 25 minutes of their "Dark Star".)

But there will be problems with this unavoidable increase in area of the event horizon, when the black hole ultimately sets about evaporating: How does the entropy get out here again? If this is as mysterious to you as it is to me, you might consult Stephen Hawking, or Kip Thorne, who discuss this.

The 1950s, indeed. Bester's *The Demolished Man*, Clarke's *Childhood's End*, Sturgeon's *More Than Human*, etc. And recent gestures at creating awards for the classic stories do look artificial, compared with long-existing collections such as SFWA's fine *Science Fiction Hall of Fame* volumes.

Regards
Bill

□**TKK:** *So what happens when two fannish black holes get married? Does the event horizon from their joining extend from their individual mail boxes to encompass an entire city block or will the entire fanzine universe implode? Inquiring minds want to know.*□

Dear Henry,

The program of study you discuss in *Knarley Knews* #105 certainly sounds ambitious. Personally, I'm past the point in life where I need any more grades or degrees for anything. That doesn't mean I might not take a few more courses, but that would purely be for amusement. Cal State Northridge is just the other side of the hill, and I might even audit a class there in September. History or literature seem like the most likely possibilities. Heck, I might even audit a class in science fiction sometime. After wallowing in the stuff for fifty years, it might be fun to see how a bunch of neos react to it.

It's surprising MSOE is shy about claiming lack of funds. The City of Los Angeles claims huge budgetary shortfalls loudly and annually. Since they have been doing it in salary discussions every year for over a quarter of a century (that I know of), nobody really believes them any more. If it were true, it would indicate the City Council and the Chief Administrative Officer were a bunch of drooling incompetents. The City Council are, but the CAO isn't. He actually knows how to count.

In the letter column, **Joseph T. Major** lists the SFBC reprints of classics of the fifties and sixties. I've got all of those, sometimes in a couple of different forms. I notice SFBC is pulling a bit of a fast one with the novel by Frank Herbert. It was titled *Under Pressure* when it was serialized in *Astounding*, but it was *Dragon of the Sea* in hardback and *Twenty-First Century Sub* in paperback. Back in the fifties, publishers regularly used several titles on the same book. Using the title *Under Pressure* might mislead someone into buying another copy of a book they already owned. To a new reader, this novel might seem more like alternate history than science fiction. The idea of a four man nuclear submarine operating against Soviet undersea oil fields in the White Sea area doesn't seem like the future anymore.

Joseph mentions people driving around neighborhoods trying to steal internet services so they can download porn. I haven't heard of that one, but I have heard of people driving around neighborhoods trying to steal telephone services so they could sub-let long distance calls to the Middle East. I listened to a presentation on theft of telephone services at a crime analysis conference some years ago. At that time, some telephone companies wouldn't even handle long distance calls to some countries in the Middle East, because the theft of services was so prevalent.

Yours truly,
Milt Stevens

☐CKK: I don't need any more degrees either, but it seems to make the most sense given my current interests. I could continue along quite acceptably with my current background.☐

Julie Wall
470 Ridge Rd.
Birmingham, AL 35206
jlwall@usa.net
12 May 2004

Dear Henry,

All the hockey talk is fascinating. I haven't been keeping up with the pros the way I used to, since our minor league team has been gone for four years now. It's fun to hear you talk about it. It's neat that you and your kids like to play. Every time I tried ice skating I hated it. But it's fun to watch.

Personally, I have been having a hard time getting as much exercise as I would like because I have developed plantar fasciitis in my left foot. I am restricted to non-impact activities. Fortunately, I like spinning, and have been doing that for awhile – now I do it fairly exclusively. So far my condition has been resistant to physical therapy so I am using a topical anti-inflammatory and wearing only athletic shoes while we take a wait and see approach.

I am so excited for you about law school! I took the LSATs once a looong time ago, when I thought I wanted to go to law school. Like **Joseph Major**, I got over it, and I, too, don't remember the test procedures being that suspicious and rigid. I am sorry that your employers are being such dickheads about the whole thing.

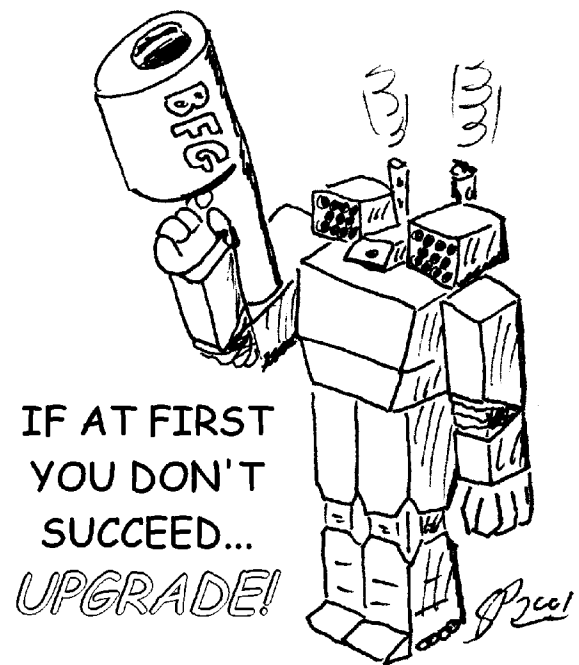
Because of the computer training program I was in shutting it's door here come the end of June, I have switched platform gears and am studying for my Solaris certification. I think it's more important to have the school behind me for that. I will then endeavor to finish the last three tests for my MSCE certification.

Your kids are growing up! Everyone's are! Ack! I have a new nephew, Jacob, born on April 8th. Before I know it, he will be in high school.

Well, it's not much, but all I can muster at the moment – my best to everyone up there and in KnarleyReaderLand.

Julie

☐CKK: Most people try ice skating using rental skates. They are typically awful with poor fit on the foot and poor to non-existent ankle support. The blades are often dull as well. Try it some time with quality skates and you might change your mind.☐



Scott Patri
2191 Ocean Terrace
Nanaimo, BC, V9S 2Z2
Canada
real_headhoncho@yahoo.com
May 12, 2004

Dear Knarley,

Heres a LoC for you, so quit threatening to drop me off your mailing list.

I finally got a steady job, but I have to move to a new city for it. It was only a 100-kilometre move, but far enough away to have to uproot. Please take note of the address.

I am now working in the field of Customer Service, which I have always considered just a place where angry sheep come to bleat constantly and crap all over the place. Still, when you have been unemployed as long as I have, you take any job that comes your way. And yes, I went to work for the Devil; MSN tech support. Doubly-devilish because I owe my job to Gates and Outsourcing, and working in the hell of trying to fix what is wrong with someone else's computer over the phone for minimum wage.

And you wonder why the world hates Americans...

Its not that I don't like the job; I've always had a talent and desire for problem solving. Its just that: A) I have to deal with mostly elderly Americans that don't know how to use their computer, B) The knowledge that my job is one outsourced from the States, C) Working for a company that got the outsourcing contract because they could do it cheaper than someone else, D) Received 12 days of training before being put on the phones, E) Work the graveyard shift, F) Have a 3

mile bicycle ride to work... uphill, E) Can only afford a room to rent, G) Still has no social life beyond his computer, H) and can't find the time or energy to do all the things I want to do. Like keeping up with fandom.

Well...at least I'm working full time now. And overtime this week (thanks to Sasser). I need to because my printer is pooched and I need to buy a new one. I have one of those scanner/copier/printer jobs that cost me an arm and a leg when I bought it, and kept sucking the money with the ink costs. I'm going to have to find a combo that doesn't swallow so much ink when the heads need cleaning. That is what got mucked up on it. Cleaning the heads one day, there was a horrible grinding sound and a spring popped out of the works. Taking a look inside, I realized that it would be cheaper to buy a new one than have this beast repaired.

Yadda yaddy yadday and all
that...
Scott Patri

☐TKK: *I know why many hate Americans. You can rest assured that we all aren't the problem.*☐

Brad W Foster
PO Box 165246
Irving, TX 75016
bwfoster@juno.com
May 17, 2004

Greetings Henry and Letha ~

Damn, I've got to remember that "April showers bring May flowers" rejoinder from your editorial. That's great!

I had no idea what I was looking at when I first turned to page 6, but my impression was some sort of odd, mutant cabbage plant...and evidently one you ordered from a company named "Vail". And now, having read the article, it *still* looks like that to me!

Joseph's comment about hearing that there are people trying to download porn off of other folks computers just saddens me. Not for the actual action, which is just too weird to contemplate, but sad that these people are evidently the only ones who are not getting porn shoved into their e-mail everyday, want it or not. How did they manage to get that blocked to such a degree that they now have to troll for it on the street? Wow!

Hi back to **Alex**. And hey, I'm losing weight too. Dropped 35 pounds so far, but still a ways to go to get back to the pre-marriage weight yet. Yeah, that's where I measure my goal from. Got married, happy and well fed, and after a dozen years, was spreading out all over the place. Closing in on 50, so time to get this carcass into some sort of decent shape to deal with the upcoming problems it will have to deal with.

Stay happy ~
Brad

☐TKK: *Maybe the "April showers" quote is regional only, but I've been hearing it since I was a child. Good luck with the diet. I've put on 20 pounds since I got married, but it now puts me at what is probably a more healthy weight.*☐

Eric Lindsay
PO Box 640
Airlie Beach Nth. Qld.
Australia
fijagh@ericlindsay.com
29 May 2004

Dear Henry,

We have encountered winter here, and it isn't even June. Everyone at the local market was complaining about the cold. Must have been down to 65-70 or so. I'll be very annoyed if we have more than three weeks of winter this year. Just isn't reasonable in the tropics. I'm shortly going to have to go on my annual search for where I put my socks. At the same time, an Ice Age movie has just started being publicised, from the same producer as Independence Day and other disasters.

Congratulations on the law course. I am sorry to hear it took so much effort to get past the university authorities. Surely someone tracks overtime hours, or simply performance of staff, and tries to make things work well for valued staff. My former boss, now Vice Chancellor at Wollongong University, was incautious enough to mention in the press that every Vice Chancellor knew they had staff members who were worth twice what they were paid. He then went on to say they also had staff members who were not worth half what they were paid, and had problems getting rid of them.

I've certainly had copies of all the '50's and '60's works **Joseph Major** mentions. Not sure that I'd have them now that my collection is ensmallled after moving. All memorable works.

We have a New Zealand DUFF winner in Norman Cates, I note. About time.

I haven't priced a light fitting like the ones **Sheryl Birkhead** mentions in ages. I'm still using fluorescent tubes in industrial battens on top of each of my (home made) bookcases, as (home made - well it is just a piece of bookcase shelf and right angle brackets) hidden indirect lights. If I put them all on it would be 240 watts. Battens cost me maybe A\$30 each. I wired each up with a computer power socket (from broken computer power supplies) mounted on the batten, so you can disconnect them easily. My wiring to them is surplus computer power cords. I have a couple of plastic boxes with multiple wall sockets on them, connected to ancient X10 fluorescent power controllers, so they can all be switched remotely. I can't get any more X10 fluorescent controllers, which is why I run multiple fluorescent tubes from each, rather than building one X10 unit into each batten like they were designed.

After the wonders of Corflu Las Vegas, and riding the up-swing of fannish cheerfulness, I wandered into Fashion Show Mall a day or so before we were due to depart the USA. I've been there often when in Las Vegas, since it has a Sharper Image and a Brookstones, twin repositories of shiny new electronic toys. While fiercely resisting these, I went upstairs to the Apple Shop, and bought myself a shiny (well, it is aluminum) new Macintosh Powerbook, the 15 inch model that would fit into my travel bag. Since it is shiny and aluminium, it should be safe from the evil rays sent out by the little green men. Doubtless that is why that brand was used against the aliens in Independence Day.

I notice many license servers use a network connection to determine whether they are running in more places than one. Some can be fooled by simply unplugging the network cable to the second user. Archicad can be fooled that way. Many license control methods are simply too intrusive to be allowed to exist. Mathematica used to become unusable after very minor changes to a computer (screen resolution, for example), so the only practical way to run it was to break the authentication code.

Eric Lindsay

□TKK: *We used to have the license problem with Photoshop and Filemaker until we got new copies for the new computer. Unplugging the network cable did the trick for both of these. It is a fine issue with the license in these cases. You've paid for only one copy and more often than not the only reason we had a problem was we simply hadn't closed the copy in the other machine. (Despite the fine print I don't feel guilty about installing software in multiple places as long as I'm only using it in one of them at a time.*□

Jan Stinson
PO Box 248
Eastlake, MI 49626-0248
tropicsf@earthlink.net
6/25/04

Dear Welch,

The bacover of #104 sez I seem to have dropped you from my paper-copy mailing list for *Peregrine Nations*. Eek! You can find backishes from 2.2 through 4.1 at efanzines, but if you require a paper copy mailed to you so I can keep getting *TKK*, please let me know. As far as timing goes, locs from me are unreliable at best. You will notice I have once again managed to miss the editorial deadline for 105 *and* 106.

Re: 105's spume, Henry, sorry to hear you've encountered gormless twits in MSOE administrative positions re: who's going to foot your law-school bill. Persevere, if there are further avenues of approach open to you. What about grants?

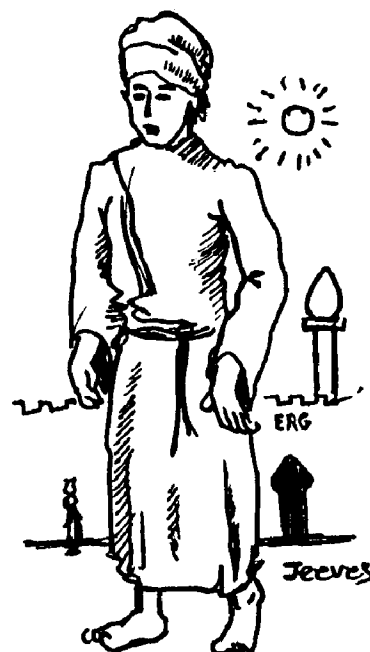
Perhaps Kira shows interest in hockey so she can spend more time with Dad? Making the team would meet her objective

in that case, and she'd likely see no need to make an effort to improve her playing skills. Sweet, but maddening.

I might actually be able to attend a Milwaukee Ditto since, as you say, we're right across the Big Lake from each other. Do keep me apprised. I didn't make it to Wiscon this year either, but I did get a supporting membership. Wisdom counsels starting a savings fund for it now, and I've begun socking away money already.

Regards,
Jan Stinson

□TKK: *Glad to hear from you. I don't visit efanzines.com very regularly so you have to let me know when new issues are available.*□



We also heard from:

Sheryl Birkhead, Megan Bouchard, Marty Cantor (who reminds me that "to decimate" means to only kill 10%), Lysa DeThomas (who is traveling to Israel; see: <http://lysa62.tripod.com/Israel/>), Kurt Erichsen (e-COA: kerichsen@att.net and <http://home.att.net/~kerichsen>), Judith Hanna, John Hertz (who wonders if the John Ernst German restaurant is still open in Milwaukee; alas they closed about two years ago), Patti Hetherington (e-COA: pattih@piengineering.com), Dan Irwin, Terry Jeeves (who pleads temporary FAFIA as he receives treatment for prostate cancer), Karen Johnson, Jerry Kaufman (who thinks the Quality Paperback Book Club covers a rather common range of interests - the books are all pretty popular titles, or the club wouldn't carry them.), Michael D. Pederson, KRin Pender-Gunn, Roger Sims (who is responsible for the Ditto flyer in this issue), Garth Spencer, and Sue Welch



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. 3 No. 2 & No. 3 by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. A nice fanzine with lots of book reviews and a solid letter column.

Future Times Vol. 7 No. 5 by Jayne Rogers; %ASFS; PO Box 98308; Atlanta, GA 30359-2008; missjayne@mindspring.com; monthly, \$12/year. This is the official fanzine for the Atlanta Science Fiction Society. This issue contains reviews and items of local interest.

I-94 ...By-Pass by Spike Parsons; PO Box 724; Mountain View, CA 94042; irregular; the usual. Contains a report of Corflu 21 and was published for plokta.com.

The Leighton Thingee by Rodney Leighton; RR #3; Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0; Canada; irregular; editorial whim. Listed here only because I'm anal about these things. Rodney doesn't subscribe to the usual so you'll have to write him to figure out how to get copies.

Living Free 127 & 128 by Jim Stumm; Box 29-KK, Hiller Branch; Buffalo, NY 14223; irregular; \$12/6 or the usual. A hard to classify zine with these issues featuring colonization of the moon and Mars.

Lofgeornost 74 & 75 by Fred Lerner; 81 Worcester Ave; White River Junction, VT 05001; fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu; irregular; the usual. This is Fred's FAPA zine. These issues discuss political parties and trip to Nova Scotia.

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

Memphen 279-81 by Michael Kingsley; %MSFA; PO Box 820534; Memphis, TN 38182-0534; montly; \$12/12 or the

usual. The unofficial publication of the Memphis Science Fiction Association. These issues (two from 2002, one from this year) seem to have been distributed to endorse Tom Foster for fan artist Hugo.

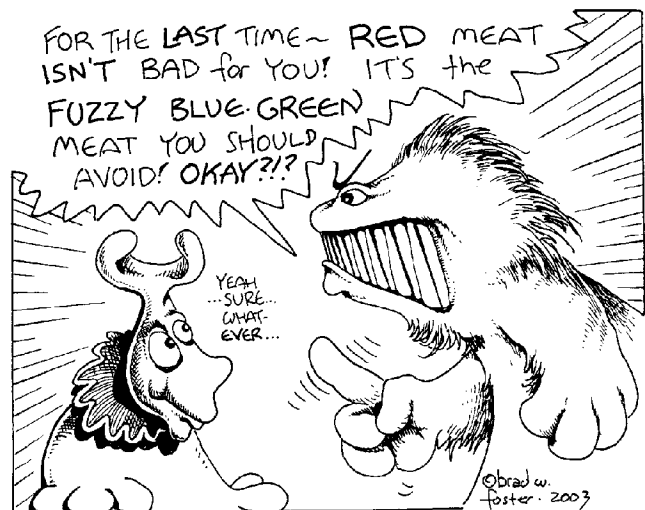
Nice Distinctions 6 by Arthur Hlavaty; 206 Valentine St; Yonkers, NY 10704-1814; hlvaty@panix.com; quarterly; \$1 or the usual. A small perzine with discussion on the recent International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts.

Nth Degree 9 by Michael D. Pederson; 77 Algrace Blvd.; Stafford, VA 22556; editor@nthzine.com; http://www.nthzine.com/; irregular; free or \$15/6 if mailed. A semi-prozine with clear fannish roots that contains a mix of fiction, articles, poetry, and humor.

Opuntia 54 and 54.3 by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. A genzine discussing international awareness of Calgary and a new FAPA variant (#3 issues) showing why I often nominate Dale for one or the other of the fan Hugos. Also included was a copy of *Sansevieria 61* discussing what would have happened if California had been an island.

iPlokta (31) 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 how to select a corset and a LOC column reminiscent of the ones in the *Annals of Improbable Research*.

Vanamonde No. 543-7 by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John's APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.



Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Ditto 17 (Orlando, FL)

October 8-10, 2004

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



You Got this Issue Because ...

- ☐ **You are going to write me some witty articles. (This worked so well, I thought I'd keep it.)**
- ☐ **The new tax credit for children turned out to be partly vapor. Last fall's checks were merely an advance.**
- ☐ **Milwaukee is exporting sewage, so I thought I might join in.**
- ☐ **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.