



KNARLEY KNEWS

The Knarley Knews -- Issue 108
Published in October, 2004

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1. All contributions may include a pseudonym (e.g. Knarley, Sydrous, Shit-for-Brains) at the contributor's whim.
2. To get this fanzine you are required semi-yearly to initiate contact with the editors (black-holish behavior is not rewarded). This could be a postcard, phone call, your fanzine, or contribution of your choice. The editors, of course, prefer a contribution so they don't have to write so much. This notwithstanding, you may purchase copies for \$1.50 each.
3. Advertising is free provided that the ads are of interest to the editors and that it is for a non-profit organization.
4. It is the editors' policy not to unduly censor or restrict the ideals of free speech. (We like a good argument as much as the next guy.) However, we reserve the right to make minor content and format changes to fit your piece in or to add appropriately denoted editorial comments.
5. Contributions are currently acceptable using the following computer formats.
 IBM: Virtually any format
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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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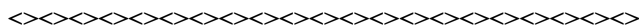
Next Issue Deadline: December 10, 2004

Editorial

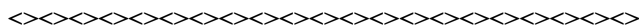
(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

As you all noted I solved the apostrophe problem. It wasn't quite what I had speculated, but the basics were correct. My preferred font is Times-Roman (I think san serif fonts are ugly) and for whatever reason the desktop publishing software and the printer have subtly different versions of the font. The computer is using some character code for the smart apostrophe and the printer doesn't have the glyph for that character. I solved the problem by simply having the print driver download every font in the document to the printer.

I also not a similar problem with some of the e-mail LOCs I receive. When I cut them from the mail program and paste them into the Microsoft Word I sometimes lose the apostrophe's altogether. Word is a convenient bridge between the various machines at home. I do most of my work on the Windows laptop issued by MSOE and reserve final assembly and layout for the Mac where I have the desktop publishing software and Photoshop for handing the scanned artwork. Not a bad process when you consider that the Mac is Letha's main work machine and I can't always have access to it.



My overt request for articles has been wonderful. I hadn't thought it would be this easy and it may just be a favorable start-up transient, but I'm going to keep the blanket request on the back page. With the unfortunate folding of *Erg* I accepted Terry's request for someone to finish running "Cary on Jeeves" and will be doing so from the beginning so that those who haven't seen *Erg* will get to read the entire run. That will begin next issue and continue for quite some time.

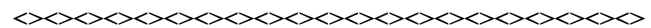


It has been an unusual year here in Wisconsin, especially in terms of weather. The spring was rather wet, but since then it has been too dry. The weather has also been very mild. This includes last winter and then again into this summer. We only broke 90 degrees F once this summer and typically it is closer to 10 days. In fact, we've probably had the nicest weather in the country so far this fall. No hurricanes or other nasty weather as well as very few tornados. I sympathize with other areas of the country, but when I weigh the pros and cons of an upper Midwest residence I come up with the following. Disadvantages: Winter and the occasional tornado. Advantages: No hurricanes, no oppressive high-humidity weather, and no earthquakes. On top of it all I prefer to have real seasons. If it is going to get cold then it should be winter.

One unusual aspect of the weather has been my tomato crop. (Although, neither the apples nor the elderberries did well this year.) Most of the tomatoes developed a bad spot on the bottom that was sort of like hard spot that typically started to rot early. The spot could easily be cut off, but I've never had

this kind of problem before. There is also a very fat raccoon in the neighborhood that has taken to sampling the goods. I moved the garden to the front yard to keep the deer at bay, but the coon doesn't care. The children say they've seen it climb into the storm sewer, but I don't know how it could fit through the grate.

Speaking of rodents we had a minor invasion in the house. A very small mouse got in. I still haven't figured out how, but this one could probably have crawled through a soda straw. The cats chased it around the house late one night and in their own inept way let it escape under the refrigerator. Letha spotted it about two days later when it ran along the kick board right under one of the cat's nose's. I promptly set-up the spring trap I keep for such situations and left it overnight. The trap didn't work, but the cats did and left it for us on the kitchen floor. I still have the trap set-up, but I'm skeptical that there is anything left to catch. I'm not certain that rodent removal service makes up for the routine barfing, but they say pet owners live longer. Is that to prolong our misery and subservience?



What everyone really wants to hear about is Law School. As you know I started in late August right after I sent out the last issue. I'm currently taking a half-time load consisting of Contracts and Criminal Law. Each class meets two nights a week so I'm in class from 5:30pm until 8:45pm. We are currently finished with about 6 weeks of classes or 40% of the term.

Needless to say this is a bit different from any courses I've ever taken before. The preparation expectation of students is very high since any student can be called upon on any particular day unless you've told the professor in advance that you are not prepared. Preparation typically involves reading the textbook/casebook as prescribed in advance and then briefing the cases. Each class is a bit different, but in general you are supposed to identify the pertinent facts, figure out what the legal issues are, look at the arguments from both sides, and then determine the rationale under which the particular course came to its conclusion. This is all determined from the excerpts of the trial opinions and some commentary by the book author. The cases are, as you might expect, grouped by some common theme.

Most of the class periods are run using the Socratic method. This is where a student is chosen (using assigned seats and a seating chart) and the professor asks leading questions to get the student to formulate their own understanding. This often involves extrapolations from the material set forth in the text. This is done in a fairly non-adversarial way and I've seen other students really struggle through some of this

without being directly made to feel bad about their difficulty. I haven't been called upon yet, but I frequently volunteer answers or ask questions during class. In general I'm not finding this particularly difficult, but then I already teach very abstract material and have the educator's mindset. Overall I think that the Socratic method is over-used in law school, but then perhaps I don't need this approach as much as some of my fellow students.

Contracts fits this mode of instruction better than Criminal Law. The cases are not always ruled upon correctly and part of what we are looking at is the evolution of some of the principles. The biggest issue with contract law is that most of it is common law, meaning that it has been developed over the years from judicial decisions (as opposed to statutory law which is passed by the legislature and dominates criminal law). Our textbook is rather crappy at its framing of the key issues leaving everything to be discovered by reading the notes after the cases. The professor, however, is much better at explaining the infrastructure and then taking cases and looking at them from various theoretical view points.

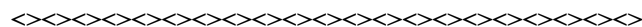
Criminal Law doesn't fit this method as well. It is hard to know exactly where the class is going since we are still looking at the basics of what is a crime and how to determine whether a crime has been committed. The professor does a bit more traditional-style lecture, but he tends to yammer on too much on topics in a way that I don't find very useful and I don't think it is time well spent. On top of this the course has sort of a bi-polar nature. Most texts follow something called the Model Penal Code (MPC). The MPC was developed in the middle part of the 20th century and has been adopted by 30+ states. Unfortunately, Wisconsin was not one of them since it did most of its criminal law reform prior to

the completion of the MPC. As a result we are having to learn two systems to frame everything and the second-year student leading the review sessions says this is one of the professor's favorite question types on his final. (He asks for an answer to a question under one system and then the same question under the other.)

Other than the time in class my commitment hasn't been too severe. The Criminal Law professor gives us the reading a week in advance and in Contracts it depends on the number of cases since we are expected to keep nine ahead (we generally cover five in a class period). I spend less than two hours on Tuesday reading ahead for Contracts and about two to four hours on the weekend for Criminal Law and the rest of Contracts. This seems somewhat less than my classmates, but I'm not having to reread the material as judged by a comparison of my notes and the discussion that occurs in class. I take it as a good sign that I haven't nodded off in class yet, which was a common problem during my undergraduate and graduate days and certainly any time I'm in a technical session at a conference or sitting through a panel at a convention.

The interesting part about law school is that it is all about getting in. For Marquette only about 1 in 12 applicants is accepted and the retention rate is nearly 100%. Students simply don't fail out. They may struggle, but in the end they do well enough to graduate. (FYI: The average undergraduate GPA for my class was 3.3 with an LSAT of 158.)

I'll certainly touch on this more in future issues.



Until next issue...

Idle Thoughts 2

by Terry Jeeves

There are many things not dreamed of in my philosophy, some of them puzzle me greatly, so if any reader can shed further light on them, here goes. Let's start with a beam of light. If it enters a denser medium such as a glass block, it gets refracted towards the normal. On exit, the beam resumes its original direction albeit moved slightly to one side. The move obviously happens at the interface, but just what causes it? Why doesn't the bending continue so that the beam assumes a curved path? The text books never seem to say one can assume the thicker medium diverts the beam, but why does the thinner one on exit, divert it back?

Another light beam problem which I've mentioned in *ERG* before, so I'll state it briefly this time. A light beam slows down and presumably loses energy on entering a glass block (Cerenkov radiation?), on exit it speeds up again. Where does it get the energy required for the acceleration?

Then there are those FTL equations which say that as speed increases, time slows, mass increases and length shortens. To exceed c would involve the square root of -1 , but why is that a problem? Electrical engineers handle that routinely. Could time reverse, length become negative and mass become infinity plus? Totally daft speculations but they have made for some good stories.

Another puzzler concerns spiral nebulae, star formation and black holes. The general idea seems to be that mutual attraction draws in debris and dust until a star forms. Fair enough, but why are nebulae, stars and black holes always shown as (and appear to be) composed of a central mass surrounded by a single ecliptic plane of infalling debris? Surely, some stuff should fall from every possible direction and instead of form-

See *Idle Thoughts* on page 9

PhiloSFical Matters

by Alex Slate

Hi, welcome to my occasional column. This column will deal with a variety of issues, and so the format might vary from version to version. Those of you who were familiar with my old fanzine, *PhiloSFy*, won't be surprised by the basic pattern behind the topics. For those of you who aren't, welcome to the nooks and crannies of my thinking.

I just finished reading the 'classic' philosophy book, *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* by Robert Pirsig. This book was written in 1974, and was a bestseller back through the 70's and 80's. It's one of those books I intended to read years ago and just never got around to. A couple of months ago my son, Josh, bought this book and I borrowed it from him. Strange to think that Josh, who just turned 20 is at the point where he is actually starting to deal with philosophical issues.

It's also somehow appropriate that I finally got around to reading this book as a matter of interaction with my son because the setting that Pirsig uses in the book is a cross-country motorcycle trip with his son. But this whole setting is actually only a subtext.

The title, *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, is fairly misleading. The book isn't about Zen Buddhism, though it is mentioned. It isn't about motorcycle maintenance, either, though that plays a bigger role as an analogy for what Pirsig wants to talk about than Zen does. The obvious question, then, is what is the book about if not Zen or motorcycle maintenance? I'm going to delay answering that for just a bit.

Supposedly the setting of the book and it's characters are real life. I don't doubt it. The primary characters are Pirsig, himself, and his son Chris. The setting is, as I stated, a cross-country motorcycle trip that they take with two of Pirsig's friends, John and Sylvia. We also get to briefly meet a number of other people along the way. The motorcycle trip, however, only provides a framework for a different discussion, and the words relating to it take up, I'd say, at most a quarter of the text.

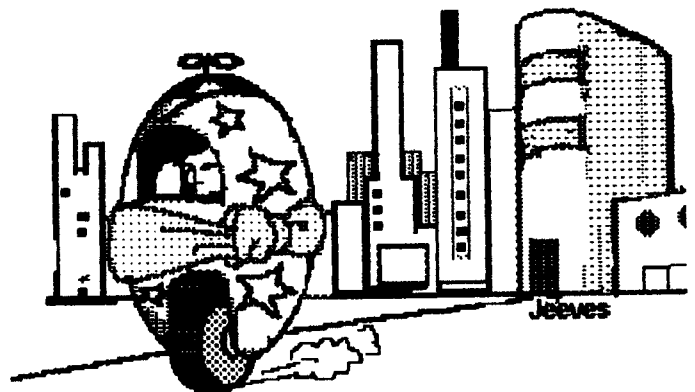
The primary discussion (and what the book is really about) is about the nature of what Pirsig calls "Quality". To a large degree this is what is called in the more classical discussions of philosophy, "virtue", or to the Greeks, "arête". Pirsig's contention is that philosophy, and therefore thinking in general, has been split into two camps that he calls classical and romantic. A second contention is that classical thinking has essentially hijacked Western thought, and as a result, our educational system. Classical thought deals with classifying things, breaking them down into sub-systems and then relying on objective interpretation to explain and understand them.

According to Pirsig, this is insufficient. Romantic thought is more akin to Eastern thought, and this is where Zen comes into it. The funny thing (from my viewpoint anyway) is that Pirsig rejects these philosophies even more vehemently than he does Western philosophies. Which means he's not a Zen Buddhist. However, there is a quality that Eastern thought has more of than Western thought does, and that is the holistic nature of things, and that value is an inherent aspect of things and cannot necessarily be objectively analyzed. One cannot define "Quality".

But Pirsig is a man torn, almost literally. Though he claims to be more a romantic, he is often seduced by classical thought almost as much as he is by romantic thought. And this may be what he is driving at, though I don't believe that he fully understands this point himself, that the division may be artificial, and that what is needed is a fusion.

The literally, part though, is that Pirsig, is a very different person than he was as a younger man. This was due to court-ordered electroshock therapy. This provides a second subtext for this book. His older personality appears to be resurfacing. Whether this is good or bad is not really defined, and I don't think that Pirsig is sure himself. So interlaced throughout the book are flashbacks to Pirsig's earlier self and the path of thought that he took back then.

So, Alex, get to the point. Do you recommend this book or not? I would say I do, though I would also say that I was disappointed by it. To start with, it wasn't about what I expected, but I can get over that. I also really don't care for Pirsig as a person. He doesn't come across as the most loveable of people. In the end, he also doesn't come out with a "philosophy of fusion" (my term) though he seems to skirt about it. That said, the philosophical discussion is worthwhile and thought provoking. The book is subtitled "An Inquiry Into Values" and Pirsig has written a second book called *Lila: An Inquiry Into Morals*. I was intrigued enough to see if I can find that book at some point to read.



Sue's Sites: San Luis Reservoir

by Sue Welch

"It's just too hot!" I thought, wiping my face with my arm. "And it's only 7 am, daylight savings time besides." Suddenly the image of the sparkling blue water appeared. For years I have driven past this spot on my way from Los Angeles to San Francisco, always late and in a hurry to get to my destination. No time to explore. Not today, though. Throwing my tent and sleeping bag into the car, I motioned Shiner, my dog, to hop in. "We don't have to be in SF until dinner time tomorrow, let's check out this dam."

Escaping the LA area can be accomplished on Interstate 5 by crossing over the Sierra Nevada Mountains at 4135 feet through the gap known as the Grapevine. Once on the northern side of these mountains, the highway drops into the famous Central Valley, known for its food production. Though a desert area, the Central Valley is paralleled by the California Aqueduct, which supplies the water responsible for creating this rich agricultural area. Traveling through the valley on this straight interstate, which connects northern and southern California, traffic flows around 80 mph, making this journey popular, fast and easy.

Two hundred miles up the road to the north lies San Luis Reservoir, strategically located at the junction of Interstate 5 and the CA152, a shortcut road to the coast and the southern towns of the SF area. Nestled in the western San Joaquin Valley near historic Pacheco Pass the San Luis Reservoir State Recreation area is a popular spot for boaters and swimmers in the middle of an area devoid of water. The reservoir stores runoff water from the delta of the Sacramento River. Before the European settlement the area was a maze of permanent and seasonal wetlands, creeks, rivers, vernal pools, tule marshes and sloughs which supported a potpourri of wildlife including elk, deer, antelope and grizzly bears.

For thousands of years well into the early 1800s, this area was home to Yokut Indians who lived on salmon and other fish, waterfowl, large game, seeds, cattails and acorns from the groves of valley oaks. This way of life began unraveling in 1805 when the Spanish arrived, seeking sites for their mission system. In 1843 the Mexican government granted El Rancho San Luis Gonzaga, a vast expanse of grasslands that included the present reservoir area to Juan Perez Pacheco. He built a large ranch which in recent years has been donated to the State for a park. In 1827 fur trapper Jediah Smith arrived and soon others were trapping in area creeks. With the white men came white diseases. The 1848 gold discovery drew thousands more. Farming began and was bolstered by irrigation canals and finally culminated in the State Water Project which included the construction of the San Luis Reservoir, a most popular vacation site for campers.



Harris Ranch, today one of California's largest beef ranches, offers a reprieve from the fast food chain restaurants along the 5 with a large quality restaurant. Stopping there to buy one of my favorite meals, a chicken salad mixed with delicious fruits and several large containers of coffee, I was now ready to check out the Reservoir. Shiner and I explored the three campgrounds, deciding to sleep at the San Luis Creek Area. Deserted on the Thursday after Labor Day we picked the most shaded site, I quickly put up the tent and changed into my bathing suit. The sparkling blue water did feel wonderful. We stayed in the water for hours, finally emerging at 6:30 p.m., the temperature registering at 105. Completely relaxed I sat at the picnic table, slowly eating my salad, watching the array of birds, and listening to the sounds of the quiet. According to the Park Office, the campgrounds are overflowing with people during the summer and on the weekends year round, even when the ground is dusted with snow but tonight it belonged only to me and my dog.

If you find yourself in Central California and like camping, San Luis Reservoir Recreation Area offers spacious campsites, showers, swimming, fishing, hiking, boating and jet skiing, bicycling, hunting and interpretive programs. Stop and enjoy the water and the wildlife.

“Hug Milt” The TAFF Delegate Commanded

by Milt Stevens

I had a great time at Noreascon IV. Of course, I'll have to read everybody else's con reports to make absolutely sure of it. There was evidence I had a really good time. On Crash-day (the day after the day after worldcon), I felt as if I had been trampled by a herd of crazed elephants. (On thinking about that image, I realize I probably wouldn't have felt any better had I been trampled by a herd of perfectly rational elephants.)

One of my favorite features at Noreascon IV was the concourse. The concourse was a large public area in the Hynes Convention Center with a variety of displays, food and drink service, and the fanzine lounge. With the food and drink service, most attendees came through this area at one time or another. It was a large area, so at a distance you could see people you wanted to talk to and they could see you. Of the approximately 6000 attendees at Noreascon, I probably know or know of about a thousand of them. This gave me a pretty good shot at always having somebody to talk to.

In the concourse, the bar area had been set up as the Mended Drum, a pub from Terry Pratchett stories. Aside from serving alcohol, it also had a large screen TV which showed the major events such as the Hugos, the Retro Hugos, and the masquerade. This was most useful to me. I hate crowds. I can't think of anything that would get me into the middle of a crowd in an enclosed space. Even room parties are more than I usually care to tolerate. With the large TV, I could watch the major events and still wander out when parts of them didn't interest me.

Before this convention, I think my favorite fanzine lounge was the one Geri Sullivan ran at L.A.Con III in 1996. It was a little out of the way but not too far out of the way. It was a great place for fanzine fans (who tend to be people I know) to hang out. I spent much of my time at L.A.Con III hanging out in the fanzine lounge. At this Noreascon, the fanzine lounge was pretty much in the middle of things, but it worked quite well as a hangout. The fanzine lounge had some things for sale and some things for display. There was a total of \$470 in sales during the convention. As part of that, I was able to sell the remainder of the FAPA surplus stock and buy a copy of Warhoon #28 (the Willis anthology issue) myself.

Even though the fanzine lounge was only officially in operation until 6 PM, the Brits tended to use it as a surrogate pub in the evening hours. Some of the rest of us joined them. That's where I met James Bacon, the TAFF delegate. James Bacon is quite personable and energetic, and I can easily imagine he must be the life of the party in British fandom. Since I asked, he explained the whole thing about the trouser press and even gave a demonstration. He also explained the concept of nihiki (sp?). For reasons that are a little unclear to

SEE? CHEST HAIR MAKES YOU MUCH MORE MANLY!



UH... IF YOU SAY SO, AELITA...

TMS
-012

me at the moment, James Bacon told a young woman named Flick Christian to hug me. While having an attractive young woman hugging me would always get my attention, her name also drew my attention. I had to ask. Flick is short for Felicity. I can imagine a teenage girl would have to work pretty hard to live down a name like Felicity Christian.

Among the people I met for the first time at Noreascon were Mark Plummer and Claire Brialey of *Banana Wings*. I had met Peter Weston briefly at the past chairman's party at Baltimore, but I spent more time at this convention talking to Peter and Eileen. After having been in contact on and off for 35 years, I met John-Henri Holmberg for the first time. He showed me pictures of his daughter, a quite pretty young girl who is taking up gymnastics in grade school. He also showed me pictures of his home which looked to be quite nice. Apparently, the property values around Stockholm are depressingly similar to those in Southern California. He had bought his house for \$200,000 ten years ago, and it was now worth \$500,000. If this sort of price increase continues, we may have to go into space because nobody can afford to live on Earth any longer. On meeting John-Henri, I discovered something about him I had never even suspected. He is younger than I am. We first were in contact in SAPS in the late sixties. I was in my early twenties at the time. I knew he was Swedish, but he wrote quite well in English and seemed well informed. I assumed he was a man more mature than myself. No, he was a teenager at the time. Such things happen in fandom.

Part of the concourse was devoted to a display by Joe Siclari's Fanac.org. Laurie Mann and Sharon Sbarsky seemed to be in

charge of the display for much of the time. Since they had a large supply of photos from Bruce Pelz's collection, they invited me over for the ever popular game of "What's The Name Of That Fan?" Mike Glycer, Craig Miller, Fred Patten, Fred Lerner, and Fred Prophet were also game participants. (Until I typed that sentence, I didn't realize we had collected so many Freds.) Honestly, about half of the photos could be pitched without losing anything. I may be able to identify the back of Bill Rotsler's head, but I doubt a photo of it would be of much use to most people. In one case, we knew we were looking at a photo of a worldcon panel from the late forties or early fifties. We literally couldn't decide whether the picture showed Ray Palmer sitting behind the table or some other unidentifiable object sitting on the table. However, there were still lots of interesting photos. We came across a picture of Bjo that made her look almost young enough to be selling girl scout cookies. There was one picture of Poul Anderson and Harlan Ellison in swimming trunks with their arms folded standing next to a pool at what must have been a Midwestcon in the fifties. The first thought that crossed my mind was Batman and Robin. We also came across a photo of a man in a pith helmet leading a naked woman on a leash through a wooded area. The man was Ted Johnstone, the woman probably wasn't a fan, and if it wasn't a Rotsler photo shoot, I have no idea what it was.

I spent so much time in the concourse area that I never did go to the dealers room or the art show. I realize I mostly go to those places to see who can be seen rather than buy anything or look at inanimate objects. Also, I was staying at the Marriott, and I had at least a couple of fairly long walks every day. I wasn't really in the market for any other long walks that weren't entirely necessary. One good thing was that the walk from the Marriott was entirely in an enclosed shopping mall. All of those bald, white mannequins in the mall made the place look downright scientific when I walked back to the hotel late at night. I never saw a map of the entire mall, but it seemed to have arms stretching off in all directions. Robin Johnson reported finding a supermarket at the end of one of the arms.

In the Retro Hugos, none of my first place choices won the award. I had voted for *Mission of Gravity*, "Three Hearts and Three Lions," "Sam Hall," and "Saucer of Loneliness." I think "Sam Hall" is just about the best science fiction story about computers ever written, although I may be partial to the story because I would grow up to help develop a system very much like the one described in the story. I was disappointed that de Camp's *Science Fiction Handbook* didn't win in the best related book category. I think I darned near memorized that book when I was in high school, and I learned a great deal about science fiction and fandom from it years before I would actually join fandom. As has been observed elsewhere, the quality of the Retro Hugo nominees seemed much higher than that of the current Hugo nominees, so I don't think the final results of the voting were terribly awful.

In last year's Hugo voting, I scored a perfect 0/4 in the fiction categories. None of my first place choices won the award. This year, I scored 1/4 having voted for "Study in Emerald." I suppose this goes to prove that nobody is perfect. At this year's Hugo ceremony, Neil Gaiman was a very good master of ceremonies. As part of the program, Bob Silverberg gave a talk on the history of the Hugos. For some time, I've thought Bob Silverberg should publish his memoirs in book form. If Isaac Asimov and Frederik Pohl can do it, Bob Silverberg should do it too. Before the actual Hugos were awarded, Filthy Pierre was awarded the Big Heart Award. I think he was a worthy recipient who has been doing useful stuff around fandom for years without a great deal of recognition for it.

After the con, the fan Hugos were much discussed in the e-lists of the feeble and the silly. Frank Wu won the fan artist Hugo in what amounted to a blow out. He received 329 first place votes next to 80 for Steve Stiles (the choice of most practicing fanzine fans). I've heard Wu displays his work in many art shows, and obviously he has achieved fairly widespread popularity. What bothered me most in the fan categories was John Flynn getting 159 first place votes for best fan writer. I am at a loss as to how a man who doesn't do any fan writing can get that many votes.

Cheryl Morgan won the Hugo for best fanzine and came close to winning the best fan writer Hugo as well. Her win for best fanzine wasn't well received in some quarters. rich brown issued a self described diatribe on the subject. The diatribe consisted of pages and pages of pages and pages. When you drained off some of the excess verbiage you discovered rich regarded Cheryl Morgan's win as an abomination against the Hugos, an assault against civilization, an offense against human decency, and a crime against nature. rich is frequently emphatic about his opinions. His opinions seemed to be based on the dastardly nature of Cheryl Morgan who had feuded with rich half a dozen years ago. I don't think he ever got around to saying what he disliked about the actual publication.

I didn't vote for *Emerald City* in either first or second place, but I'm not surprised it won. Cheryl Morgan writes well and circulates widely. You see copies of *Emerald City* on freebie tables at cons all over the place. She writes a lot of book reviews which attracts an on-line readership of people who are interested in science fiction but not interested in fanzines. My criticism of *Emerald City* is that it isn't interactive (i.e. no letter column) as I think a good fanzine should be. However, that's probably fine with most on-line readers who only respond by voting for it for the Hugo.

The masquerade had a good selection of costumes and ran pretty well. Susan de Guardiola was an interesting choice as MC. I found myself thinking about whether her performance would have been improved by a leather costume and a whip. On second thought, she really didn't seem the need the casual props. The audience seemed to enjoy being told they were a

bunch of sheep and instructed to go “BAAA” when they were told to. Kinky. Really kinky.

When I got to registration at the convention I discovered the rumor had been true. I was not only on the program, I was on the program three times. I hadn’t been directly informed of that. If John Hertz hadn’t noticed I was listed on one of the programs he was on and told me about it the week before the convention, I would have been entirely in the dark. Being on the program is OK with me, but it is a good idea to inform people of such things. If I don’t know I’m supposed to do something, I may not do it.

The first program item was Thursday at 6 PM in the fanzine lounge and was titled “Fancylopedia - Live!” It really didn’t happen. Joe Siclari was supposed to be moderating, but he didn’t make it for some reason, although that wasn’t why the panel didn’t happen. Jack Speer, Dick Eney, and I sat around talking to each other for a bit, but things dissolved into general conversation as a few other people wandered by.

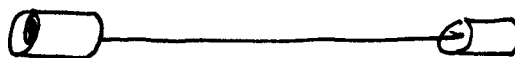
My second panel was also in the fanzine lounge at 11 AM Saturday. It really did happen. It was titled “Talking Like a Trufan: SF Slang from the Hectograph to the Web.” Jack Speer moderated this one with Andy Porter, Joe Siclari, Filthy Pierre, Joel Zakem, and me. We generated an audience that was slightly larger than the panel, and they even seemed to be interested.

The third panel was in a regular function room at 5 PM Sunday. The title was “The Fantasy Amateur Press Association,” and the moderator was John Hertz with Jack Speer, Fred Lerner, and me on the panel. John Hertz has never been a member of FAPA, but he always does a good job as a moderator. At Noreascon, John was in charge of the fanzine lounge, the regency dancing, and on twelve program items. Those MCFI folk sure know how to work a guy. Which seemed particularly true in the case of their guests of honor. They

seemed to keep both Jack Speer and Peter Weston pretty busy for the entire convention. It’s a good thing they had doubled up on guests of honor. Back to the FAPA panel, we talked about FAPA for an hour. The audience included Dick Eney, Colin Hinz, Marty Helgesen, and a very hyper young man I didn’t know. I describe the young man as being hyper, because he seemed to be running at about 1000 RPM while sitting more or less still. Obviously, he would be good actfan material.

Aside from the panels I was on, I attended four other panels. While I didn’t plan it that way, all of the panels I attended were on fannish topics. As is usual at worldcons, there was a bewildering number of programs on all sorts of topics. I’m sure some of them really dealt with science fiction, but somehow they didn’t grab my attention. I went to the fannish programs, because that was where the people I know were most likely to go. This realization led me to thinking about the worldcon (and fandom beyond it) in terms of the Holy Roman Empire. We still use the terminology of a universal empire that is long gone. However, we really have become a loose confederation of feuding principalities. The only thing that holds us together as little as we are held together is the common faith that we have a common faith.

The past chairman’s party was at 9 PM Monday. I wish it had been earlier. By Monday evening, I was getting tired and grumpy. (I can do grumpy.) I knew I was going to have a long day tomorrow, and I wanted to get some sleep. I ended up spending the earlier part of the evening hanging out with John-Henri Holmberg and Victor Gonzalez. I arrived at the party at 9:01. The one scheduled activity of these parties is to have your picture taken with the other past chairmen. Someone said that twenty of us were actually present when the picture was finally taken, but I didn’t really try to count myself. We got our pictures taken, and I split for the Marriott. Tomorrow, did prove to be another day.



TELEPHONE SYSTEM, SIMPLIFIED

Idle Thoughts continued from page 4

ing a single plane, the central mass should be englobed by a maze of particles orbiting in every conceivable direction?

Then in quantum theory we have all those particles which are interchanged to supply gravity, the strong and weak nuclear forces, etc. In the case of gravity they interact over an infinite distance, so is there a propagation time? Presumably gravitons are being exchanged throughout all particles in the universe, but how do they lose power at greater distances? Then there’s magnetism. We know that an electric current can generate a field, but how does a static permanent magnet create one (remember those old school experiments with iron filings?). Once again, the answer isn’t in the text books.

One real puzzler concerns birds, animals and fish. How do they find their way back home after immense journeys. Oh yes, I’ve heard the one about magnets, but how do the voyagers calculate their course unless their “magnet” has a fix on the starting point? I have often seen clips of fish shoals holding several hundred tropical fish swimming happily along in one huge mass. Suddenly, without warning they all switch direction – simultaneously! Flocking birds sometimes do the same. Now just what signal is passed to tell every single one to make a smart shift of course? Hive mind? Telepathy? “magnetism”. I don’t have a clue. Maybe you can tell me.

Deathless Pros or How I Became A (sort of) Professional SF Writer in Just Three Years

By Andrew Murdoch

For decades now, one of the unwritten aims of fandom has been to turn science fiction fans into science fiction professionals. Ray Bradbury and William Gibson spring to mind as authors who made the transition from fandom to prodom. Behind the scenes, you might find Dragon Dronet, a Seattle fan who now makes his living designing and building props for SF movies and television programs. And then there's folks like Forrest J. Ackerman, who, to a degree, have made a profession out of being a fan.

So when opportunity knocked and offered me a chance to join the ranks, how could I pass it up?

My friend Eric has spent the last several years of his life working hard to produce a science fiction role-playing game, which he intends to market through his newly-created company, Crosstime Games of British Columbia. Being a fan of such role-playing games, I had noticed the trend that in almost all of them, there was a short work of fiction set in the game's setting, to give the players an idea of how their alter-egos would act, react, and think within the game's context. Having already playtested Eric's new game, I offered to write the introductory story, and he agreed. Okay, no actual money was involved as far as my work went, but, how often does a writer have such a sure market?

So, once so charged, I thought about what to write about. What sort of central conflict would occur. Well, being a somewhat typical space-opera type setting, why not space pirates? Okay, it's soooooo cliché, but, it seems to work. A few notes, and, I'm on my way.

Of course, following Heinlein's rules of writing was never my strong point. The key point there is you have to finish what you start writing, but, for whatever reason, the muse didn't want to co-operate.

Time passes. I get a copy of the game on a disk from Eric, and go through it thoroughly when I have time and energy. Eric tells me one of his long-term plans for the game is the slow decline of civilization, starting with petty lawlessness, and descending into rebellion. Sounds like something I could incorporate into the story. Perhaps instead of our heroes encountering pirates, what if they were the pirates? No, that would be even more blatantly cliché, and clichés only work for great writers. That's not me...

More time passes. I get married, and move from Victoria to Vancouver. Of course, somehow, the disk that my copy of the game was on didn't come with me. Life gets in the way, both mine and Eric's. He gets engaged and spends long hours at work, both in mundane things and on his game, and, even,

on a second game of a less ambitious scope which he intends to be his company's first product. Finally, a new copy of the game is e-mailed to me.

Okay, space pirates are cliché, but smuggling has a certain romantic air about it, thanks to Canadian rumrunners and Han Solo. Okay, what if our heroes were carrying a contraband piece of high-tech weaponry? Sounds like a plan... Oooh, and aliens. The game has aliens, I need to include the aliens.

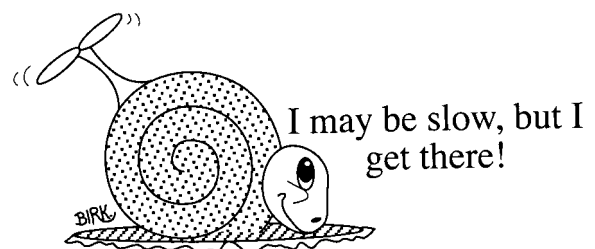
Eric comes by for a brief visit. Actually, I just pick him up at the ferry terminal in Vancouver and take him to Vancouver International Airport as he departs to England, but there's time to have lunch and catch up. I bounce some of the ideas I had off him, including the bits of artistic license I'd been taking. So far, the boss is impressed.

Okay, so we have aliens willing to buy big, hot guns... There's plenty of discussion among the crewmembers about why the Captain decided to go off his rocker and start into criminal acts, helpful for moving the story along and getting under the skin of the game... now what? They get caught? They get turned in? No, have the authorities catch up with them. They'll love that...

Funny thing was, once I figured out where the story was going, the rest wrote itself almost. Nevertheless, I now have new respect for those who do this for a living, or, like myself, are making a living in addition to writing. I send it to a friend I talk with online to proofread, and she tells me she liked it, even though she's not much for hard-SF stories. Of course, now I have to critique her own work, as well - a piece of fan-fiction that amounts to a novel. Why do the ones who do it for love always seem more prolific than the original creators?

One or two added sentences I realize needed to be added for detail, and it's e-mailed to my friend/editor. There. A short story in three years. I wonder if that's how long it normally takes? Somehow, I doubt it, but, of sorts, I'm now a pro. Eric was so impressed that he mentions how some of the details and artistic license I take in my story have become part of the rules of the game itself. Time to enjoy it, and then figure out what I'm going to write next.

Gee, hope it's published in less time than it took to write...



INTERLOCUTIONS

Rodney Leighton
RR #3
Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0
Canada
Aug. 20, 04

Brad Foster
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Irving, TX 75016
bwfoster@juno.com
23 Aug 2004

Dear Henry:

Thanks to **John Hertz**, who sent a flyer, and **Marty Cantor**, who sent copies of a disty for both *APA-L* and *LASFAPA*. I had an opportunity to read *LASFAPA* #334 as well as *APA-L* 2042. Each look like a regular fanzine. Each feels like a regular fanzine. Each one had some excellent writing. Each one had some boring shit. *LASFAPA* has some politics including one ardent Bush supporter.

I enjoyed reading these. I had said I would do a column on them, however, combining a desire to not aggravate **Ms. Yule** or my other detractors with a lack of time and energy produced the lack of interest in writing said column. Besides which, what possible good would come of it?

If there are any *TKK* readers who are contemplating joining an *APA*, I would urge you to contact **Marty Cantor** (11825 Gilmore St. #105; North Hollywood, CA 91606; hoohahpubs@earthlink.net) and request a copy of one or both disties. *APA-L* is weekly and *LASFAPA* monthly. *LASFAPA* is bit meatier and has more fluff. Costs for US residents with computers is ridiculously low.

I was also contemplating the idea of seeing if I could get a sample of *FAPA* to write a column on. Haven't done anything about that yet, in part, due to lack of time and energy as well as feeling the Official Editor was one of those Vegas guys. I discovered in the latest *Alexiad* that **Milt Stevens** is now that person. **Milt** has been kind to me, but, well, if he feels that an article in *TKK* will do *FAPA* any good, he can write one which will be vastly superior to anything I might come up with. So I will abandon the idea.

I have all kinds of work and money making opportunities. If only my mind and my body would cooperate.

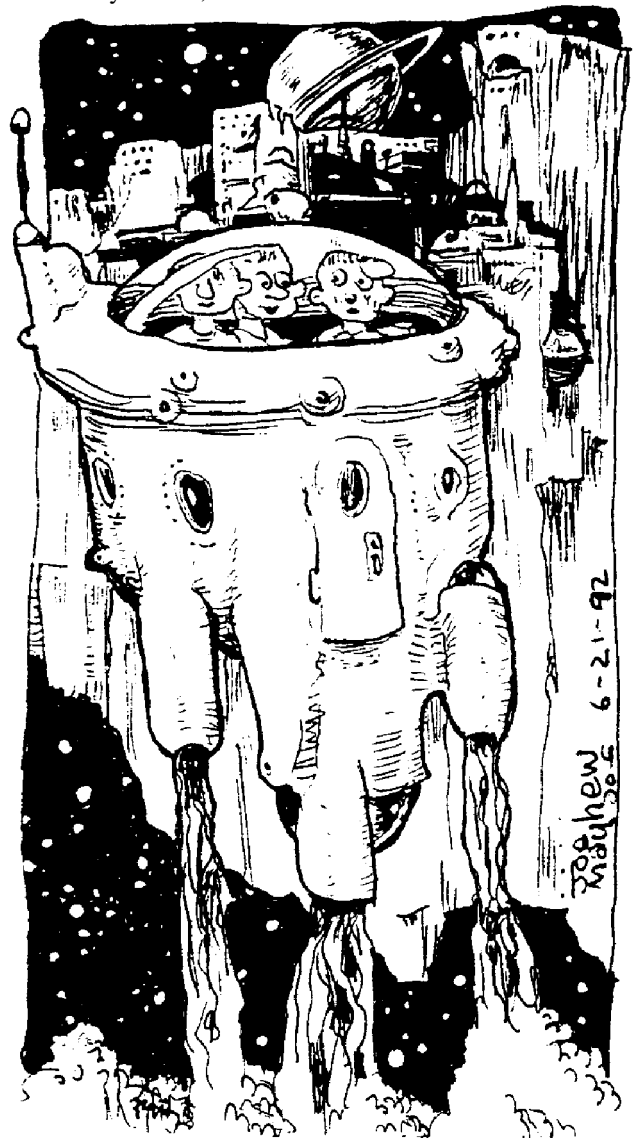
Take care,
Rodney

□ *TKK*: I can't speak for Milt, but I would be more inclined to trust the review of someone other than the OE of the *APA* in question. You really should show more self-confidence in respect to your writing. People will always be complaining. Write if you want to and let me take any flack from the readers if they don't like what they see. □

Greetings Henry and Letha ~

Another fine issue in #107, and good to see you are getting the contributions you have been working for.

I prefer an analog watch over a digital myself. I always like the idea of being able to see the sweep of time, of being able to say the time is "a quarter til 4" rather than a hard nosed "3:47". Also, for those like myself more visually than mathematically inclined, a simple glance will tell you how close you are to the hour without having to actually work out a math problem to do it. An, in the end, digital watches still look like toys to me, not "real" watches at all.



Right now I'm waiting for a city inspector to show up to check out the connections and whatever else they need to look at of the plumbing work we had. Well, plumbing does it little justice. We've replaced about 75% of the sewage lines under the house and out to the city connections. This involved turning our small backyard into a reproduction of World War I trench warfare, plus literally digging some 40 feet of tunnel under the foundation so they could crawl in, pull out the old rotting pipe, and install pretty new stuff. I thought they would be doing some sort of horizontal drilling or something, not actually digging tunnels big enough to move around in. The entrance to the house looks like a volcano has erupted from soil in front of the door, with all the dirt that has been dug out. And half of the back yard in about five feet lower than it was, with that five feet of soil now piled up on top of the other half.

Re your comments to **Trinlay** in the locs about approaching a young girl on the streets to see if she needs help. I've come to accept that, as a large, bearded, black-tee-shirt wearing male in this country, I have to be careful of how my simply being around people on the streets will make them react. Several years ago I was taking an early morning walk, and came to a busy intersection in my neighborhood. Kitty-corner from me were two small children, obviously on their way to school, and what I assumed was the slightly older sister holding her little brother's hand, nervously scanning the heavy traffic to figure when it would be safe to cross the street. I would have liked nothing better than to have gone over to help them, but then the image of me hurrying across the traffic toward these kids also brought up the thought of them being frightened by this stranger approaching, not to mention how many folks in the cars would be dialing up 911 as they witnessed a perv stalking some kids. So I just kept an eye on stuff from the corner and she got them across okay without my help. I've also seen how, if I am walking through a parking garage and there is a woman several paces ahead of me, sometimes there is a tightening in their shoulders, and a little quicker walk, and I realize that my simply walking that close is making them nervous. I'll sometimes veer off in another direction, kind of making a long circle to get to my car, just to keep from bothering them like that. It's just the nature of the world these days, unfortunately, that a stranger must first be looked upon as a potential threat. I just hate that, because of how I look, I appear to be threatening at times by simply being there. And I'm the biggest pussycat in the world!

stay happy~
Brad

☐**CKK**: *I'm sure the fire ants thought it was World War I. I think the whole bearded man thing will take on an even more sinister air if your skin tone trends in the middle eastern direction. I shaved my beard off last December in part because people were pre-judging me as a radical liberal (I am liberal, but not radical) just because of my appearance.*☐

Joseph T Major
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August 23, 2004

And now the knews...I suspect the Guild in *Starman Jones* had navigation figures entered from tables not so much as a limitation of their technology but as a means of control. Then the disgruntled navigator hid the books so well that no one else could find them after his death...

More commonly, that problem with math skills turns up with cashiers unable to make change without ringing it up. With some forethought it might be possible to pull a scam similar to the one pulled on Daisy Mae Yoakum the time she started selling ice cream to kids. "Five cents? All right, here's a quarter and I'd like four dimes change." It was something like that. (This was a **long** time ago.)

I read somewhere of a debate over whether to provide Unicode coding for Klingon script, but don't remember if it was ever resolved. Qapla'.

If you were in Centralia you weren't that far from Bellefonte the site of H. Beam Piper's *Lord Kalvan of Otherwhen* More or less.

Terry Jeeves would love to see a dozen astrologers all cast horoscopes for the same person and see how different they were. Well, I haven't seen that, but I did see James Randi give an astrologer a dozen people's birthdates, without any other identification, have him cast their horoscopes, then when presented with the people themselves, assign them to their proper signs. Except he was completely and totally wrong.

One of our cats is Sarang, the cutest little yellow ball of fluff kitten there ever was. He climbs up on top of things, cuddles up against you and buzzes full volume, gets into cupboards, and so on in cute little kitten style. Which would be more acceptable were he not a moderately large two year old, twelve pound, adult cat. Who looks like a Siamese who suffered an error on the assembly line and was given the hide of a conventional yellow tabby.

We visit Lisa's aunts and uncles on farms, away from the city. It's not a bad place. For two or three days.

"[Sober] enough to see past the hood ornament of your vehicle". Or get your twelve-year-old son, who is sober enough, to drive for you. At ninety kph (or, within the accuracy limit of auto speedometers 55 mph), at night. The fellow I read about who did this later graduated to snuffing his own sons something about a net negative worth and \$100k life insurance policies on the progeny.

Two of my cousins in Hopkinsville are restoring the city's very first fire engine, which is an American LaFrance model from 1928. In their leisure time, one is the city and county official historian and the other is the city fire chief.

Under Pressure = Dragon of the Sea That's editorial set theory.

Checking my genealogy listings turns up a number of Smiths, from Amanda to Zella. And even a Joy Smith married to William R. Major.

Interesting point **Milt Stevens** makes about "rounding up the usual suspects". I will bring it up at the "Building a Better Fanzine" panel at Worldcon.

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

☐**CKK**: *A good fortune teller/astrologer should be keying on the tells of their mark. Even I can make a credible tarot reading if I carefully fish for information from the recipient. So what was the fallout on the panel from Milt's idea?*☐

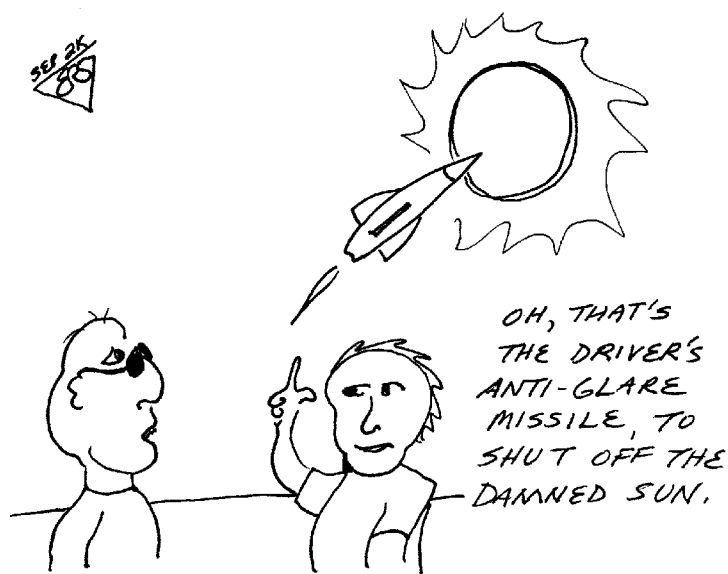
Bill Legate
Box 3012
Sequim, WA 98392
2004 08 23

Thanks for 106.

Joy: I'm fond of James Dean, and it started out as a kind of pun on the Dean Drive that obsessed John W. Campbell for a while. A solar sail can collect sunlight, or a directed laser beam based on some planet. But I made it a joke, that the laser could travel along with the vehicle and the sail. (Compare perpetual motion.) And the rectilinear accretion disk (square planet ring) was just doodling.

My spelling of Pierre Simon Laplace was awkward. And hey, "octopi" ain't the plural; it's "octopodes".

David Hilbert invent a hotel with infinitely many rooms, all of them occupied. When a new guest arrives at Hilbert's Hotel, the manager moves each resident from room n to $n+1$, and the newcomer into room 1. When infinitely many new



guests arrive, every old resident moves from n to $2n$, and each new guest n moves into $2n - 1$.

What he's playing with here is the "infinity" itself isn't a number, and the natural numbers are the smallest infinite set. You're not supposed to ask what the hotel's area is, or the distance from the main desk to most of the rooms.

Is there a bookstore or SF club around stocking copies of many zines, that might send one of every current North American fanzine for a specialized price?

Bill

☐**CKK**: *Since I do not send my zine to any such bookstore or club I doubt you could get every fanzine that way.*☐

Alex Slate
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25 Aug 2004

Geez, somehow I missed commenting on two (or maybe three) issues in a row. I claim bad organizational skills. I keep meaning to get around to locating zines, but somehow... Anyway, I've been much better about it the past couple of weeks.

And I thought I was the only luddite engineer. I have two watches, one digital and one analog. I buy digital watches because I am also a cheapskate as well as a luddite, and the cheap digital watches cost less.

Knarley, actually I think **Dale** is trying to say that it **IS** like the old *Green Acres* reruns. :-)

E.B. (old evil twin): why are you talking about Fort Hood and west Texas in the same paragraph. Fort Hood is not in west Texas, it is in northern central Texas or southern north Texas depending on where you want to draw the line. Fort Bliss is in West Texas. Actually, West, Texas isn't in west Texas either, it's near Waco (I am referring of course to the town of West, where I had a car breakdown once.) Having driven through west Texas, my own opinions refer to who would actually have settled there and why? I have this vision of a Conestoga driving through the sand and sagebrush and then suddenly stopping - absolutely nothing but scrub, dirt, and vultures in sight - and a man getting down. The man puts his hands on his hips, looks around and states, "Well, Martha, heah it is. Heah's where we're gonna spend the rest of ahr lives. Ahr chillun will be raised heah, and theyah chillun, too." Martha whacks him over the head with a shovel, throws him back in the wagon and heads on to someplace habitable...

Sheryl, as we're about the same age, I'm surprised that you couldn't take shop. When I (we?) were in high school, there were a couple of girls that took shop, though it was fairly rare. Ditto for boys taking home ec. In fact, my brother (2 years younger) did take home ec. I never took home ec, be-

cause by then I could already cook and sew, and frankly, did horrible in shop.

I can't take chondroitin myself. I have never seen it packaged without glucosamine, and being diabetic, that's a no-no.

I guess I'm the strange one, of course I and others already knew that. I frankly enjoyed *FOSFAX* and now enjoy *Alexiad* about the same. I didn't like everything in *FOSFAX*, but then I don't have to.

Well, that's gonna about do it for thish...

Best, Alex

☐**CKK:** *And the areas west of west Texas are hardly more habitable. Martha might have to whack a few more times with her shovel.*☐

E.B. Frohvet
4716 Dorsey Hall Dr. #506
Ellicott City, MD 21042
August 25, 2004

Dear Henry,

Dude, your mailing schedule is getting scary! I opened the mailbox, and I was like, didn't I just get a *Knarley Knews*.

My credit union is offering a new program for patrons ages 18 to 23, called "SCI-FI". (Ghod, shoot me now...) It stands for: Special College Introduction to Financial Independence. On reading the fine print, it doesn't actually say one has to be a college student. Automatic credit line of \$500. Hey, I recall the Stone Age, when \$500 seemed like a lot of money.

Memo to all Canadian friends: Did you note that the crest of the Vorkosigan family is a maple leaf against a background of mountains? Perhaps you all should check your local directories for families named "Kosigan". One wonders if the crest came because they used maple trees to terraform Barrayar, or if they used maple trees to match the pre-existing crest? In any case it led to maple mead (perfectly feasible though I'd never heard of it, you can ferment anything containing sugar), thence to maple abrosia. See *A Civil Campaign*.

On the other hand, Henry, Kip's father in *Have Space Suit Will Travel* tells his son snottily that the tables in the back of his math book were not "brought down from on high". The father in *The Rolling Stones* tutors his sons in math, on the theory that any man with a solid grounding in math can learn anything else he needs. Funny, I would have said that of language instead... A friend's TV now reads "SILENCIO" when she presses the mute button.

I'm not really sure where I acquired **Rodney Leighton** as a reader/contributor in my late fanzine. Probably, got the name from someone else's lettercol. But **Rodney** then introduced me to Lyn McConchie who became one of my most valuable contributors.

"The Weight" by J. Robbie Robertson, was a hit for The Band when they toured with Dylan, and has been covered by others. The first line is: "I pulled into Nazareth/Feeling 'bout half past dead." There used to be an old joke about, nobody knows what "The Weight" means, not even Robertson.

Terry Jeeves asks about TV, "Does anyone know why Disaster and Medical themes predominate?" Easy, even hack writers can create drama out of such settings. By definition, life-and-death events happen every day in a hospital. What strikes me about soap operas is that the character's mother can be in a coma, but this doesn't seem to interfere with her Frenching Mom's doctor in the linen closet.

Incidentally, on one TV show the other day someone used "event horizon" – with reference to romance! As in, the last point before he truly invested his emotions in a relationship.

I'm afraid to ask what the second paragraph of **Lisa Major's** LOC means. "The PR problem police have is that you usually don't interact with them until it is bad news." Same with the army.

Dale Speirs: The suburbs, it seems to me, offer most of the convenience of city life with less of the clutter and crime.

Milt Stevens: So, dude, where's my copy of *Fantasy Communicator*? I think what happened with my zine was that policy selected out for people who responded regularly – people who failed to respond tended to drop off the mailing list. (Not as if I didn't warn them.) To this day I find it astonishing that people who wish to be thought of as fanzine fans, think expecting them to write a paragraph every six months is an unreasonable demand.

Lloyd Penney: I doubt if Rochester, NY would think of Toronto as "the Big City" if they had to drive. Ferry service probably makes Toronto the easiest-to-reach Big City. I'm surprised there isn't a commuter airline flying short hops across the lake – **Janine Stinson** says her local Manistee, MI airfield has regular service to Milwaukee, thus the rest of the world.

Trinlay Khadro quotes a famous bumper sticker. The funniest religious bumper sticker I saw read, "Jesus Loves You – everybody ELSE thinks you are an asshole." Not a criticism, just an observation, but one thing I did notice about *FOSFAX*



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Visit our online store, and select from a variety of cross stitch charts, quilt patterns, needlepoint canvases, and other craft items with a fantasy or medieval theme.

PO Box 174 (262) 375-8792
Grafton, WI 53024 Orders@fantasycrafts.com

was that its contributor/LOCcer base was 95% male. Perhaps the reason men are less likely to help an apparently lost child, is from fear of being accused of various perversions. I've read that male teachers, especially in elementary school (the few there are) are very cautious about touching children in any fashion.

Robert Lichtman: Well, I have numerous comments about various fanzines in an article I'm working on for Henry, though it won't see print until next year. In retrospect I should have addressed my comments about *Trap Door* winning the FAAN Award directly to you before going public with the critique. On the other hand, I supposed you had read my review of that *Trap Door* in my final *Twink*, where I described it as a "fanhistorical prank". That it was "opaque" to me may have been typical of its appeal to FAAN voters. All five of them.

I stayed in Salt Lake City once. The bar closed at 9:00 – and it was Friday night. I've closed down a bar or two in my time, but that was certainly unique.

I'm asking faneds of my favorite zines to send a copy or two to Sue Bursztynski; 11/127 Brighton Road; Elwood, Victoria 3184; Australia. Sue points out that her neice Amelia's birthday is July 4th. Nobody ever did fireworks on my birthday...

Best regards,
E.B. Frohvet

☐**CKK:** *I got the August issue out a bit earlier than normal. The same with this one, but I won't be mailing it until after Ditto. The new mantra is that you actually need a foundation in math and the ability to communicate. I suppose the later implies language.*☐

Joy V. Smith
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27 Aug 2004

Knarley,

Re: editorial. Oh, yes. I am constantly amazed at the current manifestations of things we read about in SF, especially the little picture phones that are so common now. That is amazing. But we've lost slide rules and trigonometry tables. (I didn't know that.)

The font/apostrophe problem sounds complex. (People were discussing foreign accent marks in an AOL writing folder the other day. Boy, oh boy. It's amazing what you can do if you only know how.)

All the best with your law school classes. And I hope you get Letha's mother's house finished. Sounds like there was some "deferred maintenance." (I think that's the technical term.) We have a problem, btw, with a wall in our house between a

bedroom and bathroom that should have had noise insulation installed. I do not want to rip out that wall...

As usual, you've also been busy traveling and teaching; and speaking of car problems, our car was in the garage recently for a blinker problem, and while there had the tires rotated, etc. So the other day we were traveling, and the Low Tire Pressure message appeared. We got off the freeway in a strange community and tracked down a little garage. They checked the tire pressure, which was fine, and asked if we'd had work done on the tires lately. That was probably what caused the sensor problem. Only the dealership can fix sensors... Anyway, they didn't charge us anything and we made our destination with little loss of time.

I enjoyed **Sue's** Oregon visit report. Btw, recently a friend was going to Portland, OR to visit family, and she mentioned that it was very hot there.

LOCs: Re: **Scott Patri's** *Zero-G Lavatory*. I still have an issue because I had a humor piece in it. I remember Joe and Bosko. **Trinlay:** Re: flu shots. I think I read somewhere that half the people who got them got the flu. (I'm pretty sure it was the flu shots...) Re: SF Book Club. That's where I get my Terry Pratchett books and others. And they, along with Baen, and hopefully others, are reprinting the classics.

Thanks for the fanzine reviews, and I always enjoy the illos. (Cute cartoon by Kyle.) And I really enjoyed the cover. (I like manta rays/skates.)

Appreciatively,
Joy V. Smith

☐**CKK:** *Nothing like complex technology to create new problems. Then again I'd rather have the Low Tire Pressure misfire on occasion if that meant avoiding most blow-outs.*☐

Trinlay Khadro
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29 Aug 2004

Eventually I'll be getting KT a wireless thingie (for a usb port) for her laptop eventually...so I can borrow it and hang around at Kinko's and Starbucks, and maybe even the library... =)

KT is currently pondering majoring in either Giant Robots, or Architecture...though has expressed some interest in History. (I've got a major in History from a ways back... I really ought to ponder if I should consider getting teaching certification, but I think High Schoolers would make me more crazy in very short order.) Her friend, Fred, starts there this coming semester and has H.Welch as his advisor. I think we should pass him a copy of *The Knarley Knews*. (Bwah hahaha...)

In a pinch I've written and sent email off my Visor PDA, I have a modem that plugs into it. The calender and alarm

functions are indispensable. I don't know how I ever got along without it.

The glitch with the printer and the symbols not matching the floss key sounds like a royal pain in the backside. Wish I had some useful advice.

I have vivid and treasured memories of going with my Dad to dig up amethyst from an open mine in Thunder Bay (Canada) as well as other digging sites for mineral specimens. We went in the late 60's and early 70's so that should give folks some idea of my age. I don't think I've done any camping since then, except for the time we went to Pensic. The Haas family went to Pensic this summer, as they usually do, and we've been dog sitting. George has been a great dog to dog sit for, and has taken KT for the occasional run, now that her broken toes are healed. In July we were at a fannish pool party, she fell early in the afternoon, but was, apparently fine. Later I slipped on the deck steps and hurt my back.... Next day at the Urgent Care Center, it turned out she had two broken toes. (apparently toes went in the slats of the deck as she fell)... I was just bruised, but ached something awful for several weeks.

Does Letha's mom have any family nearby that can help? Her living conditions sound frightful. You may want to pick up some lotion with Shea butter, I like both the stuff from Bath & Bodyworks, but I also like the Keri with shea butter. Dry skin can get to be a real bother if it doesn't take care of itself in a reasonable span of time.

I suspect with Centralia it may very well be just as much a case of "It's my home, it's all I have...I have nowhere else to go." as it is about the mineral rights. Especially in the case of the older folks.

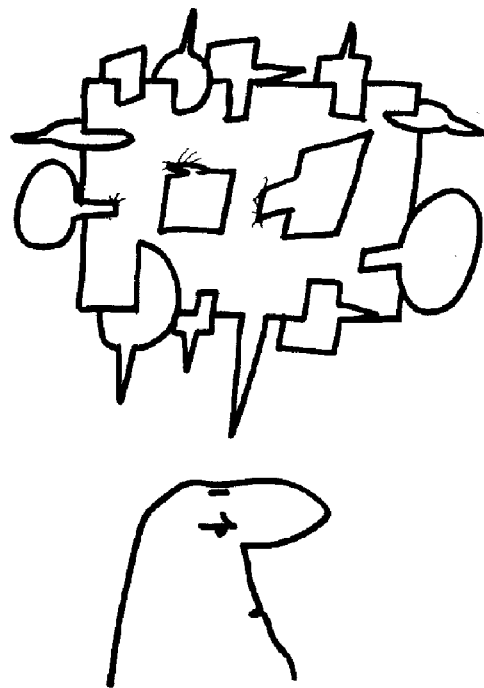
I learned long ago, to never ever, even think loudly about any "extra money". Something will invariably break down and need Just That Amount of money to be fixed or replaced. (ie: I got paid for a graphics job, and then my monitor died.)

I'll see what I can do article wise, I don't really go anywhere or do anything...then again I've realized how much is going on in local fandom. For example, Movie night on Wednesdays at Todd's, Social night Friday's at Lytheria, the monthly APA, the semi regular concerts at Barb's, the 4th of July, Halloween and New Year's at Lytheria. So I think I can conjure something up, hopefully in time for next ish. (How about a photo essay?)

I enjoyed all the artwork, **Jeeves'** "leering alien" is a hoot.

Thank You for running my card. It's not a living yet, but maybe gradually I can see shops advertising that they carry items from Silly Kitty. =)

Terry J: I've had the feeling that the redecorating shows are really more of "get your renewal corporate sponsored... and have free professional guidance." A lot of folks don't do much for their interior design or renewal, except on a



ONE WHO QUALIFIES EVERYTHING

bit by bit basis, due to lack of funds, inspiration, and time. (My home is decorated in Target, Garage Sale, and Salvation Army...with a few exceptions.) Very rarely have I caught an episode where the home owner hated the result. Which strikes me as surprising, since they aren't much consulted on what's going to happen. Fortunately the friends pulled into the project know each other fairly well....and they know to expect something modernish and radical/designy.

As for "alternative therapies" I think there is a lot to be said for what science hasn't gotten around to taking a good long serious look at yet. Acupuncture, for example, still hasn't got a "scientific" explanation, but the government tests show it has been really effective in assisting in pain management, particularly in illnesses where "the usual" hasn't been much help. Also keep in mind **belief** and **hope** can be powerful things. Crop circles are certainly fun design wise, as the builders have gained experience, the designs have gotten more complicated...and generally they tend to be quite beautiful. The early ones were **just** circles...and heck, -I- can do that! (with an assistant...)

Julie Wall: Automotive horror story...EEEEEEEE!!! Hi **Julie!** (waving wildly.)

I made a run to the Drug Store for my Uncle once, taking his car and the borrowed key. Somehow I lost it **in** the Store and it never did show up again. I needed a neighbor to come from Uncle's house with the key and rescue me.

As the latest major catastrophe, Uncle's TV went out on a Thursday. A day that I was also down from the fibromyalgia

and a migraine! I ended up going on line to seek out what model he wanted, and later to go to Best Buy: to see if we could get it faster ordering delivery in person (we could). TV couldn't get delivered till Sunday and the Tech came on Tuesday, so for awhile he was watching CNN on KT's 12 in, pink, Hello Kitty TV. So now he's got the new TV on a new TV stand (assembled by KT with my power screw driver...) and I think he's relatively happy.

Lisa Major: the one with the sock fetish in our family is Elric the ferret. (yes he **is** an albino.) It's fairly easy to find me on laundry day, I'm sprawled on the floor reaching under the beds and the couch to round up the treasure troves. I've also experienced the delight of rolling over in my sleep to find a rabbit-fur mouse. "Thank you sweetie..." (finding the toy mice in her bed still tends to make KT shriek... but still tells Megumi what a great hunter she is.)

EB: I don't catch *Joan* often enough to have a really serious discussion of the show, (I'm usually visiting when it's on) but yes, I think God is borrowing already existent people to speak to Joan. Have they ever addressed the possibility that something **else** could also speak to Joan that way?

In addition to your comment to **Joseph Major**, what about all the 40's-60's models of US vehicles still running in Cuba? Perhaps with enough motive, people are more willing to struggle to keep the machines up. Though with all the chips in the current vehicles, as you note, that'd be really hard to do. My dad has a model A Ford he's been fixing up and tinkering with.

Joy: They were talking about putting Reagan on a coin, and he wasn't even dead yet.

RE comment **Eric L:** Nope, no little thingie to bother with on the florescent bulbs. and the ballast is all in the base that gets screwed into the lamp... no more bother than the incandescent. It's a very very white light, and some people find it too harsh, but a lampshade usually takes care of that.

Joseph Nicholas: sometimes I have a personal relationship with ghod. I yell and argue with him on a semi regular basis. =)

Milt S: Do you think maybe folks were just voting on a familiar name?

TKK: *Fred certainly looked horrified when I sat down next to him at Lytheria and he found out who I was. Am I really that scary or it is somehow uncool to know your professors socially? The amethyst mine is still outside of Thunder Bay, we visited it August two years ago. One of Letha's brothers lives about 30 minutes from her mom. Over the years he's done his share of work, but some children are never able to please their parents and I understand his reasons for not volunteering to do the work.*

Rodney Leighton
See address earlier
Aug. 29, 04

Dear Henry:

Thanks for *TKK* 107.

In view of the fact that the greatest fanartist every would like to see more columns from me (thank you **Sheryl**), as well as a few other readers, I will rescind my decision to discontinue writing them. Those folks who dislike them can skip to the next section. However, I am afraid there will not be any for awhile. For one of the few times in my life I am finding writing to be work; even letters. And to that the fact that I am about to start working 2 jobs at once, something that might be fine for youngsters like you but is tough on old buggers like me. And, there is, of course, the oft repeated lack of material.

One solution to this problem which appeals to me would be for some of those readers who like my writing to package up some of the fanzines which they enjoy which I have yet to write about and/or do not see and send me this package. The obvious difficulty therein is that most fans regard their fanzines as valuable and something to be kept. There is also the question of why anyone would spend some time and money to send me fanzines in the hopes that I will like them enough to write a column which s/he would then enjoy. Silly, greedy idea, isn't it?

The things related by **Lloyd** and Martin in the latest *Alexiad* are the sort of things which make me wish to discontinue all association with this hobby, just as I have said I am doing. Yet, as **Robert** once told me, fandom is a microcosm of society and as such there will always be people that are not nice or that some people dislike; there will always be feuds and disputes; hurt feelings and anger. Every person is entitled to his or her opinion and a part of fandom is that people have the ability to express said opinions. If one finds enough good things in participating in one of several ways



in fandom to overlook the negative, then that is good. Most of the time, I don't consider the positives to even equal the negatives, much less supplant them. But, then an enjoyable fanzine appears. Or one of the nicest people in the hobby says something nice about you. And then, I wonder, will, maybe I should stick around a little longer.

Take care,
Rodney

☐**CKK**: *Are you implying that egoboo makes the world go round?*☐

Eric Lindsay
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30 Aug 2004

Hi Henry,

Jean and I have been away from home for the past ten weeks or so, driving around Australia. Hence the late and hurried response.

While we were away, our housecleaner was living here, and apparently cleaned everything to operating theatre standard. She also moved everything so she could clean even more things. We are still looking for stuff. Things that Jean has are in my study, and the obverse also. It has only been two weeks, and each time we think everything is back to our usual chaos, we find something else that has been displaced elsewhere.

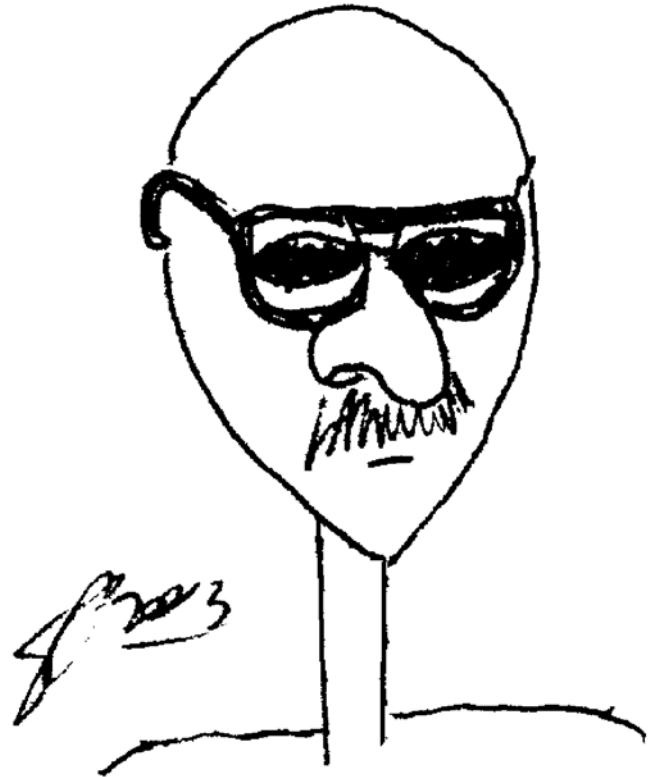
I notice mention that you carboned a letter. Since it seemed unlikely that you actually used (or even had) carbon paper, this made me wonder how long before the younger generation lack any contact with carbon paper. Will it go the way of the LP record, or the big hand and the little hand.

That is a lot of degrees that your family has. Congratulations to you all.

Colonial House sounds fascinating, although not something in which I would ever want to participate. I like the comforts of modern civilisation, and look forward to even more of them. Going back to the agricultural age seems a very negative thing. It wasn't a real productive time.

I'm not sure that caller ID like **Trinlay** mentions would be any use to me. Now that our ISP lets us have 10 hour dialup internet sessions, the phone is busy most of the day, so no-one can call in anyway. That certainly cuts down on inward phone calls needing screening.

Joseph Major mentioning driving long distances to cons reminds me that air fares here are now often such that it costs more to drive, even if you only count the fuel. If you need to stop overnight on the drive the flights are way less.



The version of Ghostscript that I use doesn't make any mention in print of being used to create a PDF. When did it start claiming credit for files?

I was amused by **E B Frohvet**'s claim that "spreadsheets are what used to be known as double entry bookkeeping". Wonder if anyone will object to that characterisation.

I am staggered to learn from **Lloyd Penney** that Walmart proofread their flyers. I wonder why so many books no longer appear to be proofread?

Somewhere I found a wonderful description of real life computer support training. I should try to find it for you, and **Scott Patri**. It is worse than I could imagine, although probably not worse than those who have used a computer support service could imagine.

☐**CKK**: *Better that your housekeeper just cleaned as opposed to cleaned you out. Some terminology is lost in antiquity. We still dial the phone. As far as I know the Ghostscript pdf print driver has always appended the credit page at the end.*☐

Colleen R. Cahill
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6 Sep 2004

Dear Knarley,

I received my first *KK* ever, after a kind referral from an *Alexiad* reader (thank you, **E.B. Frohvet**). A bit of background on me: I am a librarian, a reviewer (my stuff is in

Alexiad and other places) and an avid reader of science fiction, fantasy, history and occasionally other stuff. My day job is at the Library of Congress, so LOC has a totally different meaning for me: I have to think twice while reading zines. My fannish connections are to the Washington Science Fiction Assoc., and since I know Peggy Rae Sapienza, I get involved (at least on some level) in anything that she is working on. Who can say no to Peggy Rae?

One of the people who introduced me to WSFA was Joe Mayhew and it was bittersweet to see his artwork on page 13. While Joe was the Recommending Officer for Science Fiction at the Library of Congress, I worked with him on some projects. I use to tease him that as a librarian, he needed a bun on hair and he always said he would have to do a beard bun. He was a great guy and I still miss him.

One of the reasons I was referred to *KK* was because we are in the midst of expanding our house. I bought the homestead just before I married and did not realize it was only 1200 square feet of living space. Where do we put the books? My husband is also a bibliophile, mostly of airplane books, but he does read science fiction occasionally. To see what the house looked just after I bought it, go to <http://home.earthlink.net/~holzauge/> and take a look at Fred the Wonder house. The name will make sense when you see it: some houses are Taras, others are Withering Heights: this is a Fred. The expansion will have a family room (books!), master bedroom (books!), bath and sun room. Unlike Henry, we are not doing any of the work ourselves, except for the picking of materials and colors. Good news is we have a great contractor who is doing a wonderful job **and** is ahead of schedule. So far only the cat (Pyewacket) is inconvenienced as she cannot go in the basement right now as there is plumbing work going on.

It is interesting to read Henry's account of working on his mother-in-law's house. That is a labor of love, on many levels. I sympathize with the dirty work: we removed painted-over wallpaper from my house which was even on the ceiling! 80 man hours later and the first of 4 rooms was done. No, I don't envy you this work and that is why we are paying someone else to do it.

Julie Wall's "Attack of the Killer Battery" was hysterical! Your problems with AAA are exactly what I have experienced and I am glad you had such good people to help you out. I really enjoyed this, but hope you don't have more of these events!

Thank you for the issue of *TKK* and I look forward to reading more in the future.

Colleen

□ *TKK: Glad to have you on board. I like doing repair work, in moderation, and am competent at it. Just don't rely on me to do stellar finish work. Every few months I get the urge to use manly tools and a good day of whacking, sawing, or similar is just what the doctor ordered.* □

Eric Lindsay
See address earlier
16 Sep 2004

Dear Henry,

Thanks for *TKK* 207, for August, to which my response is now rather late. I think I'll have more to say on the wonders of technology in a separate note.

I'm now of the view that whatever the localisation benefits of Unicode elsewhere, for many writers in English, Unicode is much more of a problem than ASCII ever was. Likewise, as a portable format, PDF leaves a lot to be desired once font complications appear. That entirely leaves aside the new versions of PDF which produce files you can't use on older systems.

Old wiring and plumbing systems in homes are a right pain, and I note from your description of Letha's mother's home that things are no different there. These days here building contractors are in very short supply, partly due to the furious rate of new construction. The next hillside is being entirely covered over the next four years. You are way more determined than me in doing this house repair work.

Actually I think you are way more determined (and faster) than most contractors.

Given a swag of Las Vegas fans once made their living from writing relating to Pro Wrestling, I think **Rodney Leighton** is being a little premature in assuming no wrestling fans are reading *TKK*. Who knows? I was once surprised on visiting Arnie Katz to have the back story of the current wrestling match explained to me, together with (correct) predictions on what would happen over the next few weeks. If you look upon it all as a work of fantasy fiction, fan interest makes sense.

Swapping houses with people of dubious taste and ability so you can decorate strikes me as a plausible reason for homicide. The purile idiocy on the idiot box seems to plumb new depths each time someone mentions what is happening.

Jean's Ford Laser got a flat battery a couple of years ago. Within a week she had a new car. No wonder I never have any car stories to pass along.

Regarding **Joseph Major's** story of Groucho Marx, I always thought smugglers were merely supporting Free Trade.

I noticed that screw-in fluorescent lights could take several minutes to come to full brightness when used in a cold climate. That was why I stopped using them when I lived in the Blue Mountains. Perhaps by now the starters on them are faster.

Dale Speirs has it entirely right on the simple life on the farm being way too much hard work. Long ago I considered that as a get away from it all scheme, and quickly concluded

that there is a reason all the farm children head for the big city when they grow up. I'm sufficiently isolated here, in a tourist resort, with internet access and mail order available. Well, sometimes the mail order places have trouble sending the items to the correct address, since some can't decide if they are using mail or freight, which go to two very different addresses.

I note that modern cars (Subaru Forester) can easily sit for two months unused, and then fire up first go. Jean's car is often left for that long when we visit the USA. Equally, we took it 16,000 kilometers around Australia upon our return from the USA, and the only thing we did in ten weeks of travel was put more fuel in. No oil, no water, no air, no service, despite creek crossings, flooded roads, and lots of dirt roads and 4WD tracks. On the other hand, I'm sure E V Frohvet is correct that over a longer term (like 50 years) repairs would not be possible. I don't understand anything under the hood there days. Against that, the current model comes with a 5 year unlimited distance warranty.

Like **Joseph Nicholas**, I have lots of digital photographs of the Kimberley region of Western Australia, taken while we drove around Australia. Having a digital camera was a real boon, as the photos were downloaded into my Macintosh laptop every few days as we traveled. As a result, the 3200 photos are all described and titled and able to be located, and indeed were all in this sort of order throughout the entire trip. The contrast between that and my usual shoebox full of unsorted film photos of trips was remarkable. Even if digital photos are not as good as film photos, I wouldn't be willing to return to film now that I have experienced the ease of organising photos on computer. Real Soon Now I'll go through and rate the quality of the photos, to add another dimension to the ease of search by date or description.

Now, if I only had an easy way of adding GPS readings to my photos (something provided for in the online jpg photo format, but alas not available on my camera).

Next all my music CDs are going into the computer (only a few hundred CDs to go now). I'll leave the videotapes and DVDs for some time in the future, when disk space is even larger and cheaper.

Sheryl Birkhead surprised me when she revealed that they are still making new manual typewriters. I see the odd electronic one in office stationary stores (along with a rack of computers), but had not seen a new manual typewriter since moving.

All the best,
Eric Lindsay

☐**CKK**: *Letha and I recently borrowed a film/slide scanner from a colleague who scanned all his family's slides and negatives into digital format. A noble cause, I'm sure, but I'm concerned about the shelf-life of the digital media. Word is out that the inks on the CD-R and DVD-R media lasts only*

from a year to two before it begins to fade and lose bits. The RW's are better, but it may be too early to tell with them.☐

Dave Szurek
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Knarley,

Sorry you didn't like my zine too well, but as they say, nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Who is **Arthur**? Anyway, in **Rodney**'s review of my zine, he mentions curiosity over my warning to readers about the political content. He mentions that it's restricted to one page. Well, there's a couple of reprinted cartoons and a letter I had send to the local newspaper which might be considered political if you look at the word as word as having more to do with quality of everyday life than with what goes on behind closed doors on Capital Hill, my own definition boiling down to the former, by the way. But whatever the case, realize that I was replying to one individual letterhack who'd complain about the previous issue's amount of political content. Since #2 had contained even less than #3, ou can just imagine what kind of individual I was dealing with.

The letter column was most interesting. I'm not convinced that **Milt Stevens**' LOC theory is uniform, though. *Weirdness Before Midnight* gives me an example. It's hardly thin, and its circulation is pretty small, I like to keep it that way, but I am more than satisfied with the number of LOCs I get in comparison to the number of copies that go out.

I agree with some of what **Jeeves** says, but there's a point wherein I have to take issue with his logic. I don't pretend to know what crop circles are, but how does the fact that there have been hoaxes prove that **all** cases are hoaxes? I have to think that those same guys couldn't have been responsible for **every** crop circle in **every** part of the world that's had one or more! His thought process is not really scientific or even rational. Reminds me of the folk who claim that admission of hoaxes is in Sasquatch incident **proves** that **all** Sasquatch sightings and incidents are false! Even those from an entirely different part of the country. In reality, that's a harder concept to swallow than the original supposedly "superstitious" one is.

Dave

☐**CKK**: *My lack of resonance with your zine was due more to my lack of resonance with horror as a genre so that a zine with that as a focus holds less interest for me. I assume that Arthur is Arthur Hlavaty the editor of Nice (Distinctions). I think you're reading too much into Terry's article.*☐

Milt Stevens
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September 21, 2004

Dear Henry,

On reading the ToC for *Knarley Knews* #107, I was shocked, dismayed, and maybe even croggled. The ToC lists an article titled "Attack of the Killer Battery" by...by...by...MILT STEVENS!!!! Aaaarg!!! First, I'm publishing fanzines I didn't publish, and now I'm writing articles I didn't write. I'm becoming a hoax in spite of myself. Of course, I checked the actual article, and it seems to have been written by **Julie Wall**. That explains it. It was just a simple mistake. Unless you and **Julie Wall** are part of the conspiracy against me.

In your editorial, you discuss some of the gadgets you have around the house. I don't have a laptop or a palm pilot, but I do have a considerable list of gadgets. I supposedly have a telephone for communications, but I also have an answering machine to make sure nobody gets to communicate with me without my permission. I'd probably be suffering from malnutrition without a microwave oven. (My cooking ability never did go beyond a salami sandwich.) When I was young I thought garage door openers were rather effete. I'm now old enough not to think that any longer. There is also my programmable automatic sprinkler system. I like having a yard as long as I don't have to do anything at all about it. (I have a gardener.) However, the one gadget I once swore I would never get is an electric pencil sharpener. Like how much work can it be to manually sharpen a pencil? That isn't why I finally bought an electric pencil sharpener. I don't use pencils very often. In years gone by, I may have always had a manual pencil sharpener around the house somewhere, but I had forgotten where it was by the time I needed it. The electric pencil sharpener has to be plugged into the wall somewhere, and there are only a limited number of electrical outlets in a house, so I can always find it when I need it.

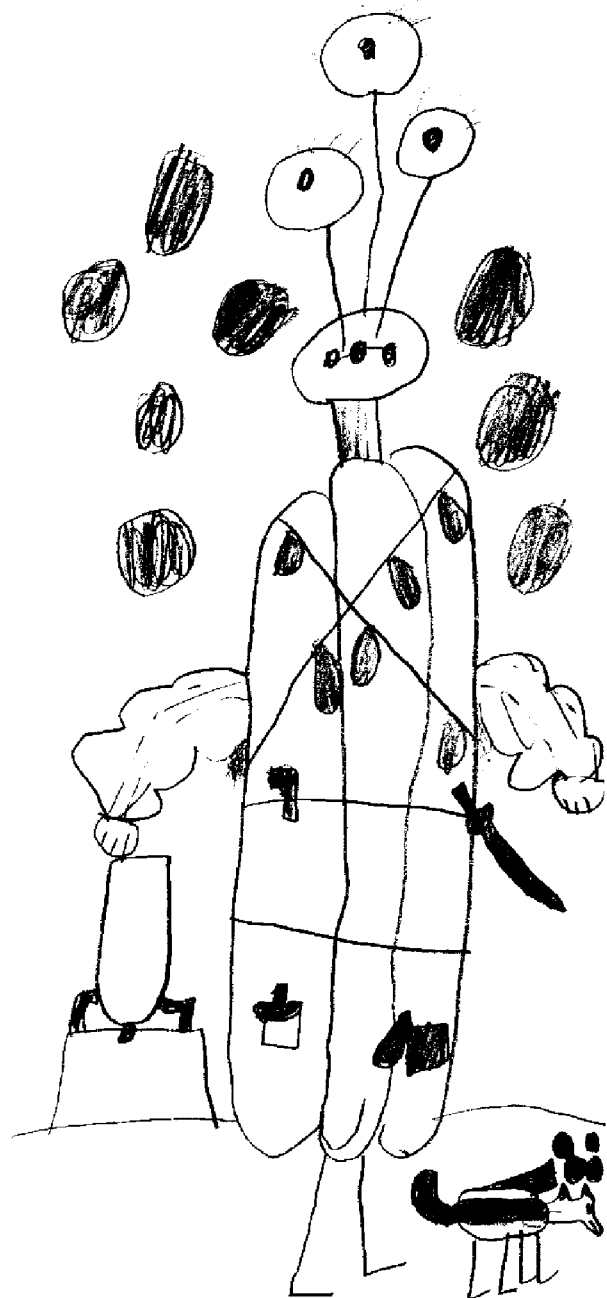
Terry Jeeves wonders if a person who says they want to go out and eat Chinese might be a cannibal. In some instances, they just might be. When I was out in the western Pacific in the late sixties I read a story in *Stars and Stripes* about the Dyaks going on a rampage in Borneo. They killed all the Chinese they could catch on the grounds they were Communists. The political motivation for these actions was doubtful when you consider that they ate them afterwards. However, I bet they were hungry again an hour later.

I was surprised to read that your circulation is only 75. For years (probably too many years), I've accepted that the average fanzine has a circulation of around 200. If you wanted a shot at getting on the Hugo ballot, you would need a circulation significantly larger than that. When I published *The Passing Parade* in the early seventies, I had a press run of 300 and got rid of all of them. Of course, I wasn't hard nosed about kicking people off my mailing list. If I was going to go

to all of the trouble of publishing a genzine, I wanted people to see it.

Yours truly,
Milt

☐TKK: *Never look for a conspiracy when simple mistake explains it all. You are simply the victim of cut and paste. I think the electric can opener may be the epitome of gadget for the lazy until I think of those whose wrists can't operate the conventional kind. The trouble with a circulation of 200 is where I would find the 200 who'd care enough to receive my fanzine. The many purported active fanzine fans who couldn't maintain the usual with me is staggering. If they are interested, then neither am I.*☐



Lloyd Penney
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October 1, 2004

Dear Knarley:

Thanks for issue 107 of *The Knarley Knews*.

I am not a Luddite, but also, I do not believe I should have every little piece of technology a television commercial tells me I should have. Not only would it become a new expense I can't handle, but it would also be a new responsibility. I do not need an mp3 player at this time. I do have a Palm, and I do use it as phone book, a notepad, a calendar, an organizer, an alarm clock and a game player, among other things. However, one of the most valuable items we use for organizing ourselves is a desk pad calendar mounted on the wall. Instant readout and it never crashes.

Yvonne leaves tomorrow morning for Vancouver for ten days. She is attending two consecutive space conferences, including the International Astronautical Congress, and directly afterwards is V-Con 29, the regular con in Vancouver. So, I get to be a bachelor for ten days, and continue with the job hunt. I got the job with the AV/conference company I alluded to in my loc, but the boss, who is a terminal workaholic, decided that I wasn't a perfect fit, and let me go after only three weeks. So, I hope something will happen soon. Its got to.

I can imagine **Sue Welch** wishes she was back in Oregon. Mount St. Helens is gearing up for another earth-shattering kaboom. When it first went off in 1980, I was living in Qualicum Beach, British Columbia, on Vancouver Island, and two days after the mountain exploded, we awoke to a thin layer of volcanic ash on our car, and instructions on the radio about how to best remove it without ruining the paint job.

I have been thinking about **Terry Jeeves** lately. After issue 166 of *Erg* arrived, which carried **Terry's** announcement that after 45 years of producing the zine as a quarterly issue, his poor health is forcing him to finish the run. He is the oldest living fanzine editor producing one of the longest-lived zines, and now that he's not, the silence can suggest an awful lot. I don't think he has many, if any, connections with modern British fandom, but I hope someone is in touch with him to make sure he's okay.

I hear of so many problems with AAA. Our equivalent here is CAA, and we've never had any problems with them. In fact, our annual membership is usually cheap or free due to a programme they have with Sunoco stations. CAA has always been there in mere minutes any time we've had car problems on the road. (That was when we owned North American-built cars. When we started buying Japanese models, the problems went away.) If nothing else, a CAA membership provides peace of mind, and they are connected with AAA as well.

To **Joseph Major** I have the zero-g lavatory instructions from 2001 on the back of the bathroom door. You never know when it will come in handy. I figured that by the time you've read all the instructions, it's probably too late I read that shortly, any non-American coming into the United States will be photographed and fingerprinted. Any further than this, and you might as well build a very tall brick wall, and shut the rest of the world out. I pray that John Kerry might win the next election, and bring some common sense back to Washington. Lisa, there was no SARS to bring home. Wed gotten rid of it some time back. You could have bought the t-shirt, though.

My loc: the Toronto-Rochester ferry already seems to be history. It ran for several months, but gathered up debts quickly, and without consultation, the company that runs it shut it down to keep debts at bay. Just recently, the company that sold the ferry its fuel had the ferry legally impounded by a judge to make back the money owed to it. Looks like its driving down to Rochester from now on.

Sheryl Birkhead mentions Celebrex and chondroitin supplements now that Vioxx has been taken off the market worldwide, I am sure the makers of Celebrex will take a look at their similar product. My knees have been bothering me for about a year now, so I figured at my age, it might be my joints and the lack of ligament regeneration. I started taking glucosamine-chondroitin supplements, and my knees have greatly improved.

I actually do have a witty article in mind, it's about Yvonne staging a show at the Ontario Science Centre some years ago. I plan to call it The Most Expensive Toaster in the World. Ill let you think about the connection. Now to find the time to sit down, interview Yvonne and write it. I knew there was a catch

Have a great time in Orlando for Ditto 17! Say hi to folks for me, and see you next issue.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney

☐**CKK:** *I have been less than completely happy about the short run of Celebrex I was on. It solved one problem and may have introduced others. I won't know for certain until I start playing hockey later this month.*☐

We also heard from:

Judith Hanna, Patti Hetherington, Terry Jeeves, Karen Johnson (who plans to move from Australia to Florida in early November), Mike Lowery (who was a delegate for Dean at the Democratic National Convention), Pat & Roger Sims, Dick Smith, Garth Spencer, Gene Stewart, Janine Stinson, (announcing *Perrigrine Nations 4.2* on efanzines.com), Mark Strickert, Sue Welch (who points out that men can cook, it just wasn't socially acceptable in 1628)

Fanzines Received in Trade



“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.

Bento 16 by Kate Yule & David Levine; 1905 SE 43rd Ave; Portland, OR 97215; Kate@BentoPress.com; David@BentoPress.com; irregular; editorial whim. A nice little genzine with some social commentary, remodeling, and LOCs.

Ethel the Aardvark #113 by Sue Ann Barber; PO Box 212; World Trade Centre; Melbourne, VIC 3005; Australia; b-monthly; \$25/year or the usual. This is the official zine of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club and covers club news and SF related material in Australia as well as comic reviews in this issue.

Farming Uncle 95 by Louis Toro; Box 427; Bronx, NY 10458; quarterly?; \$2. A periodical for natural people and mother nature lovers composed mostly of short articles and classified ads.

Lofgeornost 76 by Fred Lerner; 81 Worcester Ave; White River Junction, VT 05001; fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu; irregular; the usual. This is Fred’s FAPA zine. This issue focuses on his recent trip to Scandinavia and St. Petersburg.

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

Nice Distinctions 7 by Arthur Hlavaty; 206 Valentine St; Yonkers, NY 10704-1814; hlvaty@panix.com; quarterly; \$1 or the usual. A small perzine with discussion on family and politics.

No Award #15 by Marty Cantor; 11825 Gilmore St #105; N. Hollywood, CA 91606; martyhoohah@netzero.net; irregular; \$5 or the usual. I nice genzine with the main feature in this issue the script of an Andy Hooper play read at Corflu.

Opuntia 55 by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. A genzine issue with interesting tidbits Dale has read about and a report on Conversion.

Rodney’s Messy Zine Like Thing #3 by Rodney Leighton; RR #3; Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0; Canada; irregular; editorial

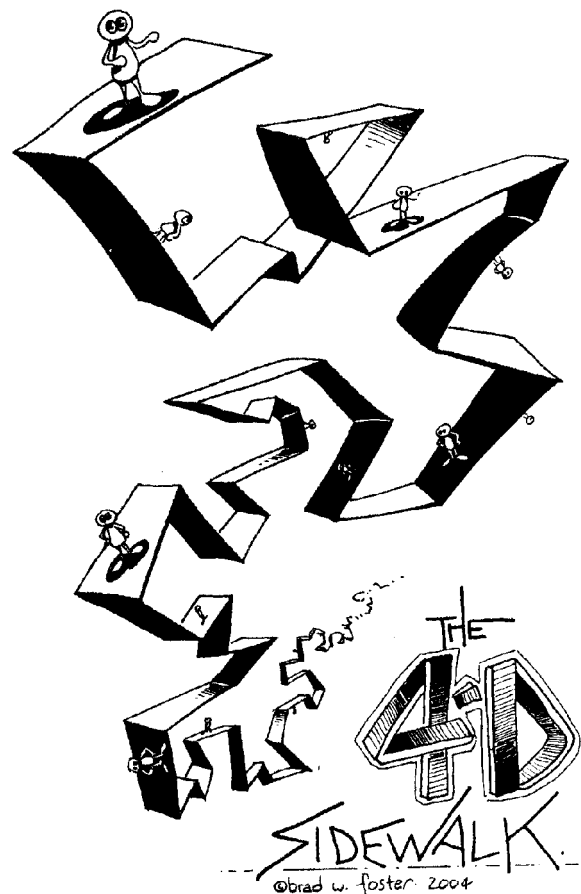
whim. Listed here only because I’m anal about these things. Rodney doesn’t subscribe to the usual so you’ll have to write him to figure out how to get copies.

Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol 8 No 6 by R.B. Cleary; 138 Bibb Dr.; Madison, AL 35758-1064; rbcleary@bellsouth.net; quarterly; \$10/yr or the usual. Book reviews and con reports dominate this issue.

Taciturn 3 by Kurt Erichsen; 2539 Scottwood Ave.; Toledo, OH 43610-1358; KErichsen@compuserve.com; irregular; the usual. A humorous compendium of Kurt’s art. NOTE: Only accepts cartoons of comment.

Vanamonde No. 553-7 by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John’s APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.

Visions of Paradise #100 by Bob Sabella; 24 Cedar Manor Ct; Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023; BSabella@optonline.net; quarterly; the usual. This is a fine example of a personal zine which includes considerable commentary. It is published in a three-part harmony (The Passing Scene - diary, Wondrous Stories - reviews and reading, and Halcyon Days - LOCs).



Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Ditto 17 (Orlando, FL)

October 8-10, 2004

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



Home is where
your e-mail
address is. The
other place is
just where you
store your body

You Got this Issue Because ...

- You are desiring to be enlightened in the efficacy of the Socratic method at croggling Knarley's brain.**
- The query "SELECT * FROM mailing_list WHERE issue_count>0 ORDER BY country;" works.**
- You are going to write me some witty articles.**
- 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.