



The  
Knarley  
Knews  
109

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*The Knarley Knews* -- Issue 109  
Published in December, 2004

**Table of Contents**

Item	Page
Table of Contents/Colophon	2
Editorial	3
PhiloSFical Matters	5
Alex Slate	
Sue's Sites: Love and Hate in Jamestown	6
Sue Welch	
Acid Rain Reconsidered	7
Jim Sullivan	
Rat Stew	8
Gene Stewart	
Reflection On: <i>FOSFAX</i>	9
Rodney Leighton	
Carry on Jeeves - The Early Days	10
Terry Jeeves	
InterLOCutions (alphabetically)	12
Sheryl Birkhead	24
Ned Brooks	14
Brad Foster	18
E.B. Frohvet	16
Trinlay Khadro	20
Bill Legate	20
Hope Leibowitz	12
Rodney Leighton	16
Robert Lichtman	14
Joseph T. Major	13
Spike Parsons	23
Lloyd Penney	21
Joy V. Smth	19
Milt Stevens	18
Dave Szurek	23
WAHF List	24
Fanzines Received in Trade	25
Conventions/Back Cover	26

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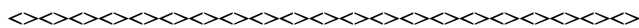
**Next Issue Deadline: February 10, 2005**

# Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

As I type this another year is coming to a close. I'm not certain quite where all of it went, but went it did. I've now survived the vast majority (11 months) of my 40th year and no mid-life crisis seems to be on the horizon. There are those that would argue that my interest in law school and the potential/likely career change that might entail would qualify, but that is something that has been simmering on the back burner for years and I finally decided to move forward with the idea. Letha and the children are doing well and despite a distressing tendency to not fear any repercussions for not doing what they are told the children generally keep themselves out of trouble.

This issue will see this first installment, as promised, of "Carry on Jeeves". I'd like to run them in their entirety which may take a few years. I'm simultaneously happy to be doing this, but distressed given the circumstances that gives me the opportunity. The rest of you can follow Terry's fine example by continuing to send me articles and artwork so that *TKK* continues to have depth and diversity.

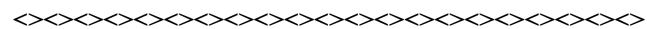


I am now finished with my first term of law school. I am happy to report that I was mostly engaged throughout the classes and despite my propensity to nod off when I'm in class it only happened twice. I was called on three times (once in Contracts and twice in Criminal Law). The experience was nothing to get particularly worked up about. If you were prepared and were ready to discuss the material and to take a stand (with at least minimal defense) you would do fine. The students that got into the most "trouble" were those that were not ready (one guy did it twice in Criminal Law) or gave a totally non-committal of an answer. The interesting thing about the law is that there is often no "correct" answer and it is all about making an argument one way or the other. The experience in Criminal Law wasn't as fun since the professor sometimes tried to set-up the student to misinterpret something and then he had a distressing tendency to lecture on while the student was still standing. On more than one occasion a student remained standing 20-30 minutes and only was asked a few questions. This was uncomfortable from a posture standpoint and made it difficult to take any notes.

I have even greater issues with the grading system. The vast bulk, if not all, of your grade was based on the final exam. In addition the first year (1L) courses are graded on a strict curve so about 60-70% of the class is guaranteed a B no matter how good their knowledge. The final exams in both my classes were closed-book multiple-choice. Despite being the better in-class professor the Contracts final was by far the worst of the two. Lots of A, B, C, A and B, B and C type questions were given. You could know 75% of the answer and still

get it wrong. In my entire career in academia I cannot recall an exam that less effectively tested knowledge and the ability to apply it. I answered all of the questions with confidence, but have no idea how well I did. In addition many of the questions simply did not provide enough information to properly answer the question. Criminal Law was better, but the questions tended to focus on some of the trickier aspects of the course material and we had to move back and forth between the three systems (Common Law, Model Penal Code, and Wisconsin Penal Code) which all vary in unique ways.

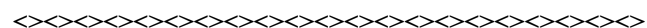
I've asked around and the lack of true measurement of knowledge is common in law school. The format of the exams isn't even realistic since I certainly hope any attorney I might hire isn't operating closed-book in multiple-choice mode. The grades are not available yet and I simply don't really care. It would take an extremely poor performance to so fall off the curve and fail any course. In fact, Marquette Law School has a retention rate of 95% showing that getting in is the real challenge. All I know is that if I ever gave such a poor exam in engineering class (and it was the only grade for the course) the students would be all over me and justifiably so. Will I be reforming legal education, not any time in the near future.



In early October we made the trip to Ditto in Orlando. The area certainly was showing the signs of the recent hurricanes. Most of the trees were staked up and many of the others were uprooted. The view from the air was rather interesting in that many of the roofs showed dark patches of missing shingles or plastic tarps. The populace seemed to be in fairly high spirits despite all the weather.

The Ditto hotel was serviceable, but the lack of a true hospitality room made for a cramped con suite. I had many wonderful conversations with a number of the attendees and ate very well. We even had the opportunity to try out Vietnamese food and the Bistro-McDonald's. The later was rather overpriced and I wouldn't normally make a habit of it.

By the way, we were unopposed in our Ditto bid so the next Ditto will be October 14-16, 2005 in Milwaukee. A flyer will be forthcoming shortly with hotel and other details. It is my hope to round up more than the usual suspects this year. I'd even like, if possible to drag a few people from GAFIA and FAFIA to attend. Please spread the word and encourage others to attend. The hotel is a wonderful facility with a nice indoor pool and the will be plenty of hospitality and lounging space. I hope to see you there.



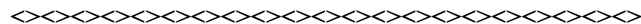
Over Thanksgiving we again traveled east to work on my mother-in-law's house. She rented out the back apartment (where she has been living) so it put a bit of a priority on some of the work. We arrived a few days before my brother-in-law Dave (more on this later) so I got started in finishing off the electrical work from over the summer. Needless to say I'm sick and tired of cutting holes in lathe and plaster and then sticking my hand in the hole to fish out the wire. I picked over a dozen small lathe splinters out of the back of my hands. Cutting these holes is almost impossible to do cleanly. On one wall it was so bad that about two square feet of plaster fell off. I later learned that the mirror on the floor just down the wall was covering up an even bigger problem since that wall had been falling apart for years. The hardest piece to do was the front-hall light. This area did not have the modern vaulted ceiling and in fact the wall containing the switches came up in the middle of the floor above it. Through some luck and creativity we were able to fish the wires through and get all the wiring done. It took some retraining to realize that all the rooms now have overhead lights that turn on with a conventional wall switch.

Dave was to arrive late on Wednesday through JFK. He got a really great deal on the airfare only to find out that rental cars were totally unreasonable. Guess who got to go pick him up from his midnight flight? Letha and I headed out for New York City around 9pm to make the three-hour trip. Just before the New Jersey border the traffic came to a dead stop. We waited over 45 minutes while they dealt with an overturned semi in the oncoming lanes. I'm not certain why we were stopped, but stopped we were.

In preparation for the trip I had printed out Mapquest directions and didn't pay too much attention to them until we were well on our way. After much confusion on the New Jersey Turnpike we managed to find the Lincoln Tunnel and the next thing we knew we were in mid-town Manhattan at midnight. We missed the turn coming out of the tunnel (Mapquest was very unclear about this) and then suddenly we were in Times Square getting cut off by taxis and dodging the street cleaners. We eventually made it to JFK over an hour late and judiciously used the map to find a much saner route back using the Veranzano Narrows Bridge through Staten Island.

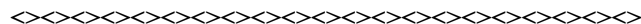
Thanksgiving day was spent mostly with family. I got to meet my niece and nephews from Letha's family for the first time and even met my first grand-nephew making me a great uncle already. Turkey dinner was obtained from the local church.

Dave and I made some additional progress over the next few days. We dry walled the upper bathroom and spackled the apartment bathroom. Dave later painted it after we left. The worst is done (other than the kitchen) and consists more of cleaning up the accumulated dirt and debris from 20 years, plaster work, and painting. I'm not certain when we'll be going back or whether Dave intends to finish it on his own. Letha's mother was less than pleasant to be around for much of this. I think some of it has to do with her life getting uprooted again.

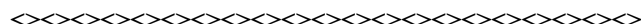


On top of my dual academic schedules is ice hockey. Kira is playing developmental again (Saturday and Sunday mornings bright and early) and is doing much better this year. She is no longer paralyzed when she goes on the ice and while she could be a bit more aggressive she is making good progress. I am the head coach of Kyle's team. The nine and ten year olds (Squirts) are the best age group to coach. They can actually pay attention and don't have that preteen attitude that begins with the next older age group and the body checking that is allowed. The team is playing about .500, but I have been very pleased with their progress. As soon as we settle on permanent positions (I've been playing the kids in rotation so they get to play all the positions) we should only get better. It looks like Kyle will be playing defense this year and his speed will help nullify any breakaways. We start into tournaments next month which will bring additional aspects to the games.

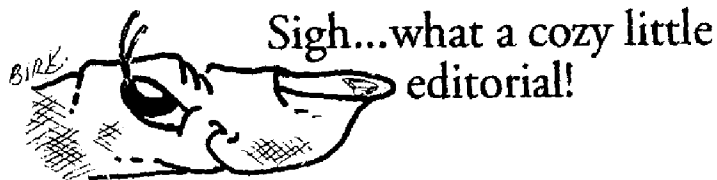
My team isn't doing very well. Other than the one game where I played defense (my first time doing that for more than a shift or two and while I did OK, I still haven't the instincts for it) I've been on the left-over line. I've been playing right wing mostly and the left wing is about the slowest guy in the league. He doesn't play his position very well is often caught down too low on defense so he is out of most offensive play. The center is better, but he often isn't fast enough to help out when I break the play into the offensive zone. Despite all this I think our line has the best plus/minus ratio (goals scored less goals allowed) of any of the lines on the team. I'm not quite certain why this is the case, but it is.



Until next issue...



News Flash: I heard via e-mail that my Contracts grade was an A. My personal hope is that this reflects my knowledge of contract law (at least the basic principles), but given the poor nature of the final it remains to be seen. The highest grade on the final (not mine) was 55 out of 80. Since the professor claimed that 60-65 was the typical high score I think that reiterates some of my issues with the exam. Curiously enough, when I mentioned this to a University of Wisconsin Law graduate he got rather annoyed. When he was a student he felt Marquette was always hoity-toity about their academic standards. Isn't it interesting how times change.



# Philosophical Matters

by Alex Slate

Hi, welcome back; change of pace for this column. I have been reading a book called *The Nature of Evil*, but this column isn't about that book (perhaps the next column). I mention the book because the author contrasts Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics* with the Decalogue (commonly known as the 10 Commandments).

The basis for Aristotle's ethics is thoughts or values (both words and neither word really describe what Aristotle means). I'd say intentions but that's not quite right either. In any case Aristotle says that ethical actions are the result of the golden mean. What constitutes an ethical action varies with the situation, but in every case any action is the result of two opposing thought values, such as bravery and cowardice. Actions have their level of importance, but they are secondary to the intention behind them.

The Decalogue however (and most Jewish philosophical discussion of ethics) center on actions. With the exception of "thou shall not covet," the commandments deal with actions, e.g. "thou shall not commit murder" or "take not the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain." Here, intentions do count, but actions speak louder than words.

So which is right? Do good thoughts lead to good actions, or do good actions lead to good thoughts? Now this seems like a fantastic question, and in many ways it is. However, I believe that the answer to the question actually starts to lead us down the wrong path. Good thoughts can indeed lead us to good actions, and I believe that it is more likely that good actions will be the result of good thoughts. Good actions will be taken without the spur of good thoughts, but I feel this to be less likely.

However, good intentions will not necessarily result in good actions. You, know, I really intended to volunteer for the blood drive, but I just got caught up doing something else... And frankly, unless the action actually took place, all the good intentions in the world don't change the outcome. So though I subscribe to the idea that good thoughts lead to good deeds, to adopt that as the philosophic cornerstone to ethics just won't cut it.

Of course, good actions don't necessarily lead to good thoughts. However, repeated activity just might. It is just human nature that if we do something on a repeated basis, eventually the activity will take on the aspect of something enjoyable. It is for this reason that Judaism stresses action over intention. Which is not to say that intentions aren't a good thing as well, because "the Lord loves a cheerful giver." (I'm just full of platypuses this column, or is it platitudes?) In fact, in Hebrew the generalized name for good deeds is "mitzvot" which literally means "commandment". This is

because we are commanded to do good deeds, they aren't considered to be optional.

And I buy in to this line of reasoning. Therefore I fall in line with the primacy of actions, not thoughts. How about you gentle readers?

Slightly separate line of thought –

Have you ever heard the line "You cannot step twice into the same river"? This is a translation of Heraclitus, one of the pre-Socratic Greek philosophers. Heraclitus seems to have done much of his 'teaching' in the form of these one-liners. At least that is all we have left of what he wrote.

Heraclitus is considered a relativist. A relativist that is someone to whom there is no absolutes, so that truth or ethics is relative to the situation of the person. I don't want to get into a discussion of relativism vs. absolutism at this point. We'll save that for another day. I do want to talk about the line above and one other from Heraclitus.

The generally accepted meaning of the line above is that even though we can step into a body of water that is nominally the same river time and time again, that it isn't the same river after all. The water that surrounds us the first time has flowed on and the water that surrounds us on subsequent immersions is different. Therefore the river is different each time we enter it. A more general interpretation of the saying is that we are not the same people from moment to moment, that life and our experiences change us as we move through time.

Heraclitus had a second saying, "You and I step, and do not step, into the same river." Many people interpret this as a restatement of the first saying. I do not. I view it more from a relativist viewpoint, and I believe Heraclitus might be telling us that even though two people may view the same situation or have the same environmental occurrences, that because we each put our own interpretation and apply our own separate meanings to these situations. Therefore as we both step into the same river, we appreciate it differently, and therefore we don't really experience the same thing after all. To me, it may be a cold, soaking experience. To you it may be a refreshing dip out of the heat. So we take away different meanings.

As I said, we will take up the rightness or wrongness of the relativist theory as opposed to the absolutist theory of philosophy at a different time. What I ask here is do you agree with my interpretation of Heraclitus for this second saying? Or have I missed the boat?

Until next time...

# Sue's Sites: Love and Hate in Jamestown

by Sue Welch

In the spring of my tenth year, my parents took me across the newly completed Pennsylvania Turnpike to Williamsburg. And I fell in love, for a lifetime, with seventeenth and eighteenth century life in Virginia. I was awe struck with women and their dresses, their gracious manners, big homes with large windows and fireplaces and oh that furniture. Since then my dreams have been filled with their way of life, their riches based on agriculture, their extensive acreage of black soil, their ability to experiment with food production but most of all with their freedom to make their own routine. Of course, this was viewed from the eyes of a child who did not see the downside. Twice in my life I lived in the Williamsburg area, savoring its atmosphere and studying its history.

Featured for Christmas of 2003 was the book, *Love and Hate in Jamestown* by David Price, an unknown author to me. I rushed to purchase the book and then spent almost a year reading it; although only 247 pages, it is one of those books that take five minutes to read each page. Every sentence is packed with the most interesting descriptions and details of the first English colony to survive in North America.

The Jamestown colony was an entrepreneurial effort, organized and financed by the Virginia Company of London, a start-up venture with a primary goal to profit from gold, silver and other area riches. A secondary goal was to find the river for a trade route to the Pacific. Religious conversion of the natives was a distant third objective. It started as a joint-stock company, its equity held by a limited circle of investors, but within two years it was converted to an IPO (initial public offering), thus beginning corporate America.

Mr. Price offers five premises, not normally presented in high school history books. The first one is related to the English attitude toward the natives. It looks like racism but was not in the conventional sense. The English did not believe that white people like themselves were innately superior and the natives innately inferior; savagery had nothing to do with biology but instead referred to the cultural condition of primitivity. The Natives were considered white, their darker skin came from dyes used to decorate themselves and ward off mosquitoes. Just as the Romans had enlightened the Britons centuries earlier, the English expected to teach civilized ways to the Indians. The opposite of savage was not white but civilized or Christian.

Secondly, John Smith generally considered the leader of this venture, was in fact only there a short time, and rarely in any kind of leadership position. Born into a poor English farm family, he served as mercenary, was enslaved, and carried a great disdain for class distinctions. He spent most of the voyage to Jamestown in confinement for supposedly plotting an insurrection. Manpower was in short supply so he was released. He performed several heroic acts for the colony but by 1609 he had returned to England. He later made three

unsuccessful voyages to New England, had a brief visit with Pocahontas in England and wrote nine books covering Virginia, New England and the ways of seamanship.

Third, Pocahontas became John Rolfe's second wife, his first wife and daughter having died in Bermuda; he married for the third time in 1619. Rolfe is considered the father of Virginia's tobacco industry; he experimented with different tobacco varieties, becoming rich by exporting the leaves to the London market. Following Pocahontas's death in 1617, John abandoned their son, Thomas, to his brother Henry. Thomas grew up in England, eventually returning to the Jamestown area in 1635, long after his father's death in 1622. Thomas became a successful Virginia planter in his own right; his house has survived and is open today to visitors. John never saw his son again; the author does not mention whether Thomas received an inheritance from his wealthy father. Today many of Virginia's leading families trace their bloodlines back to Pocahontas. To free these preeminent families from being classified as mixed race, Virginia's laws against interracial marriages contain a "Pocahontas exception" for whites with small amounts of native blood in their veins.

Fourthly, Chief Powhatan was a chief of chiefs. He inherited six tribes from his father and conquered and subjugated at least twenty-two more. He collected steep tributes from the conquered tribes, fully 80% of all that they grew, caught or made. His empire in 1607 covered all of present-day eastern Virginia, spreading from the Potomac River to the present Virginia-North Carolina line and west to today's Interstate 95. He ran a tight, martially adept empire. His daughter, Pocahontas, was royalty and definitely married down when she became John Rolfe's wife.

And lastly, Mr. Price's most astonishing revelation. At the Virginia Company's annual meeting in 1620, King James requested the company's chief executive be chosen from his list of four names; in no case should Sir Edwin Sandys, his parliamentary adversary, be retained as its leader. In defiance of the King, Sandys friend was picked for the position. This, coupled with the Indian Massacre of between a quarter and a third of the colonists in 1622, caused the King's Privy Council to request that the Virginia Company's charter be exchanged for one that would give the King greater power within the colony while maintaining investors' ownership. The Virginia Company's council rejected the King's proposal. Therefore, on May 24, 1624, King James ordered the Virginia Company dissolved. A staggering £200,000 of private investment was wiped out. Virginia became a royal colony meaning that it was now an arm of the king's government, a status it retained until the Battle of Yorktown in 1781. It was the first foundation stone of the British Empire.

Best Wishes to you all for 2005.

# Acid Rain Reconsidered

by Jim Sullivan

Everything said or written about acid rain is negative. There's not been one kind word for the polluted precipitation in all the nearly 150 years it's been known. But now something positive can be said about acid rain. It has recently been discovered to be highly beneficial for growing batteries.

Of course, the chemical mix falling from today's polluted skies is only effective on acid-type batteries. But all sizes and shapes of those products are helped to ripen by acid rain. It is especially helpful, along with plenty of sun, naturally, in growing small AAA, AA, and A-size batteries. An acid rain shower can also enhance C and D-size battery growth, but not as much as the smaller ones.

Even huge automobile batteries, with their multiple cells, can get a start in life from acid rain. But it must be understood that these larger acid-batteries need substantially more growing help from other sources, notably unique chemicals as strong as acid rain.

Acid rainfall also helps to reconstitute soil, making it receptive to battery plants and to little else. Such soil helps battery plant growth because it no longer has to compete with another living thing.

My land is like that. So, once more, I plan to start numerous battery plants, concentrating on small A-size varieties, on my back 40 acres. I'm hopeful that the acid rain this year will give my battery crop a spurt of growth like never before.

Last year, I planted all A-size battery varieties, too. But though the plants bore battery fruit, most were the AAA-size. Few AA and no A's grew at all! The acid rain shortfall, leading to a severe drought, was mostly to blame.

I'd really like to start some C and D-size battery plants, also, this growing season. But I don't have quite the right soil mix for their sustained growth. A few more years of uninterrupted acid rainfalls, however, and I will be able to plant any battery size I desire, on any parcel of land I own, with relatively good results. The same will be true of your land, too.

Therefore, don't let all that negative news about acid rain get you down. Just keep in mind that acid rain can be downright beneficial for growing most any electrochemical product you might wish on land not fit otherwise for man or beast.



Yes, I am the ghost of science past, and you must be science present. Science-yet-to-come says he'll be late.

# Rat Stew - A Column That Boils Down What's Caught

## A Momentary Lapse of Cynicism: What We Want & Deserve Versus What We Could Do

by Gene Stewart

“Art must entertain and enlighten. To do only one, is a waste of time and effort.” – Voltaire

Does trash culture entertain? You bet. From *Jackass* to *Punk'd*, from *Maximum Exposure* to *Fear Factor*, gazes are glued to trash culture's antics. *House of 1000 Corpses*, the dubious movies of Ed Wood, John Waters, and Stuart Gordon, any number of slasher movies, all pack 'em in and sell popcorn along with buckets to puke it back up into.

Does it enlighten? Not often and, even then, rarely on purpose. Any phenomenon can be studied. Lessons can be learned from anything. Seeing a fool skateboard down a railing and break his skull on the courthouse steps clearly lets the rational know that such a stunt is ridiculous and doing it with no helmet suicidally stupid.

However, did the fool intend to teach us that? No. Did the video hound recording the event for endless replays among the drunk and stoned intend to teach us that? No.

Enlightenment isn't there. Just because an intelligence can find something worthwhile in the random, obsessive, and grimly dumb does not grant those things validity. Pretending otherwise is intellectual masturbation.

Art reveals light, be it glimmer, glint, or glare. Without that spark it is simple diversion or its degrading cousin, distraction.

Most literary types sneer at genre fiction. They consider it a random shuffle of familiar shapes. They see nothing new or worthwhile in genre fiction. It is, they say, paint-by-numbers, fill in the blank, a crossword solved ages ago. Since 90% of anything is crap, they're largely right.

Exceptions prove the rule. Which exceptions depends on our tastes. Genre fiction offers many flavors, from romance and mystery to fantasy, horror, and science fiction.

Science fiction seems to have a better chance than other genres to enlighten, given that it is, at least ideally, based upon or rooted in scientific exploration and discovery. However, is yet another space opera, time-travel melodrama, or first contact between human and imagined extraterrestrial enlightening? Certainly it might be, but mostly it is just another run-through of the same tired tropes. It is more a comfort than a confirmation of any epiphany.

Mystery fiction can elucidate societal problems, reveal scandals, and explore human behavior at its most stressed and desperate. Without insight, though, it becomes just

another game of tic-tac-toe in which the writer gets the middle square every time.

Horror can examine the depths of existential despair but mostly settles for making us jump or nauseated.

Fantasy is escapism but could if it wished aspire to social criticism, human nobility, and the nature of reality. Instead it falls back on dragons, castles, wizards, elves, and unicorns.

Romance could portray real people in genuinely revealing relationships but settles for a gothic mansion, a mysterious strong male, a quavering young woman, and screams in the dark of night all leading to true love and eternal happiness.

The pattern revealed by this admittedly brief and shallow analysis is that of the lazy writer. Easier by far to pander to a known market's prejudices and expectations than to risk lower sales by challenging them. And getting anything serious across in what is used by most folks as escapism smacks of masochism.

So we get what most of us want and deserve.

Don't whine, write better. How? By enlightening as you entertain. And how does one do that?

By including genuine insights, real moments, and life's perspectives along with the robots and ray guns; the elves and dragons; the ghouls and thrill-killers; the hard-bitten detectives and good-hearted whores; the mysterious benefactors and trembling young governesses. If you can do that you can rise above the muck and maybe, just maybe, climb out of this swamp of mediocrity, at least for a few moments of sunshine and warmth.

So next time you're sitting around in the wee hours half drunk or giddy from lack of sleep and laughing your ass off with the others and suddenly you get that great idea for a story, by all means grab it with both hands and wrestle it onto the page. Before showing it to others, though, ask yourself: Is this one of those stories that ends with, "You had to be there," or could it be more? Ask yourself how you could make it both great fun and meaningful.

If you can pull that off, congratulations, you're a real writer and not some cookie-cutter hack.

As for you readers, you could stop buying pap and start insisting on some enlightenment with your entertainment.

Forgive the flash of idealism, it's a brainstorm after all.



# Reflection On: *FOSFAX*

By Rodney Leighton

I had said I would do a review of *FOSFAX* under certain circumstances but, well #208 just pisses me off and I gave #209 to my sister to read the religious stuff and she has since gone off to divinity college and while the Lord may know what she did with it, I don't and I doubt she does. I am sometimes amazed at how disorganized a person with a 185 IQ can be. And Tim now has some sort of income and also a sponsor for *FOSFAX* and is proclaiming at least one more issue and, hopefully, a couple of issues per year indefinitely. Some people will be pleased; some will be unhappy; some will be indifferent.

The last describes me, basically. I am delighted that Tim has some sort of work, even if it is almost as lowdown as being a politician or a lawyer. I was very pleased to see *FOSFAX* #210 in my mailbox near the end of October. I sat down and read everything I was interested in that same afternoon/evening. It is a kinder, gentler editor we find in this edition than the past few. It is also ... well, *FOSFAX* has now become very much Timothy Lane's fanzine.

Many of the letter writers who used to supply lengthy intelligent letters covering a vast array of topics have disappeared from these pages and in some cases, apparently, from fandom. #210 has only 11-1/2 pages of LOCs, including two from me, a very short note from Dean Koontz and nine other folks. For the first time ever I found myself skipping portions of some letters and one entire LOC. I think this reflects the subject matter but it may just be me. Just as a comparison, #192, August 1998, has 37 pages of letters and 28 writers, none of which, I note with some surprise, is me. Some are the same. Being in heaven, Harry Warner is not likely to appear in this recent publication.

Of course, #210 is 58 pages, which is the smallest issue in my memory, while #192 was the traditional 72 pages. And, since EBF mentioned the preponderance of male loccers and contributors, I will mention that of the 11 people who wrote letters to #210, Sheryl Birkhead is surrounded by 10 guys. With the exception of Alex Slate I think we are all old codgers, so she's likely safe. There used to be a bunch of quite short book reviews in a column contributed by Joe Major. Who else? Robert Kennedy now does this; books are mostly political.

Co-editor Elizabeth Garrott handles the art, but splicing bitty pieces of art here and there throughout the fazine. She wisely uses five pieces by Sheryl. And 22 other folks, at least four of whom are dead. The two pieces by Laurel Slate are dated 1991. I imagine they have an entire room full of pieces of artwork, none of which has arrived since 1999.

In the written contribution section, Elizabeth reviews three books. There are four contributions from Joseph Major, at least one of which also appeared in *Alexiad*. They aren't

credited as such. I recall reading the review of *The Da Vinci Hoax*; read it again in here. There is a Joy of High Tech column; I have no idea if it is the same one that appeared in *Alexiad*, since I bypassed it in both fanzines. There is a poetry review page. Everything else is by Tim.

Not having much ... actually, no ... interest in history, alternate or otherwise, I confess to skipping all of the book reviews as well as the two page columns about these topics, totaling about 6-1/2 pages. Oops, I just noted that there is a report on the 2003 Worldcon. Taras Wolansky is one of the more interesting letter writers, but his con reports are as dull as the panels he attends sound. Of course, if one is interested in science and space and such things, one might find it all fascinating.

I used to follow baseball quite strongly but decided, somewhere around 1970, that it was boring and stopped following it. Thus the page of baseball notes was not of interest to me, although it should be to ball fans.

To my surprise, I found some interesting reading in the column entitled Political Policy. The first part is about gun control and laws about same. Noting the fiasco and the billions of dollars wasted by the federal government here on that matter, and the idiotic reasons they put forth for said gun control agency, I found this part of considerable interest. Then the column delves into Christianity. And then there is some liberal vs. conservative rhetoric.

There are, of course, quite a few book review essays as well as straight reviews. Many are of SF or political or alternate history, none of which interest me but undoubtedly do interest some folks. I found some which would be of interest to me. Actually, Tim reads more books I would be interested in reading than Joe Major does.

Does any of this mean anything? Who knows. The anti-liberal commentaries are not as prevalent nor as virulent as they have been in recent years. On the other hand, I suspect that if I were truly the leftist liberal that Tim proclaimed me to be, I would likely be pissed a lot while reading this fanzine. Then again ... some for liberals read it.

Issue #211 is scheduled for release early in 2005. Time promises a bunch of commentary on who gets to be chief warmonger of the USA. Anyone wanting to read that issue, or #210, or back issues should send a check to Timothy Lane at *FOSFAX*; %FOSFA; PO Box 37281; Louisville, KY 40233-7281. A sample copy is \$4. Electronic maves who wish to contact *FOSFAX* via the ether can e-mail [jtmajor@iglou.com](mailto:jtmajor@iglou.com).

And that, I guess, is that.

# Carry on Jeeves

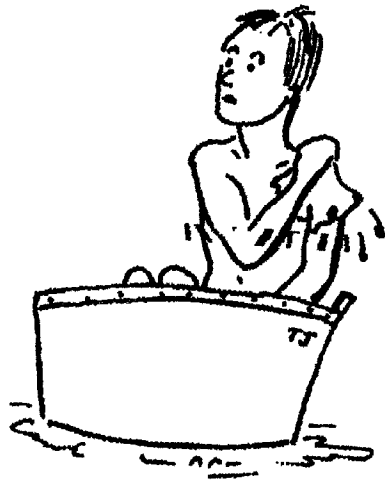
By Terry Jeeves



Like all my contemporaries I was born at a very early age, a drawback which time soon rectified. Memories of that era remain rather dim, but I do recall being thrust into hand-knitted woolen trousers which had the nasty habit of sagging or stretching in embarrassing places. We lived with grandfather (a Chief Inspector of Police) and grandmother in a large terraced house. It had a kitchen, a parlour,

and a lounge on the ground floor, beneath them lurked a coal cellar. Three bedrooms and a clothes closet on the first floor and an attic above them. This was my bedroom for many years. It boasted a heavy flap window which when hoisted open gave an unequalled view over the steel works of the Don Valley.

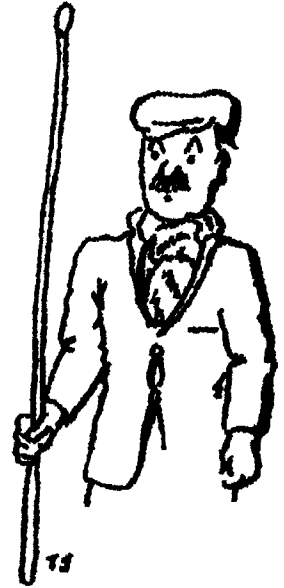
The toilet was outside across the back yard, unlit and hell in winter. Indoors, all our water came from a single cold tap in the kitchen. Hot water had to be heated in kettles or saucepans over the coal-fired Yorkshire range. Central heating was unheard of in those days, the only regular fire being that



in the living room. On rare festive occasions one might be lit in the lounge but heat never reached the bedrooms, much less the attic where a bedside glass of water could develop a thin film of ice in winter months. Lighting was by gas and remained so right up until 1938 when electricity finally fought its way inside. Here again, neither gas nor electricity made their way into the attic so bedtime meant torches, candles, or a paraffin lamp.

In those early days, one was awakened at 7am by the howling of loud hooters from the steelworks. These were thoughtfully provided to make sure no worker overslept – hard lines for those **not** employed there. Those who had to start work earlier employed the services of a “knocker up”. This title has a

different meaning in this modern age, but in those days, it was the “knocker up” who carried a long pole with a chunk of insulating tape on the end. He came around at 5am or some other unearthly hour and rattled on the bedroom window of whoever needed an early call. The clatter of his hob-nailed boots and enthusiastic window-tapping usually woke everyone else as well. I often wondered who woke up the knocker up. Sandy Powell, a comedian of the day even had a routine involving a late arrival for work saying, “Well our knocker-up’s a knocker up didn’t knock our knocker-up, up, so our knocker up didn’t knock us up.”



One of my earliest memories from around the age of four, concerns a trip on my little “fairy cycle”. No, it didn’t have wings or queer habits. It was a tiny tricycle with two rear wheels of about three inches in diameter and an eight inch front wheel to which the pedals were attached. On this particular day I embarked

on an adventurous journey to call for my best friend who lived next door. I got at least fifteen feet from our back door when disaster struck! On pedal broke off. I was panic-stricken, how was I to get home? I wasn’t in the AA, hadn’t even heard of ‘em. It was a real problem for a four year old, but I solved it by sheer brain power – I walked home.



To replace the tricycle I was given a pedal car. Quite a flashy affair with dummy headlights and a door which actually opened. Moreover instead of those abominable cranks which required the leg coordinating powers of a genius, *my* vehicle had pedals which operated a chain drive to the rear wheel. That car was my pride and joy, despite its unusual property of gradually getting smaller and smaller as the weeks went by. That wasn’t just my impression, all my friends agreed with me. Although none could explain why.

A pity really because it wasn't until it had shrunk so much that I could barely squeeze into the seat that we discovered the best way to get real fun out of driving. We took it in turns to sit inside while the others pushed the car along as fast as humanly possible. The speed so acquired was far higher than that attainable by mere pedal power – but it was a trifle hazardous for common pedestrians.

Time passed and someone presented me with an "Electrical Set". It consisted of a battery, a bulb, half a yard of wire, a compass, some thin copper sheets and a few other odds and ends. There was also an instruction book, seemingly in Swahili, telling how one could do strange things with all the bits. All I ever achieved was to run the battery flat, step on the bulb and drop the porous pots on a hard floor. As for the compass, it couldn't have been much good as I was always getting lost.

Nevertheless, when some nosy grown-up asked the inevitable question, "What do you want to be when you grow up?", I remember answering, "A pilot or an electrician." Years later I nearly achieved both ambitions when I volunteered for the RAF. Sadly a weak right eye banned me from becoming a pilot, but I did get into the Air Force as Wireless Mechanic. I may not have been a flier, but I did wangle many a flight – including two or three anti-submarine patrols in an antiquated D.H. Rapide flying out of Juhu aerodrome in India.

But back to those early years. I still remember with nostalgic affection, my first flying model aeroplane as a present on my ninth birthday. It consisted of a thin wooden stick bearing a propeller at one end and a wobbly tail assembly at the other. Between them stretched a length of quarter-inch rubber as the power-plant. Perched precariously on top of the stick was a rectangular, fabric-covered wing and slung underneath, a cunningly bit of bent wire held two small wheels. To me it was simply beautiful.

Time came for the maiden flight. Before the envious eyes of my pals I strutted into the middle of the road. Cars were few and far between in those peaceful days whilst the odd horse-drawn cart plodded along far too slowly to present any danger other than to a sleepy tortoise. Honour and prestige were at stake. I cast all caution to the winds. Offering up a silent prayer to the Patron Saint of Elastic, I wound a full ten turns on the motor, placed the model on the ground and let go. The propeller flicked over a couple of times and all was still. There was a pregnant silence. I hastily prepared a second attempt with no less than eighteen twists on the rubber. Big deal! My pride and joy managed a taxi run of almost four inches. Murmurs of disquiet arose from the motley bunch of urchins, together with a few placement suggestions of a highly disturbing nature to one of my tender upbringing. Honour and prestige were at stake. I offered up another silent prayer and wound the elastic until a full row of knots ran all the way along the motor. All eyes were on me, I mustn't

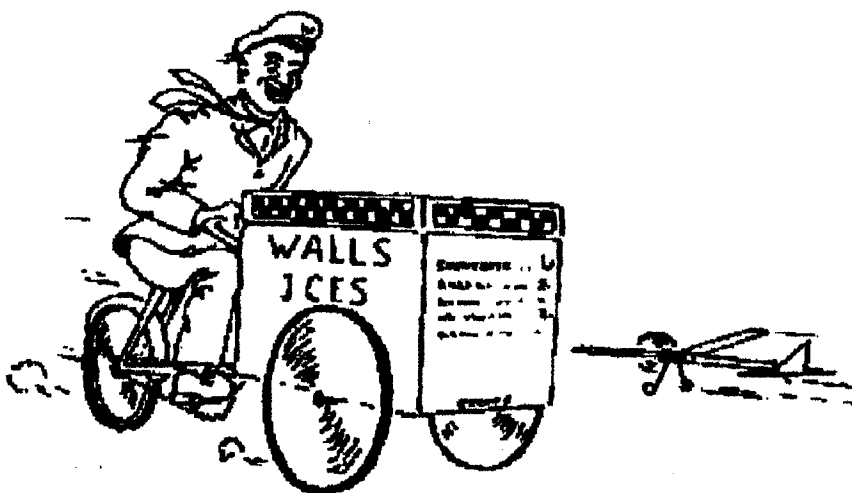
fail again. Risking everything on a hand launch, I thrust the model blindly into the air. Astonished gasps made me open my tightly shut eyes. **My aeroplane was actually flying!!**

The model swooped in a gentle, gracious curve across the middle of the road – straight into the front of one of those menaces, well-known in the pre-war roads of Britain; a Walls' ice-cream, "Stop-me-and-buy-one" tricycle! This advanced machine, right at the cutting edge of current technology, consisted of a huge icebox full of lollies, chock-ices and the like, suspended between two large wheels. Behind them came the rest of the contraption which had started life as a bicycle before some mad genius took over in the design office and added a third wheel, handlebars, bell, and a saddle on which sat a very red-faced and perspiring ice-cream vendor. Model and machine met with a nasty crunching noise.

If you are ever invited to place a small wager on the outcome of a dogfight between an unarmed model aeroplane and a half a hundred weight of tricycle-borne ice-cream, I advise you to put your money on cold storage, it wins every time.

The now even redder-faced ice-cream man dismounted ponderously from his perch. Amid much creaking and crunching he slowly removed the remains of my pride and joy from the hidden depths of his infernal machine. He handed the pathetic pieces to me then breathed beerily in my face before adding a few words of friendly advice, "Don't fly that bloody thing on the street again, or next time I'll break your bloody neck." We pioneers didn't have an easy time in our younger days.

For a while after that debacle, I consoled myself by collecting metal, "Dinky Toy" aircraft and very quickly each of them acquired a broken undercarriage through hand-flying them to hard landings. A favourite game with these models was to stretch a thread from a bedroom window, down to the ground at a steep angle. Hooked onto this, my Dinky bombers could "fly" smoothly down to ground level. However, after several high-speed bombing runs had been terminated by loud "thunks" accompanied by cries of agony from unwary pedestrians intercepting low-flying Whitleys, my squadron was permanently grounded.



# INTERLOCUTIONS

Hope Leibowitz  
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22 Oct 2004

Hi Henry and Letha,

It was great to see you and Letha at Ditto and I'm looking forward to next year's in Milwaukee!

I've discovered the easy part of loccing is reading the zine and taking notes. Now I have to type the loc. Well, here goes...

It is so good that you fixed that weird apostrophe problem. I know it was driving me a bit crazy, so I can only imagine how you felt about it. I thought you had given up on it. And great, colorful cover too!

My favorite fonts are the sans serif ones, Ariel or Helvetica. I can't stand Times-Roman and always change it. Sans serif just seems so much cleaner and less cluttered to me. But of course I'm used to Times-Roman as it is used so much, and is the default.

Law school? Are you thinking of a career change or just doing it for fun?

That was a great con report by **Milt Stevens**. I always wish I had met more new people at a Worldcon and this one was no exception. There are always too many people to talk to, and sometimes catching up with old friends takes precedence over making new ones. I talked to John Vanible for just a few minutes, thinking I'd see him at Philcon, and now he is dead. And he was four years younger than me! And Anna Vargo looked fine at Worldcon and now she is battling cancer. One never knows.

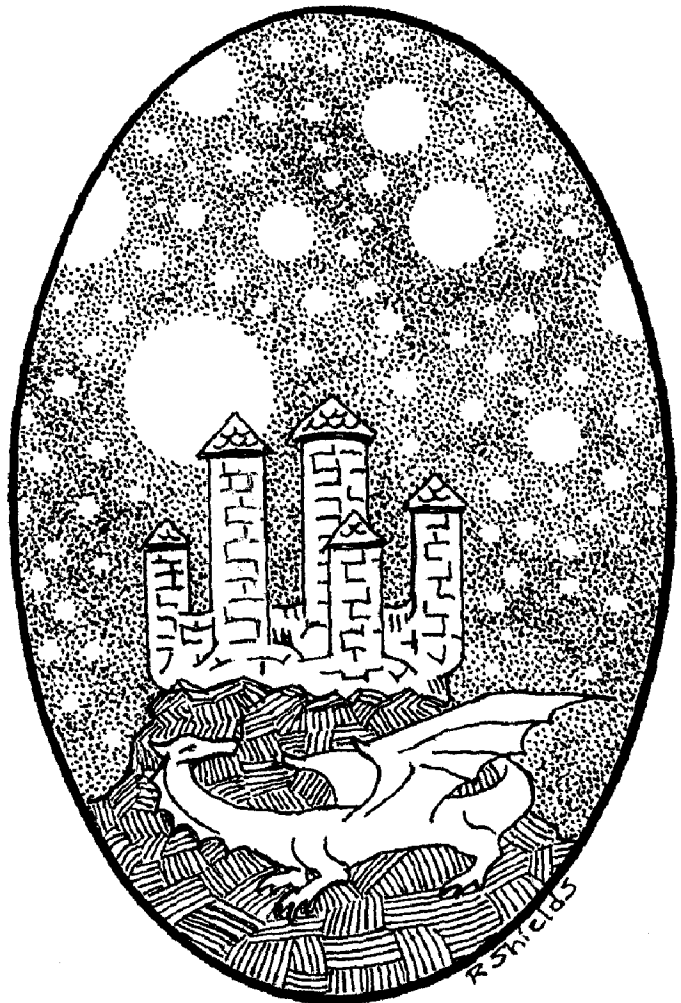
It is wonderful to see Joe Mayhew artwork still being used. He had the best signature of all, and I miss him.

Digital vs Analog - I prefer digital immensely. I was forced to buy one analog watch a few years ago when my old digital died, and I was in Eatons, which Sears owned, so I got a \$25 discount. But there were no digitals at all. Though it had purple on it (favorite color) and it looked nice I never stopped hating it. Analog is too much work for me, especially some with no numbers. But digital watches are getting harder and harder to find. When I had 3 1/2 hours to kill in Orlando airport after Ditto, I saw a watch display, \$12 each. They were knockoffs of more expensive watches. But not even **one** digital.

The last part of **Brad Foster's** letter almost made me cry... oops, too late, it did. And I was sitting in a Starbucks when I was reading it. [But I'm getting used to crying in public since my wonderful guy got a one year contract, extended to 1 1/2 years, in Sudbury.] I met **Brad Foster** at a Minicon a few years ago, and he looked like a big pussycat to me. I look over my shoulder too late at night on the street, but luckily my neighborhood is very safe. I make a special effort not to react, no matter what the person looks like. Sometimes I even smile, as if to say, "I realize it is late and I'm alone, but I know you are just minding your own business and are not a threat" but that smile can be taken the wrong way. So far I haven't gotten into trouble though.

**Alex Slate's** article was interesting, but it ended rather abruptly. I read *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* a long, long time ago, and I remember liking it a lot, but not much else.

As for **Sue Welch's** article, I've never been camping in my life. It just wasn't something my parents ever did, nor my



friends. I have some friends now who do, but I can't imagine going with them. However I am glad there is someone out there to appreciate the stuff one sees and does and experiences while camping.

I will try not to fall off your mailing list again - thanks for publishing on such a regular basis!

Fondly,  
- Hope

☐**CKK:** *You must really hate CKK then, since it is almost entirely in Times Roman. I'm hoping that law school will only result in a career shift, not a change.*☐

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October 27, 2004

And now the knews ... Conversions: you also seem to be losing dashes. Dash it all!

Law School: Sounds like the Japanese university system, where the entrance tests are incredibly tough but once in, the graduation rate is close to 100%. I don't think people kill themselves if they don't get into a particular law school. I hope.

"Idle Thoughts 2": Sometimes beams of light are not deflected back. If they were, for example, I couldn't see. The problem with exceeding the speed of light is that one would first have to get to the speed of light, which process tends to involve infinites, divisions by zero, and other such obstacles. There may be a tachyon universe but getting there will involve some new laws of nature.

"PhiloSFical Matters": Isn't dividing philosophy into two camps a matter of classifying things? In which case Pirsig's division shows that he is essentially a Classical thinker, by his definition. How would a "romantic" thinker consider the problem?

"Hug Milt ...": For us, Crash Day involved driving to Belmont Park, which was closed, and fetching up in New Jersey and going to Borders Books & Music on a road system which seemed to be designed to make it as hard as possible to cross a road.

John Flynn does fan writing. He said so himself. What he does is to write for professional magazines, like *Starlog*, for pay, about movies and books. That is a definition of "fan writing". Whether it should be *the* definition is something else altogether, and to my mind at least, Flynn is competing out of his class. I would think him eminently eligible for "Best Related Work".

InterLOCutions: **Brad W. Foster:** Every time something has gone wrong with the plumbing it's been PVC pipe. The

plumber replaces it with copper. I'm told that some of the water mains in Louisville are very old *wooden* mains. We sometimes have spectacular water main blowouts. Then there was the time the chemical plant released an explosive chemical into the sewers and it, of course, exploded with a pipe shattering kaboom.

Me: As it happens I didn't need to bring up the "rounding up the usual suspects" line. **Guy Lillian** did and he pointed to **Milt** as an example!

**Alex Slate:** How to settle West Texas? (William Tecumseh Sherman said that if he owned Texas and Hell, he'd rent out Texas and live in Hell; a lot of Texans and other southerners wished he'd hurry up and go.) Probably something like "Waal, Martha, ouah wagon is done busted, the oxen have gone an dyed on us, so heah we ahr. Don't use thet shovel, ah'll be needin' it for the chilluns's graves."

**E. B. Frohvet:** Family named "Kosigan"; I'd think it would be "Koseyan", an Armenian name. And you wondered what Miles has against Turks ...

**Trinlay Khadro:** The wireless port I got for my laptop goes in the PCMCIA slot.

**Eric Lindsay:** Given the distribution of population in Australia, I can see why flying might be appropriate. The thought of being broken down a thousand or so kilometers from the nearest person... But we like to see things along the way. Had we flown, for example, we couldn't have seen the Harness Racing Museum. Or met the cousin whose grandchildren had given her a twenty-first birthday party earlier that year.

**Colleen Cahill:** Welcome. Now go get *Peregrine Nations* and *No Award*.

Putting the books in 1200 square feet of house space is no problem. You can always sleep, cook, wash, etc. out back.

**Eric Lindsay [2]:** Smugglers, Marx, and Free Trade: Groucho's brother Chico also once claimed to be a smuggler, to a neighbor who had no idea who, without the pointed hat, Leonard Marx was. The following conversation ensued:

Neighbor: "What do you smuggle?"  
Chico: "Mexicans."  
Neighbor: "Isn't that dangerous?"  
Chico: "Only for the Mexicans."

And they used to wonder why associates of the Brothers so often went off their rockers ...

**Milt Stevens:** On Dyaks eating Chinese Communists. I'm sure you could find something in Marx (Karl this time) about the bourgeoisie consuming the proletariat.

Our mailing list is about sixty, with about a third as many who get it exclusively by email and maybe half a dozen or less who get it hand-delivered. I expect anyone who looks will find us.

Congratulations on the winning Ditto bid.

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Hassenpeffer Incorporated!  
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Give us any chance, we'll take it!  
Give us any rule, we'll break it!  
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Doin' it our way ...

Nothing's going to turn us back now!  
Straight ahead and on the track now!  
We're going to make all our dreams come true!  
Doin' it our way ...

Namarie,  
Joseph T Major

☐*TKK*: I sometimes take dashes out manually. I'm also really beginning to regret the decidedly Milwaukee theme for my Ditto bid.☐



Ned Brooks  
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28 Oct 2004

Hi Knarl - Thanks for the zine - fancy cover! Little hope I fear of getting a "witty article" from me, I have never been able to write such a thing.

I had mice in the kitchen in Virginia once – they went for the discarded popcorn kernels in a plastic trash bag in a hanging holder. I discovered that there was a quarter inch gap where the water heater pipes came through the floor from the crawl space. After I stuffed this with steel wool I had no further problems.

Good to see the column from **Terry Jeeves**! But the "square root of -1" that causes a singularity in the equations for what would happen to mass or length at the speed of light is not comparable to the use of imaginary numbers in electrical engineering. The use of complex numbers (numbers with both real and imaginary parts) in the equations for alternating current is just a convenient mathematical notation. It is not inevitable – vector math would give the same results.

The spiral nebulae, the Milky Way galaxy itself, all known solar systems and so on take on the shape of flat spinning disks because that is the most stable dynamic configuration. There may well have been, as Terry describes, a "central mass englobed by a maze of particles orbiting in every direction" at the beginning. But the systems we observe are all very old - collisions and gravitational interactions have, over the eons, brought them into the stable spinning-disk configuration.

I don't know if a manual typewriter can be seen in a shop, but they are still made, and can be purchased over the Net. Here in the US there is still an adequate supply of used machines in the thrift stores however.

Best, Ned

☐*TKK*: I'll settle for a non-witty article. Having worked the  $\mathcal{E}\mathcal{E}$  equations for AC circuits without the imaginary notation I can assure you that it is much more compact.☐

Robert Lichtman  
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29 Oct 2004

Hi, Henry –

Thanks for *TKK* No. 108, which showed up today and in uncharacteristic fashion for me got read almost immediately. First, what a terrific cover this issue sports from **Alan White**. I guess he doesn't qualify as one of those Las Vegas fans vilified by some of your correspondents. I hope my pointing this out here won't cause them to turn against him. Next, con-

gratulations on acquiring rights to **Terry Jeeves'** "Carry on Jeeves" series, although like you I lament the circumstances under which you obtained them. And as for **Lloyd Penney's** wondering in this issue's lettercol if **Terry** remains connected with "modern British fandom," let me assure you that he does. His health situation has been well-reported on various of the e-lists and people both there and in the U.S. remain in contact with him.

**Sue's** article on the San Luis reservoir was a pleasant surprise. As an occasional commuter between the Bay Area and Southern California, I've been by it many times although I've never stopped to have a close look. Driving down I-5 I enjoy sighting the California Aqueduct as it makes its way south carrying "our" water to the thirsty Southland. My own personal favorite lake/reservoir in the system is Lake Isabella, to the west of I-5 up in the hills between the bottom of the San Joaquin valley and the L.A. basin. It's on the left as you depart Southern California.

**Milt Stevens's** Noreascon IV report was enjoyable. I was pleased when he told me in an e-mail not long after the convention that he'd finally managed to sell off all of *FAPA's* back supply of surplus stock, something that had been hanging over the organization and burdening its Official Editors for quite a few years. I don't recall him telling me, however, about that *FAPA* panel. One wonders who the "very hyper young man" might be. Whoever he is, neither he nor anyone else attending that panel who wasn't already a member of *FAPA* has inquired of me concerning membership. As you may know, I'm *FAPA's* long-time Secretary-Treasurer – in charge of maintaining the membership rolls, assigning activity credit for publications in the mailings, accepting new memberships and (alas) resignations, and dealing with the organization's finances. Anyone who might be interested in *FAPA* membership should feel free to contact me (see above). Mailings are quarterly, dues are currently \$12 a year, and minimum activity is eight pages per year (copy count varying depending on membership, currently 52). There are "credentials" requirements for joining, all to be fulfilled within one year of membership: publication of a fanzine (a zine for another apa counts) or contributions to two different fanzines not published in the same city (articles, letters, artwork) or (and this is new) posting of contributions on two different electronic forums.

**Milt** opines that "Bob Silverberg should publish his memoirs in book form." To some extent he has done that, what with his long autobiographical introduction in *Worlds of Wonder* and some of the essays in *Reflections and Refractions*. But a full-length treatment, such as the ones **Milt** mentions by Asimov and Pohl (to which I could add Williamson and Del Rey) would certainly be welcome.

**Rodney Leighton** says he's been "contemplating the idea of seeing if [he] could get a sample of *FAPA* to write a column on" and then dismisses the idea because of his belief that *Milt Stevens* could do a better job. I agree with your response to him that you "would be more inclined to trust the review of

someone other than the OE of the APA in question," and would let **Rodney** know that copies of *FAPA* mailings are occasionally available for a modest sum from the OE. (We require members to submit a minimum of three extra copies to cover the occasional eventuality that a member's mailing might go astray in the post. When the next mailing comes around, if any remain of those spares they become available for sale.)

Like **Brad Foster** I prefer an analog watch to a digital one, but these days one can have both in the same watch...and more. I have a Casio watch that has analog hands but also has a digital display in a small window to facilitate setting of alarms, of which it has five. It's also atomic, meaning that it gets a nightly reading from the atomic clock in Colorado, and solar, meaning that if you give it occasional sun exposure its batteries are charged and no annoying replacement is ever necessary. I love the reliability of always having the correct time.

**E. B. Frohvet** missed the point of what **Milt Stevens** – isn't it interesting how almost all comments on this issue lead back to **Milt!**? – was saying in the previous issue when he wrote that he found it "both surprising and confusing" that he placed eighth in the FAAn awards for publishing *Fantasy Commentator*. In fact, **Milt** doesn't publish that zine, but he does distribute some of it as part of the *FAPA* mailing. The actual publisher is A. Langley Searles, and he's been putting it out since 1943, although in the interests of complete disclosure it should be noted that he took a little break between 1953 and 1978. It's one of the great perks of *FAPA* membership, as the cover price of the double issues he's put out the last couple years is only a few bucks less than annual *FAPA* dues.

I continue to look forward to **E.B.'s** article for you on "various fanzines." It was quite all right with me for him to "go public" with his comments on *Trap Door* winning the FAAn award for best fanzine of 2003 without informing me of his view first – and yes, I do remember his comments on the issue in the final *Twink* and wondered what he meant by characterizing Gordon Eklund's story as a "fanhistorical prank."

Regarding **Eric Lindsay's** comment about how "modern cars can easily sit for two months unused, and then fire up first go," I have personal experience with that. In 2001 I was



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out of commission for over two months with a broken ankle and stayed with my wife in Oakland with my 1998 Toyota Corolla parked. I was concerned that I would have to call the auto club for a jump start when I was able to drive again, but to my great surprise and relief it started immediately, no hesitation. This definitely would not have been the case with some of the cars in my personal automotive past.

Best wishes,  
Robert Lichtman

□**TKK**: *The correct time is relative. The two main buildings at MSOE operate with their synched clock systems that differ by two minutes most of the time. We call it the time warp.*□

Rodney Leighton  
RR #3  
Tatamagouche, NS  
Canada  
Oct. 31, 2004

Dear Henry:

Thanks for *TKK* #108 which arrived Friday.

Thanks also for your support and encouragement. And for your willingness to take the flack.

I don't really think of it as agoboo. Certainly some is. Praise from someone whom I respect is always appreciated. Criticism and complaints from people I don't care about, or don't know anything about, don't really have that much of an impact.

This letter was going to tell you that I was not going to respond to fanzines unless or until you indicated that I would be dropped from the mailing list. I have told a couple of people that already.

But, well, *FOSFAX* arrived and then *TKK* showed up while I was not interested in **Mr. Jeeves's** article and skipped it I read everything else in the fanzine within a couple of hours of picking it up. If I enjoy something that much, should I not do something to repay you for it in some small way and/or ensure that the issues continue to arrive.

It's not just lack of self-confidence. I have been having depression problems for quite some time now, of varying degrees. Plus all the other things already mentioned. Not to mention this damn machine sometimes aggravates the hell out of me. I seem to have periods of time in which I have absolutely no interest in writing anything. Then ...

Couple of comments:

**EBF**: The contributor/locer base of every fanzine, including those published by females, exceeds 90% male. It's a SF fanzine fact. Hey, have you forgotten that article I wrote and you published which asked where all the females are?

**Eric Lindsay**: What's a "swag". The only fan I know of who used to make a living from pro wrestling, and still does obtain some income from same is Potshot Bill Kunkel. And Arnie Katz did/does computer games. I don't know about being premature, but it was, perhaps, presumptuous of me to assume that no wrestling fan reads *TKK*. In my decade of so of involvement in this fandom I have only encountered 3 names that I also encountered in my 15 or so years in pro wrestling fandom. Arnie and Bill, and Mark Aronsen. I happen to know that Bill and Arnie do not get this fanzine directly. It is possible that someone sends it to one or both of them. It is possible that Mark reads it; might even be on the mailing list. There are, perhaps, any number of pro wrestling fans out there. Anyone who knows what the fanzine *Angle* was about and who published it and what I mean by "The Random Mark" is a true hardcore fan. Others are fringe fans. I was rather intrigued to see you describe pro wrestling as fantasy fiction, something I did about a dozen or 15 years ago.

Being 56 years old, one would think I should be able to make decisions. But giving up things has never been easy for me. I quit following baseball just like that but still follow the NHL to some extent even though it is nothing like it used to be. I used to consume orange soda by the gallon; when I started getting gout every time I drank the stuff, I had to stop. But it was a battle. I have tried to quit smoking at least 1500 times without success. Hell, sex with women is the only thing I ever found easy to give up. God knows, I will likely be writing LOCs about getting out of this hobby in 2020, provided I am breathing and capable of typing. Might even have one or those computer things by then.

Best  
Rodney

□**TKK**: *I prefer your second interpretation of "the usual". I send the zine for free and don't expect repayment. I do, however, require continued contact to make certain I'm not sending my zine into a black hole. No, Mark is not on my mailing list. I've never heard of him.*□

E.B. Frohvet  
4716 Dorsey Hall Dr. #506  
Ellicott City, MD 21042  
November 1, 2004

Dear Henry,

On an episode of *Smallville*, a guy was trying to blow away the football coach with a pump shotgun. Clark Kent used his heat vision to heat the gun up to red-hot, so the guy dropped it. What was interesting was what **didn't** happen, namely, the weapon firing on its own accord. The phenomenon is called "cooking off" and is most often seen in automatic weapons that have been fired a lot in a short period. The chamber gets so overheated that the heat sets off the primer and the round fires even if the trigger is not being pulled. Basic physics. Granted, complaining that Superman fails to conform to realistic physics is counter-intuitive, but still...



An article I read suggested that fewer than 50% of all commercial transactions in the U.S. are now conducted with cash or paper checks. The credit card companies, of course, push you to accrue debt on every purchase. Going to McDonald's? Pay with a credit card. Tube of toothpaste at the drugstore? Use plastic. This is the exact opposite of my approach. I pay condo fees, utilities, etc., with paper checks. I have one VISA debit card which draws on my checking account, and I pay no interest on that. I probably use it for a credit card two or three times a month, rarely for amounts under \$50. Mostly I use it as an ATM card, and pay cash for nearly everything else. I like cash. I like the anonymity of cash.

Editorial: The difference between me and a computer program is that I will get punctuation wrong from time to time (though less often than many professional copyreaders, judging from a lot of books I see); but I will not arbitrarily reject a whole class of punctuation... I would not be surprised if the raccoon does come and go through the storm sewer, I've seen raccoons do that... I wonder if the use of the Socratic method in law school has something to do with class size?

PhiloSFical: "Aretaiics" is the branch of philosophy (or of theology, or both) which deals with virtue. The comparative term is "ponerology", the subset dealing with evil and the nature of evil. The problem, it seems to me, is that all such judgments are arbitrary.

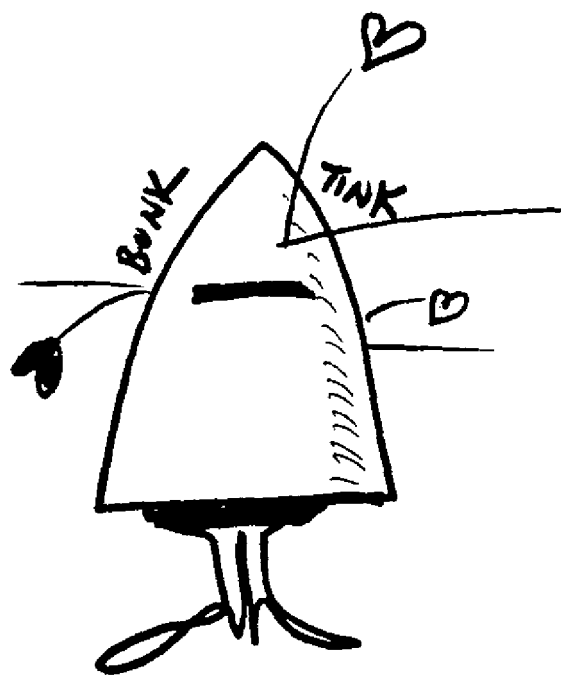
Hugging Milt: The aspect of **Milt's** report that troubles me is that all the fannish programming appears, by definition, to be about the past... "The only thing that holds us [fandom] together... is the common faith that we have a common faith." Ah, but when I said virtually the same thing years ago I was attacked as being "unfannish". It must be that **Milt** is "one of us" and I'm not.

I enjoy **Rodney's** willingness to describe fanzines as containing "boring shit". Truer than some of us would admit to. Not you of course, Henry.

**Brad Foster:** I may have the only wind-the-mainspring watch still in captivity. Of course it sits in a drawer for months at a time. Someone gave me an electric watch with about eight tiny control knobs. Unfortunately, I could not get it to tell time, let alone any of the other functions it was supposed to perform. I've had very similar experiences about women or children in public places, and take much the same course, walking out of my way to avoid them.

**Bill Legate:** I don't think bookstores handle fanzines, and few clubs are interested. The idea of someone operating a "clearing house" to distribute fanzines wholesale was brought up a while ago; I thought it was a good idea that would not work. I would be pleased to be proven wrong - "That's a good idea, you do it!"

**Alex Slate:** I don't really know much about Texas except that my father was once stationed at Fort Hood. I attended a NASFIC, it may have been, in Austin once.



## ARMORED AGAINST LOVE

**Joy Smith:** One day a while ago the "door unlatched" idiot light in my car kept flashing, in spite of the fact that I got out unlocked and carefully closed and relocked every door. So I ignored it. The next day it went off, and has not bothered me since. I don't mind technology, I mind substituting technology in the places which ought to be determined by human judgment.

**Trinlay Khadro:** I think all the theological points on *Joan of Arcadia* are deliberately vague to avoid offending someone. The theory that God speaks to Joan via real people is a my guess.

**Colleen Cahill:** Shot down again! (I have theorized in past, based on my experience, that few librarians know anything about SF.) Now there's you, and **Lisa Major**, and Sue Bursztynski... Perhaps you should consider the example of **Ned Brooks**, who has the house for himself and one for his books.

Language is the first and most fundamental human skill. The preservation of language (reading and writing) is second. No one will understand math without first having achieved language.

I didn't know that there were paper editions of *Emerald City*. Perhaps someone will send me one. Or, maybe not.

And the Red Sox won the World Series. If that's not a science-fictional notion, I don't know what is.

Keep me posted on Ditto. No commitments at this point.

Best gremflods,  
E.B. Frohvet

☐CKK: *Wouldn't that be chemistry, not physics? I would never have a debit card. Your exposure to theft is way too high compared to a credit card. I deliberately have my ATM card be only an ATM card and nothing else. My fanzine contains "boring shit", but I think that "boring shit" is in the eye of the beholder.*☐

Brad W Foster  
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2 Nov 2004

Greetings Henry and Letha ~

Another good issue, and in regards to your getting more contributions, it looks like the old saying is true: ask, and ye shall receive. Actually, I've always been amazed at the editors and art directors and such I've met over the years who are surprised at how many people would be eager to send them stuff, but those people are also too self effacing to make the first move without being asked. It's a wacky ol' world, ain't it?

We had our own rodent invasion a couple of years back. Our cats have brought in lots of snakes, (mostly small and already dead from overly enthusiastic play), and a couple of live birds (one of which, amazingly enough, I was able to catch by hand!), but one night there is something small, dark, and hairy scuttling around in the house. I spent a couple of hours just trying to corner the thing, closing doors to rooms, herding it in one direction and another, getting gloves and a towel to grab it with...I never got a good look at it until it ran up on some shelves behind a chair, and when I pulled the chair aside, it froze. And what, up until that moment, had been an evil rat from hell suddenly looked at me with big Disney eyes, and it transformed into a cute and frightened little mouse, desperate to simply get away from this giant beast chasing it all over the place. I finally managed to get it into the smallest area possible, a bathroom, then get a towel around it, and took it a couple of blocks away and released it in the dumpster behind an office complex.

I got back home, cleaned up, and sat down to a three hour delayed dinner, when one of the cats started scratching at a box in the hall. Unbelievably, there was a second mouse in the house! However, having learned my lesson the first time around, I pre-closed all doors to other rooms, got the gloves, the towel, and then quickly and efficiently scooped this one up and took it off to the same dumpster full of lovely mouse-tasty trash.

I am thus now totally trained to be a non-lethal, cute-mouse catcher, and hope that I will never be called upon to use those skills again.

I've missed *PhiloSFy*, so it's great to see **Alex** showing up here with his new column. I read *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* some years ago, but like many of the books I've read over the years, knowing that I read it is about the full sum of my memory of the experience. Ah, but then, that is why I keep so many books around here, so I can always refer back to them later if needed. (Kind of like when I was in school and had to do all of that memorizing of facts for tests. My take on it was, I know where those facts are located now, why do I have to clutter up my brain with all the actual individual bits of information? Who knows which I will actually need and which will never be called for again? Surely it will take up much less of my limited intellect to just keep a master index of the books, and not the actual contents? My teachers, of course, could not see the beautiful logic of this. sigh.)

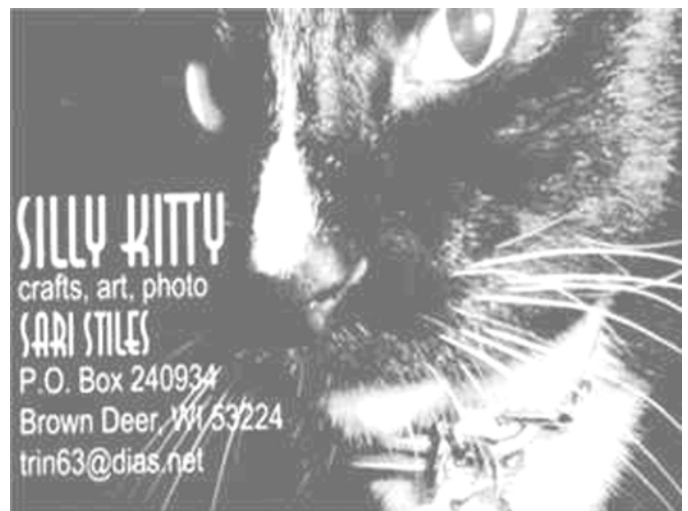
stay happy~  
Brad

☐CKK: *You are nicer than I am with the mice. It's the spring trap for me and well rid of the problem. There are too many hidey holes in this house to corner them as you have done.*☐

Milt Stevens  
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November 3, 2004

Dear Henry,

As **Terry Jeeves** says in *Knarley Knews* #108, "There are many things not dreamed of in my philosophy, some of them puzzle me greatly..." I sometimes still wonder about pineapple pizza. I never really got into the big philosophical questions such as whether God could create an argument so confusing He couldn't even understand it himself. However, there was one cosmological question I wondered about and actually found an answer.



Like any average third grader, I knew that space was finite and curved back upon itself. I also knew that everything in the universe was moving further away from everything else in the universe. This is particularly evident when I try to walk somewhere these days. On first consideration, it seemed to me that everything ought to eventually run in to itself at the other end of the universe. I wondered about the effects of this eventual collision for a number of years. As it happened, there was another member of LASFS who happened to be a for real JPL rocket scientist. This was Dan Alderson, who was the model for the Dan Forrester character in *Lucifer's Hammer*. He explained it was space itself which was expanding, and there would be no eventual collision. Right. We have a whole lot of nothing, and were getting more nothing all the time. Where is all this extra nothing coming from? Is some other universe losing it? Will this have a bad effect on the stock market?

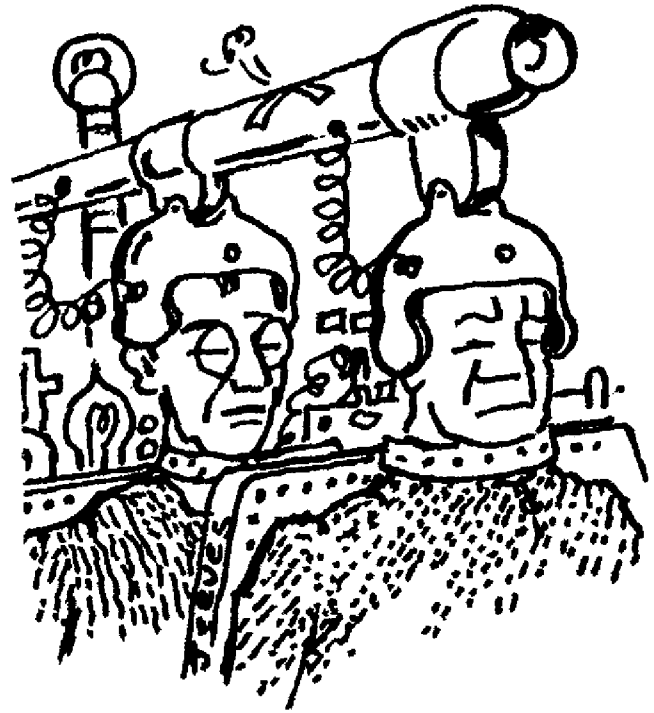
Before reading Sue's article, I don't think I'd ever heard of the San Luis Reservoir. Then I looked at the map and realized I'd driven past it on my way to ConJose. MapQuest told me the best way to get to ConJose was up the I-5 and then across the 152 to the 101 and then north to San Jose. That proved to be good advice. Despite the title of highway, the 152 proved to be a two lane farm road. It should have taken me through the mythical town of Gilroy. When the map said I was in the middle of Gilroy I didn't notice any signs of human habitation at all. Funny how some towns are that way.

**Andrew Murdoch** has become part of the long tradition of fans creating games. Back in the fifties, I think Interplanetary was one of the earliest games created by fans. It had a game board that was about six feet by six feet with the nine planets moving around in their orbits and also a few asteroids thrown in for confusion. It also had space pirates. Then in the sixties, there was The Game of Fandom which was more of a Monopoly type game with drawing cards for things like egoboo, feuds, slan shacks, and cons. There was also a Monopoly type game called Revenge where you had to play various characters such as Pastor Fazool and the Green Slime. If you landed on Pournelle's Point you were automatically dumped into the black hole.

In the letter column, I agree with Henry that the OE of an apa shouldn't write a review of the apa. Since I've been doing a zine for each mailing of FAPA in recent years, I already have plenty of opportunity to express my opinions on what is going on in FAPA. The idea of **Rodney** reviewing a FAPA mailing sounded fine to me. So I sent him a copy of the last mailing today. He said he was busy, but by the time he receives this mailing, maybe he will have the time to read it and write a review for *Knarley Knews*.

Yours truly,  
Milt

☐CKK: *Pineapple on pizza isn't bad. I'd recommend the use of a white sauce rather than a red tomato-based sauce. The classic*



*is to have this with ham, but we prefer some mixed vegetables (tomato, onion, mushroom, etc.) with a white garlic sauce.☐*

Joy V. Smith  
8925 Selph Road  
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8 Nov 2004

Dear Knarley,

I love the cover! That is really fantastic!! I enjoyed the other illos also, especially **Brad Foster's** The 4-D Sidewalk.

I'm glad you solved the apostrophe problem. Having the print driver download every font in the document to the printer seems extreme. How difficult was it? I suspect I don't have a handle on that. Our weather here has been pretty dry since the hurricanes stopped; now we're having to water our new plants and trees that we bought at plant sales. (It's a good thing that they're mostly natives.)

It sounds like you're doing pretty well in your law courses and enjoying the challenge; possibly, as you said, the Socratic approach helps other students more. I wondered how much reading you had to do every week. Does it cut back much on things you usually do at home and elsewhere?

I've heard of *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* and was never interested enough in either to check it out. I enjoyed learning more about it in **Alex Slate's** review. I wonder how Pirsig's second book, *Lila: An Inquiry into Morals* compares.

I enjoyed Sue's trip to the San Luis Reservoir and the historical background. Are there any wetlands left? Or is it just

a big lake now? Thanks to **Milt Stevens** for the Noreascon report. I loved **Andrew Murdoch's** article on his writing project. I look forward to the next installment. (I have a short story, "Seedlings", in an upcoming anthology, *Magistria: Realm of the Sorcerer*, which may lead to a role-playing game. I've never been involved in those games, but I look forward to seeing how it turns out.)

LOCs: **Brad Foster:** That sounds like quite an excavation under your house and to the street. Have you ever watched House Detective? They often deal with water and plumbing problems, among other things. I'm fascinated when they crawl under the house to check out the foundation, pipes, etc. Btw, I prefer the old analog watches and clocks myself. My watches and the house clocks are analog; the stove, etc. is digital, of course.

**Bill Legate:** Thanks for the Dean Drive info re: your cartoon. I hope you get it reprinted elsewhere, maybe with an article on propulsion systems. Hmm. I have an article, "Designing a Space Ship", in the November *SF & Fantasy Workshop*, which is based on a talk by Michael Conrad, which he gave at Oasis 17. An illustration would have been fun.

Btw, we've had AAA for years, and we've been grateful for their help many times – on the road and at home. They often start the car – and sometimes turn it off – or tow us if necessary. I feel a lot more secure knowing we can call them whenever we need to.

The fanzine reviews are always interesting. *Farming Uncle 95* is one I've never heard of. And *Taciturn 3*, "a humorous compendium of [the editor's] art. [which] Only accepts cartoons of comment." must be fun.

Appreciatively,  
Joy V. Smith

☐**CKK:** *(Downloading of fonts is a more common option when using PostScript as does the Mac. Speed isn't an issue since we are connecting to the printer using a 100 Mbps switch and the extra 100k or so isn't a big deal. I simply had to check the appropriate box in the printer set-up screen.)*☐

Bill Legate  
Box 3012  
Sequim, WA 98382  
Nov. 12, 2004

Knarley, 108 got here Oct. 29. Thanks. Yes, sans serif is ugly. Times-Roman and the older stuff is less distracting.

**Terry Jeeves:** Beams A and B are adjacent in air, approaching the denser medium but not perpendicularly; so A enters it and slows down first. B enters and slows a moment later, just long enough to continue adjacent, slower in the new direction. When A, and then B, leave the denser medium, A catches up again adjacent with B, and they resume their

speeds in air. (Or say that A and B are near the far sides of a light beam.)

A cloud of galactic dust accumulates and collapses. Infalling debris from all directions sustains turbulence and heats a spinning disk. As matter falls to the center, it spins faster and gets hotter. One very readable text on star formation, black holes, and our solar system is Armand Delsemme's *Our Cosmic Origins* (English translation Cambridge, 1998). Trace the term "accretion disk" in the index.

**Sue Welch:** I've been on Interstate 5 thereabouts when the fog wouldn't let me see two car-lengths. Traffic crept along, and I just lucked into a rest area for the night.

**Milt:** All the Chinese they could catch on the ground? Marching four abreast? And a very \_\_\_ con report!

Panic.  
Bill

☐**CKK:** *So if the dust bunnies are left alone under the bed they will eventually become stars?*☐

Trinlay Khadro  
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14 Nov 2004

It's getting to be a rough time of year for me, the colder weather really makes the fibromyalgia act up.

I have been enjoying the zine but find I don't have much to say at this point. I'm actually a bit frantic today having noted not only money but a check from a customer missing from my purse this afternoon. I know I had it Thursday evening. I saw a friend Friday for lunch...and the usual Friday evening with friends...I hate to think any of my friends went into my purse...I'm more sick with grief over that idea than the missing money at this point.

Would you like an article on Adhesiveless book binding /zine binding methods? (or perhaps a Ditto workshop?) How about a photographic 'zine cover? I got some great shots from Lytheria's Trick or Treat production.

**Rodney,** if the zine-eds like it enough to run it, it's a worthwhile article. I like em.

**Brad:** I prefer digital, I easily misread analog watches. My daughter was out with her mentor at Barnes and Noble one day and the teacher was a bit startled when she just started a conversation with "this guy" in the SF section. She had to explain to the teacher, that "this is Animal, he's a friend of the family." to introduce her fannish friend. (really she Doesn't just start talking to strange middle aged men in the bookstore...)

**Joseph:** Have we told you how much we enjoy the stories about your bushel full'O cats? We really really get a kick out of them, and I've enjoyed the photos too. Megumi & Elric send their regards. She's taught the ferret some naughty things...it tends to be more of a catastrophe though when the ferret does things. I have, on occasion found him smiling from the top of a bookcase. It's a lot of work for him to get up there, and I've watched him do it, he just needed the cat's encouragement.

I used to do Tarot readings for fun when I was a kid, people took them way too seriously, and I quit doing them. It wasn't any fun to see a fellow teen see a card and get freaked before they even heard the explanation. I still have a deck around, and another deck that is totally a different system.(a Titania deck...it just gets one thinking sideways about things...and I love the wacky artwork.)

**Bill,** ever try to get room service in room 2n-1?

**EB** – It's more like, Manistee to Milwaukee, to Chicago to the world. When I moved back north from N. Carolina, the flight went to Chicago, then change to a smaller plane to Milwaukee. Though I imagine there is more traffic between NY, DC, FL etc and Milwaukee than NC and Milwaukee...

I'm also very aware that in the big cities, Hollywood and overseas the question of "Where's Milwaukee?" feels like the whole US is just California, the DC & NY area, Disney Land, and a big farm and national park in the middle.

**Joy:** as for the flu shot, it can't give you the flu. You still might get the flu, but it won't be as bad. About 1/2 the people who get the flu shot though are sometimes feeling a little icky the next day or two. The nasal flu vaccine, might be significantly more "active", but probably doesn't tend to give anyone with a healthy immune system a real case of the flu.

Henry re cmt me: I think most of Fred's shock is that, like many of KT's peers, he's rather shy. And here he was meeting someone he'll actually see outside the social setting of Lytheria!

Sounds like Letha's brother got burnt out by mom's expectations.

I've also been to a pain specialist who was actually able to explain to me how the fibromyalgia causes falls. I'm currently waiting to hear if I'll qualify for the Fibro program at Elmbrook.

One of these redecorating shows is really awful, they have family and friends sign the person up for the renewal, but they end up sacrificing all the stuff they already had in that room. One lady had some nice Victorian antiques mixed in with the "cheap modern" (as opposed to "good modern") and she ended up being forced into giving up all her antiques. I thought that was just wrong,... even worse is that it was the husband's idea. Neither party had any history or fondness for the cheap modern crap.

If I were the designer I'd have kept the antiques, cleared out the clutter, and replaced the cheap modern pieces with nice new things in the same styles as her antiques. Including getting rid of the discount store drapes and doing a Victorian style window treatment that would still let in the daylight. The lady was clearly so attached to her antiques that ditching it for a modern redo was just cruel. I couldn't watch it, and hope she divorced the husband. It felt like it was more about separating her from things with some real value to her so that he would get his way with how the house was done. It was more about his control, & her being expected to sacrifice for his pleasure, than about the redo.

**Milt:** I recently saw something on education T.V. regarding the existence of actual cannibals, the historical/ natural history guys spend a significant time on a group of S. Pacific Islands long believed to be home to several historically cannibalistic tribes. What the particular researchers found was that each group said "Oh our ancestors were head hunters but never ever ate people, but y' know, those folks in the next valley/ on the next island are STILL cannibals, and you better not go there." One is left pondering whether this finding reflects just a general change in attitude and editing of their own history...or whether most of the old Cannibalism reports were by way of unfriendly neighbors.

**Lloyd** I hope you and **Yvonne** are doing better these days. You've been through quite a rough spot over the past few years, with a run of luck not unlike some of mine.

Well, I'm going to try to take it easy now. Since I want to do some things this afternoon, and still avoid triggering a flare up. When the cold weather really hits I'll be on the phone to the pain doc again, as so far by the time I get in to see him, the flare up has passed, he wants to examine me when it's at it's worst.

well take care,  
Trin'

☐**TKK:** *I'm interested in whatever you want to send my way. Photographic covers can be tough, but not impossible if I print rather than copy them. The remodeling shows are a great example of you get what you pay for.*☐

Lloyd Penney  
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Canada  
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November 21, 2004

Dear Knarley:

Thank you for issue 108 of *TKK*...for once, I'm not scrambling to get a loc done. I'm just scrambling to find something to put into it, that's all. Perhaps something with some caffeine in it might helpahhhhhh. Now to get to work

Interesting cover from **Alan White**...reminds me of the Disney cartoon *Kim Possible*.

It is a shame that **Terry Jeeves** had to fold *Erg*, but health problems is something I am understanding right now wish my knee would clear up. That's my souvenir from the Toronto Ditto a couple of years ago now. Maybe it's just the cold and the damp. Its been fairly rainy these days, and the job hunt is keeping me indoors.

Welcome back to **Alexander Slate**. Other than the local, it's been quite a while since we've seen you in a fanzine. Or, maybe I'm just not getting the right zines. Quality is something that can be largely agreed upon depending on what's usually required by those who care, but quality is also fairly subjective. One's quality writing is another's flabby prose. We get those criticisms in zines all the time. Are the myriad aspects of quality sufficient to fill a whole book? I've never read *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, so I don't know. I suspect that from your review, it's not.

Wish I'd been at N4, **Milt. John Hertz** told me I missed a good fanzine lounge. And he ought to know, he ran it, and he knows that he likes. My favorite fanzine lounges are those that are roomy and fairly bright, and not tucked away a distance from the heart of the convention. I don't like crowds, either, but neither do I like to be isolated. The only person who says that he's a friend of John Flynn's is Montreal fan Charles Mohapel, who says that Flynn is in his 50s, and his son was at his first Worldcon in Boston. We need some background on both John Flynn and Jeff Berkwitz what do they do, and why does every seem to hate them when it comes to making the Fan Hugo ballot? (I gather Berkwitz is the new editor of *Amazing* maybe this will take him off the ballot next time around.) I respond to Cheryl Morgan's **Emerald City** by writing a loc anyway, knowing that it won't see print. Cheryl likes the feedback, anyway. I think **Eric Lindsay** and I are the only readers who respond regularly. Maybe one day this will persuade her to run a small local, but I don't think that will happen. She produces the zine she likes, and I'm cool with that.

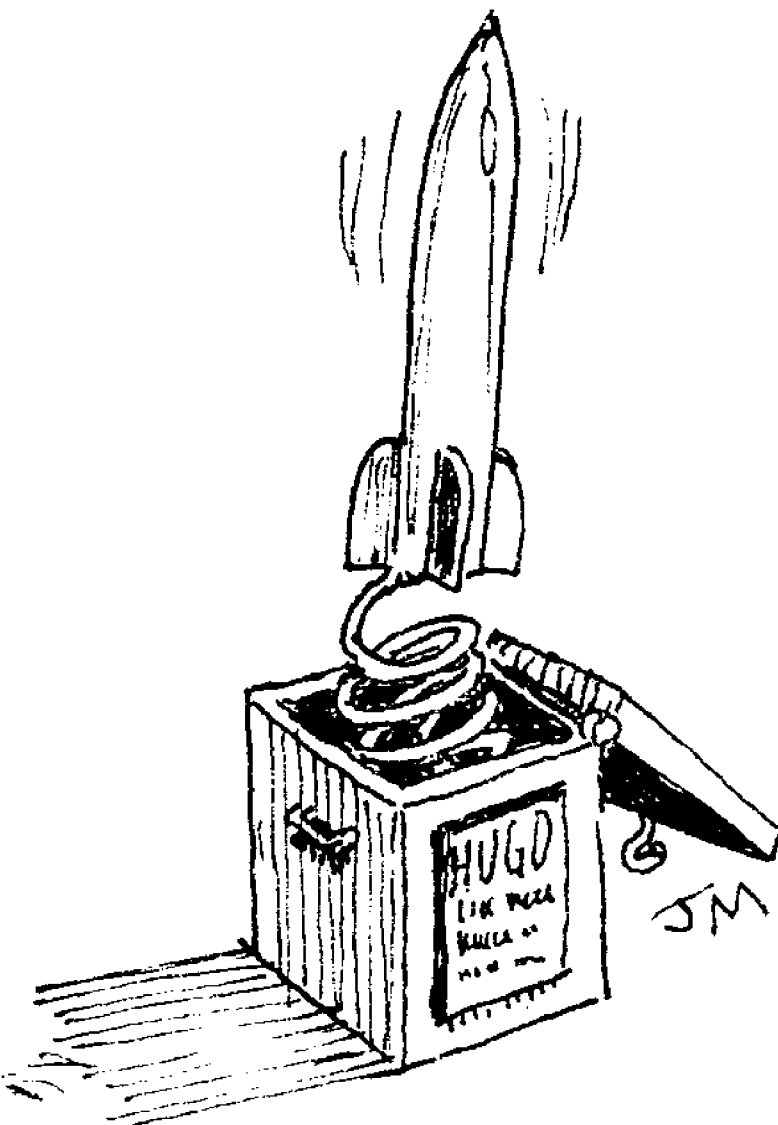
**Rodney Leighton**'s letters: **Rod**, Knarley is right. Write what you like. My writing has taken some criticism lately, some of it warranted, and some of it the usual fannish bitching, but I let it roll off, and I plan to keep writing. Those who like it, many thanks, and those who don't, well, this is a family zine. but I am enjoying what I'm doing, and I have some goals set for myself, and if it turns out I'm just writing for myself, well, that's fine too. (I think that's called a blog.) Arnie Katz is leaning on me a little to join *FAPA*, but I doubt I could add anything of value to it. That's why I plan to stay in the local. Some people just prefer to build themselves up by tearing others down, and I don't want to participate in that game.

**Alex Slate**'s loc I was never any good in shop, so I looked further afield, and tried to think of something that might come in handy after graduation. That's why I took home economics. I

like to think my generous pot belly got its start from my own cooking. (Yvonne's good cooking took care of the rest.)

I knew that the Vorkosigan crest had a maple leaf in, and I think its because Lois McMaster Bujold has some French-Canadian in-laws. I checked the Toronto phone book; no Kosigans there. The Toronto-Rochester ferry service is now out of business / suspended, and it doesn't look like it will be back any time soon.

**Eric Lindsay**, Wal\*Mart Canada had their flyers proofread; I don't know about Wal\*Mart USA. Given how stringent consumer law is enforced in Canada, having a proofreader make sure you're not offering anything illegal, or doing anything that could get you in trouble with the government is a good thing. Professional proofreaders like **Arthur Hlavaty**, and the late George Flynn, will/would have told you that when it comes to the printed word, a good proofreading of the final product can easily be cut to save money. It also means that chances are the client will very easily spot the typos, and rightfully complain.



**Milt Stevens** is being credited with zines he didn't edit and articles he didn't write...great system, **Milt**, how did you come up with it? Now it can be told...**Milt** was the whipmaster in Harry Warner's lochack dungeon. This may be giving credit where it is not due

My loc: Yvonne brought back lots of space and convention goodies from Vancouver, and she got to say hello to Vancouver fandom, most of whom were unaware shed be there. It's now possible that Mount St. Helens may have had just a little indigestion. I certainly haven't heard more about any imminent eruptions.

A witty article? Well, as soon as I find some work, and can recover financially, and don't have to spend most of my waking hours searching job websites, sure.

It's getting late, so I am off to bed. I have an interview with a local temp agency to do some work for a month or two. It'll get me some money for Christmas, anyway take care, and we wish all the Welches the best of holidays. May 2005 be a better year for everyone.

Yours,  
Lloyd Penney.

☐**TKK**: *It isn't called "Home Economics" anymore. It is now "FACE": Family and Consumer Education.*☐

Dave Szurek  
505 North F #829  
Aberdeen, WA 98250-2601  
11/23/2004

Henry/Knarley,

Sorry for having taken so long to write. Been sick again. Second attack of pancreatitis. The first was in June. Heck, I'd spent my 56th birthday in a hospital bed being fed via tubes. Had been following "doctors orders" and wasn't a big violator in the first place; non-drinker, non-doper, all like that. So it was quite a stunner when I rather abruptly (felt fine when I went to bed the night before - felt at death's doorway when I woke the following morning) came down with it again in October and was rushed to the emergency room and ended up spending a week in the hospital. Kind of scary (besides painful) as two episodes so close together makes one wonder if that chronic condition where you get sick every few months is a very real development. I don't think I'd care to continue living like that but I must feel grateful every morning that I wake up not sick. Got discharged just in time to drag my still convalescing body down to the polls and vote for all the good it did me! Well, yes it **did** me some good anyway in the "self respect" department. Washington is one state where Kerry did win, so I'm not really being much of a non-conformist in holding anti-Bush sentiments out here!

I'm not surprised that a few people got a mild case of the flu after getting a flu shot. Considering the vaccine's makeup I'm surprised more didn't come down with it. But the flu that it

causes is allegedly a less severe and less lengthy form than one would be vulnerable to without it. Call me a hypochondriac if you must but talk to hospital personnel, my doctors and the pharmacist before passing judgment too quickly. I already had heart disease (have survived one attack), diabetes, once had a collapsed lung due to a case of pneumonia and now there's the pancreas crap. All are supposed to put me "at risk" for the flu, but they've run out of vaccine both times that I've tried to get a shot. I guess I'll remain "at risk" until probably coming down with the thing around January.

Sorry, but since you stipulate modes that can be used for contribs I'll probably sit out in that area. Maybe it's a rebel streak in me, but even when I can accommodate the required format easily, even when it's the one I'd probably use anyhow, I reflexively cop an attitude when such demands are made. It seems to me that, with a fanzine anyway, legibility should be all that matters. So go on doing your thing Henry, but I guess you'll just have to do it without me. (I know - great loss, eh?)

I combine Persig's perceived states of mind, myself. Reliance on either mindset strikes me as missing the boat, as being insufficient and inadequate when it comes to approaching life. I get the impression that (sorry, **Alex**) I am quite similar to Pirsig even though I don't have shock therapy in my past. Maybe I'm wrong in regards to the first half of that sentence and maybe I'm right?

Due to the pancreatic problem, I have been referred to a gastrointestinal specialist who is scheduled to give me an endoscopy later this week. Something I'm really looking forward to, eh?

David

{**TKK**: I hope your health improves with no more pancreatitis. As for contributions, I've been known to retype submissions (three this issue); although that is not my preference.}

Spike Parsons  
PO Box 724  
Mountain View, CA 94042  
28 Nov 2004

Dear Henry & Letha,

Thanks for sending *The Knarley Knews*. It's nice to catch up with you, your road trips and projects. I started to panic a bit as you discussed the house remodel project in Pennsylvania (a mild phobia at my end, I suppose), but I can appreciate the spirit and satisfaction of getting a group of friends together to accomplish something.

We had a wireless network at our home for a couple of years. I **still** experience a little rush at the freedom of sitting on the couch to work, or the luxury of moving to the room with the best light/temperature/music/peace and quiet, and still reading the e-mail or committing reference work. Have you tried accessing the network from your car yet? I've done it!

Sue's description of Oregon put me in mind of last year's Ditto. **Janice Murray, Alan Rosenthal** and Loren MacGregor brought us a lovely small convention. Sue didn't mention Oregon's wineries. Loren, who doesn't drink wine herself, was generous with his time and took us to several nice ones on the last day of the con. It was a gorgeous autumn day, and though we tasted some delicious wine, it's hard to say whether the wine or the country scenery gave us more pleasure.

Thanks again for sending the zine. It's nice to set down the laptop or the mouse, and hold a zine in your hands.

Cheers,  
Spike

☐**CKK**: *Getting network access in the car would not be very productive. Driving while surfing sounds like a bad idea.*☐

Sheryl Birkhead  
25509 Johnnie Court  
Gaithersburg, MD 20882  
Dec 10th

Hi –

Saw on TV that in law and med schools there is a lot of study groups – are you seeing this?

**Milt**: do the dead dogs crash? Sigh, hard to believe that, in a few years, you'll have to explain the "Rotsler photo shoot" comment. My thought on the Retro Hugos was, essentially – all the nominees were winners.

Frank Wu does **only** art shows and selling, but he has done a cover for *Challenger* and I'm told one for *Emerald City*. It goes to show you that there, well-duh, are more voters at cons than reading fanzines. A similar comment may be made about *EC* and the internet vs. zines – uh, you know what I mean. I've looked at two issues and did not care for either one, but that's what makes a horse race – or, in this case, voting.

While I'll never be a people/crowd person, I can at least say I've been on a Worldcon panel – yup – count it one (as of right now, at least) once was quite enough, thank you. And it has been awhile ... Noreastcon 3, I think. I tip the hats to those fen who continue to man the panels!

**Rodney** – come to think of it, I've never actually seen a *FAPA* mailing. I have seen a few individual zines that went into a mailing, but never the whole package.

**Brad** – when I was still at the farm there was a small family store up the road (store's still there – now much bigger and no longer family-run). The wife (also an elementary school teacher) maintained what when penny candy became extinct – kids wouldn't learn to count...that with digital watches they'd never learn how to tell time...and with Velcro they'd never learn how to tie shoelaces...such is progress. I've never gotten used to asking someone the date and having them look down at a wristwatch.... Two years ago at about holiday time

I saw a big sales sign for watches. No battery required and I went over to look (thinking naturally that batteries were now lasting so long...) and saw, you guessed it, the old-fashioned wind the stem analog watch! Yeah, and these were probably new to some shoppers.

**Alex** bear in mind that my high school class has about 75 people and there was no football allowed. The principal figured kids could get hurt. Ironically my first exposure to football was at Penn State, while working on my Master of Science. (Dickinson and a B.S. doesn't count. Everyone beat us at football and no one ever went to a game.) At Penn State I tried to get an explanation of the game, but no one wanted to be bothered during a game. So I went to two games (got a sunburn at one and frostbite at the other) and the sum total of my knowledge was – if there is a pileup on the field the pigskin is under there somewhere.

Sheryl

☐**CKK**: *There were one or two study groups among the part-time students and to some extent it helps to talk through the concepts with someone else. Marquette provides organized review sessions for each class. About 15 minutes once a week. I suspect you may have seen the newer kinetic watches that use your body movement to power the watch.*☐



Uh...this zine has been around so long, I'm one of the original subscribers!

#### We also heard from:

Sheryl Birkhead, Elaine Cochrane & Bruce Gillespie (COA: 5 Howard Street; Greensborough VIC 3088; Australia), Lysa DeThomas, Kurt Erichsen, Terry Jeeves, Karen Johnson (COA: Karen Johnson (or Karen and John Gory);4050 NE 12 Terrace Apartment 19; Oakland Park FL 33334; USA), Leigh Kimmel, Guy Lillian (COA: 8700 Millicent Way #1501; Shreveport, LA 71115), Rich Lynch, Pat & Roger Sims, Dick Smith, Jim Sullivan, and Sue Welch

#### WAHF - Christmas Cards:

Sheryl Birkhead, Alex & Megan Bouchard, Todd & Nora Bushlow, Kurt Erichsen, Karen Gory, Patti Hetherington, Krin Pender-Gunn, Gene Stewart, Mark Strickert, and Julie Wall



# 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.

*Alexiad Vol. 3 No. 5 & No. 6* by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. A nice fanzines with lots of book reviews and a solid letter column.

*Argentus 4* by Steven Silver; 707 Sapling Ln.; Deerfield, IL 60015-3969; shsilver@sfsite.com; annual; \$5 or the usual. The inaugural issue of an interesting genzine with articles from a large number of contributors.

*Banana Wings #20* by Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer; 56 Shirley Road; Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES, UK; banana@fishlifter.demon.co.uk; irregular; the usual. A nice fanzine that covers a little bit of everything.

*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 #114 & 115* 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.

*FOSFAX 210* by Tim Lane & Elizabeth Garrot; %FOSFA; PO Box 37281; Louisville, KY 40233-7281; quarterly; \$4 or the usual. See Rodney's Review elsewhere in this issue.

*The Galactic Route* by Guy H. Lillian, III; 8700 Millicent Way; Shreveport, LA 71115; GHLLIII@yahoo.com; one-shot; the usual. A travelogue as Guy and family trek from NOLA to the Worldcon in Boston including stops in between.

*Green Anarchy #18* by The Collective; PO Box 11331; Eugene, OR 97440; collective@greenanarchy.org; \$4. This is "An Anti-Civilization Journal or Theory and Action". The content is a bit extreme for me with many writers advocating violent disobedience. I think listing Ted Kaczynski (The Unabomber) as a political prisoner explains a lot.

*It Goes on the Shelf 26* by Ned Brooks; 4817 Dean Ln; Lilburn, GA 30047-4720; nedbrooks@sprynet.com; irregular; the usual. A compendium of Ned’s eclectic reading which ranges across the spectrum to SF, fantasy, and genres I can’t even put a name to.

*Living Free 129* by Jim Stumm; Box 29-KK, Hiller Branch; Buffalo, NY 14223; irregular; \$12/6 or the usual. A hard to classify zine with this issue featuring practical uses for acorns.

*Lofgeornost 77* 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 features the use of short-wave radio when Fred was a teen.

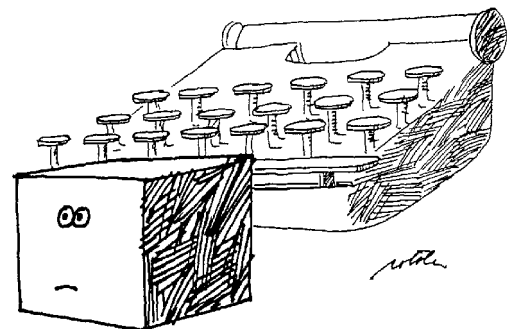
*MOZ 2* by Murray Moore; 1065 Henley Road; Mississauga, ON L4Y 1C8; Canada; mmoore@pathcom.com; unknown; the usual. This is Murray’s ANZAPA zine and includes a fine Corflu Blackjack report complete with pictures of the various people he discusses.

*Nth Degree 11* by Michael D. Pederson; 77 Algrace Blvd.; Stafford, VA 22556; editor@nthzine.com; http://www.nthzine.com/; irregular; free or \$15/6 if mailed. A semi-prozine with clear fannish roots that contains a mix of fiction, articles, poetry, and humor.

*Opuntia 55.1, 55.2, 55.3, & 55.5* by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. Just about every variation in zine Dale does. (Review, Index, APA, and Perzine) What will the work do when he needs a second digit to the right of the decimal point?

*Vanamonde No. 558-67* 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 #101* 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).



BLOCKED WRITER

## Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Ditto 18 (Milwaukee, WI)

October 14-16, 2005

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



### You Got this Issue Because ...

- Of no particular reason. After 108 issues coming up with silly explanations takes its toll.
- Mother Nature has distributed very little white to Wisconsin so I thought I'd do my part.
- 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.