

# The #110 Knarley Knews



*The Knarley Knews* -- Issue 110  
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**Art Credits**

Artists	Page(s)
Sheryl Birkhead	11, 15
Brad Foster	25
Terry Jeeves	5, 16, 17
Trinlay Khadro	Cover
Sue Mason	32
Joe Mayhew	20, 31
Scott Patri	7, 28
William Rotsler	18, 23, 31
Ruth Shields	13
Roger Sims	30

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The editorial board is:  
Henry L. "Knarley" Welch -- Editor  
Letha R. "Mom" Welch -- Layout Editor

All comments/requests should be sent to:

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



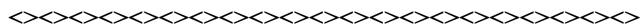
**Next Issue Deadline: April 10, 2005**

# Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

Welcome to another issue of *The Knarley Knews*. February has always been a special month for me. I don't know whether it is due to Ground Hog's day and my affinity for caving, but it is more likely due to the fact that my birthday is in that month and it is the only month that is unique from all the others. It is the month with the fewest days and the number of them changes every four years. There is an old joke: "Which months have 28 days? All of them!" It is probably the hardest month to spell correctly; what with that extra "R" and all. I also rather like winter even if winter has been rather pathetic in recent years.

Speaking of caving I suddenly found myself on the Wisconsin Speleological Society (WSS) e-mail mailing list. The WSS is the "local" chapter of the National Speleological Society (NSS) of which Letha and I are life members. We haven't been active in years, but it turns out the WSS monthly meeting is only an hour north of Grafton. I dutifully put the meeting on my calendar and then was not able to attend due to a last minute hockey game (more on that later). I'm actually looking forward to the March meeting with its associated cave dig. It is about time I resurrected an old hobby or two.



In late January the extended family had its annual ski trip to Vail, Colorado. My uncle has been treating the children to this trip for years and last year Letha and I were not able to attend. This year we decided to rectify that and made arrangements to be there for four of the five days that the children were. Vail, for those of you who don't know is two major mountain passes west of Denver. You have the option to fly into Denver and drive over the passes taking your chances with weather or flying to Eagle (of Kobe Bryant fame) which is about 20 miles west of Vail and requires no passes.

The reason I discuss this is not that the weather was a problem; in fact the weather was warm and sunny the entire time we were in Vail, but rather a few hours before we arrived a methane tanker ran off the road coming down of Vail pass and closed the highway 1.5 miles from the eastern-most Vail exit. Unlike many other areas of the country there are no parallel surface streets in the vicinity of the pass and we had to take a 40-mile detour to the south. This is wonderfully beautiful country at night with a full moon, but not after a long day of work and travel. I suspect they could have segregated the east-bound lanes of the interstate, but chose not to.

In Vail we stay in a condominium complex that my uncle has been using for these trips for over 15 years. Our unit is owned by a family from Mississippi and has all kinds of personal pictures, etc. on the walls. Their fake buffalo head above the mantle has an Ole Miss t-shirt and there is a "Ski Mississippi" poster that shows a farmer skiing a cotton field.

(In the small world department, one of my cousin's friends knows the people who did the picture as a lark.) The unit also sported a small jackalope and a fur-covered trout. The concept is cute, but spending money on it seems silly.

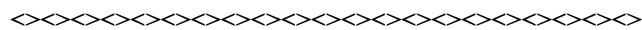
As I mentioned above the weather was great. Mid-twenties with full sun and very little wind. Unfortunately, Vail does not make snow and there hadn't been any for weeks which made for some icy slopes in places. All this means is that skiers like me have to work harder. My skiing form isn't very good. I have a tendency to ski too much on my quads (I should stand up more) which is by counter-part much better form for a hockey skater. The second day was unusually tough since one of my rental skis had a bad edge and it was on the inside for that morning. Once I switched feet with the skis things went better.

All of the three children are becoming quite good skiers. In a year or so Connor and Kyle will clearly be better than I ever will and Kira was able to ski with the family outside of class for the first time. Connor and Kyle also got to ski one of the double black diamonds that had been groomed. This means that there were no moguls which really means the slope probably was only a single black diamond for steepness. I tried that slope as well, but the only life that serves the area is so slow that I don't think it is worth the time.

About three days after returning from Vail my right toe got a little stiff. Within in three days it was so stiff and sore that sleeping soundly became a problem. This has happened twice in the past, but I had simply woken up with a sore toe and thought I might have injured it in my sleep. The pieces finally fell into place when I realized this had now happened three times in the past four years and in each of those years I'd been skiing right before the problem. A trip to the doctor and an x-ray confirmed that I have a small bunion on my right foot and the ski boots must be aggravating it (this after a possible diagnosis of gout). A delay of symptoms for a few days is not uncommon. The doctor seemed a bit surprised that I've never had problem with my hockey skates; it just seems the rental boots. The solution is to get a custom pair of ski boots. The more expensive ones have a heat-molded liner that would be custom-fit to my foot. The problem is I may not know for a week or more whether it works and if it doesn't is the custom-fit warranted. My skiing career may be hiatus for a while.

The doctor prescribed a combined pain-killer and anti-inflammation medication called Indomethacin. It did a wonderful job of mostly clearing up the toe so that I could walk and skate hockey practice without much discomfort. The problem was when the drug wore off. Over the next two weeks I missed two doses and ended my prescription. In all three

cases I swear I went through withdrawal. My head and pores hurt and at the end it lasted about 36 hours. Rather miserable and I'm not certain whether it was worth it in relation to limping about with pain for a few days. In the end I survived and today the toe has just a slight bit of discomfort that is not slowing me down.



For some voyeuristic reason many of you seem very interested in my budding law career. Either this is because you've always wondered what law school is like or you're just curious about my life. Either way please keep in mind that I'm not a traditional student and probably not representative of the issues that my classmates are facing. As I related in the last issue my grades were still pending. In the end I received an A in both courses; so I'm off to a 4.0 start. I have no special vested interest in maintaining this. It doesn't mean that I'm going to go out of my way to jeopardize it, but rather that failing to maintain it won't be any great deal.

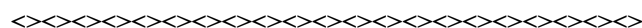
I'm currently taking two courses in the regular day school. The first is Property. The professor and text for this course are pretty good and aside from a pace that is a bit slower than I'd like this course will probably turn out just fine. In fact I have a written midterm exam in a few weeks (no multiple choice here) which is "optional" for inclusion in the final grade. The interesting thing about property law is that it has its origins in the granting of estates by William the Conqueror following the Norman invasion of Britain in 1066. The foundations are all based in the concept of land being used primarily for agricultural purposes and how it is tied to the annual growing season. To most of us the rules seem bizarre, but when viewed in this light it makes more sense.

The second course is in Civil Procedure which really means the federal rules for the same. The fascinating aspect of this is how revolutionary the US rules of adversarial justice are in comparison to the prior English Common Law which separated courts into writs and equity. There are lots of efficiencies and lots of points of contention. The biggest problem with the course is not the material but rather the professor. I have no doubt that the professor knows his material and that he is a very intelligent person, but the simple reality is that he has no idea how to teach this material. He continually winds his way off into digressions some of which are totally irrelevant. There has been more than one day where it has taken nearly 30 minutes to get to the subject at hand. Only time will tell as to whether I'm learning what I need to in this course.

The day school itself is certainly different. I go to class three days a week rather than two and while I get home at a decent hour I'm realizing that I'm much more of a night person than a morning person. I'm finding it harder to stay awake and alert in both courses. (Actually I'm doing fine in Civil Procedure this morning by writing this editorial between important statements from the professor.) The students are clearly less wise than those in the evening and their interests are certainly different, but the general overall level of understanding

seems to be about the same. Some students seem quite vague when explaining their interpretation of the material and others seem very clear. My level of participation is about the same (there is very little by anyone in Civil Procedure in accordance with the way the course is run).

I have also been looking for an internship/clerkship for the summer with a law firm. I'm hoping to learn more about the actual workings of the law and provide for a steadier summer employment than MSOE provides. I haven't had much luck since as a part-time student I'm on the track where Legal Writing and Research is taken in the second year rather than the first. This series of courses (two actually) seem to be a pre-requisite for any clerkship. I'm also constrained by only looking for intellectual property in the Milwaukee area. I do have an interview next week as a Patent Engineer (I'd be doing the technical parts more than the legal parts) for a local firm, but I think they are looking long-term at transitioning me over to the legal side of the house. I'll keep you informed.



Hockey season is preparing to wind down for the most part. Kyle's team, which I coach just completed its second tournament and there is only the state tournament in a few weeks. The kids are coming along great. They play very well as a team and opposing coaches continually comment quite favorably on their passing. They also play position well and now it just comes time to ability. They have been competitive in most of their recent games and with the exception of having no player who is a natural goal scorer they are doing well. We've taken sixth place (out of eight) in both tournaments having won only their second game. In this past tournament they could easily have gotten third or fourth if not for a few minutes of poor play in their first game. They should be competitive in the state tournament and with a little luck could be playing in the championship game. The competition is pretty close though, so there is no way to handicap this until they actually start the game. In the end it comes down to how aggressive they are in pursuing the puck so they get to dictate the pace of the game.

Kyle has turned into quite the solid defenseman. He still has a tendency to pass the puck toward opposing players instead of around them, but surprisingly this is typical of many younger players who will also shoot straight at the goalie during the pressure of a game rather than to the open net beside the goalie. Kyle also shows great form when he skates so in the long run as his aggression/desire during a game takes over he will probably remain one of the faster skaters in his age group.

Kira has essentially retired. I got tired of hassling with her on weekend mornings to go to practices and games. This is essentially a repeat of last year around this time and I've had enough. She'll just have to find something else to do. That

**Continued as Editorial on page 15**

# Jamestown Revisited

by Steven H. Silver

Jamestown is located only about 12 miles from Williamsburg and is accessible along the Colonial Parkway. To get to the site, you drive along a narrow causeway and have to go through some natural areas and swampland. Once to Jamestown, you have to choose whether to go to Jamestown Settlement or historic Jamestown. The former is a recreation of Jamestown while the latter is the actual site of the original colony. We decided to go the historic Jamestown, and, if time permitted, follow it with a trip to the settlement.

Jamestown was founded in 1607 by the Virginia Company. Three ships, the *Mary Constant*, the *Godspeed*, and the *Discovery* arrived at Jamestown on May 14, and their crews of 104 men and boys began the first permanent English settlement in North America. Upon landing, secret orders from the Virginia Company were opened which named John Smith as one of the councilors. Smith had been arrested on the voyage over by Admiral Christopher Newport for mutiny and was scheduled to hang, but was freed upon the opening of the orders.

Despite the fact that Jamestown Island is a swamp, the men of the Virginia Company chose to settle here because they felt it was far enough inland to avoid contact and conflict with the Spanish fleet while the river was deep enough to permit them to anchor their ships yet have an easy and quick departure if necessary. They had only been at Jamestown for less than a fortnight when they were attacked on 26 May by Paspahugh Indians, who succeeded in killing two of the settlers and wounding ten more. By 15 June, the settlers finished the initial triangle fort at Jamestown and a week later, Newport sailed back for London on the *Mary Constant* with a load of pyrite and dirt.

Edward M. Wingfield was named the first president of the colony and would remain in that position until September, when he was found guilty of libel and deposed. John Ratcliffe was elected to take his place. A year later, John Smith was elected to replace Ratcliffe. He would remain as President until wounded in 1609, when Ratcliffe becomes President again, although he was captured by Powhatan and tortured to death by Indian women while on a trade mission.

The settlers who came over on the initial three ships were not well equipped for the life they found in Jamestown and many suffered from saltwater poisoning which led to infection, fevers, and dysentery. John Smith was wounded when his powder bag exploded and he was sent back to England, where he wrote *A True Relation* about his experiences in Jamestown and a second book, *The Proceedings of the English Colony of Virginia*. The publication of this book sparked a resurgence in interest in the colony and, with plans being made to aban-



don Jamestown in 1610, a new governor, Lord de la Warr, arrived and forced the remaining 90 settlers to stay.

While president of the colony, Smith led a food-gathering expedition up the Chickahominy River. His men were set upon by Indians and when his men were killed, Smith strapped his Indian guide in front of him to use as a shield. Captured by Opechancanough, Powhatan's half-brother, Smith gives him a compass, which convinced the Indian decide to let Smith live. When Smith was brought before Powhatan, however, the chief decided to execute him, a course of action which was stopped by the pleas of Powhatan's young daughter, Pocahontas, who was originally named Matoaka, but whose nickname meant "Playful one."

Although Pocahontas's life would be tied to the English after this first meeting, she was not tied to Smith, except in his report in his books. During the winter of 1608, after Jamestown was destroyed by fire, Pocahontas brought food and clothing to the colonists. She later negotiated with Smith for the release of Indians who had been captured by the colonists during a raid to gain English weaponry. Pocahontas converted to Christianity and took the name Rebecca in 1613 under the tutelage of Reverend Alexander Whitaker, who arrived in Jamestown in 1611 to found the first Presbyterian Church in Virginia. She married a settler, John Rolfe on 24 April 1614. Within two years, they left for London, where Pocahontas died at Gravesend on March 17, 1617.

Rolfe arrived in Jamestown in 1609 following the shipwreck of the *Sea Venture*, which may have inspired Shakespeare's

*The Tempest*. Wedged in a reef off Bermuda, the 150 on board built ships from the wreckage and sailed the two boats, known as the *Deliverance* and the *Patience* up to Jamestown, where they found the colony in ruins and practically abandoned until de la Warr arrived.

Rolfe was the first man to successfully raise tobacco at Jamestown. The tobacco raised in Virginia to that time, *Nicotiana Rustica*, was not to the liking of the Europeans, but Rolfe had brought some seed for *Nicotiana Tabacum* with him from Bermuda. Shortly after arriving, his first wife died, having given birth to a daughter in Bermuda, who did not survive long enough to see Virginia. Although most people wouldn't touch the crop, Rolfe was able to make his fortune farming it. When he left for England with Pocahontas, he was wealthy and they had a son, Thomas. When Rolfe returned to Jamestown following Pocahontas's death, Thomas remained behind in England. Back in Jamestown, Rolfe married Jane Pierce and continued to improve the quality of tobacco, with the result that by the time of his death in 1622, Jamestown was thriving as a producer of tobacco and Jamestown's population would top 4,000. Tobacco led to the importation of the colony's first black slaves, ironically, perhaps, by a black man, as well as women from England.

The first General Assembly of Virginia met in the Jamestown Church in 1619 and their first law was to set a minimum price for the sale of tobacco. In 1622, an uprising led by Opechancanough led to the massacre of nearly 400 settlers, although Jamestown was spared from destruction due to the warnings of an Indian boy named Chanco. A year later, Captain William Tucker and Dr. John Potts worked out a truce with the Powhatan Indians and proposed a toast, using liquor laced with poison. 200 Indians were killed by the poison and 50 more were slaughtered by the colonists. In 1624, the Virginia Company lost its charter and Virginia became a crown colony.

In the 1670s, the governor of Virginia was Sir William Berkeley, serving his second term in that office. Berkeley had previously been governor in the 1640s and was a scholar and playwright, as well as a veteran of the English Civil Wars and in his seventies. In the mid 1670s, a young cousin of his, through marriage, Nathaniel Bacon, Jr. arrived in Virginia, sent by his father in the hope that he would mature. Although lazy, Bacon was intelligent and Berkeley provided him with a land grant and a seat on the Virginia Colony council.

In July 1675, the Doeg Indians raided the plantation of Thomas Mathews in order to gain payment for several items Mathews had obtained from the tribe. Several Doegs were killed in the raid and the colonists then raided the Susquehannogs in retaliation. This led to large scale Indian raids. Berkeley tried to calm the situation, but many of the colonists refused to listen to him and Bacon disregarded a direct order and captured some Appomattox Indians.

Following the establishment of the Long Assembly in 1676, war was declared on all "bad" Indians and trade with Indian

tribes was regulated, often seen by the colonists to favor those friends of Berkeley. Bacon opposed Berkeley and led a group in opposition to the governor. Bacon and his troops set themselves up at Henrico until Berkeley arrived and Bacon and his men fled, upon which time Berkeley declared them in rebellion and offered a pardon to any who returned to Jamestown peaceably.

Bacon led numerous raids on Indians friendly to the colonists in an attempt to bring down Berkeley. The governor offered him amnesty, but the House of Burgesses refused, insisting that Bacon must acknowledge his mistakes. At about the same time, Bacon was actually elected to the House of Burgesses and attended the June 1676 assembly, where he was captured, apologized and pardoned by Berkeley.

Bacon demanded a commission, but Berkeley refused. Bacon and his supporters surrounded the statehouse and threatened to start shooting the Burgesses if Berkeley did not receive the commission as General of all forces against the Indians. Berkeley eventually acceded and then left Jamestown. He attempted a coup a month later, but was unsuccessful. In September, however, Berkeley was successful and Bacon dug in for a siege, which resulted in his burning Jamestown to the ground on 19 September 1676. Bacon died of the flux and lice on 26 October 1676 and his body is believed to have been burned. Berkeley hanged the major leaders of the rebellion and was relieved of his governorship and returned to London, where he died in July 1677.

The first phase of Jamestown's history ended in 1699, when a decision was made not to rebuild the statehouse which had burned down in 1698, but instead move the capitol of Virginia to Middle Plantation, which would soon be renamed Williamsburg.

In 1861, William Allen, who owned the Jamestown Island, occupied Jamestown with troops he raised at his own expense with the intention of blockading the James River, and therefore Richmond, from Union troops. He was soon joined by Lieutenant Catesby ap Roger Jones, who directed the building of batteries and conducted ordnance and armor tests for the CSS Virginia at the site. By the end of 1861, Jamestown had a force of 1200 men, which was augmented in early 1862 by an artillery battalion. With the Union forces landing at Yorktown under General George B. McClellan, in April, however, the peninsula was abandoned by the Confederates.

Once in Federal hands, Jamestown became a meeting place for runaway slaves, who burned the Ambler house, an eighteenth century plantation which, along with the old church, were the few remaining signs of Jamestown. When Allen sent men to assess damage in late 1862, they were killed by the former slaves. For the most part, Jamestown did not have an active role in the Civil War, although both sides used it for feints. Following the surrender at Appomattox Court-house, the oath of allegiance was administered to former Confederate soldiers at Jamestown.

# Problem Pants

by Jim Sullivan

A man's pants, under the right conditions, can be dangerous. This is true for khaki, gabardine, corduroy, denim, and wool, both pure and worsted, pants.

I know because I was a pant's victim myself. I'm just an average guy (except for my antenna). I grew up thinking that pants were...well, just pants. But on a windy, icy February 15<sup>th</sup> in 1998, I found out how wrong I'd been.

Nowadays, I think often of my pants. Khakies, my high school togs, always come to mind first. The pants were comfortable and sharp looking but spotted easily, a potential embarrassment.

As to corduroys; spies, ministers, and muggers never wear them. The "WHIP, WHIP, WHIP" is a dead giveaway. The noise also gives wearers and passersby alike the heebie-jeebies. I enjoyed wearing such garb for one reason-attention. People stared at me wherever I went.

From 1993 to 1995, my Sunday-go-do-meeting pants were worsted wool and no fun to wear. They picked fiercely, making me itch, squirm, and wiggle. And that was from just thinking about putting them on. I had to stay dressed up in that garb all day. So I couldn't play outdoors, which was okay. Just walking in them pants was more punishment than eternal damnation.

When Western denim jeans came on strong, I tried them. Until broken in, taking up to a year, they wouldn't bend. Walking was painful, and to sit down, you had to undo the top two fly buttons or take the pants off. This was a problem at restaurants.

I splurged once and bought a pair of gabardine pants. They looked dressy but had one basic flaw. After a few pressings, they acquired a sheen, especially in the seat. On dark nights, however, when the moon wasn't full, a gabardine pants wearer could light up the way home just walking backwards.

Pure wool pants were fine looking, too, until you sat in them. Then they were wrinkled. And if you got them the least bit wet, even damp, they steamed. Yet that could take the wrinkles out.

But as to how pants can be dangerous: after I lost weight in 1998, I took my wool dress pants in (not to give them a good home, but for alteration). Inadvertently, the tailor lowered the top of my inseam (otherwise known as – the crotch), to just above my knees.

I, therefore, was able to swing my legs only from the knee, making me take baby steps. That was tolerable. But crossing streets became a real chore. Jumping down to the pavement from the curb was a snap. But getting back up on the other curb required me to stop in front of it, throw my right leg, from the knee, up onto the higher elevation, then, with a hop, bring my left leg and foot onto the curb.

On one ice-covered February day, I had my right foot up on the icy curb when I started to hop the left foot up. But it hit the curb's edge and I slipped, sprawling back in the street where a five-man toboggan, with four riders, ran me over. My newly stitched crotch, among other things, was immediately rent asunder.

Fortunately, no bones were broken. If the toboggan had had its full complement of riders, or if a snow plow had come by, the outcome would have been...well, I prefer not to think about it. All I've got to say is – this could happen to you, too. So watch your step, not to mention your pants closely. It could save your life.



# A Decade of Zines

## (An Overlook of SF Fanzines 1996-2005)

by E.B. Frohvet

I may as well start with the self-evident truth that there are many far better qualified than myself to discuss this subject. However, the article that actually gets written, albeit by someone with a limited knowledge, is likely to convey more information than the perfect article by the true expert, that never sees print.

For the purposes of advertising, in the late 1980s I was shallowly involved with a few fanzines of the time, all of which have since disappeared (*Lan's Lantern*, *Niekas*). I returned to fanzine fandom in 1996 with little overall knowledge of the field.

In general, there have been two noticeable trends in "SF community" fanzines over the decade that I have been involved in the field. The first, which seems to me a real phenomenon, is the collapse of the "sercon" fanzine. I tried to do a fanzine that was actually about written SF. If *Twink* was not an outright failure, it marginally succeed for reasons independent of its intended subject matter. SF had been mentioned scantily, or not at all, in many of the most popular fanzines of the period – e.g. among many, *Mimosa* and *Plokta*.

The other apparent trend of this period is, briefly, to the Web and away from paper. I am less convinced of the evidence for this. Certainly there has been some movement in this direction. *Tangent*, which received some "best fanzine" Hugo nominations in the late 1990s, eventually folded its paper operation to go online, before disappearing entirely. In 2003, *Emerald City* was, to the best of my knowledge, the first completely "e-zine" with no paper edition, to receive a "best fanzine" Hugo award. The widely publicized disappearance of the paper fanzine has not happened yet, however, and I'm not expecting it tomorrow.

Over any given period of years, a lot of fanzines will get started, a lot will fail (generally without notice of termination), and only a handful of the most successful and/or most persistent will continue over the long haul. Of the first eleven fanzines I began to receive in 1996 in trade for my fanzine, only two titles could still be defined as active, and one of those is incidental, and the other is on its third editor.

The second fanzine I received in trade in January 1996 was Ned Brooks' eccentric *It Goes on the Shelf*, which technically is still active. However, in the nearly ten years it has produced a total of twelve issues. Of course, Ned also does a long-running APazine, *The New Port News*, and is well known as a letterhack. (The other active title: Southern Fandom Confederation's *Bulletin*, which even in my limited experience has passed from Tom Feller to Julie Wall to Randy Cleary.)

The first fanzine I received was Vicki Rosenzweig's *Quipu* #5. It took more than three years for this modest personal-

zine to get up to #10 (April 1999), then it vanished without explanation. Rosenzweig returned briefly as co-editor of an ambitious multi-national fanzine *Ant-Backuous Vaclash* with, as I recall, Bridget Bradshaw (herself the publisher of a short-lived British zine, *Squiggledy Hoy*, which never got out of single digits). That project never got off the ground. I still see occasional mentions of one or the other of them from time to time.

*Apparatchik* was probably the most consistent paper fanzine I saw in those early years. It ran from #53 in February 1996 through #80 in June 1997, and then folded. It was on a weekly schedule when I first saw it, then bi-weekly. Though its total number of issues was impressive, I infer that *Apparatchik* began publishing some time in 1994 so its run lasted less than four years. Editors Andy Hooper and Victor Gonzalez went on to do brief and irregular personalzines (*The Jezail* and *Squib* respectively, neither of which achieved double digits). Last I heard, Hooper was co-editing *Chunga* with Randy Byers, a fanzine I do not receive.

Arthur Hlavaty's *Derogatory Reference* has been officially retired. It got up to #90 by the end of 1998, then took nearly four years (November 2002) to finish off a run of 100. Of course Arthur promptly began a nearly identical personalzine under title *Nice Distinctions*, so if you wanted to say that *DR* lives on under a new label, I won't argue the point.

*International Revolutionary Gardner*, *Freethinker*, *MSFire*, *Burstzine*, *Nonstop Fun*, *Wabe*, *PhiloSFy*, *Barmaid*, *Out of the Kaje*, *This Here*, and *Aztec Blue* were all fanzines of the period which faltered and disappeared. *PhiloSFy* was one of the few that achieved double digits, reaching #14 in early 2000 before Alex Slate dropped it to attend to family responsibilities. During the decade I also received several fanzines which were either intended as one-shots from the outset (*New Kind of Neighborhood*) or never got past the first issue (*Gasworks* and *Vojo de Vivo*). Even fanzines with legitimate stature went through periods of extensive gafia, a year or longer between issues (*File 770*, *Quasiquote*, and *Thyme*).

This I think reflects that the limits of fandom, web or paper, are more easily found in a failure of will than a failure of funding. *Plokta* did five issues in calendar 2000; the "April 2003" number was not mailed until October, because the editors just didn't bother. Of course this may be due to the British custom of doing zines to coincide with major conventions – Eastercon and Novacon – with the assumption that readers who don't show up to collect their copies in person, must suffer the consequences. This is not merely my opinion; Joseph Nicholas said exactly the same thing in a LOC in *Banana Wings* #19.



(Some British fanzines leave the impression of being written almost entirely to a British audience, any outreach to international fandom being an afterthought at best. When I was doing *Twink* I viewed my natural market as multi-national, and at various times mailed issues to at least ten different countries.)

In general, there are a horde of excellent reasons not to do a fanzine, and only one good reason to undertake such a project: because you want to. What I find troubling is the amount of indecision over this point, the number of people who just can't make up their minds. Do a fanzine, or else don't. If you don't wish to put in the time and effort (and money), say so and go do something else. The fannish custom which allows one to disappear for years at a time, and then resume as if there's been no absence allows some faneds to maximize their level of indifference. I think this practice is a disservice to fandom.

All the awards for fanzines, it seems to me, are niche awards of specific and limited factions. The "Best Fanzine" Hugo during the decade continued a pattern well established prior to that, with a cartel of a few fans monopolizing a vast majority of the nominations and awards: From 1984 to 2004 *Mimosa*, *Ansible*, and *File 770* received sixteen of the available twenty-one Hugos in the category. *Emerald City's* receipt of the 2004 award was the first new, first-time winner in twelve years (*Mimosa*, 1992).

The FAAN Awards followed a similar pattern, with nearly all the awards going either to an exclusionary in-group (*Wabe*, 2002, on a total of four issues; *Chunga*, 2003, on a total of **three** issues at the time, forsooth), or to a smattering of others who have at least not argued with the Corflu cult (*Trap Door*, 2000 and 2004). The by-laws, of the Prix Aurora in Canada had to be amended to exclude clubzines, specifically in reaction to the practice of a Trekkie group bloc-voting the award to their clubzine. At least one of the Nova Award recipients during this period was one I had never heard of at all at the time (*Zoo Nation*). Given my limited knowledge of British fandom this may not be surprising; but neither was there any mention of it in such fanzine references as Guy Lillian's *The Zine Dump* or Keith Walker's *Fanzine Fanatique*.

The two most notable events in fanzine circles in this decade both took place in 2003. The first of these was the death of Harry Warner, Jr. Active in fandom for most of a long life, Mr. Warner wrote so many letters to so many fanzines (meticulously picked out on one of his still functioning manual typewriters) that he was called the "patron saint of letterhacks". It used to be said, not entirely as a joke, that you couldn't claim to be a "real" fanzine without having published a Warner letter. Future faneds will have to forego that distinction.

The other prominent event in fanzines 1996 – 2005 was the demise of the esteemed journal of fanhistory (and recipient of multiple Hugos), *Mimosa*. I respected *Mimosa* and what it accomplished even if its specific focus did not much coincide with my own interests. ...Of slightly lesser impact were the

gradual fade into oblivion of two other important fanzines: the pre-eminent newszine of the 1980s and 1990s, *File 770* and the sturdy if aggressively argumentative *FOSFAX*. As recently as 2001, *File 770* did four issues in a calendar year, and *FOSFAX* three. Though neither has officially announced termination, it seems clear that they are either gone, or in serious collapse. *FOSFAX* achieved more than 200 issues, and *File 770* in excess of 140.

Considering the other side of the coin, I don't think any of the new fanzines begun during 1996 – 2005 can yet claim that elusive title, "focal point fanzine". Possibly *Emerald City*. I think other successful start-ups, such as *Alexiad* or *Peregrine Nations*, have more modest ambitions. *Quasiquote* and *Argentus* are worthy and respected zines, but as annuals lack the timeliness to lead the field. *Littlebrook* has yet to establish much track record.

Of course, numerous fanzines have cruised through the decade under the radar, so to speak, succeeding where more grandiose projects have failed. *Visions of Paradise*, *Gengenschein*, and *The Knarley Knews* all passed 100 issues and kept on truckin' – Henry "Knarley" Welch was so focused on his twenties anniversary as a faned (October 2006) that he didn't regard reaching triple digits as any big deal! *Fanzine Fanatique* chugs steadily along, the little engine-that-could of reviewzines. *No Award*, *Tortoise*, and *Opuntia* are still in the picture. *Covert Communications from Zeta Corvi* has visited Earth with less consistency, but may still be among the living.

Clubzines tend to be long-lived; their low expectations, shared cost, local focus, and rotating cast of editors make it easy to keep them going. In my observation few are part of, or display any interest in being part of, the larger dialogue of fandom. The attempts by *Memphen* to solicit "fan artist" Hugo nominations for a local artist who only appears in that clubzine, suggest tunnel vision, extraordinary naiveté, or both.

Fanzine fandom still has its appeal. A new *Challenger* or *Peregrine Nations* brightens up my day, and I check the mailbox eagerly when an *Alexiad* or *Knarley Knews* is due. But there are also gaps in the fabric. The most urgent need, it appears to me, is a regular broad-spectrum North American newszine to fill the position abdicated by *File 770*. For my part I'd like to see a sercon fazine: a *Nova Express* with a less narrow focus, a *For the Clerisy* that's actually interested in SF. At this writing I am informed that Janine Stinson has taken over co-editorship of *Steam Engine Time* with Bruce Gillespie in an effort to get that fanzine back on track. It will probably take at least a year to see how that project is working out.

If I could wave a magic wand over fanzine fandom and cause one change, it would be to direct it more toward cooperation and mutual support, away from narrow factionalism. I don't know if that's a reasonable hope for the next decade. Presumably you have to take decades as you find them.

# Reflection On: *FAPA*

By Rodney Leighton

On Dec. 1, 04, I came home and discovered a large package of fanzines in my mailbox. Hmmn, what's this? Well, it is a copy of Distribution #268 of *FAPA*, shipped to me a month earlier by Milt Stevens. Golly-gosh, etc.

The *Fantasy Amateur Press Association* began life in, I believe, August 1937. That year is in my head for some unknown reason; add in the fact that #268 is Volume 67, #4 and manipulate the calculator...actually, I did it in my head...and that seems to work. I was set up for a maximum of 65 members. As of the end of last year there were about 50, leaving lots of room.

The top item in the bundle was something entitled *Fantasy Amateur*, an official publication containing lots of information. First page gives the numbers used above; lists the 35 fanzines in the package by title; publisher and number of pages. Total of 353 pages. Data on a postmailing, which I was too dumb to figure out and had to ask Milt about: it means that the publisher mailed copies to members individually. This was *Trial and Air* #14 by Michael W. Waite, which was a huge 80 page fanzine which I happen to know because I received a copy. *FAPA* is mailed every three months. Copy-count (the number of copies of your zine you have to send in) was 52 as of mid-December.

I noted that the fanzines included ranged from 2 pages to 35, which was *Visions of Paradise* #99. Bob Sabella contributed almost one third of the pages in this mailing.

In fact, Bob, Eric Lindsay and Dale Speirs provided over one half of the pages herein. Nothing wrong in that; it may suggest a reason that *FAPA* membership is down. In fact, not long ago, I read a Lloyd Penney LOC, somewhere, in which he mentions that he pondered joining *FAPA* but since he already got many of the fanzines, he didn't see any point in joining. Of course, that eliminates those fanzines done exclusively for *FAPA*.

*FAPA* has four officers. Jack Speer is president. Arnie Katz is vice president. Robert Lichtman is secretary-treasurer. Milt Stevens is official editor. Of the four, Milt was the only one to contribute a zine to this mailing. Of course, with minac at a mere 8 pages the size this fanzine is or equivalent; well, any Katz zine is over that and I see he had a zine in 267; don't know anything about Mr. Speer and I think Robert uses *Trap Door* as his *FAPA* contribution, although I could be totally wrong about that.

Robert supplied a Secretary-Treasurer's Report which was interesting and informative; it lists the members in alphabetical order; their addresses and whether they have paid their yearly dues, which are US\$12 per year for everyone regardless of where you live and the status of your activity account.

Minac is a mere 8 pages this size per year, or equivalent. What that means, in case any readers are considering taking my advice and checking out *FAPA* for themselves, is that each member must do at least one fanzine of eight 8.5" x 11" pages during the year or similar. Of course, 2 pages each quarterly mailing will also work. People who fail to meet minac get kicked out.

I was interested by the membership, a rather eclectic group of folks. As of last August, there were three folks from the great white north, although I think one of them is from elsewhere. One Australian, one Swede, and one Finn with three from the UK. And 40 people living under a Bush. There were very famous fans. SMOFs, BNFs, and people I, at least, have never heard of. Of the three Canadians, I have heard of Jim Caughran, read something he wrote, isn't he from the States? I was on the *Opuntia* mailing list until I was dropped about the time my mother died.

And Colin Hinz was my very first contact with SF fanzines, although I had no idea what those things were at that time and did not know what I was reading nor what to do with them and haven't had contact with Colin for years.

There is also something called the 2004 Bob Pavlat Ego-boo Poll Results. Apparently they do this yearly. Members vote on such things as best artist, best personal writing, best regular publication, best formal writing, best humorist, best mailing comments, and a few other categories. And a tally of all votes for a winner. Bob Sabella, for, I gather, the second year in a row. Apparently I would not have seen this unless Joyce Katz, who compiled it, had not suffered two broken ankles at the same time. Ouch. The top 10 are listed and then everyone who received votes and the number of votes. Ah ha, I see Robert does have a *FAPA* zine. In the category of best single issue of a *FAPA*zine, not one of them has a zine in this mailing. Sigh.

However, one aspect of APAs that one must be aware of is that you never know who is going to contribute when or what. If all 49 members contributed a zine each mailing it would be a huge bundle. Unless zines were restricted to 2 or 4 pages. Which would contradict the creativity inherent in the publication of fanzines.

Mailing comments are known to some folks as MCs and I see some are now calling them emcees. In case there are any readers who do not know, I will mention that these are comments on previous fanzines and/or to certain people. Just like letters of comment they come in various guises; unlike most LOCs, mailing comments do not contain much if anything outside the topic. They are like true letters of comment. Such as those written by, say, Joseph Major or Joy Smith. I don't think they are a requirement but most people do them and

actually, there would be little reason to belong to any APA if you did not do mailing comments. Similar to LOCs, they can be read with interest even without having read the zine to which they are in response to. However, they do not lend themselves to reviewing. What can one say about mailing comments?

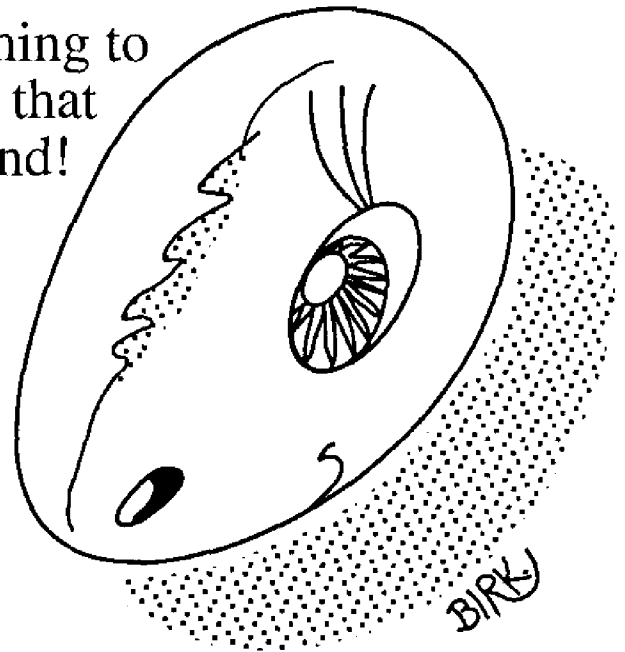
I don't know about other folks but if I get a bundle of reading materials from someone, I sort through them all; go through a second time looking more closely at each one and

then go through a third time and stack them in the order in which I want to read them. I did this as a child at Christmas and still do it. This *FAPA* distribution was no exception. It arrived neatly stacked together in the order in which the zines are listed in the *Fantasy Amateur*. I was, oh gosh, oh goody and shuffled through the pile. Then took a closer look. And then I hunted up a box and sorted the pile into the order that I wanted them, put them into the box as I finished with each one and then flipped the pile. So the following is the order in which I approached this pile of fanzines.

*Visions of Paradise* #99 34 S(andard) pages plus a sci-fi cover. An autobiography by publisher Bob Sabella of his SF career. An article by someone named Steve Carper entitled: "Would it Kill You To Write an SF Novel" which is a rant against a Michael Bishop-Paul DiFilippo collaboration. The section entitled The Passing Scene is the diary section in which hyperactive Bob details some of his many activities and those of his two active sons and occasionally his wife and other family members, friends, and students. It's an interesting read although it makes me tired. I admit to a bit of envy; we are about the same age; Bob does more things on most days than I do in a given month. This is followed by a 6 page section on Jack Vance; a chronology of his books and reviews of six of them. In "Wondrous Stories" Bob writes about SF books. What in the hell is this doing in a SF fanzine?? Total sercon section. he even reads a book occasionally which seems of interest to me. The In-Box is fanzine reviews encased in a box. And The Lighter Side is Jokes; 3 pages this time, mostly funny. And some art throughout, by such luminaries as Sheryl Birkhead and Brad Foster.

*Bird of Prey* 3 by Janine Stinson 6 S pages. Short editorial; short review of *Rogue Worlds* #9 and mailing comments on the previous 2 disties.

Aww...what a nice thing to say write...spread that egoboo around!



*This Civer is Page 1 FAPAliment* #504 published by John S. Davis. And the tone continues on in that vein. 11 digest pages. Front page looked amusing and was; entire zinc is amusing. Some perzine material and mailing comments. Fun zine.

*Snickersnee*. Apparently Robert Silverberg does an 8 page zine once a year. This one is the 55th. anniversary of his entry into *FAPA*. Yeesh. He started doing *FAPA* zines when I was a year old. Couple pages of musing about his writing career and some award and mailing comments.

*Alphabet Soup* #43 by the inestimable Milt Stevens 8 S pages. Mailing comments interspersed with personal comments.

*Target: FAPA*. Colour photo of some babe on the cover. No id. No page count. The *Fantasy Amateur* says it is 5 pages by Dick Eney. Mailing comments for *FAPA* 266; published May, 2004. *Target: FAPA*, August 2004. This one has a Bush on the cover. Mailing cements for *FAPA* 267.

*Visions of Paradise* #100, part 1, The Passing Scene, 22 S pages. Cover by Birkhead. 3 pages of discussion of SF; The Passing Scene (see above); A Life In Brief 6 pages of short memories of Bob's life from birth to 2004. And 3 pages of jokes.

*Ride the Lightning Visions of Paradise* part 2. 16 S pages of mailing comments. These are fun to read even if you haven't read the zines being commented on. Or at least I think so.

*Visions of Paradise* #100, Part 3, Wondrous Stories. 25 pages. Wonderful Birkhead cover. Even better backcover by Julia Morgan-Scott. An essay about Alan E. Nourse by E.B. Frohvet, a brief history of science fiction; book listings, best of lists and like that by Bob, including some for music. 7 pages of book reviews and commentary. A portfolio of spaceship drawings by Marc Schirmeister. Short reviews of a bunch of fanzines.

*Picayune*. Little bit larger than standard 2 pages. Seems to be a Brit. Problems with mail; CDs; horror and stuff. Milt informs members and me that the author of this piece is named Keith A. Walker.

*Voice of the Habu* by Roger Wells. 3 S pages. Mailing comments and some penzine stuff.

*Forty Years Ago Revisited*: 2 more pages by Keith Walker, identified this time. Personal musings.

*Fewline Mewsings #17*; 9 S pages by the lovely R-Laurrafne Tutihasi. If I thought she would see this I would wonder if that was a picture of her a few years ago used as a cover... ah...it's one of Franz Miklis' space babes. Comments on herself, her hubby, her garden and the Hugos. Mailing comments and LOCs. She sends copies to some fans. Zine is also available on the web, which I know because a friend printed issue #18 and sent it to me awhile ago. She ends the issue with an apology for its brevity. #18 is 18 pages. One of the fanzines I would try to get if I were still doing such things. Third favourite zine in this bundle.

*Sweet Jane* 41; not numbered, Milt counted the pages, 8 S pages from Gordon Eklund which begins "A set of old fashioned mailing comments..."

*Grandfather Stories*, August 2004. Thank God for the *Fantasy Amateur*, I never would have figured out the title of this zine without it. By Howard Devore. 6 pages. Tales about his grandson; amusing and touching. This gentleman is getting along in years I believe. Entire zine is in large bold print.

*Big Fish, Little Fish, Cardboard Box* 4. 8 of those Brit sized pages from Sandra Bond Sandra was at the 2004 Corflu affair in Vegas and this is her report of said con and her impressions and activities. Interesting/amusing in places and rather intriguing occasionally. "Fabulous fannish faces swirled all around mine ears and culture shock mixed with shyness overwhelmed me as I slunk through the room ...oops...party into the room where I fetched up against a denim-clad figure which seemed distinctly familiar...hello, Ted White.

*Fish Wrap World Gazette*: Fancy computerized layout; sub-head: New Computer In Cantor Household. Must be a Marty Cantor zine. Yep. 5 pages of mailing comments from Marty, who appears to be devoting something like 80 hours a week to fanac. Marty refers to *FAPA* as "the Elephant's graveyard of fandom." Hmnnn...

*The Road Warrior* by Tom Feller. 6 S pages. Don't know if that's him on the cover in the shorts and beer gut but I assume so. Personal matters, some book reviews and short mailing comments.

*The Devil's Work* Vol 3, #126. say what? Huh. Anyway, it's 4 pages of mailing comments by Norm Metcalf, some from 2003.

*Bird of Prey*. No identification. Writing seemed familiar. 2 pages of mailing comments and some personal commentary about life in Manistee County, Michigan. You figure out who wrote it.

*Lofgeornost #76*. 8 S pages by Fred Lerner. Report of a trip he and his wife took to Finland and Russia. Much time spent in museums and restaurants and various tourist traps and hotels. I found it boring but that may well be a reflection of a lack of culture or differences in taste.

*A Propos de Rein*, which means nothing, by Jim Caughran. 8 pages, some colour printing. Musings on email and zines, film festivals, renovations, scrabble and coons. Short essay about a message in a bottle. And mailing comments.

*Gegenschein #98*. From Eric Lindsay. 14 L(egal) pages. Eric and Jean Weber have some sort of relationship which I don't know what it is and it doesn't matter except in how to word things. Eric & Jean, I suppose. Anyway, they drove to Brisbane where Jean had meetings and conferences (the business kind) and Eric did shopping, laundry and touristy things. Lots of comments on food, hotels and sights. Interesting. The section titled Rants is mostly short bits best described as political commentary: gas prices, oil, environment; air travel, taxes; smoking, age and video games among other topics. Short reviews of 18 fiction books, none SF and 12 non-fiction books, many about techno stuff, big surprise. Locs from 10 people; no one on the *TKK* mailing list, I don't believe. Good fanzine. But, Eric, what's with the ISSN number?

*Gegenschein #99*; 14 more pages. Eric & Jean take a trip to New Zealand where they travel about the place, visit folks and sights and drop in on their friend and mine Lyn McCornchie and her cats. Interesting trip report. Followed by rants on broken down printers, advertising, welfare, and classic music. Ikea and other things. Reviews of 29 SF books; other booking books about computers and 6 non-fiction books. Are you related to Joseph Mayor? Bunch of LOCs, including one from Ned Brooks and later one from Cuyler Brooks and various other *TKK* LOCcers and others. List of Xmas cards and a longish WAHF list.

*For FAPA* 4 pages of mailing comments from Eric Lindsay.

*Opuntia* 54.3. Digest, 16 pages, Dale Spears. Apparently .3 issues are strictly for *FAPA*. Back when I was on the *Opuntia* mailing list, every so often there would be a paragraph describing *FAPA* and contact info. This is repeated hereabout if these issues are strictly for *FAPA*, why is the description of an apa and *FAPA* included? Mailing comments and a few articles.

*Opuntia* 54.5. from Dale Spears. perzine issue.

*Nice Distinctions* from Arthur Hlavaty. 6 S pages silly song; report on attending the International Conference on the Fantastic in the arts bunch of book reviews, an obituary and some commentary. This is the issue I mentioned earlier as having been interesting to read but I didn't have anything to say

about it. (As a note, nothing to do with this: I recently read #7 and would like to offer belated condolences to Bernadette on her loss.)

*Fanalysis* 31 by Ray Schaffer. 2 pages. Political rant. I agreed with it all.

*Gegenschein* 101. June 2004. 18 pages this time. It's a trip report. Jean's mother lives in the States and moved from her house to an apartment. She and Eric went and helped her, which is really nice. Eric also visited a bunch of fans ; attended that Corflu in Vegas; they both attended Potlatch. I have a feeling Eric enters data into one of those electronic gizmos I have never seen and then prints it all up when he gets home. One thing I found rather annoying is that he usually uses only given names, or nicknames. Of course, even a fakefan like me was able to figure out that if he was in Florida and visiting Pat and Roger, he was probably visiting Wells and Joe and Gay almost have to be Haldemans. Corflu Jr The first fans encountered were not precisely locals. British fans Ian Sorenson, Yvonne Rowse and finally Julia all turned up ...H Julia who? That quibble aside I quite enjoyed reading this trip report; it told the readers a lot about these folks and their trip and what they did. This was my second favourite fanzine of the package,.

*Ouroborus* #12 by Steve & Vicki Ogden. 12 S pages. Pictures of their new house on the cover. Accounts of their move from California to Texas, San Anionio, in fact. Great personal writing. I really enjoyed this one; my favourite of the bunch. In Vicky's portion: I bought myself a ticket for being clocked at 102 in a 75 mph zone. Yikes! Highest speed limit here is 120 kmh; about 75 mph. Of course, that is on a 4 or 6 lane highway and anyone travelling that speed is apt to be passed by 98% of the vehicles on the road. Very good zine.

*Ben's Beat* #77. by Ben Indick. 27 S pages. Book reviews; reviews of theater plays; a bunch of stuff on old people and aging; some mailing commentary personal feeling was that this was second only to *Opuntia* in being a lousy zine. But I imagine lots of people liked it. Mr. Indick as well as 2 or 3 other folks have suggested that non *FAPA* members might be interested in joining. *FAPA* needs and wants new members.

Should you join *FAPA*? Only you know that. personally, I fluctuated between a desire to try to join up immediately; a desire to see if I could persuade Robert or someone to sell me copies; wondering if I could find a member who would ship me their copy of each mailing and the knowledge that even if I did decide to join and was allowed to and could find the money to do so that immediately my periodic propensity to decide to leave this hobby completely and forever would kick in. Of course, I have had that feeling about 3 to 5 times a year for at least 8 years.

I have heard the rumor that a person has to be approved by Robert Lichtman to be accepted as amender of *FAPA*. No idea if that is true. I have heard that one needs certain famish credentials. That may be for that Andy Hooper Appreciation

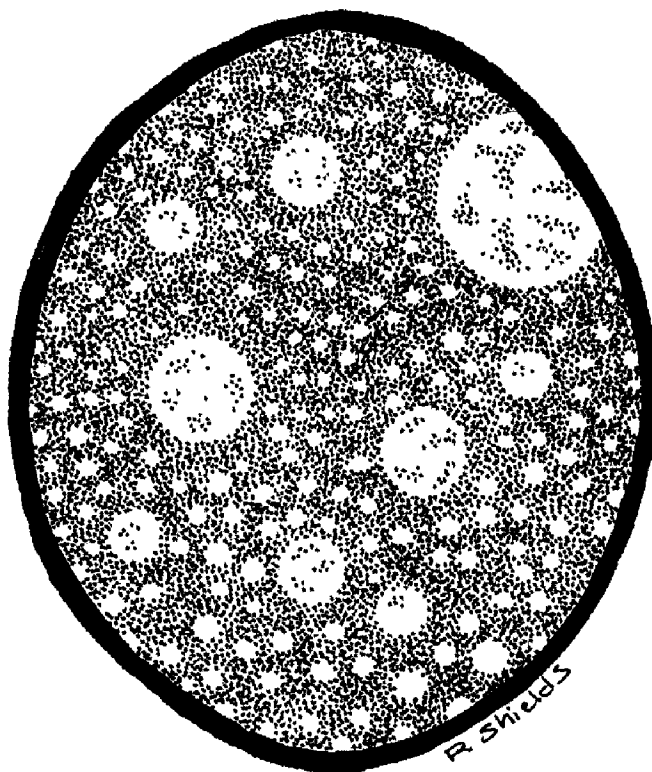
Association ...errr, the FAAN awards. I just mention these things in the hopes that Robert or someone will set me straight in print.

I do know that anyone who wishes to sample *FAPA* needs to contact Robert Lichtman at P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA., USA.,95442. email: robertlichtman@yahoo.com. Sample disties in the U.S. cost \$3. Prices for other people to be determined. Mailing #269 is 521 pages which includes a 174 page tribute to Fritz Leiber, whoever he is or was. Milt suggests a price of \$10 for that one for U.S. folks. Postage to other countries is fairly high; I would think \$8 or \$10 would be reasonable for regular disties. But get in touch with Robert.

People who enjoy mailing comments; reading them, writing them, should find *FAPA* of great interest. I would imagine that those people who enjoy reading this fanzine, which is very much LOC-oriented would enjoy *FAPA* mailings, with the plethora of mailing comments.

Then again...of the 9 people who are members of *FAPA* who I know receive *TKK*, almost all of them publish fanzines and Milt and Eric are the only ones who could be considered consistent LOCcers. Does that mean anything? Who knows? Well, I think this is it. Best job I can do. I do recommend that each and every reader who is not already a member of *FAPA* or hasn't been in the past contact Robert, get a sample and consider whether to join. I hope this essay preview prompts some folks to do so.

In conclusion, I would like to thank Milt for sending this to me Writing this review was a bit of work. But it was worth it. I was delighted to get the package; enjoyed almost all of the fanzines and appreciate the opportunity to do so.



# Philosophical Matters

by Alex Slate

In the last column I introduced the ideas of absolutism and relativism. I would like to explore them a little more in this column.

Absolutists are often represented by the religious moralists. Their view is that there is a fundamental basis for morality and ethics. Of course, to a religious moralist (and those based upon Western theocracies) those laws come from God. The Decalogue (commonly known as the Ten Commandments) are probably the best known of these. Among the commandments are: though shalt not steal, though shalt not commit murder (typically misrepresented as though shalt not kill), and though shalt not bear false witness. Typically there is very little room for argument in the absolutist view. "Though shalt not steal," means that all theft is wrong, plain and simple.

Aristotle is considered an absolutist, though he is perhaps an interesting case with his concept of the Golden Mean. Though there is perhaps some basis in the statement that Aristotle incorporates an element of relativism, Aristotle and Plato are generally placed in opposition to the Sophists, who are considered to represent relativism.

The most famous Sophist is Protagoras. Protagoras is most famous for his statement, "Man is the measure of all things."<sup>1</sup> This is generally taken as the credo of the relativist position. Interpreted it works something like this... an action is neither good nor bad in and of itself, it depends upon the situation, and in particular on the needs of the actor. In other words, though shalt not steal is not a binding proposition. If I steal in order to feed myself, then stealing is - for me - a good thing. However, if you steal from me, then that action is bad.

Those last two sentences pretty much point out the major problem with simple relativism; the fact that it leads to (what would appear to most of us as) hypocrisy and multiple views that can oppose each other. What if you stole from me to feed yourself? It is possible to see how I can take the viewpoint that your action is wrong, and similarly how you can take the viewpoint that your action is right. But what if I stole from someone else to feed myself and you then stole from me to feed yourself? How can I then view my action as right and yours as wrong without being hypocritical?

Relativism deals with this by ignoring the idea of hypocrisy. The other problem is that there is no basis for profound judgment of things that to most of humanity appear to be great and horrible evils. If relativism is correct and taken to its extreme, then things such as the Nazi holocaust cannot be judged as good or evil.

Utilitarianism is viewed as a relativist philosophy. Created in the 1800s by Jeremy Bentham its chief proponent is con-

sidered to be John Stuart Mill. Utilitarianism is different in that the basis for "judgment" is not the individual, but the collective. The statement that is considered the core of utilitarianism is "The greatest good for the greatest number." It is easy for me to see how this is an improvement on simple relativism. But it is still not entirely satisfactory, because it potentially allows situations such as the following.

If we posit that the Earth is overcrowded, and that this overcrowding is the root of many bad things such as pollution, and further feel that the "ills" caused by overcrowding may indeed lead to massively horrible things, potentially even the total destruction of mankind in the future, then for us to kill off as many as 49% of the Earth's human population would be a "good" thing since it would be the greatest good for the greatest number. Of course, the exact percentage of how much of the population could be debated, but I hope you see my point. Utilitarianism leaves us with the question of how do we determine what is "good" first of all, and then expanded, what is the greatest good?

Well, so far it certainly sounds like I'm for the absolutist viewpoint, doesn't it? Well, no.<sup>2</sup> Because absolutism can be taken to extremes. If a few people hoard all the world's food, then to take it from them would be bad according to the strictest interpretation. It is this very type of interpretation (with a little extra definition thrown in) that allow ultra-conservatives and radical libertarians to define taxation as robbery.

Now this can be alleviated, at least to a degree, if we allow stratification or ordering of the rules. Yes, stealing is bad but murder is worse, and hoarding all the food would lead to murder. However, nowhere in the Decalogue (and many other codes of action as well) does it put caveats like this. It doesn't say "thou shalt not steal unless it is to prevent murder." And if we do allow this type of thinking, how do we judge the relative merits. "Well, we can steal (or tax) 10% of the food because murder is ten times worse than stealing."

Misinterpretation can also lead us to problems as well. For instance, in the original Hebrew it is, "thou shalt not commit murder." It doesn't say, as many believe, "thou shalt not kill." The two are very different. Given the second, even though what the Nazis did was very wrong, we cannot justify war against the Nazis to stop them, because we would have to kill some of them. And that would make us as bad as the Nazis. If you stick to this interpretation then the justification that a few deaths to save a lot is hypocrisy. Something we found wanting in the relativist position.

Definitions also cause us problems as far as absolutism goes. Is abortion murder? (NOTE: I DO NOT WANT TO GET INTO A DEBATE ON THIS ISSUE.<sup>3</sup>) It depends on how

you define a fetus – as human or not. Because you can also get into the same question with killing animals for food. Is this murder or not? (AGAIN I DO NOT WANT TO GET INTO ARGUMENTS PARTICULARLY ABOUT THIS POINT.)

So where do I fit in. As with most things, somewhere in the middle. I believe that there have to be some absolutes. I fully support “thou shalt not commit murder.” Indeed I would extend the concept that “Life, generally, is a good thing and should be preserved.” In fact, I might go so far as to say, “You shouldn’t kill.” However, there are times when taking a life, if not right, is at least defensible, and the correct thing to do in certain situations. Lest us go back to our example of the Nazi holocaust. I see nothing wrong with going to war to prevent this type of action. I also see no problem in terms of right and wrong in defending my own life even to the point of killing someone, if the situation came down to me or that person dying.

However, taking it back the other way. What if someone took myself and another person hostage, and was going to kill one of us, but let the other live. While I would prefer to live, I don’t think that it would necessarily be right for me to save my life at the expense of another in a case like this.

Earlier I talked about the idea of stratification of moral issues. Then I said it was not defensible in terms of strict absolutism. However, I do believe in this stratification. Let’s talk about bearing false witness. This is generally meant to mean that

one should not lie. It really isn’t exactly the same, but I do believe that the truth is generally better than a lie. However, let’s go to the case of the “ugly” bride.<sup>4</sup> If I am a guest at the wedding (or even if I’m not) and someone asks me (especially within the bride’s hearing) if I think the bride is beautiful, then “lying” and saying yes is certainly preferable to hurting her and saying no.

Do I have a completely coherent and well defined philosophy of this fusion between absolutism and relativism? No, and I probably never will. Will I occasionally seem to contradict myself and reverse directions on issues, probably. I see no problem with this because specific conditions and/or my general understanding of things as a whole, will make things right, not right, or defensible. Your thoughts???

(Footnotes)

<sup>1</sup>Frankly, I can see a different way of interpreting this statement, but that is neither here nor there as far as the discussion of this column is concerned.

<sup>2</sup>At least not completely, but I’m getting ahead of myself.

<sup>3</sup>Not yet, anyway. We’ll save the issue of abortion for a later column.

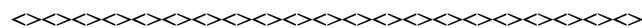
<sup>4</sup>I understand that beauty itself is a relative concept, but let’s not get into that here.



**Editorial continued from page 4**

leaves only two hockey players in the family when we had four last year.

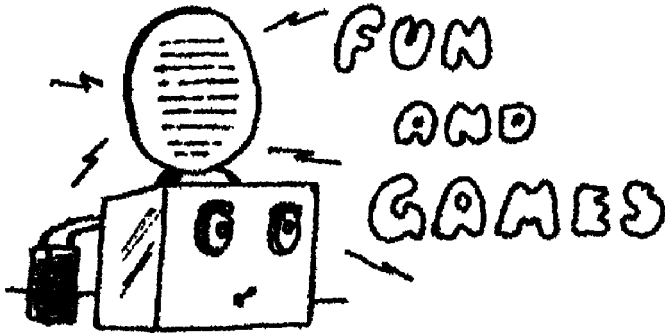
My team continues to struggle. Generally I play on perhaps the worst line in the league. The guy playing center does OK, but the other wing is slow and plays too deep on defense. I get a number of chances each game, but generally there is not a lot of support once I’ve brought it into the zone. I generally get quite a few assists each year, but so far none this year. Overall the team seems to under-achieve in the scoring department. We have some capable younger lines, but they don’t always seem to add up to enough success. We are in most games until the third period and then the other team will surge ahead and put us away. The league tournament starts at the end of next month and I’d be surprised if we win more than one game.



Until next issue...

# Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves



In the mid-thirties we were given an unwanted “wireless” by someone graduating to a better model. The one we got consisted of a square mahogany box with two dials on the front. A large, round loudspeaker resembling a washing up bowl on edge stood on the top and hiding bashfully behind this duo was a large high-tension battery and a bulky lead-acid accumulator which had to be re-charged at the local garage every few days. The radio was a “straight” receiver employing feedback reaction to give it better sensitivity and volume. This endowed the thing with a few strange foibles. You tuned the thing by twiddling one dial to go up or down the frequency band, whilst simultaneously adjusting the knob to keep the whole shebang on the verge of self-oscillation. If you overshot, the thing would begin to emit a banshee sort of screech – which we discovered later, was being picked up by all local radio sets. If you fiddled both knobs successfully, the loudspeaker would give out a rather faint version of a BBC programme.

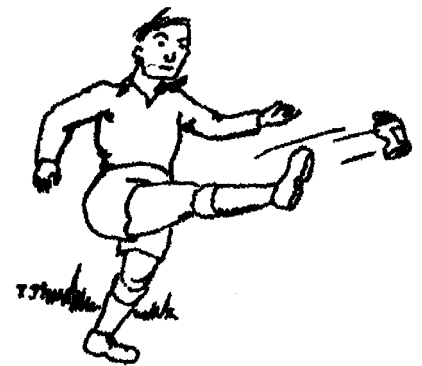
Another little idiosyncrasy soon became apparent. If you walked round the room and passed too near the radio, it would de-stabilise and begin to emit the banshee-wail. We stuck this performance for several months then decisions were taken and a brand new Marconi three-valver was acquired. With this sophisticated model I was able to explore the joys of short-wave radio listening by picking up the American station WGEO in Schenectady. I loved its organ music program of “Church in the Wildwood” – so did the BBC as they quickly pinched the idea and re-titled it “Chapel in the Valley”.

Sunday for the BBC was a day of solemnity and wall to wall gloom. Slow, stately dirges or talks on serious subjects. Anything light-hearted or laughter-making was verboten. One must not enjoy oneself on Sunday. We solved that problem by turning on Radio Luxembourg. On doing this we were regaled by the Ovaltineys with their songs and secret code messages. Bertox gave us the jingle, “Hurrah for Betox, what a delightful stew...” There was “Salty Sam the sailor man”, the Horlick’s hour and of course, the unforgettable Sax Rohmer serial – sinister music followed by a menacing voice, “I Fu Manchu am determined to wipe out all my enemies...”

We had not TV, computer games or other expensive and elaborate ways of amusing ourselves. Pastimes were simple and sporadic. On sudden impulse we would move to the nearest bus-stop and start collecting tickets from descending passengers. We had no use for the things other than plaiting thing into accordion-like shapes. Of even lesser value was the urge to take pencil and paper and start recording the numbers of passing cars. Sometime we would persuade local shopkeepers to part with their rubbish and empty boxes. This treasure trove would be lugged to the “Donkey Hill” for a right royal bonfire.

Light relief coupled with excitement, danger and sheer physical activity could sometimes be obtained by a visit to the local Mormon Church. This building stood along on a small patch of land with a grassy path all round. It was constructed from corrugated iron, so was known as “The Tin Tabernacle”. It was standard practice to take a strong stick and run round the outside of this edifice, trundling the stick against the corrugations. The row was bad enough from the outside; inside it must have been indescribable. This harmless amusement inevitably led to the perpetrator being hotly pursued by one of the inhabitants.

We also played “Relievo” by forming two teams and hunting each other. “Kick Can” was a variation on Hide and Seek. Whoever was “On” placed an empty tin can in the middle of the road, someone would kick it and we would all scatter and



hide. Whoever was Muggins had to retrieve and replace the can before starting his search. Each “find” was brought to the “den” until all were found, but if he strayed too far from his can, one of the uncaught would dash out, kick the can away, all would scatter and the whole thing began again. “Tip Cat” was another pastime – until I scored a direct hit on a neighbour’s window and brought an end to that entertainment.

Cigarette cards supplied another interest, these small pieces of cardboard inserted in packets of cigarettes boasted many colourful pictures on a variety of themes. Collecting them to get the full set of cars, aircraft, footballers or some other desirable series, involved much swapping and horse-trading. It didn’t end there, they also featured in our games. Flicking cards was popular in a variety of ways. One lad would stand a few cards against a wall and everyone flicked their cards at them. If they knocked one down, it became theirs. Obviously,

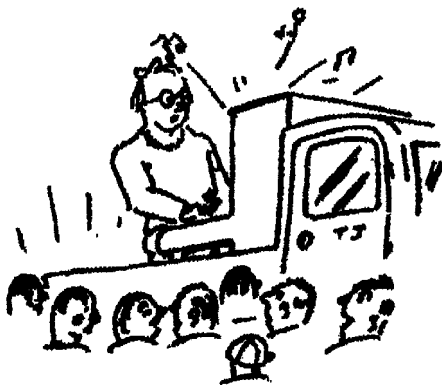


the “banker” always came off best as periodically he would clear the fallen cards when the pile got too big.

A favourite winter activity was “pinging”. This had to be carried out at night. Armed with wads of paper and numerous elastic bands, we would creep down a passage into somebody’s pitch-black backyard and tiptoe to the far end. This gave us a good hiding place plus a clear view of the back windows of the house in the next street. Picking out a lighted window, the fun would begin. Paper pellets were fired from hand-held elastic bands at the selected window. They caused no damage, but gave a satisfying “Ping!” Two or three such pings and someone would come out to investigate. At this point, we would suspend activities until they went back indoors, whereupon hostilities were resumed. Our victims would soon reach the stage of lurking behind the door ready to leap out at the first tap. They game went on until they gave up in resignation or we ran out of ammunition.

Naturally, we went through all the other ritual crazes. Conkers when in season, yo-yos, marbles, spinning tops and even road-racing with Mecanno-made land yachts. Carol-singing was a must at Christmas. This was followed on New Year’s Day with “Faileying” which was carried out in the morning and took the form of going round all the local back yards putting on a play involving such characters as a Derby Ram, and Little Devil Doubt “With my pockets turned inside out”. Then there was Beelzebub, “In my hand I carry a club” and the butcher who ended up killing the “topsy” (the ram). This done, we would go to every house in the yard for a donation.

There were other special occasions. At Whisuntide all the local shops had stalls outside offering such essentials as pea-shooters, balls on elastic, licorice sticks, cinder toffee, bullseyes, lucky bags, toffee and the like. The local Church fielded the massed band of the All



Saints Boy’s Brigade, all blowing their lungs out on trumpets to the accompaniment of a lorry-borne piano. The ensemble toured the district followed by a motley retinue of parents, children and other hangerson. Every few hundred yards, the cortege would pause to sing a few hymns and wind up back at the church in time for dinner. In the afternoon, everyone toddled off to the Atlas and Norfolk sports ground for races, ice-cream, side shows and general jollity.

Armistice Day was another one to remember. Nobody would dream of going out without a poppy in their lapel. Black arm bands were to be seen on every side, but the most memorable part was the two minute silence. Maroons sounded at 11am and everything stopped! In the streets or in shops, people halted in their tracks, removed their hats and all heads were bowed. Cars, buses and trams came to a stop and their pas-

sengers rose to their feet and stood in silence for two minutes of Remembrance. It wasn’t patriotism, jingoism or any other currently, sneered at reaction. It was simply a mass homage to all those who had died. When “for convenience” the silence was shifted to the nearest Sunday, much was lost. I wonder if those who had died would have asked for their deaths to have been saved for a weekend “for convenience”.

On reaching the lofty age of ten my birthday present was a **real bicycle!** It was a “Wiggies gas-pipe” with an 18” frame and cost the vast sum of £3.19.6d. Marketed by the local firm of Wigfall’s a totally false rumour claimed they were made from old gas piping, hence the nickname. Mother went with me to collect it. Having already done my basic training on friends’ bicycles I was confident of being able to ride the machine, nevertheless just to be on the safe side, I pushed it all the way home. Reaching the end of our road, I decided to demonstrate my skills. I hopped neatly on to one pedal intending to swing gracefully into the saddle and glide smoothly away. It didn’t quite work like that. My foot slipped off the pedal, I fell tummy down across the saddle and went sailing across the road. Luckily no other traffic got in the way, but it took a while to convince that I was safe to try again.

Cycling provided all sorts of fascinating activities such as imitating our favourite speedway stars. We laid out a track on the ash-covered recreation ground, marked the corners with concrete blocks and held races. It was during one of these that my pedal caught one of the blocks. My bike stopped, but I didn’t. I escaped unhurt, but the crank of the pedal had been bent back against the frame. Several hefty bashes with a half house brick and I was mobile once more.

We also had great fun dragging our cycles up the local slagheaps and hurtling down them again. The procedure was rendered hazardous by the regular passing of overhead skips filled with smoking clinker from the foundry. On striking a tipping bar, these would dump their hot contents on the ever-growing heaps. Luckily for us they passed over too high to be reached, otherwise we would have tried to hitch rides on the things with disastrous results. Climbing around those spoilheaps left us with ash-filled shoes and black feet. The next logical step was a trip over the railway bridge to paddle in the river, a sluggish and murky tributary of the Don. Then came the inevitable attempt to cross the river by walking along the top of the weir. Being weed-covered and slippery, we never succeeded and this usually ended in a drying out session before setting off home.

The return route involved another crossing of the railway line. On one occasion we decided to skip the long detour to reach the footbridge and instead, crossed the line directly. We were in the middle of the track when a train came steaming round the bend. Only immediate, headlong dives saved us from becoming mincemeat. A few cheerful words of greeting, followed by several lumps of coal flew at us from the cab of the engine as we scrambled through the weeds and away before a posse could be sent after us from the station.

# INTERLOCUTIONS

Joseph T Major  
1409 Christy Avenue  
Louisville, KY 40204-2040  
jtmajor@iglou.com  
January 6, 2005

And now the knews ... My first loc of the year! Woo hoo!

I have a cynical theory that the chance of police error in securing a crime scene and collecting evidence is directly proportional to the amount of money spent on the defense lawyers. In the sort of crimes Ann Rule (say) writes about, the state of the crime scene is pretty much what is presented in court, but for some reason, in crimes where the defense lawyers are paid more, the police seem to know what is coming and make lots of mistakes.

I am thinking of this because I have just finished a review of Ann Rule's new "Ann Rule's Crime Files" book, *Kiss Me, Kill Me*, which has some very depressing observations about the state of marriage and romance.

Reviewing my financial situation, and given that Ditto is unlikely to have a dealers' room, it is entirely possible we may make the trip up there then. Does the hotel have rooms with refrigerators in them?

"[The] next thing we knew we were in mid-town Manhattan at midnight." Okay, where's the Harry Warner loc? I mean, you must be sending this from the afterlife if you were in mid-town Manhattan at midnight.

"PhiloSFical Matters": I don't know why, but "You and I step, and do not step, into the same river" sounds more Zen to me. I'm surprised that some Zen thinker hasn't claimed Herakleitos as an emigrant who went really far towards the setting sun to find enlightenment among the barbarians.

"Sue's Sites": And James VI & I created Powhatan "Emperor of America".

In the incident where he kicked up a fuss getting into apartheid South Africa, Randolph Churchill gave his race as "human" and went on to say: "But if, as I imagine is the case, the object of this inquiry is to determine whether I have coloured blood in my veins, I am most happy to be able to inform you that I do, indeed, so have. This is derived from one of my most revered ancestors, the Indian Princess Pocohontas, of whom you may not have heard, but who was married to a Jamestown settler named John Rolfe"

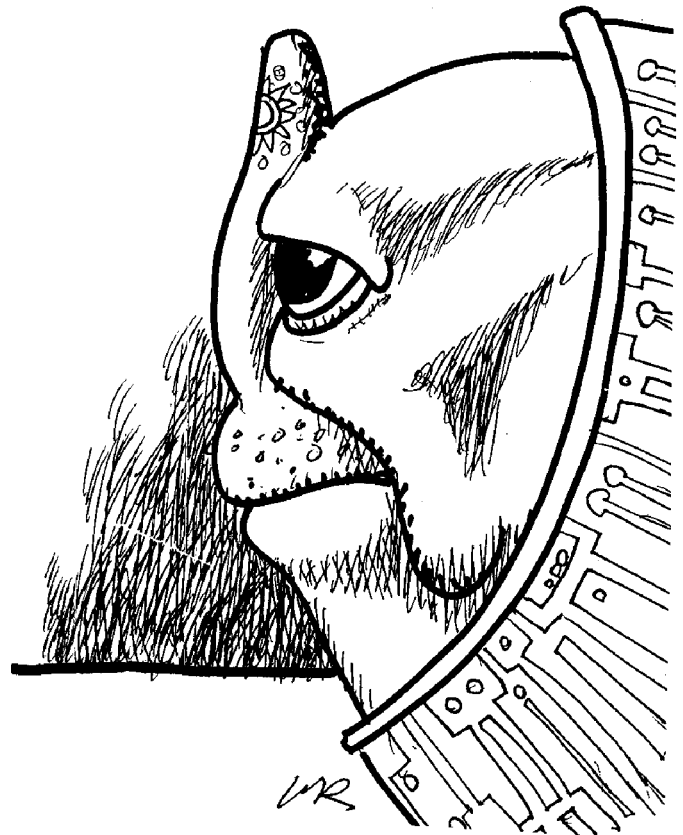
"Carry on Jeeves": I am working on an essay about *The Flight of the Phoenix* and Elleston Trevor (ne Trevor Dudley-Smith, and also known as Adam Hall), the author, also was

in the RAF during the war and also wanted to be a pilot and couldn't be due to vision problems.

InterLOCutions: If **Hope Leibowitz** likes it, I can use Comic Sans-Serif ...

Me: Continuing the discussion with **Eric Lindsay**, I've been reading a bit of N.S. Norway's writings lately. If you don't recognize the name, that's because he's "Nevil Shute" and nothing else he wrote is like *On the Beach*. I was reading *In the Wet*, which is somewhere on the boundary of SF and fantasy – the narrative is as told by a dying man who somehow channels a man thirty years in the future, and since it's the future of the book, it's also SF-nal. In the non-speculative bits of the book, much is made of the sheer size of the place; the narrator is a C of E priest whose parish is several thousand square miles of Australia

**Ned Brooks**: I'm told that the reason Thomas Edison never worked on alternating current was that he couldn't stand the thought of imaginary numbers.



**Robert Lichtman:** I'd like to see Pohl carry on *The Way the Future Was*. He may be the last of the Futurians. Speaking of that, I could add Damon Knight's *The Futurians*, which he wrote while some of them were still alive.

**Rodney Leighton:** Checking the contributor/loccer base of *Alexiad* for Issue Volume III Number 6 Whole Number 18 I find twenty four different contributors including myself; five women (including Lisa) and nineteen men.

Giving up things -- It looks as if I am going to have to give up or at least cut back on eating fried potatoes ("french fries" here, "chips" in Blighty).

**E. B. Frohvet:** Worried about fanzine programming about the past? I have been since MilPhilCon where the panel on what fanzines were the best to get now could only specify one that hadn't published an issue in two years (and still hasn't, incidentally). At the same convention I sat next to Our Editor, who groused that the panel on fanwriting never got past the fifties.

**Brad W. Foster:** Lisa likes to tell the story about how she found a couple of dead mice in the house. Then she saw a live one. So did Sulla (1984-2001), who pounced on said mouse and sent it to rodent heaven with one blow. But Sulla was 1) declawed 2) a total apartment cat who may never have *seen* a mouse before. Instincts, or Akashic Record for felines?

**Milt Stevens:** According to Microsoft Streets and Trips ©®TM SM Bill Gates is GOD! there are a number of streets, and some business establishments, in Gilroy, but they happen to be on the west side of 101, and 152 approaches from the east. Driving through the cloverleaf instead of getting on 101 would have got him to a McDonald's, a Wendy's, and something called Super Tacquetia within a block.

**Trinlay Khadro:** Red Wull, no doubt feeling inadequate over being named for a dog, has taken to squatting in front of the heater vent in my office and shutting off all the hot air. He is the big tailless cat and the original Red Wull was a big tailless dog in *Bob, Son of Battle*.

Getting room service in Room 2n-1 takes an infinite amount of time and still costs way too much.

Wasn't the bit about "the cannibals are over in the next valley" just a bit of indigenous ethnocentricism and xenophobia? (As opposed to Xenophobia, being afraid of warrior princesses.)

**Lloyd Penney:** Talking about *Kim Possible*. I see the *Kim Possible* dolls all over Wal-Mart. On the rec.arts.sf.written group there was a discussion of what other characters in SF would be qualified to be Lensmen and Kim Possible was nominated. It's all Dave Kyle's fault.

**Dave Szurek:** What exactly is the connection between your pancreatitis and an endoscopy? I had a colonoscopy recently,

will write about it in the forthcoming issue of *Alexiad*, and will send you a copy if you ask.

**Sheryl Birkhead:** My high school class had about 100 people and they definitely had a football team. Of course, they were also putting in seventh- and eighth-graders. In college the football team got all sorts of privileges including being able to assault me without being held responsible.

Namarie,  
Joseph T Major

☐**CKK:** *You might use Comic Sans-Serif and then I'd just convert it to Times with its requisite serifs. Thomas Edison, much to his own regret tried to champion DC over AC. The problem is that DC transmits terribly over power lines with most of the power being lost in the power lines. Then, of course, there was the day he accidentally electrified the streets which made the horses more than a bit jumpy.*☐

Trinlay Khadro  
PO Box 240934  
Brown Deer, WI 53224-0934  
trin63@dias.net  
09 Jan 2005

At Thanksgiving my folks came up from Indiana, and mom took over the kitchen. Festive Paper Plates, reduced the stress of clean up. For Christmas Dinner we joined the "orphans" at the Lytheria dinner and had a nice sort of fannish afternoon of it.

Your home improvement chores for the mom-in-law is not a job I envy: I wonder if *This Old House*, or *Ask This Old House*, would have been any help?

This winter weather has been something: Unusually warm many days, and then suddenly cold and wet again...bringing on flare ups of the fibromyalgia.

The missing check showed up, in such a way as to appear to have been dropped, but how it got dropped where it was from deep inside my purse is just not possible. The cash never re-appeared. It really bugs me that someone I trusted went into my bag, and took it, even knowing how long I've been out of work.

I did get into the Fibro program at the hospital: it involves an integrated team: Nutritionist, Reiki gal, Masseur, P.T. and Psychologist. So far it is helping, but I don't expect to ever get back to being able to work full time.

**Alex:** I think you **did** get Heraclitus's intent, but I can't help to read that 2nd quote as a koan... it's our personal perceptions that shape our world. ;)

**Sue:** I think where history gets the most "sticky" is when our modern minds try to hold the past to modern standards. People **are** very much a product of their place and time. Until a point where a major change in the culture's thought oc-

curred, slavery is perceived as just a fact of life. Until that shift occurs “Slavery is **wrong**” is not only **not** a given, but most people hardly even think about it.

**Jim Sullivan:** oh hee hee ...fun gardening tips. => I never seem to have enough batteries in the sizes I need anyway. :)

**Gene:** You really Don't Want To Know the number of books and short stories I've started to write and ended up a page or two in and a muddy muddled mess. I'm just to scatterbrained to keep on track...and distracted by other things. Maybe now that I've got some regular “free time”?

**Rodney:** I don't even miss *Fosfax*, Maybe I was just a rat to abandon ship so soon, but “Trinlay Cockroach” how ... uh...”Christian” of them. (Yes, I'm feeling rude and sarcastic today, live with it...)

I might have been more impressed if disagreement, and tendencies toward moderation weren't met with infantile name calling... while trying imply their own halos are untarnished.



**Jeeves:** I enjoy your nostalgia & the view of the world, really Not So Long Ago. My grandmother was born in 1908, and often kept us enthralled with her recollections of “horse and buggy days”. Getting up early as the oldest child, to start up the kitchen stove to warm up the house before the others started getting up. Her “baby” brother building a “Crystal Set” in his late teens...

**Hope:** I have favorites in both serif and sans serif fonts... but I'm a real junkie for decorative, period, and wacky Display fonts... especially ones that are free online...

For digital watches the place to go is discount chain or drug stores. They aren't particularly stylish, but I can read them. I had a difficult time of it, till digitals came out while I was in High School.

**Joseph Major:** The folks running Law and Medical schools would probably say, they are keeping the ones likely to flunk out from wasting a precious seat in the classroom.

re cmt **Milt:** per the Dyaks eating Chinese “Communists” ... an hour later yer' just hungry again? (someone's already told that one I'm sure... but I didn't remember so here it is...)

**Robert Lichtman:** I've got an “atomic clock” alarm clock, it makes the switches back and forth from Day Light Savings less confusing for me. I flip the proper switch in the back, and then reset my other clocks to match it.

My uncle has an 80's era car I take out about once per week, to keep it in running order. He doesn't drive any more. The 70's era car is just too big for me to handle, so my dad takes it out about 4 days a month, when they're visiting. Keep in mind I normally drive a Neon.

**Rodney:** I've found caffeine to be a very hard habit/dependency to kick.

**EBF:** I'm not surprised that so few transactions are “physical money” since so much commerce is now taking place on-line. Compulsive Shoppers are just as likely to hit eBay as the mall.

re cmt to **Brad Foster:** I think that particular watch w/8 knobs is directed to Tech- junkies and or teens, who somehow seem to just know how to work these things. “Manual, only old people read the manual.”

My “door unlatched” light actually indicated that the rubber bumper pad on the door had gone AWOL. I replaced it with pads from the hardware store, but apparently the lack of the pad allowed enough jiggle in the door, for the sensor to believe the latch wasn't catching.

Just locally I know 3 Fannish Librarians: Leah Fisher, Georgie Schnobrich, and Lisa Mason I think 2 of them are currently at the down town Milwaukee Library in the Library for the Blind.

**Brad Foster:** We enjoyed your Rat/Mouse story and I even read it aloud. "Hey I wanna mouse too!" declares Megumi Cat.

Years ago we had pet rats, very sweet, charming and clever. It broke my heart when they died one right after the other. Though there is a world of difference between a domestic rat and a street-punk rat.

**Milt:** I had pineapple, mandarin orange and grilled chicken pizza for the first time this week. Surprisingly good, but I kept thinking of it as dessert.

**Joy:** I'm glad you haven't had any more hurricanes. Thanks again for the origami books.

**Lloyd:** re cmt to **Alex:** I took art and Graphic Arts (Print shop) in High School. In retrospect I should have taken Wood shop as well. As it turned out I discovered the joy of power tools in a sculpture course as an adult.

re cmt to **Eric L:** It at least used to be standard practice in the print industry to proofread at several points along the production to catch any typos...including running a few proofs of the "final" version. This tends to get skipped more often with deadlines involved. I find this most disturbing when I catch typos on what's clearly a rather expensive print job, or on product packaging, manuals etc.

Not so long ago Dad and I watched a session of Congress on cable, the Visual aid had a glaring typo and we laughed so hard it hurt. I can't decide if it helped or hurt the presenter's plea regarding funding for education.

**Dave S: Please,** have your doctors check to make sure it isn't pancreatic cancer. We lost a friend very suddenly to that, and the doctors had been blowing off his problems as just "complications to the diabetes, and Not a Big Deal". Don't let them talk you out of it, if they'd been more cautious we might have still lost our friend, but maybe he would have had a chance. It was years ago, and his friends are still sad and angry to have lost him so quickly.

**Sheryl:** I guess that explains all the "Frank Who?" comments I've seen in zines. Only showing in art shows and selling might also limit the viewers by rationality. I *might* have have seen some of his art on a post card on a freebie table at a Wisconsin con. But does that mean that artists who are only seen in zines don't even have a chance?

Maybe these are really two classifications of fan artist?

As for football, always cheer for the Packers! =)

WAHF: Christmas Cards, the Welch family got their origami crane at the Lytheria New Years Eve Party, and so I was too late to make the WAHF list. =)

Take care  
Trin'

☐**CKK:** *My mother-in-law's project is too small to interest This Old House. Why even start about proof-reading when editing isn't done much any more. Over-reliance on those red and green under-squiggles in MSWord will be the death of us all.*☐

E.B. Frohvet  
4716 Dorsey Hall Dr. #506  
Ellicott City, MD 21042  
January 9, 2005

Dear Henry,

An annual event at Johns Hopkins University (the liberal arts college, distinct from the hospital and medical school, though founded by the same philanthropist) involves freshmen engineering students. And pasta. Not to eat, however. Student teams are given a pound and a half of spaghetti, as much epoxy glue as they want, and are encouraged to build a bridge. Each bridge is placed over a gap between two tables and weights are suspended. Any bridge that holds over 15 kilograms (c. 33 pounds), allow its makers to skip the final exam in the class. This year, a bridge named "Durdy Sturdy" held 58 kg. The record, set several years ago, is 64 kg (c. 140 pounds). The professor thought the teaching of engineering was "too theoretical" and that students would benefit from actually building something.

In general, I have better things to do with my time than to critique bad sci-fi television shows. However, *Star Trek: Enterprise*, the episode "Extinction": On landing on a planet, the crew are exposed to a deliberately bioengineered disease which alters them into the world's lost native race. Only one problem - Andre Norton wrote that story in 1963! ("Judgment on Janus) Coincidence? Every great SF idea gets reinvented sooner or later? I guess it's possible...

Not everyone has a mid-life crisis. However, when you spend the law-school tuition on the Porsche, I get to drive it, right?

My knowledge of law school is nil; however when legal issues come up in the insurance industry, one is expected to make a clear decision. Surprisingly often, the company has no great interest in the results, e.g., we're going to pay someone, the problem is "who" rather than "whether".



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“Philosophical”: Which brings up, is it possible to do good deeds out of bad thoughts? Experience suggests so – one can do a kindness to a person even if one resents or dislikes that person. Conceivably one could base a life on “Do the right thing even if it pisses you off.” I can think of at least one conspicuous Biblical example.

“Sue’s Sites”: One of the wealthiest people in Maryland in colonial times was Margaret Brent. She met every requirement for voting except that of gender. Her petition to receive the right to vote was rejected by the colonial Assembly. They didn’t even bother to vote on it, just threw it out.

**Gene Stewart:** “Fantasy ... could if it wished aspire to social criticism, human nobility, and the nature of reality.” I can think of several that do – if **Gene** doesn’t perhaps he’s not reading the right fantasy.

**Rodney Leighton:** Aside from the argumentative letter column, *FOSFAX* has long been dominated by **Joseph Major** and **Tim Lane**. With much of **Joseph’s** output diverted to *Alexiad*, it is not surprising that *FOSFAX* has become even more **Tim Lane’s** zine.

**Robert Lichtman:** Says, “I love the reliability of always having the correct time.” I almost never carry a watch, and the clock function on my VCR is taped over so it’s not staring me in the face. Save for a family consideration, I could get by just fine without a telephone also.... No, **Robert**, I didn’t miss the point, I recognized that **Milt Stevens** was joking about *Fantasy Commentator*. I was merely trying to go along with the joke... If “fanhistorical prank” is not self-evident, I meant: a story whose principal purpose was setting up an obscure fannish joke.

**Rodney Leighton** redux: Yes, **Rodney**, I remember the article about women. I also remember that my most regular contributor was Lyn McConchie, and roughly one-third to one-half of my regular LOCers were female. So your 90% figure is inaccurate at least the case of my late fanzine.

Is not chemistry a special case of physics?

**Milt Stevens:** Just because the space between something is expanding doesn’t mean that you need more nothing to fill the gap. The sum gravitational total of nothing can be expressed with the equation  $Zero = Zero$ . I question whether “the other end of the universe” is a meaningful expression. I do however support **Milt** on: pineapple does not belong on pizza.

**Lloyd Penney:** Much as I appreciate good proofreading, a rare thing, it seems pointless to waste it on advertising trash. Most of what I receive goes unlooked at, straight into the recycle bin.

**Sheryl Birkhead:** On the one hand it’s amazing that no one at a football game would explain to you the basic principles. On the other hand, why would you go to a game in which you had no interest and didn’t understand the rules? I did like the linebacker who explained to his teammates, his philosophy of

defensive football: “Hey! If my momma come on that field, tackle her too!”

How can the fourth issue of a fanzine by “the inaugural issue”?

Best gremflods,  
E.B. Frohvet

☐**TKK:** *I fourth issue becomes inaugural when I cut and paste and then don't proofread so good. You are free at any time to request a refund of your subscription price if mine prufin gets not so good as to effend yer sensabilitees.*☐

Eric Lindsay  
PO Box 640  
Airlie Beach, Qld 4802  
Australia  
fijagh@ericlindsay.com

10 Jan 2005

Dear Henry,

I just unearthed *TKK* 108 from a table groaning with its load of paper. Lots of stuff lost in the Xmas shuffle, and some must have dated back to October!

Nice color cover by **Alan White**. It seems so strange to see fanzines have color so frequently now. I still find it passing strange to see a newspaper with color, and remember the first such one I saw (which I think was called USA Today).

Like you I use Times Roman for printed material. Although for different reasons I use only san serif fonts on my web pages, where the typical display just does not cope well with serifs.

Thanks for the description of your law classes.

Amazing to note Robert Persig’s book coming up for review by **Alex Slate**. It seems a familiar element from the distant past. I wonder if I still have my copy.

I prefer not to have a watch, and haven’t had one now for about six years. I work by exceptions. Mostly I don’t need to tell the time, except when I have an appointment. So I set a computer to sound an appropriate alarm when an exception is due. Other than that, I wake at dawn, sleep when tired, eat when hungry, and don’t know the time. Knowing the time is overrated.

I have concluded that the only people who ever phone me are Roy Morgan surveys. I always do their surveys. If they keep me on their list for much longer are they going to have a distorted view of country shopping values!

Regular CDs seem to have a good shelf life. I have several that are 15 years old. Unable to say how CD-R will go long term, but I’ve had more than three years from some. I can certainly see moving digital files to new media every few years.

With the media always cheaper, it is just a matter of being organised. My first hard drive was 5 MB. My most recent was 200 GB, and I note 500 GB are now available. I expect to have terabytes of file space within a few years.

Sufficient electrical outlets are a problem. Gadgets always increase their demands. Why, I have 17 outlets at one spot, and that is just inside a closet! And I'm thinking of adding more!

☐**CKK**: *And what do you plan to do with terabytes of storage? I keep porting my work files from machine to machine (15 years now) and despite keeping electronic copies of student work I'm only at 1.7 GBytes.*☐

Joy V. Smith  
8925 Selph Road  
Lakeland, FL 33810  
Pagadan@aol.com  
11 Jan 2005

Dear Knarley,

Interesting cover. Dragon lying in old ruins? Of what? (I always want to know the story behind it.)

I enjoyed your law school report. Sounds like you're enjoying it, which is fantastic. Well, the grading system and the law systems do make it more challenging. Congratulations on your A in Contracts! Your Ditto report made me more sorry that I couldn't attend. (So many things to do; so little time.) Speaking of projects, your mother-in-law's house has kept you busy too. You've accomplished a lot. I hope you and Dave finish it one of these days. (I know that parents don't like to be uprooted.) I hope you find ice hockey a pleasant respite now that you're back home.

I enjoyed **Alex Slate's** article on "PhiloSFical Matters". "You cannot step twice in the same river" does make you stop and think. What?! I agree with him about the meaning of Heraclitus' second saying. Thanks to **Sue** for the Jamestown background. Lots of interesting and fresh info there.

**Jim Sullivan's** battery garden piece was fun. Joe Mayhew's cartoon on the same page was also fun. I'm glad you're re-running the "Carry On Jeeves" columns so those who missed them get a chance at them. (I believe in recycling. Too much good stuff is lost and left behind.)

Re: InterLOCutions: Thanks to **E.B. Frohvet** for the info on the gun "cooking off" phenomenon. Re: cars, the car was washed today after having the brakes fixed yesterday, and now the dashboard lights, including the clock, seem dimmer... Kudos to **Brad Foster** for using gloves to catch mice; I've been known to throw cats at them. **Trinlay**, I can't watch those awful decorating shows where they ruin homes because it makes me snarl at the TV. And no one is going to tell me what to do with my house.

**Spike Parsons**: I need to escape the computer now and then! Also, there's a good chance the Corgi will jump on it as he



bounces by the couch. **Sheryl**: Re: con panels, you've got to practice more! (I've got a writing interview upcoming. Ulp.) I enjoyed the other articles and illos and the zine reviews too.

Appreciatively,  
Joy V. Smith

☐**CKK**: *A good philosophical piece should make you think. It is too bad that many of the "great" philosophical works make your brain glaze over instead.*☐

Brad W. Foster  
PO Box 165246  
Irving, TX 75016  
bwfoster@juno.com  
12 Jan 2005

Greetings Henry and Letha ~

Well, heck, it looks like I broke my streak with this issue! I've had some sort of artistic contribution to the last eight issues in a row, but nothing this time. sigh. Guess I'll just have to try it again!

Re **Alex's** question on his interpretation of the second saying from Heraclitus, I vote for a yes in agreement. I mean, it seems obvious, especially from the first saying, that the idea of two people experiencing in different ways what is on the surface the same thing is the right interpretation. Of course, there is the third question: If you step into a running river and there is no one there to see it, does your foot actually get wet?

Or does it just sound like one tree clapping? (Or am I getting confused here?)

I absolutely loved **Jim Sullivan**'s new take on Acid rain! Ah, if only it were so...but then, maybe we just don't have the technology yet to take advantage of this idea, logical as it is. Some great thinking outside the box. Hell, that's thinking outside, around the corner, and down the street from the box!

And I agree with **Hope**'s loc about Joe Mayhew having one of the best artist's signatures I'd ever seen. I've tried playing around with my own, but could never come up with anything remotely as clever as his. (As a side line, I noticed years ago an odd thing about my signature. With no conscious effort on my part, at sometime in the past I ended up signing my artwork in all lower-case letters. Yet when I sign my name for any other reason than artwork, I use all caps. Probably causes some confusion to people who get one of my limited edition prints, and the pencil signature on the piece doesn't match the artist's printed signature on the art. Don't know why that happened, but there it is, and too late to change now. As for the affectation of using the middle initial W, don't know how that happened either, just always seems to have been there.)

And in regards to **EB**'s loc notes on the increasing usage of plastic over paper for commercial transactions, and how this is a push on the part of the credit card companies to get the buyer to build up more debt. Well, yes, that is nice for them if they can get you to not pay off your full bill each month, and thus owe them more. But the push to get people to use plastic more often still generates more income for the credit card companies, even if everyone paid off their cards each month, as the seller is charged for the "privilege" of accepting that card every time you use it. Indeed, to have the honor of being able to accept credit cards in my business, I even owe them money each month if I have taken in no credit card charges at all. Trust me, credit cards really are a convenience for the buyer, not the seller.

stay happy~  
Brad

☐**TKK**: *I work hard to spread the wealth with the artwork in my zine. Sometimes a piece is particularly thematic and sometimes it isn't. Despite the charges to the seller, for most businesses, but probably not your small one, credit cards are the least costly form of payment.*☐

Eric Lindsay  
See address earlier  
14 Jan 2005

Dear Henry,

**TKK** #109 arrived on 13 January. Couldn't read your postmarks.

Congratulations on being the organising committee for Ditto. I hope it goes well. I'd like to attend another Ditto, but don't think it is real likely for me.

Congratulations also on your many successful repairs and renovations. I still haven't moved to step one, which is getting a ladder so I can get into the roof space. If I had a ladder, I'd have nowhere to store it afterwards. Yet hiring one costs about as much as buying a cheap one. I'm also not convinced that getting access to the top of concrete block walls would make it any easier to run wires into them anyway.

Further congratulations on completing your first term of law school. It seems engineers and technologists are increasingly out of work, if those in fandom are any indicator. Replaced in many formerly innovative companies by, well I don't know what replaced them. Lots of lawyers making claims about fake intellectual property rights? I guess getting into a growth industry is a good idea.

I must admit that I am very down on the way laws seem to be going. More and more trivial restrictions and regulations, which ensure that no citizen (and probably no lawyer) can work out whether they may be breaking the law. As a result, we are each probably breaking some law every day, just in our normal activities. This brings the entire concept of law into disrepute. The only important rule now is try to avoid coming to the notice of the authorities.

Then there is the disparity between what large corporations can get away with and what the average citizen can do about it. It is difficult for a citizen to take on a large company in a court. The resources are too different. Again, it brings the entire concept of law into disrepute, makes the law seem just another corporate weapon against the consumer.

My reaction is to never see a lawyer (except socially). Lawyers (and laws) are to a very large extent totally irrelevant to my life.

What about protection from murderers and thieves? That properly falls under police actions, rather than law. However





most murders here involve people you know, not random street incidents. This is especially the case now that guns have mostly been removed from the community. You have more chance of death from a car accident or medical mistake than from murder. As for theft, police advise you to lock your doors, secure your property, and so on. Doh! In short, if someone takes up a career as a thief, there is a chance they will eventually get caught, but for any single incident, it is unlikely. So you lock your doors, and pay for insurance.

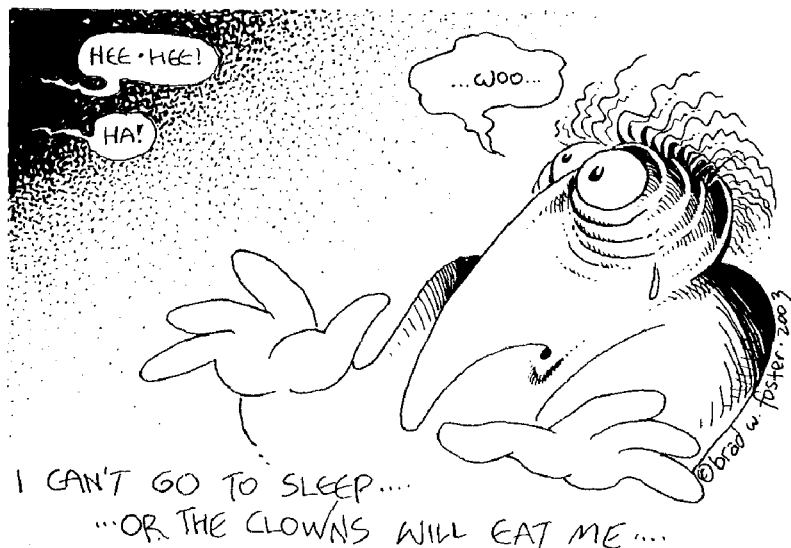
Besides, most people are honest, at least where I live. Sure, some are conditionally honest, and can be tempted into theft by attractive unwatched, unsecured property. But most don't go out actively seeking. I've had two thefts in 50 years, both almost certainly by children or teenagers, not by professional thieves.

**Alex Slate** wonders about thoughts and actions. Laws relate only to actions, with the exception that intent can be considered when judging an action. It seems that, like the Decalogue, our laws are mostly about actions. It seems to me bad thoughts are mostly a road for guilt trips among the religious.

**Jim Sullivan** obviously totally fails to understand the ecological consequences of acid rain on battery growth. This is perhaps understandable, given our general experience is mostly with the large lead acid batteries that give our automobiles their starting impetus. However **Jim** is totally incorrect to welcome acid rain on his AAA, and AA batteries, nor should he expect good growth from acid rain. These batteries are alkaline. Acid rain neutralises the alkaline paste, so the result is base rather than good as gold.

**Terry Jeeves** does a wonderful job of the "when we were young we lived in a cardboard box in the middle of the road" school of youthful memories. With families of 2.6 people here in Australia now often spread into giant homes, with more bedrooms than people, it is hard to recall that families were living with grandparents, parents and children all in a small house. That was certainly the case while I was growing up. Likewise the outside toilets and shower room were common. One light bulb in the center of each room. Now it is only in remote country areas that we encounter these older homes. I don't recall a knocker-up, but do recall the factory sirens before each shift change. I recall the same flying model aeroplane as **Terry**. Once you got a sufficient length of quarter inch aeroplane rubber for spare power plants you could use the surplus to make a shanghai (slingshot?)

Unlike **Joseph Major**, I like plumbers PVC pipes. You can use them for all manner of constructions. A recent Silicon Chip had a design for an electronic microscope display built from PVC pipes. Oh yes, I don't like them for plumbing.



**Rodney Leighton** asks what a swag is. It is a device for sleeping on when camping. Similar in function to a sleeping bag, however it also includes a canvas cover, and a thin mattress, and sometimes an extended hood like a mini tent over your head. They are commonly sold in country stores here. You often see a few swags rolled up in the back of utes or 4WD vehicles here in the country. Station workers use them all the time. With it mostly dry, you can get away without a tent in most areas, so a swag is pretty practical, albeit heavier than modern hiking gear. You will note the term in the first line of Banjo Patterson's turn of the (19th) Century protest song Waltzing Matilda. "Once a jolly swagman, camped by a billabong".

**E B Frohvet** mentions fewer than 50% of commercial transactions in the USA are now conducted with cash or paper checks. Check (or cheques as we call them) use in Australia has now almost totally disappeared for individual to company payments. It is a real shock to encounter a company that expects a check for payment. I wrote three checks in 2004, two for fan things (apa dues) and only one to a company.

Pretty much every company now offers one or more of EasyPay (or some equivalent name - automatic debit to a bank account), payment by phone (the above, but triggered by you making a phone call and typing lots of numbers), BPay (bank payment where you tell the bank a Billpay code so they know who gets the money), via ATM at certain supermarkets by entering a biller code, and finally by credit card via phone or internet. or you can post them a check. Oh well, you can pay by cash or check at the office of the company, but who would be bothered?

I get everything I possibly can done automatically via debit to my credit union. Body Corporate fees, Council Rates and water bills, household and car insurance, electricity bills, phone line, cell phone and internet. My PDA tracks all payments due, and automatically adds them into my accounts. So when I go online to my credit union I can check they were made as scheduled (some are variable amounts, so I do need to check

the amount). Any unscheduled payments are flagged for my attention, and won't reconcile automatically. I haven't visited my credit union this decade (they aren't even in this state, nearest office is 2200 km away). Everything is done over the internet. Doesn't everybody?

I do have a wind the mainspring watch, however it hasn't worked for several years. Got it when I was twelve years old, and it outlasted several watchbands (until i got an indestructible expanding metal one). If there was a watchmaker anywhere I might see about a repair, for nostalgic reasons.

I agree with Henry that using a debit card in public leaves you way too exposed to theft. Stuff gets charged only to credit cards, where my liability is exceedingly limited.

Redecorating shows with random changes really annoy me. But then most stuff on TV annoys me these days.

Like **Spike Parsons**, I have a wireless network at home, and it is great for typing email where you like. However I am still connected to the internet only by a dial up modem (via the wireless access point), so anything from the internet is still slow. I looked at a wireless access point with a modem connection several years ago, and only found a few access point models that could handle it (most needed broadband). None of them seemed to be available via any local dealer, not even on special order. It was only when I moved to an Apple Macintosh laptop early in 2004 that I discovered Apple still had the exact piece of gear I needed (and would sell a single one by mail).

Best wishes,

☐**TKK**: *My teaching job is very secure. Besides software engineering is a growth industry. I was just finally ready for a change. At Virginia Tech they put power spikes on the line to ring the bells at the end of class and at the beginning of class. (The advantage of running your own power plant.) It played havoc with the early computers and I still have an old audio recording or two where you can detect the spike.*☐

Rodney Leighton  
RR #3  
Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0  
Canada  
Jan. 14, 2005

Dear Henry:

Thanks for *TKK* #109 which showed up yesterday.

We're having weird weather. Right now, at quarter to 7 in the morning, it is about 50 and rain is forecast. Forecasted high for Sunday is minus 6 Celcius; that's about 20. Shirtsleeve weather when I was young. Cold now, though.

"Boring shit" is indeed in the eye of the beholder, which is something I have known for many years, but which I lost sight of for awhile and allowed the criticisms of some people

to affect me. A friend of mine once described this fine fanzine in those exact words. I would hope that people realize that. **Terry Jeeves** contribution in *TKK108* was, to me, boring shit and by extension the three or four paragraphs in the LOCs which responded to it in this issue were also, to me, boring shit and were skipped. But his article in this issue is delightful; I read every word and thoroughly enjoyed it. Various people periodically espouse **Dale Speirs** as best fanwriter and *Opuntia* as a great zine. For two or three years an issue would appear; I would read some parts, skip much of it, think what boring, dull shit this is, think that I should write and suggest that he drop me off the mailing list but somehow just never got around to it and then, periodically, I would really enjoy some or most of an issue and then more important matters took my attention and he dropped me, which made me happy.

All kinds of people proclaim *Challenger* as a great fanzine. I started getting bored by great portions of it years ago. I started thinking about asking to be dropped; never did until a few months ago, in part because I figured **Guy** had already dropped me. The last issue I received from his was #16 or 17, I forget for sure, and what with this and that... Anyway, the point is that while everyone has an opinion on everything, that opinion is not necessarily correct. Except mind, of course. (Grin).

This was a very good issue. Hell, I even enjoyed **Gene Stewart's** column. Is he the editor of *Brutarian* or is that another **Gene Stewart**, I wonder. The number of fine articles and bunch of LOCs including letters from **Hope Liebowitz** and **Spike Parsons**. If you're not careful, people will start talking about Hugo awards.

I've been getting a few zines printed off the web by one person and another. Some of them have cool pictures. I'm always happy to see photos of folks. *Black Cat1* by **Alan White** is cool. Lots of photos; **Milt Stevens** among others. And Marty Cantor with three-piece suit, tie, pipe, and scraggly beard. At a con in Vega! How can a man who wears three-piece suits and ties to a con be considered a curmudgeon!

Well, I guess I should go cut down some trees. My intentions with fanzines from now on are to write a thank you letter which will likely include some comments but I am not going to concern myself with whether they are scanable or not; most will be on recycled paper. Fanned can print it or not as s/he/they choose; I con't care.

Ah...take care  
Rodney

☐**TKK**: *20 Fahrenheit was NEVER shirtsleeve weather. Beauty as they say is in the eye of the beholder. Mine might be half-way crusted shut which explains why I see beauty in non-conventional places.*☐

Karen Gory  
4050 NE 12 Terrace Apt 19  
Oakland Park, FL 33334  
16/1/05

Dear Knarley,

Here I am in America, and with two copies of *TKK* in hand – the December edition which arrived on my doorstep yesterday, and October which was waiting for me when I got here (and waiting for me to dig myself out from under my suitcases and wedding stuff). We are now officially married (as of the 19th of December) and normal operations are resuming. I even have a desk and chair to sit at, which is something you don't miss until it's gone! The one thing we don't have is a working printer.

Now for some comments. Flashy cover on 108. Law school sounds like an interesting place – impossible to get into and then impossible to leave! I guess they're relying on the entry requirements to give them the “best” candidates rather than winnowing them out as the course goes along. (My college enrolled about 500 teaching students the year I started and graduated about 150 four years later.)

Ah, Scout just came and snuggled up to me demanding pets – more when she's satisfied. Ok, she's had enough. That's one of the nice things about having cats ... every so often they come along and say “feed me” or “pet me” or “play with me” and you have to do what they want or they'll start destroying things until you do!

**Milt** says he thinks the average circulation for a fanzine is 200. When I was doing *Out of the Kaje* I sent it out to all and sundry and the biggest run I ever did was 200 – when I put it through *FAPA* and *ANZAPA* and *BWA* as well as mailing it myself. My usual circulation was about 80...if I ever got around to pubbing an ish again I'll probably have trouble finding 50 takers, because quite a few of my “regulars” are deceased (whimper...)

So you installed ceiling lights in your mother-in-law's house? I wish someone would do that for us! I can't get used to having to rely on floor lamps for light in our apartment – only the kitchen and bathrooms have a “real” light. The rest have a light switch, but they're wired to a wall plug and you still have to use a lamp, which gives the cats a chance to regularly unplug the electrical cord and leave us sitting in the dark!

Thanks for reprinting “Carry on Jeeves” – it is a delightful column and I look forward to more.

**E.B. Frohvet** mentions checks and credit cards. This is something else I have trouble comprehending. I had a debit card back in Australia but I only got eight free transactions per month, so you had to use it wisely – usually to get a week's supply of cash from the ATM. It seems positively unnatural to me to use a credit card for a hamburger or a bottle of milk, but my husband never carries cash at all!

**Brad** – I don't think I could hurt a cute little mousey. Actually **I know** I couldn't! The cats might take care of it for me, but if it was up to me I'd try to trap and release.

**Robert** – I'll have to seriously consider rejoining *FAPA*. I found the seemail delay horrifyingly frustrating when I was in Oz (it's too hard to carry on mailing note conversations through a 6-month time-warp!) but now I'm in Florida that's not an excuse...

Everyone else, nice to hear from you. Looking forward to the next installment...

Karen Gory

☐**CKK**: *Welcome to the U.S. You can always get outlet covers that lock cords in place. You can find them in the child-safety section of any hardware store. I live in Ozaukee county and this is also sometimes referred to as the land of Oz.*☐

Bill Legate  
Box 3012  
Sequim, WA 98382  
Jan. 17, 2005

All this stuff is interesting, especially what I don't understand. **Slate**'s questions are interesting, but I don't know the vocabulary. Why guess at what Heraclitus may have intended to say? **Sullivan**'s conclusions about acid rain resemble my own, although time travel requires wormholes, and we haven't yet the batteries that allow negative energy density. The natural selection of batteries amounts to the natural impulse to tell other people what's good for them, leading to inner conflict and doubt. That **Leighton** finds so many things uninteresting is interesting, too. And **Jeeves** – well! – B.F. Skinner, for example, kept coming up with definitions of the self, “repertoire of behavior appropriate to a given set of contingencies,” and the like.

Another take on this matter of people's opinions, for the 1920s, is from the Continental Op, Dashiell Hammett's character who stated (in *The Dain Curse*), “Nobody thinks clearly, no matter what they pretend. Thinking's a dizzy business, a matter of catching as many of these foggy glimpses as you can and fitting them together the best you can. That's why people hand on so tight to their beliefs and opinions; because, compared to the haphazard way in which they're arrived at, even the goofiest opinion seems wonderfully clear, sane, and self-evident.”

By the way, I've kept the same New Year's resolution for many years now; “Avoid exercise, smoke more, put on weight.” And I'll give up procrastination pretty soon.

**Brad**, while working at a biophysics lab studying growth rates of some bacteria 40-some years ago, I killed many white mice and cut out their livers, to be taken to a cold room and run in a centrifuge. Mice usually can't bite through canvas gloves, but we occasionally did white rats, which do get in

some pretty good licks. I began to regret the job, and bailed out of it in a few months.

**Trinlay**, in an old adobe shack outside of Sante Fe maybe 36 years ago, I collected four kinds of Tarot deck, and played magic games with my fellow-conspirators. One of them moved out and I inherited her peyote plants. I sliced these up and boiled them down in a big pot of water for a couple of days in a neighbor's kitchen, ending up with two bitter gallons. I lay abed sipping this and dealing Tarot cards, and in four days had filled a notebook with the "real meanings" of the cards. But pretty soon, someone borrowed the notebook, and then she also left town. All very significant.

**Milt**, Galileo speculated that pineapples may displace the center of mass of a leaning tower of pizza.

Bill

☐**TKK**: *I haven't made a New Year's resolution since I was kid. Either that means I'm smug about my perfection or I'm like most and too lazy to really change.*☐

Sheryl Birkhead  
25509 Jonnie Court  
Gaithersburg, MD 20882  
Feb. 12, 2005

Greetings Knarley-ites,

I haven't heard anything from the niece applying to law school and I guess that will be the case for another few months. I still cannot find out what a "good" LSAT score is and have no idea if her score is truly competitive. I guess time will tell.

Part of the National Boards for veterinary medicine is interactive and rather entertaining. It almost makes one lose track that this really **is** an exam. In fact, it almost made it worth trying to pick a wrong answer to see where that next clue pointed you. There was a special pen that you used to highlight your choice at each step and then directions or hints (e.g. test results) appeared and you kept going until you had a diagnosis/therapeutic plan, etc. Now **that** was a test worth taking. I could, even this far removed from the taking, tell you some of the results that were less than desirable with my answers. But I do believe that actually tested your knowledge (scores were based on making the right choices, the shortest number of steps, and, of course, getting to the correct diagnosis/plan. I cannot recall ever taking any test that was actually so much fun—once you (if you could) factored out the stress.

**Alex**, out of curiosity, would you equate "You can't go home again" with the same river quote? Just wondered.

**Rodney**, I guess I just did not read the last *FOSFAX* closely enough to see the news about **Tim**'s income, etc. I agree with you in that I applaud anyone following their "bliss" whether it parallels mine or not. From a fanartist's perspective, I wish they would open up space a bit more and enlarge some of the



fillos...knowing we can't always get what we wish for! Of course, I readily admit that I am about as apolitical as one can get—just rolling with the "punches" in political upheavals, etc. I sometimes get irritated, but rarely upset. I also maintain that what I think is just that: my opinion and nothing more. It does irritate me when anyone maintains that what they think is the only and right way and never for a second admit that their opinion can just enter the ranks of all the rest. I find it amusing that I feel the same way about movie reviews. While I have never mastered it, as far as reviews go, the idea would be to find one reviewer whose views coincide with my own and then use those as a guide. It does get a bit old to be told certain zines, politics, movies are good/bad-period-naw, that's just what "you" think. Just stay cool...

Hi **Terry** – keep on getting pubbed!!

Hmm, I am assuming that the British AA is equivalent to the US AAA and not our AA...or maybe not...

**E.B.**, I just had to rely on my wind up watch for about three days. I had no reason to actually check the time on my battery run watch until I was in a hurry getting out the door on a Monday and realized the battery had passed on and ran back and got one of the two wind up watches I keep for just this situation. Wind 'er up and keep on moving! I got the battery replaced and returned the wind-up to the drawer.

I don't think there is a paper version of *Emerald City*, but merely that you can print out a copy of the e-version. Yeah, I heard from others that there is a paper version, but I haven't been able to locate it.

While possible, I had a rough time convincing my bank that my ATM card was to be just that, nothing else. They auto-

matically gave me a debit card and I had to go in and explain, and explain, and ...

I agree with **Brad**, many people would be willing to send material if they were only asked!

Once upon a time one of the barn cats caught a mouse. I scuffed the cat and took the mouse away. The mouse bit me and I gave it back to the cat.

I personally don't care for *Emerald City* simply because I don't see much interaction in it and, the personal writing is not especially appealing to me, but to each his/her own. With the "fantastic" numbers that may be generated from the Internet, I wonder how many readers of electronic zines have read "traditional" zines? But no matter how you read it, they both meet the definition of zine. Speaking of which I hope all your readers who are eligible have (or are going to) send in their Hugo nomination forms.

Sheryl

☐**TKK**: *Competitiveness in an LSAT score varies by school. The test is scored between 120 and 180 with half the scores in the 145-159 range. Anything above 160 is considered rather elite.*☐

Lloyd Penney  
1706-24 Eva Rd.  
Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2  
Canada  
penneys@allstream.net  
February 15, 2005

Dear Knarley:

Many thanks for *TKK* 109. I'm so far behind, me catching up is one of the sure signs of the apocalypse. I'll make the attempt, and tempt fate.

The Ditto in Milwaukee...I'm afraid this is a temptation I must resist. We have a couple of big projects coming to Toronto; the 2006 Gaylaxicon and the 2007 or 2008 International Space Development Conference. Our plans are to have at least one of us go to the Gaylaxicon and ISDC this year, and I suspect it will be Yvonne only. Those cons are in Boston and Washington respectively, and Yvonne is much more likely to find sponsorship to go to them.

Planting batteries in your garden? That doesn't work; they bloom only once. Plant rechargeables...they're perennials!

Science fiction on television...I cannot abide the crap I find on television these days, not even the so-called good stuff people are raving about, like the new *Battlestar Galactica*. I find it's tough to find good quality in books, and you have to read crap to appreciate the good stuff when it comes along.

Re locs: I see Anna Vargo has passed away, as has Jack Chalker, and Kelly Freas. It does get depressing to see a

constant string of obits. What does cheer me up is to see a loc from **Hope Leibowitz**! She will admit it's rare, but it's good to see. And, it's good to hear that **Terry Jeeves** has his contacts to help should his health get any worse.

Hello, **Trinlay**...our finances are still fragile, and I am still looking for a full-time job. I have found a part-time job doing website data entry with one of the local newspapers, but it's late at night. I'm spoiled rotten in wanting something full-time and daytime.

My loc...I notice that some semi-colons, ellipses and apostrophes do not appear. Is this another font problem? The Rochester ferry may yet return. An Australian group has loaned the City of Rochester some millions to re-launch the ferry and operate it as a city-based service. We may yet take the big boat across the lake.

Right now, I'm at home, checking the websites and seeing if there's any other opportunities to send a resume somewhere. It takes its toll (doesn't anyone want to employ me full time?), but all I can do is do what I have to do, and try to entertain myself to keep my mind off it. Take care, and I look forward to the next issue.

Yours,  
Lloyd Penney.

☐**TKK**: *I cut and paste electronic LOCs from my e-mail program. For whatever reason the way your's are formatted in HTML uses non-standard punctuation characters that vaporize when I make the copy. I try to re-type them all, but it doesn't always work out.*☐

Milt Stevens  
6325 Keystone St  
Simi Valley, CA 93063  
miltstevens@earthlink.net  
February 24, 2005

Dear Henry,

**Alex Slate**'s article in *The Knarley Knews* #109 caused me to think of something that I had never thought of before. With all the talk about Heraclitus and stepping in rivers, it occurred to me that I had never stepped in a river. We don't have many rivers out here, and we keep those in neat cement channels so they won't bother philosophers. You could step in one of those rivers if you were willing to take a 20 foot first step. Not many people want to do that. In Simi Valley, we can't afford a river, so we have an arroyo. It's smaller than a river but also has a cement lining. The arroyo is dry eight or nine months a year, so it doesn't do much changing. I suppose Heraclitus would have had problems explaining his ideas to Southern Californians.

I'm glad **Jim Sullivan** explained the virtues of acid rain. You never know what sort of toxic waste might come it handy if

we were silicon based life form. However, I don't plan of gargling it myself.

Art is a subject that **Gene Stewart** will never run out of. Over the centuries, art has been batted back and forth more than a tennis ball. In some cases, art can be an affectation, (You dummies don't understand my great novel.) and sometimes it represents real skill. Shakespeare didn't become a literary writer until he was 200 dead. His own era knew him as a successful commercial writer. Herman Melville was forgotten in 1900 but had a big revival in the 1920s. Raymond Chandler made it to the literary ranks a mere 20 years after his death. Even the craftsman who did the stained glass windows in medieval cathedrals are now considered artists even though most of their names aren't known.

People have an endless taste for novelty, and people in the art business are more than willing supply that taste. Much changes but little improves. Some things go out of favor because they reflect the thinking of an earlier decade. You never know, some of those works may come into fashion again in some future decade. Heinlein said that 1940 America was not the standard for all of human history. He was certainly right on that. Of course, 2005 America isn't the standard for all history either. There is only one thing we can be absolutely certain. At age 70, we won't like the popular music.

Yours truly,  
Milt Stevens

TKK: *But if the river goes away between rain storms, then isn't it truly a different river?*

Dave Szurek  
505 North F #829  
Aberdeen, WA 98520-2601

Henry,

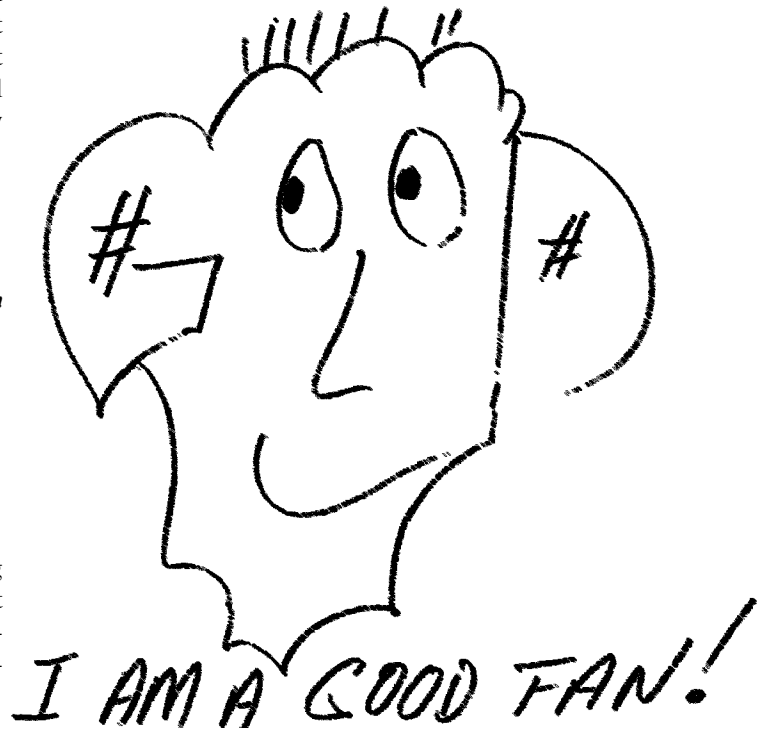
I guess my wife and I are anachronisms. We stopped relying on credit cards quite a while back. It's not just the healthiest of lifestyles. Yes, we do have to cope with a monthly anachronism called a budget, we're far from rich folks, but sometimes that's healthy too.

On the ethics issue, I'd say that good thoughts more often lead to good actions, but mistakes can and have been made there too. On the topic, I'm eclectic in the very final analysis, but I also lean fairly far to moral relativism. I agree with both "body of water" statements and don't think I, for one, would mistake them as having the same meaning. Our thoughts **and** actions, I'm sorry to say, are rooted in what has gone before in our lives. Sometimes, this can even be rooted in a seemingly insignificant act that occurred at the individual in a matter of seconds and may, by itself, even be forgotten about by the time it influences something else. Different temperaments and different experiences and even different surrounding elements can subtly program one's reaction to falling in the hypothetical body of water. For instance, a person in a hurry

would react more strongly than the typical rambler (but even that's not a totally hard and fast rule) and so much rides on how much one likes or dislikes water and of course, how well one swims. A continuous series of falls can wear a person down but for others, too steady a string of good fortune can reduce the ability to cope when failure or bad fortune comes. It's been ages since I accepted that individuals remain constant from hour to hour and no one knows how they'll handle a specific situation until it comes. One can project a wish of what they'd do, but that's not necessarily what will happen and sometimes it ends up not being what's called for. Things are that predictable only in fiction and life ain't fiction, baby.

Dave

TKK: *I'm generally a utilitarian which aligns a fair amount with your moral relativism. Anyone who thinks there is a clean line in the sand needs new glasses.*



**We also heard from:**

Todd & Nora Bushlow (announcing the Ground Hog's day birth of their first child; Leah Danielle, 21.5 inches, 8 lbs 4 ounces), Lysa DeThomas, Patti Hetherington, Terry Jeeves (who liked the treatment of "Carry on Jeeves" and wonders if I'm a budding Perry Mason {TKK: No, I have little interest in being a trial lawyer nor a criminal defense attorney}), Hope Liebowitz (wishing me a happy birthday), Guy Lillian, Michael D. Pederson, Joyce Scrivner, Steven Silver, Garth Spencer, Jeffery Swanson (who sent real sticky quarters), and Sue Welch

## 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. 4 No. 1* by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. A nice fanzine with lots of book reviews and a solid letter column. This issue has a special feature on Joseph's medical adventures.

*Ethel the Aardvark #116* by Sue Ann Barber; PO Box 212; World Trade Centre; Melbourne, VIC 3005; Australia; bi-monthly; \$25/year or the usual. This is the official zine of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club and covers club news and SF related material in Australia.

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

*Living Free 130* 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 gardening over the years and the use of black boxes in cars.

*Lofgeornost 78* 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 motivations and issues around creating a thesaurus for mental disorders.

*Nice Distinctions 8* by Arthur Hlavaty; 206 Valentine St; Yonkers, NY 10704-1814; hlvaty@panix.com; quarterly; \$1 or the usual. A small perzine with discussion of recent happenings in Arthur's life and an analysis of the recent presidential election.

*Nth Degree 12* 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.

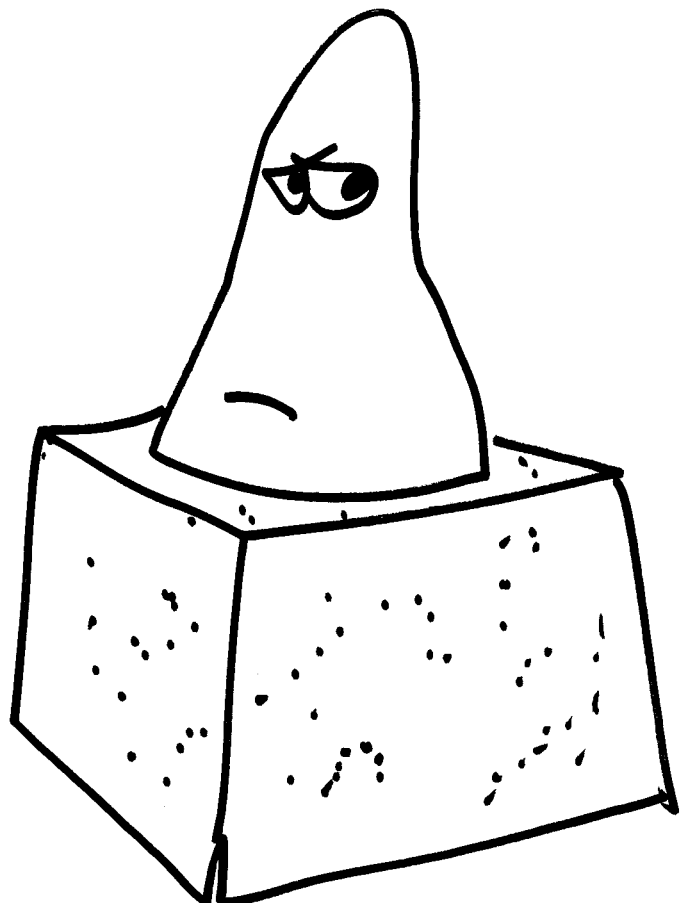
*The Royal Swiss Navy Gazette #13* by Garth Spencer; PO Box 15335, V.M.P.O.; Vancouver, BC V6B 5B1;

garthspencer@shaw.ca; <http://www.vcn.bc.ca/sig/rsn>; irregular; the usual. An interesting genzine advancing the cause of the Royal Swiss Navy.

*Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol 8 No 7* by R.B. Cleary; 138 Bibb Dr.; Madison, AL 35758-1064; rbcleary@bellsouth.net; quarterly; \$10/yr or the usual. News, notes, and other tidbits generally of southern regional interest.

*Trap Door 23* by Robert Lichtman; PO Box 30; Glen Ellen, CA 95442; locs2trapdoor@yahoo.com; irregular; \$5 or the usual. An interesting fanzine dedicated to fannish anecdotes. It may be a commentary on my advancing age, but at least one of the articles was contemporary with things I remember from high school. Am I becoming an old phart?

*Vanamonde No. 568-77* by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John's APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.



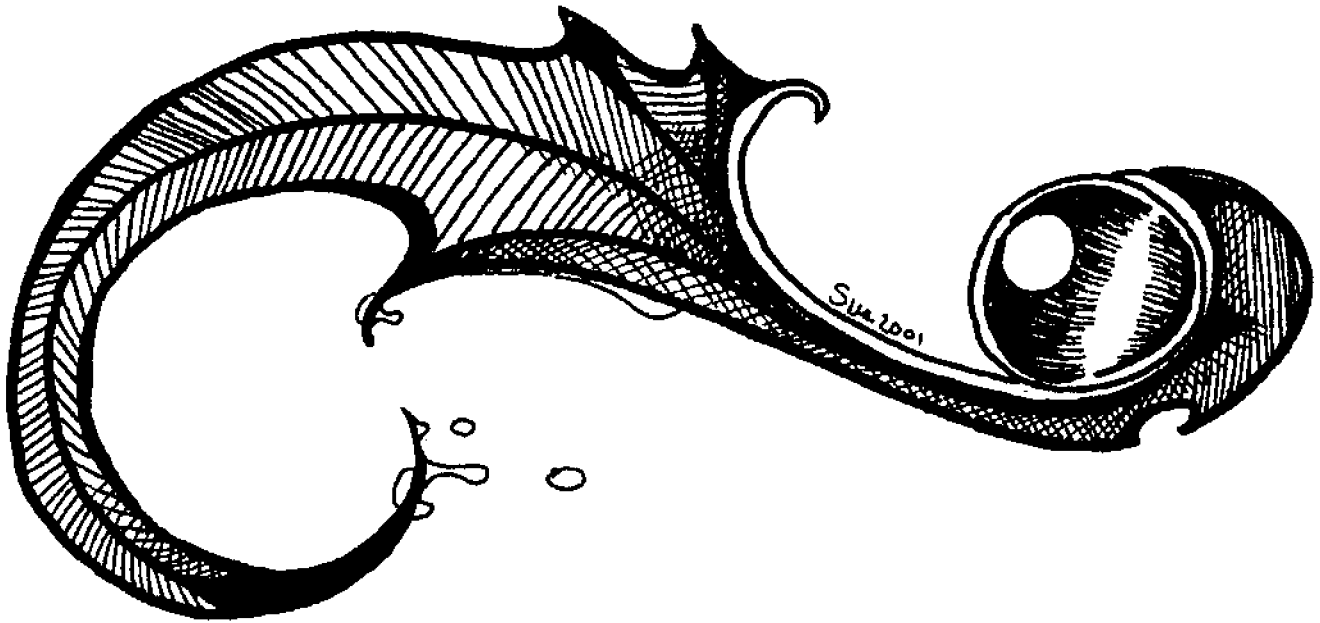
## **Knarley's Planned Con Attendance**

Ditto 18 (Milwaukee, WI)

October 14-16, 2005

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



### **You Got this Issue Because ...**

- There are only three more weeks left in the hockey season and then something else will suck up my free time.**
- Concentrate on the swinging watch...you will be attending Ditto 18 in October.**
- 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.