

The Knarley Knews 111

April 2005



The Knarley Knews -- Issue 111
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Editorial and Subscription Policy

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1. All contributions may include a pseudonym (e.g. Knarley, Sydrous, Shit-for-Brains) at the contributor's whim.
2. To get this fanzine you are required semi-yearly to initiate contact with the editors (black-holish behavior is not rewarded). This could be a postcard, phone call, your fanzine, or contribution of your choice. The editors, of course, prefer a contribution so they don't have to write so much. This notwithstanding, you may purchase copies for \$1.50 each.
3. Advertising is free provided that the ads are of interest to the editors and that it is for a non-profit organization.
4. It is the editors' policy not to unduly censor or restrict the ideals of free speech. (We like a good argument as much as the next guy.) However, we reserve the right to make minor content and format changes to fit your piece in or to add appropriately denoted editorial comments.
5. Contributions are currently acceptable using the following computer formats.
IBM: Virtually any format
MACINTOSH: Virtually any format
6. The editors are open to bribes of any size, although their efficacy is highly suspect, and have never turned down a financial contribution.

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Editorial

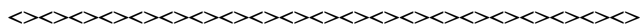
(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

It's time again for another issue of *The Knarley Knews* and as usual I've put it off until the very last moments of the month with no real excuse other than I goofed around too much playing Diablo II in Hell mode. As I write this I should be studying for my Property final, but since I finished my outline and printed it out yesterday I haven't been able to summon the energy to go do it. More on law school in a later section.

It is amazing how much trouble an editor can get into by printing a photo on the cover of a fanzine and then not identifying those in the picture. It was taken by Trinlay Khadro at last Halloween's party at Lytheria. This is a local boarding house that is often the center of fannish gatherings. The girl on the left is my daughter Kira and the one on the right is one of Kira's friends named Antonia. Curiously enough, if you care, Antonia is younger than Kira.

I also have to apologize for the "thou" vs. "though" problem in Alex Slate's column last issue. I double-checked the original file he sent me (my e-mail program doesn't delete its downloaded files for some reason) and he used "thou" appropriately. I cannot begin to believe that I would have purposefully changed them and the default spell-checker has no problems with them, but never-the-less they got changed at my end. Alex hasn't lost his mind, just me. I'd blame it on law school, but then I'd have to explain what demurrer is.

I'll try not to make any major gaffes in this issue, but that seems like a hopeless cause. Typically it is my editorial that is the worst since I readily admit that I don't often proofread it correctly.



The hockey season has been over for about a month now. Kyle's team went to the state tournament and finished seventh (of eight). Realistically I think they were about the fourth or fifth best team in the tournament, but everyone is very much at the mercy of the mostly random draw. Our half of the draw had at least two or three of the best teams and we got to play two of them in the first two games putting us in the seventh place game. Had we gotten the draw of the other Ozaukee team we probably would have taken their place in the championship game (which they lost). Despite this the kids enjoyed themselves, which is the real goal and all of them will make fine assets to whatever team they are on next year.

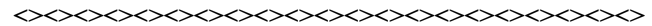
The week after returning from the state tournament my team entered the playoffs in fourth place (of six teams). We then won our next two games and finished in third place. This again was in part a matter of the draw, but we really did play

better than we should have in the second game and pulled off a minor upset. Much to my surprise the tournament wasn't as cut-throat as it has been in past years. Usually there is one or two teams that take it too seriously and do anything they can to win. This didn't happen this year. Other than being tired after playing four games in one week it was a nice end to the season.

On a side note I cannot reiterate the need to use appropriate safety gear in any sport. In the next to the last game of the season the opposing goalie cleared the puck from behind the net. He is a very good stick handler and he got quite a bit on the clearing pass which lifted into the air and entered his team's bench. One of the players on the bench wasn't paying enough attention and someone yelled look out so he promptly turned into the puck. Had he been wearing a face shield that would have been the end of it, but he is one of the players in the league who doesn't "need" one. I wonder what he will tell the plastic surgeon who gets to reconstruct what was left of his nose. Despite this it couldn't have been too bad since I saw him a few weeks later; this time playing with that face shield he didn't "need".

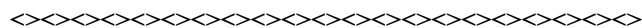
On Kyle's team we only had one injury all year. One of the kids playing goalie was undercut by another player and hit the back of his head. He suffered a minor concussion that probably could have been avoided had he been wearing a mouth guard. One of the parents also broke their arm during a parent-kid game, but that was more due to a total inability to skate and to the best of my knowledge no one actually ran into her. Despite this I gave the parent a "Purple Heart" award at the team banquet.

I still maintain that hockey is a very safe game relative to injuries. Proper protective gear protects from most anything. And it is never too late to take up the game.



Spring has now officially sprung. The thaw was both early and late since it got warm early, but a couple of late and heavy snows left some extra cover that has slowed spring growth down. This, of course, means that it is now garlic mustard and dandelion season. I actually got an early start on the garlic mustard this year and started in on it before most of the other growth came up. (This is one reason that garlic mustard does so well since it will shade out the other wild flowers.) I was quite surprised at how well my efforts carried over from last year. The number of plants was probably only a third to a half of that last year and some of those areas that were the most densely packed last year had almost no growth this year. Garlic mustard can be tamed and in a remarkably short period of time.

It is too early to tell on the dandelions. In past years I would typically come home from work in April and spend some time putting the heads in a paint can and dig up the plants as best I could. I didn't actually have to do this until the last week of April and have had to make only two runs. Whether this is a sign of winning the war it is too early to tell. I should know in the next week or two. Actually to be honest I don't know if dandelion plants come back from year to year. I simply haven't looked it up. Does anyone know?



We finally managed a cave trip with the Wisconsin Speleological Society (WSS). They meet monthly and have two active cave digs going about an hour from Grafton. The first is at the Ledge View Nature Center in Chilton, WI where they are actively removing glacial fill from a series of caves that will likely all interconnect. The Nature Center uses the caves as their primary revenue source allowing 10s of thousands through them every summer for a small admission fee. They have a very nice indoor exhibit on caves and bats. In exchange for taking part in the digs we get to see the caves for free. The main room in the one cave is about 35 feet deep and the old clay, sand, and rocks are removed through to top of the sink hole using a winch. In all they expect that the dome in this room will likely be about 100 feet high. For safety reasons there is little effort being done to dig down, but rather out along many of the nearby passages.

The other dig is in Meribel, WI. This is the former home of the old Meribel resort which used to be the original destination of the railroad that eventually went on to Green Bay. It is reputed to be one of the hideouts of various gangsters including John Dillenger and Al Capone. Consequently the caves see a fair amount of vandalism as locals try to pry the heavy steel gates from the entrance. They figure we must be digging up buried treasure. We are, but just not the kind they think. To get the dirt and rocks out of these caves they've set up a roller-based conveyor system and drag a snow sled loaded with three plastic ice cream buckets of 11,000 year-old glacial fill. In the two digs we've been to there I dug out a small alcove and then discovered it had a column in it which it is now possible to circle. It doesn't sound like much, but for eastern Wisconsin this is a major cave. Actually one of the holy grail's of caving is the virgin passage and this path around the column is exactly that.

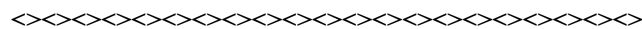
The digging activity is somewhat controversial. Generally one should not be altering caves in anyway given the uniqueness of the environment. Many caves have had small digs to open up additional passage, but very few have been the scene of entire cave recovery. Even more controversial is the occasional power washing they do in some of the caves. This is a bigger problem because it also tends to upset the growth of the natural bacteria on the walls.

Surprisingly the children really enjoy doing the caving. They aren't the greatest workers, but we haven't had any problems with claustrophobia, darkness, or the dirt that gets onto ev-

That's a flowery editorial....



everything. The WSS group is a fairly nice bunch that, like any other, has its share of politics. One of the leaders has been especially welcoming and it turns out he knew the owner of the cave in which Letha and I got married. He has been pestering us with pictures so he can run them in the newsletter. Letha and I also forgot how much we miss the smell of carbide lamps although I'm the only one who is still using them and they are not very appropriate light for use when actively digging.



Law School also continues apace. I have my written exam in Property next week and I haven't done all my studying yet. I feel rather comfortable since I had a written mid-term for the course (my first in law school) and I did better than the class median despite not answering some of the questions in the proper way. I could easily have gotten about 15-20% more in my score which would be in the A range. I now know how to write the answers in the proper way. On top of that I finally started to get most of the issues straight in the last few weeks of class. Most surprising to me was that my varied life experiences often give me additional insight into the issues from many of the cases.

Civil Procedure is still a disaster. The professor is incapable of giving a coherent and focused lecture. The only saving grace here is that the exam will be take home. On a similar practice exam covering a portion of the material I got all but one question correct. I expect more of the same on the final. It will simply be a matter of spending three or four hours to look up and apply the appropriate rules from the relevant statutes and then I'll be done with that.

I then get three weeks off before summer school starts. I'll be taking two courses (Trusts and Estates and Evidence) in two separate sessions. The second session is only four weeks long so it should be pretty intense. That will take me to the end of July when my obligations at MSOE will be over. I'll then have about three weeks off. One of these will be at a family even in Banff, Alberta.

Until next issue...

Sue's Sites: Collapse

by Sue Welch

The last couple of years have found me mostly hanging out at home due to my faithful Dalmatian companion, Shiner. Shiner celebrated her fifteenth birthday this past February 1 and although she does go to a doggie resort when I am out of town, I hesitate to leave her for more than a week or so, hardly time to explore the places on my list of travel destinations. Shiner, herself, is well traveled having made several trips to Canada as well as numerous cross-country ventures. She loves sleeping in a tent on her fleece blanket and is quite content on a diet of McDonald's hamburgers (dogs don't have cholesterol).

Less travel leaves more time for reading. Today with the incredible new technologies, fantastic new stuff about the history of earth is not only being revealed but also published in easy to read books for the general public. One of my recent favorites, "Guns, Germs and Steel" by Jared Diamond, discusses how and why Western civilizations developed the technologies and immunities that have allowed them during the past few centuries to dominate much of the world. Dr. Diamond, currently a professor of geography at UCLA, won the Pulitzer Prize for this bestseller. Dr. Diamond's expertise also includes physiology, evolutionary biology and biogeography.

Diamond has just released a new book, "Collapse – How Societies Choose to Fail or Succeed". And what can present day world citizens learn from the failures and success of these past civilizations that will help us survive into the future. He compares different types of cultures throughout history using a five-point framework that includes: 1) Damage that people inadvertently inflict on their environment; 2) Climate change; 3) Hostile neighbors; 4) Decreased support by friendly neighbors and 5) Society's responses to its problems.

Dr. Diamond's opening chapter is a description of present day Montana, one of the most pristine and least populated areas of one of the world's richest countries. Montana's environmental problems today include almost all of the dozen types of problems that undermined pre-industrial societies in the past and now threaten many of today's countries. Particularly conspicuous in Montana are problems of toxic wastes (fertilizer runoff, manure, septic tank contents, herbicides and residues from metal mining), forests (logging and burning of forests), soils (erosion, overgrazing, noxious weed infestation, logging/hot fires that sterilize topsoil, nitrogen exhaustion, salt build up), water and air, climate change (warmer and drier), biodiversity losses and introduced pests. These environmental problems have translated into economic problems; Montana, formerly one of our richest states, is now one of the poorest. Montana is now supported by and dependent on the rest of the U.S. If Montana were an isolated island be-

fore European arrival, its present First World economy would already have collapsed. But Montana's problems, although serious, are less severe than most of the rest of the U.S.

One of the world's great success stories is the highlands of New Guinea where humans have lived for about 46,000 years and until recently without economically significant inputs from outside societies. New Guinea lies almost on the equator; its coastal areas are hot tropical rainforests but its interior consists of alternating ridges and valleys with glacier-covered mountains up to 16,500 feet. During the first 400 years of European visitors, the explorers stayed in the coastal lowlands, assuming the interior was forest-covered and uninhabited. It was quite a shock in the 1930's when airplanes flew over the interior, discovering densely populated areas with broad open valleys, neatly laid-out gardens, separated by ditches for irrigation and drainage, terraced steep hillsides and villages surrounded by defensive stockades. It is now known that the New Guinea highlands are one of only nine independent centers of plant domestication in the world and that agriculture has been going on here for about 7,000 years. Their farming methods are so sophisticated that today's top world agronomists don't understand why these methods work. Highland children, who have gone away to pursue an education, find on returning to their villages that they are incompetent at farming their family gardens because they have missed out on mastering a large body of complex knowledge. This New Guinea highland society has no organized political structure; there are no hereditary leaders or chiefs, just individuals who live and work along side of everyone else. Decisions are made by everyone sitting together and talking and talking and talking.

Diamond presents other vastly different cultures and lays out the factors by which they succeeded or collapsed using his five point framework mentioned above. Even if you find fault with his conclusions, this book presents not only an overview of the environments in which famous past and present day societies have found themselves but also how they chose to survive/not survive within these environments. His final three chapters discuss practical lessons for the world today. Will the world learn enough from these successes and failures to ensure human survival? And at what level? I highly recommend that you read this book. It was so fascinating I found myself reading into the wee hours of the night; I felt upset when I had to stop reading. It will challenge your thinking, long after you have turned the last page.

The hard cover edition is available at Amazon.com for \$17.97.

Crime-Fighting Techniques Today Just Aren't Fair to Criminals

(c) by Jim Sullivan

Pity the poor criminal today. He or she hardly has a chance at outwitting justice anymore. So many electronic techniques have been lined up against anyone who merely tries to make a dishonest buck that the old adage, "Crime doesn't pay," has finally almost become a truism.

Just take a look at what a criminal is faced with in perpetrating a crime: video surveillance cameras in banks, stores, offices, and police cars; *Crime Stoppers*, a community and police communicating organization designed to spread details about specific crimes. This is done through TV, radio, and the press. From all that, information is elicited and paid for leading to the arrest of the guilty parties. Additionally, several national TV shows, like *America's Most Wanted* and *Unsolved Mysteries*, broadcast faces of wanted criminals on prime time TV.

All those media programs are in addition to traditional police investigative procedures carried out by our country's dedicated, and even better educated and equipped, law enforcement officials. Few criminals manage to evade all that. Those who do, don't for long. And that just doesn't seem right.

By comparison, bad guys of yesteryear, like John Dillinger, Bonnie and Clyde, and Willie "the Actor" Sutton, had it made. They never had to worry about electronic crime fighting. None of the banks they robbed had surveillance video equipment. *Crime Stoppers* didn't pay anyone for information leading to a culprit's arrest, nor did any TV programs broadcast their faces nationwide.

Of course, Dillinger, Bonnie and Clyde, and Sutton appeared on the FBI's "most-wanted" posters. Those are the kind found in post offices. Except for a few teenagers, perhaps looking for familiar faces, no one actually flipped through those stacks of criminal photos. Such "wanted" information can still be found in post offices. It's a rare citizen, however, who looks at any of those pictures. So this is not now nor has it ever

been a very effective method of finding criminals to bring to justice.

Bank robbers, as well as other criminals, today, have a more formidable task in evading the long arm of the law. In short, it's not a level playing field out there for criminals these days. Sure, a small percentage of bad people still get away, at least initially. But sooner or later, they show up on video tape along with evidence linking them to a crime. That information is then circulated within seconds to the entire nation via open and closed-circuit TV, computers, fax machines, and what else have you in the electronic armory.

Criminals also have a tendency to unburden themselves, perhaps to brag. Whatever their motive, they can't seem to keep their mouth's shut about the crimes they've committed. Persons learning of those nefarious deeds, as always, could pass the story along to authorities, leading to a confessor's arrest, trial, conviction, and incarceration. On the other hand, there was seldom a compelling reason to call such information in to the police. Now there is: money.

"What more could a snitch want?" ask criminals from behind bars. Crime-fighting with money is the most unjust technique there is, according to convicted felons. "A person can't even trust his or her own mama when cash is being offered for information," criminals say.



Things Changed

© by Gene Stewart

She's fifteen, willowy, and blonde. She has a fresh smile and glorious blue eyes. Her attitude is casual and happy, or was. She lives in the Pacific Northwest amid the natural wonders of trees, rivers, and mountains. She is a brain, too. Excellent grades come easily to her, or did. She gets along well with adults, other kids, and animals.

Call her India. She is a typical kid in many ways who loves to listen to rock music and watch rented DVDs. She wears cool clothes, too.

Many of her outfits are of her own devising and show creativity and flair. She adorns jeans with chains and strategic rips. She makes tee shirts with the Anarchy symbol spray painted on them.

She has fun, or did.

India effortlessly attracts boys. She is not the type of girl to exploit them, though, and they have wholesome fun at movies, or hanging out at her house where her mom is known as the neighborhood cool mom.

Popcorn, pizza, and relaxed parties supervised by her parents are India's idea of a good time.

Or was, until things changed.

It started to go dark for India when an ex boyfriend of one of her friends decided India was to blame for the breakup. Somehow this beautiful, happy girl had come between him and his girlfriend, who continued hanging with India.

For a long while little was noticed. India's parents saw the same basic girl with perhaps a few more worries but, after all, high school loomed over her now and she was growing up. Everyone got a little moody in that time of life, right?

They took a little more notice, though, when study habits decayed and grades began, just slightly, to slip. Angry acting out came more frequently. India began to show frustration with her siblings.

Something was bothering her.

And she started not wanting to go to school.

She told her mom about it, a little. Seems her friends ex boyfriend, who had been in India's home many times enjoying her family's open-door policy and hospitality, had taken a dislike to her. Was in fact blaming her for breaking up his relationship with India's friend.

Well, her mother assured her. These things happen. It'll blow over.

Ignore it.

But mom, India said, they constantly mock me. They have a hate-India club.

At the time that was about all she said, so India's parents, putting it down to typical teenagers angst and melodrama, advised her to ignore any taunts and they'd eventually evaporate.

If only.

India continued to flounder, showing increasing signs of nervousness, even dread. She cried now when alone in her room. She stayed alone in her room a good deal, and began using Instant Message a lot.

IMing seemed a good way for her to keep in touch with her loyal friends, her parents thought.

Then India began refusing to go to school, or showing fear. She confessed that the torment had not stopped. In fact, it had worsened.

In what way? her mom wanted to know.

India showed her mother hateful notes. She described how, as she walked the halls, groups of girls would point at her and call her names, berating her mercilessly. She talked about how friends were turned against her by atrocious lies and rumors.

Angry, her mother went to the school and complained about what was going on. It was dismissed as kids being kids.

And then India, obviously suffering, no longer the happy person she had been, became a nervous, sad wreck. She jumped at small sounds, cried all the time, and when her few remaining friends came over huddled with them like a gossip clique.

Determined to help her daughter, India's mom dug into the situation.

That's when the web site came to light.

Seems the boy who blamed India for having broken him up from his erstwhile girlfriend had set up a web site called I Hate India. He had pictures of her there, many altered in sick ways. He had a message board, on which people posted vile rumors and threats.

Anyone could view the site but those who joined the club gained access to a whole other level of hate.

The boy even invited a young man of 19 into the fray; this young man had a record of run-ins with the law and was

known as a burglar and rough customer. He in fact was considered dangerous.

On the hate site, this budding criminal was first encouraging and then planning openly to rape India. But not so shed feel any pleasure.

You'd have to do it so she was only hurt and humiliated and all the pleasure would be yours.

Sick stuff.

Illegal stuff.

Alarmed now, India's parents complained to the schools principal, even showing him the web site. He washed his hands, claiming what kids did on free time was not his problem.

But it happens here, at school – they make plans on how to harass her in the halls next day, and brag about what they did to her here at school.

He shrugged. Kids being kids.

They even test others; if you don't hate her publicly, you're not one of them anymore and they turn on you, too. It's intimidation.

The principal proved himself unconcerned by not even promising to look into the matter.

Outraged and shocked, India's parents pulled her out and began home-schooling her. Her friends were warned that if they brought any of that hate site, or any rumors from school, into India's home or hearing, they would be unwelcome.

India's father went to the boy's parents. He told them what their son had posted online and about the campaign of hate he'd mounted against India. A professional couple, they were shocked. They called their son downstairs and confronted him. He was, unbelievably, smug about things, and unrepentant. He even offered India's father a veiled threat, until his handiwork was brought up in front of his parents.

At this he broke down, but not into tears. He merely hung his head and sighed heavily, offered a token apology, and promised he'd take the site down at once and stop the harassment.

India's parents had copied the entire site, to hold as evidence. Thus they were able to compare when, a week or so later, it was still up.

He'd changed only a few things. Where once there had been a picture of the lovely blonde India, he now had a map of the country of India. I Hate India was now, ostensibly, about the subcontinent.

This tissue-thin dodge proved a lie on the very next page, where it turned out nothing else had changed. In fact, more pictures had been posted. One even showed the 19 year old criminal posing beside the high school sign he'd vandalized.

This was shown to the principal, who finally took some action and had the police pick up the young man. The vandalism charges were made to stick but it resulted only in a fine.

And in cranking up the hoodlums resentment.

Reporting the site to the police is what I advised when asked. It's a hate crime. Further, it shows intent to rape and do harm. It's a form of assault. It is, further, the kind of site one would think any post-Columbine school would want to get to the bottom of as quickly as possible.

Instead, nothing has been done. India continues to be home schooled.

She and her mother both have now been threatened with rape on the site and if the police are investigating they aren't admitting it.

India lives in a glass house in more ways than one, by the way. The house is literally mostly glass walls. Feeling secure in it doesn't come easy, especially considering it stands somewhat alone at the far end of a long road on the outskirts of the town.

I've mentioned Columbine, where Harris and Klebold shot down their teachers and classmates, then themselves, in a backlash against the bullying they'd taken for so long. Misfits, they exacted their revenge.

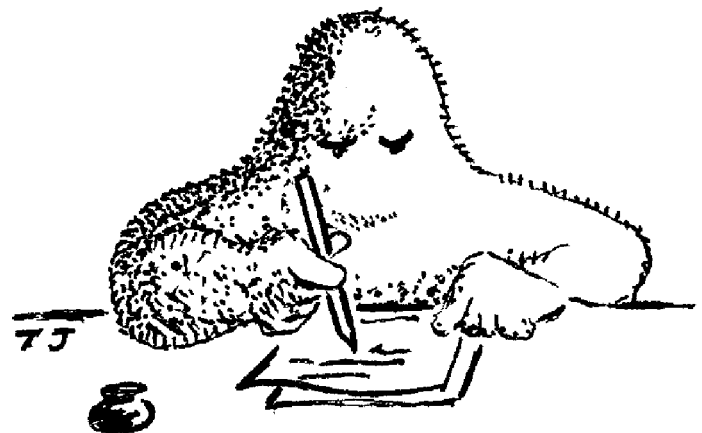
India's story is another facet of such bullying. She has no desire to lash out. All the fights been taken out of her. All she wants is for the mindless, baseless hate to stop. Why it was ever directed at her she does not know. How it can have spread so quickly, and permeated so deeply, she cannot fathom.

When 9/11 hit, changes came that continue to this day affecting who we are and how we live. Did it also change our basic decency? Did it wipe away lessons learned from all those school shootings?

Sexual harassment is not just kids being kids.

India was a happy, normal girl.

Things changed.



Reflection On: APA-Q

By Rodney Leighton

This is the only apa I have ever heard of which has no rules. No minac. No fees. Send in some money and get copies as long as funds last. That's it.

Basically run by John Boardman I became aware of it when John sent me copies of 3 issues of *Dagon* due to my comment in *FOSFAX* #210 that I had never heard of him outside the pages of *FOSFAX*. Interesting guy; somewhat interesting zine. Not hard to see why Tim rants about him from time to time. Anyway, I mentioned my notion of reviewing APAs and so he sent copies of disties 494, 495 and 496.

#494 is the 30th. anniversary issue. Mark Blackman, who apparently does all the covers, produced a quasi-roster of contributors. *APA-Q* folks have the habit of substituting a q for c everywhere, which is kind of cute but some crabby folks like me find it annoying. The roster was really interesting. Something like 125 folks. Many I have never heard of. Some I have. My former guru, Mike Gunderloy, presumably *Pre-Factsheet Five*. This page is actually kind of amusing: "Apa Q is fandom's least organized APAs." Moshe Feder. I have heard of that guy. : The above includes 5 Hugo winners ...Really? Well, Nicki Lynch. Maybe Greg Bear? I suppose I could send the page to Joe Major and ask him. Julie Wilhoit probably hasn't; I don't think even Julia Morgan-Scott, as she is now known, has, although she should. How many *TKK* readers are there on this list? 4 or 5. There are 2 or 3 TAFF recipients; Vijay Bowen and Dan Steffan. There is a trip winner in Eric Lindsay; what's it called, GUFF or something. At least 2 pro authors.

Currently, disties are often handed to people at local science fiction fan gatherings consist of a zine and cover by Mark Blackman; *Dagon* and a zine from someone else, usually a different person. 494 contained a zine by Blackman which was almost unreadable due to printer problems. Seemed to be mostly mailing comments on previous disties. *Dagon* #588 starts off with some political cartoons. Page 2 of each issue is for "unintentionally comic displays of mystical gullibility." This time something about crystals. A bunch of business and news and commentary. Each issue of *Dagon* I have seen has a page entitled: "Patriotism" which is a list of atrocities listed as: Patriotism is ... "President" Bush's call for yet another \$25,000,000,000 beyond the \$87,000,000,000 already appropriated by Congress for military operations in Iraq." A bunch of mostly personal commentary. *Dagon* is quite political but contains a considerable amount of religion oriented material and a fair amount of personal and other material. This issue concludes with a slew of fliers and bitty zines elected by Blackman at the worldcon in Boston. I imagine these things would be of interest to anyone who was at the event or wished they had been. To me, the best parts were the brief but informative and amusing restaurant reviews and the bitty one liners. The obituary for George Flynn was of interest; I thought

it could have been longer. I looked at the Hugo awards lists. How come Langford gets awarded best fan writer if *Ansible* is in a semi-pro category. Hmnnn.

#495 has an amusing albeit scary cover connected with the exercise designed to put Bush back in power; only 2 pages by Blackman instead of the 7 in the previous disty. *Jersey Flats Too* by Roberta Rogow is the most interesting, to me, contribution of this package. Although this is the first time I have heard of the lady as far as I can recall and the entire 7+ pages zine is personal material about her life, visit to family in California; car troubles; a court case, attending every con in the world, it was an interesting and compelling read. *Dagon* #589 is similar to other issues. Cover has toons, including one with Bush proclaiming: Four More WARS!!! The "Patriotism" page is sickening. Commentary on various topics.

#496 starts off with a transit map of some part of New York or something like that; 21 pages by Blackman, mainly mailing comments. A 6 page zine by Don Del Grande from California. Fairly amusing; commentary based on previous issues, somewhat expanded mailing comments.

Dagon #590 starts off with a page of tools honoring fans two favourite pets: cats and computers. Or, as John put it ...qats and qomputers. They were quite amusing. The "Patriotism" page was not although I suppose I should confess that when I read: "Patriotism is the Republican Party distributing, in Kentucky, bumper stickers which proclaimed Kerry is Osama's candidate , Bush is mine" I wondered if Tim had insisted on putting some on Elizabeth's car, which was quite amusing and also: "Partriotism is the refusal of "President" Bush to allow one of his most dedicated supporters, the slightly dressed Britney Spears, to appear at thy Republican National Convention. *Dagon* is interesting in parts. *Dagon* is available by subscription; \$15 for 10 issues and is also distributed to anyone whom John feels might be interested in it, or infuriated by it.

APA-Q can be obtained at cons or fan gatherings for folks in the New York area. Copies of distributions are available by mail under the system of sending John some money, from which he deducts postage and a dime per envelope. Copycount is, or I should say, was, as of January, 40. Anyone with a notion of doing a zine for *APA-Q* should write to John. Maybe send a few bucks and check out a few disties.

John Boardman; 234 East 19th. Street, Brooklyn, NY, 11226-5302. He appears to be one of those rarities, a person with no email account.

Rabid conservatives and Bush supporters would likely hate this APA, or at least *Dagon*. Fair minded people and liberals should like it. Should be a good place for people who have never been in an APA and want some experience.

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."¹ 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.² 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

Philosophical Matters continued on page 28



UP IN THE AIR

A little farther away from home, but still within cycling distance, was Kebble's Column between Shiregreen and Barnsley. This was one of those follies which people with highly original architectural ideas used to scatter in prominent places. Set tastefully in a grove of trees, it took the form of a high tower, akin to a lampless lighthouse or a de-sailed windmill. One paid an entrance fee of 2d to a sleepy old codger seated by the door at the bottom, then climbed the spiral stairway to the observation platform at the top. A flimsy iron railing, some three feet high was the only safeguard to prevent one falling or diving off the tower. In those halcyon days nobody worried about hazards to children and as far as I know, nobody ever fell or jumped off the thing. Apart from the magnificent view of the local scenery, the tower top gave us an excellent base for another activity. When going there we always took along a pad or two of paper. Once at the summit, the sheets were soon converted into paper aeroplanes. It was great fun launching them to see whose model could travel the greatest distance.

I visited the place decades later. The column was still there, but it was not surrounded by a housing estate, the trees had gone and a sign told all and sundry that the tower was unsafe. It didn't say if this was because of crumbling masonry or because modern children must be kept away from such a dangerous place.

In the pre-way years, "Flying Circuses" were often found touring around Britain, chief among them being Sir Alan Cobham's. I never missed one when it came to Sheffield's Norton Aerodrome – posh name for a large grassy field on the city's outskirts. In addition to flying displays by sundry antiquated aircraft, there were "wing walkers" who actually did crawl to and fro along the wings as their aeroplane swooped around above us. None of this modern strapped to a frame "wing walking" for them. Their only support was the strength of their grip. Much more spectacular was the performance in which a biplane with a hook attached to the tip of its lower wing, flew down low and picked up a small handkerchief from the ground. No doubt umpteen regulations prohibit such activities nowadays as they never seem to appear at air shows. Gliders performed aerobatics and on one occasion a "Flying Flea" buzzed angrily up and down the field in an attempt to get airborne. This was a weird little biplane designed to put everyman into the air, this one couldn't even get its pilot there. Strangely enough, when some time later I made a model "Flea", it flew beautifully. Maybe I used better rubber for the motor.

Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

I also saw performances by the two "bird men", the American Clem Sohn and his English counterpart, Harry Ward. These daredevils had small wings strapped between their legs and from arms to waist. So equipped, they would leap from high-flying aircraft and zoom to and fro before finishing their descent by parachute. The swoop was little more than a guided fall, but from the ground it looked terrific.

It was at one of these displays that I was sitting with a friend who rejoiced in the name of John Pittcock Trussler. His father strolled up and offered to take him for a five bob flight. I donned the sophisticated air of someone who couldn't care less that his friend was about to go up in an aeroplane.



Not easy when you're turning green with envy. Then the miracle happened. Trussler Senior invited me to come along as well. I moved so fast I nearly went through the other side of the Fokker (or was it a Ford?) trimotor which was to take us to Paradise. After bumping across the grass field, we staggered into the air and I viewed Sheffield from a totally new angle. I still recall the wonder of looking down on that tiny field and wondering how the pilot would ever manage to get us back down there. Happily, he did and life was never quite the same after that. I never noticed the wiggling I got on getting home, "How dare I go up in one of those dangerous things without getting permission?" Presumably that would have made it perfectly safe. Not to worry, I had FLOWN! That was all that mattered.

After the glorious rapture of that first flight, it was a long time before I got near a real aircraft again. Instead I built umpteen models, both solid and flying. This taught me one indisputable fact – the most dangerous force known to model aircraft was (and no doubt still is), the common household duster wielded in the hands of a skilled operator. One deft flick when wielded in the hands of an expert can reduce a whole shelf of models to rubble in less time than it takes to say "Jack Thingummy". I often wondered why, during the war, they didn't scale up dusters to king-size and fire 'em out of anti-aircraft guns. The Luftwaffe wouldn't have stood a chance.

I made a superb Hart biplane which amazed me by flying perfectly at its first try – straight across the back yard and into a brick wall. This was followed by a Fairey "Battle" and Hawker Hurricane. My Battle was, like its real counterpart, woefully underpowered, a single elastic band wouldn't even taxi the thing. As for my Hurricane, a slight hiccup in the

building gave its wings a pronounced anhedral. Imagine, with enough elastic it might have gone supersonic!

The aforementioned Pittock Trussler had his own unusual method for beating the combined menaces of dusters and brick walls. On finishing a model he would douse it with lighter fluid, apply a match and launch it in flames from his bedroom window. Spectacular, but tough on the models.

Flying model kits are still with us today, but though of higher price, they are lower in quality. My intricately detailed "Aero-models" cost around five shillings each. All wing ribs, fuselage formers, fairings, etc. had to be laboriously cut out from printed balsa sheets and cemented together. Propellers had to be carved from solid blocks. Apart from the hazard to fingers when using unshielded razor blades, I had an additional problem to contend with. We had a budgerigar called Pip. He was let out of his cage every morning and had the full run of the living room. As a result, he became incredibly tame and would ride on my Hornby train, or land on a tin whistle when I was trying to play it. These tricks were harmless enough, but the really off-putting ones were Pip's mealtime habit of trying to take a bath in a salad bowl of lettuce and his habit of landing on the table as I was cutting out wing ribs for a model. If this didn't scatter pieces in all directions, he would then begin to chew up the soft balsa parts. I'll add budgerigars to those dusters and brick walls as model hazards.

Then came the best model of them all, a F.R.O.G. metal fuselaged monoplane. In those days they cost 7/-6d or about 37p in modern lolly. The boasted wooden propellers and high-speed gear boxes with a geared winder built into the box. I discovered that with maximum boost on the rubber motor and full UP elevator my model could do three consecutive loops. A wonderful trick, naturally I overdid it and tried for four. Halfway through the third loop whilst pulling maximum g, both wings folded back along the fuselage and my pride and joy dug into the ground as if heading for Australia. New wings cost 9d each, so I scrubbed that trick from my repertoire.

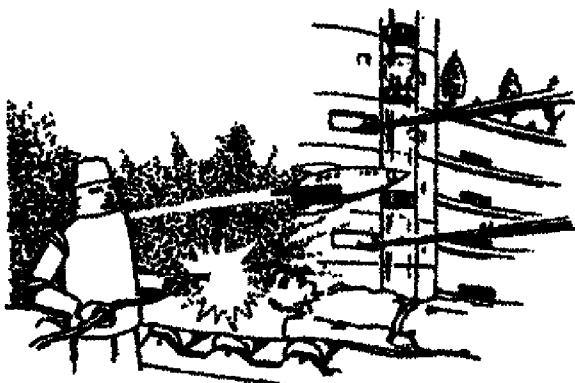


The cinema was a happy youthful pastime. Twice a week, I would be trundled along to the Coliseum. It didn't matter whatever film of the weather, there we were in the same balcony seats. I have vague memories of seeing the black and white version of *Ben Hur*, Rider Haggard's *She* or Frank Buck's *Bring 'em Back Alive* films showing how he trapped animals. Jimmy Cagney and Edward G. Robinson regularly shot each other to pieces and Harold Loyd defied death on some skyscraper. As for the Tarzan films, emulating Johnny Weismuller's cry game me a sore throat.

Such films were incidentals, the real highlight of my film diet was the children's matinee. Every Saturday afternoon. A howling mass of young monsters would converge on the

Coliseum. I was given 3d to go in the balcony with the upper class hooligans, but occasionally, would blow a penny of this on sweets, and have to get a 2d seat downstairs.

The great advantage of sitting up in the balcony was not because the kids were more refined, but simply it was an excellent vantage point which one could hurl apple cores, toffee papers, orange peel and other missiles down on the lesser fry below. Throwing them back up again was much harder. One summer saw oranges selling for four a penny! That was a really cheap source of ammunition.



Alongside all of this innocent childish revelry, one could watch the cinematic entertainment which usually consisted of an assortment

of "shorts", Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Charlie Chase, maybe a Laurel and Hardy, and a cartoon or two. Some of these films were produced by a company titled, "Educational Films". I never did work out where the education crept in, unless it taught how to lose one's trousers in some perfectly innocent manner, or the best way to escape a mob of pursuing policemen. Then there was the *Phantom Empire* serial.

The plot was (fairly) simple, Gene Autry and the dude Radio Ranch which happened to have been built on the land above a secret underground city. His contract called for him to put out a regular radio program which involved singing to his guests (poor blighters). The inhabitants of the city spent all their time trying to stop Autry getting to the microphone to sing, (an aim I fully supported), so that he would lose the radio contract, go bankrupt and move elsewhere. Each episode followed the formula:

1. Autry would escape from last week's peril.
2. The Masked Riders would emerge from their secret trap door.
3. Several quick shots of the futuristic city and robots creaking arthritically about.
4. Autry would sing, get trapped, and about to be mis-handled by a robot.

Each week's ending had some sequence as seeing our hero knocked unconscious, then dumped on a conveyor belt taking him under a robot's welding torch. As it descended to give him a warm welcome, up would come "The End" titles followed by, "Will our hero escape? Don't miss next week's thrilling episode." Naturally, we went – only to see that Autry had awakened during the week and had jumped off the moving belt before he got spot welded. Just once, why couldn't they have let the robot succeed?

INTERLOCUTIONS

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March 9, 2005

And now the knews ... Here we live a little over an hour away from Mammoth Cave, but I haven't been there since I was a Boy Scout and I don't think Lisa's ever been there. I suppose we must go sometime.

Lisa also wants to go to Jamestown. The way things look, we probably won't be in the area for at least six years (Ocean City not filing for NASFiC, there is no other area bid until Washington DC in 2011). By then, most of the relatives in the area who know me may have died.

As I understand it, Jamestown is in rather a low spot along the James River, so you would get malaria and other such disease problems as well. Jamestown had a representative to the House of Burgesses until after Independence, as I remember it. Talk about rotten boroughs!

Nova Express was one of those nigh-semiprozines. I think their circulation was a little less than they hoped, recalling the *Nova Express* panel at LoneStarCon that, until I showed up, had two panelists sitting in the audience so that the audience wouldn't outnumber the panel. Now it has passed onto the Net, which as usual is the first stop on the road to oblivion. (The publication goes on the Net with much clamor about how more accessible and updated it will be; the updating gradually falls from weekly to monthly to occasionally to semi-occasionally and then the website vanishes for lack of editorial interest.) One suspects Lawrence Person, for all that he followed fannish ways, didn't quite get all the nuances, what with his aggressive campaigning for a Hugo.

I believe *FAPA* was the Elephant's Graveyard of fandom when it began. For what it's worth, the original limit of fifty members was a result of the limits of hektograph copying. The copyist could only get about fifty copies from a hekto master before they became too faint to read, so that was the limit. Now that people eat their gelatine, the membership limit has gone up to sixty-five, though as **Rodney Leighton** notes, the organization is under the limit.

Is **Eric Lindsay** related to me? **Eric**, if you see this, send me your ancestor listing and we'll see.

Veteran's Day is one of the few holidays that hasn't been moved to the nearest Monday. Last week Lisa and I went to see Kentucky's last surviving World War One veteran, Rob-

ley Rex, who will be a hundred and four years old by the time this zine sees print.

Reading that, what surprised me was how much **Jeeves's** youth was like mine, though there was a twenty-five/thirty-year and several thousand mile separation between the two. Whereas the next thirty years have seen things change out of all recognition. Neither **Jeeves** nor I would have had our parents shell out hundreds of dollars to go skiing, for example.

The Tesla fans talk about one of Tesla's Marvellous Suppressed Inventions which was ground transmission of electricity. I think the reason Tesla's Marvellous Suppressed Inventions were suppressed was that they wouldn't work. Ground transmission of electricity for example would have too much power drop and it would make even the most torpid of plugs act like John Henry the thoroughbred.

Lisa observed that for his thirtieth birthday, there will be a special reception for John Henry at which people will be allowed to pet him. People who didn't mind losing that hand after all, I suppose. For those who are lacking in experience; for a horse to live to thirty is remarkable, the equine equivalent of oh say Robley Rex mentioned above. Robley is deaf but not senile; John Henry was skittish and fracticious during his racing career and **still** is. One end kicks, the other bites.



Weena the Wurst: wasn't Weena killed by the Morlocks?

Watches: I have read that the sale of wristwatches in Japan has declined substantially. You see, they all carry cell phones and cell phones today display the time.

To "Cousin" **Eric**: I got fed up with surveys several years ago, and have begun giving "No comment" as the answer to everything, including my name, telephone number, etc.

Way way back many centuries ago (at least in computer time) I got an issue of *PC Magazine* and noted the hard drive ad in the back. One of the hard drives was listing for something like \$4995 (that's forty-nine hundred ninety-five dollars, no decimal point). It had the unimaginably huge space of **ONE MEGABYTE**. You can't get a hard drive that **small** any more.

Well, I don't like PVC pipes for plumbing, and if "Cousin" **Eric** had had to pay US\$770 (even more in Australia) for a hot water heater because of a broken PVC pipe, he would agree with me even more. Otherwise they look nice.

I distrust EasyPay etc. because of what happened to a friend of mine. In the days before cell phones, she made a long distance call from a pay phone in Knoxville. Someone looked over her shoulder. Before she could get home, over a hundred dollars worth of long-distance calls had been billed to her number. She had automatic funds transfer. So, she had to go down to the telephone company office and get the calls corrected, and get a refund in cash.

Rodney Leighton might be reminded of the Good Old Days of the forties and fifties when all the men wore suits and ties to a convention. **Marty Cantor** merely harks back to those more romantic times.

Karen Gory might want to run across the original Raggedy Ann book. In one story, a mouse gets into the nursery and damages one of the other dolls. The parents import a kitten. Raggedy Ann won't let the kitten kill the mouse, because she is a mommy mouse and is foraging for her mouselets.

Sheryl Birkhead: Cheryl Morgan says she makes a few print copies of *Emerald City* for distribution at cons. (By a curious coincidence, I have a cousin whose maiden name was "Cheryl Morgan".) Of course, since she doesn't publish locs, what's the point?

Milt Stevens: I have stepped in a river. In fact, I went in over my head, and my brother broke a tooth coming down to rescue me. He got there in time to see me stand up, dripping wet, in water below my waist.

Hope to see you at Ditto.

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

☐**TKK**: *PVC is much easier to work with, but I don't think they look as nice with all the dirt and writing on them. Add in the lovely colored dyes and drips from the cleaner and glue and they are down-right ugly.*☐

Gene Stewart
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10 Mar 2005

Dear Knarley,

Just a short note to answer a few questions. And yes, I'll be sending an article, too.

Firstly, I was indeed the editor of *Brutarian*, until I was fired. I was putting what would have been my third issue to bed when a phone call came from Dom Salemi, who pays for it. In this call, he became increasingly angrier at what he called my "...science fiction and good writing and quality stuff..." and then he began shrieking that I was fired. Somewhere in there he also managed to say bad things about my wife and at least one of my children, so there isn't any way I can see to repair any bridges.

Good thing I didn't say much more than hello, he might have popped a blood vessel.

So that was the end of that and, frankly, I'm relieved. It was increasingly hard to work with so inconsistent and low-brow a person and frankly my wife and I were tired of his rants and antics. He'd obviously worked himself into a tizzy to make that call and why he so deeply resented my introduction of well-written stories and the dreaded genre of science fiction, I've no idea. Up until that call he'd given no clue of being dissatisfied and, in fact, had seemed delighted to place more and more of the magazine on our shoulders.

Found out later that I'm the third or fourth person who's experienced this from him, so perhaps it's a sort of bi-polar pattern or something.

Suffice to say I'm liberated from that whole mess, which continues floundering and causing many, many complaints, up to and including a plea to the SFWA and several cries of foul for lack of payment, etc.

Potential contributors may want to think twice and submit elsewhere.

Milt Stevens makes a good point: One can natter on about Art forever. It fascinates me, so I'll probably do just that, if in sporadic doses.

I should probably apologize to **Rod Leighton**; hadn't meant to write anything he enjoyed. I'm sure we'll get back to normal very soon.

Frovet is right in saying that there are many works of fantasy that aspire to social criticism, human nobility and the nature of reality.

My complaint is that these are the exceptions that prove the rule of banality and cookie-cutter franchise fantasies. If we didn't write the crap they couldn't publish it. It is, however, a McDonald's society, not a four-star one.

Major Joe's obscure point about how police only seem to mess up the evidence in cases where there is a high-powered defense attorney overlooks the obvious: Perhaps prosecution cases are always flawed and most of us can't afford a good enough lawyer to fight against being railroaded by rigged, planted, and made-up evidence. How many police investigators play strictly by the rules? How many prosecutors buy into the notion that a defendant is innocent until proven guilty? And who believes in the tooth fairy?

Trinlay Khadro may find a bonanza later on by beginning to finish those countless unfinished books and stories, rather than starting new ones.

Who knows? Maybe it's a case of a writer doing the front half during the first half of life and the back half during the next. Of course, it could all be ADD, too.

Back to **Milt Stevens** for a second: His point that many popular writers were only considered literary icons after their deaths means that Stephen King has a very good chance of being, in the future, rehabilitated into respectability. One can

but hope that his work is clear and readable enough that the academics won't manage to ruin it for the kids forced to read King for their Advanced Reading Program.

(Incidentally, my son had indeed read King for an ARP; there is hope, William Gibson! lol)

--OLD 815
(Gene Stewart)

CKK: *I am incapable of discussing art for hours. It simply isn't that interesting to me. It is all but impossible to do anything strictly by the rules.*

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10 Mar 2005

I received your current issue and read it. I don't think my articles are on the same page as your readers. When I write I try to make it funny/interesting so that it is readable. I thought "Jamestown Revisited" was copied out of a book or literature. It read like a class history book and was rather disjointed.

Two comments: One from **E B Frohvet** of Maryland - it was very interesting that a woman could own land but couldn't vote even in Maryland which was Quaker based and offered equality that other colonies didn't. If you have this person's email I would like to find out more about this.

Second from **Trinlay Khadro** - true comment but I don't remember making any reference to slavery. Oh well?

I have just finished the most amazing book - *Collaspe* by Jared Diamond, the author of *Guns, Germs and Steel*. If you want I will write some comments of this book for your next issue - let me know as I would like to do it in the next few days while it is fresh in my mind.

Sue Welch

CKK: *I have to take some credit for the disjointed nature of Steven's article. I asked him to shorten it for CKK.*

Ned Brooks
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12 Mar 2005

Hi Knarl - Nice cover, but who are these creatures? Servers in a Junior Goth night club?

Nice write-up of the history of Jamestown. I lived in Newport News for 39 years and never got around to visiting the place. I'm not much of a tourist, and I don't trust reconstructions.

I'm not sure how to take anyone with the unlikely pseudonym "**E. B. Frohvet**" calling my *It Goes on the Shelf* "eccentric".



The zine itself is standard US quarto, and I'm not rich enough to be eccentric.... I don't agree with his complaint about irregular publication of fanzines – nothing is duller than a zine done just to meet a schedule.

You are getting a bit sloppy in the editorial details! There does not seem to be anything by **Sue** on p.6 as announced in the Contents; and then we find **Alex Slate** using “though” for “thou” four times in one paragraph! Has the study of law addled your cerebral cortex?

Terry Jeeves' memoirs are fun - who would have thought he used to be a hooligan harassing the poor Mormons!

Best,
Ned Brooks

☐**TKK:** *Some might argue that my brains were scrambled when I chose to shift careers and go to law school. Others would claim that I've always been broken.*☐

Terry Jeeves
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England
terryjeeves@ic24.net
13 Mar 2005

Dear Henry,

Many thanks for the latest *TKK*. I liked the colour cover photo although I couldn't find any explanation of who the kids are or what they are doing - Halloween perhaps ?

Sorry to hear about the ski boots and bunions. I'm pleased to say that I don't ski and have not had any foot trouble other than a veruca many years ago, touch the proverbial wood. You certainly pit your wits against the world with all those law courses and other activities. I can understand why as in my younger days I did likewise with assorted evening classes – four years of Higher maths, writing course, an art course and sundry other activities. Now sadly mostly forgotten,. Anyway, good luck with the law courses.

The article on pants was amusing but it didn't have me rushing to throw away all my own. After all, they are rather essential and cover a multitude of sins.

I enjoyed **Frohvet** on fanzines even though he missed out on the last issue of *Erg*, after all it has been gone for a year since the last one. What a hefty load of LOCs I'd love to have had as many for *Erg* in its day. Oh well can't win 'em all.

Oh yes, and thanks for the nice presentation of my piece, I must get around to sending some more.

FAPA, I was a member for a while, but found the time lag on trans-Atlantic mail a bind and the page count for three editions of *Erg* just too much – for a while I was putting out a *FAPA* edition, one for the UK and one for the Australian

Applesauce. Oh well, to wind up, a bit of general news... My own hearing continues on a one lung basis with de-waxing coming every month or so. As for my general health, my back is a bit better but my walking is worse and limited to a few hundred yards My hospital appointment has been revised five times from April to May. Digital cameras seem to be everywhere these days but I believe their definition is not as clear as the old film and they need a PC to sort them out. I'll stick to film thank you.

We have done very well on the snow front, only having a brief dusting which vanished fairly quickly. The big snag is our drive. The main road only twenty yards away is usually clear, but our sloping drive makes a return trip tricky especially if someone parks just opposite.

We have just got a new mattress and sleeping is lovely apart from the fact that it is so gentle, one tends to sink into a U shaped hollow which is hard to leave. Val had had the decorating bug and painted one wall of the bedroom. She also has plans to have the drive re-surfaced and the kitchen re-decorated. Last month we had new lino there and also in the bathroom. Chaos rules during such goings on.

I have been indulging in nostalgia reading starting with the *Lensman* series and going on to W.W.Jacobs sea yarns, then Ernest Brahmah's *Kai Lung* tales and on to H.G.Wells. All well-written and entertaining, much more so than the sword and sorcery which crams library and bookshop selves.

Oh well, not real news, so bye for now and all the best.

☐**TKK:** *I'm glad my treatment of "Carry On Jeeves" meets with your approval. I'm trying to put the artwork in essentially the same location and proportion that you did in your original. This isn't always easy with the change in page format and size, but it seems to be working out fine.*☐

E.B. Frohvet
4716 Dorsey Hall Dr. #506
Ellicott City, MD 21042
March 13, 2005

Dear Henry,

Our Maryland winters don't compare to your Wisconsin winters; but I have about reached my limit. If it snows again,



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tomorrow's headline will read: "Meteorologist Attacked – Lunatic Throttles TV Weatherman".

Not to belabor the points made in my article; but *Halo of Flies #3* which was produced explicitly for the Novacon in November 2003, was not mailed to non-attendees until February 2005. Because? The editor's own words: "There was always something more important that had to be done." The prosecution rests... One supposes *Velleity* has joined the list of the defunct, and no sign of life from *Covert Communications*. On the plus side, *Conferring with Earthquakes* has resumed after nineteen months... **Claire Brialey** sent me some back issues of *Zoo Nation* which is quite a nice little fanzine. It reminds me a little of *Peregrine Nations*.

The cover is credited to **Trinlay** but if there's a reference identifying the two cute little vampirellas, I must have missed it.

I don't know what the medicine was the doctor gave you for your foot problem, but your reaction seems a little harsh. Perhaps you are especially sensitive to this drug and should tell your doctor about this. My shoulder has been sore lately but not so I can't function, so I have not bothered my doctor.

FAPA: I receive only a smattering of zines listed by **Rodney**; most of the rest, probably, are done only for the APA. To date I have found no interest in joining an APA. Neither do I know if the rumor is true about having to be approved by **Robert Lichtman** to join the group. However, being approved by **Robert** is something worthwhile; which cannot be said of others.

Philosophical: My first impulse is to wonder if **Alex** does not know the difference between the adverb/conjunction "though" and the obsolete pronoun "thou", or if either his or Henry's computer skipped a beat. (Not to nitpick, Henry, but this sort of thing is why people should proofread even if a spellcheck program has been over the material.) **Alex** perhaps has read Alexei Panshin's *Rite of Passage* in which the child-heroine has to write a paper on many of these same points. The legal, is that murder by definition is not justified, and killing may be. My problem with absolutists is when they want to impose the absolutist rules on me. In the case of the "ugly bride", the easy evasion is to say, "Doesn't she look radiant? [Fill in similar adjective.] I'm so happy for her."

Joseph Major: In her returned fanzine, Brin McLaughlin wrote about a panel at some con where people talked for an hour on how they discovered fanzines in 1965, and apparently never got to 1966.

Trinlay Khadro: What you're describing is "presentism", the fallacy that people in the past were motivated by attitudes typical of the present. If you haven't, read the original of Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee* (still one of the first and best alternate histories) which hits on this repeatedly... The clock function on y TV resets automatically. The clock func-

tion in my care will not reset at all – yes, I read the manual – so for winter I just accept the time shown is an hour off.

Eric Lindsay: I have music on old vinyl discs, some nearly forty years old, that still play. Old technologies often still work – the Winchester Model 1896, essentially unchanged for 109 years (and still available in the original .30-30 caliber).

Brad Foster: Credit cards **can** be a convenience. But there's a strong tendency to run up charges, because it doesn't seem like "real" money. Paying cash, makes you stop and count.

Lloyd Penney: This was the first reference I had seen to Jack Chalker having died, though I knew he was ill. I could hardly claim to have been a friend of Jack, but I spoke with him now and then and managed to find something nice to say about his story "Dance Band on the Titanic". As none of his novels greatly appealed to me I tended to think of this fine story as a fluke, but that may have been just my taste.

Congratulations to **Todd & Nora Bushlow** on the birth of their daughter. What, we didn't get to vote on the name? I confess I have always been partial to "Holly" for a little girl. In college I had a friend whose name was "Fannie" (no really): she was so well liked that no one made stupid jokes.

"Witty" is not my strong suit. I did a parody travelogue which was published in *Lan's Lantern* around 1992. Since George Laskowski is gone, and his widow as far as I know is not interested in fandom at all, presumably the rights to the piece revert to me on the off chance that anyone would like to reprint it.

As an exercise in proofreading, there's an obvious type in this LOC which I can almost guarantee your spellchecker will miss.

Provisionally Sincerely,
E.B. Frohvet

☐**TKK**: *We are both ones to not want to get the doctor involved unless the problem becomes debilitating. I would like to see your travelogue. As for the typo I assume you meant "right" for "write" which I corrected, but there were others as well which I removed. Did I inject any others?*☐

Rodney Leighton
RR#3
Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0
Canada
March 15, 2005

Dear Henry:

Thanks for *TKK* #110 which arrived yesterday. Great issue.

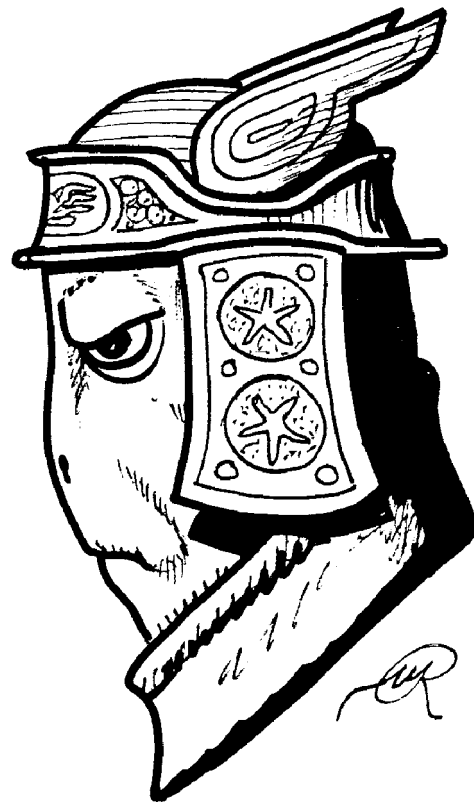
In the morning I went to the village, stopped at the bank where I tried to buy some US money to send to **Milt** for a copy of the next available *FAPA* mailing but they were all

sold out. Not surprising, I guess; this week is March break in NS. Do you have that down there? A week of no school in March. Lots of people head to Florida.

I have been thinking about how the world has changed and prices of things. When my mother worked in a country store with a gas pump not quite 60 years ago, gas was 5 or 6 cents a gallon. I spent more on gas yesterday than she earned in a month. When I was in college, 48 years ago ... yipes!... chocolate bars cost a dime. I couldn't afford even one. Yesterday I spent \$11.10 for six of the things and though nothing of it. Of course, incomes are much different. 39 years ago I spent the summer working on a farm. 7am to whenever we got finished, six days a week and sometimes on Sunday. I think I got \$40 a week plus dinner. Nowadays, I get roughly that amount per day sitting on my ass reading fanzines.

Well, books, mostly, since very few fanzines come my way. The article by **EBF** was as good as I expected it would be. I was rather surprised to see him leave himself open to criticism and ridicule as he did in a couple of sentences. I noted a couple of missing titles, although, since I don't keep track like that, they may be outside the parameters ... *The Frozen Frog* and *Zero-G Lavatory*. I noted a couple that don't think I have ever heard of although I gather he received copies of these fanzines and since I read the final 25 issues of *Twink* and especially enjoyed the fanzine reviews, I must have heard of them. I certainly agree that fanzine fandom still has some appeal. The fanzines I miss the most are those which **EBF** did not mention... *Habakkuk*, *Stet*, and *Banana Wings*. But, hey, about a week or so back I started thinking that it was almost time that *Visions of Paradise* 102 has been published and I am looking forward to receiving a copy. I am, I believe, scheduled to receive a copy of *FOSFAX* 211 one of these days...ah. A very good article.

I quite enjoyed **Mr. Jeeves** tales this time which I suppose prompted my brain to start recalling things like outside toilets and living through one winter eating nothing but potatoes and bread, things which those young ladies on the cover will hopefully never experience, no matter who they might be. I was reading some things in a zine about radiation and the harmful effects of televisions and cell phones and such gadgets and I think that in a few years **Eric Lindsay** won't need any lights because he will likely be glowing enough to read by. But does that mean anything? I was, I believe, 12 when we got our first television set. Today I am a Luddite compared to many people, but even I have, upstairs, a colour TV with a VCR/DVD player attached and next to that is a new CD/tape/radio machine which will hold 5 CDs and I have remote controls for all these things despite the fact that they are only 10 or 12 feet from my chair. The radiation rays are getting to me, it was 38 years ago I was in college. 43 years ago I carried water from the outside well for drinking, washing, and everything. I don't think I had even seen a bathtub; we went to a little house outdoors to do nasty business and hoped that the bugs wouldn't eat us alive in summer and that we would not freeze our scrawny asses off in winter. Ah, memories.



One day recently I was coming home from somewhere and noticed, on the road ahead, three deer on my side of the road. It looked like a doe and last year's fawns. I slowed down. They stayed where they were. Knowing that white-tailed deer are some of the dumbest creatures ever created, I stopped. Sure enough, rather than taking a single leap and being in the woods, the doe turned, ran across the road, bowling over the fawns in the process. He picked himself up and took off after mother and sibling. Fortunately for me I did not try to go around them. Fortunately for them there was no other traffic at the time. Fortunately for one or perhaps both of us, the hunting knife I usually carry in my truck was here and the house and so rather than turn the knocked youngster into venison I sat and laughed at the idiots and went my way.

Various folks have been talking about mice the last couple of issues. I laughed out loud at **Sheryl's** tale of rescuing a mouse which bit her and was immediately fed back to the cat. And **Bill Legate** used to do research on the things. Me, will, I once had a job at a research facility ... MacDonald College, a branch of McGill University ... and part of our work was poultry research. Incubate 1000 eggs. Take any chicks which hatch, check them for sex and various characteristics; toss them into a wire cage and when the cage was full, lower it into a tank full of water and after a while take the chicks and toss them into the garbage.

Having grossed out many readers ... I will complete the process by mentioning that unless something happens, I will likely have a column for *TKK* for some time to come. I want to do another one on *FAPA* in a different manner; I have sent

for some APA material and I was offered copies of about 10 fanzines plucked from the ether and I requested five which should make a column.

Question for you, Henry and **Julie Wall** and anyone else who follows hockey: Has the absence of the NHL this season had any noticeable effect in your areas: on the fans, on attendance at hockey games, especially on the interest exhibited by youngsters for hockey?

If I had not gone over the edge a couple of times, this would almost look like a real LOC, wouldn't it?

Best,
Rod

□**CKK**: *Almost all schools at all levels have a week off some-time during the spring. Given the various schedules we had three that did not overlap. It is considered by many to be a right of passage for college students to go to Florida, Texas, or somewhere else warm during this week and make total fools of themselves. I don't really follow hockey. I don't care for the nature of the NHL game and while I miss the playoffs somewhat it doesn't really matter. As for attendance, I think NHL attendance is down quite a bit, but for the level of youth hockey I'm involved with there is little aspiration to play professionally so no noticeable effects so far.*□

Joseph Nicholas
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18 Mar 2005

Dear Henry & Letha

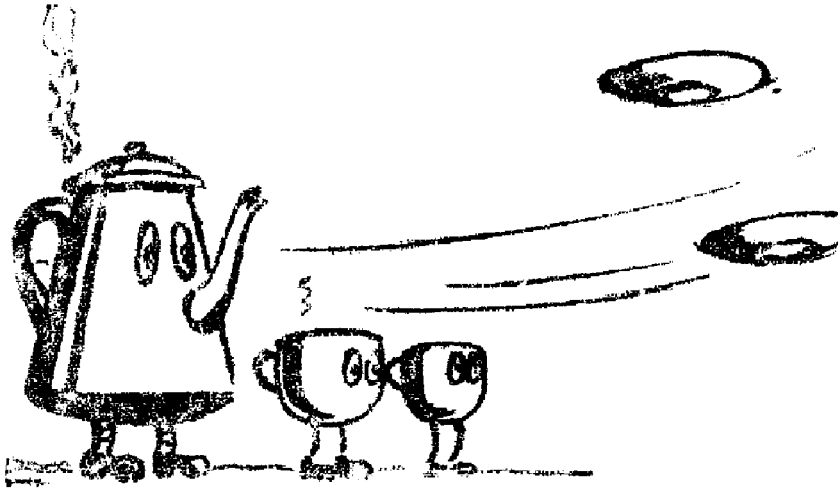
Thank you for issue 100, and for the two issues before that. My apologies for not having responded to those previous issues, but we've been having a busy time at work, which has left me slightly too drained of energy to pursue any fanac with any vigour. But the end of the busy period is looming, because a general election is at last in sight.

As you may be aware, there has been mounting speculation that there will be a UK general election on 5 May, to coincide with the four-yearly local government elections which will be taking place that day, and all three main parties have been in hyper-campaigning mode since the turn of the year. Not that an election has actually been called yet – the maximum life of any Parliament is five years, but the decision when to call for a dissolution and a general election is entirely in the gift of the government of the day – but everyone seems pretty much convinced that 5 May will be Der Tag. (Not having a fixed date makes for a degree of uncertainty, it's true – but most people seem to prefer that to fixed terms on the US model, which puts everyone into permanent election-campaign mode.)

There have been plenty of signals which long-time civil servants such as myself know how to read. Instructions from above, for example, that anything requiring a ministerial signature soon must be with the minister before Easter, because her immediate officials cannot give a date for the re-opening of "the box" after the holiday. Which means that civil servants working on policy issues, such as myself, have been running flat out to Get Things Completed before Easter, or if not before that date then by the end of March, because once a general election has been announced, and remaining Parliamentary business begins to be wrapped up (working backwards from a date of 5 May and allowing the traditional three-four weeks for campaigning, this points to Parliament being dissolved on 7 April, with the dissolution being announced on 1 April), we can't do anything.

At least, we can't do anything of substance. We can respond to routine enquiries from the public; we can pursue previously agreed policy lines provided they are not deemed too controversial or "political"; but we cannot initiate anything new, or offer opinions on new ventures. This makes things difficult at home – no Parliament means no government; meaning that the person you were one day addressing as "minister" of "Secretary of State" is just another Mr or Mrs seeking re-election – and bloody difficult at EU level: when invited to attend a Commission Working Group or Standing Committee meeting in Brussels, the UK is virtually confined to sheepish re-iterations of "no comment" while everyone else gets on with the business of framing new legislation. And of course the controversial or "political" nature of previously agreed policy lines (which the new government might overturn, even if it previously agreed with them!) is entirely in the eye of the beholder – if you're a rabid europhobe, like Robert Kilroy-Silk, then even an initiative to consolidate existing animal feed measures (i.e., one of the things on which I'm working), all derived from European law, into one comprehensive document, is a frightful assault on British sovereignty. So, innocuous though it will be to most people, we have to get our consolidation out of the way before 31 March, or we could be stymied for a month or more.





Well, it all makes for an interesting life. For a politics junkie such as myself, it will be even more interesting once the election has been called and, free of work pressures, I can pay more attention to the news. I'm hoping for a close result; one that chop deeply into the current Labour majority, clean out lots of the Blairite clones elected in 1997 and re-elected in 2001 (because their seats will revert to the previous Conservative allegiance), and hand control of Parliamentary business to "Old Labour" awkward squad who will ensure the end of the idiocy of "choice" which the manifesto will doubtless promise to continue introducing into areas where it cannot possibly work. (A "choice" of hospitals – remember that our health service is funded from taxation and free at the point of use, so what is there to choose? – a choice of water supplier – water falls from the clouds and is collected in rivers; if you live in one catchment area, how can you possibly be supplied from another? – a choice of trains – presumably the policy wonks who dreamt up this think that railways are like roads, and that more than one train can occupy the same space at the same time – doubtless a choice of prisons, too, by the time these academic ideologues have finished.) The week after the election, as the new programme is announced by the New Labour government, and promptly voted out by the awkward squad in concert with the opposition parties, should be great fun.

The only problem, from my perspective, is that we won't be around to see it, since we've booked an archaeological tour of Syria and Lebanon for the week commencing 8 May. Syria and Lebanon? you gasp, what madness is this? Well, Syria has always been on our radar, but for a long time the prevailing political situation has made it inaccessible for tourists, and the company which specialises in tours to the Middle East had to suspend its operations in the country over a decade ago. But last autumn, having presumably decided that the region was stable enough, it announced a series of tours for this spring and autumn, and we promptly signed up. Only for Syrian intelligence hardliners to go bonkers this February and assassinate Rafik Hariri, throwing everything into doubt. The tour company is of course monitoring the situation, and I'm hopeful that our tour will still go ahead – who knows,

it could be more exciting than watching Tony Blair's New Labour start to disintegrate!

Regards
Joseph

☐CKK: *It is tough enough in the US to get good voter turn out with a well-scheduled election. I cannot imagine how it would work when the date is set on short notice. Enjoy Syria and Lebanon.*☐

Joy V. Smith
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33810
pagadan@aol.com
21 Mar 2005

Dear Knarley,

Neat cover! **Trinlay Khadro** took the picture? I love the models!

Sounds like you're enjoying your travels as usual, except for the incident of the toe and the snow boot. I look forward to hearing about the cave dig. That sounds like fun. And I do enjoy hearing about your law courses. I hope you get your internship; the Patent Engineer connection sounds like a fantastic opportunity. I look forward to your update on that.

Thanks to **Steven Silver** for the Jamestown and Pocahontas background. (I love the Disney movie because of Meeko, and I have a small Meeko collection. A canoe with her and him is on the toilet tank.) I want to know the facts because the way movies mess with history irks me. Btw, I came across a book, *Uncle John's Bathroom Reader Plunges into History*; and it has a chapter – Bad History! Bad!, which looks at Hollywood's take on history in such movies as *The Patriot*, *JFK*, *Gladiator*, and *U-571*.

Jim Sullivan's pants article was fun. **E.B. Frohvet's** A Decade of Zines was interesting and went well with **Rodney Leighton's** FAPA background. And **Alex Slate's** look at Absolutism and Relativism was enlightening. (I say—extremes are not good.) And more background from **Terry Jeeves**. This was a really educational issue, and I hope people are archiving these.

Re:LOCs. **Trinlay**, I agree about modern minds trying to hold the past to modern standards; and a historical movie is really ruined for me when the characters mouth ideas and words that don't belong there! **E.B. Frohvet**, I remember *Judgment on Janus*, though not the premise. It's a good idea worth recycling. Knarley, I remember that brain glazing over feeling from some articles and speeches.

I enjoyed **Bill Legate's** New Year's resolutions: "Avoid exercise, smoke more, put on weight." And I'll give up procrastination pretty soon." And also **Milt Stevens'** "In Simi Valley, we can't afford a river, so we have an arroyo." I also enjoyed

the fanzine reviews and all the illos, especially the LOC one on page 28 and Weena the Wurst.

Appreciatively,
Joy V. Smith

☐**TKK**: *The Disney Pocahontas movie so rips me right from the beginning. The entire eastern third of Virginia is a tidal basin. (This explains in part why dysentery and other poor-drainage diseases were such a problem in the Civil War.) Most is less than 10 feet above sea level; yet there in the opening scene we see Pocahontas standing by a 100 foot or taller waterfall. The only waterfall on the James River isn't until you get to Richmond about 50 miles further inland and it is more a series of severe rapids than a waterfall. There also isn't much there in the way of large cliffs or promontories. I am keeping a separate file where I'm archiving all of the "Carry on Jeeves" into a single document for ease of later retrieval.*☐

KRin Pender-Gunn
PO Box 567
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Australia 3130
kringunny@optusnet.com.au
22 Mar 2005

Afternoon,

I always find Halloween slightly amusing – it has no cultural relevance here yet shops stock all the associated cheap junk to celebrate it!

I might not be in SF fandom anymore but I'm a library worker – a technician to be exact. A library technician. I also know two other library people who are SF fans. It seems to go together here in Australia!

The wonder boy who works in my library 3 hours a week is going to be a lawyer. He is going to be an awful lawyer though. He has no concept of being on time ("gee, sorry I'm late your honour" won't be accepted!) and no sense of detail. He can't even seem to shelve books in numerical order. He may be a bright lad but that isn't enough.

So Kira doesn't want to play hockey. Good on her! I was made to play sport when I was a lass and resented it mightly. I have no competitive spirit at all and its done me no harm in life.

Must be off, things to do outside before dusk. So much to do – so little time.

Cheers,
KRin

☐**TKK**: *Kira was never made to play hockey. The decision to try it and the decision to stop playing were essentially her own. We did enforce a little bit of "you signed up so you much go", but we've never forced her to try the sport.*☐

Brad W. Foster
POB 165246
Irving, TX 75016
March 22, 2005

Greetings Henry and Letha ~

As the weather here starts its move into a warm spring, with hints of the horrible heat of summer to come, it's nice to get *TKK* 110 with that nifty Halloween cover, to remember cooler days.

I thought I had read the introductory paragraph of **Steven Silver**'s article wrong, but on re-reading realized he was more subtle than I had first thought. When he wrote about having to decide between going to Jamestown Settlement or historic Jamestown, and deciding on the historic. I thought we would then get a tour of the physical town. So I was confused when the rest of the article never did tell us about visiting that site. It was only when I finished, and read the intro again, that I realized he meant he was literally going to visit the *historic* town, i.e. a history tour. Very, very subtle.

Sorry to hear that **Jim Sullivan** had a hard time with denim jeans. I'm one of those folks who have no fashion sense and are well aware of it, so I locked into the same look that seems to keep me from being pointed at and laughed at in a crowd, usually (okay, *always*) a black tee shirt and blue jeans. I've never had the problem of stiff, non-bending jeans. Maybe **Jim** just got the wrong size? Or maybe he's just exaggerating for humorous effect? (I've noticed some fan writers will use that literary device now and then ...)

I penciled all kind of notes around the margins of **Alex Slate**'s column this time. I think it's because I am always amused by arguments that break down how people think into very specific, narrowly defined areas, then discuss them endlessly. (I believe that is called "philosophy". Not picking on **Alex** here, mind you!) Kind of the argument for arguments sake sort of thing. And when it gets to rules and laws, the line about "thou shalt not steal unless it is to prevent murder" and the comment about how to judge relative merits, brings up the whole problem of "law" versus "justice". How many times have you heard of someone getting some kind of horrible jail sentence for what everyone pretty much agrees is a minor offense, but the "law" was absolute in what punishment would be handed out. "Justice" weighs individual situations on the facts of that situation and decides from that. Too bad we have more laws than justice. Then the next paragraph about thinking that to kill someone bad is to be as bad as they are hits one of my skiffy-related bug-a-boos: In the third *Star Wars* movie (Okay, I'm an old guy...I know it is *now* the sixth, but it will always be the third to me...) there is a classic scene of the bad guy taunting the hero by saying that hero cannot kill him, or it will make the hero as bad as the bad guy. Oh yeah? Even as a little kid, I never bought that argument. In this situation (justice judging the moment) I am faced by an obvious, clearly seen evil that will continue to do horrible

things to innocents. My destruction of that evil does not then make me evil. Swing away, Luke!

In **Eric Lindsay's** LOC he writes about companies offering automatic debits from your bank account to pay bills. Sounds nice (thought the way these are sold to me, as something done for *my* convenience, rather than what it really is, something easier for the company doing it, bugs me a bit). But I avoid that at all costs. I had automatic deductions going on some equipment I had a lease-to-own deal on. When I had reached the final payment, they continued to deduct payments the next month. If I hadn't been paying attention, who knows how long that would have gone on. When I called my bank to stop it, I was told that the company making the deductions had to send them a notice to stop. Think about that. *My* bank will not let *me* tell them to stop removing money from *my* account and sending it to a third party, without the approval of that third party. If you get in an argument with a company on payments that you mail, at least you have the option to stop paying until it is cleared up. With auto payments, they can happily continue to suck funds from you until they feel like stopping. Yep, remember, they are only offering those automatic payments to make it easy for *you*.

stay happy ~
Brad

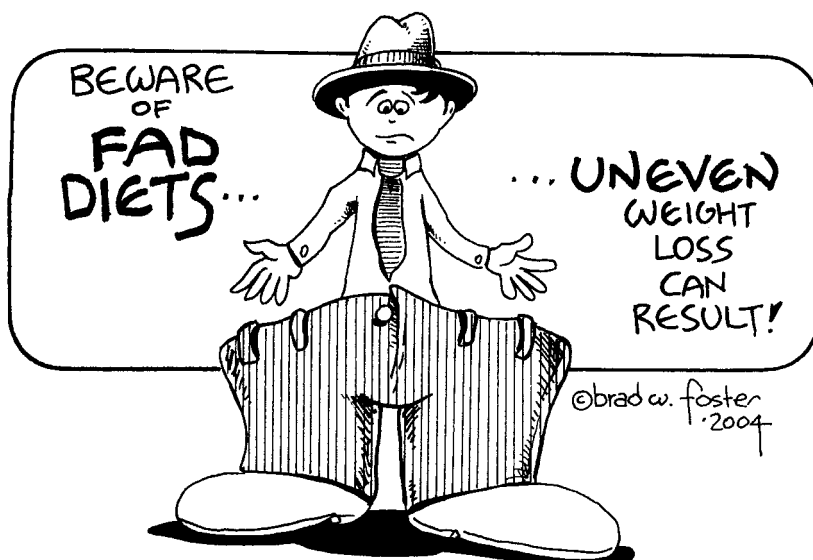
☐ **TKK:** *Most penal codes provide for affirmative defenses to crimes. I did it, but it was OK because. The classic example of this is self-defense. Many of the penal codes are strict to avoid the appearance of discrimination in their application. You shouldn't forget that you authorized those deductions in writing. Your bank should allow you to cancel them in writing.*☐

Lloyd Penney
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March 29, 2005

Dear Knarley:

Thank you for **TKK** 110, and I've got a little time before heading off to work. For the past six weeks, I've been working evenings for one of our local newspapers here, *The Globe and Mail*, doing appointment notice data entry onto their website. Starting tomorrow, I'll be working for a trade show, doing date entry and offering ideas for the operation of the show itself. So, I'll sandwich the loc in here.

I'm one of those who are interested in your law career, and my reason is that law was Yvonne's first interest, and when she graduated from high school, she wanted to go to law school to become a lawyer. However, her parents had other



ideas, and they wanted her to become a hairdresser, and refused to help her achieve her own dreams.

Problems with pants well, don't wear any is one solution, and now that the warm weather is here, try shorts. I'd rather wear denim, but it's not always possible. I have Dockers for the office, and dress pants if I have to. I have a pair of aviator's jeans. They are designed specifically for flying in two-seater planes at high altitudes. They're flannel-lined. They have come in handy more than once this past winter, especially when the temperatures went way below zero.

In the past, I might have to wait months for my Corflu zines to arrive. I understand where **E.B.** and **Joseph** are coming from. Zines that were hand-distributed in the spring at Corflu might get to you some time in the summer or fall, if they get to you at all. Those faneds are getting better at this, but the *Plokta* editors are asking their US/Canada distributor if she's mailed them yet. It is possible, of course, that they have been mailed, and the post office was hungry that day. One thing I will say to clarify **E.B.'s** article. I had indeed stated in the past that the local Trek club was stuffing the ballot box for the Auroras. I have revised that opinion because in discussing the situation, it may be that the Trek club, which is a fairly large group of people, may be the only group actively participating in the nomination and voting processes. This means few other Canfans are nominating and voting. I've tried to change this situation by encouraging others to take part, but we shall see what happens when this year's final ballot arrives.

To **Rod Leighton:** Colin Hinz is still around, and living in Toronto. He will be the co-chair of Corflu when it comes to Toronto in 2006. No date or place announced yet, at least, not that I know of. I get some *FAPA* zines in the mail, and I respond to them as I would any other fanzine. So, I guess some of my locs would show up in *FAPA* from time to time. *Gegenschein* is one fanzine I have to catch up with.

I listen to the BBC from time to time, courtesy of the Internet. I am told that Internet reception is far better than radio recep-

tion in the UK, so many people listen on their computers. Besides, there are BBC radio stations that are digital, and can be picked up only with a digital radio or on the Internet. I think many of the shows **Terry** remembers may be rebroadcast even today on BBC7.

I see **Trinlay Khadro** is also the victim of gratuitous insult from the current *FOSFAX* editors. I gather I was a victim some years ago, but it had to matter what they said. And, it doesn't. If *FOSFAX* fades into fannish memory, I shall shed no tears.

My hard drive is 13.7 Gb capacity, so it may now be small compared to other drives. However, recently, I heard about a hard drive so capacious, its measured in petabytes, or gigagigabytes. That's a lot of drive; with luck, we won't need that much at home, but it is available if we do.

My loc: The Toronto-Rochester ferry is scheduled to re-launch sometime in May. I plan to look it up and find out how much it would cost to go, and see if its cheaper than taking the car around Lake Ontario.

Time to go to work, and time to wrap up this loc. Coincidence? I think not I'm looking forward to the next issue. See you then.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney

☐**TKK**: *I've tried steaming audio on the internet and don't care much one way or the other about it. I've never been a big one in having tunes on in the background and frankly I have to mute my computer audio to keep all the beeping applications from driving me nuts. Many may not realize, but most of the original computer terminals supported a "bell". All you had to do was embed an ASCII 7 (Ctrl-G) in some text and it would ring the bell on the terminal.*☐

Milt Stevens
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March 30, 2005

Dear Henry,

The Knarley Knaws #110 begins with a mystery. Who are the girls on the cover? Unless I missed something, their identities don't seem to be mentioned anywhere. I presume one of them is your daughter, and the other is a friend or relative, but which is which?

Aside from Ground Hogs Day being in February, the month used to have significance in ancient fannish lore. Charles Burbee and Elmer Perdue believed that if you could refrain from drinking for one month out of the year you were not an alcoholic. Since February was the shortest month, that was

the one they always chose for not drinking. I don't know that it helped their fanac any.

E. B. Frohvet considers the last ten years of fanzines. Ten years of fanzines or most anything else is quite a bit to consider at one time. The article started me thinking about the decline of fanzines that were actually about science fiction. The so-called sercon fanzines were probably always in the minority. Finding something meaningful to say about science fiction takes more work than writing about what you did on your summer vacation. Doing it on a regular basis takes lots more work. In the nineties, the volume of science fiction and fantasy material went way up in comparison with previous decades. In previous decades, it was possible for a person who read a fair amount of science fiction to get some sort of a feel for what was going on in the field. To my tastes, that doesn't seem to be possible anymore. If I'm wrong and someone out there does really know what's been going on since 1990, I wish they'd let me know.

There was the time when *Science Fiction Review* and *Locus* dominated the fanzine field, and both of them dealt with science fiction. I think *Science Fiction Review* may have been the last focal point fanzine, because it seemed like everybody read it. If they didn't, they certainly read *Locus*. Over the years, *Locus* has made a tremendous contribution to the field. If you were to look through a complete run, you would find a vast amount of information on the field over the last forty years. Future scholars won't have to resort to the sort of spadework that Sam Moskowitz had to do on the early history of the field.

In the end, *SFR* and *Locus* got to be too good for their own good, and they got booted out of the fanzine field altogether. However, *Locus* still persists as a semiprozine. Maybe we should consider semiprozines such as *Locus* and *New York Review of Science Fiction* when thinking about sercon fanzines.

Even when we only consider legally defined fanzines, last years Hugo winner, *Emerald City*, runs a lot of book reviews. If it only had a letter column, it might become a forum for discussing current science fiction. *SF Commentary* from Australia should be considered in the ranks of sercon fanzines. *Fantasy Commentator* may run only one issue a year, but the last issue was 174 pages. *Fantasy Commentator* has been around for a long time and deals with the history of science fiction. *Alexiad* is a frequent fanzine that runs a lot of book reviews. *Alexiad* pays quite a bit of attention to alternate history, but that is currently still being regarded as science fiction...sort of. (I suspect alternate history will eventually be regarded as a genre apart from science fiction, but that is my personal opinion.)

So sercon publications aren't entirely out of business. We always have the tendency to compare the current period with all of history that went before it. The current period always looks puny by comparison. Maybe sercon publications are



doing worse now than they did during some periods of the past, but I'm not sure of it.

In **Alex Slate's** article, we get a discussion of moral absolutism and moral relativism. Protagoras did have something of a point with the idea of man being the measure of all things. Morality only exists within the human sphere. The universe is under no obligation to play by our rules. A natural disaster is neither good nor evil. It just is. Attempts to extend morality beyond the human sphere always result in silly ideas like blaming cats for hunting birds and mice. That's just what cats do.

Of course, what's bad for us is still bad for us. It's easy to regard those termites who are eating your floorboards at the moment as evil and malicious creatures, even though they are very, very good for the environment. (In fact, they're essential.) Then again, the environment has been trying to kill us off since the year one, so our affection for the environment should be limited. Extending moral thinking to the environment is one of those areas where ideas frequently become silly.

Yours truly,
Milt Stevens

□CKK: *I'm not certain that a focal-point fanzine is even a reasonable possibility anymore. Fandom has grown quite large and even the fanzine community has spun-off interests groups with a vastly different focus from each other. There are a few*

that are involved in one or more of the major circles, but I'd be amazed if the field could be unified.□

Dave Szurek
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02 Apr 2005

Knarley,

A senseless, almost fatal (and it might still be fatal, the victim is still in the hospital and not in the greatest possible condition) stabbing only two blocks from me has once again given the town of Aberdeen negative publicity throughout the rest of the state. Aberdeen has been getting more than its share of bad press lately. I more than suspect that newspaper readers who don't live here but are close enough to read about it have the image of Aberdeen as a modern day Deadwood. But please, people, more often than not Aberdeen is just another quiet hick town. Most nights, one can even walk around safely after dark, and that's not particularly common any longer. True, things jump off now and then and when it happens it's frequently in a rather dramatic way but even the milder version of the former is not the norm whatsoever.

I suppose that mixed in with my bent toward relativism, I, too, have a contradictory absolutist streak. I am not amoral in my own book and point my thumbs downward at that which causes human suffering and in a pinch, even narrow it down to that which threatens the survival of the most vulnerable, that causes loss to those who can least afford it. That may sound pretty damn basic on the surface of it, but it's a mind blower that number of people who when the chips are down reveal that they have sentiments going in the reverse direction. The number of folk who actually believe more in focusing on making the already strong even stronger even if it causes the weak to grow even weaker. Situations illustrating the obvious principle occur all the time and in all walks of life. It's not simply an economic issue. I suppose my credo is basically something like much leniency when it comes to mean survival but reservations when it comes down to profit. So my relativism can boil down to a primary absolutism. I don't see where that's hypocritical either. Hypocrisy is relative. I go along with Protagoras' statement about the needs of the individual and in extreme cases underline the word "needs" quite sharply.

Trinlay Khadro: The prospect of pancreatic cancer has been investigated and ruled out. It took a while and a whole battery of tests, but it was finally discovered that I was born with a slightly disfigured pancreas, believe it or not, and that is the cause of my health woes in that department.

Joseph Major: Before the genuine cause of my pancreatic problem had been established, one of my tests was a colonoscopy to determine whether the villain actually resided in the lowest depths of my lower intestine. It came out negative. But I believe I was thinking of my other colonoscopy – the one unrelated to pancreatitis – the one performed when I ex-

hibited symptoms of colon cancer. Turned out I didn't have that either – just a mild case of diverticulitis which doesn't even require medication.

Lloyd Penney: Are people “raving” about the new *Battlestar Galactica*? I am aware that it's doing a little better critically than the first series, but I don't think it is a big commercial success, though. The notion that it's a recipient of “raves” is a new one on me. I'd thought that it was just barely keeping its head afloat.

David

□**TKK:** *I can see why Battlestar Galactica might get critical acclaim given its dark and gritty nature, but the story has huge flaws, the props are inconsistent, the story is ultimately not very compelling since it relies on mythology and prophecy that is mostly fictional.*□

Eric Lindsay
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6 Apr 2005

Dear Henry,

Thanks for *TKK* #110, with the wonderful photograph of the children on the front. I hadn't realised your birthday was in February, as is mine and Jean's birthdays.

Given ski trips involve cold weather, I prefer to avoid them. Once was enough for me. I nearly froze. Having you mention all manner of sports injuries associated with the activity does little to encourage me to try again.

There simply are not that many lawyers in fandom, so I suspect this is one factor driving the curiosity about your course. I can only think of a handful. Jack Speer of course, but he probably isn't on your mailing list despite his *FAPA* and Corflu activity. Gerald Smith in *ANZAPA*. Sandra Bond is I'd guess the most likely to receive *TKK*.

I trust that not all colonies had as exciting a history as Jamestown.

E.B.Frohvet is mistaken in his belief that there is no paper edition of *Emerald City*. Cheryl Morgan has certainly handed paper copies out at Corflu. Several other fanzines were handed out at Corflu, including *Banana Wings*, *Chunga* and *File 770*. Alas, I've been most remiss in completing paper (or web) versions, and didn't have an issue of *Gegenschein* ready to hand out (despite having three partly done issues on the web site).

Rodney Leighton in his *FAPA* report is correct in his surmise that I write the first draft of all my trip reports using “one of those electronic gizmos that I have never seen”. I use an antique British Psion brand PDA as my notebook, because it has

a reasonable keyboard. With the decline of the PDA market I imagine some year soon I will be typing my notes on my cell phone, some of which have a alphabetic keyboard that isn't terrible. Alas, none have a keyboard near as good as a Psion.

Since my fanzine is generally on the web before there is a paper copy for *FAPA*, and reports on people I have met, I've been deliberately trying to make some names a little more obscure. If you mention some fan doing something silly (as we tend to do), and their employer happens to find that during a web search, it would not help a career. So I have been separating first names from surnames more often, and to a larger extent relying on the knowledge of the fannish readers to fill in the gaps. If you don't happen to know the same fans, then it does seem a little obscure. However I find the work involved in making the web and paper versions very different would eventually weigh against doing the more expensive paper version at all. I've several times seriously considered dropping out of the apas, especially in 2004 when my printer failed.

TKK has a fine letter column. **Joseph T Major** mentions Nevil Shute writing of the size of some parishes in Australia. Most visitors fail to go out into the countryside, or go only to a resort for a trip to some site. To put a proper perspective on it, consider it would take us somewhere between four days and a week to drive to our favourite rum distillery.

Henry asks what I plan to do with the terabytes of storage I expect to have in the next few years, given he needs only 1.7 GBytes for his work files. I admit my text and word processed work files are even smaller. However I now have 6 GByte occupied by the 6,000 photos from my less than two years old digital camera, and that will only increase. The 300 of my CDs I've ripped to MP3 so far occupy about 40 GByte. When I move to a lossless music storage format sometime in the next few years I will need a gigabyte for each three CDs, so music will eventually take a terabyte. An hour of camcorder video can be left of tape, but when disk space is cheaper (you get 60% more a year at a constant dollar cost) I'll store all my video.

Then there are commercial DVDs. Inconvenient and power hungry while travelling by plane, so copying those you want to view to hard disk is convenient. Plus, if I buy a Zone 1 DVD in the USA, I have to break the zone system (and the copy protection) and rip it to my hard disk, because my laptop is set to play Zone 4 Australian DVDs. The obvious long term solution is to rip all the DVDs I buy to hard disk. At the very least, all the SF videos.

However my main motive in all this is that I live in a small apartment. I don't want it stuffed full of atoms (books, CDs, DVDs) if I can electronically store bits instead, namely the contents of all that other stuff. I have 37 small but crammed bookcases in here. Drive space is smaller!

I have seen serious speculation that if we record all of the events happening around us regularly, about 93 terabytes

should be an appropriate home file store. To think that in the early 1980's I mentioned in my fanzine that I could use 20 megabytes of storage a year. And fans then told me that was way over the top. Just because I can't get more than a few terabyte in one box this month doesn't mean things will stay that way.

All the best

□**TKK**: *There are many lawyers in fandom. Two of the more prominent are Guy Lillian and John Hertz. The late Ross Paulac was a lawyer as well. I could probably find many others in short-order.*□

Robert Lichtman
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6 Apr 2005

Hi, Henry--

Noting the cover credit for *TKK* No. 110 to **Trinlay Khadro**, I wonder if one or both of the young girls are hers. A back story for this cover would be welcome.

Some comments on **E.B. Frohvet**'s article: First, *Emerald City* is not "the first completely 'e-zine' with no paper edition, to receive a 'best fanzine' Hugo award." As it happens, paper copies of it appear at conventions on the free fanzine tables. I know this for a fact, because on occasion I've been known to pick up a copy. Having read them, it's my view that there are other fanzines more deserving of a rocket, and I don't limit my opinion to those fanzines put out by the "exclusionary in-group" **E.B.** refers to (otherwise known as the "Corflu cult").

Of the fanzines he lists "of the period which faltered and disappeared" *Wabe* had a new issue handed out at the recent Corflu in San Francisco, and the editor of *Barmaid* also handed out a new issue there -- not of that title, but of one of its successors. Since ceasing publication under that name in late 2000, editor Yvonne Rowse has put out eight fanzines under four different titles. The editors of *International Revolutionary Gardener* have also published a single issue of another title, although not recently (in late 2003). And in the same paragraph, he says there was only one issue of Mike Lowrey's *Vojo de Vivo*, but in fact there were two -- although the second one doesn't appear to have been well-distributed.

As for his assertion that I "have at least not argued with the Corflu cult," I wonder how he can be so sure of that.

The basic thrust of **E.B.**'s article seems to be a complaint that fanzines come and go and sometimes go for extended periods of time (the latter, irregularity, being one of my "faults" with *Trap Door*) and this is somehow *bad*. The reality of fanzine publishing, as **E.B.** should know, is that it's a damned expensive hobby and it's a voluntary activity. Very little of

it is done using relatively inexpensive mimeography as in the old days, so one must either own, have access to, or pay commercial shop rates for reproduction. And then there's the cost of postage, especially overseas postage, which continues to increase. (There used to be a casual overseas printed matter rate until 2001 when it became restricted to quantity mailers. Its absence roughly doubled the cost of sending single issues of fanzines overseas.) Using *Trap Door* as an example, it used to be the case that the cost of printing would be well over half the overall expense of putting out an issue. These days it's the other way around. It's no wonder so many fanzine editors have gone over wholly or in part to electronic production. (**Marty Cantor**, for instance, produces about a hundred copies of *No Award* and relies on efanazines.com, a wonderful fanzine "newsstand," to reach others.) This transfers the expense of possessing a paper copy from the editor to the reader, but it also seems to reduce the level of response -- once someone has spent money printing off a copy (assuming they do), they feel somehow they've held up their end of the bargain. Unfortunately, since fanzines live and die by egoboo/response, this is not a helpful trend. We can't all be **Lloyd Penney** (fanzine fandom's replacement for Harry Warner Jr.), but we could all try harder.

I seem to be devoting all my energy to negating what **E.B.** wrote. In closing, let me agree with him that there is a need for "a regular broad-spectrum North American newszine to fill the position abdicated by *File 770*." Although **Mike Glycer** did publish a new issue the same month you did this issue of *TKK*, it's been an annual affair since 2002.

Although **Milt Stevens** told me a while ago that he'd sent **Rodney Leighton** a copy of a *FAPA* mailing, I was still surprised to see his article "reflecting" on it. He says he "don't know anything" about *FAPA*'s current president, Jack Speer. Here's a little information for him: Jack is the only remaining *charter* member of *FAPA*, meaning that he was on the roster when the first mailing came out in the summer of 1937 and has been active ever since. Although these days he restricts his fanzine publishing to *FAPA* (he had an issue of his zine, *Synapse*, in the mailing **Rodney** reviews, but he doesn't mention it -- perhaps this was an incomplete copy of the mailing?), Jack goes back to the early days of fandom. In 1938 he wrote and published *Up to Now*, the first-ever history of fandom, predating the first installments of Sam Moskowitz's *The Immortal Storm*, by a good five years. In 1944 he was the author of the first *Fancyclopedia*. He was fan guest of honor at the Worldcon in Boston last year, and NESFA Press published a book, *Fancestral Voices*, collecting some of his writings for the occasion (which is still available). Jack continued to be active in fandom outside *FAPA* well after that, publishing a regular newszine, *Stefnews*, for a couple years later in the '40s, articles for various fanzines beyond that. Being in his mid-80s these days, he's slowed down a bit, of course.

Some specific comments on other aspects of **Rodney**'s article: I don't distribute *Trap Door* through the *FAPA* mailings; instead I do a zine specifically for *FAPA* entitled *King Biscuit*

Time, which has been published roughly twice a year for over twenty years.

Of **Jim Caughran**, **Rodney** wonders, “Isn’t he from the States?” Actually, **Jim** is a Canadian native who lived in the San Francisco Bay Area over forty years ago while attending the University of California, but who’s been back in Canada for a long, long time.

He writes, “I have heard the rumor that a person has to be approved by **Robert Lichtman** to be accepted as a member of *FAPA*.” In a way that’s true, but it’s not what it would appear to be. As Secretary-Treasurer of *FAPA*, I have these constitutionally-mandated responsibilities: “He receives membership applications, renewals, and filings for office. He keeps track of members’ standings in regard to renewal credentials. Each quarter he shall send to the Official Editor a list of members’ names and addresses, an identification of the credentials of new members, a report of the income and outgo, and other information within the scope of his duties. He shall determine a fair dues rate based on Official Editor postage and *Fantasy Amateur* expenses. He shall furnish the Official Editor information for preparing the ballot. He must keep *FAPA*’s funds separate from his own, in cash or deposit. At the end of his term, he shall turn over the records and funds to his successor. The Secretary-Treasurer must be at least 21 years of age.” And *FAPA* has a set of “credentials” requirements as per this section of the *FAPA* Constitution:

- 2.2 Membership is open to anyone who can show, as proof of his interest in fantasy amateur activity, the existence of one of the following credentials:
 - 2.21 That he has had contributions in the form of verse, drawings, fiction, or nonfiction, published in two fantasy amateur publications that were not produced in the same metropolitan area.
 - 2.22 That he has been the editor or publisher, in a real sense, of at least one issue of a fantasy amateur publication (fanzine).
 - 2.23 That he has posted contributions on two different electronic forums.

So to the extent that an application for *FAPA* membership has fulfilled one of these requirements, I accept their membership. It’s not up to me to make a personal judgment, only to uphold these rules evenhandedly. Which I do.

A few more minor notes about **Rodney**’s article: Offhand this evening I don’t recall who first referred to *FAPA* as “the Elephant’s graveyard of fandom,” but it wasn’t **Marty Cantor** – it’s a term that goes back at least to the early ‘60s. **Dale Speirs** explains about the “.3 issues” of *Opuntia* even in the issues that go to *FAPA* because those issues have a wide circulation outside *FAPA*. **Eric Lindsay** visiting “**Pat and Roger**” in Florida does not mean “he was probably visiting Wells.” I don’t know who Wells might be – **Eric** was visiting **Pat and Roger Sims**.

In the lettercol: Like **Joseph Major**, I would love it if Fred Pohl wrote a second volume of *The Way The Future Was*, since that book was published back in 1978. But he’s not “the last of the Futurians” – ave Kyle is also still around. Now there’s someone I wish would write his fan memoirs. **Trinlay Khadro** says that on her atomic alarm clock she has to “flip the proper switch on the back” for it to go to and from Daylight Savings Time. That’s quite unlike all my atomic clocks and watches, which do it automatically. Good that **Karen Gory** (formerly Karen Johnson) will “seriously consider re-joining *FAPA*.” I enjoyed her activity there back when, and I can well understand how the long delivery time of the mailings to Australia made it a less than satisfying experience.

Which article in the latest *Trap Door* “was contemporary with things I remember from high school?”

Best wishes,
Robert Lichtman

☐**TKK**: *The second girl on the cover is not Trinlay’s daughter. Her daughter is well along in high school and not the 6 and 7 year-old on the cover. Thanks for the further information on FAPA.*☐

Jan Stinson
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4/13/05

I seem to have developed the habit of writing and sending locs to you right around the time you usually go to press. Silly me. I’m doing it again.

TKK 110 sported a nice color photo of two little wampyri (spelling? who cares?). How clever of you to use someone else’s bloodsuckers children for it!

Steven Silver’s “Jamestown Revisited” was a disappointment. I was expecting more reportage on his family’s experience of it and not the area history. **Jim Sullivan**’s “Problem Pants” was amusing, but I can’t help wondering if it would have been



more effective as a spoken piece (not exactly stand-up; more like Will Rogers, maybe?).

A minor correction to “A Decade of Zines” by **E. B. Frohvet**: *Chunga* is edited by Hooper, **Byers** and Carl Juarez (who, I admit, does very little writing, but he does do some). Re: *Zoo Nation*, I first learned of it from Ted White’s fanzine review column which was intended for SF clubzines (and is archived on efanazines.com). Apart from the mention of it on the *Plokta* News Network pages on the *Plokta* Website, those are the only references to *ZN* I’d ever seen. I requested a copy in trade, and the production values are quite good, as is the writing, but it’s another fannish perszine/genzine, alas. There are three sercon fanzines now publishing, to my knowledge, and one of them is still on hiatus: *SF Commentary*, *Steam Engine Time* and my own *Peregrine Nations* (which is more of a genzine than I’d like, and I’ll be working on changing that this year). That’s not nearly enough. One might consider *NYRSF* as a borderline fanzine/prozine, given their payment record (ahem), but there’s nothing besides *SET* from the fanzine area to compare with the regularity and content of *NYRSF*, as far as I know. If someone reading this knows of other sercon fanzines, for Ghu’s sake, please write and tell me! As I understand the concept of focal point fanzine, I don’t think

Emerald City qualifies. The majority of its content is book reviews, conreps, and interviews with small-press publishers, all of which are written by the editor/publisher. Some issues have had articles from other writers, but not very many.

I really do want to write some witty articles for you, as indicated on the back cover of your fanzine, but I am out of ideas. I’d be grateful for suggestions from anyone. Of course, having said that, I will probably have something written by the weekend. So it goes.

☐TKK: *I don’t really go to press on the 10th. In some months I may go to press that early, but most months, like this one, I end up doing during the last days of the month.*☐

We also heard from:

Sheryl Birkhead, Jacob David, John Hertz, Hope Liebowitz, Guy H. Lillian, Michael Pederson, Jose Sanchez, Marc Schirmeister, and Steven H. Silver

PhiloSFical Matters continued from page 9

INTO A DEBATE ON THIS ISSUE.³) 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.⁴ 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???

(End Notes)

¹Frankly, 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.

²At least not completely, but I’m getting ahead of myself.

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

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

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.

Banana Wings #21 by Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer; 59 Shirley Road; Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES; UK; banana@fishlifter.demon.co.uk; irregular; the usual. A nice fanzine that has been a bit irregular in publication. This issue had a fairly pervasive theme of articles associated with Worldcons.

Thrilling Chunga Stories Issue 9 by Randy Byers, Andy Hooper, and carl juarez; 1013 North 36th St.; Seattle, WA 98103; rbyers@u.washington.edu, fanmailaph@aol.com, cjuarez@myrealbox.com; semi-annual; \$3.50 or the usual. An interesting genzine with a number of articles this issue regarding old monster movies.

File 770:144 by Mike Glycer; 705 Valley View Ave.; Monrovia, CA 91016; MikeGlycer@cs.com; irregular; \$8/5 or the usual. This has become a mostly annual news zine with plenty of con reports and discussion of Mike’s rapidly growing daughter. Special features this issue include a discussion of major fanzine collections held by libraries.

FOSFAX 211 by Tim Lane & Elizabeth Garrot; %FOSFA; PO Box 37281; Louisville, KY 40233-7281; quarterly; \$4 or the usual. A very large genzine with generous quantities of SF related material and lots of political discussion.

Halo of Flies 3 and 4 by Tony Keen; 48 Priory St.; Tonbridge Kent TN9 2AN; United Kingdom; keentony@hotmail.com; irregular; the usual. A collection of live journal entries from various authors including commentary on returning to the places where you grew up and subway stations in London. Included a copy of *The Covertible Bus 14*.

Littlebrook 4 by Jerry Kaufman & Suzanne “Suzle” Thompkins; 3522 NE 123rd St.; Seattle, WA 98125-5643; littlebrooklocs@aol.com; irregular; \$2 or the usual. A nice genzine with articles from various sources including one that compares science fiction to country music.

Marymark Press Chapbook by Mark Sonnenfeld; 45-08 Old Millstone Dr.; East Windsor, NJ 08520; irregular; the usual.

The best I can describe is as a combination of poetry and paste-up art.

Nice Distinctions 9 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 various bits garnered from the internet.

Vanamonde No. 578-82 by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John’s APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.

Wabe #7 by Tracy Benton and Bill Bodden; 108 Grand Canyon Dr.; Madison, WI 53705; tigerb@gmail.com; and billzilla@mailbag.com; and Jae Leslie Adams; 621 Spruce St; Madison, WI 53715; jaeleslie@charter.net; irregular; the usual. This is a long-overdue installment to this genzine. Articles discuss the acceptance of responsibility for actions and various pieces on conventions.



“Hoody Hoo!”

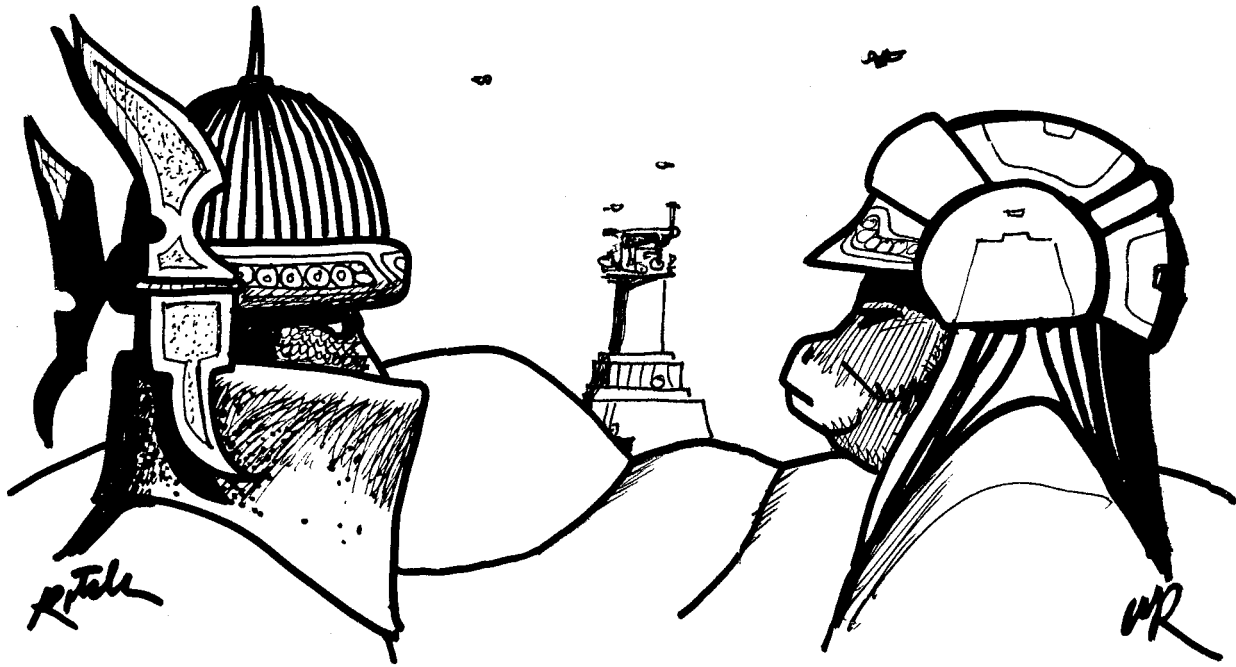
Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Ditto 18 (Milwaukee, WI)

October 14-16, 2005

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



You Got this Issue Because ...

- The spring term is almost over. All my lectures are done so I have this uncontrolled urge to create electronically. No, just kidding.**
- You will be attending Ditto. You will be attending Ditto. Ditto to you!**
- 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.