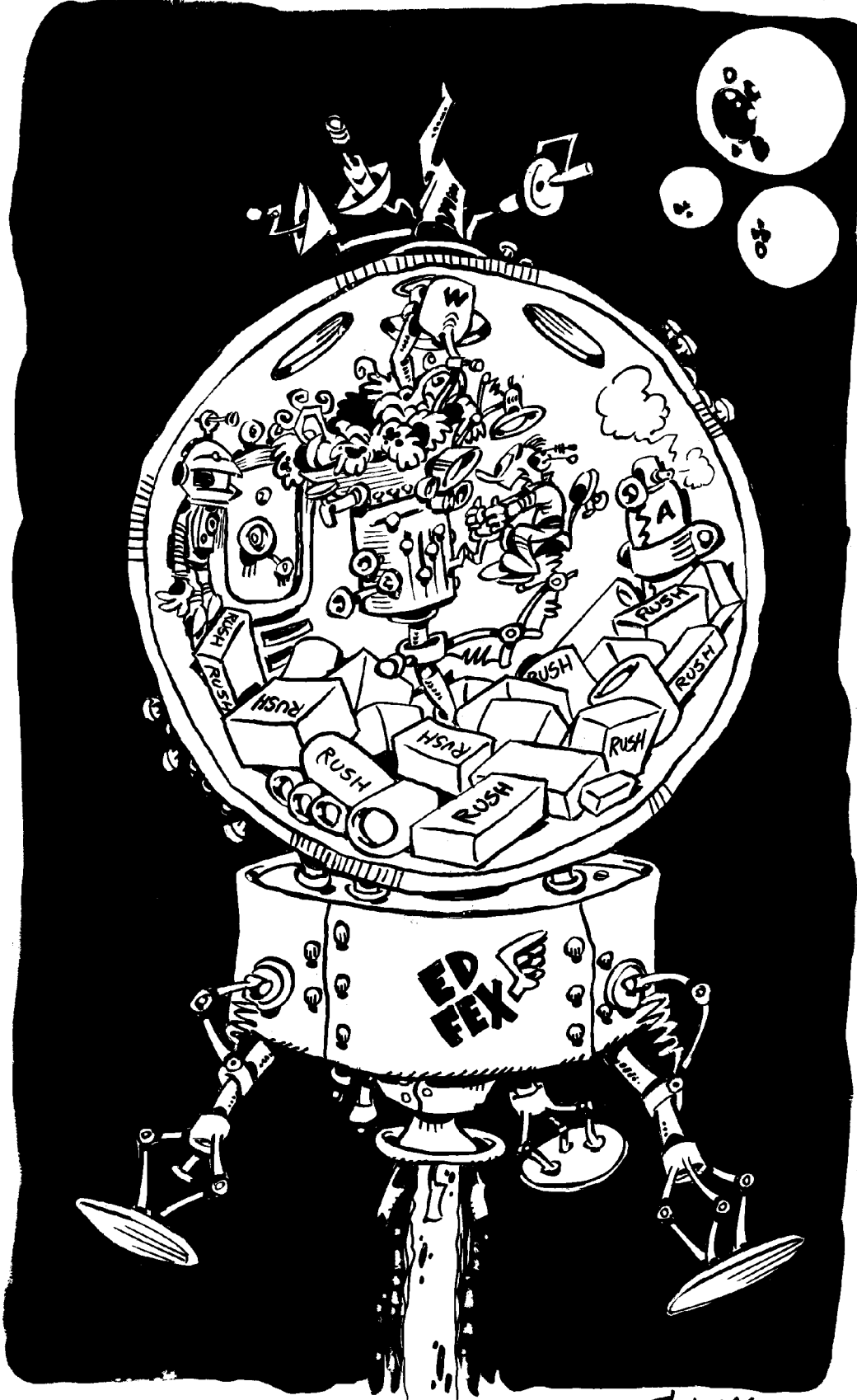


BEATS FLIPPING BURGERS ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT...



SCHIRM '02.

The  
Knarley  
Knews  
112

June 2005

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# Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

I'm writing this editorial at 35,000 feet as I jet my way from Seattle to Minneapolis following the American Society of Engineering Education (ASEE) Annual Conference in Portland. The technology is certainly marvelous that I can be typing away on the computer, sans power cable, for hours on end. It wouldn't be half bad either, but the gentleman in the seat in front of me has reclined and there is barely enough room between the keyboard and my seat back to insert my forearms. We won't talk about the logistics of eating my snack box and drinking my ginger ale with all the wonderful space remaining around the laptop.

The ASEE is the premier professional/technical society for those interested in engineering education. Representatives from all over the world and every engineering discipline (as well as related disciplines such as libraries) gather every year for meetings, technical sessions, and the exposition. I have been around 10 times in my 15 years at MSOE and while I've done some networking I've mostly either attended sessions, presented papers, or tried to chase down textbooks on the more esoteric engineering topics I teach. Staring two years ago this all changed. A colleague and I were resting at one of the many tables outside the ever present café in a convention center and we were complaining about the dearth of software engineering related papers and sessions at the conference. Rather than do nothing, isn't that what most people do when they complain about stuff, we decided to do something about it.

Upon returning to Milwaukee that year I sent off an e-mail to the ASEE corporate offices and inquired as to the procedure for getting a new division started. They suggested I consider working with an existing division, but that had not been very fruitful in the past so we decided to pursue the stand-alone division route. I prepared a proposal for the ASEE board showing how poorly ASEE was serving the software engineering community, indicated that software engineering was finally coming into its own as a stand-alone engineering discipline, and that ASEE could occupy a prominent position in the teaching of this discipline. Unfortunately, they bought my argument and gave us provisional status during February of 2004 and our by-laws were approved at last year's Annual Conference. During the past year my colleague and I have been busy holding down the fort as the interim officers. We put together three technical sessions and a prominent guest speaker for this year's conference. The first ever business meeting was held earlier today and the many people there felt compelled to elect me as the first chair before I had to run off to catch my plane. It should prove to be an interesting year as we try to generate a higher profile for software engineering among the teaching profession.

Software engineering has had an interesting adolescence. Software has always been perceived as being handled by computer scientists or, even worse, by engineers of other

stripes. On the surface this seems OK, but consider this: "If you'd never design a bridge without the help of a civil or structural engineering, why would you be willing to write the avionics software for an aircraft without the services of a software engineer?" Yet, despite this, software is being developed all over the world using haphazard approaches and methodologies that has made software the running joke among the public. After all isn't it the normal state of affairs for software to crash all the time. Properly trained and educated software engineers are now beginning to learn that this doesn't have to be the case. It is now possible to use proper software engineering practice and process to deliver near defect free software on time and at or under budget. It is only a matter of time before others begin to realize it as well. And I, for one, am happy to be riding near the leading crest.



Portland is an interesting city. I found its downtown to be both vibrant on the one hand, but slightly depressed on the other. On the one day, Sunday, that I had free to roam around I saw lots of activity with the Saturday Market (on Sundays too) and the Rose Festival, yet as I walked through other parts of downtown the activity seemed to in pockets only. Perhaps it was just the weekend, but I got the same impression the other days just east of the river by the convention center.

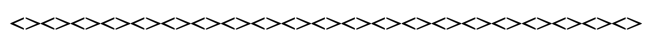
Portland has a very extensive mass transportation system composed of light rail, trolleys, and buses. In the downtown corridor riding is free, but an all day pass good for the entire system is only \$3.50. I bought such a pass for my journeys on Sunday, but only used it for the light rail. I started at the Saturday Market. This is about a two block stretch of canopy tents and booths located between Chinatown and the Willamette River. It is primarily an artists' market, but there are also food and novelty vendors. This didn't interest me much, but I did manage to get an interesting lunch of Hawaiian noodles with lemon garlic chicken that was both reasonably priced and quite tasty. I then walked over to what I think was the Rose Festival where the US Navy, Canadian Navy, and US Coast Guard had a number of ships tied up along the river and were giving tours. I didn't feel much like waiting in line so I only looked from the pier. What was interesting was that only the US Navy ships were actively guarded by cement barricades and military personal wearing full flack jackets. Just opposite the board walk was the area where the ubiquitous carnival was set up with all the portable rides. It reminded me very much of the carnival that springs up any time there is a festival including the same rides and contests of skill. Like the art festival I didn't find this particularly interesting so I walked through the downtown taking in some of the parks before making my way to Powell's.

Powell's is the bookstore that everyone recommends visiting in Portland. It was certainly quite impressive. It occupies most of a city block and has its collection coordinated

by shelf number and room color. I spent some time in the children's section followed by the law and then science fiction sections, but I really couldn't find anything I absolutely had to have and despite the wide selection I didn't have much luck in finding some specific items I went looking for. Their computer system also failed to find it despite several searches so perhaps they didn't have it.

From Powell's I got back onto the light rail and traveled to Washington Park where the arboretum and zoo are located. I didn't quite understand why all the teens with custom bicycles got on a station or two prior to the park and then got off at the park until I realized that the Washington Park station is located 250 feet below ground in a tunnel. The riders were simply getting their gravity assist from the elevator to the surface. Washington Park is part of the huge Portland park system and represents the south end of main trail which is 40 miles long. There are also numerous side trails for the adventurous hiker. After securing trail maps at the zoo office (they both sucked and I wouldn't recommend using these maps) I started along the overlook trail. It switched back and forth to the top of the hill and I was treated to the only period of sustained sunshine during my visit. Once I started down the other side I promptly got a bit lost since my map and the signs for the trails made no sense. I knew I was traveling in the general direction I needed to and eventually there were signs for the Japanese garden. I bypassed that I went to the Rose Test Garden. This garden had 1000s of rose bushes all in bloom or just past blooming. There was every color imaginable and it was quite the day trip spot for many in Portland. There was even one bride getting her picture taken among the various blooms. I continued my hike down the hill looking for the Chiming Fountain. By this time I was off the only detailed map I had and the full trail system map was useless. I eventually got down to the exit road and saw a small park with a picnic area and some kind of statue. Closer inspection showed this to be the Lewis and Clark Memorial and the nearby Sacajewa statue told me I had to be close. I then noticed the rather non-descript fountain and looked for a sign identifying it. No such luck. However, when I stopped hunting around and listened carefully I could hear it chime. I have no idea of the mechanism it used and I would have appreciated some type of interpretive sign. By now it was late afternoon and I returned to my hotel before dinner with colleagues.

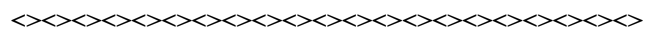
Unfortunately I was unable to coordinate visits with any of the fanzine fans from either the Portland or Seattle areas. A combination of my late notice and limited availability didn't make this possible. I'm hoping that some of them will find the time to come to Milwaukee in October for Ditto.



The caving activities continue to occur fairly regularly and are still rewarding. The eastern part of Wisconsin has two active digs of which we both regularly participate in. I wasn't able to attend the regular meeting dig at Ledge View Nature Center due to the MSOE graduation, but the rest of the family did. I was, though, able to take the children camping over the Memorial Day weekend to Crystal Cave over near the

Minnesota border and do a two-day dig there. Crystal Cave is the longest cave in Wisconsin at around 4000 feet and the amount of digging and work that has taken place there is staggering in comparison to the eastern digs. This cave contains an entire multi-section track system for getting the buckets of heavy clay out. We concentrated in an area that got named "Pottery Row" (I think you can figure out why) in hopes that it would connect over to other portions of the cave. We made lots of progress and Kyle even got to be the first person to squeeze through a new opening into a small alcove.

We have another dig at Meribel this coming Friday where final measurements will be taken for the new cave gate. That will be followed on Saturday by the monthly meeting at Cave of the Mounds. I must be doing something right since the Chair of the WSS asked me to provide a proxy for one of the officers that won't be able to make the meeting.



The yard is still a source of much work. After my early attacks on the second-year garlic mustard I have had to make multiple repeat trips to detail with the few first-year plants that have flowered and threaten to go to seed. I also collected my requisite gallon of dandelion heads on my bi-daily round-ups. I also identified a potential new invasive species called Dame's Rocket. It has wonderful purple flowers, but now seemed to be everywhere in the yard. Upon closer inspection I noticed where last year's growth had been (the old stalks were still there) and realized that I had almost 10 times as many plants this year as last. A google search revealed that it wasn't known how invasive this plant was since no one had studied it for that yet. I initiated a pre-emptive strike and pulled them all up before they could fruit and seed. I also noticed that honeysuckle is becoming a big problem again and I will need to trim most of the plants back.

On the happier side I found morel mushrooms for the first time in the yard. There were only three and we ate two of them, but I'm hopeful that more will show up next year. I'd been wondering for ten years why we didn't have any. I also put in the tomato garden and the deer promptly ate half of one of the plants and pulled it up so I added cheese cloth packets containing bars of Irish Spring soap. Apparently they are so aromatic that the deer will generally keep away. Since putting them in there haven't been any problems.

The other night a raccoon climbed up on the back deck to look for stray bird seed. It didn't see the least bit interested in the fact that I turned the light on as it sauntered off the deck via the stairs. As is typical for the area the raccoon is getting very well-fed. This is in contrast to a wild raccoon which will actually appear rather thin. Since it is too early in the season for berries I suspect that the raccoon is getting its fill of cat or dog food from somebody's porch. I wish the neighbors wouldn't do this since it emboldens the raccoons which makes the likelihood of a bite so much higher. Given that raccoons are a primary carrier of rabies I'd rather not have to deal with the consequences of one of my children getting bitten.

# A Radical Proposal

(c) by Jim Sullivan

Our country is mired deep in problems. Many, fortunately, are now being addressed and solved. But there's one that's been completely hidden from view. Some people see it as a taboo subject. But the problem has gotten so serious, it can no longer remain buried. I speak of our countries cemeteries, both public and private, that are quickly running out of burial space. Some are frightfully overcrowded already. And the situation grows worse by the day.

Sure, more cremation of remains could alleviate the problem. So could a substantial increase in the number of above-the-ground entombments in high-rise mausoleums. But for the vast multitudes, such interment or disposal of remains is utterly unacceptable for religious and/or personal reasons, such as aversions to temperature extremes and fear of heights.

Yet the primary way of burial in our country, with the deceased laid in a casket that is buried flat in the ground, is the source of the trouble. I, therefore, propose a radical idea: let's continue burying people underground, but standing up!

Before you rule out vertical interment as repugnant, ridiculous, or undignified, consider, if adopted, the following: right away, a large area of land will be freed up. Three people could be interred in the same space that one is today, meaning a tripling of all remaining cemetery space!

Additionally, taking less space should cut the cost of a cemetery plot to a third of what it is today. But that may prove unrealistic economically. There'd be no incentive in that for cemetery owners to accept the new plan. But if we allowed them to sell their one-third normal-size plot for, say, half the price of the regular-size one, owners would be increasing their profits from the same amount of land by 50%. Now that's capitalism, and owner's would certainly go for it.



The whole concept would make family plots affordable again, too. Also, a small but significant advantage would come from the ease in digging a new vertical grave. It could be bored out quickly with an auguring tool, saving much labor for gravediggers and expense for cemetery administrators. And after burial, less dirt would have to be removed to exhume a body when required.

Actually, this idea of being buried standing up is not new, but quite old. It was the preferred burial position for warriors in some ancient societies. Not many years ago, the poor and indigent, for the same reasons this idea is being put forth now: saving space and cost, were buried standing up in "potter's fields", a name given to cemeteries for such people. This went on for a long time without complaint from anyone. But it was stopped, apparently for humane reasons, as if the deceased cared. And so, the "standing up" burial method was discontinued. Maybe now, however, it's time to bring back this efficient idea for burial regardless of a person's economic status.

There is one minor caveat if this burial method is made the norm: care must be taken so that the deceased isn't buried on his or her head. Though this makes little difference, it is assumed, to the deceased, family members and friends can get quite exercised upon learning of this topsy-turvy happening.

Of course, the problem could literally and figuratively be easily turned around. Moreover, it could be avoided in the first place by the simple expedient of marking in large letters the head of the casket "This End Up". Or the situation could just be allowed to stand as it is. After all, who's to know but the gravediggers and cemetery sextons?

Perhaps a small demonstration project ought to be tried with vertical interment. Some folks could be buried standing up next year to see how well people, those still alive that is, take to the idea. If they don't, they could chip in the additional money required for a regular-size burial plot for their loved one. By the way, the little, flush-with-the-ground tombstones, the only kind more and more cemeteries are allowing, would fit in well with this new type of burial.

Because of severe shortages in available burial land and high-priced cemetery plots in general, this is an idea whose time has come – again. Why don't you start the ball rolling by being the first on your block to say, "I want to be buried standing up like a warrior."

# Rat Stew: Boiling Down Whatever's in the Pot Best Science Fiction on TV

© by Gene Stewart

Something stuck me as I watched TV last evening. No, it wasn't a piece of popcorn thrown by one of my kids. It was the fact that *CSI* is now the best sf show on TV.

Immediately a friend of mine would say, No. Its *Battlestar Galactia* in its shiny new version. I'd counter, though, that BG is Space Fantasy. It is not science based. *CSI* is.

*CSI* uses science to solve problems / crimes. Classic formula for sf.

No robots, ETs, or spacecraft, true. No outer space, no ray guns, no death beams, and no teleportation. Yet it's science fiction just the same.

Stories in which science is integral to the plot are hard to find in the best of times. Called Hard sf, this kind of fiction is difficult to write, let alone get across to a mass audience. That's why we've seen far more Sci-Fi than sf. Forget speculative fiction on TV – you'd need a consensual reality from which to speculate, and the exit polls show us we have anything but that anymore.

It's fitting that *CSI* is contemporary. William Gibson's book *Pattern Recognition* is set now, too. Gibson, who coined cyberspace and foresaw the rise of geekdom along with the internet and PCs, is on record saying today's rate of change makes even trying to envision possible futures – especially near futures – futile. You're outdated before the galley proofs come in the mail.

Future Shock meets short-term profit motive.

As reality supersedes our futuristic fiction, science invades even the mystery genre. Police procedural becomes forensic science procedural. And science fiction retreats into old tropes and fantasy. Space opera and baroque alternative history dominates sf now.

*CSI* is hard sf. It would not be out-of-place in *ANALOG*.

Sadly, no one sane believes in a better future anymore. All that optimism was beaten out of us by sociopaths, serial killers, and wars for corporate profit. We've seen precious little scientific advance since the 1960s. The current administration is so hostile toward science it has slashed funding for Hubble, for NASA, for the National Science Foundation, for science education, and on and on.

The only future we can see in this epoch of ignoring any and all science – such as the overwhelming evidence for global warming, or evolution as a fact – that conflicts with fundamentalist evangelical right-wing NeoCon ideology, is a bleak

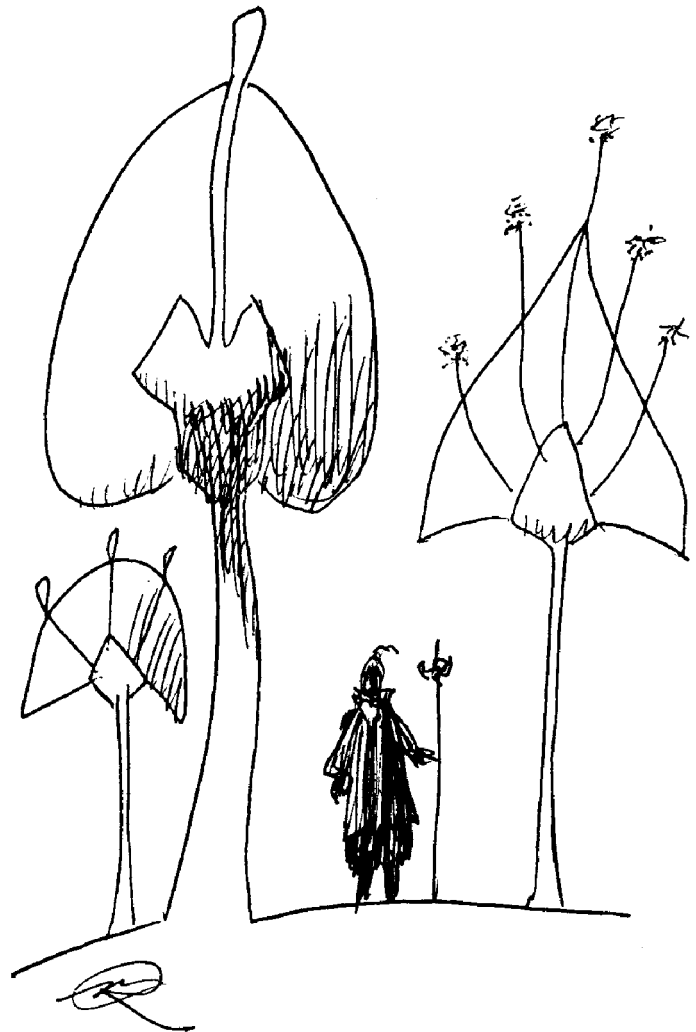
one. Even newspaper pundits cite works such as Zamyatin's *We*, Huxley's *Brave New World*, Orwell's *1984*, and Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* as newly pertinent warnings.

In such a climate, is it any wonder science fiction is now about following evidence to find facts in the face of conflicting claims? That it's set in contemporary settings? That space exploration, or even decent living in gleaming future cities, is given over to less realistic space opera a far-future fantasy?

So there I sat, watching *CSI* in order to get my TV dose of science fiction. It wasn't the BEM set of tropes I craved, it was logic, evidence, and scientific method used to solve problems that drew me in.

Find it anywhere and, if you're a true sf fan, you're forced to pay attention, simply because it's so rare.

– OLD 815



# *Smallville* (The TV Show)

## A Reflection on Strength and Weakness

By E. B. Frohvet

For openers, *Smallville* is based on a comic book, and therefore has all the depth of a postage stamp. It's also a prequel, so you know to a large extent how it turns out. In addition, it is false to its source material. And, the television show suffers a bad case of compressionism, beyond the limits of credibility.

Those are all weaknesses. Let's take them one at a time.

At the heart of the show is Clark Kent, alien foundling with strange powers, raised by an Earth couple (surely someone before this has pointed out the Moses metaphor); who will go on to become Superman, archetypal hero, supporter of "truth, justice, and the American way"; afflicted with only two weaknesses (kryptonite and Lois Lane). We all have our fixed perception of Superman from generations of comic books, TV shows, and films. It's an inherent weakness of the show's central premise that the writers can only play around the edges of that set image; if they fool with it too much, Clark ceases to be the Clark we all know, and the whole concept goes down the toilet.

Clark (Tom Welling) has to be the good guy; he has to do the right thing almost every time. Whether this is a natural function of his personality, attributable to his being raised by kindly adoptive Earth parents Jonathan and Martha Kent (John Schneider, Annette O'Toole), or both, is a question to be left to the behavioral psychologists. Almost the only internal conflict he is permitted is the friction of hiding his super-powers behind a farm boy façade. (Has no one ever suggested that Clark see a therapist? Who would after all be bound by professional ethics to keep his secrets.) Were Clark Kent not constrained by precedent to be so boy-scout-virtuous, by now he would have nailed perennial lust object Lana (Kristin Kreuk), gal pal Chloe (Allison Mack), or both. Not to mention any of a number of other willing Kansas bimbettes.

On reflection, are not boy scouts sworn to be "reverent"? Have you noticed that for all the traditional homeland America virtues in *Smallville*, the town appears not to possess a single house of worship or member of the clergy?

The show is by definition a prequel: the early life of Clark Kent, how he comes into and learns to use his powers. (The super-strength was there as a toddler; the x-ray vision and heat vision were later developments, perhaps hormonally triggered by puberty? If Clark were genetically engineering, you might speculate the development of these talents were deliberately delayed to avoid overstressing the youthful superhero; much as Little League pitchers are not taught how to throw a slider, as it places too much stress on immature joints.)

Let's be honest, we all know Clark will not wind up with Lana. This does lend a faint undertone of dark irony, an edge of bitterness however slight, to the TV program. Of course, it's also trite. Probably every straight guy in America knew some girl in early adolescence who had that kind of hold on his heart (and his gonads). Deny it if you will: actress Kristin Kreuk is such a perfect archetype of an 18-year-old's sexual fantasy that you root for someone to get her, even knowing it's foredoomed to failure. It's no coincidence the producers have lately introduced Lois Lane (Erica Durance), Clark's eventual love interest, into the series. (Nothing against the young lady, I just have difficulty seeing anyone except Teri Hatcher as Lois.)

*Smallville* the show, is false to its source material. In the original, Superman had all his unusual talents inherently, a consequence of his alien genetic material. These things could not be taught or transferred. The bad guys could only succeed by outsmarting Superman, or by performing dirty deeds when he was not around. That this was not a fair contest is irrelevant: it was never intended to be a fair contest, it was a simple black-and-white morality play. The only way the bad guys could level the playing field was by obtaining kryptonite.

The current TV program is false in that it sprays super-powers about like birdshot. Every main character, and a horde of minor ones introduced as villain-of-the-week, has: been given some super-power, had it taken away again, borrowed Clark's abilities willfully or by accident, suffered amnesia, been taken over by an outside personality, been killed, been miraculously revived, been duplicated, worn/injected/huffed some form of solution of "meteor rock", been the subject of bizarre medical experiments. It's a lot like early *Star Trek*: death is never permanent. Incredibly, at the end of nearly every show, Clark is safely back at the farm and everything is returned to status quo. No one except Chloe has yet deciphered Clark's specific gifts – and Chloe has already been killed off and revived at least twice.

"Compressionism" is a term in literary criticism for a story set in a relatively isolated environment, with a few characters having little or no interaction with the outside world. (Think "Fall of the House of Usher".) The setting of *Smallville* is clearly intended to be contemporary, they have computers, cell phones, and cappuccino. Yet no one ever seems to go anywhere. Lana went off to Paris the summer after he junior year of high school. (Marginally credible for an 18-year-old orphan who has the money, and no adult authority over her. Lana's biological father, **not** her mother's husband who she knew as her father in childhood, was introduced briefly and then dropped; she had an aunt, who also moved away and

left her behind.) An then Lana came **back**. To run a small town coffeehouse, and be near the guy who has screwed over her heart repeatedly. Similarly, Chloe was under government guard in a witness protection program; was apparently killed, restored to life, imprisoned, rescued yet again by Clark (all apparently without leaving the county). And calmly resumes her ordinary life, under her real name, in the same town.

No one else ever gets much farther than “Metropolis”, evidently within a couple hours’ drive. Lionel Luthor (John Glover) and Lex (Michael Rosenbaum) have headquarters in Metropolis – surely you’ve noticed that every scene involving Luthorcorp and its facilities is shot in ghastly blue lighting – but choose to live in a refurbished castle (evidently lacking central heating, to judge by the always going fire-place) in a small town in Kansas.

No one comes in from outside, either. Considering the quantity of bizarre crimes, medical oddities, and just plain weird stuff going on in Smallville, you’d think it would attract attention from the Associated Press, Federal Bureau of Investigation, National Institute of Health? All the research on “meteor rocks” and their seemingly limitless possibilities takes place in Smallville or Metropolis, with no results published in national journals. Limited supply? Anyone can walk around the vicinity and pick up as much as they need – red kryptonite was so easily available that a local jeweler substituted it for garnet in Smallville High class rings!

Everything said to this point has been criticism of deficiencies. Has *Smallville* no virtues at all? Well, sure. There’s sheer physical attractiveness, notably Welling and Kreuk. Granted, “pretty” is a cheap virtue in the entertainment industry, which lives by such a false standard that the very attractive Alison Mack is the “plain” girl. It’s not much of a strength, but perhaps it counts for a little.

Did I accuse the show of having no depth? Mostly true, and yet there is a certain sense of seeing the characters in formation, before they get locked into the one-dimensional roles of the comics. Clark has some indecision and doubt, qualities you don’t associate with the stoic virtues of adult Superman. He undergoes temptation, even if only occasionally and under the influence of red kryptonite. There’s some small sense that Clark, like Frodo, has seen the Dark, and chooses the Light, rather than having been arbitrarily assigned the beau role of hero. He is also much less independent; he relies heavily on Chloe’s smarts and computer skills to help define problems for him.

This is more noticeable in the show’s most conflicted, and there most interesting, character. Lex is not so much Sauron, as Lucifer: the fallen angel. The nature-vs.-nurture conundrum, problematical

in Clark, is here much more clearly defined. Lex’s entire training and life experience may be summed up as: Weakness invites attack. There’s truth in that. But given the defensive paranoia inherent in such a world view, Lex’s genuine if warped friendship for Clark rates as an achievement of sorts. Lex does not consciously choose to be evil, he merely sees ruthlessness as a realistic choice in a hostile world.

(Having said which, Lex’s security measures could stand improvement: half the town wanders in and out of Luthor Castle as if it were the local Greyhound station, without so much as ringing the doorbell.)

In Clark Kent, the dichotomy of strength vs. weakness is obvious. The TV show *Smallville* has the opposite problem, its weaknesses far outweigh its subtle strengths. Perhaps the comparative success of the show results from the two somehow balancing out. Most probably, we just like escapist fantasy. At least interesting, if implausible, things happen in Smallville; which is more than can be said for most of our mundane lives.





# Reflection On: *Chronicle*

By Rodney Leighton

I believe the proper title for this glossy monthly magazine is *Science Fiction Chroincle* although one has to go to the small print to discover this, at least in the October, 2004 edition.

John Hertz kindly photocopied a couple of his columns and mailed them to me. In my thank you note, I wondered what *Chronicle* was and if it would make fodder for this column. John kindly forwarded a spare copy that he had. It's a bit old, but that description also applies to me. Then again: I believe Don D'Amassa is older than I am and he reviews something like 34 books and a couple of musical releases. Does he do this every month? Holy moley, reading and reviewing a book a month is quite a task. The reviews are fairly short as are a few of the books. Many of them look readable; a fair amount of horror; more fantasy; some mystery; a slew of vampire fiction and related tales. Hardly any SF. There is also this: *The Best of Xero* edited by Pat & Dick Lupoff. Some readers will know of this publication and will remember this fanzine, which was published in the 1960s. Here's a quote: "as pointed out in this collection of letters and articles, fanzines during the 1960s were very much like the Internet on paper, which helps explain why they have largely vanished as the Internet prospered." Don lists 10 contributors: every one turned pro. "Fanzines used to be the heart of SF fandom." Yeah.

John Hertz takes readers on a tour of things fannish in his column entitled: "It Seemed Like the Fannish Thing to Do", John attends cons on both sides of the continent; talks to and about fans; goes to meals with fannish folk and eats exotic foodstuffs and even talks about fanzines. Yes, and he breaks fannish tradition and praises some fan artists, even including some art.

In between these there is an editorial (on page 37) which is a unique experience for me which is followed by a report on things fannish and otherwise in the United Kingdom by Tanya Brown who, I seem to recall from many days of reviewing British fanzines, appears in said fanzines sometimes. She writes of books, films, TV, cons and even fans and fannish meetings, listing a bunch of names of folks I recall from the days when I received *Banana Wings*.

The first section after the data portion is entitled "Headlines" and provides news and information of interest to writers and other folks. There are 14 pages of it. Some photos are included. Robert Silverberg looks younger than I do, sigh. Perhaps it's the money. This section is probably not terribly interesting to folks not actually in the business, or perhaps it is. Award nominations seem to be a major fannish topic; the publication of books is likely of interest. I admit that the huge full page full colour ad announcing the 27th and 28th books in the world of Xanth by Piers Anthony interested me more

than the announcement that Tanya Hyff delivered the manuscript for *Smoke and Mirrors*.

My gracious there are a lot of books being published. Apart from the ads from a dozen or so publishing houses...well, I don't know if Wildside Press qualifies, but there it is right under Tor. There are a few pages of book listings. Last October Tor published 19 books including one by 93 year old Andre Norton and another entitled *God's Concubine*.

There are a few obituaries; no one I ever heard of. Although, I fear, if someone happened to send me a new edition it may well contain an obit for the above mentioned Ms. Norton.

What else? Well, Ms. Norton liked space toys; there is an article on the same entitled "Buck Rogers Stuff: Science Fiction, Toys and Society". I confess to skipping it. There is a review column by Michael M. Jones entitled "Short Cuts" in which he reviews publications other than books. This one includes some Internet sites as well as anthologies, which are books. I guess I should have said publications which are not full-length stories. *The Year's Best Science Fiction #21* is 665 pages in length.

There were also a couple of pages on SF Cinema.

This magazine has a sub-title: "SF, Fantasy & Horror's Monthly Trade Journal". It's kind of like going into a candy store with no money. It also speaks volumes about the old adage not judging a book by its cover. Some sort of space ship thing is on the cover. I wouldn't have given it a second glance under any other circumstances. Yet, there was a lot of interesting reading inside. And, in spite of my lack of interest in SF, I noted lots of books and publications I wish I could read.

For those of you who do not already subscribe to this and might wish to; subscriptions are \$45/year in the US, \$56 in Canada from Lloyd Publications; PO Box 2988; Radford, VA 2143-2988; USA.; info@dnpublications.com.

I'm the sea-worthy  
fannish version...

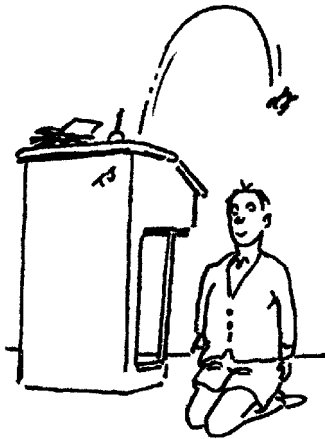


# School Daze

On the educational front, though not a Catholic, I attended a Convent school as a paid for pupil. I shirked my way through classes as corporal punishment was (officially) a no-no. I followed my naturally lazy bent and competed strenuously for bottom place in my class. My developing personality was allowed to develop in every direction and allowed me to become a sort of black sheep. On one occasion we had a new teacher, Miss Linton, who frowned on my practice of making paper aeroplanes during English lessons. After she had crumpled up and destroyed two of my cherished creations I decided to get even. A third model was made under total secrecy and ink spread all over its under surfaces. Then I allowed it to be seen. Miss Linton snatched it up, screwed it into a ball, then gazed in horror at her ink-stained fingers. Corporal punishment or not, I got my fingers well rattled with a rule for that escapade.

On another occasion, during the reading of *Kidnapped*, she detailed me and another lad to go into a corner with a blackboard turned away from the class and draw the cave lair featured in the story. I suspect this was a ploy to keep us quiet for a spell. It worked – for a while, until the time came to reveal our artistic masterpiece. Machine gun nests, barbed wire entanglements, grenades and air-cover didn't feature in *Kidnapped*, but our new improved design had them. Once again ruler rattling was in order.

My most triumphant deed came when I got the gift of a jumping frog from a new comic. Made of tinfoil, it had a spring-loaded arm which you pressed against a dab of pitch. Over a minute or two, the arm would work free and the frog then jumped high in the air. Very amusing. Naturally, I played with it during the English lesson. I was spotted and called to the front. "Put that silly thing on my desk and kneel down at the front" said she who must be obeyed. I couldn't resist the temptation and duly placed the thing on her desk, craftily setting the spring as I did so. Then I knelt humbly at the front of the class and waited. Lessons resumed, peace reigned, all was silent save for the scratching of forty pen nibs. Then the spring worked. High into the air my little frog and the class erupted. Once again the ruler got a good work out.



The official reward and punishment was based on the giving of House Points, a system without any visible end product but nevertheless points were eagerly sought. I seldom got any reward points my specialty being in demerits. Then one day a miracle happened. Miss Linton wanted a bit of peace from the chore of trying to instill the beauties of poetry into

# Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

our thick heads so she came up with an idea designed to keep us busy while she meditated on higher things. Instructing us to turn to the poem "The Arethusa", she said, "I'll give twenty House Points to the first to learn verse one". Since the verse was about ten lines long she anticipated a nice long snooze. It was not to be. Something clicked in my noodle. In about five minutes I had the verse off to perfection.



An astonished class and an even more astonished teacher listened to me rattle it off. My stock rose as twenty points were logged to my house, but not the carrot had been taken away. A new offer had to be made, "Twenty points to the first to learn verse two" spoke our leader. Incredibly I got that one in four minutes. Sagging on the ropes Miss Linton offered another twenty for verse three. Incredibly, I did it again and repeated the performance for the remaining two verses. A hundred points in twenty minutes was unheard of, it was the normal tally for all the class each week. I wish I knew how I did it as I have never repeated such a performance, but I still remember "The Arethusa" after all these years.

Eventually I moved along to Grammar School, De La Salle College where instead of House Points they had Detention Classes. They also employed a very effective teaching aid in the form of a leather strap some 12 inches long and an inch and a half wide. This was applied to the palm of the hand when the need arose. It proved a marvelous stimulant to dormant brain cells. Despite all modern howls and use of the emotive term, "beating", I know that I for one was much better for being wacked when I deserved it. Even in those days I bore no grudge against the teachers who used the strap on me. It was never used unjustly or excessively. Once over the culture shock, I rapidly acquired a keen interest in learning. Starting in 29th place, I moved up the exam results to 23rd, 15th, 4th, and finally top of the class for the rest of my stay there. I look back affectionately at the Catholic Brothers who gave me a strong interest in Science, Art and Mathematics. I took to the latter so avidly that after the war I attended evening classes in Differential and Integral Calculus and achieved a Higher National pass mark. Sadly, unlike "The Arethusa", I have forgotten almost all of it.

I seldom got Detention, but on one occasion I landed it for getting the wrong answer to a math problem. No matter what I did, I kept getting the same answer. At last Brother Peter, the teacher in charge of the class took pity on me. "Lets go through it together and find where you're going wrong" he

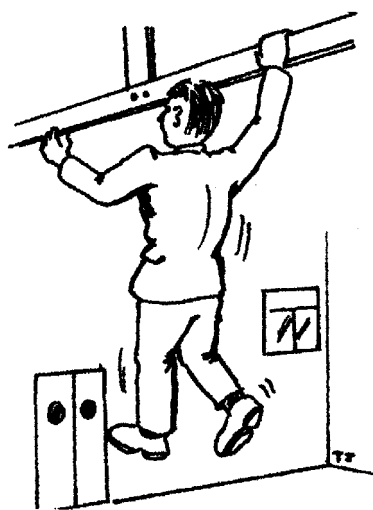
said and began to set out the method. A lovely glow went through me as he took the same steps I had been doing and finally arrived as the same “wrong” answer that I had got. His face was a picture but he apologised manfully. “Oh dear, the book answer appears to be wrong. You’d better get along off home.” It was worth the lost half hour for the sheer pleasure of coming out ahead. I recall the time when Mr. Blayden, the art teacher, appointed me as monitor. The idea was I had to collect the art homework and deliver it to him. This was a bit of a chore especially when some pupils hadn’t done it and I had to remember their excuses. What really got my back up was when he expected me to vet the work and reject it if it failed to measure up. I solved that one by helping the less able to lay out their work or touch up unfinished sketches before handing them over.

Thanks to chronic Bronchitis I managed to avoid Saturday morning “Sports”, but just once a new and officious Sports Master decided that even if I wasn’t going to kick a football I could at least be referee. In vain did I protest that I knew absolutely nothing about football, he



gave me a rule book and made it clear I’d face a firing squad if I failed to turn up. Came the great day and despite much reading of the rule book “Offside”, “Free Kick”, “Penalty” and other estoterica were double Dutch to me. So I invented the Jeeves system. Gathering my two teams of assorted masochists together I led them to the most distant pitch away from critical observers and instructed them that for this game we would be using two new rules. 1. They would tell me when to blow the whistle and 2. Tell me what to do about it when I blew. It might not have been real soccer, but it looked reasonably so from a distance. I don’t know why the system isn’t used more often.

One side benefit of being a non-Catholic was the fact that I, along with a few others, was allowed to miss assemblies. Since our gym doubled as an art room we were set to put-



ting out the easels each morning. This was a fun game. As each desk was unfolded it was sent skidding across the floor to a waiting catcher who then lined it up neatly. This task finished, the real fun began. After posting a look out we would take turns to climb up the wall bars, reach out and grip the ceiling girders and “giant swing” our way

across the far side where we could then slide down supporting columns and rush back for another go.

When war broke out De La Salle was taken over by a balloon barrage unit. Their job was to send up large, tethered balloons in the hope that enemy aircraft would either fly into the cables or go somewhere else to drop their bombs. As a result we had what was called “Dispersed home education”. This meant small groups met in private houses. Being in my final year and nearly six feet tall, I got the job of calling at the English teacher’s home to collect the keys to the relevant house. The very first time this happened it was pouring with rain so I donned my “Humphrey Bogart” treachcoat and took a look at my school cap. It was obviously not much use in the downpour so I donned the other half of my “Bogey” gear and sallied forth in trenchcoat and snap-brim trilby. It didn’t occur to me that I have never been seen in school in that outfit until I rang the door to Mr. Hostie’s house. He was only a small man and to open the door to face this Bogart “clone” looming over him and saying, “I’ve come for the keys, sir”, it must have scared the daylight out of him. I think it was only the “sir” that made him look closer and recognise me; otherwise he would probably have called the police.



Home tuition only lasted one term, in January we were farmed out to rooms in Firth Park Grammar, some three miles away. Unable to get home for lunch, we usually patronised the local “chippies”. Instead of buying a large dollop in one establishment we preferred to visit several to buy a pennyworth in each. This made sure they were hot and helped pass the dinner hour.

Occasionally I would cycle there and back. The return trip was down a steep hill and through traffic lights. Normally no problem, but one snowy day it got tricky. By four o’clock there was a three inch layer of snow on the hill. My brakes failed to work and like a toboggan I slid down the hill, both feet on the ground and two plumes of snow flying high in the air. No way could I time my arrival at the lights but luck was with me, they changed to green just as I arrived and I slid through across the main road without hitting a thing.

For the final Summer term we were back at De la Salle and sitting the School Certificate Exam. Wonder of wonders, I Matriculated – eight Credits and one Distinction (in Maths) apparently I missed one in Art by one point. My heart bleeds for today’s youth as it struggles to pass their GCE in a single subject to gain an O level. To get our Certificate the minimum was a pass in each of three areas, English, Maths, and a foreign language. How times have changed.

# INTERLOCUTIONS

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11 May 2005

KT took the ACT a couple weeks ago. I'm sure she did fine, but she's worried about the Math section. "I haven't taken Calculus or Trig yet..." I'm sure that's a fixable problem, at least eventually.

The wacky idea of spring here in Wisconsin, warm one minute, and cold and rainy the next is causing major flare up in both of us. I **will** be at WISCON and have several pieces in the Art Show, including a Dr. Who scarf, a Slytherin Scarf and hopefully a Griffendor scarf. Much depends on not running out of time. Also selling Origami Dragons. If anyone is interested in any such items, email or write me and I'll make more of whatever. I'm also making Ipod and cellphone cozies as well as socks for feet =).

I've also had fun discovering new kinds of yarn, including bamboo and soy! Experiments with them have turned out nicely.

What seems like a silly way to spend money on home decor to you, is probably something that makes the vacation condo feel like "home" to the owners. It could just as well be about Grandpa's wacky humor, or Aunt Betty's collections as it is about "vacation decor".

Maybe what Kira actually wanted from Hockey was more one on one time with Dad? I remember going bowling on a regular basis with my dad, not so much out of enjoying bowling, but for enjoying dad... and it was **my time** with just him.

**Jim** needs a few weeks as a female to really appreciate "Problem Pants". Do these make me look fat? or worse the pair of pants that makes one **feel** slim and beautiful always wears out, shrinks, fades etc over time, and always seems impossible to replace. I had a pair of black velvet dress slacks...and then I put on about 10# and even though I've now lost that weight they're not the same as they were on me. \*sigh\*

**EB-** I found my zine went into hibernation, not from lack of desire, but from sudden changes in family responsibilities and then suddenly reduced income. I still do my zine, but as a very limited size and edition APA zine. Loccing keeps zines coming to me, and for now "letter hack" is the most I can manage in zine-dom participation. (Though I'll try to get permission to send out KT's essay on life with fibromyalgia that she wrote for an English course.)

**Rodney RAE**

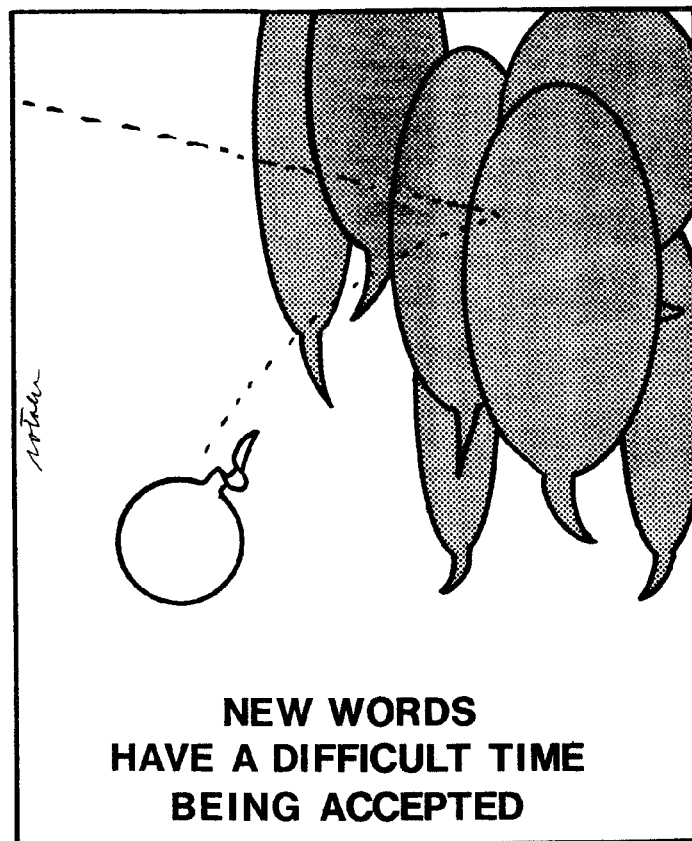
**Terry Jeeves:** I love the "good old days" stories. Keep them coming!

**Joseph:** I suspect instinct may be enough explanation for Sulla's mouse slaying. Megumi delivers "deceased" toy mice to us regularly, often leaving them on a bed or a pillow. KT no longer screams at the discovery of a toy mouse in her bed.

I think the interesting thing is that in addition to the xenophobia discovered by the researchers on the particular Pacific Islands was that **none** of the peoples they visited said "Oh yeah, **our** ancestors **used** to be Cannibals..." or even "Gee, I wonder how you'd taste..." even in jest.

Lisa Mason, One of the fannish librarians I listed, mentioned that even though they aren't active in fandom in such a way as I'd know them, **many** of her co-workers read SF and are at least marginally fannish.

**Dave S-** wrote and sent his zine saying that they'd tested for Pancreatic Cancer and that, fortunately, is not an issue. Yeeeaahh!



There's now a spin off show *Ask This Old House*, they answer viewer mail, and visit a home or two to show the best way to fix problem A or problem B.

Fonts: Palatino is a nice serif text font as well and not quite as over used as Times Roman.

**Eric L** re Memory usage: the more we use and save graphics, photos, and music on the computer the more memory it needs. If someone is downloading lots of music off the net, and keeping photos on the computer I can see them actually needing terabytes.

Take care everyone

☐**CKK**: *You are probably right about Kira. Once it became clear that I was not to be involved in the day-to-day coaching of her team she lost interest.*☐

Sheryl Birkhead  
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May 15, 2005

Dear KKers,

Nothing like having two issues of a zine lying around to prompt some writing.

Ah, withdrawal comments. My personal thought is that medical companies **must** pick and choose what data they want to keep since problems coming off a non-habit forming drug quite often is not all the ease it is cracked up to be. When I self-diagnosed bursitis in both elbows (i.e. tennis elbow) from over exercising to develop upper body strength and prevent the "spread" of my myofascial pain I had an MD confirm it. The medical therapy was prescription strength ibuprofen. OK, for the duration it seemed very nice and then all the tablets were used up and literally yeeough. The discomfort wore off in about a week. Now, when the elbows start to ache, I simply stop doing whatever it is that started the whole episode. Somehow this has seriously curtailed my exercise program (weak knee and bad ankle/foot seem to do in most other exercising).

Somewhere I have documented my jeans incident. I was taking evening classes at the U. of MD and had to hastily wash my dress jeans for class one snowy session. We did not have a dryer and the only way to dry them in time was to drape them over the slightly open oven door and pray. I cut it close and slipped into the new (ahem) hotpants. It was not until the end of a long class and a trek to the ladies' room that I realized that the heat had melted the plastic zipper and not that they were on...well they **really** were on. 'Nuf said.

On **E.B.**'s zine article – heck just delete the first paragraph. Tom Sadler was really good about extolling his lack of ability and then going right on to show the opposite. Same of **E.B.** I'm a poor one to talk, but gin in there and toot that horn.

A very modest observation on zines and old zines – with the "advent" of computerzines (um that is not right – I mean the computer capability to do desktop pubbing – not electronic zines) it became more possible to create a pretty crudzine. Yet I do not recall having them stop by in the mail. Then way aren't the high school kids getting into SF and pubbing and, I think I might be on to something here, it just might be that the generation that would be the next faneds have gone into other areas. Just as smoking (you fill in the content) and alcohol were the no-nos my classmates turned to today's "right age group" is turning elsewhere. Cynically I might say they have outgrown (or at the very least by-passed) SF for those who choose to read. Just an idea.

**Rodney**, I got a look at some of Lyn McConchie's writings and noticed the dedication...wouldn't **Pat** and **Roger** in Florida be the **Sims**? I've been in one APA, *RAPS* (can't even remember what it stood for), at one time I even contemplated joining an Australian APA, but I figured that I would never make the deadlines with the mailing delays.

**Trinlay**, about fanartists, according to the voting guidelines, fanartist is one whose art is found in fanzines, artshows, semi-prozines, etc. so if the bulk of voters never see a traditional fanzine, but follow the online flow of information (for example a year or two ago I did and *Emerald City* was the site suggested for Hugo information/suggestions and I went there looking for fanartist Frank Wu. So anyone just following that route, perhaps never going to a con, would if they chose to vote probably would vote for Wu). So, to answer the question it kinda looks like the future of zines is ezines and the future of the "traditional" fanartist is probably very short and very grim. The *Locus* situation forced (so to speak) the separation of zines into fan and semi-pro. So far that has not been necessary for fanartist, but one never knows.

**E.B.**, someone somewhere did the evolution of the sciences and if I'm not mistaken the final parent science was mathematics.

About football – personal ignorance is not ipso facto stating that the sport isn't interesting (it **might** be, but I wouldn't have enough info to make an informed decision). At Penn State I merely wanted to see if I could become interested and since no one wanted to explain (they were all very caught up in the game) I contented myself with the observation that when there was a pile of players on the field it was a good guess that the football was under there somewhere. Right, and the point is?? So, if I am not interested in how the football got from here to there, I guess I just am not going to be interested.

My niece got into all six law schools and has chosen to go to UNLV.

A welcome to **Karen (Johnson) Gory** of *Out of the Kaje* fame.

Ah **Jose Sanchez**, why is that name so familiar?

Being a "happy" homeowner I learned that I have to deal with the dandelions early. Each year now I have been perfecting my approach to it and this year got the proverbial monkey wrench (well, you see you use them to dig up the little darlings...). I left the broadleaf weed killer in the spreader and as soon as it got warm enough I just tooled around the yard and ...uh...er... the dandelions just grew and grew and ... so I bought more and did it again. Only then did I realize I had forgotten that I tried the milky spore soil treatment last fall and what was in the spreader had no ... sigh.

Dogs don't have cholesterol? Yes, they do.

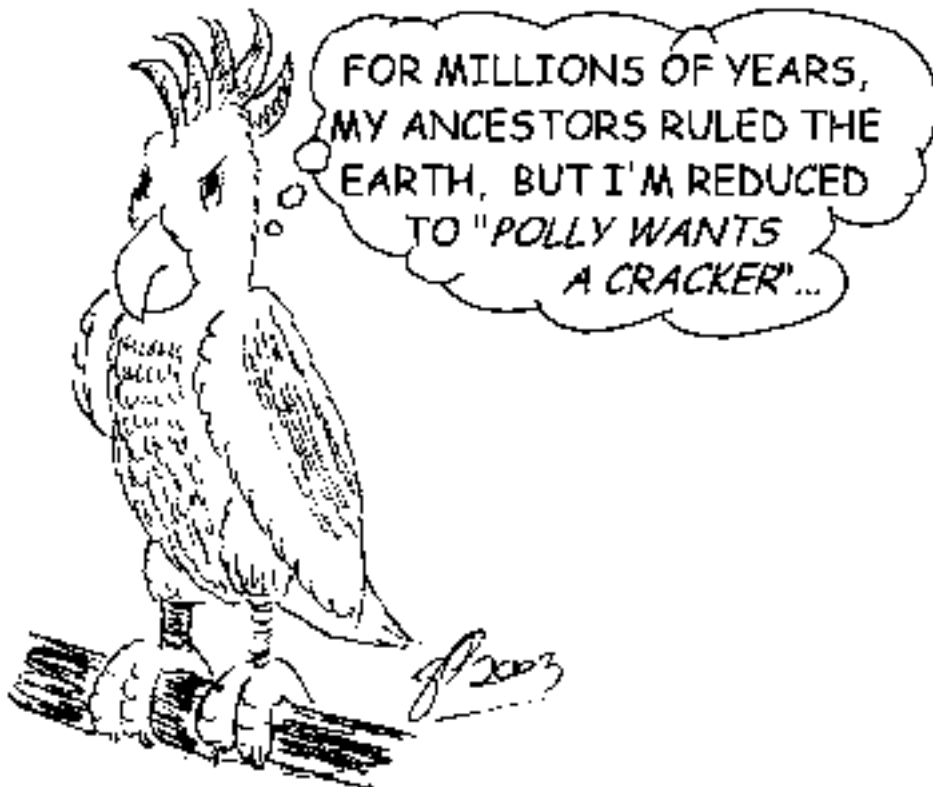
Yeah **Gene**, ask any of us who are a bit different if kids are cruel. At least when I was in school there was no internet to continually fuel the nasty fires.

I assume you know of Bill Bowers' death. While he had been ill for many years, he seemed to be holding his own. So it was unexpected, but not really.

Nice issues. Writing an article for you is one of those project that gets squeezed into those now non-existent hours, but you never know...

Sheryl

☐**CKK**: *You should consult a physical trainer. They have all kinds of exercises that will avoid your problem areas yet still largely work for you. I'd be afraid to leave the broadleaf herbicide or anything else in the spreader. It would be likely to crust up solid over the winter.*☐



Joseph T Major  
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May 16, 2005

And now the knews ...There was a piece on the overlawyered.com site a few weeks ago about a referee who was hit with a hockey puck. It stung, but he shrugged it off and went on refereeing. A day or so later he received an unsolicited anonymous email listing all the people he could sue (the player's parents, the hockey field owners, the organization that sponsored the game, the makers of all the equipment...) and helpfully recommended a law firm that handled such cases.

So who are the parents of the kid who didn't "need" a face shield suing?

I suppose you saw the piece about the 2000 meter deep cave in Sakartvelo ("Georgia"). On one of our trips to Lexington I read the book on Gouffre Pierre-Saint-Martin, the first "deepest cave in the world". Most Fans will know that cave from *The Stars My Destination*, where it was a high-security prison. Evidently Bester read a newspaper article about it; the impression I got was that it would take a great deal of additional excavation to make that cave into a habitable place and just about any pit mine would have been better. (For the few who haven't read *TSMD* yet, the prison system had to go to such extremes because almost everyone in the world could teleport between known destinations, and so prisoners had to be confined very strictly lest they get out.)

"Crime-Fighting Techniques Today Just Aren't Fair to Criminals" but there are compensations. Michael Medved described how, when he had some stereo equipment stolen, the thief's defense lawyer spent most of the discovery arguing that the thief was Medved's friend who had been lent the equipment, and began berating him for being a racist when he denied knowing the man. Medved also said he was worried about being attacked by the thief for not having cooperated with his defense.

PhiloSfical Matters: Isn't "everything in moderation" rather an *extreme* position?

"[There] is no basis for profound judgment of things that to most of humanity appear to be great and horrible evil." And in fact professors have been bedeviled by students saying that, hey, maybe from their point of view the Nazis had some merit in killing all

those Jews and how can we, so far away and from such a different culture, judge? This belief would be more credible if those who professed it did not get so exercised over, for example, Professor Summers and his comments about the lack of women in math.

Indeed it's rather interesting to hear what people think of each other.

Gandhi on Hitler: "Germans of future generations will honor Herr Hitler as a genius, a brave man, a matchless organizer and much more."

Hitler on Gandhi: "Shoot Gandhi."

Turtledove's "The Last Article" seems to have understated the forbearance that a Nazi occupation would have had for the Indian independence movement.

Carry On Jeeves: Now we're having a divergence in our lives. There was a balcony in the Capitol Theater in Frankfurt. However, it didn't charge a premium to enter, and indeed was usually closed. This was because when the place was built the city had not been large enough to support a separate-but-equal cinema.

If the plane had a corrugated-metal skin it wasn't a Fokker trimotor, but a Junkers. I have seen a Spanish knockoff of the German "Tante Ju", the Ju-52 trimotor at the U.S. Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio. I have also seen a Ford Trimotor, but this one was proudly displayed in the Henry Ford Museum.

I also remember those balsa and paper models. Never did have the skill to put one of those together. Some of them were sold as a line of models called "The Lindberg Line". I suspect that name was spelled a little differently when they were introduced, but when "Lucky Lindy" became bad luck for his unfortunate political views, they dropped their aitch.

InterLOCutions: Talk about proofreading! The \$4995 hard drive was one GIGABYTE, not megabyte! (My mistake.)

The thirtieth birthday party for John Henry the thoroughbred was oddly enough on March 9, the date of my loc. About two hundred people came, though I don't think anyone was bitten or kicked. We saw him May fourteenth, two days before this was written, and he still looked dangerous.

**Gene Stewart:** See above about the hockey puck.

**Terry Jeeves:** Having been embarrassed at the fact that I could write more on a reissue of Keith Laumer's "Worlds of the Imperium" series than on all this year's Hugo-nominated novels, I see your point about rereading old stuff. Somebody actually edited back then.

**E. B. Frohvet:** Yes, the oldpharts can't understand why no one else is interested in the era when there were giants and thick mimeo'd zines filled the mailbox every week and they'll get their nextish out RealSoonNow...

I bought a clock that resets automatically. It picks up the federal time signal. It also has an indoor-outdoor thermometer built in. When I was a kid such a device would have cost big bucks and needed an antenna, wires, and the like. This one cost \$20.

**Joy Smith:** "[A] historical movie is really ruined for me when the characters mouth ideas and words that don't belong there!" Not just you, evidently, considering how thoroughly *Kingdom of Heaven* has bombed at the box office.

**Brad W. Foster:** I really like the Aish HaTorah site, because they publish articles on things like the Jewish content of *The Lord of the Rings*. "Oy, Rav Frodo, such a predicament we got ourselves into. Didn't Gollum know person isn't kosher?" "Sammy, that was why he fell into the volcano." Seriously, they discussed how Tolkien's ethics also reflect Jewish attitudes as well as Christian.

So when Palpatine brags that if Luke kills him, he will be corrupted by his wrath and become Darth Luke, or something of the sort, he's projecting his own beliefs. This makes Vader's/Anakin's redemption somewhat plausible, if overdone. (All the wickedness he did is wiped out because of his last-minute repentance?)

**Lloyd Penney:** Well, I got *Plokta* the other day. Two of them, in fact, which may explain the comment about delay.

**Milt Stevens:** As for why all the reviews of alternate history in *Alexiad*, it may have something to do with the state of affairs decryd by **Terry Jeeves** above. When all the things you can find on the shelves are mangas, tie-ins (movie, TV, or computer game), and the ever-popular "The Evil Overlord is about to conquer the Free Peoples, and only a disparate band of unlikely adventurers can prevent him ..." it's easier to read AH.

**Dave Szurek:** I don't have diverticulitis. The doctor would have said so, and I would have remembered it. One of the reasons I refused the memory-blocking drugs. There's always the possibility of someone saying, "I'll keep your money and credit cards for you." Or worse.

**Robert Lichtman:** I can't help feeling that the second issue of Orange Mike Lowrey's *Vojo de Vivo* failed to get response because it was an Adobe Acrobat file on an orange



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background, and you could either use up your ink cartridge printing it in color, or print it in monochrome and get black on black.

I know Dave Kyle was involved in the Exclusion Act (he printed up the flyer that got Pohl and five other Futurians banned from the first Worldcon – but he got in!) but as I recall Knight's *The Futurians* barely mentions him otherwise.

**Jan Stinson:** They must be fake wampyri. You can't take photographs of vampires (silver and all that).

Namarie,  
Joseph T Major

□**CKK:** *I seriously doubt the referee would have a case. He was too knowledgeable a participant to win anything. However, had it been deliberate he might have something to sue over. I'll know more after taking Courts in the fall. The faceshield-less player was about 40. I minor would not have been allowed to skate without a full shield. The photo was taken digitally so there was no need for silver.*□

E.B. Frohvet  
4716 Dorsey Hall Drive #506  
Ellicott City, MD 21042  
May 17, 2005

Dear Henry,

**Joseph Major:** I generally agree with you about *Nova Express*, but its "aggressive campaigning for a Hugo" was a running gag not intended to be taken seriously. It is true that Lawrence Person, and most of the other people who contributed to *NE* were interested only in that fanzine and not active in fanzine fandom generally.

**Sue Welch:** Maryland was founded as a Catholic colony, but had much greater freedom of religion than, say, Virginia; where Catholics, Quakers, Jews, et al. were mandatorially tithed in support of the state (Anglican) church.

**Ned Brooks:** I consider *IGOTS* "eccentric" because of its highly irregular schedule (on which general topic I respectfully disagree with you), its subject matter which covers any odd old book you happen across, its lack of a letter column, etc. I still like *IGOTS* just fine, but "eccentric" is not an unfair description.

**Rodney Leighton:** *The Frozen Frog* discontinued before the time frame covered in my article (1992 or 1993 as I recall); I never saw *The Zero-G Lavatory* but I suppose that same is true of that. *Habakkuk* was also before my time; *Stet* so far as I am aware has done one issue in the ten years in question. I do like *Banana Wings* and sent congratulations on its well-deserved Hugo nomination.

**Lloyd Penney:** I stand on what I said about fanzines that are not distributed for months after publication being "more ... a

failure of will than a failure of funding." *Plokta* is a textbook example of this but by no means the only one.

**Milt Stevens:** *Science Fiction Review*, again, before my time. If *Locus* was ever a fanzine, by the time I entered fandom, it was clearly what it remains now, a professional trade journal. *Locus* clearly did not belong in the "fanzine" category... *SF Commentary* is among a small number of sercon zines. *Alexiad* does many book reviews (some even SF) but not analytical articles about general trends in SF.

**Eric Lindsay:** There may be a paper edition of *Emerald City*; so far as I know the editor does not distribute it by mail, and I have never seen one. Handing out copies at Corflu reaches a narrow and selective audience.

**Robert Lichtman:** I stand on what I said about Corflu being an "exclusionary in-group". I would consider the people who do *Wabe* part of that group. The last *Wabe* I saw was February 2003. As to your not having "argued with the Corflu cult", you are too generally esteemed by fandom to be a safe target. I don't know that the "basic thrust" of my article was complaining about publishing schedules. However, I see fanzines as a form of dialogue. What's the point of a dialogue conducted at intervals of two or three years?

I stand on what I said regarding fanzine awards.

Henry: glad to see the identification of the two cute little vampires on the #110 cover. It is actually reasonable that most of the readership got on your case over the #110 cover. A photograph in a fanzine is presumed to depict, (a) actual people, (b) whom the editor knows personally. A pen-and-ink drawing of the same figures in the same pose would have been presumed to be figurative, and no one would have inquired.

**Gene Stewart:** It's possible that India's parents ought to have been more alert. However the distinction between the normal angst of high school, and clearly diagnosable depression, is perhaps not as clear cut as we'd like it to be. If the situation is so bad that the girl is literally in fear for her life, the option of just packing up and moving to another state might be considered.

Mice: During a recent visit, Lyn McConchie was telling me an anecdote. Dancer, who is one of her house cats, will occasionally catch a mouse, bring it into the house, and play with it for an hour without harming it. On one occasion Lyn rescued the terrified mouse, quite unharmed, and took it out into the yard – and Fluff, the barn cat, pounced and dispatched it with one whack. A good object lesson in keeping your wits about you even in trying circumstances.

Well, Henry I can understand not bothering the doctor over minor things. However, should the same problem occur, it seems worthwhile informing the doctor of what was apparently an unusual reaction to a specific drug. Typo: well, "no sing of life" may not have been the original intent. There are caves or abandoned mines in Pennsylvania which being cool and relatively dry are used for government storage of obso-



lete documents. I am familiar with the people who have to have background music (the well-known story of the surgeon who played music in the operating room), but that has never been my practice.

Best gremflods,  
E.B. Frohvet

TKK: *I would have to agree with E.B.'s assessment of Corflu. (Despite being a supporting member of Corflu Badger (20) I do not recall ever receiving any flyers for Corflu Blackjack (21) nor Corflu Titanium (22). I have every intention of notifying my doctor should he ever prescribe an n-said for me.*

Julie Wall  
470 Ridge Road  
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18 May 2005

Dear Henry,

I see I have the dreaded 0 on the back of my TKK. Sorry I have been so lax about corresponding. I do enjoy receiving your zine - keeping up with you and your family and the extended fandom that TKK resides in.

Life has been crazy for me. Cook Publications did finally go out of business on January 31st, just as I had been predicting it would for some time. It was still a shock, though. I had worked there for nearly 10 years. I was very lucky and found a job in about 2-1/2 weeks. I work for EPL now. They are a major supplier of software and data processing for credit unions all over the country. I work in the network support department. It's going pretty well.

I also have a new man in my life. A State of Alabama tax man that I met at a mutual friend's Super Bowl party. Neither one of us care a whit about football and found each other much more interesting. He lives in Tuscaloosa, which is about an hour away. Sometimes that's annoying, but it's much better than having a boyfriend in a different country, I must say. He has two kids. That's going pretty well, too.

My house was broken into - again - last Friday. That was the third time since Sept. 2001. The boyfriend really wants me to move, but it's not that simple.

As for **Rodney Leighton's** question about the NHL - well, Birmingham doesn't have any hockey teams anymore and I don't think any of the schools offer hockey programs either. The closest one I know of is UAH in Huntsville. So, I wouldn't say the NHL lockout had much affect at all. Interest was pretty pathetic before, and still is.

Fannishly, I am not doing much. I was going to go to Glasgow for WorldCon, but that's just not going to happen. I can't afford it. My SF bookgroup is taking me to Las Vegas

I REFUTE THIS  
LOC.' MY STAFF  
IS JUST FINE. ✓



this weekend for my 40th birthday - which was in January, but we couldn't schedule the trip until now. Should be fun.

Well, that's about all I have time for now...take care!

Julie

TKK: *Good luck with the new job and the domestic changes. Las Vegas wouldn't be my first choice for a vacation site, but I hope you enjoyed the trip anyway.*

Eric Lindsay  
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Australia  
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19 May 2005

G'day Henry,

TKK #111 just arrived, so I'll attempt to make an early start on a response. By the way, I had to update my email address, after the spammers found the older version. Guess I'll probably be doing that each year now.

I seem to recall a fannish friend playing hockey for a fair while, but sustaining knee injuries. Seems to me there is a lot of twisting and turning actions. I'm certain my knees couldn't handle it these days.

I think Jared Diamond is predicting Australia to be one of the first industrialised economies to collapse. Very low water

resources, and high average land use (4.6 hectare, I think) needed to support each person. We just don't have a lot of very fertile land.

Alas for any correspondence with **Joseph Major** regarding mutual ancestors, I don't have much information. See <http://www.ericlindsay.com/sf/geg77.htm#g77anc> for what I do have.

However I haven't worn a watch since I retired, so I can appreciate **Joseph's** comments about the decline in the use of watches in Japan due to cell phones. I did once have a 5 megabyte hard drive. It (just) fitted in a 19 inch rack mount case, but was too deep for some, being about 30 inches deep. Now as mentioned previously I am contemplating whether I will be able to get 90 terabyte (not gigabyte) in hard drives over the next few years.

Re **Brad Foster's** comment, I can't imagine any bank here not honouring their customer's request to have automatic payments cease. Their contract is with their customer, not with the third party being paid. If it ever happened to me I'd be with a different financial institution the next day. Since financial institutions now have no loyalty to customers, it is not surprising that customers have no loyalty to them.

Regards

{TKK: I notice very little stress on my knees from playing hockey. I suppose if you caught an edge there might be some, but the primary risk to knees is a knee-on-knee collision which is an automatic major penalty in the NHL.}

Rodney Leighton  
#11 Branch Rd.  
RR #3  
Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0  
Canada  
May 20, 2005

Dear Henry:

Thanks for *TKK* #111. Read just about all of it.

I had guessed the blonde on the cover of 110 was Kira; **Trinlay** should be pleased that some folks wondered it one of them was her daughter.

I have no wit. Nor any wits. Noted the comments about typos. Hell, typos are a fact of life in fanzines and even in other publications: I only rarely read a newspaper but I seem them in there. I had hoped that **Robert Lichtman** would fill in the blanks in my *FAPA* article and I was pleased to see that he did so. I got issue 110 and looked over said article. Typo after typo ... argh! Not your fault, but the thing is I do my best to watch what I put on paper; this worn out old machine does have a spellchecker of sorts; it beeped at me twice after I typed that word and beeps at me when I reach the set limit of the right margin. If I pay attention to all the beeps and make corrections, things look okay, but I get rolling and

ignore some beeps... However, no matter how careful I am; no matter how many times I proofread something; no matter how many corrections you make, I still end up with errors. Live with it.

I have 4 or 5 articles planned, but I don't know when they will be written. I feel like **Lloyd Penney**: a bunch of fanzines piled up which need to be locked but when will I find the time and energy to do so. **Lloyd** is used to this since 98% of his locs begin by complaining about the plethora of unlocked fanzines he has but I think this is the first time it has happened to me. Even back in the days when I was getting a lot of them. Of course, back then, I had a better machine and more energy and more ambition. Strange thing about fanzines: I went for quite a long period without any then, suddenly, the things started flying in from all directions. Two issues of *Plokta* flew in from somewhere in the wilds of California bearing a return label which said only **Spike**. It is rather intriguing, at least to me, that I used to get half a dozen or so fanzines produced in the UK and I now only get that one. While I have, I think, received every issue of *Plokta*, since they first started sending them around issue 5, except one, I can't recall ever receiving one mailed from the UK. Does it mean anything that the only UK fanzine I still get is mailed from somewhere in Europe or lately the US? Probably not.

I also received *FOSFAX*, *VoP*, and a package of second-hand fanzines as well as a package containing a letter which said: "Included please find a handful of zines from [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com) downloaded and printed for your enjoyment." I thought to myself that I could write a column on them, but, well, I don't know. You list three of them. I enjoyed reading what portions of *Chunga 9*, *Nice Distinctions 9*, and *File 770* that I wished to read as well as the thirteenth issue of **Garth Spencer's** safari through the wilds of civilization, but I don't think I have anything I want to say about any of them.

Pretty good friend to print all those zines off the net for me, but of course he only does this about twice a year.



Speaking of witty ... sometime back I was reading some fanzine or another in which there was a discussion of the Western novels written by Lee Hoffman and the role played by Ted White in their publication. I forgot what zine it was in or when it was I read it. I recall thinking that I had one of her novels somewhere; I found it and put it out to read soon, but then it got buried under other things. I remember I had some notion of doing something with it in a column. So I started it the other night. *The Legend of Blackjack Sam* is obviously a spoof of the Western genre, but it's really funny. I am only partway into it (page 42 of 158). It is hilarious so far. I wonder, does anyone know what Ted's role was relative to this novel?

I was pleased to see all the additional *FAPA* information and some questions answered, but **Robert**, *Synapse* was in *FAPA* 269. Which I know because **Milt** kindly sent me a copy of *Fantasy Amateur*.

I was thinking of **Sims** when I wrote that part and I am not sure where the Wells came from. Except that there is a Roger Wells in fandom; he's even a member of *FAPA*.

Take care  
Rodney

☐**CKK**: *It used to be quite common to use an agent to distribute fanzines overseas. It was cheaper to send them in bulk (or have them duplicated remotely) and then take advantage of the non-airmail rates.*☐

Joy V. Smith  
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20 May 2005

Dear Knarley,

I really like that cover. Great idea by **Jose Sanchez**.

Thanks for the hockey report. So, there's no term like Fore! that refers to hockey pucks? It sounds as if you're doing well in your fight against the weeds. I've got weed vines that are really aggressive and some weeds that are a pleasure to weed (I got the root!). I'd think that dandelions spring anew from seeds. Why else are there so many of them?!

Sounds like you're doing well in law school and enjoying it. It is nice when it all comes together, and I've noticed that things you've learned in life can meld with things you're learning, which is sort of fun. **Sue**'s report on the book, *Collapse--How Societies Choose to Fail or Succeed*, is intriguing, also enlightening and challenging.

**Jim Sullivan**'s article on crime-fighting techniques was interesting. Btw, there are a number of books available on forensics, and I saw a brochure recently for a number of them available from the Discovery Channel Book Club. The

article on how things changed for "India" was sad. Bullying and hazing shouldn't be tolerated.

I enjoyed **Alex Slate**'s follow-up article on absolutism and relativism. I believe you have to have principles and morals **and** you have to be flexible. Two examples of the rigid, self-righteous mindset are the man in *The Assassination of Richard Nixon* (I read the review today) and the woman who kidnapped the little girl in *Yas Yas in Bloom*. It's all right, even necessary, to do this because...

LOCs: **Joseph Major**'s tidbit about wristwatch sales in Japan was startling. Now that'd be a change! I don't have a cell phone, btw, or an answering machine because I don't want to be bothered by them. (If you want me, e-mail me.) **E.B. Frohvet** mentions *Lan's Lantern*, which I think I read a hundred years ago... **Rodney Leighton** mentions *The Zero-G Lavatory*; I had a humor piece, *Less Than Serious SF Plots*, in that: **Scott Patri** drew some fun illos for it. I always enjoyed his illos. Does anyone remember his Trekkie bashing? Ah, I see **Rodney Leighton** had some book reviews in that issue (Spring 1996), including one of *Farming Daze* by Lyn McConchie, which I recently read and enjoyed.

I enjoyed the fanzine reviews and illos also, especially the one on the back cover. I don't know what the significance is, but it makes me smile. Good cartoon of Anne McCaffrey with her Hugo also, though she's written a lot of SF. (I know some people call the *Pern* series fantasy, but I disagree; and *Restoree* is a favorite book, also the *Freedom's Landing* series, and ...) Anyway, thanks for all the fun and memories.

Appreciatively,  
Joy V. Smith

☐**CKK**: *I still have a some of Scott's Trekkie bashing fillos and have no place to use them. Are there any takers?*☐

Milt Stevens  
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Simi Valley, CA 93063  
miltstevens@earthlink.net  
May 22, 2005

Dear Henry,

In *Knarley News* #111, **Terry Jeeves** hits on one item that is one of my childhood memories, *The Phantom Empire*. I always enjoy reading **Terry**'s recollections of his childhood even though his childhood was about twenty years before my own. There are some differences from my own childhood. I never had enough dexterity for model airplane building. However, there are a fair number of similarities too.

*The Phantom Empire* and other theatrical serials were definitely part of my childhood. They were a regular part of early television. There were still 25¢ Sunday kiddy matinees when I was growing up, and they still showed serials along with cartoons and maybe even a feature. My memory seems to indicate I didn't attend the kiddy matinees all that often, so

most of my serial watching came from TV. In addition to *The Phantom Empire*, there were three Flash Gordon serials, a Buck Rogers serial, and other stuff like *Shadows Over Chinatown*, *Tim Tyler's Luck*, and *The Purple Phantom Strikes*. This last serial was sort of strange, because it was black and white and the Martian invader wasn't indicated as being purple or any other color. He just looked like a white guy in tights to me.

I've seen *The Phantom Empire* since I've been an adult, and there are a number of things I didn't notice as a child. The film makers weren't taking the whole singing cowboy thing very seriously. In fact, they were having quite a bit of fun with it. Also, the characters seem well aware that the Muranian robots are cheesy looking. I don't know why I missed that when I was a kid, because I thought the robots were cheesy looking too.

Before reading **Rodney Leighton's** article in this issue, I hadn't thought of *Apa Q* in years. I think Moshe Feder may have sent me a couple of distributions back in the early eighties (or was it the late eighties). In the years since then, I've heard *Apa Q* mentioned occasionally. (I think Ed Meskys may have sent me copies of a zine which he ran through *Apa Q*.) I knew it was a New York City apa. I don't remember whether it was bi-weekly or monthly, and **Rodney** doesn't mention that detail. John Boardman wasn't in charge of the apa back in the eighties. John was publishing *Dagon* back in the eighties and for at least a couple of decades before then. I first encountered it in the early days of *Apa L* in 1964.

**Jim Sullivan** is far more optimistic about the current success of crime fighting than I am. Yes, we have lots of neat gadgets they didn't have back in John Dillinger's era. Unfortunately, we also have ten times as much crime. Drugs and gangs have done a lot. People who live in gang neighborhoods don't snitch on gangs. They know that snitches don't live long.

Yours truly,  
Milt Stevens

☐**TKK**: *I'm just a bit on the young-side for the weekly film serial. I've seen some of them, though, and they certainly are not up to the standards of even the B-grade schlock of today that clutters up the cable channels.*☐

Bill Legate  
Box 3012  
Sequim, WA 98382  
May 22, 2005

Thank you for 111.

Referring to the tribes in Arabia, T. E. Lawrence, in *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*:

To be of the desert was, as they knew, a doom to wage unending war with an enemy who was not of this world, nor life, nor anything but hope itself; and failure seemed God's

freedom to mankind. We might only exercise this our freedom by not doing what it lay within our power to do, for them life would belong to us, and we would have mastered it by holding it cheap.

In other words, according to P. J. O'Rourke, in *Republican Party Reptile*:

I had this beat-up old Mercedes and we were off someplace about fifty miles from nowhere on Christmas Eve in a horrible sleetstorm. The road was really a mess, all curves and big ditches, and I was blotto, and the car kept slipping off the pavement and sliding sideways. And just when I'd hit a big patch of glare ice and was frantically spinning the wheel trying to stay out of the oncoming traffic, she said, "I shaved my crotch today – wanna feel?"

As for **Steven Silver's** Jamestown stuff in 110. Will Cuppy, in *The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody* (remember that?) says that the young John Smith fought in Transylvania, and claimed to have beheaded some Turks. That seems to work.

In "The Color Out of Space" (1927) H. P. Lovecraft used the term "blasted heath" eight times, for a rural area poisoned and discolored by the recent fall of a strange meteorite. And yes, I suppose that Lovecraft took the term from act 1, scene 3, line 77 (in the old numbering), where Macbeth asks the three witches, why, "upon this blasted heath you stop our way."

Bill

☐**TKK**: *I thought a blasted heath was a candy bar in proximity to exploding dynamite.*☐

Jerry Kaufman  
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28 May 2005

**Rodney Leighton's** "Reflections On..." caught my attention for two reasons, one being that, last time I got an issue of *TKK*, he was bidding us a fondish farewell.

The other is his report on the current condition of *APA-Q*.

I was present at the creation. In fact, if memory serves, it was all my idea. (My untrustworthy memory sometimes suggests to me that things were mine, all mine, when in fact I might have been merely a co-conspirator.)

I thought it would be fun for Fanoclasts to have its own *APA*. At the time, in the mid-1970s, New York's previous frequent *APA*. *APA-F*, was merely a memory. (That *APA* had been created in imitation of Los Angeles fandom's weekly *APA-L*; based on the zines **John Hertz** sends us, it's still around.)

Fanoclasts was a bi-weekly club that met in the apartment homes of its members. At the time, it met in Lou Stathis' and Barry Smotroff's place in Queens, which suggested the name of the APA.

I decreed that people should simply bring their submissions, copy count 30 or so (if I remember correctly), plunk them down on a convenient surface, and assemble themselves a set of everyone's contributions. This lackadaisical approach didn't last long,

because Moshe Feder was also a Fanoclast member. He organized the zines for easy assembly, lobbied artists like Stu Shiffman and Ross Chamberlain (also Fanoclasts) for covers, and undertook to help out-of-towners who wanted to contribute and receive distributions.

I'm sure I still have copies of early disties in a box somewhere, as well as a very good collection of early *APA-Q* covers (or "qovers," I suppose). In them days we didn't use "q" in place of "c" as a rule; that custom must have arisen much more recently.

I'm rather glad it's still going, though I don't mind not seeing a current mailing. It would be like reading an old favorite book after it had been translated through several other languages and back into English again with no reference to the original text: possibly a fine addition to the literature but not the thing that resided in memory.

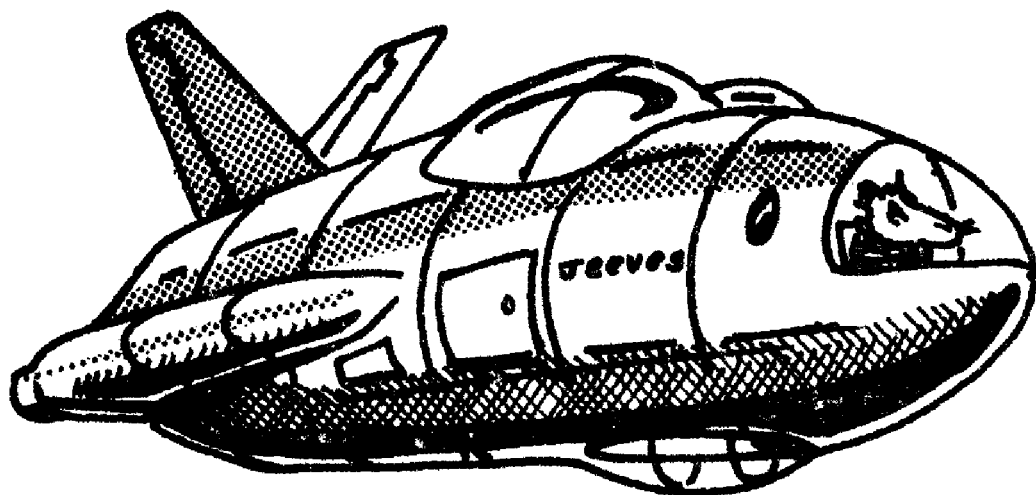
Yours,  
Jerry Kaufman

☐**CKK:** *The mind is certainly a funny thing when it comes to memories. I wonder if you'd think it was all your idea if it was a less than successful one?*☐

Mark Strickert  
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Pico Rivera, CA 90660  
6/4/05

Yes, a real, live, handwritten LOC. It gives me something to do on the train down to San Diego where the "Chicago National League Ball Club" (aka Cubs) also happen to be visiting this weekend.

I am reading with interest about your law school experiences. I just started taking, of all things, real estate classes. I'm perfectly happy with my Orange Country transit job, and am more than willing to stick it out until retirement, but my woman-friend Andrea is not happy with her own job and began training for the state real estate license. I'm going along



to help her out, especially if she does well and winds up with her own agency.

I never did play ice hockey. The informal outdoor school yard rinks were barely big enough for simple skating. My high school had a team, but it was a self-funded "club" team trying to compete with mostly suburban schools. I did have fun on a neighborhood "street hockey" team for a couple winters, playing a church basement. With the several indoor rinks out here I was tempted to try, but a brief use of in-line roller-skates confirmed that my creaky old right knee would not be up for it.

Let me add a bit to the APA-yap of the last couple issues. *APA-Q* reminds me of *APA-NYU*, a New York University-based APA I had fun in back when I had time for be in 4-5 APAs and pub my own separate perzine. They had few rules, but could survive on sheer volume of people. 20% activity in a typical APA would be horrible, but with 150 on the mailing list that still meant plenty of zines per mailing. I wonder if they're still around? I am tempted to join *APA-Q*, though I am having enough trouble keeping up "minac" in *APA Centauri* and *Passions*. Next time I shall "review" those two.

Answering **Rodney Leighton's** NHL question – my own reason for missing major pro hockey this year was that I had won a pair of tickets to a Mighty Ducks of Anaheim 2004-2005 season game in some drawing at work. The fate of the NHL season got zero coverage out here despite there being two teams in the area. The sports writers were too distracted by USC football's national championship run, by both baseball teams making the playoffs, by the continued incessant whining over the lack of a local pro football team (I for one can live without the NFL), and by the implosion of the Lakers NBA team the season after they played for the league championship. Hockey gets little attention here at the best of times. The local team that was playing, the Long Beach Ice does of the geographically-challenged East Coast Hockey League, made it to the second round of the playoffs without appearing once on local radio or TV. Their fan base is small, but rabid. I attended one of the playoff games, and nearly everyone in my section was wearing season ticket holder shirts.

RE: **Joy V. Smith's** comment on **Milt Stevens'** comment "we can't afford a river"; well according to the maps my current city of residence has the San Gabriel River as its eastern border and the Rio Hondo is the western limits. 9-10 months of the year these blue lines are really just empty concrete culverts.

More next time!  
Take Care-  
Mark

□**TKK:** *Real estate can be a total life style change will all the evening appointments and weekend open houses. Letha tried it years ago and hated the cold calling. My family in LA was involved with Homeowner's Concept and then later Savings Realty. My mother still does a few small transactions here and there.*□

Lloyd Penney  
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June 10, 2005

Dear Knarley:

It's submission deadline day! And, as always these days, I'll attempt to get something in at the last minute. It's not procrastination (at least, not this time), but so many projects on the go, and so many people demanding a piece of your time. (I know I won't be late, but I try to keep to your deadline.) Anyway, here's a loc on *The Knarley Knews* 111.

I've seen lots of hockey players with gashes and scars on their faces, looking like prizefighters after a hard career. Sometimes, not even the best safety equipment will keep the puck out of your face, or a stick off your shins. It's a safe game, as long as no one decides to lose their temper.

I'd no idea that things were so bad in Montana. There must be a number of other American states that are in similar trouble. By watching the news, I know how depressed the Buffalo area is, and what kind of financial straits the whole area is in. One county in that area is in danger of defaulting on its debts, failing to pass a budget, and possibly having to declare bankruptcy. I know how heavy your tax load is...gotta finance the military to the tune of hundred of billions of dollars. Three months of the military budget would do so much good if it were to be directed elsewhere.

**Gene Stewart's** story of India is haunting, yet quite true. One girl who lived in Victoria some years ago became the target of bullying and continuous harassment. That harassment came to a point...her body was found under a bridge in a river. We feed our children a steady diet of guns, violence, domination and video games. Is it any wonder our children do what they do? We seem to have bred any conscience out of them. I don't think I ever saw the magazine Brutarian. From what you say,

**Gene,** I haven't missed much. Yvonne has the misfortune of working with someone who is either bipolar or schizophrenic; one moment, he praises her to the skies, and the next, he is filing a complaint over her work, or the way she's dressed, or some perceived slight.

My loc...still at the Globe and Mail. Cramps my style a little bit when it comes to socializing in the evenings, but it doesn't last long, and my weekends are my own. Also, I'm listening to BBC Radio 2 and the Johnnie Walker Show as I type. The Toronto-Rochester ferry should be launching in a couple of weeks. I gather prices will rise substantially to offset the initial costs of set-up, which will mean that people will go back to driving up and down, and this new ferry corporation will go out of business as well. To **Dave Szurek:** The new *Battlestar* seems to be a popular favorite, and whether it's making money or not, the fans seem to want it back. I don't watch it myself; too busy at work in the evenings.

Of course, I'd like to get lots of fanzines, and get the ones I read about, but which do not get overseas distribution. But, I also know, as **Robert Lichtman** says, producing a fanzine is expensive, and can be very time-consuming. Get the articles and illos, do the layout, printout, and disty, pay for the paper and postage...this hobby can take up a good portion of your life and finances if you let it. (Producing .pdfs of your zine helps, but it's just not the same...) I have tried to participate in it as best as I can, given my time and finances, and I've been very comfortable in the local. I want to see all these zines, so I write locs to make sure I've added my bit, and make sure I get the next issue.

Right now, it's about 30 degrees Celsius, which is about 86 degrees Fahrenheit, and thunderstorms are threatening. Yvonne has taken a day off from work to go flying, working towards her wings, so I am at home, taking it easy in the heat, and catching up on writing. Take care, and see you next issue.

Yours,  
Lloyd Penney

□**TKK:** *I suspect that most hockey players have the lovely gashes and scars is because they've played without a face shield rather than an injury through it. I've thought about getting a pilot's license for years. The cost has always been a major prohibiting factor.*□

**We also heard from:**

Ned Brooks, John Hertz, Terry Jeeves (who announces FAFIA over his health, but promises to keep sending "Carry on Jeeves"), Jim Rittenhouse (his adopted daughter and her sister were on the cover of the June 2 *Good Housekeeping*), Dick Smith, Garth Spencer, Jim Sullivan, Sue Welch

## Fanzines Received in Trade



“The usual” generally refers to either a letter of comment (LOC), a contribution, or trading with your fanzine or generally any friendly means of communication. As a general rule I don’t list internet-only fanzines.

*Alexiad Vol. 4 No. 2* by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. A nice fanzine with lots of book reviews and a solid letter column. Special features this issue include a review of *Dangerous Visions*.

*Banana Wings #22* 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 theme of the Nova awards.

*Future Times Vol. 8 No. 3, 4, & 5* by Jayne Rogers; %ASFS; PO Box 98308; Atlanta, GA 30359-2008; missjayne@mindspring.com; monthly, \$12/year. This is the official fanzine for the Atlanta Science Fiction Society. These issues cover a wide range of material including the Hugo awards and standing in line to see *Star Wars 3*.

*Lofgeornost 79* by Fred Lerner; 81 Worcester Ave; White River Junction, VT 05001; fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu; irregular; the usual. This is Fred’s FAPA zine. This issue focuses on his cataloging of a Jewish library.

*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.

*The Unofficial Memphen Annual No. 1* by Michael Kingsley; %MSFA; PO Box 820534; Memphis, TN 38182-0534; monthly; \$12/12 or the usual. The unofficial publication of the Memphis

Science Fiction Association. This issue looks almost entirely artwork from Tom Foster, Dan Steffan, and Ken Fletcher.

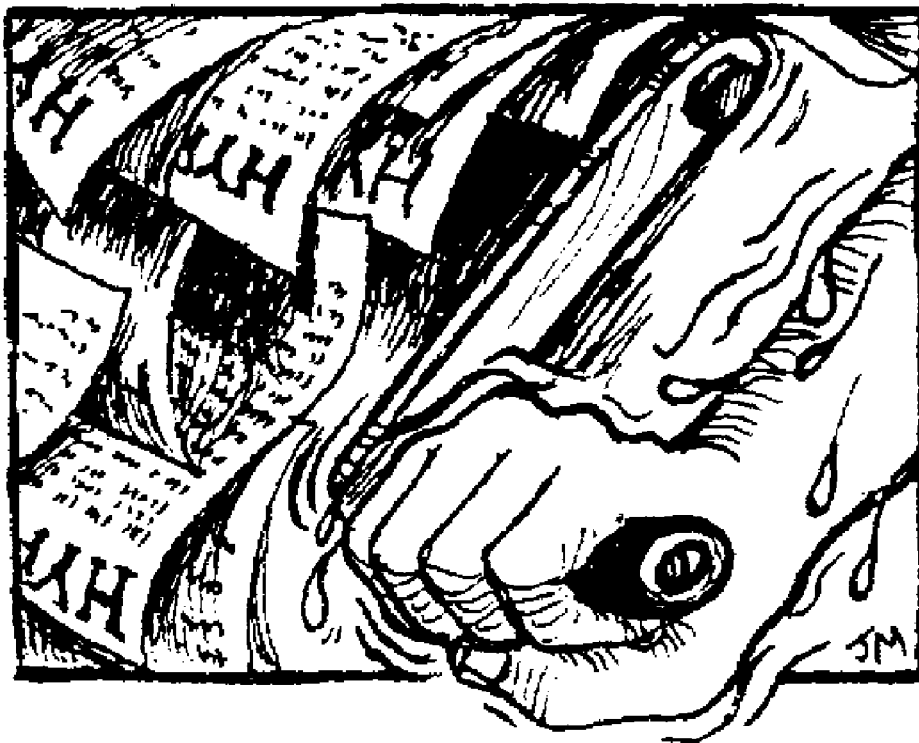
*MOZ 4* by Murray Moore; 1065 Henley Road; Mississauga, ON L4Y 1C8; Canada; mmoore@pathcom.com; unknown; the usual. An ANZAPA zine. This issue is a report on Corflu Titanium.

*Opuntia 56.3* by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. This is a FAPA zine. One of the more interesting features was an analysis of nod-off proclivity among conference attendees.

*Skype Captain and the Plokta of Tomorrow and Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the New Plokta (32 & 33)* by Steve Davies; 52 Westbourne Terrace; Reading Berks RG30 2RP; Alison Scott; 24 St Mary Rd; Walthamstow London E17 9RG; and Mike Scott; 9 Jagger House; Rosenau Rd; London SW11 4QY; Great Britain; locs@plokta.com; http://www.plokta.com/; irregular; the usual. To issues of this rather humorous fanzine.

*Vanamonde No. 583-7* by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John’s APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.

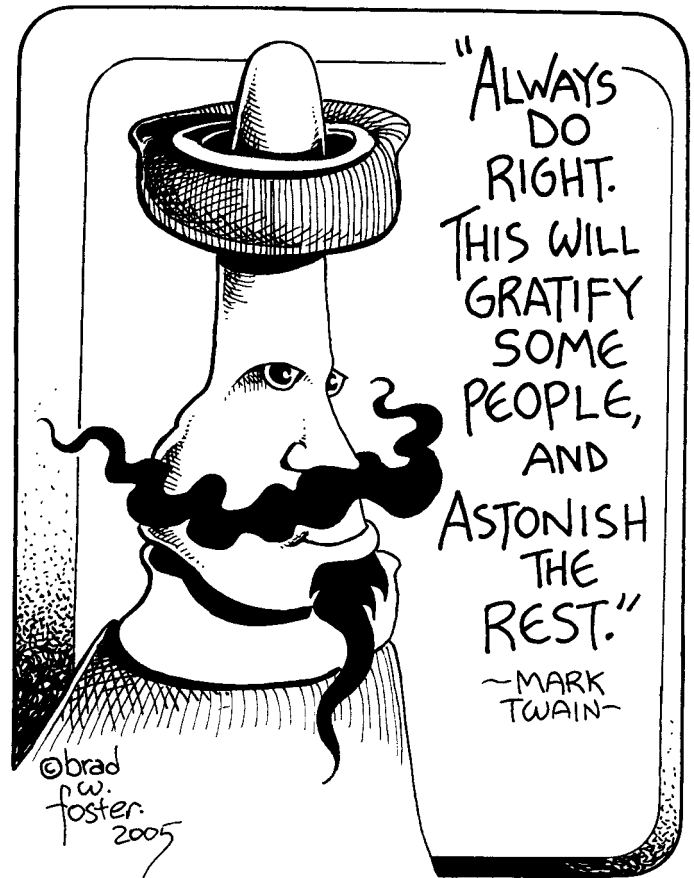
*Visions of Paradise #102* by Bob Sabella; 24 Cedar Manor Ct; Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023; BSabella@optonline.net; quarterly; the usual. This is a fine example of a personal zine which includes considerable commentary. It is published in a three-part harmony (The Passing Scene - diary, Wondrous Stories - reviews and reading, and Halcyon Days - LOCs).



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

Ditto 18 (Milwaukee, WI)  
October 14-16, 2005

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars  
Labor Day, 2095



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

- My mother has threatened to out-hike me next month in Banff.**
  - It finally rained around here and some loose papers must have washed down the street and been picked up by the mail carrier.**
  - 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.