

The Knarley Knews 113 -- September 2005



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2. To get this fanzine you are required semi-yearly to initiate contact with the editors (black-holish behavior is not rewarded). This could be a postcard, phone call, your fanzine, or contribution of your choice. The editors, of course, prefer a contribution so they don't have to write so much. This notwithstanding, you may purchase copies for \$1.50 each.
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Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

I have the unavoidable circumstance to be writing this editorial three weeks after this issue of *The Knarley Knews* should have been finished and in the mail. I generally don't like to plead an interference of life in my fanac, but that is exactly what has happened. The problem isn't my full-time plus job which started in earnest just after Labor Day nor is it law school even though I'm taking three courses (Torts, Laws Governing Lawyers, and Legal Writing and Research 1) which has me in class two days a week from 4pm to 9pm and neither is it the children since hockey season hasn't begun.

Somehow I don't entirely know what happened to August. The first week was spent in Banff (see "Sue's Sites" in this and coming issues). Upon returning I had to prepare for and take my Evidence final (half a week). Then there was a half week of doing nothing followed by a week at the Sacred Harvest Festival in Minnesota. Then there is a week where I don't remember what I did and then the busy week of finishing summer projects and preparing for the fall term which ate up the month. (And I was allegedly on vacation for all of this.) Since then I've had three weekends in a row where we were busy and out of town so that any breathing/catch-up time was totally lost. The trips involved here were as follows: Labor Day – trip to Kansas for Laid Back Labor Day, trip to Michigan for the Hetherington harvest party, and the Hodag Hunt – the annual caving weekend here in Wisconsin. Each of these trips was fun in its own way with plenty of visiting with friends and getting away from it all. Unfortunately this can take its toll.

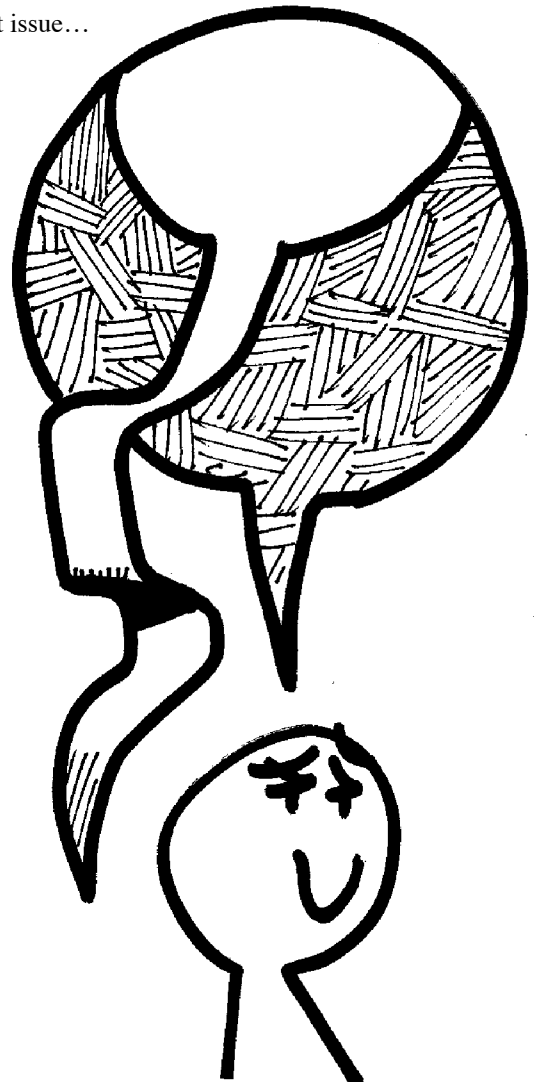
Three law courses is a lot of reading and if I don't have the weekend to do it then it has to be done on a weeknight. I've been trying to get in the habit of doing it after my law classes so I typically start around 10pm and run until 1am or 2am to get it all done (this is half a week's reading). This is an improvement on the summer law courses which are compressed into five and four week terms. With the Evidence course we were doing a week's worth of work every day; four days a week. Add in the other responsibilities of life and I've managed to keep afloat by letting *TKK* drift in the wind. I am not entirely comfortable with this (despite what a bunch of you will write and tell me), but it was the thing that was easiest to postpone. I finally had this past weekend at home which allowed me to sleep for longer than 6 hours for the first time since August. Between the nap on Friday and through Saturday I was probably out for close to 14 hours. Normally I like one 10 hour catch-up day a week, but I really needed to do nothing for a complete day and it was glorious. For the first time in weeks I got up on Sunday at a decent hour (just after 8am) without the need of an alarm clock.

Naturally you'd think that with all this flurry of activity in my life that I'd be able to find plenty to write and normally I

would, but in the interest of getting an issue out before Ditto in three weeks I've decided that brevity is the better option. Speaking of Ditto, you will be there, won't you? It should be a nice intimate affair with about 20-30 people present. The program isn't fully firmed up, but in addition to a few panel items around fanzines there will be a memorial for Bill Bowers and a local trip to the Sprecher Brewery and a frozen custard stand as well as the great conversation and regular meal outings. I know you'll enjoy your visit. In all likelihood I will be arriving at the hotel late on Thursday and staying through Sunday afternoon so if you want to arrive early there will be at least a few of us there.

One last thing, I wanted to publicly thank Dale Speirs for all his help in providing great suggestions for places to visit when we were in Banff. Every place he mentioned was well worth the time to visit and the difficulty level was appropriately labeled. He even took the time to come up and hike and visit with us on one of his vacation days. Thanks Dale!

Until next issue...



Interim Report on Car Safety for Seniors

(c) by Jim Sullivan

Riding in an automobile may be hazardous to a senior citizen's health. This can be especially true when he or she is not driving (though someone else is). Many elderly, not to mention others, while riding in a vehicle, forget to strap in. Consequently, seniors in car collisions are flying out car doors, windows, and other openings in unprecedented numbers. Streets and fields are becoming littered with ejected oldsters. Some of them are getting hurt. Those that aren't still get upset. And why not?

To help solve this and related problems, the National Alliance for Seniors' Annual Legislation (NASAL), has stepped up its car crash tests. More senior dummies are being employed, too. Making tests more realistic, elderly ailments, such as arthritis, lumbago, and constipation, are being simulated.

So far, results are inconclusive. Yet one thing is clear since live testing has begun: senior citizens, to avoid serious injury, must stay home or remain seated inside vehicles being ridden in, and in no other, before, during, and after impact.

These extensive new trials have completely totaled several senior dummies. Anyone concerned can make a memorial donation. Just send your generous contribution to HELP DEFRAY THE COST OF NEW OLD DUMMIES, c/o NASAL, 2020 Pickett Parkway, Aroma, AZ 123456-20200.

The first 2,000 donors will receive a year's membership in NASAL, a subscription to its newsletter, a large bumper sticker with NASAL all over it, and a small, but powerful, set of scissors to help rid you and your loved ones of all that unsightly hair in those hard-to-reach but plainly visible places. So hurry, mail in your donation today. Be among the first on your block or in the sub-division to stand up and say, "So long." to all that unwanted bristle.

A unique problem has cropped up in live tests on seniors. They don't seem to mind riding in a car while facing forward

(the senior is, that is). But they have considerable reticence and trouble riding while facing backward, for their own safety, in the same vehicle. That's particularly true when in the back seat.

Seniors riding back there in the rearward-looking configuration have complained bitterly to test officials of vertigo, nausea, and disorientation. And that's been before the car has left the driveway. After the vehicle begins to move, seniors tend to get really sick.

The solution to that problem being tested is similar to that used for little children and infants: a portable car seat. Contoured, imitation leather, padded molding, with head and body restraints, plus big shiny buckles and strong nylon straps are used in the seniors' prototype car seat, which is somewhat wider and a whole lot longer than those used for youngsters. But like the child's, the senior's seat may be used in a vehicle as well as in the home. Moreover, the equipment can be used at the beach, office, grocery, bowling alley, church, mosque, temple, or synagogue.

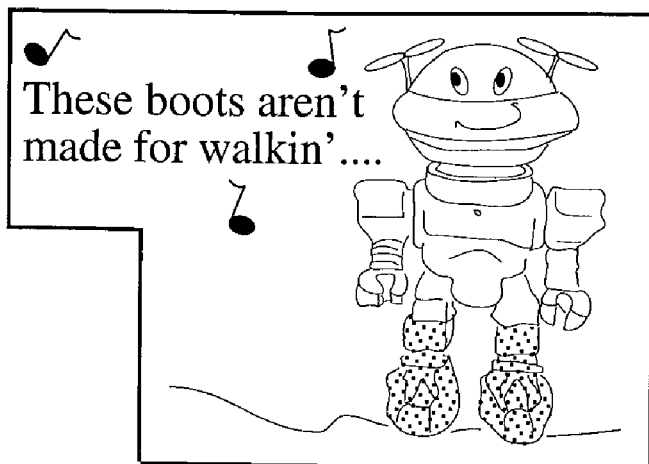
Trial models of the seniors' new car seat are currently undergoing tests. A few flaws have already come to light. For one thing, it's somewhat restrictive as to a senior's body movements. For another, it can be warm in hot weather and vice versa. What's more, it's hard not to nod off to sleep in it.

In attempts to overcome the negative aspects to seniors in their new care seats from riding backwards in a vehicle's rear seat, test officials at NASAL have attempted different remedies. Removing a senior's trifocals, hearing aids, false teeth, belts (real ones), corsets, suspenders, ties, dickeys, and shoelaces hasn't helped a bit. Even blindfolds (only on seniors not drivers) were of no avail. In fact, they seemed to make the situation worse.

Admittedly, getting, say, your grandmother strapped into such a car seat will take some doing. But once she's all snugly and secure in it, she'll be content and docile. She may even be lulled into sleep. That assumes that she'd been allowed to use bathroom facilities before being strapped in.

Because of sturdy design and engineering, it's virtually indestructible (the car seat, this is, not necessarily the bathroom facilities). So when occupied (again, the car seat), it'll take two strong adults and a powerful boy or girl to carry the equipment from the house to the car. But after getting the seat inside the vehicle, only one person, even a boy or girl, will be needed to buckle it all in.

Before doing all that to your granny, it is highly recommended that you ask her if she actually wants to go for a ride with you. Her response might surprise you.



Transaction Declined

by Garth Spencer

(previously published in *BCSFAzine*, October 2004)

Hrothgar Weems normally worked days, but the temp. agency had given him an emergency evening assignment at a time when he really couldn't pass it up. After a grueling six hours of transcription and word-processing corrections, and struggling with the client's unique brand of English, Hrothgar was exhausted and low-spirited; wending his way home at nearly midnight did not lighten his mood, and he was brooding about the debts he still couldn't cover, as he stepped out of the rapid transit terminal.

When a municipal clock struck the hour, a tall, dark figure stepped into his path. Hrothgar trucked over to one side, mumbling "'Scuse me".

The dark figure moved with him, and stepped into his space.

"Hey!"

Two hands clapped onto Hrothgar's shoulders, and pulled him forward. Hrothgar, startled, raised his forearms and pushed off the hands, with difficulty.

"Hey, back off! I don't want --"

One hand shot out, clasped itself around Hrothgar's throat, and pulled him off his feet. The fanged mouth approached.

"Oh, what the hell," Hrothgar thought, so he went limp.

The dark figure paused, and in the faint street light he saw a frown on the distorted face. "What the hell is *wrong* with you?" the stranger asked.

Hrothgar found he was standing on his own again, and his throat was free. He scratched it. "You're a vampire, aren't you?" he said thinly. "Or are you just one of these Goth wannabes?"

The dark eyes widened as the faced frowned more deeply. "'Goth boys'?"

Hrothgar sighed. "Guess you're the real deal. Uh, some people actually *want* to be vampires. Not my party, but not many things are." He straightened up and lifted his chin. "So, do you just need a blood donation, or do you have to take my life, when you feed?"

The vampire moved away a little, looking slightly repulsed. "Whatever is the *matter* with you?" he asked. "This is the third time this year my prey hasn't run, or screamed, hasn't even *resisted* the bloodletting!"

Hrothgar took a long look at the taller man. "Oh, I see," he said. "You want an answer before you give me one. Good enough. My deal is, I'm just fed up. I don't get a lot out of life, I've given up expecting more out of life. If I live, if I die,

it's all the same to me, right now. Maybe you're just meeting other people who feel the same way, but this year is your first time. What do you think?"

"But *why*?" the vampire burst out. "How can you live, and draw breath, and ... and ...?" Just at the moment, he looked a lot like Hrothgar's maternal uncle, when he was also baffled and offended. Also by something Hrothgar said, now that he thought about it.

Hrothgar shrugged wearily. "I dunno. Maybe I'm in the wrong line of work, or I can't get enough work. Maybe there's just too much plastic in my diet. Maybe I'm not making the right effort, to get some satisfaction." He looked squarely at the dark, taller man.

The vampire looked squarely at Hrothgar.

After a moment the taller man stepped back. And again. Turning, he started running.

Hrothgar watched the figure retreat, realizing that he had freaked out a blood-sucking monster. Then he went to see if he could catch the last bus home.



SUE'S SITES: IN WHICH...

HENRY OUT HIKES MOM

HENRY POSES NEXT TO SON KYLE NEAR TOP OF BOW FALLS MOM WATCHES PAIR FROM ROCKS BELOW WHILE EATING PRINGLES

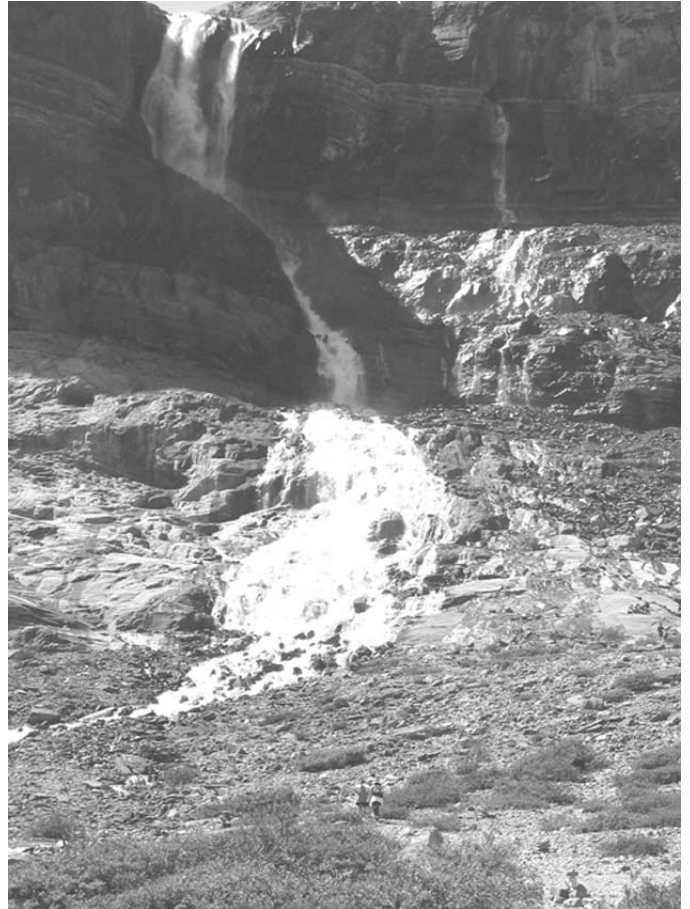
By Sue Welch

Midmorning on Friday, August 5, found our group of 11 parked on the west side of highway 93, the Icefields Parkway or the road connecting Jasper with Lake Louise. Stopping first at the gift shop of the Num-tijah Lodge for snacks and drinks (gift shops waiting to take your money are everywhere), we next turned to observe the incredible beauty of Bow Lake. Today's venture came highly recommended by Henry's friend, Dale Speirs, who not only directed us to the most spectacular Banff-Lake Louise areas but also spent a day personally leading us on a hike to Grotto Mountain, up a dry creek, past a waterfall and on to a cave perched high above. Henry climbed the mountain where he stood in the entrance of the cave encouraging his two sons, Connor and Kyle to follow.

By now we had gotten into the swing of the beauty of the Banff-Lake Louise area in the Alberta section of the Canadian Rockies. The first day we had gone to Lake Minnewanka where we saw herds of sheep that looked like goats; next we had taken an equally beautiful 3 km loop around Johnson Lake, before it was time to eat again. Even the kids seemed absorbed with scenery. Each day the views got better and better. This area has got to be one of the most breath taking places on earth, we all agreed.

Dale had said that the Bow Falls hike was his favorite, because, unlike most hikes in the Rockies, the trail doesn't spend hours winding through spruce forests before presenting its view. There are views all the way on this one. This 4.6 km one way hike has one short vertical climb, the rest of the footpath being relatively horizontal. Even so it seemed harder to walk today, perhaps because we were at a higher elevation plus the trail was over piles of rocks or maybe because it seemed warmer and the lack of trees meant no shade from the sun. Arriving at the foot of the falls, out came cheese, crackers, peanut butter, chips and various other appropriate foods. Most of the group leaned back to watch the falls and scan the glacier which arose behind the falls. Not Henry and Kyle who began to climb the boulders toward the top of the falls; soon they changed into tiny specks on the horizon; up and up they went; it seemed as if they were engulfed in the spray of the falls. **UNBELIEVABLY AWESOMELY BEAUTIFUL!** are the only words I can think of to describe the scene. Could be a magnificent place to live I thought if I didn't know that winter temperatures easily dip to 40°C below zero.

The snowmelt from the Bow Glacier feeds the Bow River which meanders through Alberta, merging into the South



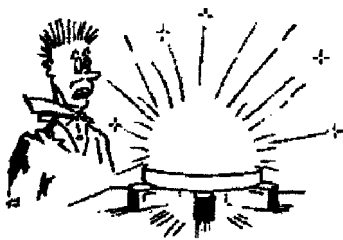
Saskatchewan River slightly west of Medicine Hat. Traveling north east into Manitoba, this glacial water enters the northern part of Lake Winnipeg, becoming the water of the Nelson River which in turn empties into Hudson Bay, more than 1000 air miles from the spot Henry and Kyle stood near the top of the falls. The entire Banff-Lake Louise area is near to several continental divides that send their snow melt into the Pacific Ocean, the Arctic Ocean and Hudson Bay that flows through the Hudson Strait into the Atlantic Ocean near 60°N latitude.

Even though Henry out hiked me on several occasions during our trip, I am requesting a rematch next year. As I write this I am recovering from surgery on my right foot. Once healed this straightening of my foot should ensure a proper fit of my hiking boots, making the pain of many years a distant memory. See you next summer, Henry.

Wartime Daze or How I Won the War

When war started in 1939, I was in my final year at De La Salle College; still happily making model aircraft and reading all the air magazines I could find. I was too young for the RAF, so I enrolled as an ARP messenger. Apart from rushing around with the sundry piles of paper, messengers also had to attend sundry lectures and training. The latter included going through the “gas van”, a large vehicle into which masochists had squirted samples of assorted wartime gasses – phosgene, mustard, tear gas or whatever was handy. Having built up a nice concentration of grunge, they would inject further material in the shape of we poor trainees – after we had donned our respirators. The idea was to get accustomed to wearing the cumbersome things as well as gaining confidence on finding they actually worked. To prove this point the drill concluded by having us remove the masks! This was followed by a hasty evacuation of a band of coughing, spluttering and eye-streaming students.

On another joyous occasion, the instructor had prepared a lecture on the dangers of incendiary bombs, how to deal with them and how dangerous they were if not handled with skill. To prove his points he placed a metal



sheet on his nicely polished desk and then put three house bricks on the sheet. On these he placed an inverted metal dustbin lid which he then filled with sand. Safety precaution complete he then sprinkled a tiny amount of thermite in a small dent in the sand. With considerable difficulty and half a box of matches, he succeeded in igniting the thermite. Just as he had warned us, the stuff promptly proved its menace by burning through the sand, through the dustbin lid and was halfway through the metal plate before it finally spluttered out. It didn't do the polished desk a whole lot of good either.

Apart from being a regular dogsbody, a messenger's duties consisted in turning up at the air raid post on an evening shift rota as well as during any “alert” or actual air raid. If telephone communication were disrupted it was the messenger's job to get on his bike and zoom to an fro around the city, carrying dispatches. Another tedious chore came when an alert ended and sirens signaled “Raiders Past.” A report had to be taken to the other side of Sheffield, a trip of about five miles, but since there was virtually no traffic, I got the journey down to twenty minutes. The snag was on nights when we got three or four visits, we had to turn out and do the trip several times.

As the “phoney” war merged into the real one, sirens began wailing away even more often, sometimes as many as four times a night. I evolved a system of having an old pair of flannels inside my ARP battle dress overalls. This saved valuable minutes in leaping out of bed, yanking on my gear, grabbing a respirator and steel helmet then rushing out with my bike

Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

and belting off to the ARP Post. To keep track of the number of times I had turned out for air raids, I started cutting a notch in my pocket comb each time. I stopped counting when my comb fell into bits.

This was a period memorable for various unforeseen events such as the time I was turning out during an air raid and scooting full tilt and lightless through the blackout. All was going well until I hit a half-housebrick left thoughtfully in the middle of the road, by some kind person obviously hoping a German parachutist would land on it and break his ankle. Whatever the reason, it was the cause of my first wartime flight. On another occasion I came tearing down a hill, shot round a sharp corner and caused the Chief Warden to jump for his life. Probably *his* first wartime flight.

My school years ended and on leaving, I didn't have a clue as to what I might do for a living. I'm still not quite sure how I wound up as an embryo steel-analyst in a small private laboratory attached to a larger steel works. My main duties were to wash glassware, mix up stock solutions for analysis and prepare steel samples for examination. This latter task involved first grinding and polishing a smooth surface on each sample, then treating it with acid to bring out the structure. That was routine, but very early on the owner of the lab assigned me the task of sorting the samples into “good” and “doubtful” before passing the dubious ones along to him for checking. This was a crafty move on his part as from 120 samples (for which he got paid 9d each), he only had to actually check around half a dozen before typing on his report form, “Samples 23 to 29 show marked traces of Pearlite” and thus notching up a nifty four or five quid.

Another of my little jobs was the daily checking of the electroplating vats. To start with I was taken on two or three trips to show me how to perform this highly technical operation. After that I was on my own. Each morning, looking very scientific in my lab coat and armed with a test-tube, I would wander into the plating shop, scoop up a sample of liquid from the tanks, hold it up to the light, nod knowingly, decide it didn't have measles and then sign that all was well. I hadn't the foggiest idea what I was looking for other than excess sediment, but here again, the boss took home the lolly.



I also attended night school classes three times a week with the vague hope of eventually attaining a degree in Associated Metallurgy. This involved

sessions in Technical Drawing, Theory of Metallurgy and Practical Analysis.

The Tech Drawing consisted in layout out three view plans of nuts, bolts, ladles and steel furnaces; a sort of student's cure for insomnia. Theory of Analysis was even worse as we had to sit and copy down acres of incomprehensible information mumbled by a refugee from a geriatric ward. As for Practical Analysis, that was utterly boring after doing it all day. At this point Fate stepped in, shuffled my cards and re-dealt them in a manner which was to prove eventful.

It began when I was given my weekly steel sample to analyse for Silicon, Manganese and Phosphorous. I began with Silicon, the first step was to weigh out 4.7 grams of steel. Since umpteen of us were doing this it was quicker to use the last bloke's weights since they were still on the balance. This I did, but it wasn't until I had finished the Silicon analysis and worked out the results that I found the wrong weights had been put on the pan. Solution, work out a correction factor and apply it to my results. On with Phosphorous which I checked in the time honoured way of holding it up to the light and guessing the proportions. Then I started work on the Manganese which after sundry manipulations with acids and filters, concluded by burning off excess filler material in a muffle furnace. All went well until then, but as I removed the crucible from the furnace, I sneezed and blew half the sample in all directions. Oh well, nothing for it but to scrape up the residue along with the bench dust and debris and press on. Came the following week and I handed in my results. In the past I had usually got the Silicon right, the Phosphorous reasonably close, but always with a wide miss with the Manganese. This time I got all three dead right. I began to realize that Steel Analysis wasn't for me, I couldn't base a career on serendipity, guesstimation and fudge factors – but what to do? Here Fate played the second card.

Having reached the lofty age of 18 I had transferred from the ARP to the Home Guard, or "Dad's Army" as it is more generally known. I had begun my training in how to cope with an armed invader by learning all the intricacies and lethal details of foot drill, rifle drill and saluting to the front. All good fun until one night in December when the Air Raid sirens began their banshee howling around 7pm, I duly reported in to my Home Guard Post at the Burnsgrave Vestry Hall where we all waited for the customary two or three bobs followed by the sirens signaling "Raiders Passed". It didn't come. Instead a steady droning filled the air accompanied by the crump crump of ack ack fire as wave after wave of German bombers began lambasting the city in the first of Sheffield's "blitzes". I was given an empty rifle and put on guard outside the main door. From this vantage point I had a spectacular view of everything – including the sparks flying as shrapnel bounced around on the road. Searchlights crossed the sky, ack ack guns thundered and bombs screamed down to terminate in deafening explosions.

It was around midnight when a scuffle broke out behind me. It turned out to be a couple of sergeants forcibly restrain-

ing one of the men as he tried to break open a crate of .303 ammunition in order to take a few pot shots at the German bombers. This seemed a good idea to me, but then I never did understand higher strategy. No doubt the rules required first filling in umpteen forms in triplicate before one could shoot an enemy.



At one point, the Neepsend gas holder received a direct hit. It went up in a mounting mushroom of flame and smoke. Another bomb brought down the overhead power cables for the tram-lines, these leaped and thrashed in all

directions before finally subsiding. I assumed the circuit breakers had tripped. It seemed correct as a lorry came belting along, ran slap into the cables, backed out and went its way, all without anything happening. Then another bomb landed nearby, jarred the wires and they leaped and sparkled all over again. That lorry driver never knew how close he came to electrocution.

My spell of guard duty finished and I walked back inside the darkened hall when suddenly the whole place lit up, the blackout curtains flew high in the air and glass shattered in all directions. A bomb had landed just behind the hall. Fifty feet to one side and it would have taken out our HQ and us with it. Despite all the damage my only injury was a cut finger caused when I dropped my rifle on it as I dived flat.

When daylight came I picked my way home over heaps of rubble and bomb holes. The big question was would I have a home when waiting for me? It turned out that I did. So it was a quick breakfast, a wash and brush up then off to the lab – if it was still there. It was, but when the gasworks went up it took with it the supply of our laboratory, thus putting us out of action. This was obviously an omen. Not only was I fed up with steel analysis but I was now barred from doing it until gas supplies were restored. Having nothing else to do, I set off down town.

The walk was blocked with fallen buildings and bomb craters. Sheets of ice covered the roads where water from firemen's hoses had frozed in the bitter night air. Gaunt-faced and weary ARP workers clambered among the wreckage hunting for survivors. The city was unrecognizable, familiar stores were gutted, streets demolished one pub with a shelter full of people had received a direct hit. Chaos ruled as rescue workers struggled with sheet ice, frozen from hosepipes and burst water mains. The bombers had missed the steel works but had destroyed the whole centre of the city. It helped me make up my mind. I strolled round to the recruiting office to do what I had always wanted. I volunteered for the RAF.

INTERLOCUTIONS

Dave Szurek
505 North F #829
Aberdeen, WA 98520-2601
June 20, 2005

Knarley,

I never said that **Joseph Major** has diverticulitis, only that I have been diagnosed as having that disorder. At that, I'd never have known had the doctor not diagnosed it. I had symptoms for a month and a half, but don't even feel anything out of the ordinary today. Haven't for quite a while. The memory blocking drugs failed to work on me. I felt the whole colonoscopy, and let me tell you it is not pleasant!!

I guess I'm a pure mixture of relativism and at least semi-absolutism. In fact, the relativism is an absolute with me, but don't ask for an explanation as I don't feel like writing an article.

Like **Jeeves** I did not attend parochial school. It was a regular public school and corporal punishment was controversial, but had not yet been banned – at least not in the state where I grew up. At least half the teachers wielded a paddle to smack delinquent students on the ass, and that, of course, was also true of the principal's office. Not all of the users, but the majority of them did it so casually that at least a couple of pupils got “spanked” every single week, sometimes more than that. When and where I attended grade school the first eight grades were housed in the same building and probably in the interests of not complicating things more than they had to be, all eight adhered to the same rules and regulations, the result being that some who felt the paddle were already in early puberty. I noticed that in the upper grades, when male teachers were at the helm, females abruptly became at least as vulnerable, maybe more so than the males and often for remarkably “minor” reasons, thus belying a notable amount of S&M oriented fetishism at work. A few students – not as many – were reputed to get the same treatment when “sent to the office” in high school, but I never saw any evidence. So more likely than not, it was a teenage urban myth perhaps fostered by kinky grade school experiences in roughly the same neighborhood.

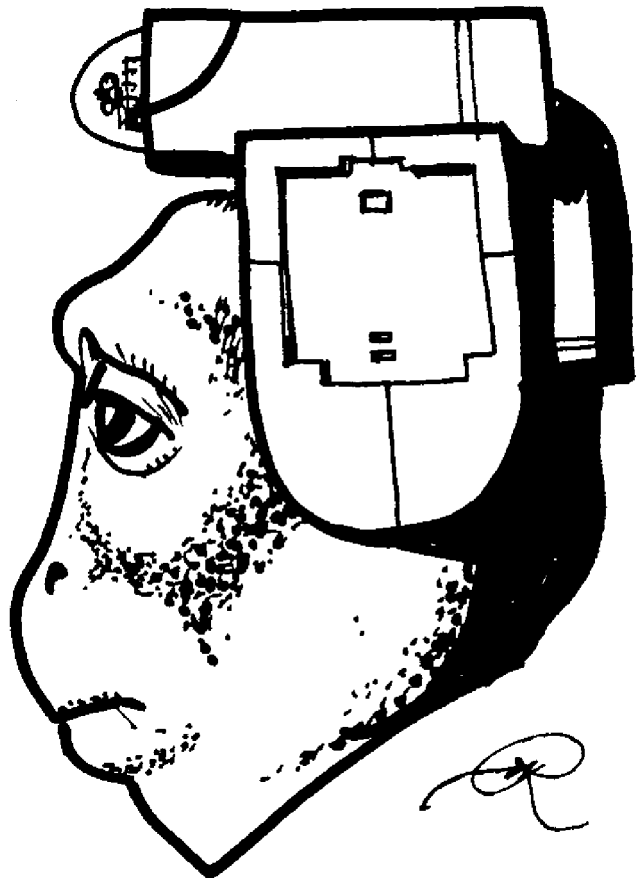
I saw the *Phantom Empire* feature compilation many years ago and I recall that I considered it rather boring at the time, but don't know what I would say today or what I'd have said had I seen it as a kid.

Sorry, **Sheryl**, but Ms. Birkhead seems to be edging toward Tom Cruise like Scientology. My position is that while drawbacks may exist, most medication is the lesser evil if one is plagued by severe enough physical or psychological pain.

Life's too short to be wasted on hurting. In the cases where they can be described as “band-aids” by certain parties, let me point out that sometimes a band aid is needed before further treatment can be performed and that there are some tragic cases where a band aid is all that can be done, but it's still necessary unless one lives so much on a sheet of paper that they imagine the pain is no longer real or important.

David

☐**TKK**: *In my high school it was only the vice-principal that had license for corporal punishment and “three days or three whacks” was a common choice. Given that he was about 6'-6" the whacks were no minor punishment. The vice-principal was known for his objectivity and any student visiting his office was always innocent until proven guilty. There was never a hint that there was any subtext to the whackings.*☐



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06 Jul 2005

Dear Knarley,

Thanks for the latest *Knarley Knews*.

I've never been to Portland, but of all the American cities I've never visited it ranks with Fort Worth at the top of my want-to-get-there list. (Why Fort Worth? Because of its art museums.) For several years I've been thinking about a trip to Oregon, to see Crater Lake National Park and the state parks along the Pacific coast. Portland would be a good starting-point for such a trip, especially as we like to taste a little bit of urban life on our mountain or desert rambles. The town of Hartford, in which White River Junction is situated, is one of Vermont's largest municipalities. But that distinction requires only a population of ten thousand in Vermont; and there are times when even the bright lights of Burlington aren't sufficient, and one craves a big city. (I reckon Glasgow will satisfy that need for the immediate future.)

Joseph Major's report that the Aish HaTorah website "discussed how Tolkien's ethics also reflect Jewish attitudes as well as Christian" reminds me of a paper I wrote in college. I suggested that the sentiments expressed in "Beowulf" that Professor Tolkien quoted (in "Beowulf: The Monsters and the Critics") to prove that the Beowulf poet was a Christian could equally have been expressed by an Orthodox Jew. How such a person might have found his way to the Geatish lands I did not venture to explain. (Leave that task to a Stirling or a Turtledove.)

Fred

☐**CKK:** *The movie The Thirteenth Warrior starring Antonio Banderas addressed how an Arab courtier might have gotten involved in the myth.*☐

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July 7, 2005

And now the *knews* ... I knew there was some reason I didn't fly. Between the security and the ordinary delays, it's not only faster and less harassing to drive, but I save on car rental once we get there.

Fanzine fans in Portland? Dick Geis isn't up to travelling any more.

"A Radical Proposal" to all be buried like Roma. *Bury Me Standing* is about the Roma ("Gypsies").

Frohvet on *Smallville* pointing out that like most TV shows, it's normalizing; no matter what happens during the episode, all will be returned to normal at its end. Thus making it possible to see the episodes in any order.

Having clergy would run into the problem that those religious people would get involved, and as no one in Hollywood knows any of those Red-State religious people (they know Scientologists, Kabbalists, Zen Buddhists, and whatever new faith is popular this week) that would be impossible.

"No one comes in from outside, either." Now that sounds like the setting for an *X-Files* episode. But then I wrote a description of one where Mulder and Scully investigated the murder capital of America: Cabot Cove, Maine (from *Murder, She Wrote*).

"Carry On, Jeeves": Defending the cave in *Treasure Island* with machine guns and barbed wire? Confess, **Jeeves**: not only are you younger than you say, but you were in the class ahead of me in Frankfort. That sounds like the sort of thing Jim Lockyer (my co-schemer) and I would have done given the chance. Jim could draw.

InterLOCutions: **Trinlay**: I recall when the IBM XT came out and people wondered if that fixed drive would ever be full. It was a humongous 10k. That's K as in Kilobyte (Sue Grafton's computer murder mystery, no doubt). Live and learn.

Sheryl: Where are the fan-ed's of the younger generation? Blogging and chatting. Peter Weston, after going to Eastercon, was pointed to a blogger's description of the con and wondered if she had gone to the same con as he had.

Regarding the referee lawsuit; Overlawyered.com reports t(July 7) that a thirteen-year-old kid climbed a rock face in a Simi Valley park, fell, fractured his skull, and is in a coma. The cliff is partially fenced off and marked as forbidden. His parents are suing. In modern legal terms, the referee had a case, he just didn't choose to pursue it.

E.B.: You've answered your own question: the *Nova Express* people were not involved in fanzine fandom generally and so did not recognize that what seemed like a great and grand joke to them was less so to others.

"*Alexiad* does many book reviews (some even SF) but not analytical articles about general trends in SF." Well, you know where to reach us.

Eric Lindsay: The first computer I ever worked on for pay had disk drives with disks about the size of the laptop I own now. The disks contained 5k of memory. The laptop has a 40G hard drive and a CD-R/W drive.

Rodney: *Plokta* also uses this service that shops around for the best international overseas mailing rate. I think "Spike" is **Spike Parsons** of *Cube*, who no doubt is going to pub her

ish RealSoonNow. **Spike** was one of the hot new fanwriters when I got started, twenty years ago.

Joy: I have a cell phone. I don't want to be bothered by it. Fortunately, it fulfills this requirement, thanks to the "Off" switch.

The Pern series wasn't fantasy when it started: it was published in *Analog*, and Campbell sat down with McCaffrey and explored various ramifications of the dragonriders and their society and environment. It wasn't until McCaffrey quit publishing it in *Analog* that the fantasy elements predominated.

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

□**CKK:** *I always thought Jessica Fletcher was the most unlucky person to be around; what with people dropping dead all the time. You can always sue, whether you'll prevail is another matter.*□

E. B. Frohvet
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July 8, 2005

Dear Henry,

As the *Knews* has become the place in which I discuss television, I might just point out that SF was mentioned in an episode of the recently concluded sitcom *Everybody Loves Raymond*. They were trying to fix up a nerdy acquaintance



with a female friend who also had an interest in "sci-fi" [sic]. Asked what she had read lately, she said, "Well, I just read *Double Star* by Robert Heinlein. Do you know him?" Later in the same conversation she was asked who else she liked, and replied, "Well, Bradbury, of course..." Damn! A hot late in a black cocktail dress who digs Heinlein and Bradbury. Why doesn't that sort of thing ever happen to me?

I admire ambition. Here you are, a family man with children, working, going to law school, doing fanac, and you still find time to start a new branch of the engineering society. Ambition is a virtue I do not share. My experience with school, the Army, my job, and fandom can be summed up as: Don't volunteer. Nobody wants you to volunteer to do it your way, they want you to volunteer to do it their way.

Um, it's "flak jacket", Henry. An abbreviation of the German *fliegerabwehrkanonen*, air defense artillery, or the exploding shells fired therefrom; the jacket is supposed to protect you from flying fragments thereof. Or small-arms fire. The modern compounds they use now may not stop a round from, say a .30-caliber rifle, but will slow it down enough to greatly improve your chances of now being shot through the lungs and drowning in your own blood.

I've wondered why book stores are not arranged according to, say, the Dewey Decimal system.

"A Radical Proposal", **Jim Sullivan:** See "The Standing Place of the Kings" in Andre Norton's *Year of the Unicorn*, 1965.

"Rat Stew", **Gene Stewart:** *CSI* is fiction about science, but not science fiction. There is a difference.

"Reflection", **Rodney Leighton:** *Chronicle* perhaps holds a trademark on being "SF's Monthly Trade Journal". I am constantly amazed by the number of people who do not see *Locus* as exactly the same thing, a trade journal.

"School Daze", **Terry Jeeves:** The problem is, the line between corporal punishment and sadomasochism is rather narrow.

Trinlay Khadro: Due to the insistence of Sue Bursztynski I have now read at least some of "Harry Potter", so I know the reference to a "Slytherin scarf". There's one college in the U.S. whose colors are blue and gold, because a star athlete had spent the summer in England, at Oxford, and brought back a scarf in those colors. When a mass meeting was held at the American school to choose colors, a friend grabbed the scarf, waved it in the air, and blue-and-gold was adopted by acclimation. True story – I could look it up if anyone cares. I believe that anyone who is doing a regular, fairly important fanzine, and suddenly stops, has an obligation to readers to explain why he/she can't/won't do it any longer.

Sheryl Birkhead: I guess the "experts" are too busy blithering about how today's fandom is not up to the standards of Redd Boggs, whoever he was, to actually write an article. At

the risk of sounding sexist, girls don't play American-style football even now (or very rarely), and it's certainly easier to understand a sport in which one has some experience. I understand watching professional tennis because I play the game. Practical agronomy predates mathematics. So does practical geology (you can't make spear points out of gypsum).

Julie Wall: Hope you had a good time in Las Vegas. Assuming the airfare to be reasonable, the hotels, restaurants, and shows are relatively cheap. If you're not doing much fanac, have you considered starting a fanzine?

Joy Smith Pern is SF; the dragons are not magical, but were deliberately bio-engineered. The "Crystal Singer" trilogy is SF as are the "Doona" books.

Henry: Perhaps you should find out if the "Dame's Rocket" plant invading your yard is edible. I have a cookbook in which several recipes call for "baby rocket" (the red edible plant commonly called "arugula"). Or perhaps you could use it to power your spaceship. No, sorry, "Dame's Rocket": Letha's spaceship.

Banana Wings has been highly irregular in the past, but **Claire** says they are looking to keep to a roughly quarterly schedule. *Tortoise* is another British fanzine I like a lot.

E. B. Frohvet

☐**CKK:** *I play ice hockey, but I rarely watch it (or rarely watched it before the strike) because it isn't the same brand of ice hockey I play. While I concede that the Pernese dragons were bio-engineered, their most useful traits of telepathy and teleportation are clearly fantasy elements that were inherited from the fire lizards.*☐

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11 Jul 2005

So Engineering Associations are much like Fandom and other societies and associations. Saying "Someone oughta..." is practically volunteering. It actually sounds like you are enjoying it, and as a consumer who uses software (often buggy) I say "Thank You"!

Didn't you and Letha live out in the Washington/Oregon region at some point in the distant past? Or am I confusing you, somehow, with the Copelands?

Jim's "Radical Proposal," I'm sure I'm not going to be the only one to note that in the Middle Ages, it was not uncommon for the long dead to be disinterred so that the grave site could be reused for someone people actually could remember. In parts of the world it's not uncommon to dig up a relative buried a year or more previous, and put them in a smaller container... and again leaving the larger part of the site use-

able for other family members. This is a particular practice where land is at a premium. (not to forget that cremation and "sky burials" are also space saving. Though one might add to global warming, and the other might leave concerns about how the wildlife might be impacted) <Sometimes I fear, I know Too Much... most of it useless...>

"Rat Stew," and apparently *CSI* also includes a degree of speculative science fiction, in that they have access to better and faster technology than really exists or would be affordable to most city law enforcement agencies. (DNA tests aren't done in minutes or hours, but more like days... security cameras and computers can't enlarge some tiny detail to recognizable. There really aren't databases that will fetch the information as quickly or effectively from nation-wide...) We generally love the puzzle solving aspect of these "crime shows" and have found ourselves disappointed by things like *Enterprise*. *Star Gate* still rocks, despite the occasional foray into Newageism, but seems to only reliably be on cable. Though, *Star Gate*, seems to have the most fun with new species and cultures (exploration fiction?) rather than revolving around how the tech works or what the tech does. The biggest piece of tech involved on *Star Gate*, is obviously the gate itself.

Smallville, haven't watched it very often. When we have seen it, often after a several episode gap we find ourselves puzzled by "Where did Lana's aunt go?" and such. We have seen Clark, at least momentarily realize he might be able to dominate rather than support the earth, but missed any struggle to decide which side to take. Even teens with Perfect Parents, living in the town of Perfect must, on occasion, rebel in more than just cutting their hair into mohawks or dyeing it purple. How has Clark avoided his fair share of teen angst? (In the classic Superman, there's plenty of "normal trouble" to keep him busy. So there really isn't any need to throw wacky trouble at young Clark.)

Terry, I used to get into so much trouble, drawing and doing origami in math class.

And now, my news. KT did excellent on the ACT, except rather weak in algebra (which she's taken and did fine) and scored oddly very high in trig and calc, which she hasn't taken yet.



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The origami dragons and the journals sold well at WISCON, as did a bunch of dragons I sent to CONvergence. I won't be able to get to many cons, I just don't have the income at this point. I will be sending things to cons when I know someone headed to one & willing to take my stuff to the art shows. I'm trying to work up the courage to mail stuff to con art shows... any one out there in Zine land done this before? Any pointers or advice?

I should also have commented: Palatino is also the favorite font of a particular Graphic Design professor at UWM, and I think some of his students have been using it a LOT out in the world... it's since become the primary font at the Journal Sentinel. So it might be over used locally.

Sheryl: Prescription Ibuprofen is what the doctor originally gave me for the fibro. It did little for the pain and aggravated my gut. Would your insurance cover Physical Therapy? I found that to be helpful in building up strength and teaching me what exercises I CAN do.

re cmt **Gene:** At the same time, while there was no Net to fuel the fires of abuse when we were young...there also was no Net where we could find supportive peers, and fellow geeks/nerds.

Joseph M: After I was rear ended by the mini-van several years ago, I received a mountain of unsolicited snail mail from law offices. I eventually decided I **did** need a lawyer, and got a referral to one that had **not** sent me junk mail.

I've got one of those clocks that gets the federal signal every morning and adjusts itself accordingly. I think it was \$12, and I **love** it.

Philosophically, I think Star Wars includes everything but the kitchen sink, and maybe that too. There's Taoism, (the force has a dark side and a light side...), Buddhism (wrath/ revenge is toxic, and "the force" ultimately has no sides...), and maybe Christianity (last minute conversion/redemption maybe resulting in karma just vanishing...).

EB: To some of us, "eccentric" means "likely to be cool/ interesting."

re cmt **Gene:** All too often parents aren't anywhere near as Net-literate as the kids, and have **no** idea what the kids do on line.

Julie Wall: Hi hon! The break ins are scary! Would installing a security system be unreasonable? What about getting a Big Dog (tm)?

Milt S: re cmt **Jim Sullivan.** I don't think the crime rate has really gone up since we were kids. It's just reported more thoroughly and further afield. "Local" news reports on crimes in Iowa, Illinois and Florida, etc. with breaking "Updates" that make it feel like it's right in the neighborhood. Also I think some local crimes, particularly minority on minority, weren't even considered worthy of reporting when I was a

kid and are now headlining stories. Domestic assault/murder and familial kidnappings used to also be non-stories... and often didn't even get much attention from law enforcement. There's also a recent trend to break into the regular shows with a "breaking update" to tell us that law enforcement is working on something but don't really have any news yet. All these trends together make it seem like the crime rate is **way** up. The actual statistics, from agencies who are actually wanting more money to fight crime, seems to be showing the rate of violent crime is going down over the past few decades.

I remember getting the "Stranger Danger" talk at school every year, but almost never saw or read anything about a stranger kidnapping a kid on the news in the 60s and 70s. When we did, it was always something from the Chicago News where we got the t.v. signal from... but not from outside the immediate reporting area. Now it seems like **everything** is reported with the same urgency, local or far off. If people are looking for a missing kid (Amber Alert) this may be a good thing. If it's panicking people and making older people afraid to leave their homes, it's too much.

☐**CKK:** *Letha lived south of Washington long before I met her. We both used to live in southeastern Virginia which is south of Washington, DC.*☐

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July 13, 2005

Dear Knarley:

Many thanks for issue 112 of *The Knarley Knews*. I suspect your area is the same, but we are in the grip of a long heat wave. The heat's been here since mid-June. The temperature hit 35 degrees Celsius, which is about 95 degrees Fahrenheit. It's tough to sit here in front of a computer and sweat as little as possible, but it's got to get done...

When I first opened the envelope, I had to look carefully at the cover. My first impression was that it was something about a gumball machine. Then, I noticed it was a **Schirmeister**, and it had to be more than that...

Yvonne has spent a good portion of her working life in accounts payable, which most people think is the simple writing of cheques. Of course, it's much more than that. She had looking into professional organizations for AP personnel and managers, and found a small one in the US, and nothing in Canada. It's a project for the future, but she may be looking into forming a professional organization for accounts payable professionals. It would be good if something like the Canadian Professional Accountants Association would help, but there is a certain level of snobbishness by accountants with

a letter designation, versus accounts payable people, which usually have no designation.

I must wonder if future cemeteries will be multilevel, or cremations only, or some other way of disposing of the dead. Given our Judeo-Christian backgrounds, a proper burial, usually described as Christian, would be best. As **Jim Sullivan** says, we're simply running out of room. Vertical, stacked, I don't care; we'll be fine as long as we don't go the Soylent Green route...

I am not sure if *Chronicle* is distributed to stores in Canada. I went looking for it at my local SF bookstore, and they can't get it; there are no distributors here distributing it. *Locus* will have to do, but it does nicely.

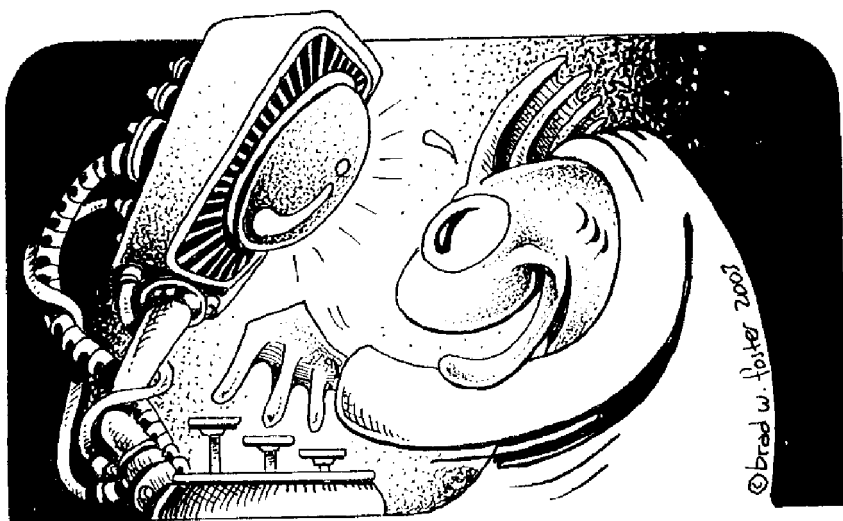
I hope **Terry Jeeves'** health is improving...the idea of House Points in school is probably unfamiliar to most North Americans, but we were certainly exposed to the idea in the Harry Potter books and movies. These days, instead of the positive reinforcement of the point system, there is the negative reinforcement of detentions and other punishments. Given that the idea of teamwork outside of sports has become quite foreign, I suppose the negative reinforcements are all we have left.

Joseph Major to **E.B. Frohvet**...I am interested in that era of traveling giants and thick mimeozines, very much a do-it-yourself era compared with the marvelous tools we can use today. I wish there were more people interested in that part of fannish history, but all I can do now is read about it, and marvel.

A lot of fanzines that are created especially for a Ditto or Corflu often have to wait a while before being mailed to those who weren't at the convention. That's more a sign of human nature than anything else, plus recovering from an expensive and fun-filled con. Sometimes, I find I've been dropped from a mailing list because the added postage to get it to Canada is an expense the faned would rather do without.

Hi, **Julie**...I understand about long distance relationships. Just a summer away from Yvonne while we were dating was more than I wanted to bear. An hour away is much better than a country away. At least you got to see some of Ottawa.

I have a couple of *Full Moon Directories* lying around here somewhere, a neat little booklet with long listings of apas and how to get in touch with the OE/CM. If I could find them, I'm sure most of those apas are already gone. The rare occasion is when a new apa starts up, like *SNAPS* in Las Vegas. I think this apa, only around for a few issues, is now considering whether or not to go all-electronic. Toronto fandom had its own apa many years ago, and some locals also belonged to *APA-NYU*.



FINHEAD FREAKS ON THE STARE-A-THON

The Toronto-Rochester ferry is back, and plying the waves of Lake Ontario. Unfortunately, it's making some waves of its own...some people are complaining about how the waves the ferry makes as it travels the lake will hurt their own lake-front property, and they may sue. The prices are a little high, but nothing compared to those prices of the ferries in British Columbia.

Today may or may not be the day the shuttle launches in a Return to Flight. All depends on whether thunderstorms move in to possibly scrub the launch. I'll be watching Discovery Channel Canada today at 3pm; after seeing how CNN failed to cover the London bombings, I will trust Discovery to do this right.

All done. Take care, and see you next issue.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney.

CKK: *Not many zines are created for (Ditto). I try to get my issue done early that month, but with limited success. I suspect I won't have a CKK 114 ready in time for (Ditto in Milwaukee). I'll just have to have the con report (hopefully by others) in that issue.*

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19 Jul 2005

Hi knarley,

I'm catching up on both my reading and my correspondence these days. it is so nice having time to actually do things for a change!

So here are a few comments on the last three *TKK* which I read and enjoyed, but never locked.

#110: being a fanzine person, my favorite parts of this issue were **Rodney Leighton's** "Reflections on *FAPA*" and **E.B. Frohvet's** "A Decade of Zines." I was pleased that **E.B.** included *VoP* in the company of *The Knarley Knews* and *Gegenschein*, since those are the types of fanzines that I enjoy reading, and would gladly emulate. If he also thinks that *VoP* is as good as they are – which he did not actually state, alas – I would be even more thrilled.

I intended to comment on **Rodney's** statement regarding the rumor he heard that "a person has to be approved by **Robert Lichtman** to be accepted as a member of *FAPA*," but **Robert** beat me to the punch with his own loc. Anybody can join *FAPA* so long as they have verifiable prior fanzine experience, and it is merely **Robert's** job to certify the experience. *FAPA* is certainly not a **Lichtman**-approved in-club.

#111: I chuckled at your spuming about editorial gaffes. I proofread *VoP* several times before printing it, and I **always** make one or more errors in each issue. Personally, I am pleased that you are not perfect either, since otherwise it would make me look bad by comparison.

Regarding **Milt Stevens'** comment that "alternate history...is currently still being regarded as science fiction" and he suspects that it "will eventually be regarded as a genre apart", I tend to agree with him. Alternate history borders on both fantasy and science fiction since it is not plausible in the real world in which we live, and yet it follows strict sfnal guidelines following its initial premise, so it is easy to see why it has been pigeonholed into one of those two genres. But I consider it a third genre related to but separate from those two.

Jan Stinson states "there are three sercon fanzines now publishing, to my knowledge". I tend to disagree that *Emerald City* does not qualify because it is all written by the editor/publisher. Other people have disqualified it because it has no letter column, while a third faction ignores it because it is not on paper. In any case, it is still entirely sercon.

Now that I have cut back publication of *VoP* to semi-annual, it will almost always be split into two component parts, so it might be fair to say that *Wondrous Stories* is a sercon fanzine as well. I do try to include an article by somebody other than myself whenever possible, but otherwise it is also editor-written, like *Emerald City*.

#112: I enjoyed both **Gene Stewart's** review of *CSI* (which I have never seen, not being a tv watcher, but my gut instinct is that a police procedural show set in contemporary times is **not** science fiction) and **E.B. Frohvet's** review of *Smallville* (of which I have seen a few episodes, and found interesting, but nothing worth putting on my regular schedule).

Rodney Leighton's review of *Chronicle* was enticing. I subscribed to it for several years in the 80s, and I love reading sf news and reviews, but I cannot commit myself to 12 issues

per year of any other publications without cutting back into time for what I get already. So I'll resist the urge...

I enjoy rereading **Terry Jeeves'** "Carry On Jeeves," although I read them all previously in *Erg*. It's good to see his name still popping up in fanzines. I have an article by him coming up in *VoP* as well.

E.B. Frohvet seems unduly upset about the FAAN awards, seeing them as corrupted by the Corflu in-crowd. **All** awards are inherently biased to some extent based on the biases of the group which votes on them. Corflu is basically organized and run by the same group of people, who tried to create a fair award represents all of fanzine fandom. The fact that the people responsible for the FAAN awards happen to be active fanzine fans, and that their friends participate in the voting process, does give them an advantage. But that is not necessarily an unfair advantage.

Consider the Hugo Awards. Who tends to win most of them? Writers who go to worldcons and befriend the voters there. Those writers are winning on name recognition as much as, or moreso, than story quality. Is that any less inherently unfair than the supposed in-crowd dominating the FAAN awards? **E.B.** may think so, but I am not sure.

Good luck with all the things you do (work, school, family, edit). My readers always comment that I do a lot of things, but I tend to think you do even more than I do. Maybe it's because you're a bit younger and consequently have more energy than I do.

Take care,
Bob

TKK: *Your theory of the Hugo awards needs some work. Dave Langford almost never attends worldcon, yet his collection of fan writing Hugos is extensive. Like all voted awards there is a measure of familiarity/popularity by whatever avenue. I have no resonance with the FAAN awards so I don't vote. I also have never gotten the usual back in any steady*



amount from the typical FAAM voter so they don't know that much about me and consequently don't vote for me. In the grand scheme of things it matters little either way.□

Sheryl Birkhead
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July 22, 2005

Dear Knarleyites,

Interesting **Schirm** cover. It looks a bit different from his "usual" style (to me at least).

It was a day...much like any other day...except this was to be my first plane trip since...oh 1991 or so. The plan was to fly out mid-afternoon on Friday, get to Salt Lake City early in the evening, rent a car and drive the two hours north to where my niece's wedding was to be early Saturday (well, OK ... at 11 am) and then fly back that afternoon. Sounds easy enough. I decided to get a ride to the airport and take the "shuttle" back – everyone knows what I mean – the vans that don't come out as far as where I live. Right.

OK, I found a friend who would both take me to the airport **and** let me leave the car there overnight. Problem one (and two) solved.

Traffic sure has gotten worse over the years. Even so, I got to Dulles with two and a half hours to wait. They had also stopped the (well, we always called them ducks; not sure what the real name is) carriers out to the gates so it was a long hike after security and putting my shoes back on.

Not knowing any better I got my seat assignment when I checked in (no one told me that I could have selected my seat assignment waayyy back when) so I got the last seat on the plane...and I meant that literally, the seat right before the lavatories.

I do not like to fly, but I want a window seat so I can see what is going on when my stomach starts doing flip-flops. The aforementioned seat was aisle and so far back there were no windows anyhow.

I should have thought this through. The flight goes to Salt Lake City so that at any given time it is likely that there will be some young families (i.e. with kids) coming back from their missions. There were three babies. One directly in front of me, her sister across the aisle, and a third baby directly to my right. Two of these came equipped with their own DVD players sans ear phones and with different movies. It was tag-team time. One baby would cry until tired and then baby #2 would pick up the baton and run with it while both DVDs were going full blast. Unfortunately, I turned down purchasing the headphones to listen to the movie since they now have these tiny little flip-down screens from the overhead compartment every three or four seats.

The announcement that first class was meal class totally slipped past me – I knew things had changed, but I had no real idea how much until the little lunch box style wrapped snack was distributed and an hour or so later some peanuts. OK, so now I know for the trip back.

Well, I may spell out other things eventually, but my \$130/night room at the bed and breakfast beside the chapel (where the wedding was to be) was charged \$195 to me, in error, which they did fix the next week. I had asked for the cheapest room and had seen my brother's \$150 room and was amazed at what \$20 could do until I checked my receipt. My room had no thermostat, it was cold, and there was no light by the AC so that I could not see how to turn it down. The phone didn't work even though it would ring at my end when I dialed out and because it was now after dark I got lost trying to find the restaurant where the rest of the wedding party was eating.

And now I have a whopper of a cold.

As with *I, Robot*, I was glad to know ahead of time that *Smallville* would not simply be a recap of the written form. I must admit that with *Smallville* I do not know where some of the characters are going if they intend to (even loosely) end up with the comic book relationships.

I used to enjoy *SFC* when Andy Porter was putting it out. I could never afford to subscribe, but around Worldcon time I'd send off money for the Worldcon report issue and Andy always sent it to me. I have not even tried since the change-over.

Terry, when my father was working on his Ph.D. at Harvard, my brother got the ... ahem ... well you know beaten out of him by street kids. That was the point when my parents looked into Catholic school and since he was a red head, no one asked, they just assumed he was Irish Catholic.

I've worked out at a gym with a trainer and have to admit that they do not necessarily know **anything**. The physical therapist got me to a point and then said to go back to the gym. The trainers just do **not** have the right background and I do not have the money to pay a physical therapist to continue with the maintenance plan. Thanks for the suggestion, but I already tried it and found that the credentials listed may not really mean anything when applied to real "life".

Do you happen to know if the *Journal of Irreproducible Results* is still being published? I only saw several issues, but each was a gem of humor.

Thanks-
Sheryl

□**CKK**: You were lucky to get a lunch; although the snack boxes they sell on Northwest are generally quite worth the few dollars. The *Journal of Irreproducible Results* still exists, but in the 1990s the editorial team quit en-mass and started the

Annals of Improbable Results. I subscribed for a while, but it ceased to be very humorous after a while.□

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31 Jul 2005

Dear Henry and Letha

Thanks for your latest issue.

“It was logic, evidence and (the) scientific method used to solve problems that drew me in,” says **Gene Stewart** of the television series *CSI*. It’s certainly a very popular programme, but it’s also reported that most forensic scientists roll their eyes in despair when asked about it because, although it glamourises their profession, it also grossly misrepresents it – firstly by suggesting that they can provide definitive answers to the questions they’re asked, and secondly because it suggests they can provide those answers much faster than is actually possible. The result is that, in criminal court cases in the UK – perhaps the same is true of the USA? – we now have what’s called “the *CSI* effect”, where jurors expect the forensic evidence offered in support of the prosecution to be much “harder” and less “fuzzy” than it is....with the result that some prosecution cases have actually been lost when, prior to *CSI*, the tendency would have been to convict on the balance of probabilities. From a liberal perspective, of course, this is fine – if there’s doubt, then one should not send a man to prison – but it does not seem fine for a jury to reach this conclusion on the basis of a television series, because it would not then be considering solely the evidence before it.

I must admit I’ve never been a fan of *CSI* myself – I watched a few of the first episodes of the original series, when it was set in Las Vegas, and before it spawned all the spin-offs, but was rather irritated by the cast’s repeated swinging of torches around in darkened places in search of forensic evidence when common sense could have told them that (as in real life) they should wait for daylight and be able to do the job properly. That approach would have struck me as being much more logical and scientific.

And of course the forensic scientists were much too glamorous. When did you last see a police officer with such a costly hair style?

Regards
Joseph

□*TKK: I learned in Evidence this summer that juries are generally smarter than we give them credit for. The legal rules of Evidence make certain psychological assumptions about jurors and their ability to separate information used for one or more purposes that are simply not supported by cognitive evidence.*

Further the average juror is smarter than we generally give them credit.□

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August 10, 2005

Dear Henry,

I notice today is the deadline for LoCs on *Knarley News* #112. I noticed that fact yesterday when I started wondering about the subject. I’ve been procrastinating for awhile. In the last couple of weeks, *TKK* has been the only fanzine on hand which needed an LoC, so obviously I had plenty of time. I used that time watching DVDs and playing computer games. Now I better get down to business if I’m going to write an LoC on this issue.

In your editorial, I notice they are using the same arguments regarding the need for software engineering they were using ten years ago when I took a course in the subject. By taking the course, I discovered that software engineering didn’t seem much like my idea of engineering. In fact, I described the course as computer theology. (We will now meditate upon the five holy states of file normalization.) If I had been just starting a thirty year career in computer programming, I might have considered the class to be more valuable than I did. I knew I was close to the end of my career, and I knew I would never be in a situation where I didn’t know absolutely what the software was supposed to do. I also knew our executives liked changing things for the sake of changing them, so there was no point in trying for perfection with the first shot. The build it and fix it approach worked fine for us, since we were going to be fixing it next week even if it didn’t need fixing.

Jim Sullivan is concerned we may run out of space for our graveyards. I’ve joked that here in Southern California we bury our dead in golf courses. That’s really not true. It only looks like we bury our dead in golf courses. However, aside from a few silly quibbles, it wouldn’t be very hard to convert our graveyards into golf courses. Many people have difficulty accepting that stiff’s are really dead. There is absolutely no doubt in this matter. A stiff couldn’t possibly care even if you served him up as a MacCorpse burger. It might even become popular with the people who don’t think you should eat animals.

We also heard from:

Jeff Boman, Todd and Nora Bushlow, Jacob David, Judith Hannah, Patti Hetherington, Terry Jeeves (who suggests the Parsee Tower of Silence is the best burial solution; leave the bodies out for the vultures), Guy Lillian, KRin Pender-Gunn, Joy V. Smith, Garth Spencer, Sue Welch

In **E. B. Frohvet's** article on *Smallville*, he says the show isn't true to the original. I think the original may not even be true to the original. The other evening at LASFS, I heard some comics readers talking about the introduction of blue kryptonite. Blue kryptonite! Ghu only knows what the side effects of blue kryptonite may be, but I would guess they are probably horrific.

Somehow, Superman, Batman, et al. have become the closest thing the United States has to mythic heroes. Normally, you wouldn't think of the comic book super heroes in the same thought wave with King Arthur, but there do seem to be similarities.

In the letter column, **Jerry Kaufman** has the order of *Apa F* and *Apa L* reversed. *Apa F* was first. Bruce Pelz thought if New York can have a weekly apa then Los Angeles should have a weekly apa also. Bent on subversion, Don Fitch let the *Apa F* contributors know about the impending beginning of

Apa L, so most of the *Apa F* contributors (Dave Van Arnam, Dick Lupoff, John Boardman, Ted White, Mike McInerney...) had zines in the first distribution of *Apa L*. *Apa F* folded after 69 weeks. *Apa L* folded after 180 weeks, but people kept doing zines anyway. These zines were simply placed on a table at the LASFS meeting. After someone started publishing a Contents of Table, it was decided to start *Apa L* again. *Apa L* 181 appeared six months after 180, and by now, *Apa L* has passed its two thousandth distribution.

Yours truly,

□TKK: *The maturity of the software engineering process in the last ten years has grown significantly. I course that worshiped file normalization would not be considered a course in software engineering any more. It might be a useful topic in database design, but only as a measure of good design which is but one small aspect of software engineering.*□

The Influenza Epidemic of 1918-1919

Thoughts by Colleen Cahill

My mom tells a story of her father and his service in World War I. After enlistment, the Army discovered Grandpa had a rare talent: he could tell what size clothing a man wore just by looking at him. Years of working in his father's dry-goods store gave Grandpa this ability and so he spent his military service mainly in Battle Creek, Michigan, handing out uniforms. He did this until the influenza epidemic reached that area in 1918.

Grandpa had maintained a correspondence with his future wife up to that date, but suddenly the letters stopped. Grandma was quite concerned and it was not until months later when she saw him marching in the victory parade through their local town that she knew Grandpa was even alive. Grandpa explained that he had been moved from clothing soldiers to organizing burials of bodies that were stacked up like cord wood. He could not bring himself to write home about the horrors he witnessed.

This story came back to me as I was reading *The Great Influenza: The Epic Story of the Deadliest Plague In History* by John M. Barry (Viking, 2004, ISBN 0670894737). This history of the epidemic describes not only the influenza, but the reaction of the United States medical community to the disaster. There is a great deal of interesting information here, such as the author's belief that the flu started in Kansas, that more than 100 million people died worldwide and that Woodrow Wilson was struck by the disease. All of this makes for great reading, but there was one statement, that in the Twentieth Century few authors wrote fiction that incorporated the epidemic in their story line, which struck me as amazing. Yes, World War I had just ended, but for U.S.

citizens, it is more likely they lost a family member to the flu than to the War, as this is considered one of the deadliest pandemics ever. Yet this is one of the great forgotten pieces of American history and I suspect if you ask the average man-on-the-street, they might not even be aware it happened.

Why no literature? True, Katherine Ann Porter used it in *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*, but other than that, there seems to be silence. In fact, my admittedly incomplete research shows that there are more fiction works that have been written since the year 2000 that have the epidemic as an important plot point than any of the years before. The first title I read using this is Charles Dickinson's *A Shortcut in Time* (Forge, 2003, ISBN 0765305798) and due to my mom's story, I understood why the protagonist was worried when his daughter traveled back in time to 1918. Since then, I have found but not yet read a childrens' book on the period (*A Doctor Like Papa* by Natalie Kinsey-Warnock, Harper Collins, 2002, ISBN 0060293195) and a novel not yet published (*Wickett's Remedy* by Myla Goldberg, Doubleday, ISBN 0385513240). A three to one ratio seems a bit out of kilter, especially as only Porter is likely to have experienced the epidemic personally.

All this makes me ponder if history is more likely forgotten if it is not immortalized in fiction. Without fiction, there is little likelihood of movies aside from documentaries, will be created. And in this media driven society of ours, without movies or TV shows centered on a period, it falls from common memory. Look what *M*A*S*H* did to bring the Korean War into the American consciousness. Would it take a movie about the epidemic to also make this part of our national memory again?

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. 3 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 commentary on *The Prisoner*.

Chunga 10: Clash of the Towers by Randy Byers, Andy Hooper, and Carl Juarez; 1013 North 36th St.; Seattle, WA 98103; rbyers@u.washington.edu, fanmailaph@aol.com, cjuarez@myrealbox.com; semi-annual; \$3.50 or the usual. An interesting genzine with features this issue on Coflu Titanium and Andre Norton.

Ethel the Aardvark #117 & 118 by Sue Ann Barber; PO Box 212; World Trade Centre; Melbourne, VIC 3005; Australia; b-monthly; \$25/year or the usual. This is the official zine of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club and covers club news and SF related material in Australia. These are the last issues to be edited by Sue Ann Barber.

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

Future Times Vol. 8 Issues 6 & 7 by Jayne Rogers; %ASFS; PO Box 98308; Atlanta, GA 30359-2008; missjayne@minspring.com; monthly, \$12/year. This is the official fanzine for the Atlanta Science Fiction Society. These issues contain winning entries from recent ASFA-sponsored writing contests.

Living Free 131 by Jim Stumm; Hiler Branch, Box 29-KK; Buffalo, NY 14223; irregular; \$2. An interesting zine dedicated to living independently.

Marymark Press Chapbook by Mark Sonnenfeld; 45-08 Old Millstone Dr.; East Windsor, NJ 08520; irregular; the usual. The best I can describe is as a combination of poetry and paste-up art.

Nice Distinctions 10 by Arthur Hlavaty; 206 Valentine St; Yonkers, NY 10704-1814; hlvaty@panix.com; quarterly; \$1 or the usual. A small perzine with discussion of a recent ICFA conference.

Nth Degree 13 by Michael D. Pederson; 8600 Queensmere Place #2; Richmond, VA 23294; editor@nthzine.com; http://www.nthzine.com/; irregular; free or \$15/6 if mailed. A semi-prozine with clear fannish roots that contains a mix of fiction, articles, poetry, and humor.

Opuntia 57, 57.3 & 58 by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. A very interesting zine with a little bit to appeal to any reader.

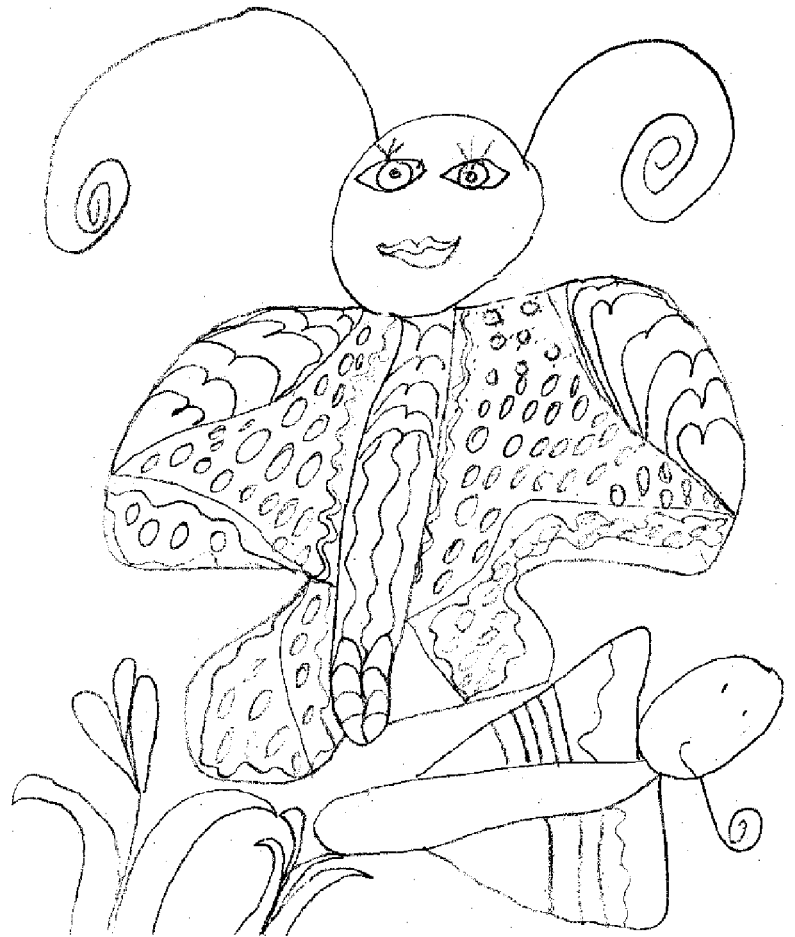
Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol 8 No 8 by R.B. Cleary; 138 Bibb Dr.; Madison, AL 35758-1064; rbcleary@bellsouth.net; quarterly; \$10/yr or the usual. Clubzine with a generally southern focus. This issue contains a fair number of convention reports.



Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

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

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



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- You've waited patiently for me to get this issue out.**
- In the grand scheme of the cosmos you are more likely to derive enjoyment from receiving this issue than not receiving it.**
- 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.