

The Knarley Knews 114

November 2005



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1. All contributions may include a pseudonym (e.g. Knarley, Sydrous, Shit-for-Brains) at the contributor's whim.
2. To get this fanzine you are required semi-yearly to initiate contact with the editors (black-holish behavior is not rewarded). This could be a postcard, phone call, your fanzine, or contribution of your choice. The editors, of course, prefer a contribution so they don't have to write so much. This notwithstanding, you may purchase copies for \$1.50 each.
3. Advertising is free provided that the ads are of interest to the editors and that it is for a non-profit organization.
4. It is the editors' policy not to unduly censor or restrict the ideals of free speech. (We like a good argument as much as the next guy.) However, we reserve the right to make minor content and format changes to fit your piece in or to add appropriately denoted editorial comments.
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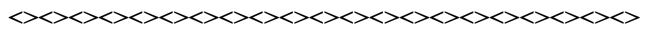


Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

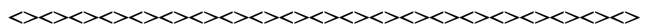
I've finally managed to get back on track. This issue will only be out about a week late and I owe it all to having three weekends in a row that were mostly unscheduled. Not that it takes all that much time to do *TKK*, but rather that there are other things that take time as well and I have the mental and temporal breathing space to do things like finish out this editorial. So, enjoy!

I have been quite distracted from my reading, though, and will be omitting the fanzines in trade column for this issue. I'll include everything I'm skipping this issue in the December issue.



Ditto 18 came and went over the weekend of October 14-16. I wouldn't exactly consider it a rousing success, but neither was it a failure. A fair number of people were forced to cancel at the last minute for a number of reasons ranging from health to finances. Despite this there were just over 20 attendees (if you count the four children (Connor brought a friend along) I had in tow) and nearly 30 in total if you count some of the Milwaukee fans who showed up for a few hours here and there. I'd write a report here, but I think a less-biased opinion can be found in Murray Moore's report in this issue. In the end the convention was a break-even proposition and a number of the locals felt a local relaxacon would be a good idea. Additionally, Hope Leibowitz's discussion of Toronto's serial diners has resurrected a local group called NOMADS (Nominally Organized and Mobile Dining Society or something like that). The first meeting will be later this weekend. Thanks Hope!

Ditto 19 will likely be in Northern California.

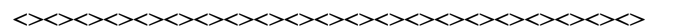


In the first week of October I was in my first real auto accident. I've been driving for 25 years and aside from a minor encounter with a curb under the snow and a pillar in a parking garage I managed to avoid destructive contact with another automobile. I was on my way in during the morning commute. Contrary to my normal driving habit I was in the right lane when a vehicle in the left lane suddenly cut sharply into my lane. I don't know how to describe except to say that unlike a lane change the angle was rather severe and before I knew it the car was a good five feet into my lane. I dodged to the right, but was unsuccessful in getting out of his way. His front bumper hit the driver's door and his mirror carved a nice groove down the left side of my car. In total there were four cars in the accident. The car that hit me actually clipped the car in front of it as it came over and that car was propelled into the car in front of it. Apparently the vehicles in the left lane had slowed rather suddenly (this is quite common during

Milwaukee rush hour traffic) and the driver who caused all of this (the one who hit me) claimed that he sneezed and lost his glasses. At least that is what he told the sheriff's deputy who wrote up the reports. I later learned that this driver had been in two other accidents with the same car and the sweet justice of this is that his car was the only one that needed to be towed.

I promptly reported the accident to my insurance company and told them to delay in processing a claim since I justifiably felt that I was not at fault. I contacted the other driver and he said I should work through my insurance company. (I was reluctant to do this since then I'd still have to go after him for my deductible.) I was just about to give up when his insurance agent contacted me and made arrangements to get my car repaired and to rent a loaner vehicle for me during that time. The car has now been fixed except for the driver's door window which is waiting on a regulator. I can still get the window open, but I have to lean on it. There were no injuries and for a change someone took responsibility.

About three weeks after the accident (I assume after the accident report was filed by the deputy) I started get unsolicited mailings. In total I received information from seven personal injury law firms (some of them sent me more than one mailing) and one chiropractor. All of this despite the indication on the accident report that I was not injured. In some regards this confirms some of my trepidation about becoming a lawyer, but then again I don't intend to practice personal injury law. The irony is that had I been really injured I would have already made contact with my family lawyer for a referral.

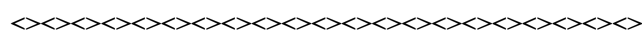


As you will recall the family and I went to a week-long camping festival in the middle of August. As with most camping trips our eating habits change and I was forced to stop drinking Coca Cola for a while (I simply can't stand it warm and there was no convenient source of ice.) I experienced what might be described as minor cravings over the next few days before I realized that I could have purchased soda from the food vendor. I decided that I'd wait and do it as a special treat on the Saturday and when Saturday came around I simply didn't feel like so I didn't. When we got home I promptly went back to my habit of Coke as my primary liquid intake. As I have noted for years the change from real sugars (sucrose) to high fructose corn syrup has resulted in erratic flavor due to the inherent flavor in corn syrup. This has been something I've put up with since the conversion to new Coke and then back to Coca Cola Classic in the early 1980s. (My conspiracy theory is that Coke did the new Coke thing to cover up the sweetener change.)

Nothing would have changed except we went away camping again over Labor Day and again I went without Coke. I had the brief pangs again and concluded that none of it was worth it and have not had a soda or any kind since then. And for the most part I haven't missed them at all. I now drink water primarily from the filtered tap on our refrigerator. The lack of flavor took some getting used to, but now it doesn't bother me. On occasion I'll have some milk, limeade, or iced tea, but it is almost exclusively water. The only time it is a problem is when I eat at a McDonalds, but that has only happened a few times over the past two months and I've settled for milk or iced tea.

In September I decided to take advantage of the new health center on the MSOE campus. I joined a colleague who had been going regularly since the spring and now go two days a week. I spend about 50 minutes on the elliptical machines and the rest of the time using about 15 of the weight machines. I have noticed a steady improvement with both the weight machines and on the elliptical machine and less of my usual huffing and puffing at the start of the hockey season. I'm hoping to continue with this during the winter term and have already put it on my schedule.

An interesting side note to all of this, and it is unrelated to the dietary change and the exercise is that I've lost almost 20 pounds since the first of the year. As Letha has been making steady progress on her weight loss we decided to get a bathroom scale. At the time we purchased it I weighed nearly 170 pounds. Normally this would not be something to be much concerned about because I'm 6'-1" and that is a healthy weight for my height. However, when I moved to Milwaukee in 1990 I weighed closer to 135 pounds and gradually filled out to about 155 pounds so that 170 pounds was rather heavy for me. For whatever reason I steadily lost weight since January to the point where I hover around 150 pounds today and all of the loss occurred before I stopped drinking soda and began exercising. I have no logical explanation for the change and while I was somewhat concerned the stabilization at 150 pounds for the past few months has allayed any concerns I was having. The weight loss has been noticeable with my clothing. I have steadily over the past 15 years adjusted my pant size from a 28 inch waist (in college) to a 32 inch waist during the 170 pound period. I am now back down to a 30 inch waist and have tightened my belt a notch. I was even able to wear the suit pants I purchased back in 1988, although they are still a bit on the tight side. I'd love to be able to share my secret with the world, but don't expect any weight loss books from me any time soon.



The hockey season is now in full swing. As usual the youth program has been run somewhat haphazardly. For the first time ever, they asked each potential coach to fill out an application form. On the form I indicated that I was not interested in being a head coach and that I could not coach on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The preliminary schedule for the

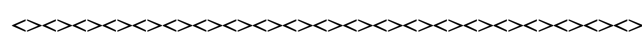
Pee Wee (Kyle's age group) house teams showed practices on Tuesday and Friday with a skills session on Thursday. They also arranged for independent and impartial evaluations to avoid some of the accusations of political influence last year. Imagine my surprise when I show up at the second evaluation session only to find that the independent evaluators had not left their notes from the previous session and that I was to be an evaluator (I'm not very good at doing this in the manner they want me to). Additionally the coach coordinator approached and said that I would be coaching a team. I reminded him of my unavailability and he got that pained look on his face that he is so famous for. We eventually put together a consortium of three of us that will ensure that everything gets covered and I am now just an assistant coach. I don't agree with all of the approach of the head coach, but we are close enough in approach that it isn't a problem.

The interesting thing about Pee Wee hockey is that this is the first age group where they get to check the opposing players. This involves a complete change in game approach and confrontation of the other players. They are slowly catching on, but the biggest problem is that they are all too nice. Eventually they will learn that they can check the other players without really hurting them. Additional issues we have are that we are the only program in the state that chooses two mixed house teams rather than a B and a separate C team. This means that we are playing teams that are either above our level or below. We are hoping that this will raise everyone's game to the B-level, but that doesn't always work in practice and makes for a very rocky early season.

Kyle is viewed as one of the better players in the group. I think this is viewed more from the perspective that he has such a fluid skating form and knows his positioning on the ice. He still isn't aggressive enough, but is catching on. In yesterday's game he made one of the few checks from our team in the first period and even though he got knocked down a few times he gave as good as he got. Now all we have to do is get him to make decent hard passes and he'll have a complete game. He has also started to show some interest in watching hockey so I'll have to take him to some professional games (I have a few free passes) and take advantage of the NHL games on OLN.

Speaking of the NHL, I like the new rule changes. The game is faster and relies less on the grinding trapping and stick checking of years past. I have always advocated that they penalize for the stick check and I'm glad to see it happen. The changes to the game are exciting and I hope the league's new economic formula works.

My team has now played three games and we are 1-1-1. Nothing spectacular, but as I reported earlier my energy level has been up significantly at the start of the season from last year at the same time. I attribute this to a combination of the weight loss and the exercise program. For a change it looks like the average talent level in the league has not improved much so I don't feel like I'm scrambling as much to keep up.



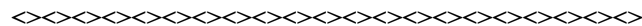
Law school continues to be a grind. It is not that I am having much difficulty understanding the concepts or the thinking process as much as it is simply time consuming. I am taking three classes which meet consecutively two nights a week. They are all in the same classroom so I spent approximately five hours in exactly the same seat. I get to stretch between classes, but have been trying to use the 15-minute breaks to get ahead on my reading. For two of the classes this requires about 50 pages of reading total to get ready. If the material is rather straight-forward and doesn't include many cases it only takes about 2 minutes per page, but sometimes it takes as much as 4 or 5 minutes per page. This means finding from four to ten hours per week just to do the reading. Legal writing and research is a bit more variable. Sometimes there is reading (typically much less than the other two courses), but there are also real assignments such as research projects and writing. Depending on whether I have to go to the library for the research (the book research is required even though roughly the same tools are available on-line) this can be done around everything else or takes a special trip to campus. The majority of our grade (60%) is tied into our second legal-memo. For the memo it took about four hours to read the cases and identify their salient points. Another three hours to convert these points into a coherent narrative and then about another three to apply the legal rules to the fact scenarios we had in front of us. (For those who care it was determining whether two defendants should be charged with disorderly conduct.) All of this was just for the draft and I still need to attend a conference with the professor and then schedule another three hours or so to get a final draft.

The rules for legal writing are rather stringent. Each paragraph begins with a thesis sentence (normally the conclusion) and then it is followed by a very clear explanation of how to arrive at the thesis without leaving anything to the imagination of the reader. You literally drag the reader through the argument by the nose. On top of that it all has to read very smoothly, use short uncomplicated sentences, and adhere to a strict regimen of citation. For the rule explanation section this typically requires a citation for each sentence. To understand how strict this is all you have to realize is that the manual describing the proper form and punctuation for citation is 412 pages long. They take plagiarism seriously in law school.

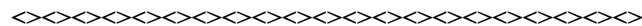
The remaining 40% of our grade is based on our first memo (for which I received an AB) and an in class participation number that is based upon our speaking in class, completion of the research exercises, and a test we'll take in the last week of class.

Next term it was only convenient to take two classes. One will be the second legal writing and research class which should be more of the same. The other will be constitutional law. The latter will likely involve reading lots of long complicated cases as the Supreme Court deals with the complex interactions between the Constitution and the various amendments. In the past year and some I've read quite a few cases and the longest and least unambiguous are always those that

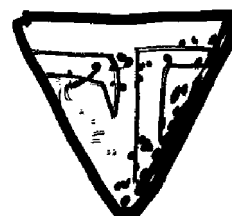
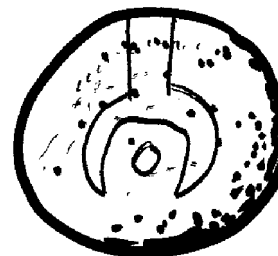
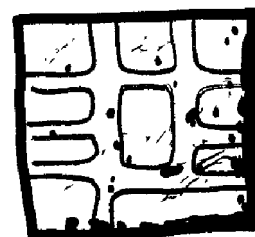
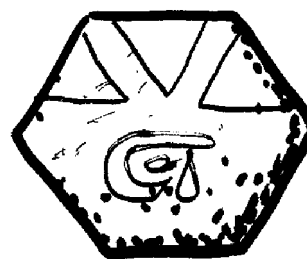
address constitutional issues. It should make for a fun spring semester.



This issue represents the 19th anniversary of my doing this zine. At the 10th anniversary I asked the various readers to comment on how they'd seen fandom change over the last decade and I suppose I could choose the same theme for the 20th anniversary issue next October, but I'd like to do something different. The problem is that I don't have any particular ideas for a theme. So, I'm opening it up to the rest of you. What do you think the theme for my 20th anniversary issue (#120) should be? All suggestions will be duly considered.



Until next issue....



ALLEN MUMFORD

Excessive

(c) by Jim Sullivan

I come from a long line of lovable defectives. Oh,, my genealogy doesn't include anyone physically or mentally unsound. There were all sane, hale, and hardy. The moral realm was where my folks lacked fiber.

Dad, for example, tottered off to the Boozer Brother and Sisterhood every Monday evening after coming home from a hard day of imbibing and running his corset shop into the ground. "But that's where my foundations lie," he always explained to us. Then, on Tuesday nights after finishing her second or third helping of dessert at supper, Mom waddled off to Chowing Down All Day Long. Though she always said, "I haven't a thing to wear there," fortunately she did.

My father's parents, who lived with us, both attended Bet Bumpers Anonymous on Wednesday nights after which they snuck on over to their favorite bingo game. And Mom's folks who lived next door went to Dancer's Addicted to the Feel of the Floor Wax Under Foot every Thursday night after turning off the music at their studio. I myself had to attend Truants Anonymous on Friday nights. Our weekends, alternatively, were free.

Through the week, however, we were all on a 12, 10, or 9 step recovery program. Actually, my mother's parents, the dancers, had been on a two-step program most of their lives, but it hadn't worked out very well. Then, when disco music came on the dance scene, they added steps they didn't know that had in them. That's when their real troubles began to show up, like hideous varicose veins running up and down their legs. It was all their imaginations, of course. But they sill began taking steps towards a cure.

Before joining self-help support groups for the truly addicted, hooked, or trapped, everyone in my family but me was always somewhere other than at home. Dad was at a bar, beer garden, or tavern; Mom at a restaurant, Deli, or diner; one set of grandparents at a poker, blackjack, or craps game; and the other set of grandparents at a dance hall, prom, or cotillion. I, on the other hand, was the one who always stayed home. Seemingly a good place to be, for me it wasn't. You see, I was supposed to be in school.

All this activity wouldn't have been so disruptive in our lives had we not also belonged to family support groups for one another. For instance, we all belonged to Boozer's Family for Dad. And we supported Mom by joining and attending Food Packers Anonymous. Further, we went to Don't Even Think of Letting Your Loved Ones Place a Bet for grandma and grandpa. And for our other grandparents, we went to Wallflowers, Slackers, and Procrastinators. Of course, all those adults belonged to PCNAS for me. That' Parent's of Children Not Attending School.

Thanks to all those support group memberships, we seldom had a moment to ourselves. But let me tell you, it sure made my youthful years go by fast. Today, I'm pleased to report, I'm a well-adjusted, socially functional adult. What's more, all family members, though now a tad boring are totally cured of their addictions. However, we haven't been able to withdraw from either the individual or the family support memberships in any of those self-help groups. Why? Because we're not more or less addicted to them.

In any case, the family is very supportive of me and my career – school guidance counseling. I went into it because I'm very partial to young people's problems of a social nature. My wife thinks it's deeper than that. She's afraid I'm secretly harboring an addiction to other people's woes. "This might have been brought on," she adds, "thanks to your childhood. Maybe you should join another support group to get over this obsession," she recently suggested.

I don't think I have an obsession in this area. And even if I do, it certainly hasn't progressed far enough yet for me to worry about it. Moreover, I don't have any time to belong to another self-help group.

My wife, by the way, has little room to complain. She's a home economics teacher gone haywire. Her mania is knitting. My spouse ought to join a support group like Fanatical Handicrafters. I can tell she's addicted to knitting just by the inordinate amount of yarn she's using. Our monthly bill for that material equals our mortgage payment. But I guess that amount of yarn shouldn't come as a surprise to us when we know she knits 10 hours a day, seven days a week.

Admittedly, the results of her obsession are beautiful, not to mention plentiful. She's already given our relatives the fruits of her handiwork: bed spreads, afghans, blankets, suits, sweaters, socks, pants, coats, hats, winter underwear, slipcovers, seat covers, appliance covers, etc. Just last Sunday, after telling me the week before that she was working on a surprise for me, she presented me with a knitted full body suit. I'm grateful, but I'll never wear it. I already have three just like it in my closet. None of them have been worn yet.

I guesst I can't really complain about the gal I married. She loves me. Her intense knitting proves it. But she can't help it. She comes from a long line of Rug Hookers. In fact, it was at the self-help group for such addicts that I'd met her. I was there in support of my Great Aunt Hilma who was making rugs till hell wouldn't have them.

Close Encounters of the Fast-Talking Kind

by Garth Spencer

(previously published in *BCSFAzine*, August & September 2004)

Hrothgar Weems' world started coming unglued about the time he lost a steady job, and had to work as an office temp. He was coming home from a very late, *very* stressful assignment, and was tired and sweaty and his cheap suit was rumpled, when he boarded his bus; he didn't notice a brilliant white-and-pink light source speeding through the clouded sky above him.

By the time he got off the bus, Hrothgar's mood was grey, rather than black. He had finished re-reading the last pages of the *Illuminatus!* Trilogy the day before, and reading Philip K. Dick was turning out to be a downer. While he crossed an ill-lit, soggy track field, he still didn't pay attention to the aurora-like lights playing on the cloud cover.

The vast metallic bulk that swiftly blocked Hrothgar's path was rather hard to miss, though. Especially eye-catching was the shifting colour of the engines, going from white-and-pink through burnt umber to gunmetal grey. Hrothgar had a brief, startled impression of a bran muffin the size of an apartment complex, before the lights went out. His usually petulant baby-face was slack with astonishment.

A dimly-lit port opened before Hrothgar; a bulky robed figure trod out, and Hrothgar heard noises he couldn't identify. After a few heartbeats he realized the deep, hoarse sounds were something like English:

"... our conquest, you will obey us without question or complaint. We are the Dominies, and destined to rule ..."

The alien voice went on in this vein for several minutes, detailing the Dominies' military strength, and their policy toward resistance, and their general ideological attitude. *—This is a prepared speech*, Hrothgar realized. *They must make this announcement as a * legal * requirement, every place they show up.* Almost immediately, he also realized: *—They're enough like us to have a drive to dominance. Are they like us in other ways as well ...?*

Hrothgar waited politely, as he had been raised to do, then raised a hand when the Dominie stopped speaking. "Do you have some promotional literature?" he inquired.

The Dominie shifted a little. Presently it said, "What do you mean?"

"I mean, any government pretty much depends on the support of its population, not just their compliance. Also, we've never had a society that was completely united; a proposition like foreigners governing us is bound to polarize us, into your supporters and your opponents." Hrothgar was improvising rapidly as he spoke. "But you might simply your work by

setting up a political party, *advocating* for you, playing up the reasons to vote for Dominie administration."

The hard-to-grasp bulk of the Dominie shifted again. Hrothgar thought it might be puzzled. "Party? Support?"

"Yes. Most of our nations are representative republics," Hrothgar went on. "But most of them have problems right now with employment, or economic failure, or ecological trouble ...even mass hunger, and tribal wars. So you could advertise the benefits of administration by experts, demonstrate your experience at allocating resources; maybe you could start by setting up organizations that mediate disputes on contract, or employ your technologies on a commercial basis." He paused. "We used to have some colonial and mercantile empires on this planet. Maybe that could work for you?" He bit his tongue before saying it would work against the aliens.

A querulous-sounding alien said something from within the flying muffin. The robed Dominie turned slightly and barked something very brief. Then it turned its attention back to Hrothgar.

"I do not quite understand why we should take this trouble," the alien said.

"How often have you lost lives and property to resistance groups?" Hrothgar asked. "And how often have they claimed that you had no *right* to their worlds, that no-one *asked* for your government? It might be a different matter on a world where a constituency supported the Dominie, and some people actually voted for joining your empire."

"AW, COME ON, BOSS," a roar came from inside, "LET ME KILL SOMETHING!"

"Why kill?" Hrothgar asked interestedly.

"IT'S MY JOB! I DON'T GET MY REWARD UNTIL I KILL SOMETHING!" the voice bawled from inside the unidentified flying muffin. After a beat the same voice belated: "YOU A TARGET?"

"Never mind him," the lumpy robed figure interrupted, "he is a subordinate under my orders. Now. Did I understand you to mean that we might *save* something by mounting a political, and not a military campaign? O child, the Ambassadors have been telling this tale to the Dominie High Council since your ancestors were using stone tools."

"Ah," said Hrothgar. He felt just as much out of his depth as he had arguing with his grandfather, about Japanese intern-

ment camps. "Have you any room to manoeuvre, I mean, any discretion about your program?"

"GIVE ME A TARGET, BOSS!"

"Not very much," the Ambassador admitted.

"Maybe I have a solution," Hrothgar said. "Please, allow me to speak to your excited subordinate."

The Ambassador, as Hrothgar now identified him, shuffled out of the portal and to one side. A larger, faster-moving figure now loomed out of the portal, and Hrothgar realized why it was hard to make sense of these figures. From the front they stood somewhat like men, but a protuberance or extension followed them ... in fact, they were centauroids. The bulky figure in body armour was easier to resolve. Especially, as Hrothgar now realized, when it stood two inches away and leaned into his face.

"READY TO FIGHT, MONKEY?"

"With what?" Hrothgar quavered.

The massive warrior looked him up and down disbelievingly. "WHAT?! NO WEAPONS?!"

"Not much use for them in this part of the world, at least here in the city. But in other countries, it's a different story ..."

"TELL ME WHERE !"

"Most of the tropical countries," Hrothgar babbled, "much of the Southern Hemisphere, in fact anywhere that the industrialized nations take their resources. That's what we call the Third World." Inspiration hit him. "In fact, if you want to be directed to countries that might *ask* for your military services, you might inquire at the United Nations."

"United Nations?" the Ambassador said. "We wrote them off as another bureaucracy, less useful than most ..."

"Well, several bureaucracies," said Hrothgar. "But they're extremely good for several kinds of information. So is the

State Department of the United States. So is the Central Intelligence Agency public website."

"GOOD HUNTING?" said the warrior. Hrothgar finally realized the armour must conceal an audio amplifier.

"Excellent, in some places. I particularly recommend sub-Saharan Africa and some parts of South America," Hrothgar babbled. "It often seems that local governments are deliberately trying to reduce their populations."

"We were beginning to wonder about that," said the Ambassador. He re-entered the portal. Pausing there, he turned to say, "Thank you for your helpful advice. Farewell."

The warrior re-entered after him, and also paused. Assuming a present-arms stance, he announced, "You fought formidably, without weapons, and deflected a threat without even violence. We shall honour your cunning and vigilance, when we meet your con-specifics. Honour and glory to you, and victory if you deserve it!" The portal closed on him.

Hrothgar watched the multicoloured alien muffin weave drunkenly across the sky, realizing that the faint aroma the Dominie left behind reminded him of horse stables.

He never heard of the Dominie again for a very long time.



SUE'S SITES: 1491

By Sue Welch

Civilization began between the Tigris and Euphrates River about 7,000 years ago when man learned how to grow food. This allowed people to live together in communities without wandering around looking for their next meal. Thus began the development of cities and the rudiments of culture that we have inherited and of course improved upon. Such is my knowledge of world history until the past few years. Sad but true! Surprising that people can emerge with a string of college degrees and have no idea of how we have arrived at where the world is today.

Two things have come to my attention in past months: the book *1491* by Charles Mann and the Genographic Project by the National Geographic Society (NGS). These have highly focused my attention on the history of our species and make me want to be 18 again and spend my life uncovering the secrets of our human past.

Fossils indicate that modern *Homo sapiens* evolved approximately 200,000 years ago in the highlands of East Africa. Geneticists agree, tracing the mitochondrial DNA of everyone alive today back to an ancestral female who lived in this region roughly 150,000 years ago and a male who lived on the same savannas about 60,000 years ago. Every man today carries a common Y chromosome. For some reason, not yet known, this group made a great leap forward in terms of intelligence, linguistics and better tools between 100,000 and 60,000 years ago. The National Geographic Society has a DVD explaining how this couple went forth and populated the earth. Because of airplanes, travel and migration have become commonplace; the Society has launched a massive project to test the DNA of isolated groups before they join the mainstream. The NGS has put together a map showing the different migrations that have occurred. The male lineage is traced by the Y chromosome and the female by the mitochondrial genome, way too complicated for me to understand, other than being excited about its results.

This study is also open to all of you who want to pay \$110 for a kit, scrape the inside of your cheek and return it for analysis. My results show that I belong to Haplogroup K. This group walked north out of Africa to northern and eastern Europe, reaching northern Scandinavia about 15,000 years ago at the end of the last ice age. Unlike other groups that kept on migrating, the K's stayed in northeast Europe. I am the sixth generation (all my ancestors can be accounted for) born in Chicago, my ancestors arriving there in the early 1800's from eastern Germany. Guess my DNA is not big on travel.

Published last summer *1491* by Charles Mann, a correspondent for *Science* and *The Atlantic Monthly*, offers incredible information about North and South America before the arrival of Columbus. The Pre-Columbian Americas were

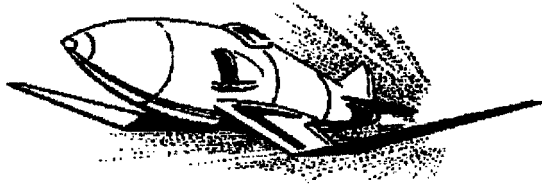
not inhabited by small nomadic bands living on land little impacted by humans. These two continents were filled with humans who migrated from Central Asia via northeastern Siberia during the last ice age, no earlier than 20,000 years ago. There may have been as few as a dozen people who crossed the Bering Land Bridge. Evidence suggests that instead of walking, these humans may have traveled south in boats. Because their descendants carry the same DNA, the coming of the Europeans, made them vulnerable to diseases to which they had no immunity. In 1491 there were probably more humans, bigger and healthier, living in the Americas than living in Europe. It is estimated that as many as 95%, having no resistance to European illnesses, died within the next 50 years. Certain American cities at this time were far greater in population than European cities. They had running water, beautiful botanical gardens, better housing than Europeans and clean streets. The earliest cities were in fact thriving before the Egyptians even built their great pyramids.

Pre-Columbian Indians in Mexico developed corn by a breeding process so sophisticated that it may be man's greatest feat of genetic engineering so far (Corn does not grow on its own because the seeds are inside the shuck which does not open on its own; humans somehow developed it, how is yet unknown). Today corn or maize, in terms of harvest weight, is the world's most important crop. It is also estimated that Indians, mostly in Mesoamerica (Mexico and Central America), developed three-fifths of the crops now in cultivation including tomatoes, peppers, squash and many beans. They invented writing, astronomy and mathematics including zero. Amazonian Indians learned how to farm the rain forest without destroying it, a process being studied today in hopes of regaining this knowledge.

But the most amazing fact, to me, is the population of the Americas had been successfully managing their environment to suit their needs for thousands of years: annually burning undergrowth, clearing and replanting forests, building canals and raising fields, hunting bison and netting salmon, growing maize, manioc and creating fertile soil. North and South America was not an unaltered landscape or vast wilderness we have been led to believe. Because almost all of the native population succumbed to European diseases the land became deregulated; no longer controlled ecosystems were not only freed from their former constraints but also invaded by foreign animals and plants. So catastrophic and irrevocable were these changes that the then existing knowledge and human controls were lost to the Europeans. In recent years, scientists have been working to regain these past secrets.

Hopefully new history books will be written to incorporate this newly gained knowledge and children will learn that all civilization did not begin in Iraq.

Into the RAF



Joining the RAF in wartime sounds easy but in actual fact it was a trifle more complicated as the recruiting office had been damaged in the raid. A helpful Flight Lieutenant told me they couldn't give me a Spitfire right away, but if I came back in a few days they would be sorted out and ready for business again. I went back to the Home Guard Post to see if there was anything I could do. There was. A sergeant issued six of us with (empty) rifles then marched us off to stand guard and keep the public away from an unexploded bomb. Feeling very proud with our clumsy rifles and Home Guard armbands (not having been in long enough to get uniforms), we strode out manfully (personfully?) over heaps of debris until where we were finally halted at a crossroads. "Stand here and divert the people round that way" said the sergeant pointing down one road. "Where's the unexploded bomb?" somebody asked. "Oh, it's just back there in that shop," was the reply – and he point up the road down which we had just marched.

The bomb was thoughtful enough to refrain from exploding whilst we were there so when we were relieved I went home and casually dropped into the conversation the news that I had just volunteered for the RAF. The effect was rather as if that unexploded bomb had followed me home and finally decided to go off. Shrieks and tears gradually subsided to be replaced with, "What do you want to do that for, you're in a reserved occupation?" I pointed out that I had always wanted to be in the Air Force and this seemed a good time to join up. The argument gradually simmered down, but it was a while before I stopped feeling as I had swiped the Crown Jewels.

A week later, I duly turned up at the RAF Recruiting Office, filled in several yards of forms and in answer to the question, "What do you want to do in the RAF?" I naturally answered, "A pilot." "Right," said the nice kind gentleman, "Come back next week for a medical." Off I toddled, full of gung-ho enthusiasm for my forthcoming role as scourge of the Luftwaffe. I returned the following week and was duly prodded, poked and investigated in some highly personal ways before being sent off home again to await the results. They came



in the form of an apologetic letter from the nice friendly officer. "Dear sir, I regret that owing to defective visual acuity (I had a weak right eye and so couldn't be trusted to play with one of their aeroplanes), I am unable to offer you a job in

Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

aircrew. I can however, offer you a position as a Wireless Operator, Ground Staff. Group 2. Your obedient servant, Flight Lieutenant Thingy."

That was the last time ever, that a Flight Lieutenant was my obedient servant. However, feeling that half a loaf was better than a kick in the teeth, I wrote back and accepted the very kind offer. I also resigned my job as a hopeful steel analyst and sat back and began to wait. I didn't have to wait very long. In early January 1940, I was sent a travel warrant and told to report to RAF Padgate for Induction into the Royal Air Force. Padgate was a cold miserable dump. We were ushered into corrugated iron, Nissan huts "heated" by totally inefficient coke stoves, one at each end. Naturally, coke was only available by purloining it from a locked fuel dump – a skill which we acquired very early, our actions spurred by the fact that it was a cold, bleak winter.

Induction included yet another medical examination with its probing of intimate places and the posing of even more intimate questions.



These happy, cheerful events were interspersed by filling in further acres of forms and still more questions. Finally, our little band stood to attention and we were duly sworn in, handed the King's shilling – that apparently being all he could spare at the moment – and informed that we were now fully registered airmen. Then came the final query. "When do you want to be called into the service?" Having volunteered for just that purpose and being what was then known as a "keen type," I naturally replied, "Right away." The chap beside me had been conscripted and didn't want to play soldier if could possibly avoid it, so he poured forth a long, involved sob story of all the things he had to do before he could possibly become a serving airman. The result was predictable. Rather than risk him not coming back if allowed to go home, he was kept at Padgate. In my case, I was obviously keen to start my RAF career, so I was sent home on "Deferred Service." Before leaving Padgate I was handed a thin slip of paper, which I still have. It said, "This is to certify that AC2 Jeeves, B. T. is a member of the RAF Volunteer Reserve and has not been issued with a badge as none are available."

My deferred service lasted until April 14, 1941 when I had to report for duty, not in horrible Padgate, but of all places, Blackpool! The Easter weekend of April saw me arriving in Blackpool station clutching a small cardboard suitcase and wandering around like a lost sheep. I eventually located that seat of all power and authority, the RAF Orderly Room.

After the usual bout of form-filling I was directed to a billet on the other side of the town. Naturally it proved to be full. Back to the Orderly Room for another address to try. This time I was luckier with the billet they gave me. I ended up sharing a tiny attic bedroom in a commandeered boarding house run by Mrs. Rye and the ubiquitous “Jim” at 238 Hornby Road. It was only a stone’s throw from Stanley Park – if you happened to be an Olympic-grade shot putter. This proved handy as much of our initial marching was carried out in the Park as we learned the highly essential military skills of “Changing step on the march,” “About turn,” “Right incline,” “Officer on Parade, too the front Salute!” and of course the various exotic antics of rifle drill; including the “Naming of Parts” and how to “Present Arms.” Funny that, we never presented ‘em to anyone, just waved ‘em at Senior Officers. Maybe they didn’t want them.



Two days later I was kitted out with sundry brushes, button cleaning equipment, and my RAF uniform. To acquire this gear we crowded into a small room where a sergeant stood on a counter and threw sundry items of cap, tunic, trousers and pullover, etc. into the mob. It got an oversize pullover which reached below my knees. Happily, this proved a blessing in disguise. With the lower half folded back up and stitched in place it made a double thickness garment, ideal for keeping me warm in winter. It also helped to fill out my uniform tunic which was for someone twice my size. Every time I donned it I had to put a couple of pleats in each side to make it look decent. A little detail which I was able to get adjusted, several months later, by a local jobbing tailor in Belfast.

Once attired like a real airman, Service training began in real earnest. Mornings usually saw us drilling up and down the streets of Blackpool or around the paths of Stanley Park as we mastered the deadly, German-defeating intricacies of foot drill, the awe inspiring menace of rifle drill and what to do on encountering an officer. That instruction was simple, “If it moves, Salute it, if it stands still, paint it.” Luckily for me, these esoteric actions were made easier by my having met such military secrets all before when in the Home Guard. We also spent a lot of time doing PE exercised on the beach. During one of these sessions I managed to strain my knee making it almost impossible to bend. I duly reported sick and an officious (and sadistic) sergeant insisted I kneel down and re-thread my bootlaces in the approved Service manner – parallel, not crossing, before I saw the MO. Nice chap, I’d love to have given him a stick of dynamite to play with.

Large helpings of time each day were devoted to Morse Code training in the Winter Gardens learning how to send and receive messages in Morse Code. This wasn’t too onerous as I had taken the trouble to learn the Code whilst on Deferred

Service. Thirty of us armed with headphones, Morse key, pad and pencil were seated around a long table. We either had to receive the messages transmitted by an instructor at the far end, or take turns in sending them to him. One little trick used to add enjoyment to the proceedings was to place a coin across the headphone terminals. This caused an ear-splitting banshee wail in all the other headsets, much to the annoyance of the instructor.



Our pay during training was a princely 2/6d (12.5p) a day. By hoarding this magnificent sum I was able to indulge myself once a week in the local café; Egg, chips, pot of tea, and bread and butter. A meal which went down very well after one of the regular route marches. Our corporal disliked route marches as much as we did, so they usually terminated for char and wads (tea and cakes) at a café on the outskirts of Blackpool. Of such simple pleasures was life made.

Boating on the lake in Stanley Park was another pleasant way of spending our leisure time. If the weather was bad we would spend an hour or so in Blackpool Tower wandering round its Zoo, the Aquarium, playing the slot machines and, of course, we enjoyed dancing to the strains of Reginald Dixon playing the might organ in the Tower ballroom.

Such delights were not to last, seemingly it was not my role to defeat the enemy by becoming a Wireless Operator. We had reached the speed of sending and receiving at 12 words a minute when our lesson was interrupted by a messenger ordering me to report to the Orderly Room. Full of trepidation at the thought of undiscovered crimes such as leaving my mug with the handle pointing the wrong way, or knife, fork and spoon set down in incorrect order, I went along to Headquarters. After the standard confusion of nobody knowing why I had been summoned, I was ushered into a room where a sergeant was seated at a desk. He asked me a few questions about my school days, then shoved a pad and pencil across to me. On the top of the pad was a short equation, $2\pi fL = 1/2\pi fC$. “Solve that to find f in terms of the other quantities,” said the man. After of couple of starts to get my noggin in gear, I produced the solution. It was much later that I discovered that was the resonant frequency of a tuned circuit. “Right,” said the man, busily writing something on a long pink form, “You can go back to your squad now.” I duly returned to my key bashing wondering what it had all been about. I eventually discovered that there was a shortage of Group 1 Wireless Mechanics and some boffin had hit on the idea of winking out airmen with School Certificates in Mathematics. The result was that a week later I was posted to Belfast for training as a Wireless Mechanic with, once I passed out, a higher rate of lolly. A flight Sergeant escorted us to Belfast, first via a train up to Stranraer, then across the Irish sea to Larne, followed by another train ride to Belfast.

Ditto 18 Con Report

by Murray Moore

Pumpkins are what I will remember first about Ditto 18.

Just as the Newport Ditto for me always will be Scooter Ditto, the Milwaukee Ditto will be Pumpkin Ditto.

(For two hours on the Sunday of the Newport Ditto I rented a scooter and explored the ancient-in-U.S.-terms Rhode Island town. I rode along the top of the cliffs with the ocean below on my left and the mansions on my right, and inland and around the ruins of the fort. That weekend was the end of October and I was dressed just warmly enough not to be too cold.)

As the years pass, Ditto 18's other interesting experiences will fade first.

I was impressed with the well-stocked Renaissance Books used book store located in the Milwaukee International Airport terminal. I browsed but I did not buy. Fifty dollars for a dj-less copy of the Shasta edition of John W. Campbell's *Who Goes There?* story collection? However, a used book store being a shopping option in an airport terminal I think is noteworthy. Perhaps the existence of the used book store says more about the lack of supply in Milwaukee of standard airport terminal tenants.

My travel bag was full anyway, with more than five inches of fanzines that I scavenged from the Bowers Box. Dick Smith thumped the heavy full box on the table in the con suite, next to the Underwood typewriter. The fanzines were part of the collection of the late and lamented Bill Bowers.

Bill's passing was lamented during the Bill Bowers Memorial Tribute. Lament-in-Chief was Leah Zeldes Smith. Art Widner told us that Bill helped him give up smoking. Art had reduced his smoking to the point that he only smoked at conventions. And he smoked at conventions by begging cigarettes. Art bummed cigarettes from Bill, who shared reluctantly. Then Art was near Bill not to get a cigarette and Bill wondered "You're not going to ask for a cigarette, are you?" Art wasn't, and he didn't, and he stopped bumming cigarettes period.

MidWestCon entered the conversation. Alan Rosenthal recalled tagging along to his first MidWestCon with Mike Glicksohn. MidWestCon has less programming than Ditto. The then-under-drinking-age-in-Ohio Alan was appointed bartender by Bob Tucker and so Alan got to meet all of the big name fans (BNFs) at that MidWestCon.

I started the Ditto 18 one-shot on the Underwood. Ditto Master Henry also had provided a laptop but I gravitated to the typer. Which reminds me again of pumpkins. I still have to mention the Safe House restaurant, the Milwaukee Art Museum, Trinlay's origami dragon.

The pumpkins were distributed during the Alternative Media for Fan Publishing program item. "We won't make you sniff ditto fluid... instead, come try the latest thing in fannish reproduction!"

Tracey Benton kept her hands clean by not carving, but by drawing on, her pumpkin: an Arthur Thomson homage of a green guy with large yellow circles for eyes beside a similarly yellow-eyed, carrot-hair-topped carrot, both behind a black aeroplane. Tracy printed beside her drawing, "With apologies to Atom!"

My favourite pumpkin was quasi-carved by Leah. Leah too declined to saw open the top of her pumpkin and remove the wet, fibrous pumpkin guts. Leah neatly carved into her pumpkin's face the three line declaration

THE NEW
SHAPE OF
FANZINES.

The pumpkin and Ditto 18 one-shot connection is that the covers of the one-shot were printed individually by Dick. Dick carved Ditto 18 in reverse in the flat bottom of the piece of his pumpkin that he sawed out of his pumpkin's top. He added ink to the raised letters and numbers and carefully pressed his vegetable press onto individual sheets of paper.

Ditto is a loosely programmed convention. Friday evening's items were "Opening Ceremonies: Today in Fanzines," and "Hanging Around in the Con Suite." Early arrivals amused themselves by picking one of the two Marc Schirmeister art-decorated badges and colouring it.

Hope Leibowitz reported that the Friday evening expedition of herself, Art, Dick and Leah, Kurt Erichsen and John Widmer, to the Old Town Serbian Gourmet House was worth the \$40 per person.

The midday outing Saturday began at the only-in-Milwaukee Safe House Restaurant. The Cold War-James Bond theme restaurant's entrance on Front Street (which is a side street) is below a sign advertising International Exports, Ltd. Up steps and around a corner is a small space with a book-filled bookcase and a speaker grille.

If you know the password, the bookcase swings open to reveal the descending steps. We did not know the password. We were invited to make chicken sounds. Our response was unenthusiastic. The response to the suggestion that we flap our arms like chickens was no more vigorous.

Eventually the bookcase swung open. We descended into a series of small, low-ceilinged rooms crammed with signs and posters and other spy stuff. We escaped, after paying for our

meals, by putting a quarter into a pay phone and pushing the numbers the voice recited. The adjacent steel door opened and we trooped downward again and exited through another door into an alley.

The con hotel, the Best Western Airport Milwaukee Hotel, was a 10-minute walk from the airport terminal. A Milwaukee County Transit Bus Route stop was on a street beside the hotel. My Ditto 18 Sunday expedition was to downtown Milwaukee by bus to the Milwaukee Art Museum.

The museum's claim to visual fame, its Quadracci pavilion, is that the pavilion is the first Santiago Calatrava-designed building completed in the United States. Inside was a something-of-everything collection: a Monet, a Henry Moore, the obligatory sarcophagus. But no dinosaur skeleton.

I do not go out of my way to look at modern art but of the items that I saw in that museum I will remember first the open suitcase on the floor.

I thought, "OK, another Common Object made into Art." I might not have gone closer. But I did. What I saw when I stood above the open suitcase was not an object or objects but the drainage grate that you see on the side of a street. Six feet below was an illuminated tank of water filled with plants and objects. And when I looked from the side at an angle I saw a pair of white legs from mid-thigh down, and a shorter pair of legs: an otherwise invisible adult holding an equally invisible child.

Should I ever be in the position of building a mansion, I want a similar installation. But I will have fish in the water. And while the view from the top in my dream house will be similar, I will have the tank attached to the ceiling of the floor below, to be a ceiling-mounted piece of art, maybe above the dining room table.

Trinlay's dream is simpler. When Trinlay wins the lottery, "I'm going to buy a hybrid engine car."

The special Rembrandt exhibition, for which I handed over an extra \$6, was underwhelming. When I reached the end, I thought 'Is that all?' I am spoiled by our visits post-Worldcon in London to the Victoria & Albert, the Tate, and the National Portrait Gallery. I am more likely to remember to remember the other visitors, peering at the Rembrandts through large-lens magnifying glasses

But at least Milwaukee has a downtown, adjacent to its lakeshore. Milwaukee is not much larger in population than Mississauga. Both cities are on the shore of a Great Lake. But my younger city's centre is a huge mall several miles from the shore.

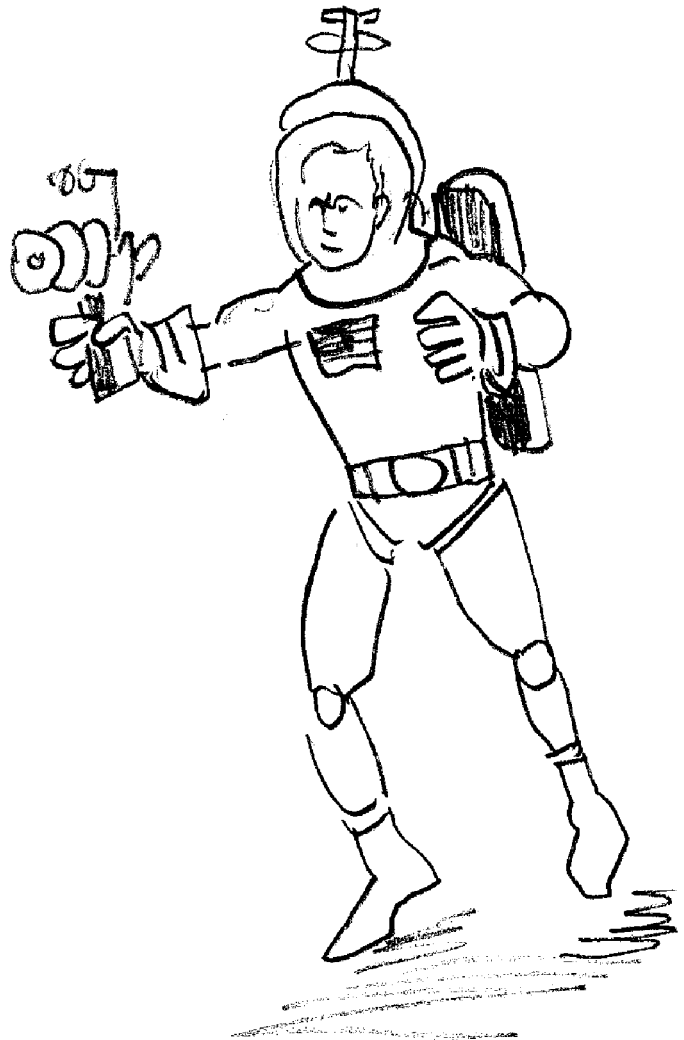
I was impressed to see two large fish in the shallow water adjacent to the art museum. Henry Osier, a local, suggested the belly of such fish should not be eaten. Henry remembered the Case of the Disappearing Fishing Boat. Months after the commercial fishing boat vanished, the conclusion

was reached that the fishing boat was run over and sunk by a barge.

I and Kurt Erichsen and Steven Silver brought fanzines. Trinlay knitted Dr. Who pattern scarves to auction on eBay. Art expressed interest in joining ANZAPA (Australia and New Zealand Amateur Publishing Association). Alan enthused about the virtues of the books of Phillip Pullman and seeing the theatrical versions in London. Janice Murray read Terry Pratchett at the airport while waiting for their late-to-arrive plane while Alan stood in line to salvage their connection through Denver to Seattle.

Henry and Letha also are speleologists. Some of their caving comrades swelled the Ditto ranks. Wisconsin cavers are hard up: they are digging the glacial debris out of their state's caves to make going inside them more interesting.

Which is basically what happens at Ditto: we make our own fun. Hey, you missed the Sprecher Brewery tour, and the Kopp's Frozen Custard tasting, too. And the Saturday evening card game. And the smoffing about Ditto 19, and the telephone calls. Perhaps when this convention report is printed in *The Knarley Knews*, the location and date of Ditto 19 will be known.



Ethics of Cloning - Part 1

by Alex Slate

I'm going to do something that I typically don't do. I'm going to give you a conclusion first, and then get around to the discussion. The direction of this article (or series of articles) will hopefully develop the conclusion that cloning is ultimately wrong, or at least as most of us view cloning. This is not an absolute, and there will be particular conditions under which it could be right. But unless things are to progress in particular directions (which I don't think they will) cloning poses to many ethical dangers for me to support the idea that cloning research is a good thing.

Cloning is/has been the stuff that dreams are made of for a long time, and it's still around. Witness the Schwarzenegger movie *The 8th Day*. But it's no longer just the stuff of fiction. Cloning is now a real viable concern. It wasn't that long ago that scientists cloned Dolly the sheep. And only about a month before the writing of this column scientists in Asia announced the successful cloning of a dog.

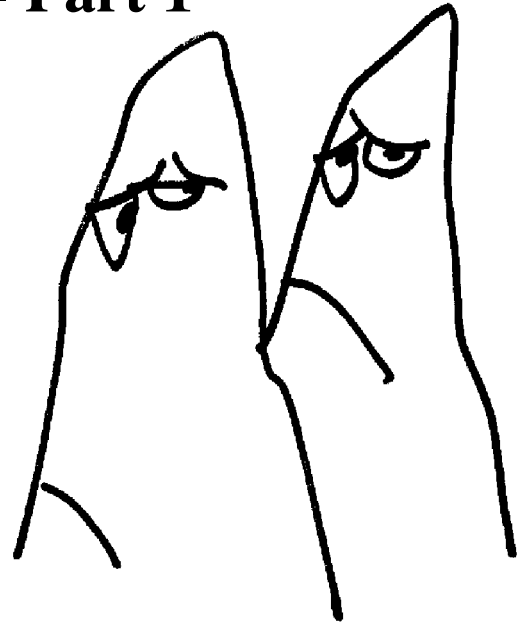
So how far away might we be from something like the recent movie, *The Island*, where humans are cloned for body parts? Of course, the optimistic skeptics among us will immediately say that this could never happen; that we would never allow such a situation to occur. That cloning of humans would only occur to replace great humans who have contributed so much to the progress of humanity or to replace the loss of a child for a grieving couple.

Well, this is certainly not in the nature of mankind, I am sad to say. Money, and man's will to greed will certainly find a way. And even if it doesn't and those optimistic skeptics are right, would cloning be ethical?

I think that first we have to ask the basic question, would a cloned being be the same as the originating being? For higher order creatures (mammals, etc) I think that the answer is no. I am not convinced that this is an obvious answer, though. A lot of the factors that go into this have to do with the nature of being and consciousness. (Although, I may not get around to discussing the issue of the nature of consciousness in this article, it may not be necessary to the answer.)

An amoeba or a paramecium duplicates its DNA and fissions. This is a form of cloning. We consider this method the amoeba's way of reproduction. Are the two amoeba's one being or two. For an amoeba, rather than a person or other mammal the answer may be closer to yes, but I would still say no. Amoeba's (I believe) do age and die. If the answer was yes, then essentially amoeba's are immortal unless an amoeba dies before it gets a chance to fission.

But within what I just said lies one of the probable logical keys to the answer. An individual amoeba body does discontinue. Therefore the replicated being is not the same as the



originating being, though it may be a very close copy. And even that may not be true if some mutation occurred in the replication process. And besides, the matter itself is certainly not the same in the two bodies, and therefore the conclusion is again we have two different beings.

This conclusion is, I believe, confirmed by the cloning of higher order mammals. I do not believe that Dolly the lamb was genetically 100% similar to the originating sheep. These replicants should be according to theory, but they are not. Have you ever heard of the question, "Nature or nurture?" I think that what we are seeing helps to answer this very old question. It must be, at least in part, nurture, or at least the environment. The universe is not a clockwork, deterministic place. To modify Einstein, God does indeed play dice with the universe. Quantum mechanics is reality.

But all of the discussion so far doesn't address the ethical questions, though it answers some philosophical ones. Let's return to the movie "The Island" and its basic premise. Given the conclusion that the clone and the original are two different distinct beings, the situation posed is wrong ethically. There is no essential "right" to existence. There are limits to the use of other creatures to continue a particular life.

Here we run into the need for a very long digression, because the final sentence in the paragraph above is a whole discussion in its own right. Although, I think that I have posed this discussion in my own fanzine *PhiloSFy*, this was a long time ago, and I don't think that all the readers here were privy to those discussions. Anyway, it is a discussion that bears repeating.

So, I'm going to end part 1 here. Until next time. Please comment, even on the basic premise presented at the beginning of the article. The goal of everything I write here is to spark discussion. It makes the issue more lively and is the right thing to do anyway.

INTERLOCUTIONS

Eric Lindsay
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11 Sep 2005

Hi Henry,

I don't know where *TKK 112* was hiding. I guess it arrived just before we set off for Arnhemland in August. Lots of stuff ignored while we travelled (and after we returned).

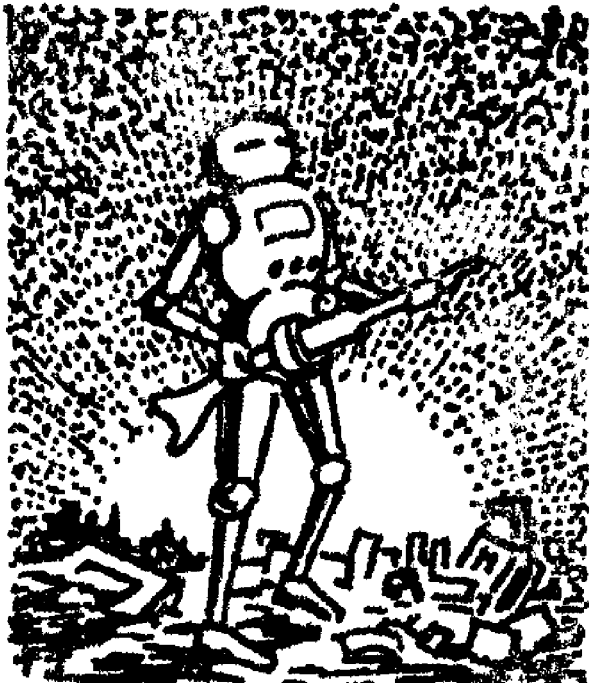
Glad to see the plea for a higher profile for software engineers. However I'll expect general improvements around the time I get a paperless office. It is really annoying given lots of old Unix systems would run for years without crashing.

I thought *Smallville* had long ago disappeared from the TV screen?

Glad to see **Terry Jeeves** continuing his account of school daze.

My SF reading has dropped greatly. Can't find all that much that appears worth buying at the moment. If my reaction is typical, publisher's sales are dropping.

My construction activity has increased slightly. I now have my computing empire in the closet. I finally found some



TJ

full extension metal drawer slides, so the entire desk surface emerges from the closet, sort of like a slab emerging from the freezer at a morgue. Shows how well my computing activity is going these days!

Must mention our air tour. On the first day we reached Birdsville, and parked the plane across the road from the pub. Had a local tour booked, so we went off into the Simpson desert in a 6WD. The engine didn't like running. An hour later we were stranded right on top of Big Red, the largest of the 1000 or so sand dunes on the track. I have some sunset photos of Big Red, and views of a convoy of vehicles coming in from across the desert but failing to make it up Big Red (they move a few kilometres along the track, to where the dune is slightly more eroded from the 80 metre high section we were on). Oh yes, the tour vehicle. Ran out of fuel ... in both fuel tanks.

The big action the next day, at Alice Springs, was the hotel kitchen burnt down just before we arrived that evening. We could tell we had problems when the hotel manager met us in the car park. At least there is more than one hotel in that town!

All the best

□*TKK*: I think the SF field, like many others, is suffering from a huge watering down effect. There are so many choices and so many publishers that large market share no longer exists. The same is true of TV where cable and satellite have resulted in much smaller viewer shares being considered exceptional. (e.g. The last episode of *Seinfeld* had a much smaller share than the last episode of *MASH*, but the former received more attention and relative ad revenue.)

Joseph T Major
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October 4, 2005

And now the knews... I prefer your reason for not writing to mine, which is medical.

“Carry on Jeeves”: But Hitler didn't have Weapons of Mass Destruction, either. Having been gassed himself, he was less than enthused about it, and the Germans had the problem that it's not possible to put a gas mask on a horse, so if they started gassing the British, the reply would be far more devastating to them than the initial blow had been to their enemies.

InterLOCutions: **Dave Szurek**: Different people have different reactions. A colonoscopy is not pleasant, but the drugs are worse.

Fred Lerner: Obviously, the Beowulf poet was in search of lox to go with his bagels and cream cheese. Scandinavian lutefisk is legendary. Amundsen used dried fish as markers, and got to the South Pole first.

Reply to me: Not only did people drop dead around Jessica Fletcher, but her old friends were inevitably accused of the murder. What sort of people wanted to stay friends with her?

E. B.: You do realize that one of the alternative versions of sadomasochism is “bondage and discipline”?

Dick Geis offered a year’s notice that he was winding up the second run of *Science Fiction Review*. People tried to help him stick with it, but his health was breaking down.

The “experts” are writing articles about how current fanac is not up to the standards of Redd Boggs. In their blogs. As for *The Issue at Hand*, soon a great *Sky Hook* will pluck you away. (The first essays that went into James Blish’s book of SF criticism *The Issue at Hand* were published in Redd Boggs’s fanzine *Sky Hook*.)

Trinlay: “*Star Wars* includes everything but the kitchen sink, and maybe that too.” Wasn’t Aunt Beru washing up before the Storm Troopers got there?

Also, the media feel the need to fill space and so over-report crimes. As a result, the Smart family got overly harassed, which did not help in recovering Elizabeth Smart. The Charley Ross kidnaping of 1874 had the same media attention, limited only by the resources available to the media. They couldn’t bring a live action-cam into Christian Ross’s home to have him tearfully ask for the return of his son because such things didn’t exist then, not because they lacked the will to do it.

Lloyd Penney: The big thing these days seems to be multi-level tombs, or whatever they call them. My mother-in-law is buried in one such.

Bob: Yes, I remember those huge blowouts that J. K. Rowling (Best Novel Hugo, 2001) used to throw at Worldcons, every fan a wizard as it were. Then she got her rocket and that was enough.

Sheryl: I’ve seen *Annals of Improbable Results* at the public library here. As the editor said, it is very much an in-joke sort of thing, and wears after a while. They do run the Ig Nobel Prizes, though.

Milt: The DC-verse reinvents itself every few years. When I was young, Jonathan Kent (Superman’s adoptive father) was a late World War veteran. Now he is a living Vietnam (I think) veteran.

“Blue kryptonite”: As Larry Niven pointed out, given the mass of kryptonite that has fallen on Earth, Krypton would have had to have had the mass of a white dwarf star.

“The Influenza Epidemic of 1918”: I have a story about that. Technically, my cousin Sue Fan has a story about that. My great-aunt Ruth (and don’t get me started on Ruth’s *real* first name) got married for the first time outdoors. On December 2. But it was December 2, 1918 – and her husband died sixteen days later.

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

☐**TKK:** *I like your reason better than mine too.*☐

Trinlay Khadro
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06 Oct 2005

When your zine arrived on 10/2 I brought in the mail and Megumi was all excited, purring and rubbing against the zine envelope. She was just as affectionate to the zine, and I wonder if maybe one of your cats (or maybe Kira) had close contact (slept on the pile of zines) with the zine leaving a friendly smell for Megumi. Megumi’s comment on the zine is “Whhho HHHOoooo, mail for ME...” purrrr rub rub.

I’m looking forward to Ditto and hope to be useful. This past week I’d over done it a bid and needed the weekend to recover. I’ll be sure to pack my medication for when I have flare ups, I’ll be crashing with and carpooling with Henry Osier.

As for your zine being late, sometimes time gets away from all of us. I sometimes look at the calender and wonder where the week/month/season/year/decade has gone.

Recently I’ve had work in the art shows at Convergence, Arcon, and this weekend ConStellation. In November I’ll have work at Windycon and Chambanacon. Pass the word around, I’m also selling some of my art/craftwork on Ebay. I’ve got things like the origami dragons, assorted knitted goods, and handbound journals. I wish I could get to some of these cons myself but I don’t have the funding or the fortitude at this time. (I’m on Ebay as trinlayk and my “shop” is called Silly Kitty... just search for “Dragon Origami” and that’ll bring them right up and they all contain a link to “see seller’s other items”.)

KT is back in school for what is hopefully the last semester of High School for her. She also looking at both MATC and UWM for getting started at the college level and getting all the basic stuff out of the way while she figures out what she actually wants to do with herself. I rarely get to see her writing and when I do, it’s really good. Some of her stuff has been published when her teacher went and sent out her work. She doesn’t have much confidence in sharing her work and sometimes sounds like she wouldn’t mind pulling an “Emily Dickenson”. (That is to be a recluse and have one’s work published posthumously... that doesn’t put beans on the table

though.) “If people see it they’ll judge it.” but what keeps people from seeing it and judging it to be good?

Jim S: I had a great uncle who even after he wasn’t able to see or hear like he ought to, continued driving...often cross country. He lived on his own, so there really wasn’t anyone around to stop him. Fortunately he didn’t get in any accidents, though I wonder if he might have caused some.

Garth: Bella Lugosi’s son looks a great deal like him, and is a lawyer. (Probably retired now.)

Wage slavery as “living death” been there, done that.

Dave S: Yeah, **Joseph Major** had to go and get all creative and get something like Crone’s instead of something pedestrian like diverticulitis.

Fibromyalgia includes IBS as part of the symptoms, along with the Chronic fatigue, clutziness, insomnia, restless legs and the muscle pain. I suspect all the mayhem is triggered by the lack of good sleep.

I just hope Mr Cruise hasn’t encouraged some neighborhood psycho to go off their antipsychotic meds. The results of that can affect the whole neighborhood.

Fred L: Welcome to the Zine. Y’know Milwaukee has a rather nifty art museum. It’s even been noted and highlighted as someplace to go by the Smithsonian.

My net-friend Weasel Trax, lives, as he says, “Deep in the woods of Vermont”.

I’ve got *The 13th Warrior* on DVD. It was one of the first DVDs I bought. (Antonio Banderas...yummy)

Joseph M: Re: Hollywood and religion. Joss Whedon, of *Buffy*, *Angel*, *Firefly* and now *Serenity* fame, self describes as “Christian”. Apparently a version that also allows him to appreciate SF & other genres that are “not approved of” by some versions.

I suspect he’s at least marginally fannish. After *Buffy* and seeing what he does with the character River in *Serenity*, I imagine he likes the motif of kick-ass teen girls.

Milwaukee fandom went en masse just about to see *Serenity* the first Friday it was open. I very much enjoyed it and suspect several lines well be regularly quoted by fandom.

EB Frovot: I suspect that bookstores are organized to be easily accessible to the greatest number of people. Since they are trying to **sell** books. So they have the well labeled sections, with the books in the stacks alphabetical by author. Fans and library buffs might be well familiar with Dewey’s decimal system, but most of the population isn’t. The bookstores also want to avoid providing anything more than the most essential Customer Service (a cashier but not a librarian who can teach a client how to find things). Many of the chains don’t even communicate that they **will** special order a book. If you

happen to find out that they can, you might actually ask them to.

I find it interesting that the majority of Slytherin scarves have been bought by adults for themselves, and most of the Gryffendor are purchased as gifts for kids. Though I have also had requests for Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff, again adults buying for themselves. The Hufflepuff order came with the comment “Only a Hufflepuff would **say** they were a Hufflepuff.”

Brad Foster: As usual your art/cartoon is Fin-tastic.

Loyd P: While Harry Potter introduced American readers to House Points. I recall times my whole class was punished (no recess, extra work) because of the misbehavior/mischief of a classmate. Then again that was the mid to late 70s.

Sheryl B: I’ve been doing Tai Chi and the physical therapy exercises on my own as well as using a friendly fan’s pool occasionally over the summer. Not perfect but it helps. I’ve also nearly cut soda/pop out of my life. I may have a can or two of soda over the course of a week, but at one point, when I was still working, I was downing 4-5 Colas a day... and all those calories.

Colleen C: I recall a not so long ago article in Smithsonian on the epidemic and a sort of Wierd Tales, fiction about an agency investigating the paranormal as a TV show. In one episode they found a family in NYC who’d not only survived the epidemic but had somehow been kept all this time at the exact same ages that they were in 1918.

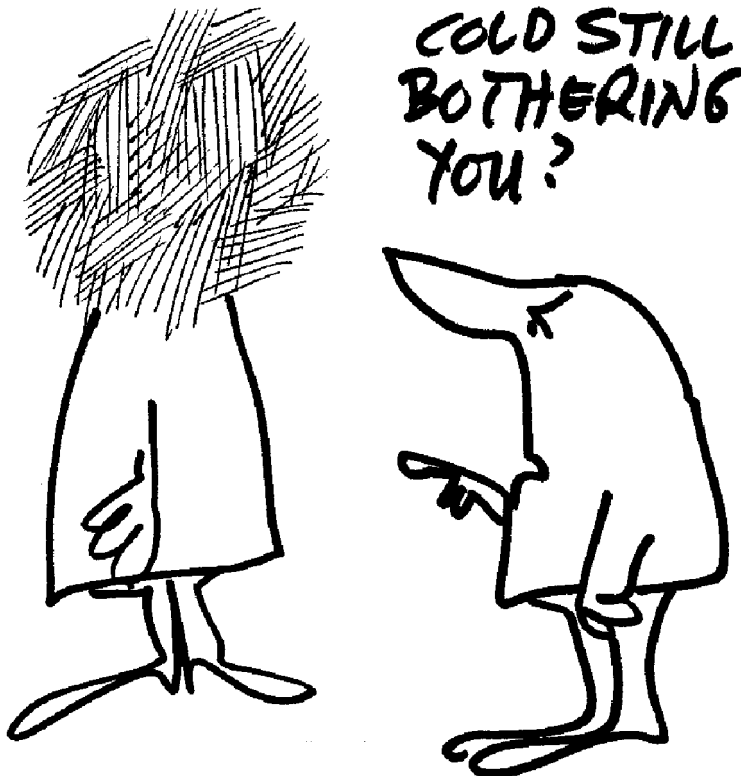
That’s all my news for now, maybe more later.

trin’

☐**TKK:** *I stuffed the zines on the bed on which one of the cats is routinely groomed. I doubt there was more contact than that. My grandmother was never the best driver and couldn’t see well to boot. (I stopped riding with her when I was 15 and she asked if something was a stop light.) She continued to drive for years after that and even her son the attorney had no way of stopping her. Her string of accidents was all minor, thankfully.*☐

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07 Oct 2005

The inclusion of **Colleen**’s article about the Influenza Epidemic of 1918-1919 is interesting given the news reports on the day that I received this issue of *TKK* that scientists had recreated the flu virus from the 1918 epidemic. They’ve also found a link between the current round of the Avian Flu and the Spanish Flu epidemic of 1918. While googling it today, I came across a reprint of an article from September 22, 1960,



which discussed the epidemics effect on the town of Holbrook, Massachusetts. That town lost about 20 people, which is more than it lost in any war. A total of 68 people in town died in 1918 of all causes.

Re: **Fred Lerner's** comments. By the time this is published, I will have visited Portland and Seattle. Perhaps I'll send Knarley a trip report, at least of the visit to the SF Museum in Seattle. The main purpose of our trip is for our niece's bat mitzvah, but we're planning on getting together with some fans in Seattle and possibly Portland.

Re Your comment to **Joseph Major**: A friend of mine used to work on *Murder, She Wrote* and I asked him about that. He claims that the Jessica we saw wasn't really the author, but rather the character in the author's books and the two just happened to share a name and profession.

Re:Comments regarding *Chronicle*. I find *Chronicle* to be several months behind *Locus* (not to mention *SF Site*, *Ansible*, and other news websites). But yes, both are trades for the SF field. *Chronicle* does tend to include Market Listings (much like the other trade, *SFWA Bulletin*), but the delay in getting things printed in *Chronicle* often renders them moot. Frequently I'll see major award nominations listed in *Chronicle* after the awards have been presented.

Re: **Bob Sabella's** comments to **Milt Stevens**. One of the more interesting comments I've heard at a con panel was at Rivercon. I was on a panel with Harry Turtledove, Jack Nimersheim and Laura Frankos discussing alternate history. When we opened the floor to questions, a gentleman in the front row commented that he had never realized how close

alternate history was to hard sf. It used the same skill sets, although was based on history and sociology rather than physics and geology. The speaker was Harry Stubbs and it was really interesting to see him applying his hard sf thought processes and techniques to a different subgenre.

Steven H Silver

☐**CKK**: I was pleased by the serendipitous aspect of the influenza article, since I almost postponed it. I look forward to seeing your travel report.☐

E.B. Frohvet
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October 7, 2005

Dear Henry:

The other night I had a strange dream; strange not only in its specific content, but because I recall so much of it clearly, which is not usual. There was a school or college. It was a very beautiful, modern school. Apparently I was a faculty member. Ursula K. LeGuin was speaking – somehow I was responsible for that, perhaps I had invited her. (True enough; if there's an SF writer I would most like to meet, it would be her.) There was a lecture, and a workshop of some sort, and a screening of the film version of *The Left Hand of Darkness*. I told LeGuin that I still preferred the book, but she said, no, she rather liked the film. The dream then took an odd turn. People in military uniforms were going through files. I said to Ursula K. LeGuin, "After this they're going to expect me to produce a workable interstellar drive!" She smiles and said, "There is no interstellar drive." And I said, "I know that – tell them!"

After that I woke up. Still feeling rather guilty that I had been unable to convince the U.S. Army that an interstellar drive was impossible.

Though one did rather expect #113 a trifle earlier, you are still far ahead of more famous fanzines. Even "late", the *Knews* has done five issues so far in calendar 2005. I could name half a dozen "current" fanzines that had done one, and some that have not published any at all.

"Interim Report": My (perhaps callous) theory is that if people don't fasten their seat belts, they should have to live with the consequences.

Dave Szurek, Henry, et al.: As I suppose that Henry (who I have met) is younger than myself, you lot must have gone to some strange schools. I can't remember ever being hit by a teacher. Certainly by high school, if someone had attempted corporal punishment on me, I would have been like, "I don't think so!" and would have resisted.

Joseph Major: In general your comment about "normalizing" in TV shows, *Smallville* in particular, is true; but not entirely. For example, in this season's opener, Clark admitted

to Chloe that, "I'm not from around this galaxy." (Which, considering that she already knew something about his powers, she's madly in lust/love with Clark, and he had just saved her life – again – she took rather well.) And from the coming attractions it appears as if Lana and Clark are finally going to get each other in bed. There are certain decisions you can't back away from.

Um, that's "greatly improve your chances of **not** being shot through the lungs..."

Trinlay Khadro: Well, I actually did have some small experience with someone mailing art to a convention art show. As I remember, in the first place, you must register someone with the con to act as your agent (and have to do that individually with each con); and then mail the material to that person, rather than to the convention or the club sponsoring it. And then the "agent" has to take responsibility for collecting and returning unsold work, and there's the postage/shipping both ways... Unless you have a regular convention-going friend in whom you place great trust, and/or expect to make a bundle, it seems to me like a lot of work for marginal rewards. But that's just what I think.

Bob Sabella: See my LOC in *Banana Wings* #23 in which I said of all the fan awards collectively, "I propose that they are a drain on fandom and we'd all be better off without them." So, no, I don't think one is worse than the next: a pox on all of them. I do like your *Visions of Paradise* as indicated by the fact that I LOC it every, or nearly every, issue.

Sheryl Birkhead: Alas, what a typically horrible air-travel tale. I don't want to go anywhere badly enough to fly. When I did, I usually asked for an aisle seat. I hope the wedding was nic. Well, if both parties and most of their families show up, weddings generally do okay.

Milt Stevens: I don't think the show has used "blue" kryptonite. Green, which makes Clark ill, and red, which shuts of his moral standards (hello, Bad Clark). If I was asked for an American "mythic hero" I would probably start with George Washington, who meets all qualifications except being "mythic"...

Colleen Cahill: It was a pandemic and David Palmer used it in *Emergence*, even if indirectly.

Best gremflods,
E.B. Frohvet

☐**CKK:** *I almost never recall anything about my dreams. We just studied the contributory negligence of an injured plaintiff who was not wearing a seat belt and it compounded the injury. Many states have statutes that explicitly state that this is NOT contributory negligence. I was never hit by a school teacher or administrator, it was just the disciplinary policy. That was the only school district that I ever saw it in. In all the conventions where I was on the committee there was no*

requirement for a local agent. The art show director took responsibility for all of this.☐

Elizabeth Garrett
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7 Oct 2005

Dear Fanzine Editor:

Did you know that there are business owners out there who assume that by hiring you they have bought all your intellectual output? And that whatever thoughts you have that apply neither to their business nor to the business of living are stolen from them? Maybe I'm paranoid, but I've seen employment contracts that could be interpreted that way. What gets bad is when a more rational business gets bought up by one that uses such a contract and assumes it's the norm, then reacts accordingly when employees of the absorbed business continue to function under the contracts they signed.

Speaking of assumptions: one of our Great National Myths has been that America is a Christian Country. When my mother retired from being a missionary in Japan back in 1977, she couldn't adapt to the way the hand towels she left draped over the steering wheel of car, unlocked with open windows in the mall parking lot, always got stolen. They wouldn't have been in Japan. Japan is an ethical country. They're also amazed by how lawyer-ridden America is. (Which isn't to say that you're wrong to be learning all you can about patent and copyright law, to teach your students to take care of themselves in those arcane areas.)

Your sweet little neighbor up in Brown Deer seems to be assuming that Tim is a Christian. He dropped out of church in high school and now calls himself an Agnostic. He is still more ethical than many, even of those who call themselves Christian, but does not adhere to "Love: The Law of Life," which many of us consider the hallmark of a Christian. And he has a violent negative reflex to attacks on himself, a reaction instilled by two decades of abuse from his brother during his formative years. What he can't pay back he pays forward, in ways that end up hurting him as much as the people he hits back at. Those fen who thought of Push Tim's Buttons as a great game exacerbated this.

To me dear cousin **Joe:** Just because John Campbell insisted on treating ESP as science doesn't mean that everything he put in *Analog* was Science Fiction rather than Fantasy. In my book the *Pern* series started as fantasy and only crossed over in SF when the Pernese found the spaceship relics on the Southern Continent. I call that a retrofit. Campbell was so spirit-hungry, which science-worshipping, the he lost sight of what's what. Whenever we deny a dimension outside the material province of science, we trap ourselves.

We've go *FOSFAX* largely in the computer, but Time wants to get the off-year elections into this issue, so we're looking

at December – which is so over-activizd that we'll have to see.

A team from my church went down to Mississippi from hurricane relief and not one of them is in south India on a three-week project with Habitat for Humanity, second-stage tsunami recovery.

I see you had a good time in Banff. In the high and far-off times, a later friend of my mother, a Canadian missionary kid from Japan, spent her second and third college summers waitressing at one of the park concessions and loved it.

Elizabeth Garrott

□TKK: *Intellectual property agreements are quite common with businesses today. They would be foolish not to have one. The agreements are also adhesion contracts (sign or you can't work) and in many jurisdictions if the terms are unreasonable then the courts will throw them out. If Tim is so sensitive to attacks on himself then he should apply the converse and try to be more sensitive of attacks he makes on others. His attacks on me and his assumptions regarding my motives are the chief reason I no longer LOC FOSFAX; the only fanzine I receive that warrants that treatment.*□

Karen Gory
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Oct 7, 2005

Hi Knarley!

Thanks for sending TTK 113.

I've been spending a lot of time working on the Distributed Proofreader's site lately. It's kind of fun to take musty old OCR'd prose and to turn it into slightly less musty and much more readable text. At first glance a lot of the books look like gibberish (e.g. ye olde mayid uppe spellings) and they really weren't big on spelling and punctuation back then, but then you realize that you're reading something that was written in 1500 or 1600 and it's amazing that you can get to read it at all! So why mention it here? There was an interesting change of pace a few weeks ago, and a couple of Andre Norton books came through – apparently she chose never to renew the copyright on some of her oldest novels, so they're in the public domain now! Look for them on Project Gutenberg on a computer near you. At the rate they are whizzing through the production line *Plague Ship* should be there by Christmas. So many people leapt on in that it made it through each round of proof-reading and formatting in a day (some of the more arcane works take years!)

Anyway, no to TTK 112. Have fun at Ditto. Wish I could be there, but I don't get to travel, we're lucky to afford a dinner out at the end of the month! Congratulations on your new position (role?) with the software engineering thing. Sounds like it's going to keep you busy. I don't think I'd be brave



enough to eat a home-grown mushroom! One of the benefits of renting an apartment is not having to worry about a garden.

I don't think the dead really care how they're disposed of. The majorly interested party is the funeral industry and they're interested in their profit margin! Why else spend a zillion dollars on coffins etc.? They have to have a way to charge more for vertical burial to catch on. (Of course the customers might like it as a new and cheaper alternative, should it come to be offered as such.)

Smallville reminds me of one of those never-ending serials of the 50s. Dire peril after dire peril, each one more dangerous than the last, and somehow you know that Clark will **always** find a way out of it and things will return to the status quo at the end of the episode. The most interesting character is Lex by a long run – at least he has some kind of emotional depth!

Sorry, I have no sympathy for the face shield-less hockey player (or rather, I did if he was a foolhardy young kid), but at 40 he was **definitely** old enough to know better and there should be no lawsuit there in my opinion!

#113: Nice story **Garth**. I'm envious of your trip to Banff, "Sue's Sites" brought my trip back to me. The Canadian Rockies would have to be one of the most beautiful places on the planet! I wish I could go back, but the immigration people won't let me out of the country again now that they let me in! When I get my Green Card we'll definitely be going back. I guess that gives us time to save – Florida to Alberta isn't exactly an afternoon's drive!

I wonder how often **Terry Jeeves** safety instructor had given the incendiary bombs as bad demonstration. Probably not many if the cost was a new desk each time. I bet it made his point though.

Trinlay: The *Smallville* Superman hasn't got time for angst; he's too busy saving the world from all the other angsty teens who've been mutated by the Kryptonite! BTW, surely the authorities must have noticed the high death rate by now. Almost every week someone gets murdered in the opening minutes. Not to mention all the glowing eyes, etc. How come the whole town wasn't placed under quarantine long ago? Maybe that's the answer to the nobody comes in, nobody leaves thing. It's a giant quarantine zone cum laboratory for studying the effects of Kryptonite on the population. The men in white coats (or is that black hats?) are lurking unseen in the background so they don't mess up the equipment.

Trinlay, the origami dragons sound great. It I wasn't sure the cats would destroy it almost instantly I'd commission one for my husband's dragon collection. Alas, Silver is a dedicated paper chewer and nowhere is safe from her determined assaults. I have a pretty little hanging origami crane (I think you gave it to me a few years ago) and I put it up "out of reach". After it had been there a few months Silver spied and she didn't give up until she'd pulled it down and carried it away. (And yes, I did try to stop her.) She's incurable or should that be incorrigible?

When I was a kid I loved a series of girl's adventure-type novels set in Australia. So why do I mention it here? Mary Grant Bruce was setting the books in current time and she follows the characters through real-life events, including WWI. The bulk of the series was set in Outback Australia, but through some editorial finagling she got her main characters to England just in time for war to break out so that they could experience life in war-time London along with her English readers. The title set immediately after the war is called *Back to Billabong* and our intrepid heroes help to nurse half the countryside through the influenza epidemic.

See you next ish,
Karen Gory

TKK: *My will says to do the following, in order. Organ donation, cadaver for medical school, cheapest cremation possible.*

Terry Jeeves
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United Kingdom
Oct 10, 2005

Dear Henry,

Many thanks for the latest *TKK*. I'm having to respond by snail mail as my e-mail provider mucked up my link and I am waiting for a friend to come and fix it for me. Whereupon, e-mail should resume.

I enjoyed reading all the travel reports and am continually amazed by the amount of assorted work jobs you get through and the hefty dollop of law classes keeping you busy.

Car Safety, well they get more crash resistant every year, but the main trouble is the nut holding the steering wheel. Now if only we got rid of our cars, accidents would vanish overnight. Perhaps a simpler solution to make all vehicles out of small blimps fitted with wheels, all accidents would be bouncing affairs. Patent applied for.

Garth Spencer's yard read well, but the ending was much of a let down. Pity as I was enjoying it. **Sue's** travels were good and reminded me of 1980 when we stayed the night in a cabin on Lake Oneida on the way to the Northeastcon and the time we had a lake trip and meal on a well-known Lake whose name escapes me, that was in 1982 when we toured the West Coast.

Many thanks for running my article and using that cover.

We have a small bird bath in the garden and have to move it when the gardener comes to cut the grass. There is always at least one frog underneath it and sometimes two. We also have a pool which has collected two or three frogs and even a newt. Ghu knows where they all come from as the nearest free water is the Mere about half a mile away.

Our toilet acted up and wouldn't flush, so, having Water Board insurance, we rang them at 9 am, the plumber called at 10 to say he would be with us by 11 and finally arrived at 2:30 pm. It took him five minutes and we now flush happily.

I now have to take tablets three times a day and have an injection every three months. Then this morning I awoke to find I was stone deaf in my one good ear. Until I get it syringed in five days time, I live in a silent world. Ain't life cheerful?

Cheers,
Terry

TKK: *I've been told that the frog eggs come in a on the legs of the birds. Can anyone confirm this? Is the five day delay a side-effect of nationalized medicine? I don't think I'd want to wait that long when I could simply visit a clinic or hospital that same day.*



Bill Legate
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Oct. 14, 2005

Thank you Henry for 112 and 113:

More about Jamestown, before John Smith ever got there: in Howard Zinn's extreme anitcapitalist *People's History of the U.S.* (p. 24) he cites a 1619 document in the Virginia House of Burgesses journals describing the 1609-1610 Jamestown winter in which the early settlers, "driven thru insufferable hunger to eat those things which nature most abhorred, the flesh and excrements of man as well as of our own nation as of an Indian, digged by some out of his grave after he had lain buried three days and wholly devoured him;" ... and that "one among them slew his wife as she slept in his bosom, but her in pieces, salted here and fed upon her ..."

Jack Williamson coined the term "terraforming" in about the 1940s – according to Arthur C. Clarke, and also to John S. Lewis, the author of *Worlds Without Eng* (1998), whose name and book I couldn't remember during the Ethics of Terraforming Mars panel at Cascadiacon (NASFiC), over Labor Day in Seattle.

Cascadiacon was pretty good. Jerry Pournelle knows a lot about everything. He doesn't yell as loud as he did in the 1970s and 80s. I hit a few heavy panels. The terraforming panel didn't get very excited.

What I managed to forget was the substance of Lewis's text on the diversion of ice to impact Mars (p. 211), quoted about two years ago in **Jim Stumm's** *Living Free*:

->"Importation of water requires the availability of an appropriately rich, reasonably accessible source that does not lie deep in a gravitational well. Comets always come first to mind, but we must remind ourselves that comet impacts probably played a major role in stripping Mars of its initial atmosphere. Water-rich, relatively low-velocity asteroids are a far better solution. Ideally, the water should be supplied at such a low speed, or in such small chunks, that explosive blowoff of volatiles is unimportant."

The fanzine lounge was comfortable, and I picked up a bunch of TAFF and DUFF stuff, which I don't understand at all. There were old fanzines to read, but no current zines to buy – which was mainly why I attended the con. Anyway, I left two days early, picked up my daughter from the airport and came home. She had a turtle carved for me in Hawaii. (What's the difference between a tortoise, a terrapin, and a turtle?) And pictures she took of one big fish that kept following her around when she was scuba diving.

I told her about the sea level rising 70 meters, whales from around the world visiting France, and one beached on the Paris Cathedral roof that we came to call the humpback of Notre Dame.

In *The Silent Speaker* (1946), p. 3, the address on Archie Goodwin's business card is "922 West 35th Street." But in "Easter Parade" (1956 or 1957; in *And Four to Go*, p. 74), Archie directs a cabbie, "Nine-eighteen West Thirty-Fifth Street."

John D. Clark's "Some Notes Relating to a Preliminary Investigation into the Paternity of Nero Wolfe" appeared in the January, 1956 *Baker Street Journal*. In short, he agrees with Bernard DeVoto that Nero Wolfe was born in the U.S. between 1892 and 1895, and concludes that after escaping the Reichenbach Falls and traveling through Italy, Sherlock Holmes went to Montenegro, and found Irene Adler there (at whose marriage Godfrey Norton he had assisted, a few years earlier); in time, Wolfe was conceived there in Montenegro, and Irene Adler soon returned to her parents in New Jersey. (So what Holmes told Watson about Tibet and Persia would be a cover-up of Holmes's paternity of Wolfe, to spare the doctor's feelings.) Rex Stout saw Clark's study in early 1955, and sent the *Baker Street Journal* an admiring note; but "the constraint of my loyalty to my client makes it impossible for me to say more now."

It is a delightful study. (See *Sherlock Holmes by Gas-Lamp*, New York, Fordham University Press, 1989, p. 334) But, in "Fourth of July Picnic" (1956 or 1957; in *And Four to Go* (1958), p. 136), Nero Wolfe tells a roomful of murder suspects, "I was born in Montenegro and spent my early boyhood there": and in "The Black Mountain" (1954?), Wolfe visits Montenegro, remembering childhood events and seeing the house where he was born. The date of Stout's note to the *Baker Street Journal* is June 14, 1955. However, in *Over My Dead Body* (1939), a story involving Yugoslavian factions just prior to WW II on p. 8 an FBI agent asks Nero Wolfe if he is a citizen of the U.S. Wolfe says, "I am. I was born in this country." – So Stout is inconsistent on the matter of Nero's birthplace. On p. 115 Goodwin gives Wolfe's office address as "506 West 35th Street."

Bill

☐TKK: I suspect that someone buried three days would be rather ripe. The ground doesn't really freeze in Jamestown so the refrigerative properties would be highly suspect.☐

Dave Szurek
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18 Oct 2005

Knarley Ol' Henry,

Well, it's happened again. Between hospital visits, I am actually a fairly healthy guy – at least for the number of malfunctions in my body. A friend of mine just pointed that out and I had to agree. If you met me on an average day, you'd probably not get the impression of unhealthiness. *TKK 113* arrived just a couple days after my most recent hospital discharge. A four-for-one this time. My first seizure in 25 years

(and I'd not had one for nearly five years at that time) got me to the emergency room. I had a second while in E.R. Hell, I'd thought seizures were part of my personal ancient history. I expected to never experience one again. It was also discovered, though, that I'd just had a non-life-threatening heart attack – the kind that produces palpitations rather than failure and a urinary tract infection which they told me was severe enough as to be potentially fatal if not caught and treated early enough. Fortunately it was on both counts. There was a suspected T-1-A (mini-stroke for the medically illiterate) which was never proved in either the yea or nay sense. Plus they claimed I displayed an extreme amount of anxiety – kinda funny as who wouldn't under the circumstances?

Today, however, I feel pretty normal (no comments from the peanut gallery) for lack of a better term and can scarcely believe I'd been sick enough for hospitalization only about a month ago. I've been like this for about a week. Before then, I could do things but not without more effort than usual. I certainly don't feel as if involved in any manner of stroke and have to think their suspicions in that area were thoroughly incorrect. Still, since I'm only in my 50s, I have to wonder. I have to feel doubts about longevity and all that sort of thing. I'll try not to worry myself into a heart attack, though.

Stretching out the matter of school paddlings, I recall only a couple teachers who gave miscreants a choice of punishment. "Innocent until proved guilty" was an alien concept to us kids. If called on a matter, we were automatically judged guilty. I know not of high school spankings – plenty of junior high level ones though, although I'd heard rumors of such, they sounded like rumors. Some, like the stories of students paddled in the nude had the distinct sound of fantasies and I'd accepted them as rumors. I was once threatened with a spank-

ing from my high school counselor, but his goal struck me more as humiliation than anything else and I never thought he was serious about it.

I recently saw the *Phantom Empire* compilation feature. Struck me as fair for the silly thing it was – nothing more, nothing less.

I had just recently learned elsewhere of the 1918-1919 influenza epidemic, so reading about it in *The Knarley News* was a bizarre experience and felt almost paranormal, if you know what I mean. I'm afraid that **Colleen Cahill's** point has been true even in my lifetime. If not written about in fiction, it never happened. I've even seen things suffer the same fact in news stories that are supposed to be factual – instant revisionism, I'd call it.

Dave

☐CKK: *My medical woes pale in comparison to yours. I hope you stay healthy for many years to come.*☐

Lloyd Penney
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October 21, 2005

Dear Henry:

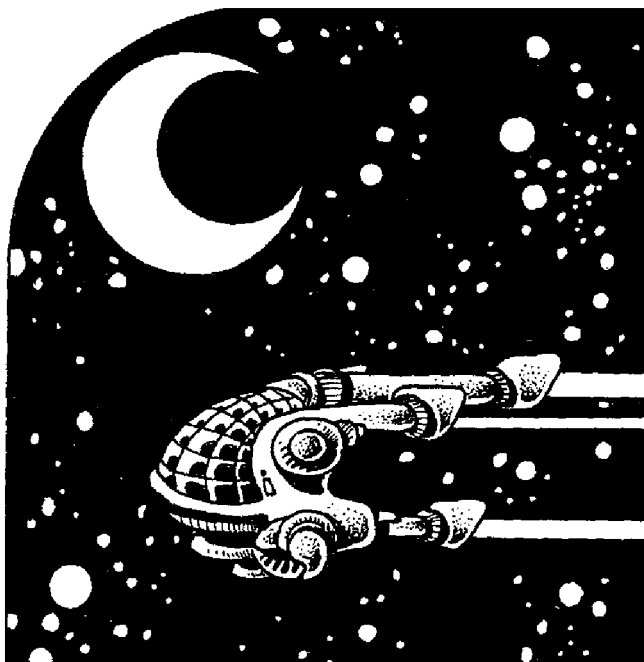
This is my first day off this week. I've been working on a trade show, doing registration, so I've had to time to think of anything except work. What a relief it's done! As you say in your editorial, life gets in the way of fanac. Wish it had a minimum wage attached to it...

The Calgary area is a beautiful place to be. I've been through Calgary a couple of times, but never got a chance to stay for very long. Taking the train through the Rockies is a great way to see a lot of scenery. I just wish it would stop when you wanted to take a walk or a sip from one of those mountain streams.

I only received a whack on the open hand once at school, and it was dealt out by a rather wimpy principal. He had to climb up on his chair, and jump off with the strap to give you a smack with any sting at all, and any tears from me were more from embarrassment than from pain.

A fanzine from **Julie Wall**? Sounds good, hope it comes about. No pressure here, **Julie**...☺

The latest issues of *Emerald City* have been interesting to read, especially with Cheryl Morgan saying that because of her sercon zine, the fact she's gone to a voluntary subscription basis, and the fact her zine doesn't seem to keep anyone in fanzine fandom happy, she has left fanzine fandom, and will continue with *Emerald City* in its present format. I still respond in a fanzine-like fashion to her zines, and she does



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appreciate the feedback. She does say the format of the zine may yet change; who knows what will happen? I guess I always thought that because it was your fanzine, you could put in it whatever you wanted, and leave out what you didn't want.

I think the only thing the FAAn Awards need is better publicity, and better distribution to more faneds and fanwriters. Simply putting the ballot on the website is not good enough if you want a decision on the awards based on the greatest participation of fanzine fandom as a whole.

Ah, if only I had the time for writing witty articles, or even non-witty articles. I'm to the point that getting locs written is a product of strict time management. What I will do is wait for the next issue to come my way, with witty articles written by someone else, a witty Ditto report with witty captions to photos and witty illustrations, and then I will make a feeble attempt to write a witty letter of comment. That may be all I can promise at this moment. Until then, many thanks for another interesting zine, and I'm greedy enough to want more.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney.

☐TKK: *If fanac only paid minimum wage I wonder how many of us would take the time. I find the currency imminently more satisfying than a few bucks an hour.*☐

Marc Schirmeister
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25 October 2005

Dear Henry-

Just for the heck of it, here's the belated skinny about those silly-ass *Phantom Empire* robots. Like **Milt Stevens** (Hi ya, **Milt**), I thought they looked real cheesy too, exceptional so even for a 1930s poverty row serial, and I figured it was because they were the naïve creation of sub-basement budget, shoot it in Griffith Park, Roger Corman-style movie making (Why spend \$3000 on a professionally made prop when you can get some eager-beaver kid to make it for \$200 and a screen credit?). Well now, get this, as it turned out these clunkenheimer robots were **not** the product of cheapskate necessity, but were actually **supposed** to look ridiculous, and not because some cynic on the *Phantom Empire* crew was trying to "camp" things up as a joke. Nope, it was because those goofy looking mechanical men were originally ginned up earlier for a million dollar "A" picture, *Dancing Lady*, made by MGM in 1933 and starring Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and the Three Stooges, no kidding. *Dancing Lady* is a musical and the robots were featured in a comedy number about the (so-called) March of Human Civilization towards the upcoming Triumph of Technocracy, which ended up on the cutting room floor, never to be seen by the general public. And since MGM had no further use for them, the robot suits were sold to Western Costume over in Hollywood proper. If

you were a poverty row producer who wanted to save money on costumes, Western could cheaply rent you anything you needed wardrobe-wise for your movie, which is not only why you got those robots in *Phantom Empire*, the subterranean Muranians were running around in mismatched outfits leftover from different C. B. deMille historical epics. I understand, though, that Gene Autry had to wear his own street clothes during the filming of *Phantom Empire*, but hey, you have to make sacrifices if you want to be a star.

By the way, screenwriter Wallace MacDonald dreamt up the concept for *Phantom Empire* while he was having a tooth pulled by his dentist. The futuristic city of Murania was a large model made out of old car parts, buckets, and kitchen gizmos bought at a local Woolworths. It cost roughly \$600 to build. Rather than construct standing sets of Murania, the producers used the then brand new Griffith Park Observatory, the first movie to do so. And in the last chapter, when a death ray runs amuck and destroys Murania, they got the effect of the city melting into nothingness by heating a still photo of Murania and filming it as the emulsion dribbled and ran. And, of course, *Phantom Empire* made a big star out of Gene Autry and kick started the singing cowboy genre, which I won't go into here because, after all, we **are** science fiction fans (supposedly). But I will say that, as dumb and dated as it is, I've always enjoyed *Phantom Empire*. And that's because I have taste for unintentional surrealism. That and being soft in the squash, but hey, I have my fun.

Yours-
Schirm

☐TKK: *So it appears that the movie industry was one of the early pioneers of the environmental movement; at least in terms of "reuse."*☐

Julie Wall
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02 Nov 2005

Dear Henry,

To state the obvious: man, you stay busy. Thanks for another edition of *TKK*, which I enjoyed perusing. Things are still fairly hectic around these parts for me, too and the holidays are coming! Again! How did that happen so fast?

Anyway, just a quick couple of replies to **E.B.** and **Trinlay**.

E.B. Frohvet: I did enjoy Las Vegas, although I would like to stay longer if I go again. My airfare and hotel was paid for by my friends, so it was pretty cheap...until I decided I had to see a Cirque du Soleil show. But it was totally worth it. We had a great time. And, no, I haven't considered starting a fanzine and don't plan to. I stay plenty busy without too much fanac.

Trinlay Khadro: I actually have a security system - got it after the first break in. After this last one, I did add some motion detectors to the mix. The burglar(s) broke a window to get in but went out the door, and that was when the alarm went off. I have so many windows that it's cost prohibitive to alarm all of them. I'm not much of a dog person and I have a cat already, so I'm not interested in the Big Dog (tm) option. I know the break-ins sound bad and they are vexing, but it has only happened when I'm not at home - which is really easy to determine since I have only a carport and no garage. I know it's just kids from the not-so-good neighborhood adjacent to mine. So I don't feel unsafe. Or at least I have convinced myself not to. Hey, I got one of your Harry Potter scarves at Con*Stellation, btw - the Ravenclaw! It's lovely and warm.

Julie

☐**TKK:** *I found Las Vegas anything but cheap. I stayed in a room with three others and despite the comps for some of the group gambling somewhat profusely it was still close to \$100/night for my share. Then again, it was the MGM Grand.*☐

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3 Nov 2005

In the letters of *TKK* 113 both **Fred Lerner** and **Joseph Major** mention Portland, Oregon. I was just there a couple weeks ago for the first time since 1978. I remembered it fondly from backthen as a clean, reasonably sized and diverse city, and if anything it's gotten better (although a bit larger, as all cities have done) since then. **Fred** should know, however, that it's not particularly a "good starting-point" for a trip to Crater Lake, which is **w**ay down-state, unless he's factoring in a goodly amount of driving. I can relate to that, since all of western and central Oregon is a visual beauty - even along I-5, which was the route I took coming up from California. As for **Joseph's** "fanzine fans in Portland" and mention of Dick Geis: Geis is the **oldest** fanzine fan in Portland, but definitely not the only. **David Levine** and **Kate Yule** have lived there for years, and publish the mini-sized fanzine *Bento*. And well-known fan artist Dan Steffan and his wife Lynn moved there last spring.

I don't have *TKK* No. 112 handy to figure out why **E.B. Frohvet** wrote to **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..." But I have to wonder which "experts" he's referring to, and why he picked Boggs as someone to diss. Redd passed away in 1996 and his peak period of activity outside the apas was in the '50s, when he published the well-regarded *Skyhook*, a "sercon" fanzine that featured contributors such as James Blish, whose columns there were collected into several books: *The Issue at Hand* and *More Issues at Hand*. But beyond who wrote for *Skyhook* there's the matter of the high

quality of Redd's presentation: neatly justified margins done with a typewriter, tasteful layout and excellent mimeography. In these arenas it could easily be said that the best of "today's fandom" (i.e., fanzines) is entirely "up to [Redd's] standards" thanks to the ease with which computers render such tasks that were formerly done by hand. (**Lloyd Penney** also points this out in his letter.)

Thanks to **Bob Sabella** for also pointing out that *FAPA* is not a select club of people hand-picked by me. Truth be told, there are a number of people on the membership roster whose absence wouldn't bother me at all. And thanks also to **Bob** for his calm observation that the FAAn awards, like all awards, are influenced to some degree by whoever manages them.

Best wishes,
Robert

☐**TKK:** *I suspect that E.B. is commenting more on the often apparent gulf between those who express and enjoy an overt appreciation to prior eras of fanzine fandom and those who do not.*☐

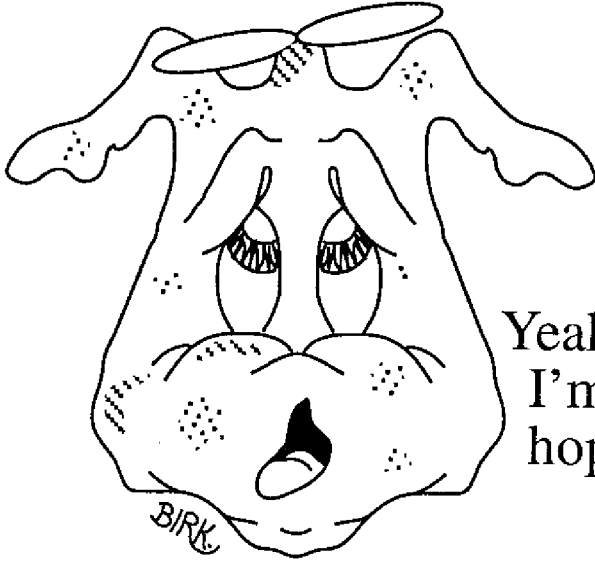


We also heard from:

Ned Brooks (who wanted to know why Garth Spencer's vampire cared so much for the victims), Kurt Erichsen, Kasey and Karen Fiske, Brad Foster, John Hertz, Rodney Leighton (who's second *FAPA* review was postponed until next issue) Guy H. Lillian, Linda Palla, Joy V. Smith (who recommends the movie *Serenity*), Sue Welch, and Leah Zeldes-Smith.

Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

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



Yeah, I look this way 'cause
I'm training for the worldcon-
hope to see you there!

You Got this Issue Because ...

- You are going to suggest a theme for the 20th Anniversary issue.**
- We had a wonderful hail storm yesterday and I'm still dazed from getting whacked in the head one too many times.**
- It was much more enjoyable to produce than a legal memo.**
- 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.