

The Knarley Knews 116

February, 2006



DMZ
05.

Table of Contents

Item	Page
Table of Contents/Colophon	2
Editorial	3
Stool Changes	5
Jim Sullivan	
Meeting the Western Fandom Illuminati	6
Garth Spencer	
Dancing and Joking: fanwriting by John Hertz	8
Review by Randy Byers	
Carry on Jeeves - Cranwell Capers	9
Terry Jeeves	
The Ethics of Government	11
Alex Slate	
Another Reflection on <i>FAPA</i>	12
Rodney Leighton	
InterLOCutions (alphabetically)	13
Jeffrey Alan Boman	23
Brad Foster	16
E.B. Frohvet	14
Karen Gory	25
Trinlay Khadro	21
Bill Legate	20
Rodney Leighton	15
Eric Lindsay	16
Joseph T. Major	13
Lloyd Penney	25
Alex Slate	23
Joy V. Smith	14
Milt Stevens	22
Jan Stinson	17
Dave Szurek	17
WAHF List	26
Fanzines Received in Trade	27
Conventions/Back Cover	28

Art Credits

Artist	Page(s)
Sheryl Birkhead	26
Brad Foster	15
Terry Jeeves	9, 10, 11
Joe Mayhew	5, 27
Scott Patri	23, 27
William Rotsler	8
Marc Schirmeister	Cover, 21
Gene Stewart	28

All uncredited textual material is the responsibility of Knarley.

Editorial insertions are denoted: ☐**TKK**:...☐

Editorial and Subscription Policy

The Knarley Knews is meant to be a general purpose fanzine whose primary goal is to maintain lines of communication between the editors and those beings they consider to be friendly. With this in mind, the following are the general guidelines.

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

The Knarley Knews is published bi-monthly by Parody Publishers. The entire issue is ©2006 by Parody Publishers as Freeware (reproduction allowed with proper citation) unless otherwise copyrighted. Contributors please take note.

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

All comments/requests should be sent to:

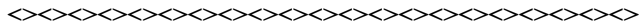
The Knarley Knews
 1525 16th Ave.
 Grafton, WI 53024-2017 USA
 (262)375-8763
 welch@msoe.edu OR
<http://people.msoe.edu/~welch/tkk.html>



Editorial

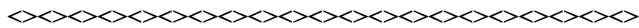
(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

Once again I find myself slaving away just after my self-imposed deadline for the next issue of *The Knarley Knews* and it still isn't ready to go to press. It is not as if it takes an inordinate amount of time to put together, I just have to sit down and make the time to do it rather than goofing off more than my busy schedule allows. As you will quickly surmise I didn't go the landscape format. I am still interested in that, but it will have to happen when I get a better jump start on the issue.



I would like to thank all of you for providing your suggestions for the 20th anniversary issue of *TKK*. This will be issue #120 that should be published in October. If I'm really organized it will happen in time for Ditto as soon as that is announced.

Based on your feedback and my editorial whim I have chosen the topic "Why do we do fanzines" as the central theme. I am, therefore, making an open call for editorials and commentary on this topic. As items arrive or comments occur in LOCs I will try to generate a more detailed set of issues, questions, or topics that fit this general category. As I did ten years ago I will probably remove substantive commentary on this subject from the various LOCs I receive between now and then and compile them for publication in October. Please help me make this a great issue by sending in your input and feedback.



I am now almost half of the way through the spring semester of law school. It has probably been one of the toughest for me to get motivated for. I can't quite put my finger on the particular reason, but I'm certain that a large portion of it has to do with being out of town for most of the weekends in the first month of the term. This puts quite a strain on time to do the required reading and really impacts when I can get time to do the research and writing necessary for the Legal Writing 2 course. In fact, I found myself doing the major research for my first brief the day before the research report was due and wrote the first draft two days before that was due. I don't like operating at the 11th hour preferring the 10th hour where I can strike a healthy balance between the pressure of the deadline and having sufficient time and breathing space to get the work done. I was able to do this for the final draft of the brief and it resulted in significantly less stress.

Brief writing is a bit different than the explanatory writing we did in the fall. The goal of a brief is to convince the judge to adopt your interpretation of the law. You have to stress everything in terms very positive for your client without actually ignoring, hiding, covering up, and misinforming the judge of the law that is damaging to your position. You also have to strike a reasonable balance between an imperative tone that dictates to the judge and strong advocacy. This is sort-of like the difference between the words "must" and "should." All

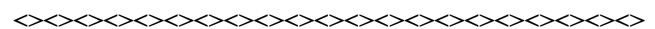
of the writing still has to be very compact and provide the answers first.

This class is run a bit different than the writing class in the fall. On a number of occasions the class as a whole edits student writing samples on the projector. I volunteered my sample one night and most of the discussion centered around the editorial notes I had already placed in the draft where I still had to find the right words. A few days later we did a classmate's writing and, frankly, it was rather inferior to my work. The entire piece got rewritten. This, perhaps, helps explain my first "A" ever in a writing course in the fall.

My other course is Constitutional Law. This isn't the most logical of courses because it is based, in no small part, to the whims of the wording in the U.S. Constitution. After reading the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution it became very clear that there is no inherent right way to devise a system of government and there is less logic to it than most of the areas of common law where you can often use common sense to figure out what the law might be. This is compounded considerably by the whim of the Supreme Court, the least democratic institution of the U.S. system of government. The Supreme Court justices, in their opinions, often seem willing to misinterpret and misquote their prior decisions and even the Constitution itself to justify their holding in a particular case. This dates back to the first landmark case of the Supreme Court (*Marbury v. Madison*) wherein justice Marshall wrote an opinion stating that the Supreme Court is the final authority with regard to Constitutionality and not only misquoted the Constitution (he left off an important modifying clause) and ruled on a case where he had a clear conflict of interest. I was taught in *Laws Governing Lawyers* that both of these are ethics violations might likely result in disbarment in today's world. This continues through decisions today where the justices will often misquote their own prior decisions to establish their point.

I'm hoping the spring term works out as successfully as the fall term. You already know of my "A" in writing, I also got an "A" in Torts (I felt at the time it was the best final exam I'd written to date) and an "AB" in *Laws Governing Lawyers*. I have now completed 31 of my 90 credits and have been promoted to "2L" or second-year law student. I am still on track to graduate in four years.

My search for a legal internship is not going very well. I suspect one of the factors is my salary needs, which are probably higher than most organizations are willing to pay for students with only a year of law school complete. Another significant factor is my clear preference for intellectual property, which isn't very common in terms of internships for students this early in the law program.

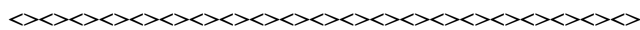


The hockey season is winding down. Kyle is essentially done for the year. His team failed to qualify for the state tourna-

ment and lost to a very good team that his team would have been hard-pressed to beat even on a good day. [Late breaking news, the team that beat Kyle's team in the qualifying tournament won the state title by completely burying two teams and narrowly beating another in the state tournament. Kyle's team probably would have been reasonably competitive.] One of the problems with the local youth hockey program is that rather than choosing teams in three tiers (A, B, and C) we choose one A and then two BC teams. This means that our BC teams have a wide-mix of players and we end up spending too much time brining the lower tier up than being able to work on more advanced play. It also puts the better BC team at a disadvantage against the B teams that the better of the two must face in the state tournament. This was the fate of Kyle's team this year. A more subtle problem has to do with commitment level of the players and parents. With a B team there is generally a stronger commitment to practice that is not always there with a BC team. Consequently we often had sparse attendance at practices and it showed by the end of the season.

In the end there is likely little I can do as a single parent to fix these problems. My comments have been largely ignored at coaching meetings. There has been a move this year to get more parents involved with the board, but I cannot in good conscience commit to this if I won't be able to make half the meetings due to my law classes. I suspect that in the end it will require that the two or three people who are at the root of the problem will have to reduce their involvement with the board and the program before other ideas will get fairly heard.

My season is winding down. There are a few more games and then the dreaded playoffs. We are, without a doubt, the worst team in the league. We essentially do not have anyone who can be a scoring threat every time they are on the ice. We have one or two players with this talent, but they are not always very consistent. I continue to be a solid, but minor cog in the apparatus. I don't make many mistakes and while I create some opportunities they generally don't result in much. This changes on occasion as in a few weeks ago when I had one goal and three assists. This puts me at 7 points for the season (4 goals, 3 assists) which is 10% of the top scorer in the league, but middle of the pack for my team. This doesn't really bother me and I don't really care that we are not wining. It would be nice if there was better balance in the league, but I'd just settle for curbing the jerks who take it all too seriously and do the cheap little things on the ice can often result in injuries.



It doesn't seem like all that long ago we remodeled the entire house and now we are sort-of doing it again. OK, so it won't be the major overhaul from a few years ago. We moved Connor and Kyle to the basement. This is marginally within the building code because there is suitable exit from the basement through the back wall, which is only half below grade and has a large window. Letha's office will be moving to Connor's old bedroom on the first floor and Kira

was moved to Kyle's old room and Kira's room will become a guest bedroom and sewing room. This has involved lots of musical furniture and some redecorating. We started with Kira's room which needed to be repainted and wall papered. She chose a horse theme so the lower part of the wall has a generic wavy plaid wallpaper in green, pink, and purple. Above that is a border trim with horses and the rest of the wall and ceiling has been painted a light blue. The closet doors were removed and have been replaced by a shower curtain with horses. Eventually her bed will probably have a frame with a barn/stable theme to it.

After the distress of moving things around this should be a positive change in the house. This will get us a living room again as well as the guest bed room. This will remove some of the clutter from the dining room which will tend to uncrowd the living space.



As many of you know we have two cats. They are grey tabbies from the same litter and we adopted them when they were about a year old. Originally you could only tell them apart by their eyes. Freaky's eyes were green and Cheetah's were yellow. Freaky used to be the dominant cat who was friendly with Cheetah being rather shy and uninterested, at least in adults. Shortly after we got them the children slammed the door on Freaky's tail and pulled the fur off the last three inches. His tail had to be cropped and I now refer to him as "Stumpy." Around that time he also got very ill and has since become the submissive cat. Cheetah still doesn't care too much for adults. Stumpy, on the other hand, will come almost daily and asked to be brushed. I can wiggle my fingers like a claw and he will move wherever they are. He is quite a disappointment to aloof cats everywhere.

More recently Stumpy has lost considerable weight. It is possible to feel every ridge on his vertebrae. The current theory is that he has an irritable bowel problem that prevents him from absorbing nutrition properly and there is some concern that it will become cancerous. He is currently on steroids which are helping, but the recovery is slow. We will be scheduling some biopsies soon to get a more definitive diagnosis, but that has to wait until he recovers some weight and then a two week period without steroids. We have long been concerned about both cats, but Stumpy more so, because they routinely have puking problems. We have tried all manner of foods, but in the end they are both rather picky and would prefer to graze the people food they can find that causes them to barf. They are also rather picky about their water and don't like it to have been in the dish more than a day. They can often be seen drinking out of cups, bowls and pans in the sink, or from the bathtub faucet after someone's shower.

I have never known any cats with these many foibles and problems. I wish I could do more for them, but don't know what else to try. I will provide more information as it develops.



Until next issue...

Stool Changes

(c) by Jim Sullivan

If you think the public is going to go bananas when it has to toss out old, analog TVs and buy new digital sets in a few years, people are going to go absolutely berserk when they find out that in the following year, they're going to have to rip out their old, standard toilets and install new, digital stools in their bathrooms.

Yes, the law has already been signed by the world's nations to make the toilet switch. Few Americans are aware of it. The World Toilet and Bidet Council will then have complete jurisdiction over everything concerning human waste disposal from homes and public and private buildings across the U.S. And that includes urban systems as well as rural septic equipment.

The Country's supreme law of the land, the U.S. Constitution, will no longer govern in this area. America, and all other signatory nations, with the signing of this treaty, handed over its sovereignty, at least where waste disposal is concerned, to an international body not responsible to any government but its own.

The new digital toilet will no longer be manually flushed and the toilet tank will be at the back of the stool resting on the floor. Seat styles, materials, and colors will still be optional.

The primary difference, however, in the new stool will be in the method of disposal employed. In lieu of the old flush handle, button, foot-peddle, or chain, a state-of-the-art computer will do the work formerly done by the occupier. The commode console is mounted on the front of the toilet just below the bowl lip. A user merely has to bend forward and down or lean over and click twice the little attached mouse. This will bring up a menu on the small, but well-lit, screen. Different options may be chosen. The user will make a selection by moving the mouse around and clicking the option desired for disposal of waste within the toilet bowl. The computer will do the rest automatically.

The only possible difficulty may occur with the reversal of childhood numbers everyone in the U.S. learned in elementary school. The computer, for example, (and perhaps because these stools are manufactured in foreign countries) uses option number 1 for our old number 2 function and vice versa. Nevertheless, it will be of utmost importance for an operator to use the correct button. Otherwise, a greater or lesser flow of computer-controlled water will be used. As water conservation is behind this major change, water usage will be carefully monitored.

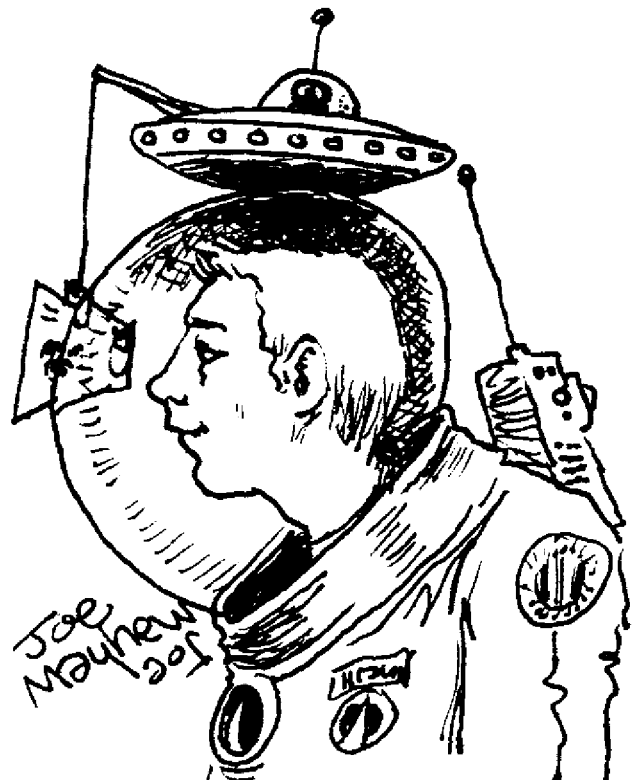
A little known feature of the digital toilet will be its

steel-reinforced porcelain stool. With it, a bigger load can be handled. Up to 575 pounds of person will now be considered a maximum load instead of the old 385 pound limit. As a result, less porcelain will be cracking worldwide.

By the way, the new stool offers a self-cleaning feature (option #3). Once clicked on, a small brush will rise from its self-concealed position and clean the stool as the operator instructs (options 3a, 3b, 3c, and 3d).

Digital toilets start at \$1,695.00 installed and go up to over \$10,000.00 for those individuals with special tastes and who may want to hook up their commode computer console to their own PC or mainframe computer. It's possible to program the flushing of all digital toilets on one side of town at the same time or in sequence, though neither is recommended because it might negatively impact local water tables. Certainly, extended family members, living in different parts of the same community, could flush in unison without endangering city water levels.

The World Toilet and Bidet Council's main worry today is how the old, analog toilets can be safely disposed of without significantly adding to world pollution and/or environmental problems.



Meeting the Western Fandom Illuminati

by Garth Spencer

(previously published in *BCSFAzine*, February 2005)

(An unidentified Northwest convention, some time in the 1980s or 1990s)

Hrothgar Weems was sitting moodily in the consuite, at another generic convention for fans who didn't know what "fannish" meant, when another overweight uniformed character came in. He paid no attention until raised voices at the bar promised a floor show.

"Look, I'm just asking whether one of the con committee is here," said the tubby dark-haired guy in the leatherette costume. "Do you know where Garth Spencer is?"

"I'm sorry," the elf maiden behind the bar said patiently, "I don't know who that is. Have you looked at the message board? Or the program?"

"Ah. Then there is a message board," said uniform boy. "Where is it?"

"The last I saw, it was at Registration."

"Oh, fine. They sent me here!" Uniform boy visibly decided to give up. "Never mind. I'll have a cider." He produced a fiver.

"Apple or cranberry?" Elf girl said sweetly.

Uniform boy wandered over moodily and paused by Hrothgar's table. "Is this seat taken?" he asked.

"Not at all. Be-sit yourself," Hrothgar waved.

The two drank moodily in silence for a while, Hrothgar at his Rickard's and the stranger at his cider. Hrothgar found himself trying to identify the costume. The faux-leather with metal fasteners made him think of fantasy role-playing games, or maybe one of the TV series he didn't watch anymore. Hrothgar's own ensemble seemed to be a joke on military field uniforms; the pants might have blended in with a background painted like a giant Hawaiian pizza, but every other item of clothing clashed with it. "What outfit are you with?" Hrothgar finally asked.

"Western Fandom Illuminati," uniform boy answered. "My name's Sherman Ochs." He held out his hand.

Hrothgar shook once, saying "Hrothgar Weems, Language Nazis. Uh, what is this ... Western Illuminati? Your costume looks like something else, I can't quite place it. Why are you looking for this Spencer character? If it's all right to ask."

Sherman grimaced. "I got this together for a *Blake's 7* half-time skit, and it's been called off. I wanted to hunt up Garth Spencer and give him a piece of my mind, after the stories I've heard. The back story on Western Fandom Illuminati is a bit long."

"Try me," Hrothgar suggested. He assumed his father-superior persona, the attitude that made some people pour out everything.

Sherman sighed. "A few years ago this character showed up in local fandom, apparently an out-of-towner who moved here. I think some of us heard about him, once or twice before, something to do with a travelling convention or a writers' award, or something. Pretty soon, though, he was involved in a small way with the local con, and putting out a personalzine sometimes, and then he started sounding off about conrunning, as if he knew anything about it. The thing of it is, he seems to know a few people *everywhere* – in Toronto, in Los Angeles, in Portland, even in England and Australia ..."

"Everybody has opinions about conrunning," Hrothgar said. "Or at least recent cons and their problems. Hell, *I've* written letters about some cons I've been to. Like this one, sometimes."

"Yeah, but did he have to pretend that he had any experience?" Sherman demanded. "When he's never run one? Did he have to write about it, where out-of-towners could *read* his letters, even? We don't need someone undermining our goodwill!"

No, the concom this year did quite well on its own, Hrothgar did not say. This new, independent convention had missed some critical chances to publicize. Hrothgar had scanned the pocket program when he arrived, to find only one half-interesting space panel, and the panelists had turned out to be an astrophysicist, a Wiccan fantasist, and an "ecologist" whose entire knowledge of ecology seemed to have come from the flakier New Age journals in town. The Wiccan lady turned out to be the most coherent, relevant, level-headed speaker. There was a fanzine lounge, in a distant corner of the hotel, but it wouldn't open for another half-hour or so.

"So what happens next?" Sherman went on intensely. "The guys on the last two committees of the old convention were polarized. There were people who just blew off Spencer, but there were people who actually *believed* any line he was writing. I might have bought his line, too, but Thetis Lake pointed out the holes in it."

Thetis Lake?? Hrothgar nearly said. She was a relative newcomer to local fandom, and the somewhat autocratic chair of this new convention. "What precisely was Spencer saying?" Hrothgar inquired. "And what did Thetis Lake say?" He almost felt like taking notes.

"It kept changing. At first I thought he meant that we weren't doing enough for our con, or not doing it right." (*Ah*, Hrothgar thought, *this guy is one of the new faces on committees in the last two years.*) "Now, though, it seems like he thinks we're doing too *much*, spreading ourselves too thin ..."

“Was he talking about the local con, specifically, or SF cons generally?” Hrothgar interjected. Sherman frowned, apparently confused. “I mean,” Hrothgar went on, “if this is the same guy I’m thinking of, he spent some time at a university; and some guys from university tend to mean something more general than they’re saying, try to illustrate a broader principle than just the one example they’re talking about. And did he use the phrase ‘Cut your suit to fit your cloth’?”

“Yeah! That was him. And Thetis *thought* there was something more to it, something behind this guy,” Sherman went on. “Where did he get his connections, for one thing? Or why did he talk as if he had ever done more than fanzine lounges and con publications? Then Thetis heard about Creation Con.”

What the hell? Hrothgar wondered. “What the hell?” he said.

“You never heard of Creation Con? It was a professional con, it was run by Paramount in different cities, or it was until *somebody* told Canada Customs that Paramount wasn’t paying tariffs. Or import duties, or something like that. Anyway,” Sherman went on indignantly, “now we can’t host a Creation Con north of the border again, because Paramount says they can’t afford what Canada Customs claims they owe. Thetis realized this had to be plot against professional cons! And it looks to us like Spencer is part of it!”

“Oh, I heard of Creation Con,” said Hrothgar. The term “professional con” rang a faint bell in his memory. It was an alarm bell. He looked at their drinks. “We’ve just about killed these soldiers; want another cider?” Sherman assented.

“Another Rickard’s Red, and another cider,” Hrothgar said at the bar. The elf maiden had been replaced by a Mongol warrior in walking-out dress. Hrothgar nodded at his drinking companion. “Is this a new committee member?” he asked quietly.

“A volunteer; joined us from Thetis’ wargaming group,” the Mongol replied. “I think this is his first year in fandom, let alone congoing.”

“You were telling me how all this ended up with the Western Fandom Illuminati,” Hrothgar prompted when he sat down. He waved off the money Sherman offered. “No, my treat.”

“Thank you. Well, Thetis looked at the timing, and did some digging on Spencer’s background, and it looked like he had a history of dissing anyone who dreamed too big – for him – or who hyped a con too much, or who wanted to take their club’s fanzine professional. He keeps writing satirical stories and articles about mediafans, and conspiracy theories, and just weird stuff. So Thetis decided to turn the tables, launch an investigative group to find out if he’s plotting against fan activities and professional cons. So that’s us: The Western Fandom Illuminati.” He held up a button Hrothgar hadn’t noticed before, an eye-in-the-triangle design with a propeller beanie on top.

“Ah,” Hrothgar said. – *for certain values of “fan”,* he thought to himself. *These people are just too priceless to pass up.* “And Thetis Lake founded this group?”

“With me, and Stanley Park. We’re still recruiting,” Sherman leaned forward, “and we’ve got discount memberships available for a limited time –”

“What kinds of research do you do?” Hrothgar interrupted, leaning forward himself. “What investigative procedures, or report guidelines do you have for members?”

Sherman was taken aback. “Well, uh, I, uhm ...”

“I think,” Hrothgar said judiciously, “I really think those are your top priorities. Not just your goals, but your methods have to be made very clear to members ... and not just if you’re constructing counter-arguments against Spencer, or making a legal case against this plot, if there is one.”

Sherman was all attention.

“If Thetis is even half-serious, that somebody is campaigning against Creation Con or anything like it, I can only suppose the motive is financial,” Hrothgar went on. “Some other group wants to infiltrate fandom, and milk it like a cash cow! And if Spencer really is their point man,” he concluded, “what kind of resources and backup are behind him? That’s what you have to find out. *Very carefully.*”

Sherman had gone pale. “You don’t think ...?”

“I don’t think your group has anything to worry about,” Hrothgar assured him, “not *yet*. And if you intend to set up an Internet presence ...” he fumbled with his wallet and carefully selected a card, “I can probably make your online documents secure from hacking, replacement and distortion. Thetis should contact me at this secure e-mail at her earliest convenience.”

Sherman tucked the card carefully into his most secure pocket. “Thank you,” he said. “I’ve got to talk to Thetis right away ... I’m not going to stay through this con. I wanted to give Spencer a good piece of my mind, but now ...”

“I’ll keep an eye on him,” Hrothgar promised. “I have my own reasons to do so anyway.”

Sherman got up. “I’m glad I found you,” he said simply. He shook hands and left.

Hrothgar sat a while, finishing his second beer. “Nothing like making your own entertainment,” he remarked to himself. Before putting on his coat and picking up his bag, he looked at his con badge, bearing his convention identity:

GARTH SPENCER

#272

“‘You’ve never lived until you’ve been someone else’,” he quoted, and walked out of the consuite whistling.

Dancing and Joking: fanwriting by John Hertz

Reviewed by Randy Byers

John Hertz published this collection of his fanwriting in November 2005 as a souvenir of Westercon LVII, where he was fan guest of honor. If you donate US\$5 (or equivalent) to TAFF or DUFF via the current administrators, John will send you a copy. I'm here to tell you that you'd be happy to get it.

It must say something about my marginal position in fandom over the years that I only became aware of John when we started publishing *Chunga* and he started sending me back issues of his weekly apazine, *Vanamonde*, in trade. I found *Vanamonde* somewhat opaque at first, but what began to catch my eye were the little notes that John scribbled on the back of the envelopes the zines came in. Sometimes they were comments on *Chunga*, sometimes prodding queries about the status of my TAFF report, sometimes notification of pieces he'd had published in other zines. I took a closer look at *Vanamonde* itself and began to see flashes of what he was up to in his succinct reviews, reports, and not infrequent haiku. Eventually I had several phone conversations with him regarding TAFF promotion at Noreascon Four, where he ran the fan lounge and, as appropriate for a winner of the Big Heart Award, offered to host a tea party to honor the fan fund winners. (Well, it was in Boston, after all.)

So John has slowly been emerging from the fannish throng as a distinct figure in my personal hallucination of our cult. I can see why I wasn't much aware of him before I got seriously involved in fanzines. As he says of himself in the introduction, "At s-f conventions people say I'm a good moderator of panels. I'm sometimes a judge, or Master of Ceremonies, in the costume competition we call a Masquerade; I've led Art Show tours." He doesn't mention it, but he's also said to organize Regency dances at conventions. Other than panels, these are not activities that I'm much involved in myself.

John goes on to say, regarding his fannish activities, "But let me commend fanwriting." And the fanwriting contained in this collection is commendable indeed. It is classically fannish: intellectual, analytical, formal, curious, wide-ranging, occasionally obtuse, willfully obscure, playful, punning, clannish, and somewhat impersonal, or at least chary of personal feeling. (Yet the memorial to Bruce Pelz is overflowing with unstated love and admiration. A neat feat, and very moving.) His style is terse, almost cryptic, perhaps shaped by his interest in the haiku and other Japanese and Chinese poetic forms. The pieces here comprise book reviews, con reports and reports on other fannish gatherings and dinners; stray thoughts and observations; poetry, quotes, and tributes to various fans and artists who have passed a milestone or have passed away. The writing is ornamented with wonderful artwork from two dozen different artists, all originally published in *Vanamonde*, and including a surprising name or two — e.g., Tim Powers.



SOMEONE WHO REALLY, REALLY WANTS TO WRITE

It is a splendid introduction to the fanwriting of John Hertz, and it left me curious to know more about his personal and fannish history. Perhaps I'll learn more of the story at LACon IV, where I hope to get the chance to talk to him at length. In the meantime, I happily recommend this collection to anyone interested in the fannish world of amateur writing and fine art. The five bucks (in whatever currency and denomination) goes to a good cause, too.

Here's one of his lovely haikus:

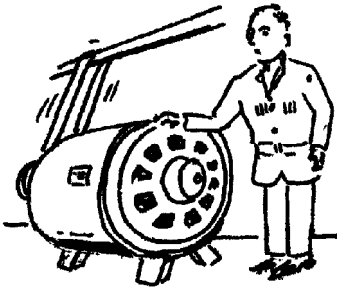
The sun is long up.
The woman and the cat sleep.
I read a page more.

Send your donation and address to:

For TAFF: James Bacon, 211 Blackhorse Ave, Dublin 7, Ireland; Suzanne Tompkins, PO Box 25075, Seattle WA 98165, USA. For DUFF: Norman Cates, PO Box 13-574, Johnsonville, Wellington, New Zealand; Joe Siclari, 661 Hanover St, Yorktown Heights

CRANWELL CAPERS

At Cranwell we were billeted in "H" blocks, each a long, two story structure with central ablutions. Two barrack rooms on the ground floor, two on the upper. Light switches were in the ablutions to allow Orderly Sergeants to put the



lights out without having to walk the length of each room. A blooming nuisance to anyone else, but it did allow the infamous bed ploy. Our two-piece beds were held together in the middle by clips. A space near mine was occupied by a bloke who regularly staggered in after lights out, half blotto. He would put the lights on and make sure we were all awake by stropping his Rolls razor. This employed a to and fro jerking motion to re-sharpen its lethal blade – the racket can be copied by banging two spoons back and forth across a sheet of corrugated iron. A decidedly antisocial act, so I planned revenge....

Came vengeance night, on went the lights, Fred staggered into the dorm, opened the two sections of his bed, made it up and then gave us ten minutes of his serenade for Rolls razor. Finally he got into his pajamas and set off down the room to switch off the lights from the external switches. This was my chance. I nipped out and undid the clips on his bed, then adjusted it to a precarious balance before retiring to my own pit just as the lights went out. Fred fumbled his way back in the dark, sat on his bed and it promptly collapsed. He uttered several calming mantras and a few case histories of RAF equipment before assuming that he hadn't set the bed up properly in the first place. He duly set off down the room, put the lights on, returned and re-made the bed and bedding before heading off to douse the lights once more. Deadly Bed-Fixer Jeeves struck again. This time the bed cooperated, it stayed upright until Fred got it and pulled up the bedclothes, whereupon it collapsed again. Oh lovely revenge, I didn't risk a third attack, but left it for repeat at random intervals on other nights. It didn't cure the Rolls Razor Sonata, but did make his return the highlight of many an evening.

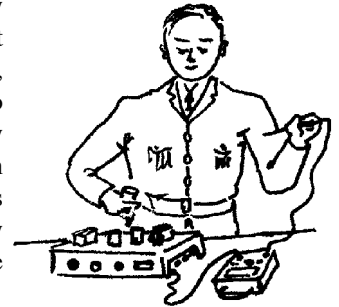
Then there was Workshop Practice where we learned how to use micrometers, verniers, soldering irons and strove to acquire the important skill of "How to file things flat." For the remaining five years of my service I was only once called on to file anything. That happened when we learned how to splice multi-strand cables and cover the splice with a smooth layer of solder. An almost impossible task until I evolved a technique of slopping on the solder in chunks, using my newly learned filing skill to remove the bigger lumps and then making one quick pass with the soldering iron to remove the file marks and leave a lovely smooth surface. I was renowned for the smoothest splice soldering in the squad.

In Radio and Electricity we mastered the basic principles of electricity and how to use assorted test gear. This proved quite helpful when the squad swot bought himself a brand

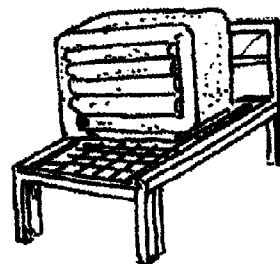
Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

new notebook with shiny bright split rings. He left it unattended one tea break, just long enough for us to hook the rings to a battery and dunk them in a solution of copper sulphate. On his return he found the shiny rings had been plated a nice dull copper.



The lighting in the ablutions suffered from typical RAF inefficiency. When a bulb burned out, replacement took so long that several others had expired in the meantime. This led to everyone deciding that rather than scrabble round in the murk of a single remaining light and finding they had accidentally shaved the chap beside them, the answer was to acquire their own personal bulb. You either joined the system or shaved in the dark. When the leather-lunged trumpeter blew Reveille at 6-30am in the morning, hordes of airmen would storm the washbasins, plug in their lights and shave away. It was chaos, especially when the lamp owners finished and removed their lamps. I beat the system by getting a lamp, then rising early and shaving at 6-15 in peace and quite. I would then get back in bed for another twenty minutes whilst bedlam reigned in the ablutions. There was a strict code of behaviour in the barrack rooms. We each had a small shelf, a foot locker, five blankets and three "biscuits" which were small mattress squares. Before departing on working parade, everyone had to leave knife, fork and spoon in a specific pattern on the shelf.



Beside them when one's tin mug, inverted with its handle pointing to the right. The bed frame had to be closed up, the three biscuits stacked on it. Four blankets (folded in the regulation manner) went on top. The fifth blanket had to be folded lengthwise, then

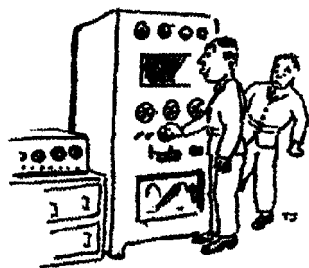
wrapped round the other four. Some keen types even padded their blanket pile with bits of cardboard to make it look even neater. Having done all this, you made sure the foot of your bed was lined up with geometrical accuracy with the thirty others down your side of the room. Having done all this, you could set off elsewhere. Once a week was "Bull Night." This meant everyone had to muck in with chores. Airmen polished everything polishable, including the lino on the floor, spare boots, knives, forks and spoons as well as everyone who didn't get out of the way fast enough. The two mess tables had to be scrubbed, this was a particularly tedious chore, as they usually got thoroughly tea and ink stained throughout the week from airmen drinking mugs of cha whilst writing letters home. These tables consisted of two metal uprights, across which lay a flat wooden surface.

One night, whilst preparing to scrub the top, I had a brilliant idea, why do this stupid trick every week? All we needed to do was turn the board over after inspection so that the nice clean side was underneath and thus remained unmarked, ready to be turned up again for the following week's inspection. We never scrubbed those tables again for the whole of the course.

Inspections took two forms, the "big one" on Bull Night when we had to be present to be told words of wisdom such as "Your mug is pointing the wrong way airman," and a daily one whilst we were elsewhere, but with equally dire consequences. Before you ask why grown men were submitted to, and accepted this treatment, I had better point out that failure to comply with such rules means that Confinement to Camp, or cancellation of weekend leave were the results of a barrack room failing to delight the little hearts of those who had the mystic power to muck us about.

Each morning saw us "Getting on Parade." Then we would "For Inspection, Open Order March." An officer would walk up and down the ranks checking the polish on boots, brass buttons, cap badges and tunic buckles. He also vetted the closeness of our shaves and length of our hair. Failure to keep all these important items as the required brevity or gloss would result in the culprit being "Put on a Charge." This didn't mean emulating the Light Brigade, but instead, the offender had to rise before Reveille, then don all his RAF gear, including webbing belt and straps, as well as back packs, side packs, water-bottle and respirator. So encumbered, he then had to march across the camp and report to the Guard House. This procedure had to be repeated at various awkward times throughout the day. A system guaranteed to convince any airman of the error of his ways.

The Cranwell course ended in December 1941 with an across the board examination which included demonstrating how well you could operate sundry bits of equipment. In this the Instructor would place you in front of a device and ask you to operate it. My Instructor said, "Let's try you on the 1133." I mentally rubbed my mental hands with glee. This was the 124 Mc/s VHF transmitter with which I felt quite at home. Sadly, when we walked round to the front of the thing, it was to find another airman working it. "Oh well," said the boss man, "Let's try the 1184." This was the 13-valve receiver, which had to be tuned with the aid of a handbook. I reached for this and the man said, "No, tune in a station without using that." I was familiar with the handbook, but had never tuned the thing without it. I did my best and managed to get it working. I must have done a few things right as I passed out as a fully qualified Wireless Mechanic, Group I. That night in the barrack room there was great rejoicing and much sewing of the coveted "Sparks" emblems which denoted our new status as fully qualified tradesmen. My pay soared to a massive 4/3d which equates to about 22p in modern currency.



Moreover, I had finally finished training and thus received a posting to a *real* Operational Squadron. This turned out to be a Spitfire Squadron, hidden away in a place called Debden somewhere in the wilds of Southern England. To get there, one first traveled to London, then tried to find someone who had heard of a place with the exotic name of Saffron Walden and could direct you to a train heading in that general direction. When you eventually reached Saffron, you transshipped to a Heath Robinson sort of mini-train which, with good luck and a following wind, got you to another weirdly named place, Audley End. At this point, if you were lucky, and RAF three-tonner might transport you the rest of the way to the aerodrome.

The prospect of being on a real fighter squadron looked great, but in reality, things were not so rosy. In the depths of winter, the camp was bitterly cold. Our billets, which were unused married quarters, had no heating and the beds had damp blankets. I had a bed in the kitchen, which I shared with two other airmen. There was a fireplace, but naturally, we were not allowed any coal for it in case we set fire to the stuff. That nasty inflammable material was kept in a locked and isolated compound with a high fence. It wasn't quite high enough, so after a few moonlight raids, we managed the occasional fire.

As for working on Spitfires...No Way! The resident airman had the number sowed up and meant to keep it that way. This left new arrivals with the tasks of busily doing nothing, whilst slowly freezing and trying to look busy. After the highly organised hustle and bustle of all the hectic training courses I had just concluded, it was a most depressing situation. So, when two of my mates were given overseas postings and a third Wireless Mechanic was needed, I volunteered to go with them. Despite the fact that I had only been at Debden for a week, I had to make the usual round the camp route march to collect signatures on a "Clearance Chit." The idea being to ensure that I didn't take anything I might have borrowed, such as a few 500lb bombs or a spare Spitfire. This involved finding sections I had never heard of and then persuading someone to risk their eternal damnation by signing the chit to say I didn't owe them something. After several miles of hiking and autograph collecting, I finished the job. As a reward I was issued a pass for four week's embarkation leave, a food ration card, pay, and a NAAFI voucher for a month's sweet ration. This latter was a dead loss as Sheffield didn't have a NAAFI, the nearest one being in Doncaster.

I experienced the usual fascinating leave, enriched by the bitter cold and ice of that winter of 41/42. I agreed with numerous people, "Yes, I'm home on leave" and "Yes, I go back on Friday," and even, "No, I haven't been shot at yet." Such fascinating conversational gambits rounded off my leave and I returned to Debden to find that my bed space have been taken over by another airman. I had to find another bedspace for my remaining time in that miserable hole. It was almost with delight that I headed off to my old alma mater of Padgate to await being assigned to an overseas draft. We had no idea where we might be going, our destination was a closely held secret, but the issue of khaki shorts, shirts, and pith helmets indicated it might not be Norway or Russia.

The Ethics of Government

by Alex Slate

Hoo boy, I can see that I am opening up a can of worms here! It's also a topic which provides a very wide range of openings within the topic itself. I played around with the title for a while, looking at ones which were a little more specific and limiting. I finally decided to go with the above and open it up.

What I want to start out with is a subject which has been in the news quite a bit lately, the selection process for Supreme Court justices. While it is true, to a degree, that things never change, particularly within the political process; I believe that this one has changed in some ways. Some very substantive ways in certain respects, but of course not in others. And I can pinpoint the episode of change (in my mind) to one particular episode, the nomination and subsequent humiliation and rejection of Robert Bork for the Supreme Court by Ronald Reagan. Since then, the process has become highly politicized junk show politics. The current confirmation process is certainly a huge example of the politics of hate.

First of all, is it surprising that the President of the United States would choose nominees that would direct the court in the direction that reflects the President himself, either liberal, conservative, activist or not? If it does surprise you, then you my friend have a lot of searching and meditating to do. The choice of a justice nominee should reflect two things; first, a desire to choose someone who will give a good, honest effort and being a good justice, and second, someone who will help guide America in the direction that reflects what is good and right. That second I would expect to be a reflection of the President's truest heartfelt beliefs.

Does this mean that the nominee will be the best available jurist, the most celebrated and learned practitioner of the legal profession available? No. Personally I feel that I would be an excellent choice for Supreme Court justice and I certainly don't fit that description. Okay, now that you've had a chance to pick yourself up from the floor and the laughing fit is over.

Sometimes the most intelligent, educated person will make a lousy choice. Eventually, the job of a justice will be to rule on a variety of different issues, most, if not all of which, will have multiple facets and often no right or wrong. The very intelligent may sometimes not be able to make a decision. But the best candidate will have to wade through many of these issues and make decisions. And also realize that two different cases that may appear similar have different facets that may require different, sometimes very different decisions. The best candidate will also have to know that they are required to have the best of opinions, but that sometimes that they will be wrong, and that in the end, that's okay.

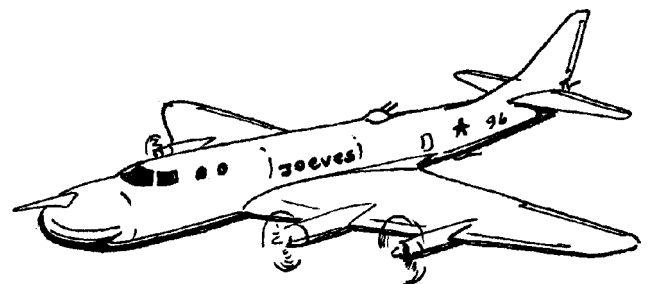
And let's face it. Each justice is only 1/9th of the court. The best decision may not be able to become law if 4 others don't agree. Each justice is a product of the court on which they will sit, the times they live in, and the cases that they will rule on.

But let's talk more about why the best choice isn't the most necessarily obvious. One aspect is just what I have mentioned. The issues that will be brought before the court can not be known in advance, particularly over the course of a 10 to 30 year tenure. And no single person is going to be an expert in all areas of the law. In fact, the very best and brightest tax law expert may be woefully prepared for the majority of the cases that will come before the court.

A second aspect is that law must change over time. Precedent (or *stare decisis* as it is known in legal parlance) is an excellent guide, but a lousy master (to mix my metaphors). I believe that many people would say that it would be nice to think that these nine people should reflect today's society. But I know it's not possible, and frankly I'm not sure it's really such a great idea. The general course of society is the easy way, the popular way. But the Supreme Court is the ultimate defense of the individual and the minority! Does that mean that's what should guide them, defense of individual rights or minority rights? Nope, because the court is also the final defense against the tyranny of the minority or the individual. It's a very fine balancing act in the end. I would hope that the 9 Justices are at least a bit more forward thinking than society as a whole, whatever that may mean.

The third aspect is the 1/9th. In order to do best, consensus and compromise will rule. Sometimes you have to give up a little to get the most. It's also a matter of knowing what battles are important to fight. That's the one area where I have a little difficulty in terms of my being a great nominee. Okay, back off the floor again.

Anyway, I think that is a good start to this discussion. But let me leave you with this thought. I think Robert Bork should have been confirmed. I don't think that Clarence Thomas should have, but probably not for the reasons you think. I think Brown's confirmation was right, and I frankly am undecided about Alito. Until next time...my best.



Another Reflection on *FAPA*

by Rodney Leighton

This summer I invested in some United States currency and purchased copies of two consecutive *FAPA* mailings. I had two reasons for this. For one, I was not particularly happy with the rather pedestrian review I did of the mailing that Milt sent me for review and I had the thought that I could surely do better. For another, I was giving serious consideration to joining *FAPA* and I wished to see if I wanted to do so.

Well, that has become academic. I will talk about that shortly. However, not only did *FAPA* mailings 271 and 272 fail to create any interest in personal involvement, they do not lend themselves to any sort of review very well. As I wrote previous; how do you review mailing comments? Not that mailing comments were everything. #271 had two issues of *Nice Distinctions* which have no mailing comments. And my favorite zines in that mailing were *Ride the Lightning* by Bob Sabella; *Alphabet Soup* by Milt Stevens; *Fish Wrap Pre Intelligencer* by Marty Cantor; *King Biscuit Time* by Robert Lichtman and, believe it or not, *Opuntia #56.3* by Dale Speirs. Which are all mailing comments. Each mailing contains an issue of *Feline Mewsings* by R. Laurraine Tutihasi which are real fanzines with personal natter, trip reports, commentary, reviews of things, mailing comments, and LOCs. This one is available outside *FAPA* as well and is one of the very few fanzines I have seen in recent years that I would try to obtain if I had not stopped doing such things.

I usually enjoy reading any fanzines I see which come out of Las Vegas. There are none in either of these mailings. Back in the days when I was active in this hobby I would have like to received the fanzines of Tutihasi, Hlavaty, Lindsay and a few others. Yes, I know; these are all available on the Internet. I do not have Internet access so stop beeping at me, damnit!

I am, I hope, still on Bob Sabella's mailing list. However, *Ride the Lightning* is strictly a *FAPA* zine. It's the best one of the bunch. I wonder if I can convince him to mail me copies. #272 has copies of *Visions of Paradise #103*. I have yet to read them and I anticipate receiving copies in the mail someday along with the fourth portion of this multi-portioned fanzine. This constituted 18% of #272. Dale Speirs provided nearly 20% dominating the page count for the second mailing in a row. And some other things. I spied a copy of *Yhos* by Art Widner which excited me. This zine is quite famous and I don't think I've ever seen one. I started reading it and found all sorts of idiotic spellings and ridiculous word constructions and muttered some virulent imprecations and tossed it aside. I am going to tackle it again, but ...

Regardless, unfortunately none of these two mailings, either singly or combined, produced much in the way of inspirational article writing. Mailing comments are interesting. They are abbreviated letters of comment and most folks know that LOCs are my favourite portion of any fanzine. But they are somewhat difficult to write about. And, I should

point out that mailing comments on mailing comments on mailing comments become self-destructive.

Of course, with the average age of *FAPA* members somewhere around 65, at a guess, unless some new, young folk join and stay, the APA will self-destruct at some point. Members are dropping out. One aspect is that a lot of the fanzines included are available on the damned Internet and since most people have Internet access, well ...

For myself, there are other factors. One is that I am currently in serious financial trouble. It had become obvious that joining *FAPA* would not be economically feasible before #272 arrived; even if that mailing had been crammed with fanzines which I loved reading and desperately wished to comment on or respond to, simple economics would have prevented me from doing so. Perhaps it is just as well that I was not overly impressed with anything in the mailing.

Which may be due to something else which happened to me: I have lost all interest in writing.

I obtained from Marty Cantor copies of two mailings of *APA-L* and two mailings of *LASFAPA*. I fully intended to do a column on each APA. I am simply going to say that if anyone has any interest in either APA (or both), contact Marty Cantor at 11825 Gilmore St. #105; North Hollywood, CA 91606; hoohahpubs@earthlink.net. Stop beeping at me!

I had also planned on a column on *The Die*, a philosophical publication that appears more or less quarterly. I wrote a paragraph or so about it sometime in the not too distant past. I had been planning on waiting for the next issue before doing a full column. Anyone interested in this publication, copies are free, can write to Red Roach Press; P.O. Box 764; College Park, MD 20740; redroachpress@yahoo.com.

Well, I have come up against a brick wall. Not sure how solid it is. In any event, I am going to be forced, for financial reasons, to suspend all small press activities and, perhaps, even suspend correspondence. I don't know how long this will last. The really serious problems may be resolved before this sees print. On the other hand, bankruptcy is a very real possibility.

If this had to happen, it came at a good time. My interest in writing articles and such things has vanished. It has been diminishing steadily for the past couple of years, although I would sometimes have a spurt or something vaguely resembling creativity and put out some stuff. Most of the recent columns in *TKK* were all written in one month. I have now reached the point at which I have no desire to write anything. I forced myself to do this one and that may be evident, but it is the last one for some time to come.

I should mention that this has no reflection on SF fandom in general or people who write to *TKK* in particular. For the first

Continued on page 26

INTERLOCUTIONS

Joseph T Major
1409 Christy Avenue
Louisville, KY 40204-2040
jtmajor@iglou.com
January 9, 2006

And now the knews ... I note for the public record that you got your ish out early to beat the postage increase. I have 480 family newsletters to get out next week now at 39¢ each. But there is enough going on for me to have to wait; three relatives, including one who was very close to us personally if not in descent, died during Christmas week.

I tend not to try to think about twenty year themes. That will be ... 2021. I don't want to think about it. Twenty years ago was 1985, not a good year for me.

I presume Secure Exam was instituted in response to the habit of engineering students saving answers on their calculators. Thus the advance of technology enables new means to get around security.

Torts? What about <http://www.overlawyered.com>?

Treasure Island: Most cities have numbered streets. The numbered streets in San Francisco are on Treasure Island. One wonders how it would survive earthquakes.

InterLOCutions: **Robert Lichtman**: Indeed, inspecting the efanines.com site shows the old folks working away with a quite inspiring energy. Imagine, Arnie Katz continuing with the same title into double digits! But there seems to be a parsimony of new people. Not even new loccers, finding this stuff during a websearch and deciding to chip in their own comments. Now why is that?

Ned Brooks: I had to give up drinking Coke back in 1977 when I was diagnosed as diabetic, and lost several pounds. They all came back, but now I'm blaming steroids. My worst weight time was when I was in Nashville, had health problems, and went down to 175 pounds.

Joy Smith: Kentucky cavers dig all the time. In one case, during the exploration of the Flint Ridge system, the cavers dug a passage into a cave to make a new opening – which was on private land, while the cave itself was in Mammoth Cave National Park.

E. B. Frohvet: The example of stills I like was the one found near Huntsville after the space program kicked into gear. It was made of stainless steel purloined, er acquired from the rocket production facilities. Some moonshiners have been using automobile radiators, but that causes lead poisoning. It is reassuring to see that some people want to practice quality control.

Brad W. Foster: As for your absence of bad habits, I am reminded of Mark Twain's story about the woman he knew who complained of feeling ill. Twain advised her to give up smoking and drinking for a while until she felt better. To which she said, "But Mr. Clemens, I don't do those nasty things." And then she passed away. She was a ship which had no cargo to jettison, Twain said, and so had nothing to do in time of trouble.

Gene Stewart: One can also say that "a bacon lettuce and tomato sandwich" comprises at least four things, but somehow they all seem to go together.

Eric Lindsay: I am reminded of the story about the guy who found that he was getting these dead air calls every day; his answering machine would have a message that was dead air. Then he was home one day and heard the call; some automatic calling device calling the answering machine. Since its voice-message was about as long as his, of course they both got dead air. He figured the company thought he was a no-responder to be tried again the next day.

Or maybe not. He had a male voice on his answering machine. The caller had a female voice ...

Jeffrey Allan Boman: Welcome to the wonderful world of lochacking! (See above comment to **Robert Lichtman** about where are all the new loc writers.)

Yes, I remember the Kents being dead. I even remember the yacht Superman was building for their cruise for recovering their health when he learned they were dead. As I said, the DCverse reinvents itself every few years.

Trinlay Khadro: A warehouse fire fifty miles away got reported on the television news as if it were local. However, it was a Jim Beam warehouse, a station sent its Skycam helicopter up above Louisville and photographed the fire in Bardstown. Whisky ran out over the creeks, leaving some very drunk fish.

William S. Baring-Gould hypothesized that Nero Wolfe was indeed born in the US – New Jersey to be precise – and his mother then took him to Montenegro, where he had been conceived after all. Pater was on the run, see ...

Milt Stevens: "For some reason, the idea of drinking Pepsi at breakfast sends a cold shudder up my spine." Quite so. Lisa and I drink Coke products at breakfast.

Question about the illegal aliens with no insurance. Are we talking about auto insurance or medical insurance?

Elizabeth Garrott: Robert Heinlein had transient ischemic attacks in the seventies. He testified before Congress on what

was done about them. ("Spinoff", 1979, 1980, New Heinlein Opus List G.192)

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

☐**CKK**: *Yeah, I save about a dollar in postage but getting the ish out promptly. Cave ownership goes with the land above it. An entrance on another property simply provides a quiet way to trespass.*☐

Joy V. Smith
8925 Selph Road
Lakeland, FL 33810
pagadan@aol.com
11 Jan 2006

Dear Knarley,

Lovely color cover! And I like the six-legged alien cow.

Your law courses sound interesting and useful. I'm glad that they're teaching a Legal Ethics course. The Secure Exam software is a neat invention. I think it's incredible how much you are learning and doing. Just adding that to your schedule is an impressive accomplishment.

Interesting background on your hockey league. One of my favorite movies is *Sandlot*, where the kids are playing for the sheer enjoyment of the game.

Note to **Jim Sullivan**: Most people don't curse their god... I enjoyed Rajiv's Fire Drill, though I don't understand the title. And what is a rigorous theory? A scientific term? I learned a lot about Treasure Island in "Sue's Sites". Does anyone know why it dropped from 12' to 9'? And I can't help thinking about tsunamis.

I'm learning a lot too from **Terry Jeeves'** column. I've always been interested in WWII, England, ... **Alex Slate** raises good cloning questions. So many facets and levels to consider. (If they do come up with a mass of tissue, it'll make a great monster in one of those slice and dice movies.)

I presume all the fanzines received in trade are print fanzines, which I'm glad to see. I do not need more stuff to read at my computer.

Lots more info in the LOCs; and I like what you said to your students, "... they should strive to take something and make a difference with it. To coast through life with no ambition to make something better is sad."

Appreciatively,
Joy V. Smith

☐**CKK**: *Please curse their god all the time. Often times I think it is more often than they praise their god.*☐

E.B. Frohvet
4716 Dorsey Hall Drive #506
Ellicott City, MD 21042
January 11, 2006

Dear Henry,

I see deer around here fairly often. In the woods, if you're patient and move slowly, sometimes you can walk up to within ten or twelve feet, while they stand there trying to figure if this odd two-legged thing is worth being afraid of. I've seen little spotted fawns peer at me from behind bushes, the very picture of timid curiosity. Charming creatures. Stupid as bricks, but pretty.

Smallville update: Erika Durance (Lois) has been upgraded from a recurring guest shot to regular cast member, and moved up to fourth in the credits; after Tom Welling (Clark), Kristin Kreuk (Lana), and Michael Rosenbaum (Lex), but ahead of Allison Mack (Chloe). Arrividerci Chloe? We shall see. I think it was Hal Clement who said that Lois Lane was proof against humans having any intuitive sense of probability.

A charming cover by **Sheryl Birkhead**. One gets the sense one would enjoy meeting some of **Sheryl's** critters, they all seem so friendly.

Sue Jones has used "landscape", or having the long dimension of the page horizontal, with her *Tortoise*. I believe **Janine Stinson** did it once or twice with *Peregrine Nations*. I'm not wildly enthusiastic about it but there are other concerns about a fanzine to which I pay more attention. I forget to whom I recently observed (may have been *SFC Bulletin*) that there should be a clear distinction between websites and e-zines for Hugo purposes.

Robert Lichtman: What Henry said.

Joy Smith: Says is bothers her that "boys are encouraged to be aggressive." Boys don't have to be encouraged, it comes with the territory. There's room for a whole discussion here on gender difference in raising children. The great football coach Vince Lombardi was once told that football is a "contact sport." He replied contemptuously, "Ballroom dancing is a contact sport. Football is a **collision** sport."

Joseph T. Major: Well, I never abused any Inuits. I don't know Ursula K. LeGuin personally. If I were a faculty member at a respectable school, and had rights to invite guest lecturers, I would probably take my chances and invite her.

Gene Stewart: If you want that interstellar drive, ask Henry, he's the engineer. I just thought the dream was interesting because it had SFnal content.

Dave Szurek: From my admittedly limited lay research, none of the dream phenomena you describe are generally unusual. At one point in my life I had a version of the same dream

(which involved being lost and climbing around in a deserted building) almost every night for weeks, then it went away.

Jeffrey Allan Boman: Welcome to fanzine fandom. What you fail to specify about the novel writing program is whether any of the writing was any good, or if someone submitted it for publication (or ever intended to). Yes, Clark and Lana finally nailed each other – took them long enough! Chloe seems like the disposable character; Lois is essential to the later mythos, and viewers would drop the show if they killed of Lana.

Trinlay Khadro: Appetite disturbance is a textbook symptom of depression.

Hoabny gremflods,
E.B. Frohvet

☐**CKK:** *Nothing can rise to the rank stupidity of sheep. I'm the wrong kind of engineer for the interstellar drive. I can just take care of the software.*☐

Rodney Leighton
RR #3
Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0
Canada
Jan. 13 Friday Yikes!

Dear Henry:

Yesterday on the way home I picked up a couple of kids. Well, late teens. The female as really cute and was wearing tight jeans which revealed on of the cutest asses I have seen in ages. Women and homosexuals would think the guy was really cute. She didn't have much to say. He chattered all the way; mostly about the lousy job he had just been laid off from and the lousy prospects for finding work here. I advised him to go to Alberta where they are so desperate for labourers they send recruiters here to try to hire grocery clerks. They both thanked me before they got out of the truck which I thought was a bit shocking in this day and age.

I would judge that young man is about 19. I went to Alberta when I was 19. I took one path which ended with me fired unfairly and having enough money to take the bus home and then lived off my father for a few months. If I had taken another path and gone to the oil fields, then just starting to sprout, and stayed with it about 5 years, I could have come home and bought a farm. Taking the wrong path is a history of my life.

Came back home ... he lives a couple of miles past me; I drove there since it was raining .. and found the latest *TKK*.

I found I agreed with a lot of your comment following the letters this issue. **Joseph Nicholas'** father was clearly at fault for the first accident he describes; **Joseph** doesn't seem to realize this or perhaps it is just

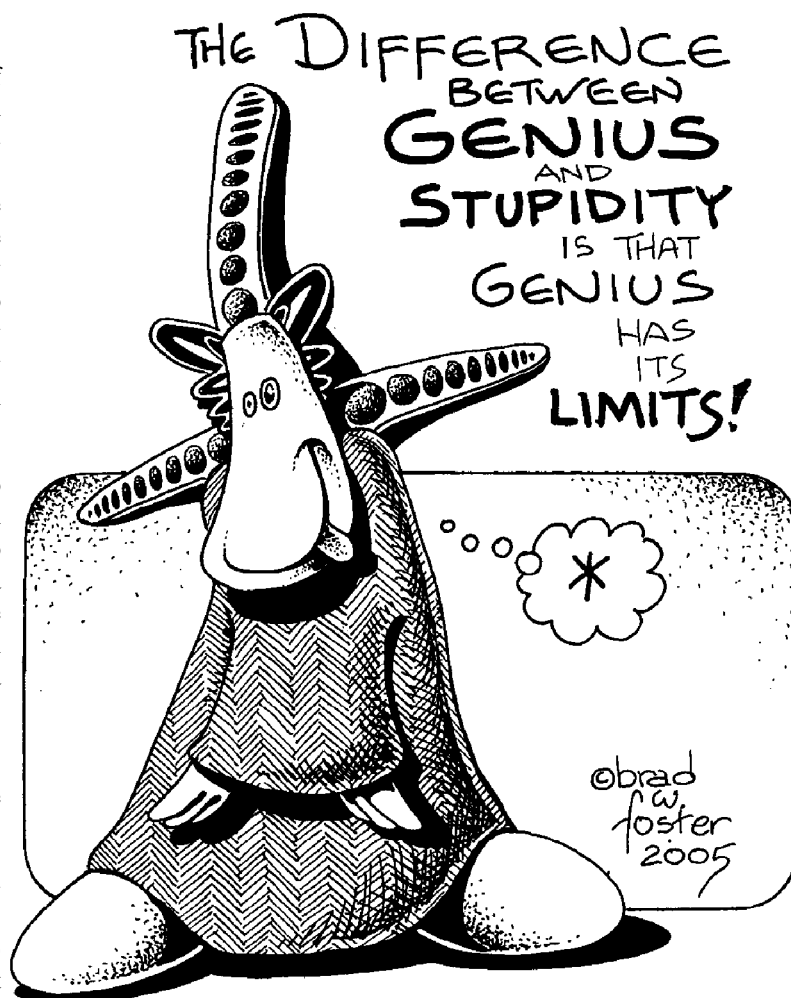
callousness on the part of his father and then himself. I also can't stand the taste of coffee although I also have trouble with the smell of the vile stuff.

And I do agree with your comment to me. I could write pages, but I won't.

Not long ago I read a book, *Lightening* by Danielle Steele, in which there was a character named Leighton; I forget the first name; no one I ever heard of; perhaps she made it up. And a doctor named Jean Webber. I wondered it that was a case of Tuckerization or something like that. It's always fund to spot names like that.

The book was not bad. I have a couple of other books with that title by other authors. I asked **Joe** how many there were; no doubt he will come up with a hundred or so; none of which he has read.

Hey, if I can get rid of this debt load I think I might take some computer courses and try to get hooked up to the internet. That way I can stay in touch with those people who write letters so rarely that one has to wonder if they are still alive. I don't know if I would read many fanzines. The last time I visited my sister we looked at a couple on her laptop. It's rather daunting.



I have some work. Same stuff I have been doing although with a few difference. I just got started and it is too early to tell how it is going to work out.

Jan. 14 – I have seen times when I could not work on this day in other years due to hard snow or excess snow or cold temperatures. This is the first time in memory that I have been unable to work due to the wood roads being too soft due to a long stretch of very mild weather. It was about 48, sunny with a light breeze yesterday. The forecast for tomorrow is for a high close to 60 and gallons of water. But, hey it has rained, I hear, for 28 straight days out in **Garth Spencer** territory. All those space crafts and other shit in the skies have really changed the weather.

Take care
Rodney

☐**CKK**: *You don't need computer courses to get hooked up to the internet. Most people with some common sense and logical reasoning can figure out a modern computer and use it to access the internet.*☐

Eric Lindsay
PO Box 640
Airlie Beach QLD 4802
Australia
fijagh2006@ericlindsay.com
16 Jan 2006

Dear Henry,

I can't believe how far I am behind. The floor here looks like a free fire zone for bombers dropping fanzines, newspapers and flyers. Where do all these bits of paper come from?

Twenty attendees for Ditto sound a fine size. I wish I could have attended, but I had been doing so much travel in 2005 that I couldn't face another trip. At least I got to read **Murray Moore's** fine con report.

Nothing much to report from here. No, not true, just nothing written down so far. Did another air tour of the outback in August 2005. I am unlikely to visit the USA again. Jean however has to visit her mother in USA again in February, but I am not even getting to Sydney. Only taking Jean as far as Townsville for her flight and putting the car in for long overdue service. I might get to Brisbane for the NatCon around Easter and might get to Sydney in June. Been wasting a lot of time looking for tools to fix my web site.

Personal injury law firms write to accident victims and tout for business in the USA? Wow. You must have far too many lawyers already (not that I don't believe that you will be a fine lawyer).

I've managed to see lawyers here (apart from socially) only when making wills and buying or selling houses (and I figure I could do those tasks myself if I felt it worth the research

time to ensure it was done right). There is no particular need for lawyers to be involved in housing, if the existing titles system were not an antiquated wreck, but then half our lawyers would go broke.

However we have so many laws here I assume it would be nearly impossible not to break at least some of them most weeks. They are all pretty irrelevant, since only the lawyers can keep track of them, and perhaps not even them. So the only real concern becomes not actually getting caught. The latest idiocy here is the sedition laws, which I assume means that on 5 Nov when I celebrated the 400th anniversary of Gay Fawkes Gunpowder plot (the only person to enter Parliament with honest intent) I was indulging in seditious behaviour.

Luckily Coke here is still done with real sugar. We can easily sell you folks lots of real sugar. The lead item in the local TV news from about August through December is how many tonnes of sugar cane got crushed at the mill (around 2 million for the season). Surely the loss of calories from Coke would partly explain the later stages of weight loss? Good result however you managed it. Wish I could drop about another 5 kilogram. It has been so hot this season that we have not been going out much for our regular walks.

Regards
Eric

☐**CKK**: *Most of the firms that sent me letters were rather high-profile and the surplus certainly doesn't explain the chiropractor. One of the problems with lawyers is many people wait until much too late to get legal advice and dig themselves an expensive and unpleasant hole. We have plenty of sugar here for the Coke, they just prefer to save the penny or two by using the corn syrup.*☐

Brad W Foster
PO Box 165246
Irving, TX 75016
bwfoster@juno.com
13-January-2006

Greetings Henry and Letha~

Nice color cover this issue. Seems like I am seeing more and more color showing up on print zines these days. Pretty soon us old-fashioned pen and ink guys are gonna run out of places to run our stuff!

I got hooked on your comment in the opening editorial with regards to your hockey team about "What annoys me are the other players in the league who take the games too seriously." I've always been a bad sports player, not in that I wasn't good at the actual event I was participating in (not good, mind you, but not bad either), rather that I really didn't care about keeping score. I just wanted to wack the ball around, or whatever. When my nephew has shown me new video games, he is always a bit put off that when I take a turn at it, my first impulse is not to run up a high score, but to try to get the car to turn

around and drive back down the track, or have my warrior start shooting at walls or up or down just to see what will happen. Years ago I found an arcade video game that gave both a total points score and a percentage score. I started it, took one careful shot that was on target, then just let my character get killed. A low "score", but perfect percentage!!!

Sullivan -almost- had it right... the computer is the devil. So close!

stay happy~
Brad

☐**TKK:** *Computer games like life are an optimization game. You try to optimize that which you assign a priority to and the rest naturally suffers in conflict with that.*☐

Dave Szurek
505 North F #829
Aberdeen, WA 98520
Jan. 19, 2006

The Knarley One,

Yeah, I know it's a broken record. Things went along smoothly until my third attack of pancreatitis struck on the first day of the year. There used to be a saying that whatever one was doing on Jan. 1, he or she would be doing repeatedly throughout the year. Let's hope that that certainly doesn't hold true in this case. I was hospitalized close to a week and my energy level is still relatively low, but I expect it to return to normal within a week or less.

The experience left me with a couple of interesting (or maybe they're interesting only to me) anecdotes. I awoke one day under the influence of morphine, a mild fever and I guess just me, convinced that it was one of my recurring dreams. I remembered waking in that bed three times before and recalled nothing the least bit diverting ever happening. I summoned the nurse (or more likely nurse's aide) and with a straight face, requested rather vehemently that she see a curve ball or at least something vaguely eventful that was happening at this time. I told her that I saw no point in having the same dream over and over again if it was constantly going to be marked by bland and tedious sameness.

Anecdote #2: My roommate grew bizarrely manic and talkative while under the influence of pain killers. I could have sworn they were shooting him up with meth. One afternoon, he matter-of-factly suggested that the two of us gather the hospital's other patients on our side and stage a revolution against Administration. "Why?" – "Uh – just to do it." I reminded him that most of us found it nearly impossible to get out of bed and that for several of us the word "nearly" no longer applied. I rolled over and went to sleep. When I awoke an hour or so later, he was still at it – same topic too and seemingly oblivious to the fact that I hadn't been answering. Maybe your life is a sham if you've never gotten sick and ended up in a hospital bed?

Jim Sullivan's piece on cyberspace is too close to fact to be funny. At present I am computer-less. My machine broke down last summer and I've not gotten a new one yet. I plan to get back online eventually, but frankly, I'm of mixed feelings on the matter. It just seems I've gotten more done and that my personal relationships have been richer since the breakdown and I surely don't want to become even as close to the stereotypical "computer geek" as has happened in the past. Ideally, there will be whole days when I don't do as much as turn the machine on.

If **Alex Slate** is as reverent toward life as he claims in part two of the cloning pieces why in the hell did he say what he did last time? Of course, the life that exists is more precious than a potential, as I've been prosthetizing to anti-abortion forces for a long time now, but I fail to see what that has to do with the core issue. Maybe I'm just dense? Killing in self-defense or in the defense of friends does not strike me as a moral issue.

Unlike you I vividly remember at least four dreams a week. On good weeks I might remember one, possibly two every day.

Dave

☐**TKK:** *I had my own hospital stories from the late 1980s. My roommate had been in a motorcycle accident and rather than ask for more pain killers he'd lay in bed and moan hoping the nursing staff would overhear and offer him some. Stupid pride!*☐

Jan Stinson
PO Box 248
Eastlake, MI 49626-0248
tropicsf@earthlink.net
01/27/06

Dear Knarley,

On *TKK* 114: Sorry to hear you were involved in a vehicle accident, and very glad that you emerged in one piece and your car wasn't too dinged up either. As in other areas of my life, I have been exceedingly blessed (fortunate, just plain lucky, call it what you will) to have had only two incidents involving vehicles, neither of which left anyone injured and no massive claims were necessary (little dings, as it were). I hope we can all be that fortunate.

Garth Spencer's "Close Encounters..." is quite readable and very amusing; reminds me of a short story I once wrote based on a quote from Brian Aldiss about the things that one doesn't often find in fantasy fiction. I thought it was a pretty good story, but the editors to whom I submitted disagreed, politely.

I read the February 2006 issue of *Discover Magazine* (the easiest way to get science news without choking on verbiage; I find *SciAm* too science-dialect-intense for my sometimes dense brain to grok) before I re-read *TKK* 114. This allows

me to point out that there is new evidence which indicates that the European colonialists of the 16th and later centuries weren't solely responsible for the deaths of 20 million people in the native population (over a century's time) in Mexico. About 12 years ago, Mexican epidemiologist Rodolpho Acuna-Soto began investigating the details from the historical archives that didn't, to him, add up. He thinks that the Aztecs knew the difference between the smallpox disease (they called it *zahuatl*) and another, much more devastating and deadly disease they called *cocolitzli*. The latter disease, based on the meticulous descriptions left behind by some of the Spanish historians of the time, was apparently much closer to hemorrhagic fever (i.e. an Ebola-type viral disease). The evidence presented in the article, based on Acuna-Soto's research, is quite

convincing. It doesn't absolve the Spanish conquistadors of all medical harm they did to the Aztecs and other native populations in the Americas, but it does point a finger at other factors besides their presence to explain why so many died.

I would think this might put paid to part of Jared Diamond's argument (in *Guns, Germs and Steel*, concerning the second element) as to why Western Europeans were so successful in conquering as much of the world as they did.

"Carry On Jeeves" isn't always of interest to me, depending on my mood mostly and not the writer's skills, but I did find "Into the RAF" amusing and interesting. I think these columns ought to be done up as a book, and not necessarily with NESFA Press. Perhaps **Mr. Jeeves** has considered approaching a more "mainstream" publisher with the idea?

Thanks to **Murray Moore** for his Ditto 18 conrep. Wish I coulda been there.

Interlocutions: ycm to **Eric Lindsay** on finding SF "worth buying" on store shelves nowadays, some online forums have recently carried posts from readers who opined that there's too much fantasy crowding out what hard SF is available at bookstores. Based on a recent perusal of my local independent bookstore's shelves (just after their January inventory, mind, and before new arrivals were shelved), this seems to be true here as well. Fantasy sells well now, likely due to the popularity of the *LotR* movies and now the *Narnia* film (let's not forget all the comic-book superheroes whose stories have leaped to film as well, not all of whom are SF-based). But it was selling pretty well before that, too.

Given current market forces, even if 50 hard Sf writers churned out two books a year of hard SF and they were all published, that's still only 100 hard SF novels. And we're not even talking about the short fiction markets. One of the ways that fanzines can help SF readers find what they'd like to read is to print more book reviews. Granted, those writing the reviews (like me) might be more interested in payment than in egoboo (again, me, mostly), but then again not all reviews written are published. If I hadn't gotten so sick last summer,



I'd have gotten several of these reviews written and out to fanzines. I do intend to try and make up for lost time.

E. B. Frohvet writes that he doesn't want to go anywhere badly enough to fly. He might change his mind if he reads the confirmed attending list for Wiscon 30. Hooee! A whole bunch of previous GoHs are slated to attend, and I'm planning to be there mysely. I had a good time last year, and would very much like to go to this year's celebration.

On *TKK* 115: Great cover by **Sheryl Birkhead**; y'think she'd do one for *Peregrine Nations* if I asked real nice? By the way, *PN* isn't dead, merely snoozing. My aforementioned illness kept me from getting the October ish done on time, and the July ish still hasn't been printed and mailed. But an Anonymous Benefactor has offered to take on the duties of Publisher for *PN* (print, mail, pay for same) until I can resume them. Please join me in bowing in thanks to Our Anonymous Benefactor!

"Editorial": I use Landscape orientation for *PN* now and have received some positive comments on the change. You can still use art that's Portrait-oriented, it's just a matter of making use of the extra white space on one side or the other of the art (as I did in the April 2005 *PN*). // Re: the **Jeeves** articles, there's no need to be a slave to the original layout, especially if it's a matter of their not appearing at all. It **Mr. Jeeves** doesn't mind, neither should you. // I'd be happy to get *TKK* via e-mail or download only, and you can move my name to the e-only list whenever you like. I don't mind printing out my own copy.

"A New Sect is E-Merging": Is this a Luddite screed or what? <grin>

"Rajiv's Fire Drill": We likes it and we wants more! **Garth** is feeding my Illuminatus jones with this kind of short fiction, and Ghu knows there isn't enough of that stuff around to sate anyone.

"Ding, Dong, Belfast" put me in mind of my Army days in the 1980s. Us MI types (no jokes, please) got moved around mostly in singles too. Infantry and Armor personnel moved in

groups then, part of the brigade concept coming into fashion at the time (keep the unit together as it moves from one assignment to another).

Interlocutions:

Robert Lichtman's reply to **E.B. Frohvet**'s comment on the publishing schedules (or non-schedules) of some fanzines brings up something that's become a sore spot with me. Most of us know how fanzines got started, that they began as paper-based communications, and that in recent years many fanzine editors have either moved their initially-paper-only pubs to the Web or started their fanzine as an electronic-only publication (sometimes with a very limited paper-version mailing list). I would think that most of your readers already know this. Therefore, anyone who ignores by choice the fanzines available at efanzines.com is only cutting off a hand to spite their face – or however that adage goes. Paper fanzine production costs have pushed fans old and new into e-pubbing. While it's sad to see the tradition diminish due to money matters, it's heartening to know that there's an outlet for fanzine publishers other than paper, should they choose to use it. Ezines are still accessible by those without computers – ask another fan for help in this area. Seems to me pronouncements shouldn't be made without a more thorough survey of the field. "Famous" is a subjective term, anyway, especially if one limits the possible candidates for "famousness."

The claim of not being able to read what's on offer on the Web due to lack of Internet access is, to me, a cop-out when most public libraries offer it for free for minimal cost, and I'd bet at least one person in a library's Internet room would be kind enough to show a newbie how it works, if not one of the library staff. I think there are a lot of fanzine fans who need to face the inescapable fact that fanzine fandom cannot exist on paper alone any more. If our children and grandchildren are being taught computer skills as part of the public-school curriculum, why should fans be so reticent to learn how to use a computer just enough to surf the Web? I didn't start using a personal computer until the late 1980s, when I was assigned to Fort Riley, Kansas and worked in a battalion training office. But I immediately saw the potential for writers and journalists, because that's what I'd studied in college, and I knew that PCs were going to be The Next Big Thing.

I believe there is medical evidence to indicate that keeping one's brain active by learning new things throughout life is much better for the brain, and the whole person. No one said you have to buy a PC to learn to work one, either. I know it's a personal choice. What I don't understand is the sometimes bullheaded refusal to even try. This is not a reference to a fan, either, but to someone in my own family.

Re: **E.B. Frohvet**'s cmt to **Alex Slate** on cloning and learned behaviors. Some four-footers have what I'd call complex behaviors. I once asked one of the wildlife biologists assigned to the National Key Deer Wilde Life Refuge in the Florida Keys whether any scientist had studied the Key deer to detect

complex behaviors. If I recall right, he said the stories I'd probably heard were just stories and that deer weren't capable of learning complex behaviors. Well, I lived in the Keys long enough to observe one generation of deer showing the next generation how to pop the tops off improperly secured trash cans to get at the human goodies within. All a yearling doe or buck needed to see was an older doe or buck using their heads (literally) and hooves to accomplish this task. I saw enough knocked-over trashcans, their remains spilled across streets, to lead me to suspect that there was more than one deer who'd learned this trick. As for clones being the same as the original, as Frohvet stated, it depends on the complexity level of the cloned being. People, no way; I think C. J. Cherryh showed that in pretty definitive way with Ari II in her novel *Cyteen*.

Again re: a **Frohvet** comment, employees who smoke may be in for a real shock very soon. I suspected about 3-4 years ago that insurance companies would begin refusing to provide medical insurance to employees who continued to smoke after receiving counseling on smoking cessation programs. Around this time, I began seeing articles on health insurance companies pushing "preventive maintenance" programs to their insured. Eventually, one may not be considered employable unless one meets certain health standards such as being a non-smoker and of a healthy weight (according to the insuring company). Certainly there will be court cases involving such employment requirements. However, many studies indicate the adverse effects of being obese (not just "overweight"), and smoking tobacco products was shown to be bad for one's health by the tobacco companies themselves, once they were forced into court. If an employee who smokes and was considered by the employer's health-insurance company to be obese, was then told by the employer that he or she had to stop smoking and begin losing weight or lose their job, and the employee refused, I can see grounds for employment termination. This employee could be an eventual drain on the employer due to later medical treatment costs, and that's the argument an employer would be likely to use. I don't necessarily agree with such an argument.

I wish **Brad Foster** lived here – there are lots of art and craft bazaars here but I haven't seen anyone selling SFnal art at any of them – waah!

While you and **Joe Major** are on the subject of weight losses and gains, let me chime in. I was on steroids for six months to control my colitis, and only gained about 15 pounds. I'd lost 50 pounds first, though. Not a safe weight-loss plan.

Joe Major also reports dirt on Ursula K. LeGuin's dad – oh my! I'll have to hunt down the referenced book. I wonder if anyone *has* asked her that?

Gene Stewart claims "sleep apnea improves dream recall." Yeah, until the time you *don't* wake up.

To **Joseph Nicholas** on his comments about Europeans bearing nasty gifts, please see my comments on *TKK* 114.

Also, one of the major (mostly beneficial) European imports **Joseph** doesn't mention is the horse. // I'd treat "Diamond's paradigm" the same way I view Vinge's Singularity theory: they're theories. They may be theories which seem to fit well with the available evidence, but they're still theories. Any writer wishing to write alternate history involving the Americas still has plenty of fodder from which to choose, and I don't think Diamond or anyone else has closed off any doors in that regard. Besides, alternate history *is* fantasy; it's "what might have happened if this *hadn't* happened this way?"

To **Jeffrey Allan Boman**, welcome in. Ursula K. LeGuin is confirmed to attend Wiscon 30 this May. This Wiscon is a special celebration and all the surviving GoHs were invited, and several have said they'll attend. All the more reason for me to be there as well, as I may never again get to see so many well-know women writers of SF and fantasy in one place.

Steven Silver and **Lloyd Penney** and I are singing the same tune vis a vis *Chronicle* (the magazine). Its chronic lateness in its news reporting, combined with deteriorating layout design and content choices, are my reasons for not renewing. Sad, as it could have been better with a little more effort and forethought on the part of publisher Warren Lapine. Much as I like reading **John Hertz's** columns and conreps when they appear in *Chronicle*, I can't see paying for a subscription renewal just to read them. Especially when **John** has so kindly sends me photocopies of them. I'd really like to see another SF news and reviews magazine give *Locus* a run for its money, but I don't see it happening any time soon.

Regards,
Janine

☐**TKK**: I don't mind high fantasy as long as it has some originality; that is rare. People are stubborn in many ways. They will often seize on any excuse not to try something new. Employment discrimination or lack thereof typically comes down to whether there is a rational basis for the employment policy. For example, physical requirements necessary to do a certain job such as fire fighter.☐

Bill Legate
Box 3012
Sequim, WA 98382
Jan. 29, 2006

Knarley,

That business with Coca Cola (in 114), yes; they tell you corn syrup is as sweet as sucrose, indistinguishable from it, as if their motivation is a built-in greed: If they can do it cheaper, they must. I don't know when they started using fructose, but it was talked about during the recent "new Coke" fiasco. I seem to remember 5-cent Coke machines in the 1940s, with stuff I found delicious, and my mother saying not to drink so much. But what good is memory? Now it's not just one pause

that refreshes, it's a hundred different formulas and flavors. Next week they may distribute something guaranteed to contain cane sugar, and pretend it's just like the coca-based patent medicine from 1900. But we'll all be dead in a few years, and who cares?

I don't imagine anyone will mind turning one page 90 degrees right or the next page 90 degrees back left, portrait or landscape (in *TKK115*), as long as you number the consecutive pages clearly enough. (The only thing I mind in zines is someone changing typeface at odd intervals, paragraphs or whatever, as though the stupid distraction might "mean" something.) Whatever your monitor holds, or whatever landscape turns you on, two wide columns or three narrow: why not?

Elizabeth, I was resigned to guessing from synonyms for anything in the order, just language – local usages – so your dry tortoise / wet turtle, terrapin between the two, is more than I knew before.

I noticed the *World Almanac* added cute quizzes in recent editions, and that the *Information Please* was eaten by *Time-Life*, and started comparing them. In the obituaries of 2004, Francis Crick died July 29 and 28, Francis Dee March 4 and 6, Jan Sterling March 27 and 26, and Fred Whipple August 31 and 30: in *World Almanac* and *Time* respectively. In the 1950s and maybe 1960s, the population of the world was estimated to be 55 to 60 percent Caucasian, 30 to 35 percent yellow and maybe 10 percent black (but don't trust my memory); but from the 1970s on, the info is not right at hand, and the almanacs didn't care to go there.

Rodney Leighton: yeah, Cramer still lights his cigars as late as *The Rubber Band* (1936), and he only chews on them form as early as *Over My Dead Body* (1939) and thereafter. Archie smokes cigarettes in *Fer-De-Lance* (1934), *The Rubber Band* (1936), *Too Many Cooks* (1938) and *Some Buried Caesar* (1938); I didn't find any later. (Archie still meets Lily Rowan in *Some Buried Caesar*.) And yeah, never mind page numbers: in my worn-out copy of *Over My Dead Body*, the address was on p. 115, but in an earlier edition (back when it cost 50 cents), it was on p. 124.

Of the 73 Nero Wolfe novels and novellas (form 1934 to 1975), I've read about 50, and so far, I've found the address of the brownstone on W. 35th St. to be variously 506, 902, 914, 918, 918, 922, and 924. After the 1950s, it was usually just "the old brownstone on West 35th Street." As actually numbered today, midtown and west to the Hudson, the 500s West are between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues, and there are no 900s. I don't know what they were when Stout was writing. My daughter argues that it's all deliberate, a joke; and maybe it is. The house is on the south side of 35th St.; the back exit leads south between two buildings to 34th St. Directions in some stories seem to place the house in the block between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, and in some, between Tenth and Eleventh; it would be half a mile or more east of the Hudson River. (Or has some of that stuff west of the

Javits Center been built up recently, so that the Hudson once ran alongside the West Side Highway? – In *Fer-De-Lance* (1934), Archie says “I pulled up in front of the old brownstone less than a block from the Hudson River where Wolfe had lived for twenty years.”)

Have you tried any of Robert B. Parker’s Spenser novels (1973 to 2005)? There are a few resemblances between Spenser and Archie Goodwin you might like.

Trinlay: I tried to go that way, with Wolfe really born in the U.S.; but in “The Cop Killer” (1951 or 1952), he tells Archie, “I got my naturalization papers twenty-four years ago.” – And I don’t want to seem to be denigrating Stout! Like, it’s some of Sherlock Holmes’s craziest fans who pick the most holes in Arthur Conan Doyle’s work.

– Despair:
Bill

☐**CKK:** *I think you’d insist on more than just clear page numbering. The pages should probably be in order as well. My use of typeface changes is meant to be meaningful. I use it when I switch to editorial insertions. This sounds a lot like my mother’s old house. It was numbered 25 for years and then after I left for college they decided that it had to be renumbered 106 to simplify the new 911 system. Nothing like moving a block and crossing the street without going anywhere.*☐

Trinlay Khadro
PO Box 240934
Brown Deer, WI 53224-0934
trinlay63@wi.rr.com
05 Feb 2006

Sorry it’s taken so long to get around to LOCing, it’s been a rough month or so. I get creaky and cranky and such in winter and hopefully it passes with spring.

Play around with format as much as you like, though perhaps it’s not impossible to do most of the zine in landscape mode and “Carry on Jeeves” in the already laid out portrait format? I think most readers would tolerate experimentation provided it didn’t get too wild or “designy”.

Jim: I think that there is/ought to be a divinity that watches over computers and computers users. Rather than the idea that computers or the net itself is divine. I have heard many people praying not to the computer, but rather on it’s behalf, “please don’t let it crash....” etc.

Garth: RAE

Jeeves: I’ve been cleaning up the computer room at my Uncle’s house that KT and I both regularly use. It used to be the bedroom and office of a Great Uncle who passed away several years ago. As I go through drawers to sort out what I still need, what goes to recycling etc, I keep coming across interesting items from said Great Uncle... including photos

he picked up or took while stationed in Europe during the war. I’ve put a lot of them into a scrap book, but a good many of them I don’t know who the people are, or where the places are... just that they don’t look like around here... If you have envelopes and boxes of photos and war memorabilia have someone catalogue or scrapbook them, with appropriate titles WHILE YOU ARE STILL AROUND. Your “Carry on Jeeves” is a real treasure of “living history” that my Great Uncle would have very much enjoyed, maybe as much as we do. (Historians and historical hobbyists really get a kick out of first hand accounts of even small events.)

What is Perspex & how was it worked into art? Is it anything like Bakelite?

Robert L: I think **EB** is one of those people who does not have net access... and he’s certainly not the only one who would be active in zine fandom, but has no access to the e-zines. I don’t usually go looking for ezines, as I don’t spend much on line time for reading stuff, I take care of email, a few elists and that’s really it. If someone sends me a link telling me of their zine though, I’m almost certain to read, and maybe eventually reply. Ezines don’t pile up on the desk and leave me feeling guilt for delays LOCing.

I’ve also never had a landlord who let out plots for gardening, rather they’d have a landscaping service or yard service to maintain a very groomed formal landscaping. The best I’ve managed are container grown tomatoes.

Ned: They’ve got new medications for eczema, maybe you should chat with a dermatologist.

Joy: Remember the cliques in Grade school up through High school? Girls certainly do compete, just differently than boys... they can also be plenty aggressive usually more emotionally/verbally/socially than physically. For some boys, sports are a good way to burn off their (for that person) innate aggression/energy/competitiveness without anyone really getting hurt.



I **could** make a fully body knitted suit, but **why?** =)

EB: Even if raised in a nearly identical environment, I think a clone would still turn out to be a different person than the original DNA donor.

I'm particularly reminded of a *Star Trek* episode where a clone of Kayliss turned out not to be very good at **being** Kayliss. A person is going to be more than the sum of their DNA. (at least I **hope** so.)

Joseph Major: Angkor Wat, built in stone, was likewise similarly devoured by the jungle and rediscovered in the 1800s. Major parts of it have now been restored.

Crohns disease doesn't get much news coverage, therefore it seems much more "exotic".

Mr. Cruise has caused several slang terms to come into being: "Jumping the couch" and "Cruizazy" neither of which have positive connotations.

re cmt to **Bill L.:** Buffy, in corset and long skirt, (Buffie ye Vampyre-slaier) kung fu-ing and staking vamps.

Gene: Book prices long ago inspired lending, borrowing, among friends as well as making good use of both the 2nd hand book stores and the library.

Eric L: Green and Gold do not match anything in *Harry Potter*, but also correlates to the Green Bay Packers (of US football), If you'd like something made up for you, just email me. I can either take US\$ via Paypal or cheque, or we can discuss barter.

Jeffrey A. B.: All I know is that in some article I read in the distant past Joss mentioned he was Christian, he didn't say whether he was church-going or if he had issues with how religion is organized/miss used.

re cmt. **Elizabeth:** Likewise I know people of many many faiths (including Judaism, Buddhism etc) who are actively US citizens... and that many of the contributions to the success of the war for Independence were from non-Christians, to the point that if the support for independence was a purely or even mainly Christian idea, it wouldn't have succeeded. (One of the reasons a State Religion was never declared was because support from the Jews and other prospective citizens was that valuable.)

Winter has been rough for me, fibromyalgia and seasonal depression knocking me flat some days. I almost didn't go to the New Years Eve party at Lytheria. KT has now finished High School and is looking for a job to keep her busy while she's waiting on her college aps to go through.

take care,
Trin'

☐**CKK:** I think the last thing I'd be accused of being is "designy."☐

Milt Stevens
6325 Keystone St.
Simi Valley, CA 93063
miltstevens@earthlink.net
February 8, 2006

Dear Henry and Letha,

In *Knarley Knews* #115, you are still considering a theme for your twentieth anniversary issue. With a twentieth anniversary, I suppose you should consider the score. I have no idea why 20 is a score, but if anyone knows, I'm sure some fan does. But what sort of a score should you consider? Your score in fandom? Your score in life in general. I'm sure we've all heard the guy with the most toys when he dies wins. How do we convert that into a life score. Is glorious old materialism the primary thing in life? It certainly isn't bad. It's probably the most durable sort of fun I can think of. Of course, there is a larger category of fun. Maybe scoring the amount of fun we have is what we should be doing. I sort of hope the score doesn't have something to do with being virtuous. Virtue better be its own reward, since it is usually sort of dreary stuff from most perspectives.

Your mother seems to hang around a lot of that healthy sort of stuff. Even if it isn't really healthy, it certainly is ambitious. I recall the fate of the original Marathon runner. I suppose overdoing physical exercise is healthy as long as it doesn't kill you first. In this case, it is your brother who is involved in this particular triathlon. This sort of thing must run in your family.

This triathlon involves a 0.9 mile swim, a 25 mile bike ride, and a 6.2 mile run. That reminded me of the final exam for Underwater Demolition Teams in the Navy. (The reason I thought about that was because my roommate at OCS went to that unit which was an earlier form of the current SEALs.) For the test, the flew you ten miles from shore and dropped you from a plane. (You were allowed to use a parachute for this part of the test.) Then you had to swim ten miles and run ten miles to pass the test. If you didn't pass the parachute jump or the swim, you really didn't have to worry about the run.

This particular triathlon was at Treasure Island. I remember Treasure Island. I was there once while I was in the Navy, but it wasn't for anything healthy. In fact, I was in the bar in the officers club. As you might expect, I was drinking. Then I met this gal. We were having a fine old time until she mentioned the wrong piece of information. She said her twin brother had died in the attack on Pearl Harbor. I was born the year after the attack on Pearl Harbor. Even with my somewhat besloshed sense of mathematics, I could figure this meant she was about twenty years older than I was. Oh shuckyderns! Up until then, the whole thing had seemed like a great idea.

Yours truly,
Milt Stevens

☐CKK: *So why should a score of years make a difference?*☐

Alex Slate
9223 Lasater
San Antonio, TX 78254
alex.slate@brooks.af.mil
8 Feb 2006

Well, back in the office and found the issue. And I definitely have some responding to do.

E.B. Frohvet states in response to my question that a cloned person would be different than the originating person, whereas a cloned animal might not be. And I can agree with what **E.B.** says. I have little to no issue with cloning of animals. OK, its not that simple. I have no issue with the idea of cloning animals to ensure the continuation of a particular species. Neither would I really take issue with cloning a particular prize-winning cattle so that future herds of cattle would be more productive milk-givers. I think that I draw the line, however, when we clone an ailing Daisy the pet cat, so that Daisy can have a replacement liver or heart. (This also sort of addresses **JT Major**'s response as well.)

Moving on to **Brad Foster**'s response, again yes he is right. I was dealing in what I envision most fans would want cloning to become. Not the state of what cloning is today. There isn't much to fear from cloning from what it is today (see the



earlier response to the **Frohvet** comments, above). And there is also something to his line of argument in the still living in caves thing. There is a cost/benefit analysis involved in the fielding of any new technology. Given full-up cloning of humans, I see way to much potential cost for too little potential benefit. Animals is different, but let's be realistic, all these scientists really want to be the one to first clone a human.

Let's go a little further and take a comment from **E.B. Frohvet**, "There are ample treatments...in which clones are being produced for the purpose not of transplanting organs to the "originator", but..." I could also support the idea of cloning human organs, such as growing a new liver or new heart for someone for the purposes of transplant. Provided this could be done outside of a full human body. **Milt Stevens** states that "[c]loning is just producing a twin for someone years or decades after the first person were born." Oh, if we could only be sure that this would be the only use I would withdraw my objections, but just call me a pessimist where humanity is concerned. Anything more would just be repeating what I have said before.

Dave Szurek, I am not sure whether you would or would not support something like "the island"? As for the rest of your comment, I hope that the article in issue 115 addresses these.

This brings us back to **E.B. Frohvet** and the comment about lawyers and most citizens questioning no essential right to existence. As per usual, my choice of wording could have been better, and of course the portion of the article in issue 115 addresses it better. But yes, there is a legal right to existence, which I think I would differentiate (in part) from an ethical right to existence. And as I hope I pointed out in 115, that we do have a right to existence so long as it is not at the expense of someone else's right to existence. This is somewhat a paraphrase of Heinlein's "My right to swing my fist ends at the tip of the other fellow's nose." (I hope I got the saying right.)

And let's finish by responding to **Gene Stewart**. No I am not a twin, but I am the father of twins.

☐CKK: *I can certainly see someone cloning a human to have a transplant source. Parents are already having more children to improve the odds in that department. Your right to swing your fist does not end at the other person's nose. It ends somewhere before that. Assault is the causing of imminent fear of physical harm and is a long-standing tort.*☐

Jeffrey Allan Boman
6900 Cote St-Luc Road #708
Montreal, QC CANADA H4V
2Y9
croft@bigfoot.com
2/7/2006

Dear Henry:

If being in a so-so mood leads you to ship neat color zines, then by all means stay in this mood! :) I'm of course kidding.

I know well how a bad mood can really mess up your life and plans in general. I wouldn't seriously wish that on anybody.

A clarification from my letter last issue: I forgot to mention what the 'con of the dead' was. I guess I was thinking too much about getting my letter ready on time so the name slipped my mind: Primedia 1999 in Mississauga, Ontario. They used a big hotel with about 100 attendees at most, and a Guest of Honor not available until partway through the Saturday dance. This left us shambling through the hotel with few panels being attended at all, and nobody really enjoyed themselves. It marked the last time I came there from Montreal after 4 years, and I have no idea if the con still exists.

There were only 2 good things to come out of that convention for me: 1) I met Trish Stratus a few months before she began her current deal with World Wrestling Entertainment and 2) I met Jayne Heitmeyer, nice star of the soon disappointing *Earth: Final Conflict* (I worked right in front of the studio where *Sirens*, another show she was in was shot!). Except for those things it was a pretty dull trip.

I've had a few PDF magazines made in landscape format. It definitely is a better choice. 20th anniversary ideas... *Comi-copia* will reach issue 100 in less than 2 years, and I have no ideas for that yet either! Your trials and tribulations on the way serve me a reminder why I avoided such study-heavy fields, having an Arts degree myself (not that they didn't provide a heavy workload in a different way). 1 third of the way to your degree is a major accomplishment. Forge on! You may not think your son's hockey team is the best; they may not have the top rank - but being able to shore things up like you say will ultimately matter more. When a sport is just meant to be for fun, people doing anything to win makes me shake my head also.

Re: "A New Sect is E-merging" ... I never thought of it being a religion, but this actually made me think. Mind you, I'd think of Bill Gates more as Satan than Pope. Granted, I'm a Linux/Open Source lover...

Re: "Rajiv's Fire Drill" ... more than time travel, this story appears to deal with alternate realities as well.

Re: "Sue's Sites" ... I was lost on this one. Is it a real place, my geological knowledge not extending to it?

Re: "Carry On Jeeves" ... they really toyed with your hopes to fly again, it seems.

Re: "The Ethics of Cloning Part II" ... don't get me started on how the Bible has been misused for many years. The ethics of viewing a clone as a real human is one of many reasons the concept is a quagmire of thought.

InterLOCutions

Robert Lichtman as you said to **Trinlay**, that your father survived driving in such a state is incredible! As per your

comments to **Terry Jeeves**, I don't need my ears syringed as often, but every few years I've had similar wax problems.

Cuyler W. Ned Brooks Jr ... I'm a Pepsi fan as well, even though Coca-Cola is what mostly gets served at Kosher places. I had to cut back dramatically though because I have osteoporosis; soda-pop leaches bone mass.

Joseph T. Major... I'm a case of someone whose metabolism is taking a long time to slow down. I'll be 40 next May, and I just had my 2nd recent case of losing dramatic amounts of weight. The last time I was more than 121 lbs was more than 3 years ago! Red kryptonite might and up with its rules changed again by the current INFINITE CRISIS event. On *Smallville* the only thing they've done is to have it cause Clark to lose all his inhibitions.

Gene Stewart... what numbers have you heard about car passengers and accidents? If they're the same I've already topped the numbers!

Rodney Leighton... I'm a film noir/pulp fan, but obviously not as deeply into the fiction as you are. I'm a fan of Nero Wolfe, but I haven't read enough to find the inconsistencies you mention.

Eric Lindsay... my taxes are done every year by others. I'm glad though that Canadian forms aren't as time consuming as yours are!

Joseph Nicolas... I'm curious now what haplogroup I come from! Being of Eastern European origins, it's probably a large group in itself.

Dave Szurek... I vaguely remember my first grade teacher smacking my palms, but my kindergarten one, while I don't remember how, changed me from left-handed to right. I actually never remember my dreams, so I don't know if they're color or BW.

Trinlay Khadro my kitties are 17 and nearly 13. I worry about their passing constantly. If soda intake leads to weight gain, I'm puzzled why my own former intake didn't lead to me being huge.

Lloyd Penney the problem of a support group for normal people is that there's no clear definition of normal. I'm a computer geek and SF fan/gamer, but on the surface I don't seem abnormal by any definition. I'm curious if "normals" would pick up on this. If fanac paid wages (as you mention to **Steven Silver**)... to paraphrase the Barenaked Ladies, "I'd be rich".

Elizabeth Garrot by your definitions of the difference between turtles, tortoises and terrapins, I'm guessing you're a zoologist?

Yours truly,
Jeffrey Allan Boman

□TKK: *Yes, Treasure Island is a real place. Among other things they filmed the show BattleBots there.*□

Lloyd Penney
1706-24 Eva Rd.
Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2
Canada
penneys@allstream.net
February 18, 2006

Dear Knarley:

Well, what excuse for being late can I use this time? I've been swamped with both daytime and nighttime work? That we had some computer problems? How about my dog ate my homework? Yeah, that's the ticket. Here's a loc on *The Knarley Knews* 115.

I get plenty of electronic zines, and as much as I enjoy them, I do prefer the tactile addition of a paperzine, and being able to read and enjoy without the computer being on. Your eyes need a break after a while. If you have to go electronic, that's fine, I'll take an e-TKK.

If indeed the World Wide Web has achieved sentience (I wouldn't say deity, because we wind up cursing it regularly), and it wouldn't surprise me, good ol' WWW has a mean sense of humour. If it was to work properly, it wouldn't give us so much grief. Maybe it's all those viruses. It's not nasty, it's just sick.



Is there any new news of **Terry Jeeves'** health? With *Erg* gone, there's no more general announcements. If **Terry** has truly retired from this arena, I hope he's well and relaxed. He's earned it. I haven't seen the term megacycles in a long time. We use the hertz/Hz terminology so much now, seeing the old term is a small jolt.

Re **Robert Lichtman's** comments on Cheryl Morgan...I do think she wanted to be a part of things, and may have been surprised when she was attacked for publishing the kind of zine she wanted. Many years ago, she revealed in an issue of *Emerald City* that the only people who were regularly loccing her zine in spite of the lack of locol were **Eric Lindsay** and myself. I still do loc *Emerald City*. I'd like to see my letters published, but because they aren't, I can say things in my letters that might not be appreciated in print by some. That reaction to the no locol policy may have hastened her decision to make her zine a Hugo semi-pro magazine.

I drink too much diet cola, and these days, Diet Coke with Lime. Delicious, but I can only imagine what it's doing to my innards. I am trying to drink less carbonated soda and more spring water; the battle continues.

Greetings to **Jeff Boman!** Your name is familiar; we probably met several times at Con*cept. Welcome to this fanzine letter writing thing; I've been having fun with it for more than 20 years. Yvonne and I were FanGoHs at Con*cept in 1997, and CUFF delegates there in 1998. Greetings to Emru and Tamu Townsend at FPS; I hope to see them at Ad Astra this year. Torcon 3 did very little for fanzine fans; there was a lounge in a private suite, but I never did find out about activities there. I was too busy seeing the con and helping out with the successful L.A. in 2006 Worldcon bid. We hope to be there in August. And, I look forward to seeing what **Milt Stevens** will do with the LAcon fanzine lounge.

Witty articles? Not with me falling asleep at the keyboard. I'm lucky to be able to figure out how to get this to you. Zzzzzz... That's it. Take care, and hope this makes 116. See you then.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney.

□TKK: *What diet soda does to you depends on your metabolism. One thing it can turn into is formaldehyde. You know the nasty stuff they put animals in before you dissect them.*□

Karen Gory
4050 NE 12 Terrace Apt 19
Oakland Park, FL 33334
2/18/2006

Dear Knarley,

Thanks for yet another fine issue of *TKK* (115). The beast on the front cover looks like it did a bit too much partying at year's end!

I think one of the main reasons people stick to the vertical format is because it's the default setting on the printer and word processor. I've occasionally had thoughts of turning the page sideways and splitting it in half to fold into a half-size zine, but I can't get my mind around the page numbering difficulties so I put it in the too hard basket.

It always seemed a bit silly to me that final exams come down to a matter of how fast and legibly you can write (and for how long) rather than how well you actually know the material. As you know from my letters, I tend to write a lot but it invariably looks like it was scrawled onto the page by a dyslexic caterpillar! Using a keyboard would make life much simpler for a lot of people!

"Sue's Sites" – I don't remember seeing Treasure Island when I was in San Francisco. Where is it exactly? (We took a harbour cruise that went under the Golden Gate and back again then around Alcatraz and along various bits of waterfront. From the sound of it we went right by.)

Computer or God. Hmm... I dunno the way they tend to die during vitally important tasks seems more diabolical to me!

Re: **Robert's** comment on apartment gardening. If I could I'd love to have a pot of fresh herbs and lettuce to pick. There's nothing like fresh homegrown veggies! But our apartment doesn't come with a balcony – it's the one thing I most miss!

Ned – my mother gets eczema in her ears when she spends a long time on the phone. Her best cure for it is to squeeze a capsule of Vitamin A into each ear when they itch. Vitamin A is a powerful promoter of skin healing and I wish it was easier to get – alas the doctors decided it's too dangerous for pregnant women because if they take a massive dose it causes problems... The conspiracy-theorist side of me says that was just an excuse to get it off the market because it works as well as cortisone cream and it's natural! (BTW, I did some research into psoriasis treatments for my husband and guess what they are using now? A Vitamin A cream and a Vitamin D cream and the site said that if you alternate them it works as well or better than steroids without the skin-thinning effect!)

Joy – Mary Grant Bruce wrote 15 or so Billabong books and the first half-dozen should be fairly easy to get. The first is called *A Little Bush Maid*.

Gene – are you insulting my husband's family?! Just kidding. When I first met John my mother said "my, what an unfortunate name..." At the time I agreed but after a little while I didn't even notice it and then I was proud to take it as my own. If nominative was apt, John should have been a butcher or a surgeon (dentist?) but he was a roofer, truck driver, and

computer engineer. On the other hand "gory" certainly describes his medical history! If we ever have kids they will not be allowed on high places – he fell off a roof and was nearly killed and so did his father!

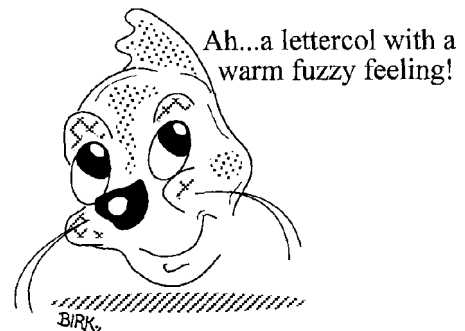
Rodney – I'm chemically-sensitive and I use natural orange-based cleaner and I use baking soda to clean anything that needs scrubbing or is stained. I can't say if it ever occurred to me to use cola.

Dave – yes Distributed Proofreaders is like Project Gutenberg – that's where all the finished books go. DP's contributed somewhere over a thousand completed books to PG in five years (don't quote me on the number, I'm not at my PC to go check.)

For those of you interested we just adopted a new (small, very black) cat and I got a new computer. More on that next time.

See you next ish!
Karen Gory

☐**CKK:** *Many of the good desktop publishing software packages know how to do page-folded numbering schemes. Treasure Island is west of Alcatraz between it and the Embarcadero of San Francisco. My mother has used A&D Ointment for years. I believe she treated my diaper rash with it all those years ago.*☐



We also heard from:

Christa Behmenburg (who sent mail art), Ned Brooks (who reports that when the 8-ft Transonic Pressure Wind Tunnel was closed down in 1985 they still tested the insulation with a meggar and that *The New Port News* is an *SFPA* zine not a *FAPA* zine), Lysa DeThomas, Terry Jeeves (who enjoyed learning about Treasure Island), Murray Moore (whose postcard arrived in a post office body bag), KRin Pender-Gunn, Dave Rowe, Sue Welch

"Reflection" Continued from page 12

time in the many times I have threatened (promised?) to depart this hobby in general or this fanzine in particular, it has nothing to do with unhappiness with either. I have done music reviews for a fanzine for many years, but not so many the past couple of years. I have tried to start doing them again, but I am going to shut that off as well.

Strangely enough, I am not at all depressed or anything like that. I am as close to being emotionally at peace as I have been in years. Pretty weird, I know.

Anyway, another goodbye. I have no idea how long this one will last. It will definitely be longer than the last one. Thanks for running all this stuff, Knarl!

Fanzines Received in Trade



“The usual” generally refers to either a letter of comment (LOC), a contribution, or trading with your fanzine or generally any friendly means of communication.

Alexiad Vol. 5 No. 1 by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. A nice fanzine with lots of book reviews and a solid letter column.

Challenger 23 by Guy H. Lillian, III; 8700 Millicent Way; Shreveport, LA 71115; <http://www.challzine.net/>; GHLIII@yahoo.com; irregular; \$6 or the usual. This is a fine genzine with good articles, lots of photos and letters. This issue presents many accounts of Hurricane Katrina.

Chunga 11 by Randy Byers, Andy Hooper, and Carl Juarez; 1013 North 36th St.; Seattle, WA 98103; rbyers@u.washington.edu, fanmailaph@aol.com, cjuarez@myrealbox.com; semi-annual; \$3.50 or the usual. An interesting genzine with a number of articles this issue focusing on travel and conventions.

Ethel the Aardvark #119-121 by Damien Christie; PO Box 212; World Trade Centre; Melbourne, VIC 3005; Australia; ethelaardvark@yahoo.com.au; bi-monthly; AU\$30/year or the usual. This is the official zine of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club. Damien is the new editor and is injecting new direction with lengthy discussions of SF on TV or SF movies.

File 770:146 by Mike Glycer; 705 Valley View Ave.; Monrovia, CA 91016; MikeGlycer@cs.com; irregular; \$8/5 or the usual. This has become a mostly annual news zine with plenty of con reports and discussion of Mike's rapidly growing daughter.

Future Times Vol. 8 Issue 12 & Vol. 9 Issues 1-2 by Jayne Rogers; %ASFS; PO Box 98308; Atlanta, GA 30359-2008; missjayne@mindspring.com; monthly, \$12/year. This is the official fanzine for the Atlanta Science Fiction Society.

Littlebrook 5 by Jerry Kaufman & Suzanne Tompkins; PO Box 25075; Seattle, WA 98165; littlebrooklocs@aol.com; irregular; \$2 or the usual. A fine genzine with a broad range of articles.

Living Free 132 by Jim Stumm; Hiler Branch, Box 29-KK; Buffalo, NY 14223; irregular; \$2. An interesting zine dedicated to living independently.

Lofgeornost 81 by Fred Lerner; 81 Worcester Ave; White River Junction, VT 05001; fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu; irregular; the usual. This is Fred's FAPA zine. This issue features a trip to Scotland.

MarkTime 73, 75, & 76 by Mark Strickert; 9050 Carron Dr. #273; Pico Rivera, CA 90660; busnrail@yahoo.com; irregular; \$2 or the usual. A recent flurry of issues on various topics (baseball, travel, mass transit) from an editor who used to be a bit more active.

Nice Distinctions 12 by Arthur Hlavaty; 206 Valentine St; Yonkers, NY 10704-1814; <http://www.maroney.org/hlavaty/>; hlvaty@panix.com; quarterly; \$1 or the usual. A small perzine.

Opuntia 59.3, 59.5, & 60 by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. A very interesting zine with a little bit to appeal to any reader.

Pinkette 17a by KRin Pender-Gunn; PO Box 567; Blackburn, Victoria 3130; Australia; Kringunny@hotmail.com; irregular; the usual. A very short issue wherein KRin lets us know she is still out there.

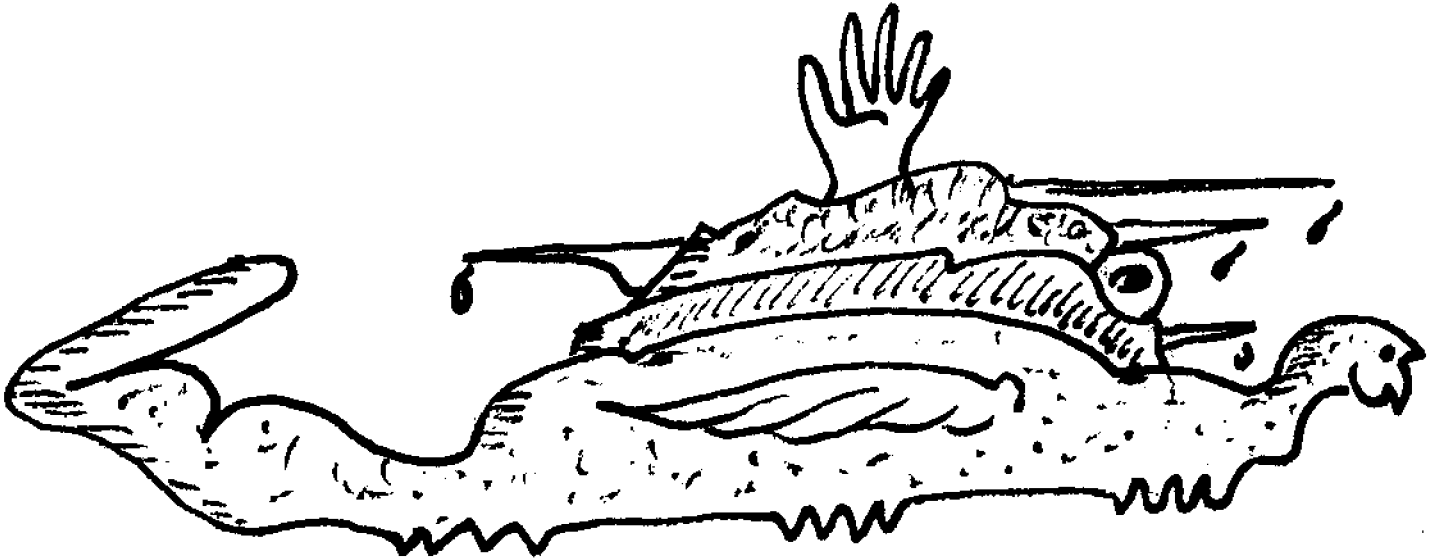
Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol 8 No 9 by R.B. Cleary; 138 Bibb Dr.; Madison, AL 35758-1064; rbcleary@bellsouth.net; quarterly; \$10/yr or the usual. A series of con reports and news reports of predominantly southern focus.

Vanamonde No. 618-32 by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John's APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.



Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

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



You Got this Issue Because ...

- You are going to comment on the theme for the 20th Anniversary issue.**
- Fanzine paper smells better than wall paper.**
- Your name is in my little black book.**
- 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.