



"...BLARSTED FUZZ-ARSED MAMMALS!"

4/12
06

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1. All contributions may include a pseudonym (e.g. Knarley, Sydrous, Shit-for-Brains) at the contributor's whim.
2. To get this fanzine you are required semi-yearly to initiate contact with the editors (black-holish behavior is not rewarded). This could be a postcard, phone call, your fanzine, or contribution of your choice. The editors, of course, prefer a contribution so they don't have to write so much. This notwithstanding, you may purchase copies for \$1.50 each.
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5. Contributions are currently acceptable using the following computer formats.
 IBM: Virtually any format
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6. The editors are open to bribes of any size, although their efficacy is highly suspect, and have never turned down a financial contribution.

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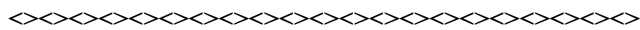


Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

It is once again slightly past when I should be doing the fanzine and I note that here I am a bit overdue. As usual the reasons are simply a matter of how to spend my discretionary time. I, of course, have many items on my plate, but it still isn't full. Over the past two weeks I've had more than ample opportunity to do the fanzine, but have spent the time reading fiction (this is something new; I haven't read much fiction in years), playing computer games (this doesn't feel as much like work or school as working on the fanzine), or just plain watching TV. As a result I still haven't done the landscape format for the issue. I really want to do this, but just haven't taken the time to pull the trigger. It takes a lot of time to format an issue and this is something I limit by using cut and paste when I put an issue together. Most of the text is created using a word processing program (e.g. MS Word) and then cut and pasted into the flows and fields of the prior issue in Adobe InDesign. If you don't believe me take a close look at the LOC column from issue to issue and note how the placing and size of the fillos changes very little. As far as I'm concerned this is efficient use of my time even if it isn't very creative. Certainly the issues lack somewhat in variety, but if you see one only every two months then you aren't aware of it anywhere near as much as I am.

What is the final fallout? First, goofing off is bad for a fully reliable fanzine schedule. This isn't really news, but I thought I'd say it again because I can and I shouldn't goof off as much if for no other reason than I could often use a bit more sleep. Second, I like to keep my word. When I promise things I sincerely believe that I will deliver it and this makes my word my bond. Over the years in fandom there are very few promises I haven't kept as I have done in the other aspects of my life. This is one reason I am considered very dependable and reliable at work. You will see a landscape issue and I really want to do it this summer. This gives me two opportunities with June (the next issue) being the one where I'm most likely to have more time than I need on my hands. If I were you I wouldn't hold my breath, but you should at least cross your fingers.



Commentary for the 20th anniversary issue of *TKK* continues; albeit very slowly. I have been extracting these comments from your LOCs and e-mails and compiling them elsewhere. I will eventually sort and edit them into a coherent whole just as I did for the 10th anniversary issue back in 1996. The result will appear as a feature article in 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.

For those of us with short-term and faulty memories the theme is "Why do we do fanzines?" I see that there are two ways this can be addressed. The first is in a very personal way. Each of you could explain why you write, publish, or art and why you continue to do so. Alternatively you could look at this from a more sociological aspect of why does the hobby

continue, especially in the face of changing technology that can be viewed as either hindering the hobby or providing new obstacles. I eagerly await your wonderful editorials, articles, and comments and I will continue to remind you to send them in between now and then.



The spring term of law school is essentially over. I am down to a single in-class final exam on the fourth (of May) and then I'm off until the twelfth. This has not been my happiest semester, but it will likely turn out all right. Some of it is that the faculty teaching the two courses are not high on my list of best teachers over the years.

The legal writing and research professor has not been very helpful in her feedback on my writing. At the first writing conference I got some feedback on what I needed to work on, but very little on whether what I was doing was simply OK, good, or better. Complicate this by not getting the final version of the first legal brief until the next to the last week of class when I no longer had much opportunity to adjust my writing for the second and final legal brief. What happens is it gets to a point where you've spent enough effort on the writing and you just want to turn it in.

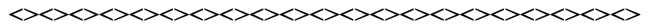
Constitutional Law is frustrating for other reasons. The professor isn't very organized and has a tendency to be inconsistent about what should be our reading or study focus. We have on more than one occasion read 50+ pages of material that were simply glossed over in 30 minutes of class time. On other evenings we've spent the entire period focusing on what could be interpreted as minor notes following major cases. This is no more apparent than in the take-home portion of the final exam where the single question focused on the narrowest area of constitutional law and gave little opportunity to determine if we understood the greater context. I suspect the in-class portion of the final may be equally uneven.

Grades won't be out until at least late June so I may not be able to assess how things came out prior to the next issue. In the meantime I had applied for a research assistant position this summer with my Legal Writing professor from the fall, but that fell through when the planned research got changed around at the last minute.

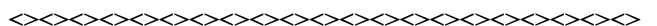
I will also be taking two courses this summer. The first is a Mediation Clinic where we get to go into the Milwaukee Small Claims Court and help people resolve their disputes without going to trial. I'm not certain all that this entails, but we get a full weekend of training starting on the twelfth. I decided to look into this because one legal career I'm considering is the resolution of intellectual property (mostly patents) disputes through mediation or similar. Given my strong technical background I think this might be an interesting and viable career option. Resolve your dispute using someone who understands both the law and the technology. I'm sure I'll come out of this with some good "Judge Judy"-like stories.

The other course is an advanced legal research course with a focus on Wisconsin law. Advanced legal research is one of those courses required for graduation where you get a few choices. Wisconsin law seemed as good as any other and I'll have it out of my way.

In the fall I'm signed up for Alternative Dispute Resolution, Intellectual Property Law, and Federal Income Taxation of Individuals. I have also applied for a judicial internship with the Federal 7th Circuit Court of Appeals and will drop the tax course if I get this. I'm also going to try to get on the Intellectual Property Law Review. This requires that I do an editing and writing exercise as part of a competition.

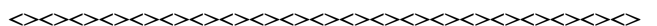


My hockey team finished the season at 2-19-1. We simply could not score. Even players with more talent than me struggled in this capacity and many ended up with fewer goals and assists. I finished the last part of the season playing defense. This is not a position I've played much and I found that I was slowly getting the hang of it. I'm still struggling with having to think too much, but I look forward to more opportunities to work on this next season.



The weeding season has begun in earnest. The winter was a bit milder than usual so I got a very early start on the garlic mustard. Over a two week period I spent about 10 hours combing over the back yard and woods removing this invasive weed. Unlike in previous years I did this early enough that it was one of the few plants up. It didn't start off well as I started in the worst part of the yard for making any progress. It seemed to take forever to get this section done, but I stuck to it and things accelerated in other parts of the yard that weren't as badly infested. The trick to garlic mustard is that you have to pull up the entire plant. It has a tendency to snap off at the ground level and then you have to search around for the stem to give another pull. My more recent trips to the yard show that I did a pretty thorough job.

Dandelion season has just barely started, but it looks like it will be about the same as last year.



In mid-April I attended the Conference on Software Engineering Education and Training (CSEE&T). The conference itself is not very remarkable as it is attended primarily by computer science faculty at small schools who are sharing ways to teach their one or two courses in software engineering. As is typical of this type of educational conference I alternate between being annoyed that the presentation quality isn't higher (these people present for a living) and being frustrated that MSOE doesn't do enough to champion the great program we have and obtain more grants like many of these other schools. You might then legitimately ask why I went. The first reason is simply networking and getting the word out on MSOE. I also have the responsibility as Chair of the Software Engineering Constituent Committee of the

American Society for Engineering Education to do some outreach for that group.

Most of you are likely to be bored by all of this, but I am going somewhere. The conference was at the Turtle Bay Resort on the north shore of Oahu in Hawaii. (This is the same island that Honolulu is on.) I had never been to Hawaii before and with MSOE buying my ticket and Letha able to get a free one through frequent flyer miles it was an opportunity that we couldn't refuse. The children were on spring break that week so my Mother graciously flew in from California and took the children camping down in west central Indiana. From all the evidence they seemed to have a great time and there is now one more reason that I am grateful that I have a good mother.

I arranged the flight schedule so that I'd have slightly less than two days at the end of the conference for Letha and I to tour Oahu and get a feel for Hawaii. The first thing you should realize is that neither of us are typical tourists. We don't particularly care for the beach and have little interest in normal touristy shopping. This makes Oahu rather hard to visit. It is not that there are great historical places to visit and wonders to see it is just that there are not easy to see. Vehicle break-ins and theft are a significant problem on Oahu. Many of the areas that are even the slightest bit off the main tourist areas have signs warning you of this. There are also numerous derelict cars alongside the road that have been stripped and set on fire. In fact, All of the homes along the north shore (even the poorest ones) have fences and guard dogs. Many have four or five cars in various states of disrepair.

Despite this impediment we did manage to get away, however, briefly, to see the historic birthing stones as well as a number of waterfalls and other sites. Diamond Head is quite interesting even if we only drove in long enough to just turn around. The shape of most Hawaiian volcano calderas includes very steep cliffs on the inside and sloping slopes on the outside. This is no more apparent than at Pali Lookout. (This is a must see even if you only plan to stay in Waikiki - take a tour, rent a car, or even take a taxi.) The entire northwest side of Oahu is actually a huge caldera. Two sides have long since slide into the Pacific so as you leave Honolulu you gently slope up the outside and at Pali Lookout you are treated a near 1000 foot cliff straight down to the far side of the island. It is quite an impressive site and the climate and wind changes are amazing.

Like any good tourist we did attend a luau (at the Polynesian Cultural Center which is run by Brigham Young University) and we found the dinner show was more interesting and explanatory than the main show later in the evening. We also walked around the state grounds and the palace in downtown Honolulu, but we stayed away from Pearl Harbor.

Overall this wasn't our favorite vacation site in part because it is a long way to go for such a short period of time and our next visit will have to be to the big island to see the real volcanos.



Until next issue...

Untold Misery

(c) by Jim Sullivan

Now that the 21st century is upon us, it's time to reveal the previous century's biggest untold story: The myth, untruth, and downright fabrication that with certain clothing, one-size-fits-all. Finally, this falsehood must be exposed for all to see.

The commercial world, abetted by the media, in a raw unchecked attempt at additional sales of its products, began some questionable advertising practices. Mainly, it claimed that socks and rubbers (footwear protection) of one size could fit all foot sizes in a certain range, say 10 to 13. Therefore, such footwear could be worn by an individual with one or the other of those sized feet. People, therefore, would be able to trade off apparel.

Sure, folks with size 10 and size 11 feet could easily don this footwear, though it might prove a tad large. Those individuals, however, with size 12 or 13 feet have really had a difficult time putting on such clothing. And as a consequence, they've suffered mightily from the backs of their heels to the ends of their toes. Many of these humans, with the two larger sized feet, have had their toes jammed, stuffed, and, even, crammed into such footwear. Not surprisingly, they've ended up with corns; bunions; blisters; sore, itchy, reddened feet; aching, tingling, and fallen arches; scarred soles; irritated insoles; isolated insteps; touchy toes, and what have you.

As a direct result, people with such injured feet have had to see chiropodists, podiatrists, and, yes, even medical doctors not to mention chiropractors and osteopaths to get foot relief, toe adjustments, arch manipulations, and prescription corrective footwear.

Larger socks and rubbers were, in many cases, called for. This, naturally, proved costly. Pained people had to cough up good money for their initial one-size-fits-all socks and rubbers, but now they had to spend more dough to travel to see foot specialists, to pay for those office visits (seldom covered under today's HMOs), and to purchase new, regular, one-size-fits-one socks and/or rubbers.

Greedy retail interest are primarily behind this push, or stretch would be more like it, for folks to wear multiple-size accommodation clothing. As mentioned, in a few cases, this kind of wear works, and goes on without effort. But in several other situations, the opposite is true. And their hurt can easily be detected by merely looking into their pinched, scrunched-up faces.

The question may well be asked, "Why would anyone want to purchase and wear one-size-fits-all apparel in the first place?"

Well, a man may desire to wear his wife's socks, and she, his rubbers. Each may be figuring that since one-size-fits-all, the footwear will be comfortable on his, or her, feet as it would be on his wife's or her husband's. That concept, though, has been proven wrong long ago. Oh, sure, the husband could, with substantial toil, manage to get his wife's socks on, but just barely. She could put his rubbers on with no fuss. But soon, her socks will have worked their way down his ankle and into his shoes. What's more, his rubbers will be flapping all over her feet with each step she takes. In either case, this could prove uncomfortable, painful, and embarrassing as well.

And so, it is to be hoped that business folks who sell this one-size-fits-all clothing would try to, at a minimum, cut down on the number of sizes covered by any one item. A happy medium might be to make it one-size-fits-two-sizes.

Unfortunately, this story has been spiked or buried way in the back of print publications and not aired at all on the broadcast media. It's about time this scandal was brought to the fore. Too many people have been hurt with this unnatural, some might even say, ungodly practice. One thing's for sure: it's out of step with the times.



"slight" of hand

Jim Sullivan

Plain Speaking - An Editorial

by Garth Spencer

(previously published in *BCSFAzine*, February 2005)

Another of the several feast days and tumultuous gatherings that I hate is Valentine's Day. I have more important things to worry about, like whether I'm still unemployed when my Employment Insurance runs out this month; so having to observe yet another celebration of waste motion is not precisely the highest priority on my blotter.

In fact, I'd like to propose to you another exercise in creative thinking, which you are probably going to ignore. I assert that the European tradition of romantic love is an Evil Sinister Mind Control Plot. Not every society, you should note, has a tradition of romantic love, even if such traditions occur in societies as diverse as European nations, the colonial nations, India and Japan. Our own stereotypes and conventions actually go back only a few centuries, and don't even faithfully reflect the original version, Eleanor of Aquitaine's medieval ideology of courtly love.

If you take even a cursory look at the historical evidence, you might get a creepy feeling, as I did. Eleanor of Aquitaine came from one of those small kingdoms right on the border of Christian Europe, usually trading goods and ideas with nearby Moslem states. She married into one of the central, powerful countries of Western Europe, of course, but she brought with her a popular culture that, frankly, seemed to be modeled directly from Moslem troubadours. Remember, this was an age of arranged marriages; "love" was by definition

something adulterers did. Well, what did she do but expose the unwashed barbarians at court to idealized, ennobled romance? Try to "civilize" the armed bandits with the idea of an unattainable, ideal amour? Which, come to think of it, is about the only way to make sense of the frequent infidelities that drove the whole cycle of epic stories about King Arthur and his court.

I put it to you that this was part of a covert Plot to undermine European societies, and it damn near succeeded. Inadvertently, to this day we expect a marriage to be made for love, we think romantic love should sustain a relationship for a lifetime - and then we wonder why so many marriages don't work out; or why so many people set up light housekeeping together, without benefit of clergy. Our naïve religionists get all up in arms about gay marriage, when we're simply following our modern conviction, that love is all we need; and we ignore the practical question, how do we make any of our complex, frustrating partnerships work?

This is the legacy, I put it to you, of history's most successful covert agent-provocateuse - generations after her original cause was forgotten.

Or maybe I'm just pissed that I haven't dared go on a date in thirteen years.



THE WINGED
VACUUM CLEANER
SUCKS AGAIN!



Sue's Sites: A Plant's Birthday

by Sue Welch

"No, Mom! I absolutely put my foot down! I am not coming to a birthday party for plants!"

"But John. These two plants have lived in the same pots for the last 50 years. That's quite amazing, wouldn't you agree, considering the length of time that you have managed to keep any plant I have ever given you alive!"

"That's not the point; one does not celebrate the birthday of plants and I am not coming! It was bad enough last February when you had the birthday party for the dog."

"Turning 16 is quite an accomplishment for any dog, especially a pure bred Dalmatian. And didn't you have a fun day? Playing with your two nieces, Charlotte and Samantha. They both love Shiner. Since she barely moves now, they can pet her and walk her and she does not jump on them or knock them down but follows meekly along beside them. And Shiner's cake, white with black spots, they couldn't put it in their mouths fast enough. You also ate two big pieces."

"Shiner's birthday stretched my patience; I say no to your plants, no matter their age."

Married in December of 1956, after purchasing a washing machine and TV, I bought two snake plants (some call them mother-in-laws tongue) in the grocery store. One I planted in a white cup with a 3" wide opening, with two guys slouched in chairs with their feet propped on a table saying "Next week we have to get organized" on the front. The tallest leaf in this pot is currently 44". The other pot has a 2 1/2" circle opening; the outside decoration is a tree with two bear cubs crouching on either side of the tree. The tallest leaf in this pot is 32 tall". These plants have moved 13 times and lived in 3 states: Virginia, Michigan and California. The dirt has never been changed, nor have the plants been repotted. Keeping them alive for 50 years is a good reason to celebrate both their tenacity and my memory to water them on Mondays and Fridays.

"Well John, their official birthday or when I planted them in these pots isn't until next February so you have lots of time to get used to coming. You can pick the kind of cake."

Previews of coming attractions include three upcoming scheduled trips:

April: Camping in southern Indiana with Knarley's three children.



Image Courtesy of Wikipedia

July: A two-week teaching assignment in a village near Shanghai plus a pretrip to Shanghai and a post trip to revisit the terra cotta warriors in Xian (I was in Xian 10 years ago and still feel that these statues are the most amazing things I have ever seen.)

October: A three-week trip to view hidden treasures in South America, in Argentina, Bolivia, Uruguay and Chile. (Lots of walking in the Andes) with a post trip to Easter Island, the most remotely inhabited place on earth (Belongs to Chile and is thousands of miles out in the middle of the South Pacific). This trip is a birthday gift from my children who felt entering my eighth decade merited a celebration of its own.

You are all cordially invited for cake and ice cream one Sunday in February of 2007. Date to follow.

A PASSAGE TO INDIA

Padgate Transit Camp in the bleak winter of 1941-42 was as cold and miserable as ever. Whilst waiting for marching orders to come through we occasionally nipped down the road to a dance hall in Warrington. This was located down a dingy back street and was most unusual in design. It was an L-shaped room with pillars down the centre of the long leg. This made navigation quite a problem. Not only did dancers have to avoid each other, but also perform sharp left and right swerves when negotiating the angles as the far end. Many a flamboyant reverse turn ended in a collision with a column. Even Fred Astaire might have come a cropper in that ball-room.

Such delights couldn't last and movement day finally arrived. I packed my gear into a couple of kitbags. The "Deep Sea" one had to be labeled VW-VW-X80 in large lettering – and as you might guess, we were left to find our own black marking ink and pen or brush to do the job. I never did find out what the symbols stood for, but no doubt the epitomized a cunning plan to fool the enemy. It certainly fooled me.

Then in the dead of a dark and dismal night, several gross of assorted airmen were marshaled on the Parade Ground at 10pm. After much standing around whilst NCOs and Officers ran around waving reams of paper, we finally marched out of the camp. Led by lantern bearers, we trudged through the night to board a troop train heading North. Dawn was breaking as we reached a secret harbour "somewhere in Scotland" which according to the sign boards was called "Stranraer". After much shuffling around and much waiting, we boarded the troopship "Duchess of York" which was to be our home for the next two months. She slipped out into the North Atlantic one murky morning in February of 1942. We joined a large convoy and we began our journey to parts unknown. The Duchess was packed to the gunwales (whatever they were, but maybe they were for shooting whales) with RAF bods. We ate at long tables using mess tins and mugs. Fresh water was only turned on for half an hour in the morning and the same in the evening, so as the magic hour approached; long queues would form by the single water tap. Water bottles were filled and these had to last until the next time the oasis was opened again at five.

Entertainment consisted of either joining the inevitable Housey-



Carry on Jeeves

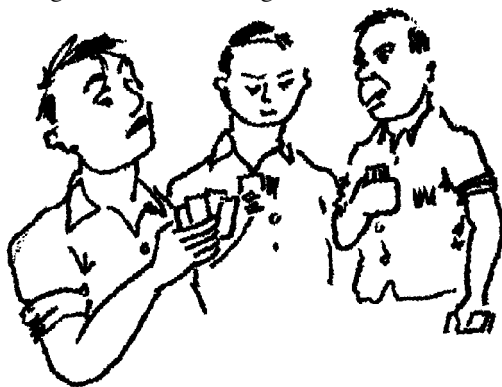
By Terry Jeeves

Housey session or finding an uncrowded bit of deck on which to sit and play cards. Four of us joined the Housey-Housey school, just once. I won ten bob on the opening free go. Taffy won the third round and collected a quid and we then knocked off and went to play Solo. Solo and Bridge lasted us for the whole of the voyage. Instead of playing for money, we played for cigarettes, and since it seemed a bit pointless for a non-smoker like myself to buy fags just to use as gambling tokens, I took up the weed; a habit which lasted until my getting engaged some twenty years later.

At mess time we took turns in descending into the mysterious innards of the ship to collect a huge canister of whatever strange mixture the cook had tormented out of his ovens. The canister was dumped on the end of the mess table, food was sloshed onto plates and passed down the line. It was best to be near the middle of the table as the servers skimped helpings they put on early plates to make sure the food went round. Helpings improved for those sitting in the middle, but for those sitting near the canister it was a toss-up whether you got extra food because the servers had been too cautious, or less because they had dished out too much gunge along the way.

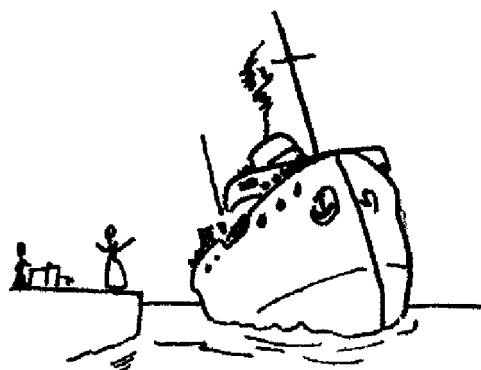
We slept in hammocks. This meant acquiring the Tarzan-like skill of swinging up into the things without doing a half roll off the other side and dumping your bedding (and yourself) out on the deck. Once in, you had to fold up like a jack-knife and stay there as motionless as possible. Turning over was fraught with danger and many an agonized howl rent the air as some unwary sleeper over-balanced and crashed to the deck. Rather than pitch my hammock in the Black Hole of Calcutta below decks, I always hung mine up on the top deck. This certainly ensured fresh cool air as we neared the tropics, but there was a penalty. Sailors with brushes and hoses would arrive at 6am each morning to swill down the decks. They took a sadistic delight in bumping their way beneath the swinging hammocks. If they had to be awake they meant to see that we were as well.

One place where one could usually find room to sit down was in the latrine. This heavenly abode took the form of a shack on the port side. Inside was a long wooden trough through which was pumped an endless stream of sea water. Above the trough were two parallel planks a few inches apart. These supported a row of customers. Very gregarious, but it could also be hazardous. Every so often some bright spark at the upstream end of the line would light a crumpled piece of paper and drop it into the trough to let it be carried along by the running water. Talk about giving people a hot foot.



The North Sea in winter is one of those places it is best to avoid. The Duchess pitched and rolled like a particularly nasty fairground ride. I suffered mal-de-mer for four days before getting my sea legs, but after that I never had trouble again.

Our first port of call came when we anchored off Freetown to take on fresh water. Gleaming white Sunderland flying boats floated at anchor and less than a mile away we could see white-walled buildings, waving palm trees and glistening sands. A tantalizing and unattainable sight after several weeks at sea. Our stay in Freetown was brief, on we sailed and crossed the Equator. There were no ceremonies, The Duchess was far



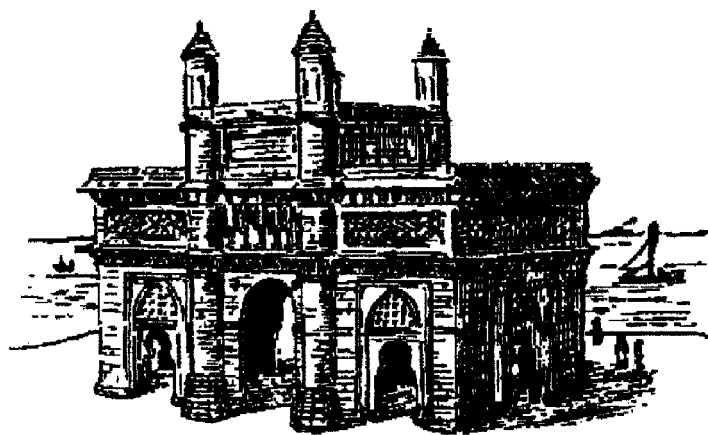
too crowded for that sort of thing. After a month of hot sticky travel, our trusty ship dropped anchor in Durban. Even this was not without incident. As our craft

edged slowly towards the dockside, a woman was standing there singing a welcome. She was the famed "Lady in White" who greeted every troop ship to arrive and who must be remembered fondly by thousands of outgoing soldiers and airmen. Naturally, everyone rushed to that side of the ship to see her, thus tilting our trusty craft over on one side ... and despite the Captain's frantic entreaties and threats over the Tannoy, everybody stayed there as The Duchess warped lopsidedly into port.

We stayed four days in Durban and were allowed ashore for a few hours on three of them. A highly Americanised city, my only memories or it are the bust stop benches labeled "Whites only", a shop on Aliwal Street where I had two consignments of tea sent home, and the fact that one could buy American issues of science fiction magazines at the bookstalls – something virtually impossible in England, even before the war. Apart from this it was wonderful to walk freely, enter shops, meet people as well as buy food, fruit, drinks and chocolate without having to produce a ration card. People stopped us on the street to chat or take us to their home for a meal. We couldn't have had a warmer reception.

Our stay was brief. We waved farewell to Durban as it vanished astern. Another month of sailing saw us re-cross the Equator as we headed northwards to Bombay. Again there was no chance of a line-crossing ceremony. Indeed, although I eventually crossed that imaginary line four more times before returning to England, I saw hide nor hair of that performance. In case you're wondering how I managed a total of six Equatorial crossing, I'd better explain. No. 1 came as we headed south down the coast of Africa to round the Cape. No. 2 was the return northward to Bombay. The third came when I flew from Bengal down to the Cocos Islands. Four and five

were on an abortive flight towards Ceylon when we met a bad monsoon storm and had to turn back to the Cocos after already crossing the Line. The sixth and final crossing was on the Athlone Castle on the way back to the U.K.



The Gateway of India

We reached Bombay in April 1942 after two months at sea. Whilst waiting at Central Station we were able to buy fruit and highly suspect cold drinks from various vendors. I stuck to bananas as being more hygienically wrapped. Those who sampled mangoes and other exotic items tended to end up with the Bombay trot. From Bombay we whisked up into Deolali, a sprawling transit-camp, much larger than its TV comedy version in "It Ain't Half Hot, Mum". It was also the origin of the phrase "He's gone doolally", for anyone slightly crazy. The good news was that this was the only place I went in India where the charpoys (rope-covered, wood-frame beds) were totally bug free. Once a week, we dunked our bed frames into a huge vat of insecticide boiling merrily over a log fire. That was about the only place in India where one could get a good night's sleep without the bed bugs demanding their nightly tribute of blood. These normally hid in the joints of the bed until nighttime when they emerged for their banquet. Other gripping delights of that romantic sub-continent were mosquitoes, scorpions, giant flying bugs, huge spiders the size of a saucer, and, of course, assorted snakes. Another black mark against Deolali was its temperature. Being up in the hills the place was very cold at night. This was where we ran full tilt into the RAF's version of Catch-22. It was cold so you asked for blankets, but these could not be issued until you got a posting to somewhere else. So you froze every night until a posting came through after usually three or four weeks. At this point, you were given a travel warrant, issued with a pair of blankets and sent off to a stinking hot aerodrome somewhere on the plains where blankets were as useful as refrigerators to Eskimos. Thus, I got my blankets when I was sent off to Juhu, some eighteen miles from Bombay. I could have done with that Eskimo's freezer.

INTERLOCUTIONS

Todd Bushlow
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14 Mar 2006

Here is something that took several weeks to write. It seems like I have very little time to do anything these days other than family needs, but at least I'm trying. I'm quite impressed at what you are doing with law school. Strange about your weight loss – I consciously dropped 15 pounds (pregnancy weight) over the summer. Now were trying to get some sort of normal routine going as Leah gets mobile. Talk to you soon.

It seems I was just writing about a nice little vacation though west Texas, can it be two years ago, when life got a little wacky, to say the least. Our spring vacation was actually to recapture our limited grasp on sanity, while trying to move on from a failed IVF experiment. Strangely, everywhere we went, CNN had special reports on exciting new fertility options that would give couples hope – yeah been there, done that, knew about it before they probably did. Stick another knife in my back, gut, and eye, whatever... So it may be quite a surprise that we have just celebrated our daughter Leah's first birthday in early February. So what happened? Well it beats the heck out of us and the internationally recognized fertility specialist dweeb. His Knarley-ness informed me that "life finds a way" or something like that. I tend to agree that the *Jurassic Park* reference is appropriate, being a 43 year old dinosaur/first-time-parent myself. Ya really know how to hurt a guy, Pal. All I know is that the two years went by in the blink of an eye. I distinctly remember doing things last year, no wait that was **three** years ago. Anyone know about time travel? It's not the TARDIS, its parenthood.

Once we learned that Nora was pregnant in June 2004, our whole world turned upside down. We started things off normal enough, exposing our little embryo to music concerts from the giants – you know, Rush, Van Halen, and Bela Fleck. Once the morning sickness passed (I felt much better), we embarked on creating a baby room. Not an easy deal, as we'd been in our house 10 years by then, and had completely filled it up. Oh yeah, and those home improvements that we'd yet to complete? A rickety stove, a nasty kitchen floor, overgrown trees, and a half bathroom with hideous wall paper topped our short list of "must dos" before the baby arrived. Somehow, we got it all done, although the "bunny bathroom" didn't come alive until the ninth month. No I can't describe it, one must experience the "bunny bathroom" in person to truly understand and appreciate it, or maybe not.

All our friends said that one can't plan to have a baby. Well we did. The doctor recommended inducing one week early, and that's when Leah arrived. It was an amazing experience. It's rather fuzzy in my memory, but then Leah was rather fuzzy too. Of what I do remember, I did videotape Leah's first bath. I did get sick the day after Leah was born (yeah, and like I did any work, and look who gets sick). The first three weeks were just brutal, the first three months were tough, and then we started to get the hang of things. Amazingly, our little bugger is actually thriving under our "learn as you go" parenting style. She's a very "on schedule" baby – crawling, walking, howling like a beagle (roo!), etc. For details, stop by for a visit sometime.

Leah just started walking shortly before her first birthday. Now she's all over the place, chasing after the dogs. Fortunately, our older dog Ranger, in spite of a touch of arthritis, is still quick enough to outmaneuver the little tyke. Once Leah starts running, we will surely be in trouble. Reading has taken on new meaning for me – no more fun stuff like the *Half Blood Prince* or *The Da Vinci Code*. However, I have developed a healthy repertoire of exciting children's books that I can recite verbatim, or very nearly so, entirely from memory. Occasionally at work, my mind will get stuck on *Goodnight Moon*, *But Not the Hippopotamus*, or other classics. Other things get stuck in my brain too. Take for instance, Sandra Boynton's CD *Dog Train*. The three-part "Cow Planet" is a hoot – check it out. One can occasionally be embarrassed singing the lyrics while typing at the computer or contemplating the greater reality while on the pot. Alas, hopefully the parents at work understand. And since most are engineers, it's likely they do.

Leah has also taken a liking to our talking science fiction toys. We have a Gollum/Sméagol that Leah is just fascinated with. She points to the toy and demands that we push the button to make him talk. She's also quite fond of the talking Dalek. She plays with its plunger and touches the "balls" that cover its metallic exterior. She's quite excited about the US premier of *Doctor Who* this spring (oh wait, that's me). By the way, her favorite word is "ball." In fact, everything is a ball – smart kid. Balls include most items in the produce section of the grocery store, balloons, bubbles, door knobs, and actual balls as well. We're quite proud of our little girl as you may be able to tell. Well, that's all for now. We'll try to write more in upcoming issues. Hopefully you all aren't bored by baby antics, as it seems that's where our focus is currently set. Stay tuned and Cheers!

Todd

☐**CKK**: *I'm glad to hear that you are adjusting to parenthood. Each phase is fascinating in its own way even if it is simultaneously frustrating. And every child is different.*☐

Sheryl Birkhead
25509 Jonnie Court
Gaithersburg, MD 20882
March 17, '06

Hi – I sincerely hope **Terry** will be able to continue “Carry on Jeeves”. It is such a nice “spot”.

As far as I am aware my niece has enjoyed her law school experience so far, even including whatever course it was that had only a final exam (yeouch).

I still have minimal internet activity. Some of it is due to time constraints and some due to laziness. We shall see what the future brings.

Alex – as I understand it, it is now possible to “clone” mean (i.e. muscle cells), but all that was found was that to be tasty muscles had to have done some work. So the cells are just elastic/chewy bits.

Hmm, if I remember correctly, I think I've been in about 5 or 6 accidents. Four or 5 were not my fault and the last one the police called a draw (I didn't, but my opinion didn't count).

I've just noted that gas prices here are once again on the rise. Sigh.

When I was working on my M.S. at Penn State I met the daughter of a classmate. That was when I was told that you don't have to be able to hear to drive. The daughter was profoundly deaf and, if I remember correctly, her car had no special accommodation for it (such as a blinker to denote a siren, etc.)

Cheryl Morgan may not have been a part of fandom (or at least “our” fandom), but she did accept the Hugo for a fanzine.

After many years I finally came out of the closet and admitted that I am not a cola fan, but I'll drink it. Given my choice I tend to lemon-lime or 7-UP type drinks. There, the dirty truth is out.

Try to tell students that cooking is “merely” chemistry and see if ... naw, I doubt they'd pay attention any more attention.

Clone merely means the component tissue and information are as close to identical as possible. What happens after that original creation is up for grabs.

Thanks
Sheryl

☐**CKK**: *I'm not certain how a car could be rigged for the deaf. Sirens are too variable due to variety and distance to make an effective detector.*☐

Joseph T Major
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March 20, 2006

And now the knews....

You forgot the favorite drinking vessel for cats. I refer to that large white one that sits between the sink and the tub, the one with the readily available pool of fresh water ... and Gemellus wonders why I don't like it when he tries to kiss me. Sorry, it's the _eau de

toilet_.

“Stool Changes”: Which brings us to the source. If it weren't for the fact that such orders on high are becoming increasingly popular, I'd dismiss **Jim**'s article out of hand as absurdism.

“Carry On Jeeves”: What the devil was that chap stropping his Rolls razor **on**?

Considering the problems of Looking Right For Inspection, it was usual for soldiers to have two sets of gear; one for use and one for Inspection. This was in the same tradition as pitching the shell issue over the side because firing it for practice would get the brasswork all dirty, and just writing it off as fired.

“The Ethics of Government”: The first rule was enunciated by Lemuel Gulliver to the Houyhnhnms:

It is a maxim among these lawyers, that whatever has been done before may legally be done again: and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities, to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.

Have either of you covered the circumstances of a case where my neighbor sues me to take possession of my cow?

InterLOCutions: Reply to me: I understood that the cavers wanted to explore the Flint Ridge system over the objections of the Park Service. Nowadays there would be the concern over lawsuits and the requirement to save them if they got into trouble. Back then they admitted that if they got into trouble it was their own fault, but things are different today.

Joy V. Smith: Someone already did the “mass of tissue” bit. Edgar Rice Burroughs, in *Synthetic Men of Mars* (1940).

E. B. Frohvet: Every so often I have a dream about going to a Worldcon, but it's usually a very strange Worldcon. One time it was being held at a collage, and everyone was sleeping in the dorms. These were dorms with mass showers. Another time it was being held at a hotel so large you had to go by the shopping mall to get to the monorail station to take you to the airport. Those dreams I wish I had more often.

Rodney Leighton has read Danielle Steele's *Lightning* (1995). Amazon.com lists eighteen other books titled just *Lightning*, including ones by Dean R. Koontz and Ed McBain.

Eric Lindsay: Last night, coming home from the grocery, we were stopped by a train. Among its cars were several tank cars full of corn syrup. Lisa and I passed the time by making corn jokes.

It is possible to buy bottled corn syrup separately, instead of in your soft drink. One of the brands is Caro Syrup. (There's also Karo Syrup with a "K".) There is a SF connection: In *The Man Inside* (1968), the protagonist, who at first has no short-term memory, doesn't have a name either. He ends up calling himself "Caro", because he likes the stuff. I was a little curious about what else the author, W. Watts Biggers, had done. Then I found out: he had been producer/writer for the animated series *Underdog*. Caro never once says anything in rhyme, on the other hand he never saves Sweet Polly Purebred. Not plane, nor bird, nor even frog, just li'l old me *CRUNCH* Underdog....

So **Dave Szurek** was stuck in a room with an old New Leftie who believed in Revolution for the Hell of It. It doesn't take meths; just intense politicking.

Jan Stinson: What's happening is that original science fiction is getting squeezed out between fantasy, packaged books, media tie-ins, anime.... Even what is published tends all too often to be stereotyped postcyberpunk, military scifi, or such.

I have lost weight through such imaginative means as cold sores and hiatus hernia, as well as Crohn's. I don't recommend any of them.

Bill Legate: Trying to put together Wolfe's career makes for problems. If Wolfe had lived in the brownstone house on West Thirty-Fifth Street for twenty years by 1934, it would have made his career in the Montenegrin Army during the [First] World War very interesting.

What did you think of the "Nero Wolfe" series on A&E?

Trinlay Khadro: "I'm particularly reminded of a *Star Trek* episode where a clone of Kahless turned out not to be very good at being Kahless." Technically, of course, "qeyIIS". That was the point about *The Boys from Brazil* (1976); not only did the clones have Adolf's ge-

netic endowment, they had to have his career, and so Doktor Mengele sent his crack SS assassins out around the world to bump off fiftyish civil servants....

You can call him "Tom Cruise" if you like, but I would prefer to address him as "Thomas C. Mapother IV". Whatever you call him, though, he's still a clam.

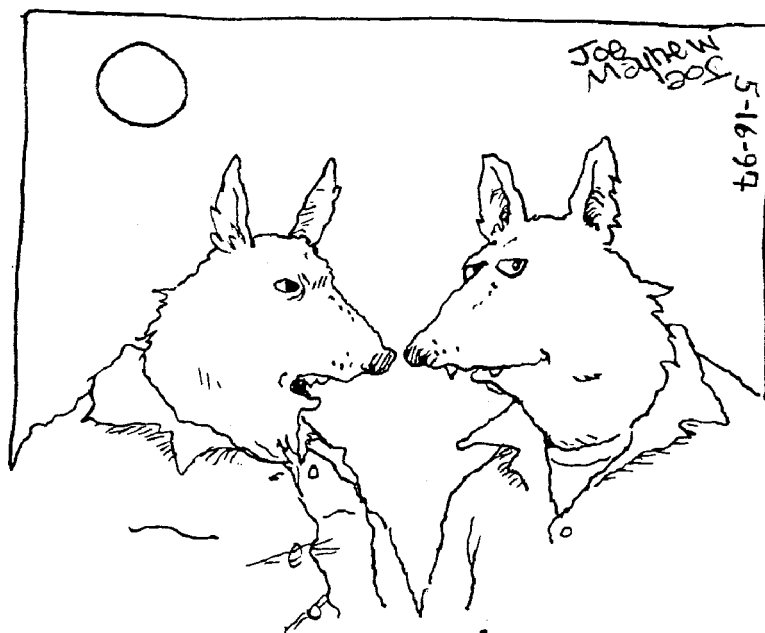
Milt Stevens: So you only have twelve years on me. Gulp.

Alex Slate: I call to mind the story I read in *Galaxy* during the seventies. A boy in an orphanage is taken for an operation one day during which he has an eye removed. He grows up and discovers he has a trust fund. He takes the money and becomes an asteroid miner, intending to get the money to get a replacement eye. Which turns out to be rather expensive.

When he has heart trouble at one point, he is informed that a new eye **and** a new heart will be considerably cheaper than just an eye. But his heart recovers and he gets just the new eye.

Out of curiosity, he decides to revisit the old orphanage. While there, he sees a strangely familiar-looking boy with a bandage over one eye.

Jeffrey Alan Boman: I've tried four ways of losing dramatic amounts of weight, and I really don't like any of them.



Yeah, Full of the moon and, zap! We turn into were-mutts... Could be worse... could be poodles.

“Clark [losing] all his inhibitions.” Like the essay in *Playboy* where “Clark Ghent” used his X-ray vision to look through the wall in the girls’ locker room.

Elizabeth isn’t a zoologist, just a ped . . . er, someone with a lot of time to read. She’s also my third cousin once removed.

Lloyd Penney: “If indeed the World Wide Web has achieved sentience” we’ll know when the one-armed computer tech gets asked to define a joke. What book is that from?

So diet soda produces formaldehyde? Good, my innards need all the preservation they can get.

Karen Gory: Vitamin A is hard to get because of the side-effects of megadoses. Read *Mawson’s Will* (1977, 2000) by Lennard Bickel for some of them.

Peter Benchley, the author of *Jaws*, died recently. He was 65. His father, Nathaniel Benchley, the author of *The Off-Islanders* (adapted as “The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming”) died at the age of 66. His grandfather, Robert Benchley, author of *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, or: David Copperfield* and many other books of humorous essays, died at the age of 66.

Bloody John was a Byzantine General. Read *Lest Darkness Fall* (1939, 1941) for more.

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

☐**CKK:** *I didn’t forget about the toilet as a water source. I just wonder why the cat chooses the nastiest one in the house as the drinking vessel. The thought of tasting, much less drinking corn syrup makes me rather queasy.*☐

Ned Brooks
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22 Mar 2006

Dear Knarl – Thanks for the zine. I bet most of your readers think **Jim Sullivan** is joking about the new toilets!

By a strange coincidence I got two fanzines with **Terry Jeeves** columns on the same day. Good stuff too! I actually have the “Rolls Razor” he mentions, in the original box with instructions. The stropping action is noisy, but probably not as noisy as the screams occasioned by the shaving action. I would guess that more British blood has been lost to this device than to all the knightly swords of yore – though probably not as lethally.

I would like to try a direct taste test on Coke or Pepsi with corn syrup or cane sugar – I would guess that the other flavorings cover up any difference. And physiologically there is no difference – sucrose is sucrose. Too much may be bad for you, but it isn’t poison. I limit myself to one Pepsi a day, and

put sugar in my tea. **Bill Legate** says that corn syrup is fructose – but the Net references that Google finds says that both sucrose and corn syrup are about 50/50 fructose/glucose. See <http://home3.inet.tele.dk/starch/isi/starch/glosary.htm>

Trinlay says I should see a dermatologist, **Karen Gory** says I should use Vitamin A cream (for eczema in the ears). I had an excellent dermatologist in Virginia – the doctor here had no suggestion about eczema in the ears. The only person I spend a long time on the phone with is John Guidry, and not that often – and I had the eczema before that, it seems to have been caused by moving to Georgia. I am not a phone person; I would leave the thing turned off except that mother might need me.

Best, Ned

☐**CKK:** *My Handbook of Physics and Chemistry lists over twenty compounds labeled as sucrose including two that vary only by bond variation. I’m certain that not all of these are the same. Plus, whatever is being distributed is unlikely to be 100% pure and it doesn’t take much to change the taste of something. See your reference to see that sucrose is very pure and fructose is not. Those impurities are what I can taste in the soft drinks.*☐

E.B. Frohvet
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March 22, 2006

Dear Henry,

The colors of the U.S. Military Academy are: grey, black, and gold. Because? Answer to follow.

The last thing I took from my mother’s apartment after she moved to the retirement home was a scruffy little houseplant in a clearly-too-small pot. I figured if it had survived winter under her problematical care, it had earned the right to go on living; so I bought it a new pot and some potting soil. It seems to be getting along all right.

February, usually the slowest month of the year for getting fanzines, was uncommonly productive this year, with the return of *Challenger* and *Reluctant Famulus*, in addition to expected items such as *Alexiad*. Of course, *Halo of Flies* and *Steam Engine Time* both passed the one-year mark without producing another issue, with at least three others due to achieve that questionable distinction shortly.

The difference between common sense and constitutional law can be demonstrated by the convicted multiple murderer whose attorneys are arguing that execution by lethal injection is “cruel and unusual punishment.” Crueler than shooting an inoffensive clerk through the head?

Have you considered getting riding lessons for Kira?

Jim Sullivan: I once wrote in an article that you could decorate a toilet all you want, but you couldn't change the technology of it too much. I stand corrected.

Randy Byers: I have received *Vanamonde* and corresponded with **John Hertz** for several years, and had occasion to talk with him at the 2000 Worldcon in Chicago. Interesting to see a different perspective on him.

Alex Slate: I don't think anyone in government gives a rat's ass about real people. The courts marginally less so than the congresscritters, but a difference that makes no difference.

Joseph Major: I can see the advantages of a stainless steel still (say that three times quickly). I believe that's what most commercial distilleries use. My reading suggests that galvanized zinc is fairly common among, er, free-lancers: reportedly an expert could tell how the mash was doing by the degree of discoloration of the metal. (Great-Uncle Arnold, by the way: my grandmother's sister's husband.) My answering machine will not notice a call that is "dead air"; it requires a voice to activate. The idea of drinking Coke for breakfast annoys me, but then, we used to say in the Army that you'd been overseas too long when you could have cold chili and warm beer for breakfast. No, not a figure of speech....

Well, true, at least deer have sense enough to run, which sheep generally don't.

Rodney Leighton: I like coffee. Shoot me. Though I only developed a taste for it in the Army.

Eric Lindsay: My dictionary defines sedition as "incitement of resistance to or insurrection against lawful authority". I don't think celebrating Guy Fawkes Day counts as long as you avoid doing anything active to promote riot or treason.

Trinlay Khadro: I believe the Vatican was petitioned to name a patron saint of the Internet. If they did so, I didn't notice it. It may fall under telephone and telegraph workers, whose patron is the Archangel Gabriel (so declared because of his role as God's messenger).

Karen Gory: If your apartment has any place where direct sunshine comes in, you can grow fresh herbs, basil, thyme, and oregano in pots. They don't take a lot of space.

Henry: I'm in your "little black book"? I like you, dude, but not that way...

Because? Grey is for potassium nitrate; black for charcoal; and gold for sulphur. The ingredients of gun powder.

E.B. Frohvet

TKK: *Kira gets riding lessons every summer at camp. We have given some thought to local lessons, but haven't gone farther than that. OK, so what constitutes "active" behavior under the anti-sedition law?*

Dale Speirs
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Canada
2006-03-23

TKK #116 arrived today a few hours after I mailed you *Opuntia* #60.1, so this letter will race it across the continent to Wisconsin. I haven't locced you in a while, so it is mildly embarrassing that I should start off with **Jim Sullivan's** parody about digital toilets. Canada has so far avoided the nonsense about low-volume flush toilets, as a result of which there is a lucrative market shipping old-fashioned porcelain stools Stateside. It's getting to be almost as bad as the worm smuggling.

I have belonged to the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (*FAPA*) for several years, and find it a convenient way to distribute a batch of my zines inexpensively. Details from **Robert Lichtman**, 11037 Broadway Terrace, Oakland, California 994611-1948.

Modern zine publishing as we know it today began in the middle 1800s as cheap, home-use printing presses became available to the general public. Zinesters developed a distro method called the amateur press association (apa) where members sent x number of copies of their zine to a central mailer (also known as the official editor). The zines are collated into bundles, and each member gets back one bundle of everyone's zines. There is an annual fee to cover postage. Apas have a minimum level of activity required, such as publishing 8 pages a year. It must be emphasized that apas are not for passive subscribers; you must commit to the minimum activity level or you will be booted out. *FAPA* has been going for more than 65 years; the oldest apa is the National A.P.A., founded 1876.

You were asking for articles on the 20-year anniversary of *TKK*. (March 2006, by the way, is the 15th anniversary of *Opuntia*.) Twenty years ago is 1986, which I and most Albertans would rather forget, as it was the nadir of the crash after the last oil boom collapsed. Unemployment in Calgary made Detroit look like a mecca, and even the City of Calgary laid off staff for the first time since the Great Depression. In 1986, I didn't have to take off my glasses to read fine print, my mortgage was only one-third paid off, I had no grey hairs, weight control was not an on-going struggle, and I could dash up a flight of stairs without collapsing at the top. The Calgary Winter Olympics were still two years away, and a 15-minute commute from the outer suburbs to the downtown core was considered outrageous (now suburbanites brag if it only takes 45 minutes).

With regards,
Dale

TKK: *I suspect a factor in the great toilet migration is that it is illegal to sell a used toilet in the U.S. One nice thing about*

low-flow toilets is that they very rarely overflow; even when severely stopped up.□

Rodney Leighton
RR #3
Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0
Canada
March 24, 2006

Dear Henry:

Yesterday I strolled up to the mailbox through the snow expected only the weekly flier from Zellers. I found a pile of paper including *TKK* 116 lying on top of *Peregrine Nations* Vol. 5 #3. Interestingly, *PN* was mailed from somewhere in the United Kingdom on March 17. *TKK* was mailed on March 15. That's rather intriguing; surely it's further to **Janine's** anonymous benefactor than it is to Grafton.

And inside *TKK* is the longest LOC I can recall seeing from **Janine**; it was more interesting than the fanzine. I thought about responding to her rant against people who avoid using computers although we have had this discussion a few times. And she has printed out fanzines for me and sent them to me. It's a personal thing. I have used the things a bit and yes, I imagine you are correct in saying that anyone could figure out how to use the things without courses; periodically I think I will take one of those courses which offer a computer as part of the course, giving me training, the machine and income tax deductions all at once. Of course, reality always intrudes; no way I can afford to do that. Cost is also part of the reason I don't go to the library or some other place with computers available for me, it would mean a 10 minute drive; about \$3 for gas and then do it over to come home. I have better things to do with the \$6. Better uses for that money would be a package of cigars.

Setting aside cost and inconvenience and a dread of being in a public place trying to do something I don't know how to do, there is a big reason, for me, why I prefer paper fanzines. Which is that they are personal. Henry wants me to read *TKK* enough to produce a copy, put it in an envelope, address said envelope and pay a buck and change to mail it. **Janine** wants me to read as much of *PN* as I am willing to. Fanzines on the web are available to anyone in the world who has the capability of accessing them. If, as an editor, you want everyone possible to read your fanzine, or don't care who reads it, then putting it on the internet makes perfect sense. If, however, you take an interest in who reads your fanzine and especially if you would prefer that some people not do so, I find it rather strange that the editor would put his/her/their fanzine out in the ether, available to anyone who can access it and is willing to jump through whatever hoops are necessary to do so. I recall not many years ago when **Robert Lichtman** stated that he and most editors had a finite amount of money and created a mailing list of people they wished to read their fanzine and those were the people that were mailed copies and thus people who unsuccessfully requested copies of fanzines perhaps did not received them because the faned had so many



readers as s/he could afford. Or, although **Robert** refrained from saying so, they did not want that person reading their fanzine. I have been rather intrigued at how much **Robert** has embraced the electronic zine.

Of course, there are advantages. I have state a number of times that I would prefer to get all second-hand zines for the simple reason that I can read what I want, pass them on to my neighbor and forget them. And, certainly, if I had a computer and internet access I could read a zine or two and then go look at pro wrestling zines or perhaps do something useful. But there is a personal aspect of those fanzines which arrive directly from the person who created them and even those which arrive via a roundabout way.

Thanks to **Bill Legate** for the Wolfe comments. I did not realize there were that many of them. I have read about 30, I think. I envy you having read that many. Have you read/heard that Stout never did any rewriting? He wrote the novel and sent it to the publisher. I wonder if that might account for the inconsistencies. Make Archie a smoker; a couple of years later forget that and make him a non-smoker.

I don't think it is wrong to point out inconsistencies in novels; it is a sign of interest and concern. Rex Stout was a great author ... except for the Tecumseh Fox crap. Anyone who thinks you think otherwise is nuts. How could you know/find/look for all this information and be anything other than a huge admirer of the author and his books.

Sometime back I received a copy of a book from its author. It is dedicated to me, **Garth Spencer**, and some other guy. It is quite a good book, with a good story and some cool twists. There were some weird errors and transpositions. Andre Norton's name is first on the cover although I don't think she ever saw this one. Lyn McConchie might be pissed off at me for wondering why these things appeared, but I think she will be aware that I noticed them because the book was written by a friend and I think she will know that I pointed them out to her, not as complaints, but as constructive criticism. If the errors were her fault, she will, perhaps, correct them in the future. If they were editorial or printing errors, it is probably

too late to do anything about them in this book, but in the future.... Anyone who likes fantasy and cats should get a copy of *The Duke's Ballad*, published by Teresa Neilsen Hayden and conferees.

I thought of writing a review, but I am not doing those things; **EBF** should do one.

Yeah, I have read a couple or three Spenser novels. Got one on a shelf just over there. *Bad Business*. I will take it upstairs to read soon.

Have you ever noticed how there are always people who have worse troubles than you do, if you pay attention? I have some health problems. **Trinlay** has basically the same disease, or at least the same family; every LOC she writes contains some comment about how much she is suffering. She's worse off than me. Yet, I have a sister who has exactly what **Trinlay** has, only much worse. Reading about the ills suffered by **Janine** and **Dave Szurek** and others make me think I am in perfect health. Until, that is, I find myself almost unable to walk or something like that. And I have, for some reason, started watching the news. Mostly depressing; 12-year-old girl has been murdered by a long-time family friend who then killed himself; some woman was in a hurry and ran into a 16-year-old girl in a crosswalk; the girl died. Some woman had a bunch of parrots and a dog and other pets; the house burned down and all the pets died; the TV media vultures had her on, crying, and talking about her son dying last year and now this.

And my neighbor had some sort of meningitis; pressure on the brain and he went nuts and shot the hell out of his house; place was surrounded by copy and dogs and guys in camouflage with rifles for five hours and I was not allowed to leave my house. The following day I was having a bunch of aggravating things happen and thought, well, I'm not having a good day and then immediately thought, well I bet Billy is having a worse day. I figured he was in jail, but he was actually in the hospital. Now he's home having spent almost three weeks in the hospital. He's still weak and in pain and will be for some time. So he had and has worse troubles than me. Fortunately, he avoided jail and even charges. I had a bit of a confrontation with one of the cops when I told him I wasn't too impressed with being a prisoner in my own house. But as various people pointed out: if this were down in the States or other parts of Canada I would have ended up jailed or dead. I wouldn't have minded the latter and I don't think I would have liked the former. I should mention to **EBF**: before you scoff at me, that was a comment made by the guy who was here, not me.

I am afraid that I don't have any interest in **Mr. Jeeves'** tales of the war. It did occur to me that if father were still here I would take him one and see if he had any interest in it. Dad spent a large portion of WWII based in rural England somewhere. Maybe they were drinking buddies. Father never talked much about the war. In later years it weighed on him quite heavily about how many people he had killed as the tail

gunner in a bomber. He shot down lots of planes and saw lots of bombs get dropped.

Ciao
Rodney

☐**CKK**: *I suspect the computer included with the course is not of the highest quality or capability. I have had copies of CK-Konline for years now and as far as I can tell this has generated only one comment from one of my students. I could probably post that a new issues was available on efanzines, but I have yet to do that.*☐

Bill Legate
Box 3012
Sequim, WA 98382
March 25, 2006

Henry, your responses in italics are the obvious, common sense way to go. My "changing the typeface at odd intervals" complaint wasn't aimed at you, at all; I meant various experimental mailings I've received over the last 25 years, in which the order of columns, page distribution or typeface changes unpredictably, as a challenge to the reader's perceptual habits, inviting a "larger vision" – and as often as not without much substance in the text, anyway. That kind of distinction.

End of winter here. A couple of overnight snows, some windstorms, and not it's excuses to put off mowing the lawn again. We developed some four-legged chickens so we can eat more drumsticks, but they run too fast and we haven't caught one yet.

One more time on Nero Wolfe. Archie didn't smoke cigarettes after 1938; but he smoked again once, once in a 1950 story. The globe in the office has different specific diameters in three different stories; the hidden hole into the office from the hall has different heights and widths in two stories. And, **Joseph**, there's no sensible resolution of Wolfe's birthplace: most clearly in *Over My Dead Body* (1939) that he was born here in the U.S., and in *The Black Mountain* (1954) that he was born in Montenegro two kilometers from an old Roman fort, the fort across the border in Albania, Nero when a child killed bats in that fort. Rex Stout grins and says "Yep. How about that." – His grammar is kind of weird, too. And double-jointed sentences. I just keep reading 'em.

As Al Capone remarked to J. Edgar Hoover one day at the track, "Next week we've got to get organized."

Bill

☐**CKK**: *I lost interest in drumsticks as an adult so I think I might prefer the slower leg-less chickens. My children would disagree. Any excuse to put off mowing the lawn is always a good one. I try to wait until at least May and then as infrequently as possible after that.*☐

Terry Jeeves
56 Red Scar Drive
Scarborough YO12 5RQ
England
terryjeeves@ic24.net
27 Mar 2006

Dear Henry,

Many thanks for the latest *TKK* which arrived just before we left for a three day musical break in a posh hotel, hence the delay in responding. A further coloured person in the wood-pile is my illness. My back aches and my walking is reduced to a shuffle. Writing, by hand is illegible and typing is hard work, hence my brevity.

Perfect Government –d no such animal as I wrote in an *Erg* article. One man on a desert island would have one with his own rules, desires and lifestyle but as soon as he gets a companion he has to make some adjustments. These may be minor for two, but as numbers rise, the more the different desires start to cause friction and compromise. One has only to produce what seems a good idea for the community to run slap bang into objectors. Examples? Speed restricting bumps on roads are generally loved by mothers of little children and hated by drivers. Electricity generating wind farms are both loved by greens and hated by nature lovers. Just about every “improvement” in our laws and regulations are both praised and cursed depending on one’s tastes. All this applies equally to those officials in Government to whom we have delegated our freedom. The more ministers who sit round a table, the more differences bring argument and compromise. And if you do not agree with me, that is a fine example.

All the best.Terry

□*CKK: Government is all about compromise. In order to increase your likelihood of being protected you accept a government that may restrict your complete liberty in other ways.*□

Brad W Foster
PO Box 165246
Irving, TX 75016
bwfoster@juno.com
28 Mar 2006

Greetings Henry and Letha~

I’m so busy apologizing this days for the government presently in charge of things in this country, the idea of a sentence like “The Ethics of Government” seems like a contradiction in terms. sigh.

On people cursing god (re: **Joy Smith**’s loc and your reply), I’ve noticed since I was a kid that if you said “God damn it!” I would be yelled at for cursing, or “taking god’s name in vain” (whatever the hell that meant!). And I couldn’t understand that, since saying “God damn it!” seems like the most direct and clear sign of praying to God. “Here is something which I

find displeasing, and so I am asking my own personal imaginary friend in the sky to strike it down for me.” What could be more religious and respectful?

I was fascinated to read in **Eric Lindsay**’s loc that the Power Puff girls live in Australia in Townsville. And here I thought all the stuff on Cartoon Network was made up. I guess I’ll be looking at it now as more of a Travel Channel kind of thing.

stay happy~
Brad

□*CKK: “W” has the worst track record of signing bills into law and then never enforcing them. He has essentially chosen to ignore the separation of powers and no longer feels that the executive branch should be enforced the laws of the legislative branch. He claims he is doing this because he does not believe they are constitutional, but that is not his job, but rather the job of the judiciary.*□

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

Dear Knarley,

What does *Moulin A Paroles* (cover) mean? Interesting background on your law courses, the Constitution, and the Supreme Court. (I knew they were messing around with the Constitution too much!). And congratulations on your progress! I hope you find an intellectual property internship. Do you need an internship to graduate?

I hope you and Kyle are enjoying your respite from hockey. I see that commitment – too much or too little – is a problem. All the best with your house redecorating and changes; that sounds like some of the programs on HGTV which involve moving furniture around; it’s fascinating how you can improve a home by rearranging and not spending big bucks.

Jim Sullivan’s *Stool Changes* made my hair stand on end until I realized he was only kidding. Right? (I’m still annoyed at the last stool change.) **Garth Spencer**’s fandom article was fun... **Terry Jeeves**’ WWII stories are interesting, educational, and scary. It’s not like that any more in the armed forces, right?

LOCs: Thanks to **Joseph Major** for the caving info; and thanks to all for the Nero Wolfe background (an annotated Nero Wolfe would be interesting).

I know boys don’t need to be encouraged to be aggressive generally; that’s why it puzzles me when they are pushed to be even more aggressive. And heaven help the gentle ones. **Trinlay**, good point about girls competing. I was never involved in cliques one way or another because my family moved so much, but I’m aware of them. And good point

about sports being an outlet. Lots of good SF stories, btw, about alien cultures' outlets for their aggression.

Speaking of organ donors and clones, I read in the paper that poor people are selling organs they can spare. Btw, someone mentioned using cola for cleaning, and I tried it on the toilet (I've been trying to get rid of that ring for a long time), but it didn't work, and here I was worrying that it would eat the toilet. And thanks, **Karen Gory**, for the Billabong books info. I've written it down.

Appreciatively,
Joy V. Smith

☐**CKK**: *Internships are not needed to graduate, but they look good on the resume. I use CLR and lots of elbow grease for the toilet ring. It takes lots of effort the first time, but as long as you work on it regularly it is easier to keep clean.*☐

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

Hank,

Joy Smith: Too many people curse entirely innocent people when things out of anyone's control go wrong in lieu of cursing God. I think it would be useful and more realistic if more people took to cursing God. Hey, I guess I've just found a practical use for God, after all.

E.B. Frohvet: I don't buy that aggression always comes with the territory for males. Doesn't it depend on the individual? I've known highly aggressive females and relatively passive males. And yes, though, appetite disturbance is a textbook symptom of clinical depression it can also be symptomatic of various physical disorders, but then, so can clinical depression and the world goes round in circles.

Rodney Leighton: But wasn't the path one of your own choosing rather than that of someone else? Sounds like it, and in that sense, maybe it sounds simple-minded to some and enormous bullshit to others, it's at least close to the right path for the individual in question in my book. Then again it's probably up to the individual, so my making a sweeping generalization out of it probably is simple-minded. But at least think about it, okay? I know you've probably thought long and hard about it scores of times and with guys like me would just butt out. Of course, what I said above doesn't apply to things like running the country and other means of controlling the fate of other people.

Milt Stevens: He who dies with the most toys still dies.

Jeffrey Allan Bowman: I think I'd prefer a blazing butt to a smashed up hand. Of course, that's like preferring one enemy to another. All I know is that the notion of being smacked across the palms fills me with true fear and loathing and a sense of genuine brutality. Maybe my imagination is off-base, but I'm glad that I was spared that ordeal. As for the

121 pounds thing, which are you – real short or real skinny? Last time I dipped to ten pounds more than that – and yes it was ages ago – my employer mandated that I get a medical exam before I could return to work.

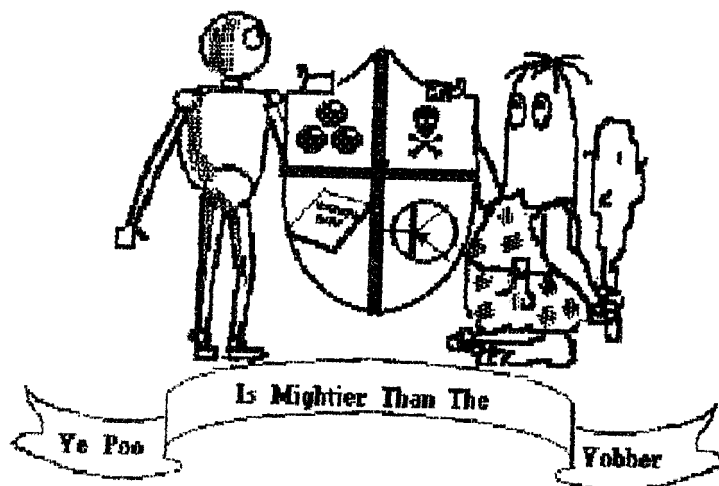
If sleep apnea improves dream recall, I must have a disorder that I don't know about and if I don't know about it by now, I probably never will.

Vividly remembering my dreams has been an integral part of my make-up for so long that I have to wonder what it feels like to be in the opposite boat. I mean, it fills uh-uh-alien. Among my oldest dreams are, by now, a foursome wherein I am of the opposite sex. Were I gay, bi, transvestite or would-be transgender, that would make more sense, but if I'm any of those things, I've stayed in the closet an awfully long time. I was reminded of a female trilogy I'd experienced more than two decades ago while writing a personal dream chronicle for another fanzine. Drudging up that memory is almost without a doubt why I had a new addition less than a week upon completing said article. When I awoke next morning, I was really in a state of shock! For all I know, drudging up the memory again in this letter will bring on a fifth in the mini-series tonight. Actually, if I have another, I might enroll myself in therapy.

Now I have to wonder if some of my memories from the long ago past were really parts of dreams. Have I expended a lot of energy missing people who never really existed? As I grow older, I find myself missing both friends and romantic interests and those in that strange little twilight zone between the two more and more. Hell, even people I met for five minutes forty years ago. But is it all waste and an illusion?

Yours in confusion
Dave

☐**CKK**: *You are the second person ever to call me Hank. The last was a jackass that I ran into in a cave who lied to his date about what was at the end of the very long and tight*



passage. Not that you are a jackass for calling me Hank, just that you are the second to do so. Hank was my grandfather. Like most generalizations the issue of aggression in males in one in aggregate. As a general rule males are more aggressive than females.□

Eric Lindsay
PO Box 640
Airlie Beach Qld 4802
Australia
fjagh2006@ericlindsay.com
2 Apr 2006

Dear Henry,

Thanks for *TKK* #115, which arrived some time ago, and buried under other piles of paper.

Airlie Beach did not get hit by category 5 Cyclone Larry, as we were several hundred km from the cyclone eye. Alas, many communities further north were extensively damaged. Winds here were light gale, not enough to cause damage, and we were out of the storm path. Rainfall may help the local dam level (down to 16%). A P&O cruise ship was offshore sheltering in Pioneer Bay. I could see it through the rain.

A4 portrait formats for web pages of fanzines seem less than helpful. It is surely better to aim for 60 or so characters per line in whatever font size suits the reader. Let the reader decide on what size window they wish to see this in. Seems to me very few web pages take advantage of the flexibility of web pages.

Congratulations on getting 1/3 of the way through your law course.

If people think the computer is the new god, just wait until the biological revolution starts hitting widely at a personal level.

Given identical twins are essentially clones, of each other, I think it clear that each is a different individual. Seems the same applies regardless of how clones come to exist.

I changed to drinking more water, but it has only reduced my Coke consumption, not eliminated it. Every style of diet coke I have tried has tasted wrong to me. Most diet sweeteners seem to have a bitter aftertaste, so I never use them. Luckily sugar is cheap here, so most sweeteners in cooking are actually sugar. I imagine you can find alternatives, but sugar cane is the largest crop in this area, so there may be some resistance.

I have been rapidly expanding my SF DVD collection, especially now that a new shopping centre has opened here. On the other hand, I also gave away my TV set. This may indicate I am of two minds about the media.

I always thought that brief writing was when you ran out of time to do something longer. This lawyer stuff is different.

I hope that your cats are doing better.

Since it is trivial to detect No 1 and No 2, a digital toilet has no need for controls, mouse operated or not. The one described by **Jim Sullivan** must have been designed by Microsoft.

Given many apa members consider mailing comments to be the lifeblood of an apa, I am not surprised that **Rodney** finds *FAPA* hard to review. However I sure get the impression apas are in serious decline. The internet is quicker, cheaper, and feedback is much closer to instant.

Trinlay Khadro asks what perspex is. Tradename for poly-methyl methacrylate, a transparent acrylic thermoplastic. I believe the USA name is Lucite or Plexiglas. Bakelite is thermosetting, that is, you can't alter its shape by heating it.

Eric Lindsay

□**CKK**: *Weight is clearly not an issue with me and like you I have never cared for the taste of the artificial sweeteners much less the adulterated modern sweeteners that have replaced sucrose.*□

Lloyd Penney
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Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2
Canada
penneys@allstream.net
April 10, 2006

Dear Knarley:

I am making a bad habit of this, getting around to zines just before or right at the submission deadline date. I am lucky that your deadlines are somewhat elastic; I was sure I'd be stretching those elastic deadlines to the breaking point. Here's a loc on issue 116 of *The Knarley Knews*.

Digital toilets, hm? Not for those of us with analog backsides, I guess. I doubt that the user interface will have to change all that much, and GIGO will apply even more than ever. Tell me, **Jim**, would you put any connection to the World Toilet and Bidet Council on your resume? Worst thing is, probably a similarly-named organization already exists.

Garth Spencer's article...I've always liked the way **Garth** creates character names. Thetis Lake is a great camping spot north of Victoria. I know of some people who will go to a convention, get their badge from registration, and write ME on it...

I haven't had the cash to do it, but I must order a copy of **John Hertz's** collection of fanwriting. It may have had a hand in getting him on the Hugo ballot for the first time, and good for him. Because the Worldcon is in LA, who knows, **John** may be the one to break the Langford grip on the Best Fan Writer Hugo. I wish him the best of luck.

Some may easily say that ethics and government are foreign to each other. Then, I could easily debate the topic and the Bush regime, but I am beginning to see the deep pain many Americans feel at the horrific acts of that regime, so I shall leave it alone.

If I can get to Montreal this fall for Con*cept, I will have to get together with **Jeff Boman** and talk about fanzines with him. We don't get many new people in the field these days, but we are still going. (I think that was also said when I first started writing locs in 1982, I believe.)

To **Jeff Boman**...I believe I was at that PriMedia, that convention you mention, in Mississauga. I believe I spent most of my time in the dealers' room, sitting at a Toronto in 2003 bid table, and chatting with Trish Stratus, pre-WWE. The con was as dead as a crypt, and registration reported they just missed getting 100 people. PriMedia, I am pleased to say, is quite dead, although the dead may rise again... Cathy Palmer-Lister, Tamu Townsend and Yolande Rufiange came to Ad Astra just a couple of weekends ago, and they had a great time. Maybe catch a ride with them next year?

Diet soda can be metabolized into formaldehyde? Yum! Maybe that's why some people say I don't look my age; I'm so well preserved.

And with that pithy remark (not meant to pith anyone off), we come to the end of another exciting loc. Not. Take care, say hello to Letha, and a hug to the kids. Looking forward to the next issue.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney.

MIKE IS ACTUALLY
QUITE PROUD OF HIS
SWOLLEN HEAD...



☐TKK: *My deadlines are rather loose. They in effect say that you need to get the LOC to me by the date in question to guarantee I'll run it. Anything later isn't a big deal and will often get included anyway. If you are really concerned about the deadline then make yours the first of the month so you can be on time all the time.*☐

Julie Wall
470 Ridge Road
Birmingham, AL 35206
jlwall@usa.net
10 Apr 2006

Dear Henry,

Once again, the dreaded 0 on the back of my copy has prompted me to fire up the e-mail program. As always, even when I don't write, I enjoy receiving *TKK* and don't want to fall off into non-correspondent oblivion. This one will be really short and sweet, though.

You seem to be busy as ever. I admire you so for going back to any school much less law school. Due to pressures from my new (well, I say new, but I've been here over a year now) job, I have finally resumed studying for MSCE tests. We went through a layoff here, which effectively lost us any MS certified people. Since I only have two tests (out of 7) left to get my MSCE, I am the natural candidate go for it. The vice-president of my division has said he will "see what we can do for you." If I accomplish it. I'm sure I can, but life has been hectic and I flunked a test for the first time last Friday. Fortunately, MS is currently offering free takeovers, so...now that I've seen this particular test, I think I can study more productively and pass when I reschedule.

Although I don't know when that will be. My final remaining grandparent died yesterday, so I'll be going to Florida for a funeral tomorrow. And then, on April 29th, I'm going to Egypt with my parents. I really want this test behind me before I go.

Say, if I manage to keep a travel journal well enough, would you like an article on my trip?

Love to Letha and the kids!
Julie

☐TKK: *My condolences on the grandparent and the test. Interesting trip articles are always welcome. Good luck and enjoy Egypt.*☐

Sheryl Birkhead
See address earlier
April 14, 2006

Hi-

The law school niece found two summer jobs. One paid and one not. The paying one told her to take the volunteer one

with a judge who will be stepping down in a few years. So she will have a chance to make many good contacts and also help with the legal legacy he hopes to have. The last I heard she was going with the volunteer position.

In re the cats: To be sure there are a lot of “zebras” to rule out. The usual route is first do the diet change to see if it is allergies then try high-fiber or (for some) low fiber. Then try anti-inflammations then go to steroids. A human steroid is promising, without most of the nasty side-effects. And yes, we tend to think that chronic inflammation will eventually become malignant. The diagnosis is a full thickness biopsy to verify the disease and type of infiltration. That all being said, if it is IBS, the goal is control. Unfortunately, IBD is not rare in cats.

Congratulations to all the Hugo nominees (see how timely you are with the **Randy Byers** piece!).

My first inside summer job was soldering electrical stuff. The only requirement was that you couldn't be color blind. I'm not. I did burn myself a lot. I've also used micrometers and vernier calipers, but that's about it.

For **Rodney** – if fandom is no longer fun I sincerely hope you find another avenue that brings enjoyment or at least something that brings you pleasure.

For **Joy Smith** – years ago I created “glephs” (because I like the way the word looked) and tried to populate their world when I can. I will send them along when I find them.

Brad – that cover is black and white, but when I did it up on computer I have color to play with. But, because I don't have a color printer I can only guess at what it will really be.

Jan Stinson – here are my thanks to your anonymous benefactor. Way to go!

As always, thanks
Sheryl

☐**CKK**: *I applied for a judicial internship for the fall with a federal appellate judge. I get to pay for this privilege (assuming I want the three academic credits).*☐

Jeffrey Allan Boman
6900 Cote St-Luc Road #708
Montreal, QC H4V 2Y9
Canada
croft@bigfoot.com
4/21/2006

Dear Henry:

With the month or more of computer “issues” I've had, that I can even write this is a miracle! As it is my USB hookups are still not working. I pride myself on being a “geek wannabe”, but despite that I haven't found a solution yet. (Correction: a reinstalation of Windows XP fixed everything.)

The cover by **Marc Schirmeister** caught me a little off-guard ... the art style reminds me of several European “BD” I've read over the years.

Editorial: I know well the feeling of starting a project after your own deadlines. **Comicopia** is nearing its 16th year, and I've rarely been unhurried to produce my zine. // “Why do we do fanzines” may lead to some really interesting viewpoints. I'm nearing (or just past; I don't have my timetable down pat) 17 years of APA/ zine / newsletter publication myself. // Four years to get through Law School. I graduated with a BfA in Cinema in 4 years, but your field is far more study intensive. It's just a good thing you aren't studying medicine. You would be in school much longer! // Those muddlings in your son's hockey league truly sound like a pain. // As to your performance: hey, I'm in a city where the team just made it to the playoffs at the last minute (the Montreal Canadiens) for the first time in 2 years, and it's been almost a decade since they played well enough to make it to the end. Don't feel bad in comparison. :) // I have 2 cats also, and one of them has also lost a lot of weight. Unfortunately he needs to be knocked out to be looked at. He's too mean-tempered otherwise. Hope everything works out well for yours.

Stool Changes: Just the idea of a digital toilet makes me chuckle. The cost as well makes me think of the crack about the US military and \$4 000 screwdrivers.

Meeting the Western Fandom Illuminati: I'm a SMOF, but I always stayed away from the heavier workload jobs. Still, I got to experience the politics and headaches of the folks who did. I also saw the power of other groups' manipulations (the leader of KAG announced a boycott on Con*Cept 93). All this is a roundabout way to say that this story made me chuckle.

Dancing and Joking: Should I ever get caught up on my reading backlog, I'll look for this one.

Carry on Jeeves: I'll be curious to learn if you ever actually got to fly!

Re: The Ethics of Government... considering how strong my opinions are on Republicans and Democrats (and I'm Canadian!) I can agree that this will definitely have a chance to open a can of worms! Just this headache of Supreme Justice nominations gives me a headache.

Another Reflection on **FAPA**: I hope your writing burnout wears out **Rodney**. Granted not everyone is a lifelong writer, but it's still a shame when anyone loses interest in doing it.

InterLOCutions

Joseph T. Major: With the current **Infinite Crisis** series at DC, I can see your comments about the company reinventing itself apropos... it seems they're bringing the original Superman back (though I'm wondering if that would bring more royalty claims from the Shusters). // Well, I guess I'm shrinking the dearth of new LOCcers you mention!

E.B. Frohvet: Most NaNoWriMo novels have seeds of potential, but these are really just first drafts. They become better in revisions, if the author chooses to rewrite. In my case my last 2 I will intend to revise when I have free time to do so. // A few of these novels have apparently been published, so there are some successes. // As we saw Jonathan Kent was the sacrifice. Personally, I prefer Chloe (Allison Mack) and Lois (Erika Durance), though at 39 I'm practically the creepy old guy around them. :)

Jan Stinson: I'll have to track down *Discover Magazine* on the racks. I need to boost my science knowledge for my attempts at SF fiction ... but I'd also find *SciAm* too much for my tastes. // Wiscon's guest list sounds fantastic, but currently I can't afford the trip. Oh well.

Trinlay Khadro: On your comment to **Robert L.** on zesters and 'net access, I'm one of the heavy "Internuts". Without e-mail I'd have trouble getting in touch with publishers, including Henry and Joseph for my LOCs! // I get the feeling Joss really has trouble with organized religion. :)

Milt Stevens: I've heard that quote about life and toys. I'm just one of those folks who just want to have touched the most lives (for good memories) in the end.

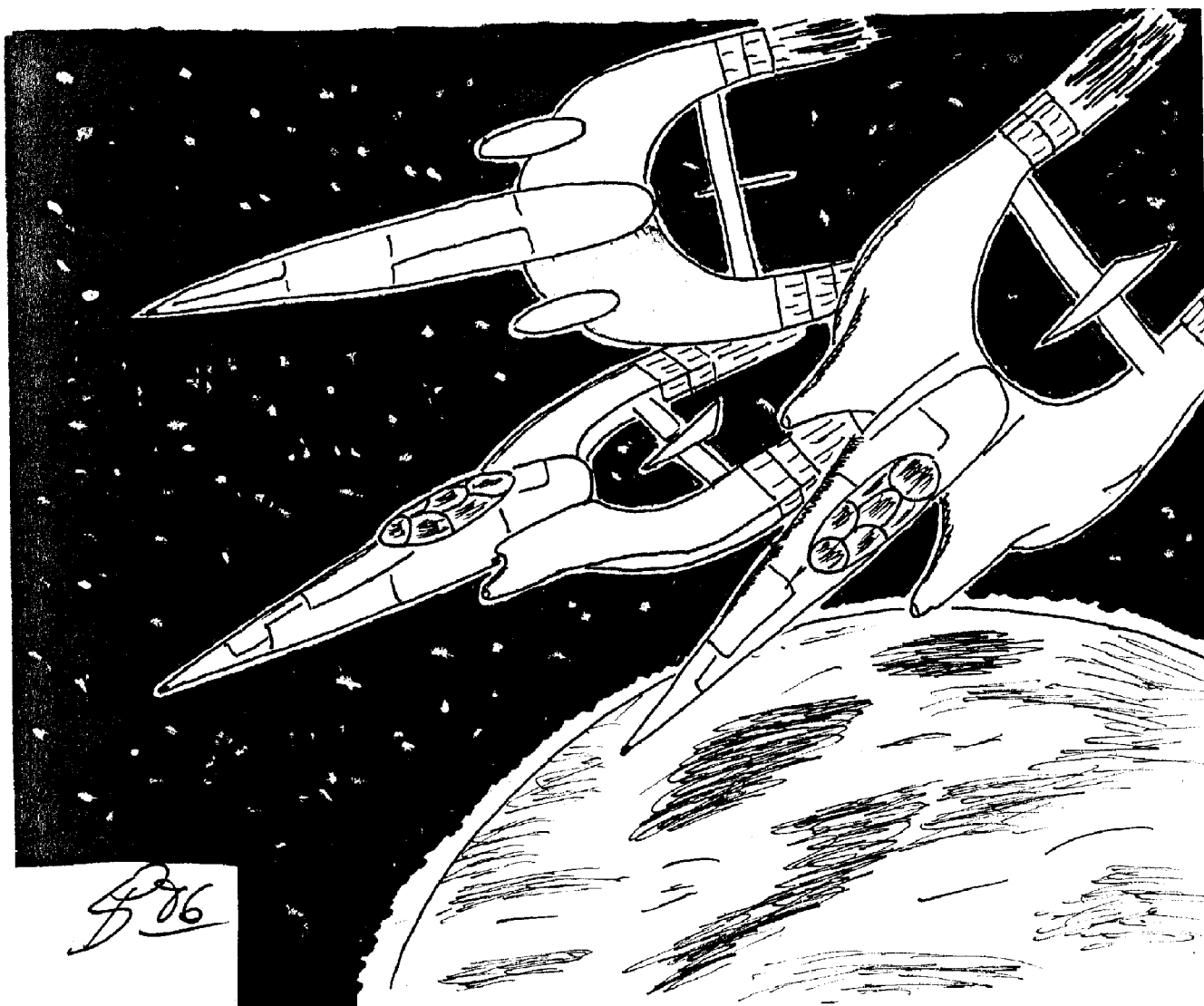
Lloyd Penney: I guess it was Con*Cept in '97 when I first met you. It was ironically a panel you had there about fanzines that comes to mind. It took me nearly a decade but I came into them myself. :) // It shows how much of a drought there was on fanzine stuff at Torcon 3. I didn't even know there WAS a fanzine lounge!

Yours truly,
Jeffrey Allan Boman

CKK: *I'm not crazy enough to start a medical program. Besides I'm not interested enough in the field to pursue it.*

We also heard from:

Lysa DeThomas, Bob Sabella (who argues that alternate history should be separate from F&SF), Marc Schirmeister, Sue Welch



Fanzines Received in Trade



Congratulations to this year's fan Hugo nominees. For more information see <http://www.laconiv.org/2006/hugos/nominees.htm>

Best Fanzine

- *Banana Wings* edited, Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer
- *Challenger* edited, Guy H. Lillian III
- *Chunga* edited, Andy Hooper, Randy Byers & carl juarez
- *File 770* edited by Mike Glyer
- *Plokta* edited, Alison Scott, Steve Davies & Mike Scott

Best Fan Writer

- Claire Brialey
- John Hertz
- Dave Langford
- Cheryl Morgan
- Steven H Silver

Best Fan Artist

- Brad Foster
- Teddy Harvia
- Sue Mason
- Steve Stiles
- Frank Wu

“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. 2 by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. A nice fanzine with lots of book reviews and a solid letter column.

Banana Wings #25 by Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer; 59 Shirley Road; Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES; UK; banana@fishlifter.demon.co.uk; irregular; the usual. A nice fanzine that has become more regular in the past few years. A nice article this issue got me to thinking of what are some of the classics of SF.

Ethel the Aardvark #122 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. Much of the content is focused around lengthy discussions of SF on TV or SF movies.

Future Times Vol. 9 Issues 3 & 4 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.

Lofgeornost 82 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.

Nice Distinctions 13 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 60.1 & 60.5 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.

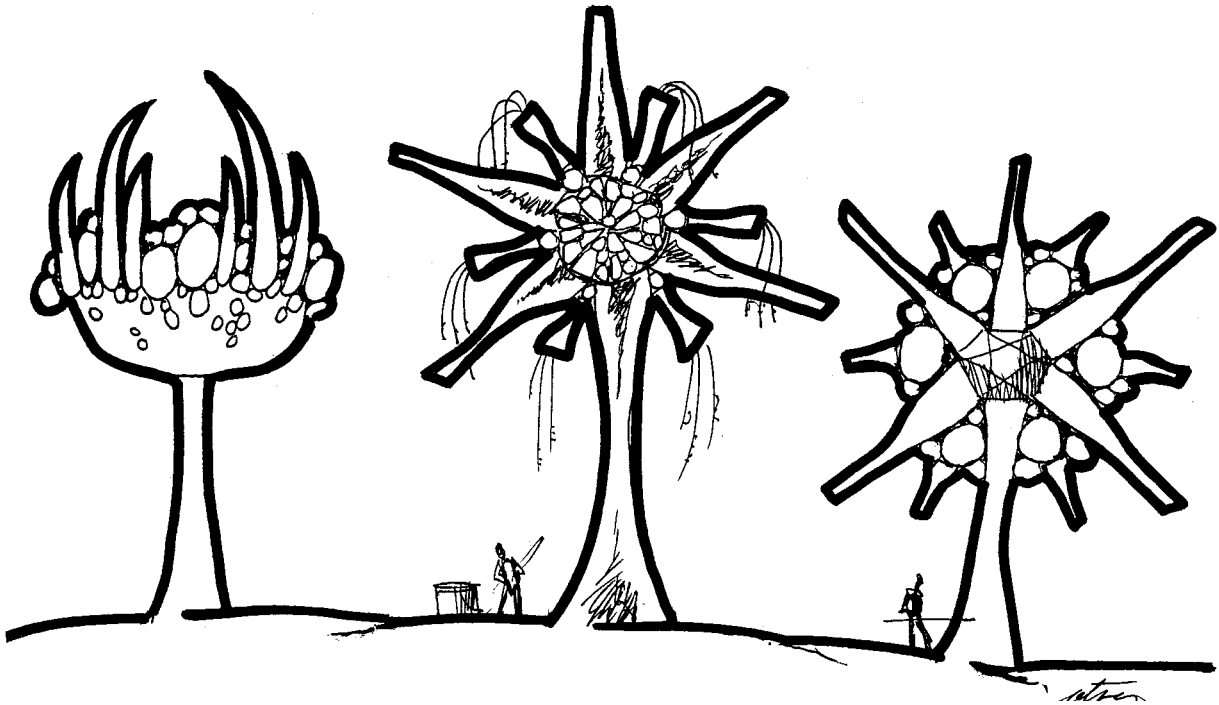
The Royal Swiss Navy Gazette #14 by Garth Spencer; PO Box 15335, V.M.P.O.; Vancouver, BC V6B 5B1; garthspencer@shaw.ca; <http://www.efanzines.com>; irregular; the usual. A would-be trip through the history of fanzines for the world's most unlikely naval unit.

Vanamonde No. 633-7 by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John's APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.

Visions of Paradise #104 by Bob Sabella; 24 Cedar Manor Ct; Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023; BSabella@optonline.net; quarterly; the usual. This is a fine example of a personal zine which includes considerable commentary. It is published in a three-part harmony (The Passing Scene - diary, Wondrous Stories - reviews and reading, and Halcyon Days - LOCs).

Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

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



You Got this Issue Because ...

- You are going to respond to the 20th Anniversary theme.**
- The cat sleeping behind me on the chair is making me uncomfortable. If I don't finish this soon my legs will fall asleep and fall off.**
- The white of a fanzine is better than the white of dandelions.**
- 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.