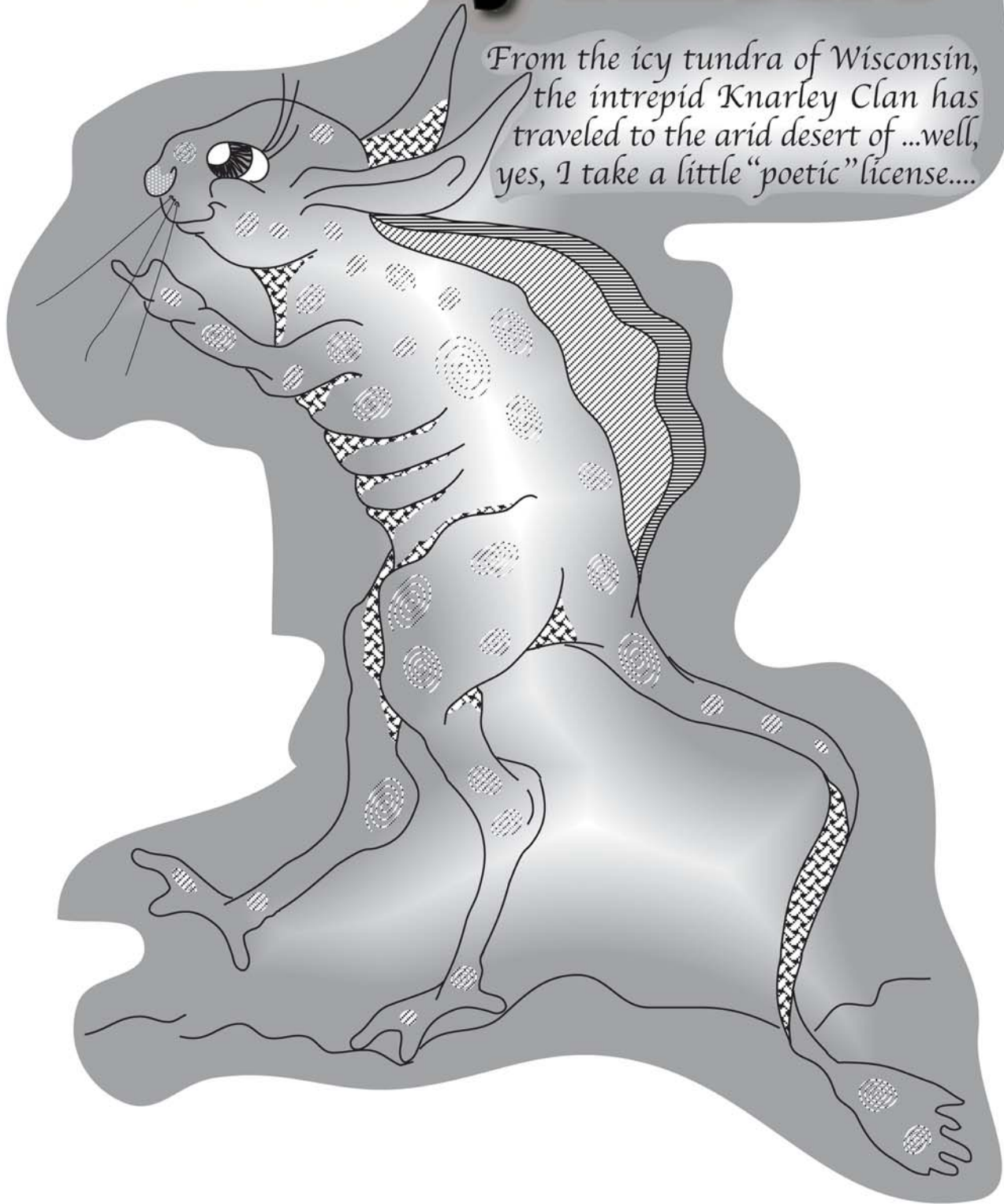


The

#132

# Knarley Knews

*From the icy tundra of Wisconsin, the intrepid Knarley Clan has traveled to the arid desert of ...well, yes, I take a little "poetic" license....*



*The Knarley Knews* -- Issue 132  
Published in February, 2009

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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 \$3.00 each.
3. Advertising is free provided that the ads are of interest to the editors and that it is for a non-profit organization.
4. It is the editors' policy not to unduly censor or restrict the ideals of free speech. (We like a good argument as much as the next guy.) However, we reserve the right to make minor content and format changes to fit your piece in or to add appropriately denoted editorial comments.
5. Contributions are currently acceptable using the following computer formats.  
PC: Virtually any format  
MACINTOSH: Virtually any format
6. The editors are open to bribes of any size, although their efficacy is highly suspect, and have never turned down a financial contribution.

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**Next Issue Deadline: April 10, 2009**

# Editorial

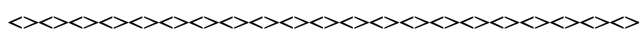
(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

Welcome to the current issue of *The Knarley Knews*. Hopefully this issue represents entry into a stabler production schedule. This issue has to go to the outside printer because we still have not come to a definitive conclusion on the main house printer. In the end the decision comes down to whether we should try to fix what we have, or to sell it as is and buy a smaller, but less capable machine. Hopefully we can sort this out before we drift too far into April and interfere with the next issue of *TKK*.

Over the past few years a number of other traditionally paper zines have effectively gone electronic. By that I mean that they went from a largely print distribution to a largely electronic distribution with only a limited number of print issues going to the non-internet enabled or those who expressed a definitive preference. I have been firmly in this second group. For whatever reason, I simply do not go out to e-fanzines on a regular basis and have read less than a dozen zine issues there over the years. When other zines have gone electronic, I have requested paper copies without guilt. I, after all, reciprocate in kind. I have also posted electronic copies of each *TKK* issue since 2003; first on my MSOE page, and more recently at <http://tkk.welchcastle.com>.

The recent need to print using a commercial service, and the escalating costs to mail with flat envelope fees, etc. has made me painfully aware of zine distribution costs. And this is even for my relatively small print run that is typically under 75. As a result I am adopting an Electronic OPT-IN policy. What this means is that I will continue to distribute paper copies of *TKK* to anyone who wants one and can meet my liberal interpretation of “the usual.” However, I am actively asking you if you’d rather get your copy electronically and save me some time and effort. I can either send you the PDF version directly via e-mail or I can let you know when a new issue is posted to the [tkk.welchcastle.com](http://tkk.welchcastle.com) web page. This will be in addition to the normal announcement requests I typically send to e-fanzines. Depending upon the response this may also result in a format change to landscape so that issues are easier to read on computer screens. (E.g. see Chris Garcia’s *Drink Tank*.)

Consistent with the policy announced in a recent issue, I will also redact the address and contact information for anyone who does not want that to appear in the on-line version.



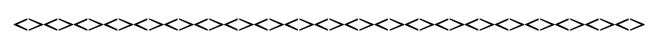
Presidents’ Day week was the first time in at least four years when all of the academic schedules within the family finally aligned. It also nearly overlapped with the 80th birthday of Letha’s father, who lives in Tucson. We correspondingly tried to make travel plans to visit family in LA, Phoenix, and Tucson. The problem was my work schedule. (In the past my

work schedule was one of the competing academic schedules.) The large bulk of my time, since I started at Jones Day in August, was supporting a patent litigation. It was originally scheduled to go to trial the second week of February and last for two weeks. The second week of the trial was to overlap Presidents’ Day week. The trial was scheduled in Delaware, and even though I wasn’t going to be traveling, it would have required me to be available to work long hours to support the Delaware team. This had been on the radar since October and I was hoping to sneak away for the last day or two of the trial to join the family.

Throughout this process there was also talk about scheduling conflicts in the court and an impending settlement. The judge had apparently scheduled two trials for the same week. And, since the other parties had a meeting with the judge and we had not, we figured we were going to get bumped by the court. The problem was the judge, as with all the other issues in this case, wasn’t saying anything. About a week before the original trial date he announced a start date on the Tuesday of Presidents’ Week. This effectively blew any chances that I’d be available to join the family; even for a few days in Tucson. But there was a ray of hope. The parties were very close to a settlement. They were certainly much closer than what it would have cost either party to actually pay for a trial. The problem was they had a very hard time closing the deal. Finally, about 10 days before the trial date, they came to an agreement and we went into a holding pattern. But it didn’t end there. The other side took days to sign the agreement and we were left waiting to see if we were going to have to gear up for trial or close things out. Just as the word went around to being gearing up again, the other side signed and a notice was filed with the judge asking for a 30-day stay indicating a settlement had been reached and final resolution was simply waiting on the other side to pay. So, with a week’s notice, I finally got my vacation with the family.

Work has been slow since then. The litigation could heat up again if the other side doesn’t pay or everyone will be assigned to new cases and matters. This later is a slow process and I’ve had much more idle time than is my preference. This is certainly better than attorneys at other big firms who are looking at layoffs. Most of the major firms in this country have announced 10% layoffs since November. Mine is one of the few that is actually still hiring. The glut of attorneys now on the market will have carry over effects for years. It looks like I made the right choice in selecting Jones Day last January.

I have my first mid-year review early in March. I do not expect much in the way of surprises. The general consensus seems to be that no feedback is good news. We shall see.



The family vacation was a welcome change of pace. Because of the proximity of our various destinations we chose to drive and took the dog along for good measure. He travels fairly well, and the weather was such that he could generally be left alone in the car without concern.

We started out by driving down the Pacific Coast Highway from Santa Cruz to San Luis Obispo. This is the classic scenic drive along the coast and takes in Monterey and Big Sur. The scenery is certainly spectacular, and the rain held off for most of the day. Following the advice of an old friend we stopped at McWay Falls and Jade Cove. We collected jade samples at the later. It eventually got too dark for sight seeing and we headed down to my mother's in LA.

While in LA we visited the La Brea Tar Pits, the Cal Poly Pomona campus, and the San Diego Wild Animal Park. Each day we had to dodge some rain, but it generally held off when we needed it to.

The La Brea Tar Pits are both simultaneously amazing and unassuming. They take up only a city block or two and look like a couple of very scummy ponds. Yet, the amount of bones they've managed to remove from them is astounding. While the large animals hog the spotlight (e.g. mammoths, saber-tooth cats, dire wolves, etc.), much of the real science is focused around micro-fossils and the like, which provide valuable information regarding the climate in the region over the past 10s of thousands of years. My brother Richard joined us for the afternoon. This is certainly worth the trip, if you are ever in LA.

Our second day in LA was less exciting. The weather was fairly dreadful with intermittent heavy rain. The girls did some shopping and then my mother gave Connor a tour of the Cal Poly Pomona campus. My mother has two degrees from there, and my father was an adjunct professor there when he lived in the area. Cal Poly Pomona is a fairly-large school with a strong engineering program. It is just down the hill from my mother's house. While we do not expect Connor to actually go there, we did want him to start seeing college campuses as he decides how to proceed during the next year. His grades are still somewhat of an issue so he is more likely to spend a few years at community college first.

We concluded our stay in the LA-area with a trip to the San Diego Wild Animal Park. The weather held out for most of the day with a brief downpour just before we got there and then another while we were eating lunch. I prefer the Wild Animal Park to the San Diego Zoo because the animals are much more the typical zoo fare. In addition, the wide landscapes and active breeding program are a nice change from the typically cramped zoo. My mother has threatened to make this the topic of her next article, so I won't say any more.

After leaving LA, we drove west and north to the Barstow-area to visit Calico Ghost Town. This was a boom-and-bust mining community as part of the lesser-known California

Silver Rush. Letha remembered it fondly from a visit as a child. It is your typical one-street "ghost town" with various shops along each side. There are the usual attractions such as a mine tour, train ride, and panning for "gold." They used to have daily gun fights, but those were discontinued last year and we had missed the Civil War reenactment from the weekend before. We stayed in one of their rental cabins because you couldn't beat the price, which also included admission to the park. Old Tucson is a much better place to visit if you are interested in this sort of thing.

We spent much of the next day driving through Joshua Tree National Park. This is a rather unique high-desert valley with the namesake Joshua trees and one of the strangest landscapes you will ever see. Throughout the valley are up-thrust mounds of white granite that make it look like some giants piled up stacks of huge boulders. This is a popular rock climbing destination and we saw some groups doing just that. We were, unfortunately, a bit early as the desert plants are not in bloom until at least late March. We'll have to go back again sometime to see that as it is apparently quite spectacular on top of the other sights.

We ended the evening by having dinner with my step-mother in Scottsdale. We were hopelessly late as we and our GPS unit failed to account for the change in time zone when you cross into Arizona. Despite the late hour we had an enjoyable meal.

The final stage of our journey was in Tucson for my father-in-law's birthday. We spent our first morning there visiting him and taking a tour of the airplane bone yard at David-Monthan Air Force Base. There are rows and rows of moth-balled aircraft of all varieties. The largely civilian work force scraps the aircraft for parts or refurbishes them for reuse or resale. According to the guide, this is one of the few government activities that actually turns a profit. The tour is coordinated through the nearby Pima Air and Space Museum. The museum has its own impressive collection of aircraft, but we didn't actually tour it. We then had lunch with my father-in-law and relaxed for the afternoon.

The following day we toured the Biosphere 2 project just northeast of Tucson. The facility is now largely open to the public and we were able to take a tour that included each of the climate zones as well as through parts of the basements which showcase some of the technology needed to make the project happen. They are a bit testy when talking about the two shut-in experiments from the 1990s that were often ridiculed, but yielded some amazing science and an impressive facility. We then had a late-lunch/early-dinner with my father-in-law, his wife Kilja, Letha's brother Dave and his girl Nancy. We finished the evening with Dave and Nancy with some bowling and a movie.

Our trip concluded, we spent the next day making the long drive home. During the trip we stopped briefly to have din-

**Editorial continued on page 8**

# The Ethics of Money – One More Time

by Alexander Slate

I am very happy at the discussion generated by my little series of articles on The Ethics of Money. So much so that even though I thought I was finished, I feel that the comments in issue 130 deserved some response.

Sheryl Birkhead writes, "...in light of the economic happenings, the ethics of money seems a bit late..." and Jeffrey Allan Boman wonders what I have to say about the recent economic meltdown. I don't think it's ever the wrong time for ethical discussion, about money or anything. There are still rich, poor and middle class. There are still people giving and/or not giving charity. And even if there weren't right now, the situation will eventually go away and pre-positioning our ethical thinking is never wrong. Jeffrey Allan Boman I will answer below, but I wish to segue into it with the following:

Eric Meyer wrote, "As far as I can tell, capitalism, essentially, concerns itself solely with money. Everything a corporation does is supposedly justified by the profit motive..." That has come to be a common misconception. Capitalism as defined by Adam Smith, really is about the 'invisible hand of the marketplace' being the guiding force in how businesses should operate. It eschews centralized or 'state' planning. Money is (in more modern terms) the metric by which the corporation can measure how well it is doing according to its goals in reacting to the whims of the marketplace. Not all companies are guided solely by the profit motive, though the profit motive is at least part of all companies *raison d'être*. Greed capitalism as Stalinism is to communism; that is a corruption based upon assumptions falsely raised to the nth power.

And Eric continues,;

Everything a corporation does is supposedly justified by the profit motive. The idea that human existence should revolve around money, that there are no values other than money, is so absurd (not to mention despicable) as to be not worth discussing. That "philosophy is simply an excuse for greed and selfishness, plain and simple. No, some CEO's endless greed does not, ultimately, benefit society, or anybody but the CEO.

I would disagree that it's not worth discussing, but otherwise agree. Eric's words segue nicely into Milt Stevens discussion of my "different interpretation" of the camel and needle phrase from the Christian Testaments. He says, "I always thought that meant that wealth itself was inherently evil." This is based upon the common misquote of another saying from the Christian Testaments. The common error states that "[M]oney is the root of all evil". The actual quote from Timothy 6:10 (King James Version) is, [F]or the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have

erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

He then goes on to say that John Stuart Mill used this phrase. The phrase under discussion being "Money is the root of all evil." What Mill actually says is:

What, for example, shall we say of the love of money? There is nothing originally more desirable about money than about any heap of glittering pebbles. Its worth is solely that of the things which it will buy; the desires for other things than itself, which it is a means of gratifying. Yet the love of money is not only one of the strongest moving forces of human life, but money is, in many cases, desired in and for itself; the desire to possess it is often stronger than the desire to use it, and goes on increasing when all the desires which point to ends beyond it, to be compassed by it, are falling off. It may, then, be said truly, that money is desired not for the sake of an end, but as part of the end. From being a means to happiness, it has come to be itself a principal ingredient of the individual's conception of happiness.

Mill is actually saying that the misstatement is the result of a common 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> century happenstance when money becomes the end in and of itself. So yes, my feeling about the meaning of the "camel through the eye of the needle" statement of Jesus is different than the common perception, but is in line with what I believe the original intent of the saying.

Joseph Major takes Ben & Jerry's to task for not totally living up to their promise "about how they are going to put in a new CEO based on how nice an essay the person wrote about how it would be like to be CEO of Ben & Jerry's" and then putting in "another business professional just like those at old-thought square enterprises." Well, I really don't know the details, but will take Joseph at his word. Of course, Ben & Jerry's probably never promised to base its selection solely on the essay – after all they are still a business and do need to run themselves as such, even if (IMHO) they go beyond this.

Now to return to what I think about the current economic situation. I feel that this was inevitable. It is actually the result of many things. First of all, I do not believe that growth can continue ad infinitum – while it is not really a zero sum game, that way lies madness (or at least inflation). Corrections are a natural course of the market; this one is just worse than many, and has other causes as well. Part of the problem is caused by a form of greed which can also rightly, in this case, be called expectation. It is greed on the part of the financial sector to make lots of money; expanding the mortgage market to those people who really shouldn't be in it in the first place. Ignore the fundamentals at your peril. But it's not just the financial

corporations; people with the best of intentions (do-gooders if you will), government and the normal every day consumer provide the flip side to this equation. It has almost become an entitlement (in some people's minds) that everyone deserves to own a house. So we get the 'poor' and the 'working poor' into the act with a number of initiatives. Of course this now trickles up the chain as people further up the ladder see themselves entitled to bigger houses. Combine this with the inflated prices of houses (here we have greed on the part of home builders and both companies and normal people who expect easy money by 'flipping' houses) and you have a natural recipe for disaster. And lo and behold!

Yet, I would also like to comment on the response to this 'crisis'. The bailout is a mistake! Yes, people would certainly suffer, and some would suffer badly. However, I feel that the worst of it would last a year or two – maybe three. Then we would recover. Now, we are all going to suffer the results of a big-time deficit economy for 10 years. But that is also matched by the following... Remember what I said about the causes. People need to learn from their mistakes, and that includes companies and whole markets. We need to wean ourselves away from this 'sense of entitlement' and away from the debt-building feeling that we all deserve all sorts of material possessions. And businesses need to learn this as well. By bailing different groups out, our society (as a whole) is not going to learn the lesson and 'business' will continue as usual. Thus we set ourselves up for another round of this in the future (oh, it would probably happen again in any case – people just can't seem to keep themselves in check for too long – but the cycle will be accelerated as a result of the bailout. Also, we cannot bail everyone out; so who gets helped? Who do we coddle and who do we punish? It's going to be viewed by many as unfair no matter what. I say that people and businesses need to suffer the results of their stupidity more often than not. And how about those that never fell into the trap? Why should they pay for the stupidity and greed of others?

Okay, rant over! Just remember, y'all asked.

Jim Stumm says, "that people who make charitable contributions do so as a result of biological imperative, a feeling of empathy for others who are in need," and that I seem to be "trying to turn a matter of biology into a question of ethics." Hogwash! We have free will. While I do not pretend to understand the nature of intelligence and the soul, we are not all slaves to our brains' chemistry. That's what morality and ethics is all about. If we were all about our brain chemistry then punishing someone for breaking a law is meaningless; they would have had no choice in the matter. Most people go through life basically unconscious and unthinking. I am trying to get at least my small audience thinking about what we do, and why? Whatever you choose to do is then 'fine by me', but at least you would have your reasons, not simply a matter of 'their nature'.

Knarley says, "I've met few people who could be convinced by an ethical argument. I think most people are what we are and don't give ethics much of a thought; even in the face of a moral dilemma." This is probably true, but it is also part of a chicken and egg situation. If we never consider the reasons and consequence of why we do what we do, then we always will act from the gut. However, if in our quieter moments we give pause and reflect on who and why we are, and how we think we might like to be; then we can impact our actions. Example, alcoholism is generally a genetic predisposition. However, knowing this then one can train one's actions so that they are not constantly in an alcoholic stupor. Yes, we all mostly walk around in a fog. We are none of us saints, but by thunder, we can all have our saintly moments!

I am not trying to prove charity is a universal moral imperative. Giving charity is not binding on anyone, but think! How much better a world this might be if people gave charity as a considered, reasonable act. As for the obligation to give a certain amount of charity, I believe I said that fixed amounts or fixed percentages is not the way. I think I said (If I didn't I apologize for not making myself clear and present it here.) that we each should give according to what we can and how we feel. And charity is not simply money, either. One can be charitable and never give a penny.

Why do I quote other sources? It's a matter of giving credit for the thought to where the thought is from. I am not a particularly strong thinker in terms of basics. I very much rely upon other sources for that. If I have any genius at all it is in synthesizing the thoughts of others.

I present the arguments to try to get across how I feel we should act, occasionally presenting a counter-argument as well. I frankly don't give a flip as to what religion someone is. A person is a person. Maimonides, Christ and the Dalai Lama each had valid points regarding why charity is the right way to act (as opposed to feel) and I give each of them their due. It just happens to be that each is 'attached' to a specific religion. Morality is what we feel (or what we think we should feel), but ethics is how we do. And frankly doing is a lot more important than feeling in that regard.

As for business and the "Maimonides test", I agree. Most business owners could care less. But if I remember correctly, I am not the one who originally brought up the point about businesses fulfilling their 'charitable obligations' by providing employment. If not in this set of discussions, then I've seen it brought up somewhere.

As for the responsibilities of corporations... Knarley made some excellent points in response to Jim Stumm's arguments. Let me add that businesses are legally individual entities – legal people if you will. More importantly, businesses are run by people. We can all make nice little profits and yet be responsible members of the world; businesses as well as people. When we let our baser passions run away with us we court disaster.

# Parsing the Genre-Bound

By Gene Stewart

The more I see of the genre-bound, the more I find to dislike about them. They are the inverse of imaginative. Most are tiny ego-ridden martinets determined to control the world by sarcasm and passive aggression. Most are depressive losers, unsocialized and dysfunctional in their flab, propeller beanies, and Hawaiian shirts. They are desperate to belong and fancy themselves misunderstood geniuses and brilliant iconoclastic nonconformists, even though their every word and gesture is calculated to thwart a larger world that barely notices them. Their strict conformity to genre patterns, their insular reference system, and their tree-house club code talk ensure they never grow up, never join the real world, and never have to be judged by any standards worthy of aspiration. Elevating the unprofessional and denigrating mass appeal, they are as divisive and irrelevant as any arch academic.

The chip of bitter resentment on their shoulder is that of an infant who cannot hold center stage 24 hours a day, and their conventions are the social equivalent of a tantrum. By all means keep genre apart from mainstream writing; there is good reason it has been shunted to one small backwater.

I recant.

Yes, I once worked the genre fields. In my defense I can only say that there was no choice. I am not rich, did not have my way paid through an Ivy League school, and I am not related by blood or money to a New York City publisher. I did not even get to college, having had no money, so I did not even serve apprenticeship as a first reader or New Yorker fact checker.

Worse, I am from the Laurel Highlands of Western Pennsylvania. That makes me an Appalachian hick. Ask any metropolitan New Yorker. Might as well wear bib overalls without a shirt or shoes and chew on a piece of straw once I've admitted such lowly origins.

Which would be okay, marginally, if my grandfather had been a senator, or my father had delivered bribes in smoke-filled back rooms for a political machine in a big city.

Without such a pedigree, though, I was forced to go the genre route if I wanted to become a writer. Forced, in fact, to read all the hard-boiled noir and wild pulp fiction and Golden Age SF and High Fantasy and splatterpunk Horror I could get my hands on. To learn craft I had to pay attention to George Scithers as he grumbled about marks on paper, and I had to bone up on all of Harlan Ellison's story introductions so I could learn how Lester del Rey grew him from a bean and how Silverbob could write twenty stories a day without pausing for a beer, or how John W. Campbell coached stories out of a snot-nosed Asimov, or the way Heinlein bullied his way to bestsellerdom, or how Clarke wrote from Sri Lanka and

Bradbury wrote a story a week and had to rent typewriter time at the public library for a dime an hour so he could submit one every Saturday morning.

It was hell but the indoctrination never ended. My world focused on telling stories about real people with plenty of action. Active voice, show don't tell, and rewrite until you get the Pet Milk version; those were my lessons.

I wrote on loose leaf notebook paper, in three ring binders, using 19¢ Bics. I pounded on an old Royal manual heavier than my weekly groceries and smeared my fingers switching out used ink ribbons. I longed for an IBM Selectric so I could watch the silver ball whip around creating words but settled for a Brother electronic with interchangeable type wheels, plastic ribbon cartridges, and automatic error correction ribbons, which sure beat those little sheets of Whiteout.

Dean Koontz taught me to finish one page before moving on to the next. He also taught me to make sure the ending paid off big and was not just tacked on.

Heinlein's rules of writing kept me finishing what I started and keeping stories on the market until sold. I vowed never to rewrite a finished story except to an editor's request and hoped to follow RAH to the bestseller list.

Worst of all I learned to expect to be paid. Genre is a crass set of categories, focused on money instead of the honor of seeing your name in print. Genre's insistence on writing for a certain number of pennies per word mocked the gentleman's game writing had always been for the lucky, connected, elevated few.

There I sat, reduced to counting my words so I could figure out how many to claim if it ever came time to be paid for one of my stories. Shame does not begin to cover it. Writing was actually compared to professionalism, as if art could ever be a mere job, as if meeting deadlines and taking one's work seriously in terms of supply and demand did not demean the artist squirming inside every writer.

Such affronts lessened the sting of rejection.

That the most popular movies and books of all time are genre only proves genre's lowest common denominator appeal. How can a book be any good if more than a handful of the brightest academics can understand and enjoy it? How can writing be wonderful if any blue-collar working slob can read and like it?

Heinlein brought it home by stating flatly: You're competing for beer money. He meant your stories had to appeal to the average working joe or jane more than a six pack of beer; can it get any less refined? Genre is for the masses.

And now, under-published and contaminated by genre, all I can do is limp along telling my unrestrained stories about monsters, unreal worlds, and other childish things not found, mentioned, or even thought of in a typical upper class pent-house suite during cocktail hour's furtive adultery.

I can but hope to entertain the masses, or at least let 'em get away a little while. I'm forced to leave the high art to the O'Haras, the Cheevers, and the Updikes.

I recanted but, really, I can't afford to. After all, with any luck, I might be up for a Nebula or Hugo award one of these days, or have one of my franchise ideas picked up by Tor, or best of all be the next Philip K. Dick and have dozens of my stories made into blockbuster Hollywood movies even as academics discover how philosophical and ironic I was all along.

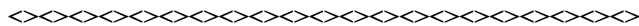
Yeah, the more I see of the genre-bound, the more I find to dislike, but what am I supposed to do, give up show business?

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**Editorial continued from page 4**

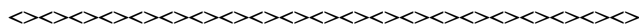
ner with my mother in LA, before hurrying back to jobs and school.

My father-in-law is not the most social of persons. I probably spent more time with him on this trip than I have in the three or four previous times I've met with him. It is a shame he doesn't show more interest in his daughter or his grandchildren, but he is the way he is.

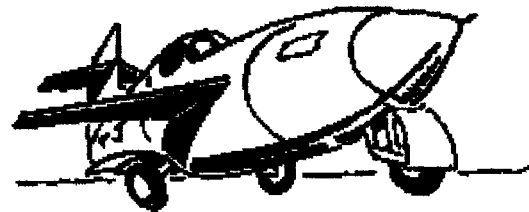
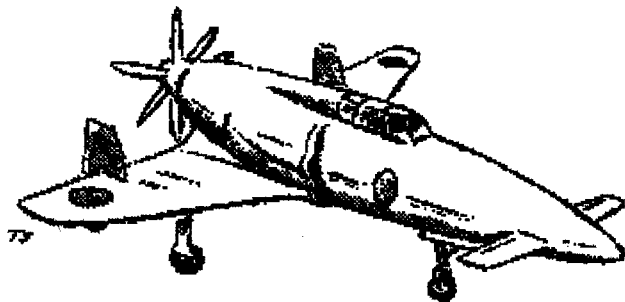
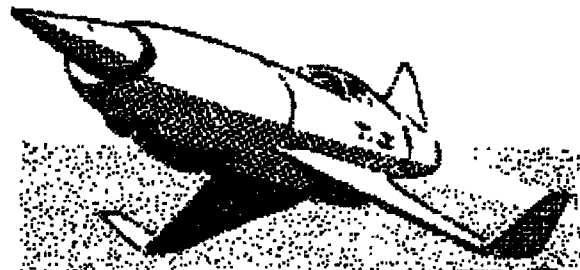


There is not a whole lot else going on. The weather has been rainier than usual, but that is a good thing given the drought predictions. The large reservoir at the base of the ridge has largely refilled over the last two weeks, after having been drained last summer to repair the dam. We have plenty of water in our well and storage tank and the sides of the hills have sprung leaks with all the rain. The only downside is that the rain has kept me from cutting any more firewood and we are running quite low. Hopefully there will be some rainless periods this coming weekend.

I continue to play hockey once a week. We are a middle-of-the-road team in our league. There are some games we dominate and others where we are dominated. I continue to play well, but the ever changing roster (you never know who will show up each week) makes it hard to have consistent play. There are only a few more weeks in the season.



Don't forget to let me know if you want to OPT-IN to electronic delivery.





# Pregnancy Times, They are a-Changing

(c) by Jim Sullivan

Human pregnancy lasts for 266 days, which is exactly 38 weeks or about 9 months. Carrying a fetus for that long, frankly, limits and, in some cases, totally curtails a female's vital personal activities, especially those in her leisure time. So, when can she play tennis down at the club again? How soon can she participate in the charity bazaar, raffle, and tea party dance? Where can she travel comfortably for the holidays? How long before she can find the stamina to do aerobic exercises to keep her girlish figure? And, perhaps most critical of all, what's she going to do until she can shop, once more, at the Mall with her lady friends for those cute, little, seasonal outfits?

Being pregnant, for a woman, also means not looking svelte. Moreover, she'll have to endure physical and mental discomfort or one sort or another, like morning sickness, backaches, sleeplessness, eating problems, swelling, and a whole host of unpleasantness. Sometimes a woman with child may suffer from more than one of those things, or even from all of them. This, however, is no longer the case.

Obstetrician/gynecologists at Fletcher University Medical School and Teaching Hospital in Placenta, Indiana have had a break-through. They've been experimenting, for years, with groups of pregnant females. Women, since time immemorial, have been complaining about all the problems that pregnancy causes them, as mentioned above. After all, many of these ladies were active in society and club work, charities, sports, personal careers, and romances before becoming pregnant. So these physicians have been testing for various, safe techniques for giving these women some relief.

Medical findings and procedures have been, by and large, quite successful with minimal complications. Now, a woman can become pregnant and carry her fetus for anywhere from one to nine months. The child, if less than full term, can be safely transferred to the womb of another woman if she is accepting. Any many females, mainly the indigent and/or low-wage-earning, are willing with the offer of a generous financial bonus. The child then, can be brought to term by the surrogate mother. This frees up the primary mother to resume her old, fun activities.

After the child is born, it is, needless to say, given back to the original biological mother. Of course, at this point, she's likely (and probably financially able) to hire a nanny and/or a wet nurse to help raise the child. That allows the biological mother to have bragging rights that she and her husband conceived and had a son or daughter. Yet with the domestic help to aid in child rearing, the biological mother doesn't have to be tied down. She won't have to interrupt her club, social, and party life as the child matures, even if it gets sick or injured.

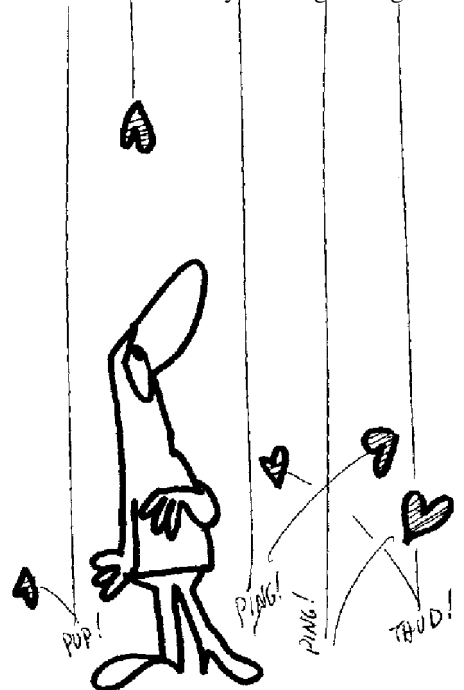
Because of this new medical ability, a woman could create here entire family during a six-months' leave-of-absence from her club, job, or charitable work. Within that time, she could conceive a child in the first month, carry it for 30 days, and have it surgically removed. The fetus would be implanted in a surrogate mother. This woman would carry the child to term and regular birth.

The original mother could get pregnant again almost immediately after the fetus was removed. That 30-day process could then be repeated. And she would have enough time left to do that a third time, too. In other words, during that brief half-year, she could conceive three children and farm out all her pregnancies. A trio of surrogate mothers could bring that one lady's family to term and birth.

The benefits to the original mother are obvious: for all her pregnancies, she's only "with child" for a total of three months. And that's all been during the six month's absence from her career, charitable work, or what have you. Consequently, she hasn't had to endure all that misery of being in "a family way" for a total of twenty-seven months. Additionally, she'll only be in harm's way for nasty things such as preeclampsia, eclampsia, or severe gas pains for a very minor amount of time. Best of all, she can resume conjugal relations with her spouse all the sooner.

From the fetus's point of view, it will be socialized with different mothers. The child will, further, become acculturated for the same reason. And there's surely nothing wrong with

having a well-rounded diet from two rather than from one female's eating habits. Most important of all, the child, when born, will feel as if he or she has traveled around some. All these things are bound to help the boy or girl from several stand-points, mainly educational. And it just might help that youngster get into an Ivy League school, too.



THE INEVITABLE

# Looking Through Those Boxes in the Corner

by Chris Garcia

Top Chef is a show that I love. It's got everything, especially this season since it's got a serious love story going on. Two of the contestants, both of whom have a significant other waiting for them back home, find themselves in each other's arms one night. It was a funny thing that the two of them, on each other's team during the biggest challenge of the year, end up making out on a couch the night before and then almost blowing it. Luckily, they were saved by their partner who did two amazing deserts and the judges spared them so that we might have more drama the rest of the season...or as long as they last.

OK, that's a weird way to start an article that's about reading old fanzines, but trust me, it all ties together.

When you win the TransAtlantic Fan Fund, one of the duties you have is to hold on to the TAFF collection of items for sale/auction. There are hundreds of items, mostly old TAFF reports, some zines like *Hyphen*, old TAFF newsletters, including some from as early as 1967, and a few old zines that I had never heard of. The point of them is to get auctioned and raise money for the fund, but really, it is the best thing that could have happened to me because it's amazing reading, allowing me to do various editions of my column This Old Fanzine for *SF/SF*. Having been through the boxes, I've realized that old zines hold something that I rarely think of.

Zines pre-1980 seem to belong to any time.

I picked up a copy of Roy Tackett's *Dynatron* and looking at the ATom cover and the robotic battlebot blasting away just screamed of 1950s fanzines, yet it was from 1979. There was a zine from 1950 that actually seemed to be from the 1970s that was actually from the 1950s. The technology of zine production didn't change too much at the top of the line over the course of 30 or so years. Almost everything was mimeographed and felt like it was mimeographed. When you get into the 1980s, you see mimeographed zines like *NOVOID* that don't feel like they were mimeographed. Then again, there's no question that some of them were lovely pieces.



Of course, that's discounting the punk zines of the 1970s that are extremely different from anything else going on.

The point of that is that there is a sense that zines were definable back then. Maybe not as neatly as I'm making it seem, but if you asked me to describe a zine from 1965, I could probably give one that would seem reasonable. You can't do that with the zines of today, even if you discount the eZines as a portion of the world

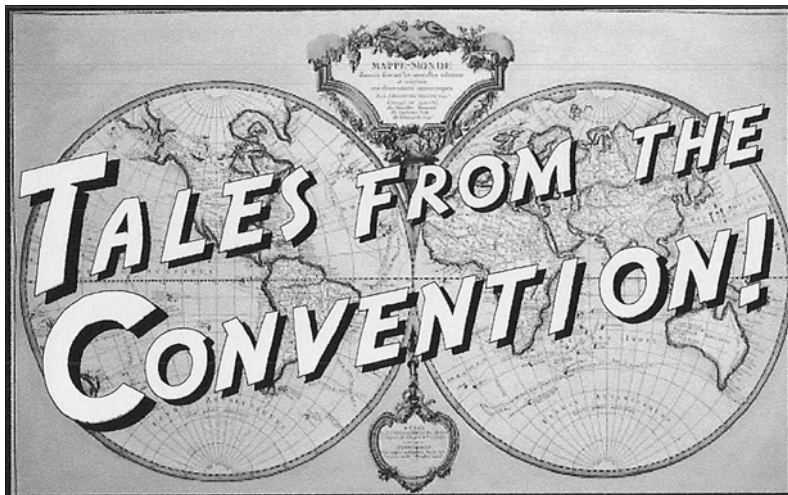
of zines. Looking at things like *Banana Wings* and *Chunga*, you can't really describe either of them production-wise as similar to the other. They don't feel the same. The same thing can be said of eZines. *eI* and *The Drink Tank* are nothing alike. *SF/SF* is totally different from *Time & Again*.

And maybe it's all because I wasn't around then, that the achievements of the past aren't as obvious to my untrained eye. It's something we talk about at the Computer History Museum. We talk about trying not to make it seem comical that the machines of the past were so slow. They were light years better than what came before them. It's something we work very hard to do, honor the seriously impressive achievements of the pioneers of computing, while showing how far we have come since then. At the same time, you can't deny that we have evolved into something impressive and we should hold that in respect as well.

I think the zines of today are better than those of the past. FanEds can do more with photos, with layout, with art, with type. Yes, there were photos and impressive art in the zines of the older days, but really, today's printing technology allows so many more possibilities and more subtle work. That doesn't mean that the work of the past sucked, it means that they were working with what they had and did good stuff. Does that stuff hold up to the stuff we do today? Yeah, I'd say it does for the most part. Good writing holds up well, but visually, it might not be as easily accepted by modern eyes. In wrestling, the story is the kind of wrestling you watched as a kid is what you always hope for, but anything before that is slow, overly simple and while the audience might have been hotter than anything you see today, it's not what they want. And the folks who grew up with that think that the stuff they do today is crap, that it's not realistic and that all the excesses have ruined wrestling. I've heard that kind of talk around fandom, and some of it is warranted, but still, I'm not convinced that given the abilities of today, FanEds of the day would have done much more. It's that classic argument of what would Babe Ruth have been if he'd had the training of modern sports medicine. It could never happen, but it's a great question.

But in Fandom, it has happened. Look at Earl Kemp's stuff from the 1960s, *Who Killed Science Fiction* is exceptional even today, but *eI* is even better on an average issue. Peter Weston's zines of the 1970s were great, but *Prolapse* is even better. It's something to note. Hell, Arnie Katz's zines of the 1980s and 90s are great, but *Vegas Fandom Weekly* really was ground-breaking in 2005 and 2006.

How does this relate to Top Chef? Well, I just like talking about Top Chef.



# The Sudden Masquerade Replacement

by Lloyd Penney

Yvonne used to run the masquerade at Ad Astra in the 80s, and when I wasn't running the dealers' room, I was her willing and able assistant, and some years, I was Your Congenial Host, using my best announcer voice.

The masquerades in those years were small, but quite manageable, and they were still a lot of fun, especially for the contestants who produced some great costumes. They were one of the highlights of the convention Saturday night before the big dance late at night.

One year, Yvonne's mother had gone on a vacation to Egypt, and had brought home for me authentic Egyptian clothing, a thobe, igal and ghutra, and made of very comfortable Egyptian cotton. I decided to wear them at the masquerade, what better place to wear it?, and be Yvonne's Arab assistant.

It's Saturday evening, and the convention is gathering for the masquerade, as Yvonne herds the contestants in the hotel back passage, checking to see who's arrived, and what order in which the present themselves. Meanwhile, I am in my Egyptian finery, checking the lighting and microphone, and receiving a few compliments on the way I'm dressed.

Unbeknownst to us, two contestants are having a crisis of confidence. A boyfriend and girlfriend (she's an old friend, by the way) are dressed as an Arab sheikh and harem belly dancer respectively, and boyfriend is suffering through a serious case of stage fright. She's trying to build him up and she is steadily chickening, and when they are announced, he bails entirely and disappears. She bravely goes out on stage to perform and show off her gauzy costume and hints of feminine charms.

However, girlfriend has got her wits about her, and as she gyrates on stage, she suddenly spots a replacement sheikh...me. We make eye contact, and she gives me the come hither, and I realize what's happened, and what has to happen. I go to the stage and quickly adopt a stereotypical Arab character, dancing clumsily as a favorite member of the harem slinks around me. Oooo, goody, goody, goody...

The music plays (good thing I had started her tape before I was pressed into service), I dance about, enjoying the dancer, she shakes her, um, accoutrements, the audience claps, and some

laugh over the fact I was suddenly not helping but participating, and then we're done. We get applause, the girlfriend gives me a quick hug, and reality returns, and I remember that I have more tapes to play. I become Yvonne's assistant again, and the masquerade continues. At the end, I wonder what happened, and some asked me if I all that had been planned in advance, but I certainly had no plan to play both sides of the event. Besides, no one would think much of suddenly jumping in like that, would they?

The judges were gone to make some decisions, some entertainment has come on stage and is gone again, and the judges return to announce their choices. The girlfriend and I have won a prize, I think it was for Best Non-SF Presentation, or something like that. I'm amazed; I wasn't even entered, and I've got a certificate. Is anyone upset over this fact? Not at all; the girlfriend gets compliments for her costume, what little there is of it, I get them for being pressed into service, and Yvonne gets them for staging a masquerade with lots of laughs, some good costumes and an unexpected event...me dancing with the harem girl. What happened to the boyfriend? He wasn't seen for the rest of the weekend, and I gather they broke up not long after the convention.

Sunday sees lots of smiles, happy participants, the girlfriend thanking me for being sharp and willing, and me? I was happy to help out, and once again, you've got to participate to get the most out of a con.





# Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

Tempus fugitted its merry way and it was soon time to return to the station to meet Eric Bentcliffe, a much easier trip without the 500 pound case. Eric was duly collected and ferried back to the flat. The place was rather full, mainly by Mike Moorcock and his guitar, assisted by Lars Helander. Arthur drew me aside (he was a very good drawer) and donned his false beard. "I am going to make you a trainee Goon Detective, wear this badge at all times, even in the bath." He pinned a small metal badge to my trousers. I felt honoured and a sharp pain, it was a long pin.

The hurtling express of British Rail crawled into St. Pancras less than an hour late. Unloading my fanning gear, I staggered off the platform in search of Arthur Thomsom among the milling hordes of mundanes cluttering up the place. Finding him was easy; being a member of the Goon Detective Agency, his false beard, slouch hat, and tightly buttoned trench coat made him easily spotted on that hot sunny day. My deduction was confirmed by the large "ARTHUR THOMSON" poster which he was holding on high. We exchanged passwords and a few fannish amenities before he gave me his hand. I put my case in it. Apparently this was one case he wasn't prepared to take; he handed it back before heading off for the tube station. I struggled along behind, leaving a trail of battered shins and bruised ankles.

Next morning Eric and I toddled off to Ashford Airport. After checking in our bags, we followed an air hostess to our plane, a lovely thing with smoothly rounded curves – the plane wasn't bad either. We climbed in and were surprised to find no pilot! The air hostess explained that he was shy, so had a little room of his own at the front. To make sure we didn't run away, she fastened us in with straps. She also took great care to fasten Eric's hands as well. With a thundering of engines, the plane rolled out to the runway and we were away and the hostess began selling bottles of duty free whisky. After a short flight, we landed at Ostend Airport and weaved our way to the Customs shed. They have queer Customs in Ostend, but they soon had us certified. Out in the car park we were met by Jan Jansen, his wife Rosa, and their daughter Sonya, a bright child who could speak fluent Belgian. After a few false starts we all managed to squeeze into Jan's little Citroen. With five people and baggage it was a tight squeeze.

The escalator presented no problems; I let my case go sliding down as I knew Arthur would stop it. I lifted it off him and we boarded the next train. An old lady chided me for not letting Arthur sit down (he was still wearing his false beard). Reaching our stop, Arthur shot off the train, out of the station, across the road, and onto a waiting bus. With a cry of "All cases must go upstairs," he vanished upwards. Here a brief digression, my case was actually in training to become a cabin trunk as it held another case, fully packed for a trip to Belgium as well as all my sellable junk for the 1957 WorldCon on returning. It was **HUGE!** Somehow I got it upstairs and onto a vacant seat. My heart had just slowed to a leisurely 100 beats a minute when Arthur called, "Here's where we get off," and raced off down the stairs. I followed, not wanting to miss him. I didn't. The case slipped from my grasp and slid down the stairs. An anguished yell told me that instead of Arthur being on a case, a case was on him. The conductor lifted it off and untangled the beard from his ticket machine before ushering us from the bus with a few friendly words.

Jan drove us into Antwerp and dropped us at the Cecil Hotel, a combined beer garden, hotel, and cafe. We signed in, got our room keys, and set off in search of No. 79. Three flights up, we paused to regain our breath and dubbed our resting place "The South Col." After preparing ourselves for an assault on the summit, we staggered on and finally came to our goal and claimed Room 79 on behalf of the World Science Fiction Society. We began to survey our base for the next week. The cold tap was tried and pronounced "Cold." The hot tap was tried and pronounced "Empty." Two small bedside cupboards were examined and labeled "Pottery Storage." Finally, the smallest room was checked and pronounced "small, dark, and noisy in operation."

From here it was less than a mile walk to Arthur's pad in the towering Brockham House. The lift wasn't working so we set off up the stairs. Three floors later I collapsed with the traditional thud on the Thomson's doorstep. The clicking of high heels revived my interest in life. I opened one eye to behold a slim, silk clad ankle. It belonged to Mrs. Atom, hovering like a ministering angel. Accustomed to bodies, she stirred me with her toe and said, "You can't leave it here, Arthur. I looks too untidy." Atom solved the problem by holding a double whisky under my nose and luring me into the flat, whereupon he drank the thing himself.

Having exhausted the room entertainment, we strolled down to the bar and ordered, in fluent English, two bottles of Pils, the local beer. The discovery of a pin-ball machine saw the start of a week-long tournament to see who could get the highest score. The machine had a nasty habit of seizing up at times, accompanied by a strange word in Flemish, which we later discovered to mean "Tilt."

Jan joined us and for some further amusement we went out for a stroll around the streets of Antwerp. We spent some time in a museum of magic and sat through a showing of the film *Vampyras*. This was rather complicated as the sound track was in Danish and had subtitles in Flemish. Jan translated these into English, but even so, we never really discovered what it was all about. The hero went fishing in his best suit and became a ghost. A young woman turned into a vampire, shadows walked all over the place, and some other twit managed to get buried beneath a heap of corn in a flour grinding mill.

Next morning, Jan collected us bright and early and drove us straight to the police station. He had been stopped for driving with faulty lights and had to show they had been repaired. After waking a policeman from his morning siesta, Jan pressed the switch to show his lights were now working properly. They weren't, so the policeman, narked at losing his beauty sleep, made an appointment to see Jan again – in court.

Jan set off to take us to Amsterdam; we crossed the border into Holland without incident. The Dutch countryside looked just like Belgium apart from numerous fields of poppies. Another disappointment was the complete absence of those pantaloons and clog wearing fishermen sitting on poles with no apparent way of getting to or from them. They used to be in every school book about Holland, but I never saw one. Maybe they had tired of sitting and just fallen off. Reaching Amsterdam without even seeing a Dutch Cheese, we drove to Schiphol Airport where we were to meet David Kyle and



his newly married wife Ruth along with a bunch of Americans. Jan had booked them a hotel and we were due to ferry them there. Due in at 8pm, we were still waiting for them at 10:30. We had seen people arriving from Tooting, Tripoli, and Timbuktu and all of the points of the compass except from the US of A. Our coat lapels were getting fried from repeatedly flashing our WorldCon badges at any arrivals likely to be Kyle and Company. Jan repeatedly queried the Information Desk and finally unearthed a message they were holding for a "Mr. Fun Jensen." After spraying yards of Flemish, it transpired that our quarry had arrived early and decided to take the coach into KLM's central depot. We raced there and found a bunch of weary Americans busily chewing chunks out of the carpet. Explanations were made, gear loaded into a fleet of taxis and our cavalcade set off headed for Jan's tiny Citroen. We waved a Churchillian salute to the KLM staff, took a wrong turning, narrowly missed driving into a canal, and finally deposited our new friends at their hotel. After sampling a bit of the Kyle wedding cake, we set off back to Antwerp. Even that journey was not without incident. Feeling thirsty we stopped for a drink at a roadside tavern. We were surprised to see a man dash out as we drove into the car park. Inside, soft lights, erotic statues, and a well-cleavaged barmaid caused the penny to drop. We had halted at a local house-of-joy. Obviously the runner had taken us for police. We passed up drinks and got out of there fast. Ahead lay the 1957 WorldCon.

## INTERLOCUTIONS

Joseph T. Major  
1409 Christy Avenue  
Louisville, KY 40204-2040  
jtmajor@iglou.com  
September 24, 2008

Dear Knarley & Letha:

And now the knews . . . October was when Alysheba returned to Kentucky, which changed our travel plans (we had been planning to go see Mammoth Cave and go to Nashville). November had Thanksgiving, December the usual family go-round. On Christmas Day I got to see the first girl I ever dated again and found out that one day in second grade I had been so bored I had gone home.

How is the caving in California?

The Ethics of Money: One of the reasons for population growth is that in an agricultural society, children are a capital asset (they can do farm labor at an early age, without having to be paid) while in an industrial society, children are a capi-

tal sink (education costs, now more than ever). So my farm relatives have several children and my town relatives don't.

And we are seeing the reversal in the state-supported non-working areas of society.

Sue's Sites: Has **Sue** ever met Mike Resnick? They could talk a lot, though Resnick seems to be more interested in East Africa. His descriptions of Ngorongoro Crater, for example . . .

Carry On Jeeves: Note that he is describing the "austerity years", when right-minded chaps had everyone buckle down, turn to, and do without in order to rebuild. This was the same mentality that turned used army tanks into farm tractors.

But I see he had "mainstreaming" ("Basil's going off, sir."), safety regulations, and food fights.

Did any of the teachers actually see a pay check before Maurice took them off to the house where the man with the large box of cash showed up? One could do some very inventive stoppages there.

InterLOCutions: **Lloyd Penney** (1): Lisa noted a crime problem in Windsor. She saw three items of litter in two hours. Here, two seconds is as long as it takes.

**Eric Mayer:** Dealing with abstractions does enervate a person. This may be why dealing with cats is so good for you.

**Bill Legate** (1): And Ronald Radosh (*The Rosenberg File* (1983, 1997), with Joyce Milton) pretty much did for *Invitation to an Inquest*. Now, of course, as you note Morton Sobell has confessed to the whole thing, and even the Meeropol boys admitted that their father was a Soviet spy.

**Lloyd Penney** (2): Mr “unstylish clothes” was himself dismissed when the company was bought up. I filed for unemployment, they protested, but didn’t or couldn’t send anyone down to Hopkinsville for the hearing. I got it.

**Bill Legate** (2): I see you agree with J. Edgar Hoover.

Me: By the time we got to the “WORLD’S LARGEST PRAIRIE DOG 5 MILES” sign we were a bit curious about it. However, the rattlesnakes in the associated petting zoo were slightly offputting.

It might help **Joseph Nicholas** to realize that his opponents believe what they believe, not what he needs them to believe.

**Jim Stumm:** Or reply thereof. So the line in *Blazing Saddles* about horses being valuable assets, so send a couple of track layers was not just a comic invention of Mel Brooks’s.

**Dave Szurek:** Then there was the man who wanted me to call AAA so I could get a gallon of gas, which I would then give to him for his car . . .

**Jeffrey Allan Boman:** The Usenet Blowhard has zero credibility; he is also a Holocaust Denier, which may not be unrelated. When challenged for proof of his assertions he says he has provided it already, he doesn’t exist to do his questioner’s homework, and other similar comments.

On to Issue 131!

**Brad W. Foster’s** pirate lady is nice. I wish I had had that illo for the essay I wrote on Frank G. Slaughter’s *The Deadly Lady of Madagascar*.

No Budget-Filmmaking Primer: Directors can cause problems. During the film-shooting, Stanley Kubrick had “blocked” scenes from the novel *A Clockwork Orange* and would say they were shooting certain pages that day.

This becomes an example of directorial solipsism because, you see, Kubrick had started out shooting the American twenty-chapter edition. When it was called to his attention that the British edition had an extra chapter, he rejected the idea so thoroughly that he persuaded himself that Burgess had added the last chapter for the British edition.

Carry On Jeeves: “Bagful of offal”. How come we never heard of this when so many other con catastrophes such as the radioactive drinking horn, the masquerade costume made with, or perhaps of, peanut butter, or the sprinkler failure are the talk of fans the world wide?

Namarie,  
Joseph T Major

☐**CKK:** *Haven’t done any caving yet out here. We’ve been feeling our way around various social outlets somewhat restricted by having to make sure Derek can get himself to and from work.*☐

Trinlay Khadro  
trinlay63@wi.rr.com  
30 Jan 2009

A pitiful Loc, but a LOC...

Winter has been rough, the fibromyalgia has been flaring up and I find myself cutting back on a lot of activity.

I’m catching myself with some short term memory glitches: A friend took me to a movie a couple weeks ago, and what I can recall is the promo for *Coraline*, but not what movie I went to see. It was something scifi ish, and I enjoyed it, but I can’t tell you what I saw! It will come back to me when it’s no longer news. KT came with me... I should ask her...A HA! it was *Desperaux!* Which now that she’s given me the name of the movie I can recall in great detail. (multiple plot threads that all tie together at the end, and having seen it with friends including a 3 yr old, can tell you that apparently 3 year olds can often follow complicated plot lines.)

We all have lingering curiosity about the chef and his Vegetable Elemental, while we recognize the relationship between cookery and wizardry, we know there’s a great story somewhere about how that came about.

I’m going to include the file with my APA zine, mainly because it’d got all the photos and news I might miss here in it.

This summer I was in a car accident with the Neon. The guy that hit me seemed Reaaaly young (evidence I’m aging) and a bit out of it, he ran the stop sign. The Neon was totalled, but I managed to buy my Paternal Uncle by Marriage’s Honda Accord. (It’s only a smidge younger than the Neon was, but better built to start with.)

Also this summer, Megumi kitty became quite ill. I was worried sick about her as she’d suddenly lost about 1#, and had become pukey. After \$2,000 for the vet, conferring with Dr. Birkhead in email, it was found that she had Inflammatory Bowel Disease, and is now on a special diet, and doing much better. The hard part now, is telling her “sorry You can’t eat this” when she asks for something from my plate. When I do give in, I’m very very careful about what it is I give her. She’s

still a slim cat, but has regained the lost pound, and is happily wrestling with Seimei again.

Seimei remains his supper friendly, and slightly plump self, he's grown up to be 11.5# despite being about the same height and length as Megumi. He loves everyone. We joke that he'd greet a burglar and show him where the silver is...

Megumi hisses at almost all visitors, but has allowed Joleen's friends to pick her up when they come by. One mistook her for Seimei, and picked her up...and surprisingly she was OK with that.

Thanks for the emails from "Sunny California" the puppy seems to have really enjoyed the snow.

KT is doing fine, I'm still hoping she'll sign up for classes, but at least she is looking for a job and sending out applications. She got an interview suit (her request) from the grandparents for Solstice. I got an EEE pc, a sort of mini laptop, which I quite enjoy.

If I'm out with friends and want to show them photos or ETSY or some other site, I can take it out of my purse and pull up the web.

In Mid-December I found out about the CPSIA law...which may put me, and many other home crafters out-of-business. Even though the vast majority of my work ends up in the hands of adult and teen collectors, it's mostly cute, and mostly "toys" that certainly would appeal to a child 12 and under. Even though it's impossible for my fantasy plushies to contain either lead or phylates.

ETSY forums have pretty much gone insane over the topic, and trying to find whether and how it applies to the home based craft businesses. CPSC as well as inquiries to Representatives in DC hasn't been very helpful. However, at this point, we've gotten hints from CPSC that there will be significant news for us in about a week. We're also finding that the government approved labs are predominantly in China and India, and the few that are in the US are not interested in taking on testing for micro-businesses.

Hope to get more of a LOC out to you shortly... right now I'm either overwhelmed or obsessive... :D



BALD SPOT ON A SUN SPOT

☐CKK: *Memory can be a fickle thing. I have the worst time with names. We've had a pukey cat since 2001. We have no idea what to do to solve the problem as nothing seems to work. He's rather bony, but still hanging in there.*☐

Milt Stevens

-  
Simi Valley, CA 93063

-  
January 30, 2009

Dear Henry and Letha,

All things considered, you still are one of the most reliable faneds. It wasn't really surprising that you missed a couple of issues while studying for the bar exam, moving across country, and starting a new job. The rest of us are amazed at how much stuff you get done in any given time period. Now that you're doing fan things again, I'm sure you will continue doing fan things.

Congratulations on passing the bar. Before reading your explanation, I really didn't know what the pass/fail ratio on the bar exam was. If I had guessed, I probably would have guessed a lower percentage of people passed the exam.

Jim Sullivan's problems as an office manager are pretty much the problems of dealing with people anywhere. Over the years, I drifted in and out of being a supervisor quite a few times. As an analytical officer, I usually had two or three people working for me. As an area adjutant, I had about 25 people working for me.

There were all sorts of problems over the years. One summer when I was the analytical officer at Van Nuys I inherited two 16 year old girls as part of some federal poverty program. The girls were Mexicans who lived in the section of Van Nuys known to the police as Dogtown. They could speak English, but they had no clerical skills. They couldn't even alphabetize. Being teenage girls, they would whisper to each other in the office. That drove me out of my mind. Having heard all sorts of things in police stations over the years, I was sure their gossip wouldn't phase me as long as they didn't whisper. It took me a couple of weeks to get them to stop whispering. A second problem was that the girls didn't wear bras. I did not feel it was my place to talk to two 16

year old girls about the correct choice of underwear. I asked one of the secretaries to deal with that problem for me. As a final problem, a gangbanger from Dogtown saw one of the girls in the station and threatened to kill her. Reasonably enough, the girl became hysterical. We had to have a Mexican sergeant go over to Dogtown and "splain" things to the gangbanger. Nobody got killed.

Also at Van Nuys, I had a secretary who talked to God all the time. There is talking to God and talking to God. This woman heard voices in

her head. She had a number of friends who would drop by the office every day for various purposes. One guy read the newspaper every day for evidence of the end of the world. All of them had been 86ed out of the Church on the Way for speaking in tongues. Before that, I had known you could get 86ed out of bars, but I didn't know you could be 86ed out of a church. Learn something every day.

One student worker was a member of this speaking in tongues group. He was a born again jerk. To show his contempt for me as an unbeliever, he started referring to me as "Milty." I don't get upset if people occasionally refer to me as Milty, but repetition can create annoyance. I was in my thirties, and he was 19. I was the supervisor, and he wasn't. I told him he could call me either "Milt" or "Mr. Stevens." Those were the only two choices. One of the purposes of the student worker program was to evaluate the student workers as potential police officers. That guy never got hired as a police officer. There are people who go psycho in the course of doing police work. We don't need to hire people who are psycho to begin with.

I suppose I could go on with stories like this for a long time, but this is probably enough for a LoC.

Yours truly,  
Milt Stevens

*TKK: Temporary and volunteer help can certainly be fickle. We even had to deal with it with work study students in the department office at the university. Some were so brazen then even talked about acting in such away to avoid as much work as possible.*

Brad W Foster  
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31 Jan 2009

Greetings Henry and Letha ~

Pleasant surprise to find not one but two new issues of The Knarley Knews in the mailbox this week. (And no problem with shifting the cover from one to the other. Certainly you had to run Marc's on #130!)

I don't think you should refer to yourself, in regards to being a faned, as "just another dabbler" for two reasons. One, you have more than a reasonable reason for the long delay in issues this past year. Two, you run the risk of making it seem that everyone else who doesn't stick to a regular schedule is "just" a dabbler, and that is a bad way to go! We'll decide if you are becoming unreliable only if, now that you have settled back into a semblance of a normal life again, you don't return to the regular schedule you have imposed. And, should the hectic needs of real life continue to interfere with a bi-monthly schedule, might a recommend just re-setting the bar to a quarterly?

Your comment regarding your "training" session in D.C., and the lack of skill of those who were supposed to be doing that training, reminds me of most of the jobs Cindy and I have had to step into. The person who is supposed to train us is usually just the last person to hold that position; if we are lucky. Often it is someone who has some secondary knowledge of the job, as the person we were replacing was long gone. And while many people might know how to do their job, few know how to teach someone else those skills in an orderly and logical way. With the set of teachers, the good ones are those who are aware of that lack, and thus cut the student some slack for not "getting it" immediately. Whereas the bad ones seem to be really upset that you haven't absorbed all the knowledge, passed to you or not, that they have in their own heads. Teaching is easy, unless you want to do it right. Then it takes some real time and effort.

I was stunned moving between the two issues with the hockey league you are in. Your note in issue #130 refers to it as "the old men's league". In my old-man head, I saw this as a bunch of guys probably 50 years old and up. Imagine, if you will, my shock when I found in issue #131 that this was now being referred to as "the Over-35 league". Woo, when did a 36 year old man become old? Of course, guess that's why they are called officially titled "Over-35", rather than using your own more offhand "old men", so us really old guys don't start weeping for our lost youth.

Oh, and I did the web search: cool looking house!

Keep on pubbing!  
Brad

*TKK: I find irregular fanzines somewhat frustrating. The whole point of the interaction of "the usual" can be frustrated by the limbo of not knowing when the next issue is coming. This is why I'm somewhat frustrated by my less than typical dependability. My prior old men's league had players who legally couldn't drink the beer in the locker room. I have no idea if my league enforces the 35 age limit, but it certainly would apply to my team with the possible exception of the single female player.*

Ned Brooks  
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02 Feb 2009

Hi Knarl – Thanks for the zines. Depressing to think that we are 40 years past the Moon landing and I probably won't live to see any further progress in manned space flight. Not that I am particularly surprised – the Earth's gravity well is deep, and rockets are very costly and inefficient. We never got the breakthrough that would have made space-flight really practical - whatever it is the flying saucers seem to have, if there were any such things.



Nice rant from Gene Stewart. It was a mistake to grant corporations the rights of the individual, and how we can get that asinine principle back out of common law I have no idea. The corporation can have no conscience – it doesn't even have a mind. Unrestrained power will always be abused. But many of us have been members of a relatively benign corporation – the WSFC, which puts on the worldcons. It may be that it commits few abuses because it has no permanent officers or staff. Perhaps in addition to forbidding a corporation from having any legal rights at all, we should insist that it change management every year.

I wonder if it's really true that no guest at South Africa's parks has ever been attacked by an animal.... Big cats like the lion and tiger are said to become man-eaters when they get too old to catch their normal prey – why wouldn't such a lion tear open a tent to get a meal? Are the lions so bound by programmed instinct that they only eat what they have chased? I have noticed that the deer in this subdivision hardly ever appear other than late at night – and then seem to roam rather aimlessly. There are no longer any predators to chase them, and they would be less likely to collide with a car during the day. Were they safer from wolves or wildcats at night before man became their only predator?

Nice Brad Foster cover on #131. You should publish Terry Jeeves new address, he is said to want to get skiffy stuff.

Best, Ned

☐CKK: *I'd be amazed if no park guest had ever been bitten by a snake. Don't know enough to say about lion attacks. Likewise in this country there is little evidence, if any, of wolf attacks. I do not know Terry's new address.*☐

Joy V. Smith  
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3 Feb 2009

Henry,

That was a fun surprise – two issues. Before long we'll probably be getting future issues from you so that you never get behind again! The moon landing collage cover on 130 was an excellent tribute. I see you're busy dashing back and forth as usual; I was glad to see in the midst of all that that you took a stand for "common sense." I've seen people overindulge just because they could. (Free wine at an auction had one guy practically using a funnel to pour it down his throat; and the woman who threw up her mead on an English tour bus left an aroma that is still not forgotten. We were warned about it beforehand.)

I enjoyed Alexander Slate's articles on the ethics of money and charity and Sue's Sites: Roar of the Lions. Those tents must be pretty darned strong and the humans exceedingly trusting! I especially enjoyed Jim Sullivan's article, Why I

Quit Being an Office Manager. I'd like to see more on that. Jeeves' article on teaching in the wombs of hell was scary! Lots of interesting LOCs; I enjoyed reading everyone's stories of their home selling and moving experiences.

Okaaay, that was 130. Brad Foster's cover of 131 was beautiful, including the frame. Oh, I was glad to hear that you passed your bar exam. I figured you would, but you can never relax until you know. I see you have another exam coming up. And naturally, you're busy with lots of different things. I did not realize you'd have hockey in California too. And I can see why your son sees that you're a better coach for flag football.

The filmmaking primer will be useful for beginners. Btw, we used to have neighbors who filmed on the road in front of our homes; they'd drive a car slowly down the road and the kids would throw themselves on it, etc. Always interesting to see. I enjoyed Jeeves' article on cons also. Thanks for the two fun and enlightening issues.

Appreciatively,  
Joy V. Smith

☐CKK: *Hockey was a minor factor taken into account as part of our relocation. We cased the rink when we came out last April and had all the details on leagues long before the season started.*☐

Laurraine Tutihasi  
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06 Feb 2009

Your problems with the rental house remind me of our problems with ours. I have never seen a more poorly designed AC system. All the vents are in the ceiling, and the returns for both upstairs and downstairs are in the upstairs ceiling! Because all the heat travels upstairs, it's almost always too warm there; and we keep the AC on the cool setting year round. We turn the heat on downstairs during the cool season and turn it to cool as the weather warms.

In the house we're building, the vents are still in the ceiling, but the returns are near the floor. In addition we have six different zones with separate thermostats. Also because the house is much better insulated, we won't know until we live there how much we'll need to do any heating or cooling.

By the way, our house is coming along very well. The exterior will soon be painted. The drywall has been installed on the interior. We now also have a double retaining wall that is 99% complete; our land is on a slight slope and we need the walls to keep rainwater from flooding or undermining the house. Connections have been made to water and electric utilities. I presume the phone connection will be completed at the time we order phone service, which won't be until the house is finished. Preparations have been made to pour the patios and

Mike's observatory pad. The roof has been shingled and is ready for the solar panels.

Gas prices bottomed here in December with some stations selling regular for less than \$1.50, but prices have slowly risen back up since to \$1.89 where we usually go. California gas prices are higher because of the different formulation. For some reason Tucson gas prices are the lowest in Arizona.

California electric prices tend to be high because of the bind most utilities got into with the Enron mess and fixed price contracts.

If California drivers are polite, that is a change; or maybe Bayrea drivers are more polite than SoCal drivers. SoCal drivers were polite back in 1976 when I visited but never during the time I lived there (1983-2007).

Re: Jim Stumm's article on being an office manager. I don't know that his experience is the norm. I've never worked anywhere with problems like the ones he describes. My husband managed people for many years and never ran into such horrible problems.

I also don't know that going braless was ever fashionable, acceptable maybe. But I know at least one person who likes to go braless, or at least used to, and shouldn't. I never realized that men liked that sort of thing.

As usual I enjoyed reading Terry Jeeves's article.

I will comment separately on the next issue.

Laurraine Tutihasi

☐TKK: *Glad to hear the house is coming along well. Bay area drivers seem to be polite only where merging is concerned. Beyond that it is the usual stupidity on the roads.*☐

Jim Stumm  
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February 6, 2009

**Gene Stewart**, in reply to *TKK130*, p. 7: Your anti-corporation screed was an amusing rant, but I have a few comments.

Profits: I wonder if you're pleased with the present economic situation since, instead of profits, those nasty corps are experiencing big losses. Of course, as a result, 1000s of workers are losing their jobs. But I suppose seeing profits destroyed is more important to you than job loss. The unavoidable link between jobs and profits is this: No company will hire workers unless the employer thinks their labor will be profitable to the company.

You say the corps ignore pollution, crime, and poverty. You'll be happy to learn that air pollution is much reduced here in Buffalo now that all the steel plants, foundries, and many other factories have shut down. Of course, because of that, there

aren't as many jobs here as there used to be. So, many people have moved away to find work elsewhere and the population of Buffalo has fallen 50% in recent decades. There are about 20,000 abandoned houses, rotting, dilapidated, boarded up, waiting for the city to find enough money to tear them down. But hey, the air is cleaner.

If corps are the cause of crime and poverty, how is it that crime is way up in Buffalo now that so many corps are gone? Could the lack of jobs have anything to do with the increase in crime? Could it be that guys hanging out on street corners because they have no jobs to go to, guys looking for some alternative way to get money, could that have anything to do with crime, do you think?

And as for poverty, Buffalo is now the 3rd poorest city in the nation, now that so many of those corps that don't care about crime or poverty are gone.

After they finish sneering at the EPA, corporate leaders at least minimally comply with environmental regulations, unlike government agencies that are exempt from such regulations. So some of the worst pollution is caused by the government itself, like the radioactive contamination at Hanford in Washington, and that recent spill of toxic coal ash near Harriman, Tennessee, that buried 400 acres, damaged homes, and polluted the river and ground water with 2.6 million cubic yards of toxic ash containing mercury, arsenic, and lead. The TVA said they were sorry, but they won't be paying any fines. No heads will roll. They're the government. But that kind of unintended damage is insignificant compared to what happens when the government intentionally causes death and destruction by waging war.

You note that corps can live forever. Well they aspire to, so do governments, and religions, but many of them don't. The list of defunct corps is long, including Enron, Bethlehem Steel, Washington Mutual, and so many others. What corps really have is not so much eternal life as indefinite life.

What's the alternative that you would prefer? We consider it a tragedy when a company fails and perhaps 1000s of workers lose their jobs. Would you want corps that are doing well financially to be forced to shut down and fire all their workers after some term of years?

You claim that corps control political leaders with your oddly worded: "leaders who exist to service the corporate contracts that created them." I don't think Obama was the candidate supported by most corps, yet somehow he was elected. You may want to moderate your rhetoric now that Bush is no longer "the decider." Besides corps, labor unions and other pressure groups seem to have a lot of influence over the present Administration.

Kyoto: That's the agreement that requires the most prosperous countries to make big cuts in their CO<sub>2</sub> output, while China and all the other less prosperous countries can continue to spew out all the pollution they want into the air. Kyoto supporters apparently think that CO<sub>2</sub> that comes from China

doesn't count. Kyoto certainly does do what it's really meant to do: give certain people a warm and fuzzy feeling so they will vote for the politicians who pander to them. But what it will accomplish in regard to the climate is absolutely nothing.

**Alexander Slate**, in reply to *TKK130*, p4: You say that we have a problem with greed in today's world. Actually, greed is a constant throughout human history, no more prevalent today than in the past. People differ with each other in many ways, and that results in an unequal distribution of wealth. There's no way you can change that. Give everyone enough wealth at some moment and some would lose it, others would gain more and inequality would soon reappear. Unequal wealth is as much a fact of nature as unequal body weight.

You may not agree that taxation is theft, but surely you can see this difference: When you receive a solicitation from a charity, if you decide not to send them a check, nothing bad will happen to you. Compare that with receiving a property tax bill. If you refuse to pay it, eventually your property will be seized for non-payment of taxes. Likewise, if you fail to pay income taxes, your assets will be seized and you may be jailed. So you may not call it theft, but there is an undeniable coercive element to taxation that's entirely missing from voluntary charity. Moralists may also want to consider whether there is any personal merit in doing what you are forced to do, compared to exercising free will.

Your reference to a fundamentalist Christian/libertarian/ultra-conservative community is bizarre. No such community exists. Your mistake arises from trying to place libertarians somewhere on a one-dimensional left-right political axis. An accurate analysis requires a 2-dimensional graph, with a vertical y-axis crossing your left-right x-axis. This y-axis denotes authoritarians on the bottom and libertarians on top. We libertarians are as far away as you can get from authoritarian fundamentalist Christians and conservatives who want to impose their preferences on others by force, often government force. We see those two as being low on the y-axis, where we also find authoritarian liberals and leftists who want to

impose their do-gooder schemes on all of us whether we want to participate or not.

The important distinction for us is whether you're authoritarian or not. Left or right matters very little compared to up or down. Libertarians include leftists and rightists as long as they are anti-authoritarian. And besides that, most libertarians are atheists. So we are hardly part of a community of repressed, authoritarian, bible thumpers.

One reason why so many people are hungry is because they have the misfortune to live under kleptomaniac governments. Worst case today is Zimbabwe. But living under warlords with no effective government, as is Somalia, also promotes hunger.

In my view, greed for power, which motivates most politicians, is worse than greed for money. Robespierre is worse than Danton.

Population growth is fastest in poor countries and zero or less in the most prosperous countries. Free enterprise economic systems tend to reduce prosperity which tends to reduce population growth.

Jim Stumm

□*TKK*: *The Milwaukee Metropolitan Sewage District routinely flushed blended product (partially untreated) into Lake Michigan with very little fine or tangible consequence. Certainly less than the fine a developer would face if they failed to properly install a silt barrier on a home construction project. Obama was elected in large measure due to the lack of appropriate oversight the government gave to the banking and real estate industries that triggered the domino effect of the current recession/depression. McCain and the Republicans were effectively doomed by this more than who they were running against. As flawed as the Kyoto Treaty may be, it doesn't change the fact that pollution should be reduced.*□

John Purcell  
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8 Feb 2009

Hey, Knarley -

Thank you for sending the double-pack of Knarley Knews. I was a bit worried when I didn't get the 130th issue, but figured you were extraordinarily busy with unpacking and setting up shop in your new California abode. I appreciate all the kind words of your loccers about "Moonflowers" in issue 129. That particular piece may find its way into Texas Gardener, since that magazine accepts outside contributions. Until then, some other article might wing its way to you. Stay tuned.



Good news about the CA bar exam! Congratulations, kind sir. That takes a bit of weight off your shoulders; now you can get down to business. (\*) Further on in your editorial, you say you've started playing hockey again. Good for you. I haven't the time to do that – doctoral work, and all - but that is something I would really enjoy doing some day. I can always go down to the local ice rink (where my now 18-year old daughter works) and do some free-skating to get my ice legs back. The exercise regimen I've been on has worked wonders for my stamina and health (lost 6 pounds since Thanksgiving; not much, but it's a start), and ice skating would do wonders, too. Hope your team at least has fun playing. That's what leagues for old farts like us are all about.

Now for a few comments on issue #130. There really isn't much I can add to Alexander Slate's article in the final installment of his "Ethics of Money" series. He makes some really good points, and in light of the stimulus plan currently under consideration in the Senate, Alexander's closing points about government money seem quite apropos. If we weren't so caught up in rebuilding the world's economy, think of what could be accomplished in fixing assorted problems facing the world. We can sure dream about these things, can't we?

Gene Stewart likewise raises some good questions. I hadn't thought of large corporations as sociopaths, but the analogy fits. They certainly appear to have raped humanity and the planet in pursuit of the all-mighty dollar. I wait to read other reader response to this article in a future issue of TKK. A thought-provoking piece.

Jim Sullivan's office manager woes illustrate why I don't desire to be a college administrator. I get enough male-female problems in the college classroom for my fill, so needing to smooth things out between my colleagues is not on my career agenda. Still, Jim wrote a very entertaining piece here.

As always, I enjoyed the Terry Jeeves' article. Since I am a college teacher, reading about his trials and tribulations in the classroom were both entertaining and frightening. His experiences are vastly different from mine - different era and country will do that - but I really liked this article. Many thanks for running these Jeeves reminiscences.

As for issue #131, that Brad Foster cover amply demonstrates the richness of his work. I am so glad he's producing for us faneds; the fellow deserves the accolades he receives.

A short issue, but Gene Stewart's "A Cure for Style" merits some commentary. As a reader – not as a college English teacher - I enjoy reading stylish writing; how authors put their words together to tell their stories is a huge contributing factor to readability. For example, just last night I read some Cordwainer Smith stories – notably "Mother Hitton's Littul Kittons" – and really got into how Smith constructed his sentences and images. Marvelous word-smithing there, and vivid.

But I see that Gene is more concerned with style as a by-product of computer software. I don't know about that. Style is still a product of writing skill and can only be developed by the act of writing itself. It is not something that can be downloaded for reuse. Give me a writer who can tell a good story any day.

Loved that film-making primer. I'll never do this sort of thing – recording music, yes, but not film-making - but this was a lot of fun to read. I shall have to visit Uncle Al Bouchard's blog to catch up on other entries in this series.

Many thanks for shipping these to me, Henry. I will be printing off a half-dozen copies of my latest issue and get one to you in trade. In the meantime, I hope all goes well in the California adventure of your life, and look forward to reading still more zines from you.

All the best,  
John Purcell

☐TKK: I actually took up the game of hockey during my Ph.D. work. It was a healthy distraction for a few hours a week and is a bit like your current exercise program. Congrats on the weight loss.☐

Laurraine Tutihasi  
See address on Earlier LOC  
10 Feb 2009

Congratulations on passing the bar exam.

Re: Al Bouchard's filmmaking article: We've been editing our home video since 1999. Well, actually that's when I started shooting video. It took us a little while to get around to editing it. It was a learning process. We are a Mac household. Still the software/hardware combination we originally had didn't seem completely up to the task. Mike, my husband, who does most of the heavy editing work, gradually learned a lot about editing and slowly upgraded his hardware and software. The first video we made of our vacation/convention trip to Australia had sound synching problems; and they can drive you nuts if you see a person talking on the video, which fortunately isn't often. The software comes with various dissolves and other transition tricks, title frames, and other similar useful things.

All the editing we've done is just for private consumption only. Any copies we've made for friends and other people who asked have been strictly at cost. We make no claims to making professional grade videos, but I think they are pretty good. Where appropriate each video has a menu like the kind you get with videos you buy.

My contribution is strictly on the artistic end. I shoot the videos mostly, and I make artistic decisions about what to cut. I think I've learned to take better videos over the years, but it's very different from making a fiction movie.

By the way, for anyone interested, you can see our home-building blog at <http://web.me.com/mweasner/Road2Oracle/Blog/Blog.html> . It's updated almost daily and will tell you more than you ever wanted to know about the ins and outs of building a house. The latest addition shows the snow that fell last night (10 February).

Laurraine Tutihasi

☐CKK: *The only video editing I've done is to pause and then restart the video camera. Sometimes I even use the fade-out button on the camera, but before that we slowly closed the aperture to do it manually.*☐

Lloyd Penney  
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February 13, 2008

Dear Knarley:

It's Friday the 13th, a day for not crossing the paths of black cats, not walking under ladders and not stepping on cracks for fear you'll break your mother's back. I am in a fearless mood today, so I shall toss caution to the wind, and write some comments on issues 130 and 131, plus other goodies that came in the envelope.

130...the 40th anniversary of the first moon landing bring a tried and true line I've heard for years. If we can put a man on the moon, why can't we put a man on the moon today? I am amazed that the technology to do this has been nearly lost, and that any kind of tech for future moon or Mars missions will be reverse engineered from remaining papers and blueprints from the Apollo missions.

Producing a fanzine usually gets bumped by real life intruding, so I wouldn't worry too much about a schedule. Keeping to it is best, but never let it interfere with your new career.

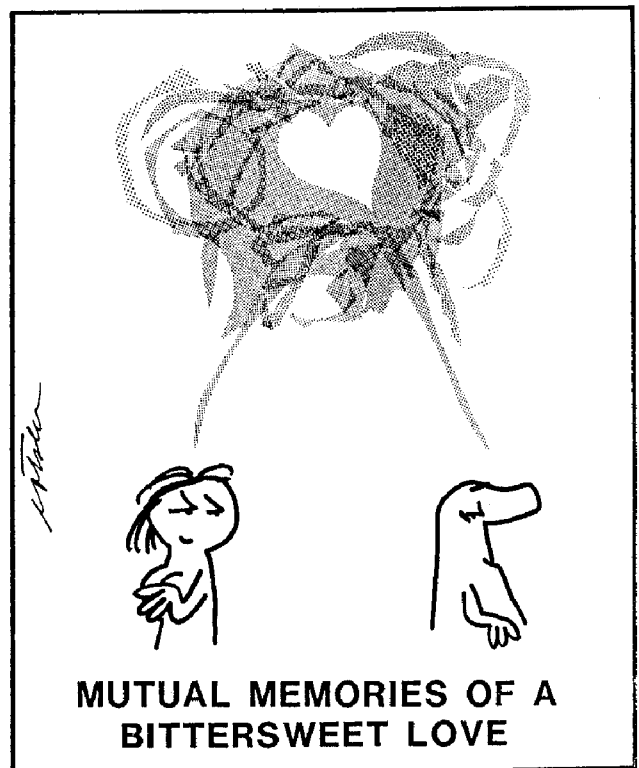
We try to give to charity as we can, and we donate to the Salvation Army and the United Way. However, we do not give to beggars on the street. In some areas of downtown Toronto, there are so many beggars, if we gave to each, we'd soon be joining them. Uncaring? No, just that we would want to give our money to an organization that would do the most with the money donated. We've seen our share of sneaky types...there's one fellow with a sign that says he's a traveller, and needs some quick cash to get moving, and won't you help him out? He's at the foot of an offramp where cars will stop for a light, and he's bold enough to approach cars. He's been there for three years now. He's either stuck in one location because of lack of money, or the money's been good, and why move on?

There are modern-day minutemen who patrol America's borders vigilante-style to repel outsiders; I don't think Gene has

this in mind. What we need is to be a little less selfish, and to think more of others. This is often slapped with the label of being socialist, but is usually misunderstood by most. We are taught to be self-centred...go ahead! You deserve it! Go get it! This attitude not only is a main cause of the credit crisis, but also our weight problems. If we could control ourselves and think a little past the next few seconds, we might realize that we are eating ourselves to death, and spending ourselves into a debt crisis that we all need to handle. The US debt has topped \$10 trillion, and the current bailout plans top out at around \$2 trillion. A trillion here, a trillion there; soon, we'll be talking about real money, right? How will this be paid back? Will it ever be paid back?

Jim Sullivan's tales of woe as an office manager are often shared by regular employees. We all have to deal with the crabby guy in the corner, the slutty types, the arrogant jerks, the people who reek because of bad body chemistry or too much perfume/cologne, and the loud speakers. (For the record, I'm the crabby guy in the corner.) One thing I like about my evening job is that when I get there, most of the daytime staff have already left. I don't deal with the office politics because after four years there, some of the staff still never, never seen me. Sometimes, I arrive to an empty office, do my work and then leave for home. Wish my daytime job was like that.

Greetings to Terry Jeeves...we know that life has taken some terrible turns for you, but we hope that you are doing well. You are not forgotten, and these columns make sure of that. You must have figured that if you could handle the Germans in the war, handling a room full of students would be easy...perhaps then, but these days, I think the students would be tougher.



Hmmm...this is what I have to do to get to the top of the local? :-) That letter's about a year old...our winter this year hasn't been much better, but we have just finished a mild period that actually got rid of most of our snow. Yvonne's contract at Diageo finished up, she worked for some months at the Ontario Realty Corporation, and is now hunting, but has some excellent leads. I am still at TriAd/SGS. Reuters Thomson seemed to like me, but I guess not enough to hire me. I have gotten back in touch with Tom Sadler, and I have located the four issues of The Reluctant Famulus he's put up on eFanzines.com.

There's a branch of the Toronto Public Library just across the highway, and it has a number of computers there...last time I was there, all computers were taken by kids playing video games. When I asked the librarian for a terminal, she picked a kid at random, and he was visibly angry at being interrupted. I took the terminal, and he stood right beside me and glared at me until I was done. I complained to the librarians, who promptly ignored me. I gather there's more terminals there now, but I doubt I'll be back, for that service, at least.

131...Did I send you any of my Tales From the Convention!? I may have offered, and I may have sent, but if I didn't, let me know, and I will send one.

It's a thin issue, but as you say in the local, this is what happens when the previous issue doesn't get distributed. Again, I wouldn't worry about frequency. I think most of us are just happy to get TKK when it arrives.

Style made be think twice and write once, but MS Word and other WP programmes allow you to write twice, or as many times as you like before you work up the courage to submit your writing. I do that regularly, which might be more of a commentary of my lack of style.

Al Bouchard's timely tips for producing a movie also apply to radio productions. One production I worked on I really want to hear, but there were post-production problems, and it may never appear, or be heard, by anyone. Should I get a CD in the mail with the radio show on it, I shall be surprised.

More Jeeves...from teacher to convention fan, and those stories sound all too familiar. I have certainly found that while we think we're putting one over on the hotel, they probably know what we're doing, and could give us pointers on how to do it better. They know bathtubs are horizontal refrigerators with the right amount of ice, they know when there's 7 people in a double room, and they know what we smuggle in, and I don't think they really care one way or the other. I think they'd be disappointed if we didn't at least try.

See you nextish.

Yours,  
Lloyd Penney.

☐TKK: *The managers, in their own way, can be just as bad as the employees.*☐

Rodney Leighton  
RR #3  
Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0  
Canada  
Feb. 15, 2009

Dear Henry:

Thanks for the double shot of TKK which arrive, um, Feb. 2.

I have to say that #131 kind of had the feel of a desperation sort of zine, like you felt you had to do an issue. I would have preferred to see you distribute #130 and then do 131 when time allowed as a for real issue of TKK as opposed to a slimmer nothing much in it version. But that's my view. Don't forget that doing TKK is a hobby and is supposed to be fun. If you being to obsess about getting an issue out, it will become not fun.

Of course: as of this date I have seen 4 SF fanzines this calendar year.

I was amused at your comment about a 2 inch snowfall making getting out of the driveway a challenge; then again; I was a bit surprised that you have snow at all in CA. Like in Afghanistan. Fridays are special "remember the troops" days here. The local TV meteorologist has been giving a brief report of weather in Afghanistan on Fridays. Yesterday it was -2 C and snowing in Kabul. Huh? One tends to think of that country as desert. Always hot. Not so I guess.

Your Christmas tree experience brought back memories of similar events. We usually made a stand of sorts using lumber; kind of like a cross, nailed to the base of the tree and tie the damned thing to a couple or three nails in the walls. I guess that depends on having an old house where you can drive nails. We always had big trees when we were kids. Now Dec. 25 is just another day for me. Haven't even seen a Christmas tree in years. Fir trees, yes. Going to go cut a few when it gets light. Which will become pulp.

Always happy to see an issue.

Best  
Rodney

☐TKK: *This is neither the first time, nor the last, that I've done a double issue. The first was complete for two months and I had enough material, sans LOCs so I did a second. Folks from the east coast and midwest would be appalled at how they build roads and driveways out here. Very steep and with polished smooth asphalt as if it never rained or snowed. Hence the difficulty in the driveway.*☐

**We also heard from:**

Sheryl Birkhead, Megan Bouchard, Patti Hetherington,  
and Sue Welch

## Fanzines Received in Trade



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

*Alexiad Vol. 8 No. 1* by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. A nice fanzine with lots of book reviews and a solid letter column.

*Argentus 2008* by Steven Silver; 707 Sapling Ln.; Deerfield, IL 60015-3969; shsilver@sfsite.com; annual; \$3 or the usual. An interesting fanzine with articles from a large number of contributors.

*Ethel the Aardvark #139 & 140* by rotating editors; 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 and covers club news and SF related material in Australia.

*Living Free 142* by Jim Stumm; Hiler Branch, Box 29-KK; Buffalo, NY 14223; irregular; \$2. An interesting zine dedicated to living independently.

*MarkTime 91* by Mark Strickert; 9050 Carron Dr. #273; Pico Rivera, CA 90660; busnrail@yahoo.com; irregular; \$2 or the usual. The typical updates, plus announcements of marriage and an impending child.

*MaryMark Press* by Mark Sonnenfeld; 45-08 Old Millstone Dr.; East Windsor, NJ 08520; irregular; the usual. Various strange publications with experimental writing styles.

*Opuntia 67, 67.1A & 67.1B* by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. More on

peak oil, plus features on the state of zinedom and *The Lost World*.

*Plokta 39.5* by Steve Davies; 52 Westbourne Terrace; Reading Berks RG30 2RP; Alison Scott; 24 St Mary Rd; Walthamstow London E17 9RG; and Mike Scott; 9 Jagger House; Rosenau Rd; London SW11 4QY; Great Britain; locs@plokta.com; <http://www.plokta.com/>; irregular; the usual. A very humorous fanzine.

*Popular Reality #6*; PO Box 66426; Albany, NY 12206; irregular; \$3 or the usual. An ever-changing zine with this issue featuring dark and counter-social material.

*The Reluctant Famulus 68* by Tom Sadler; 305 Gill Branch Road; Owenton, KY 40359; thomasdsad@copper.net; irregular; the usual. Another fine issue of this fanzine. Retirement seems to have resurrected a more regular publication schedule.

*Vanamonde No. 773-77* 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 #134-137* by Bob Sabella; 24 Cedar Manor Ct; Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023; BSabella@optonline.net; monthly; the usual. A nice collection of issues. The monthly publication rate has made for a more flexible fanzine.



## Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Please inspire me here.

I wonder what there is in the Bay Area?

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



### You Got this Issue Because ...

\_\_\_\_\_ The Federal Rules of Civil Procedure have nothing to do with the publication of this issue.

\_\_\_\_\_ I cannot, for the life of me, figure out why people choose to live in central Arizona. Nothing but scrub land. Enlighten me, please.

\_\_\_\_\_ You are going to write me some interesting 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.