

"Oh, where are you going," says the false knight on the road + "I'm going to me school," says the wee boy and still he stood -|- "What is on your back," says the false knight on the road + "Me bundles and me books," says the wee boy and still he stood =|= "I came and walking by your door," says the false knight on the road + "That lay in your way," says the wee boy and still he stood -|- "I flung your dog a stone," says the false knight on the road + "I wish it was a bone," says the wee boy and still he stood ## "Oh, what sheep and cattle's that," says the false knight on the road + "They're mine and me father's," says the wee boy and still he stood -|- "And how many shall be mine," says the false knight on the road + "The ones that have the blue tail," says the wee boy and still he stood ## "Oh, how can I get a share o' them," says the false knight on the road + "You cannot get a share of them," says the wee boy and still he stood



The False Knight on the Road

"And why the stiek all in your hand," says the false knight on the road + "To keep me from all cold and harm," says the wee boy and still he stood ## "As I wish you were in yonder tree," says the false knight on the road + "A ladder under me," says the wee boy and still he stood -|- "The ladder it'll break," says the false knight on the road + "And you will surely fall," says the wee boy and still he stood ## "I wish you were in yonder sea," says the false knight on the road + "A good boat under me," says the wee boy and still he stood -|- "The boat will surely sink," says the false knight on the road + "And you will surely drown," says the wee boy and still he stood ## "Has your mother more than you," says the false knight on the road + "Oh, none of them for you," says the wee boy and still he stood -|- "I think I hear a bell," says the false knight on the road + "It's ringing you to hell," says the wee boy and still he stood

Welcome to

EVENANT/S. STRICKLAND

"B" ^{edazzled}, as someone else is likely to tell you (and in case you didn't know), is a remake; the earlier version had Dudley Moore as the guy who got the wishes, PeterCook as the Devil, and Raquel Welch as Lydia Lust, incarnation of one of the Seven Deadly Sins, and Eleanor Bron as the Girl. I haven't seen the remake yet; did they keep the scene that ends "That's just what *I* said!"?

We had planned to make the second weekend of Fest -- Cowboy Mouth was playing that weekend -- but we wound up a little shy of money, and decided to make DSC.

Of course, we missed most of DSC and we wound up spending more money that weekend than we would have if we had gone to NOLA on the train, as planned, but, of course, this was Not Known In Advance, so...

Several years ago, i was lucky enough to catch Doug Kershaw; he was on the same stage as Dash Rip Rock, who i make it a point to see whenever i can, right before them, so that was double fun. (Last year, we caught Marcia Ball back to back with Cowboy Mouth, which was *also* fun.)

Sorry we seem to have missed you -- got there Very Late Saturday after The Disaster, and it sounds as if you may have crashed before Helen and i got active... I'm surprised that i managed to Not Notice Rob Grillot at a con that small -- he's Fairly Distinctive.

I suspect the broom is ridden with the brush forward to simulate the head of some sort of animal.

The False Knight on the Road.

A SFPazine from

mike weber.

Intended for the July 2001 mailing.

Please note that my current correct address is

162 Spring Place
Dawsonville GA 30534

and that my e-mail is (once again, i hope -- more in text about that)

There are a lot of people these days who don't really "see" black&white pictures without making a more or less conscious effort.

See, i could have told you about "Bouncing Potatos", correct in every detail except as to not knowing which WesterCon, but i once sang it in a consuite with the composer. ((I also actually *ate* bouncing potatos at an early Biloxi CoastCon...))

Some cell phones have programmable musical ringers. If i ever get one, i have the touchtone keys for "I Don't Like Mondays" written down somewhere.

Both Georgia and Alabama added the Battle Flag to their flags in the Fifties.

Back when i was younger and married to my first wife and there were more cons, we prolly did something like a con or two every month. ConCave is a lot of fun.

WHY, MARRY, MISTRESS, A GENTLEMAN MEMBER OF THE MUNICIPAL ANTI-CONFLAGRATION SQUADRON
DOTH VERILY WEAR A RED GARTER AN HE LOSETH NOT HIS BUSKIN!

What -- Yngvi has his own star on Hollywood Blvd, now?

"Slightly newer car" -- it's a '92 Chrysler product just like the former one, but bigger and more comfortable and in better shape with a lot less mileage on it.

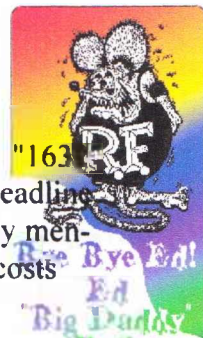
With A/C that works.

Which Helen bitches about.

Charlotte's comments about clothing in her review of "163" lead to me mentioning that just this very evening, on CNN Headline News, in the news ticker they run under the main picture, they mentioned new underwear that filters out "noxious gasses". It costs \$24.95 and a replacement filter is like \$8.95.

This is almost as good (in sort of the opposite direction) as the colourless liquid you can put in swimming pools that turns brilliant colours in the presence of ureic acid...

If Charlotte (or anyone else) watches "Being There", take a look at the tomb they bury one of the characters in -- my sister and brother-in-law helped build it.



Back when Helen was 14, i was driving her to school and we were discussing how Kids Now look at The Future vs how Our (My) Generation did; i explained that a lot of Our Generation were convinced we were going to die in a nuclear war anyway, so why worry about when we were fifty or sixty. She found this concept a little difficult to deal with. But she knew enough history to understand when i pointed out that she was 14, and nothing much was going on in the world, but that *my* 14th birthday was 22 October 1962.

From the "duck and cover" drills we did in grade school, up thru the missile crisis and beyond, we didn't "believe" we were going to die in a nuclear holocaust -- we *knew* we were.

Your comment to Geroge reminds me that, for some reason, i always think of Guy's ex- when i hear "Walking on Sunshine":
Guy's ex- when i hear "Walking on Sunshine":



THE FALSE KNIGHT ON THE ROAD is a sort of riddle song — the 'false knight on the road' is the Devil or one of his agents, and the "wee lad" is literally in a game of wits for his soul — if he fails to answer one of the false knight's questions quickly and appropriately, he'll be whisked away to the Awful Place immediately.

I think some interpretations hold that the false knight is some sort of Faerie manifestation — an elf-lord or the like — and that any failure to answer promptly and appropriately will allow him to haul the "wee lad" Under The Hill to serve the Fair Folk either for forever or for seven years — rather in the manner of what happens to True Thomas (Thomas the Rhymer) and Tam Lin in other ballads..

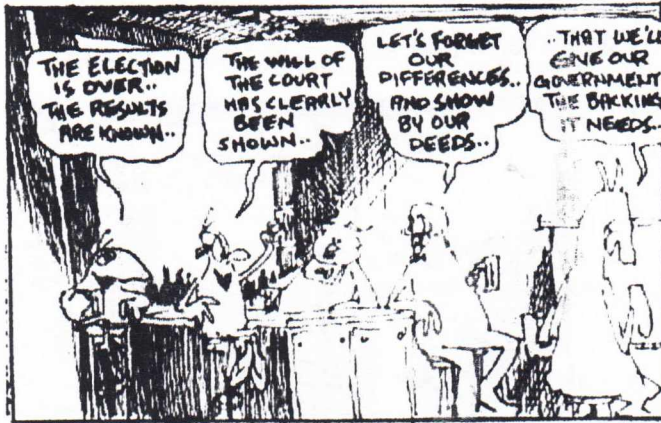
The version I have on the cover is the version that Steeleye Span perform on their album PLEASE TO SEE THE KING; the interesting thing about it is that it's a somewhat-modified version of a very old British

Isles ballad that was collected by folk musicologists in North Carolina in the 1920's.

VARIATIONS/R. LYNCH

If you think Ned's typewriter list sounds excessive, you ought to visit Justin Winston's place in NOLA (if you haven't) -- both Steve and i recently had the experience of walking into Justin's with some esoteric piece of photo gear (a sub-miniature camera in Steve's case, i think, and an Olympus PEN FT -- which was discontinued in 1972 -- in mine) and having him not only recognise it, but top us in some way -- he had a smaller camera than Steve's, and he has two PENS (well, i do too, but...) and the Very Rare And Expensive zoom lens for them, as well.

And gramophones and printing presses and jazz 78s and STUFF.



Justin's house is a *wonderful* place to visit.

They were allowed to win the DSC because (A) you guys didn't call up someone here in Atlanta and warn them (as happened in '79) and Cliff Biggers are (A) too old and (B) out of contact with each other and with fandom to do an emergency DSC bid.

I learned my lesson about computers a long time ago, too.

"When in doubt, build your own." ((I think an Nvidia may be a line produced by one of the majors, but i could be wrong.))

"One that's guaranteed to work" -- i've read the Customer Service nightmare stories the magazines publish occasionally. For seven months i *was* a Customer Service manufacturer for a major desktop manufacturer. I remember that it was customer service problems that finally killed Packard Bell.

I'll say it again -- if you want a *good* computer for a reasonable price - buy your own.

We finally watched "The Matrix" last night. While i was semi-impressed; i certainly didn't see the incredible movie that so many people have been talking about.

I did, OTOH, realise as i read the end credits that it was produced by the same US/Australia lineup that made my favourite "Neet film no-one else has ever heard of" -- "Raw Deal", an Australian "spaghetti Western" that i would *really* like to get a copy of. (No -- not the Schwarzenegger film from a few years later, with Ah-nuld as a North Carolina Sheriff-- a story set in 1870s Australia involving a "Magnificent Seven" type gang of killers a couple of Bad Men have hired to suppress a religious revolution and keep it quiet. ((Since typing this, I find I am mistaken. Oh Well.))

SPIRITUS MUNDI/GHL

I wouldn't bet on our Moon program having "superior flexibility" to the Russian one -- inside NASA they referred to the methodology as the "Human Cannonball" method. According to some research that the late Dave Minch did, if Armstrong or Aldrin had fallen and broken his leg on the surface, at *least* he would have had to be left behind (because the other guy wouldn't have been able to get him up the ladder if he couldn't climb it himself), and possibly both would have died there because -- i think -- it really required both of them to safely lift the return module to orbit.



And, of course, the Apollo 11 landing was a barely-controlled emergency crash because the computer cut out seconds before touchdown and Armstrong had to land the thing almost by the seat of his pants.


Just for curiosity (feel free to tell me to butt out) -- how much (or at least what range of muches) is the rent on the new apartment?

It's not the thought of resembling Alice Krige that mortified Helen. She's 17 -- she's mortified by *adults*.

I think it's "Carry Guffey", but i could be wrong. In 1979 he costarred with "Bud Spencer" (the big guy in the "Trinity" sphagetti-Western comedies) in a film set and filmed in Atlanta called "The Sheriff and the Astronaut Kid" (one of my co-worker's husband was an extra in some scenes - hot at Dobbins AFB in Marietta). Magazines at the time said a bear suit, not clov or Snoopy.

Actually, as you'd have seen more clearly if you'd actually been looking at the *shirt*, it was a "North Georgia" University sweatshirt. Helen was at No Ga last year doing her senior year of HS at the University; she plans to return there and do ROTC, despite haveng been offered full free rides from U of Florida and Arizona...

TYNDALLITE/N.METCALF

 Campbell and his habit of asking for rewrites rather than doing them himself puts me in mind of two stories -- one is Kelly Freas's "grass" story that I think i've recounted here before, and the other is Silverberg's story about how he and Garrett carefully wrote an entire novel tailored to appeal to Campbell's prejudices, walked in to JWC's office with to talk about it, and in the next half-hour or so watched in amazement as Campbell took their story and turned it inside out into an entirely different story that was (a) obviously better and (b) on the surface about as anti-Campbellian as you could get and still have a story that operated on logic based on a consistent set of assumptions -- and then sent them off to write *that* novel as "The Shrouded Planet".

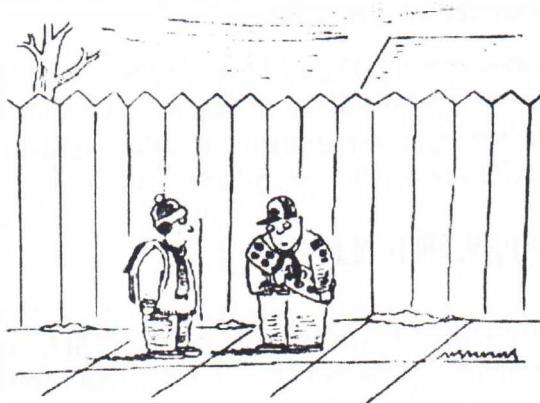
((By the way -- some sources -- including the Silverberg intro to "Shrouded Planet" alluded to above -- say that Garrett was, at least for a part of his life, Anglican, but others assert he was Catholic (if i understand correctly, he was a priest for at least a short while, as well) -- can you tell me which he was? [Or, of course, he may have been both at different times...]))

I don't have the issue of "The Southerner" you're referring to (regarding it using clip-art from "Door into Summer" instead of "Skylark") to hand, and i don't recall the art. Could it have been derived from the cover (or covers -- i sem to recall that it was a 2-part serial and had the cover both times) that Kelly Freas did for it for "F&SF"?

On the other hand, Heinlein has astrogation computers aboard even relatively small spacecraft in "The Rolling Stones" (although, as i recall, the actual overall mis-

sion profile for engine burns is controlled by a custom-ground three-dimensional cam in the system).

In one or two of his books, Richard S. Haliburton, the travel-writer, mentions being in Tibet with his airplane, The Magic Carpet, just after the Dalai Lama had been discovered (aged four); he describes being allowed to feed the young lama his dinner of porridge with lumps and to help tuck him into bed, and prints a photo of the four-year-old lama in his full formal regalia.



"And this one's for homophobia."

Are you saying that less than 500 sets of original edition of "The History of Civilisation" were sold? That's the implication of your comment about Roy Hunt receiving "the only unsigned copy". ((Either that or Smith signed more sets than they said he would be.))

Talking about JWCjr rejecting stories that parroted his editorials (though Harrison's "Deathworld" stories seem to have gotten by him) reminds me of the story i heard (quite possibly apocryphal, but plausible and amusing) about the writer who carefully tailored his story for its intended market -- included a private eye, a nun, and a werewolf -- sent it off, and got it back with a rejection notice from Boucher that said "You pushed all my buttons, but in the wrong order."

TRIVIAL PURSUITS/J.GELB

I can think of at least three pipe cleaners in a "SFPA Chart" in 3D (none of which involve me)... If you count former members, it could get a little more complex...

Speaking of the "LotR" slide your brother has and how he's trying to figure out "how much he might get if he sold it on EBay" -- he might want to think about how much he might get sued for, too. I can't imagine any way it could have legally gotten where he found it.

According to some of the detail pages on DVDs on Amazon, some of the studios are now using a supplemental code on Region One discs that may cause trouble for chipped players.

My own favorite of the juveniles -- because i think it teaches a more universal lesson and does it in a bit more sophisticated style -- is "Starman Jones", not least because he pulls a neat little shift on us and really makes the title/viewpoint character less important than one of the "additional" characters.

Ummm, when did Margaret Mitchell die? A lot of things came back into copyright, didn't they with the shift to "75 years after author's death"? (Though i think there's a "grandfather" exception for existing works that use material that *was* PD when they were created.

Also, even absent copyright, it may well be possible to servicemark the characters (including "characters" like Tara).

And then consider the current situations where DC and Marvel find themselves negotiating more or less frantically to keep the rights to, respectively, Superman and Captain America, as the families of the original creators move to reclaim them under recent law.

Copyright/trademark law is obscure and byzantine.

Your story about your brother leaving a message for a friend that the guy's wife found insulting reminded me of the time that Bill Mauldin caused a minor international incident during WW2, when the Irish Ambassador's wife didn't understand a cartoon of his but was sure it must be anti-Irish somehow -- the cartoon shows a bunch of GI's shooting the breeze, and one says "...you Irishmen never woulda won this war without allies like Russia and Texas." Mauldine explained it was not at all disrespectfully meant, and she accepted his explanation; i think he autographed the original and sent it to her.

OBLIO/G.BROWN



Does the name pencilled on that comic cover on your back cover actually say "Betty Lou Bialoski" like it looks like?

"What's with the monkey?" It was a Christmas gift. In the picture, I'm standing in the living room of my brother's house (a "dog trot" cabin our great-great-grandfather built A Long Time Ago); it's a rather under-exposed shot that one of my nephews took that I ran thru an image-editor to boost the gamma a bit and make it visible...



Powerpuff Grrls

PETER PAN ET MERRY/D. SCHLOSSER
I don't know about Serling vs Kubrick as to him being more of a visual artist -- Serling, like Chayefesky, worked in a visual medium, but was very verbally-oriented, except for the ones with visual snapper endings (like the one about the ugly girl, or the one about the woman fighting the tiny monsters in her house) it would be no trouble to translate any given "Twilight Zone" episode to a radio play without really losing anything much. (The same, of course, applies to most "Star Trek" episodes. Perhaps to B5, as well, but not so strongly; there were a number of times when I felt that the visuals were telling me as much of the story -- or more -- as the script ; was on B5).

One of the "Man from UNCLE" novels written by David McDaniel (all of which I would consider to be SF, except maybe for "The Vampire Affair", which is *definitely* fantasy even if it sneaks it up on you) features a submarine made from off-the-shelf parts (slightly more advanced off-the-shelf parts than existed at the time in consensus reality, but...). The head of the R&D section says he's naming it the "Simpson" class of sub (after himself). Ilya says "The hull was designed somewhere else, and built at another place. The power plant is off-the shelf-technology, as are all of the instruments. What did you have to do with it?=" Simpson looks blank for a moment, and then answers "Well, before I came here, they didn't build things like this."

Before Jules Verne came here, we didn't build things like that, even if they were theoretically possible. And didn't, actually, (in the "real world") for some time afterward. That makes it SF.

Actually, my stereotype of the Japanese⁴ tourist is the guy with glasses and with two or three Nikons hung round his neck.* About as accurate as the stereotype of the American tourist as a loudmouth in a hawaiian shirt who can't figure out the money and wonders why everybody just doesn't use dollars like normal people, i guess.

Lessee, i bought my second copy of LotR from the Ballantines at the '67 WorldCon. My first was the Ace edition. I had found "The Hobbit" a couple years earlier in the local library, and Someone -- probabaly P. Schuyler Miller in Analog, had reviewed it at least in part, so i sort of knew what LotR was likely to be like.

TENNESSEE TRASH/G. ROBE

Let's just say that i am not exactly in disagreement with you in re Timmy Bolgeo.

We ran against him for the DSC that i chaired -- oh, god, i'm losing my memory -- '82, i think it was, and we won, but it was an interesting experience. David likes him, but, OTOH, Dave also blew him up in a Harrington novel...

Interesting to see a "...drama centered around one central hero character to have to cope with losing the hero"? Lemme see, there was this medical fellow... Who was he... hmmm...

Also, a little less smartassed, there was a series of detective films in the Thirties/Forties about a character called The Falcon, which originally starred George Sanders. Partway through the series, Sanders began to get better and bigger parts and wanted to leave the series. So The Falcon was killed, and his brother solved his murder and became The Falcon. And was played by Sanders's (twin, i think) brother...

As to the Ringo books -- the Posleen, as you describe them (i haven't read the books yet) would not be cannibalistic, but rather carnivorous. "Cannibalistic" would be if they ate Soylent Purple. (("Soylent Purple is Posleen!"))

"Half-life" is an appropriate term to apply to Krispy Kremes -- it calls to mind other noxious toxic substances like plutonium and botulism.

Shel Silverstein wrote a wonderful cheerful song called "Still Gonna Die" (which can be found on the "Old Dogs" album, among other places) which points out that the end result is always the same, so have some fun while you're here. ("You can enroll in EST, get an AIDS test, move out West where it's sunny and dry and you live to be a hundred, but you're still gonna die...") Bill Kirchen (former guitar in the Lost Planet Airmen) does a similarly themed song that's almost as funny called "From the Womb to the Tomb". ("It's a one-way run...")

* EVEN WHEN THE DOMESTIC
WAITING LIST FOR NIKONS WAS
FOUR MONTHS, EVERY JAPANESE TOURIST
SEEMED TO HAVE THREE

COMMENTS 11/S.HUGHES

I'm not surprised you have scorpions in Ellijay -- you're only about one (or maybe two) watersheds away from us, in much the same sort of terrain.

I have, since i typed that zine, done away with three more of the beasties; at this time i am considering bringing suit against the Almighty for false advertising -- those damned things are Just Plain Evil Looking -- over an inch long (nearer to two if the tail is uncurled), sting carried high, claws like a crab, shiny black armor, the whole nine yards. Merely looking at them is enough to make me nervous just knowing they live around here.



STAHLER
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But...

I finally accidentally stepped, bare-foot, on one i didn't see in time, last week. I felt a quick, sharp pain in the bottom of my foot -- about like stepping on a small but sharp chunk of glass -- and that was about it.

Hurt for a few minutes, didn't even swell up.

The scorpion, however, wound up Rather Flat as soon as i got hold of one of my shoes.

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About my comparison of today's computers to the Model T; i know the Model T was quite reliable, by the standards of the day; aside from not changing models much, there wasn't anything to break on it -- it had a magneto, rather than points and distributor, it had no waterpump (used thermal convection to circulate the water) and so on. When there's nothing much to break, nothing much breaks. I used Model T's as the example because it was the first Ancient car that came to mind that everyone could have some sort of idea of. And because any modifications intended to "improve" it were usually a Bad Idea.

The original IBM PC might be looked upon as the Model T of the Wintel PC universe. It was pretty reliable, it was simple in construction, and its operating system wasn't all that hard to figure out if you could read and understand a manual.

Of course, it was designed to run Fairly Slowly with a character-based interface, not much memory (by today's standards) and limited storage.

But some of us wanted Pretty Pictures (I admit to liking to see pictures on my computer screen among the letters and numbers). So there were graphic adaptors to make the character-based machine show us graphics. And then some people even wanted color. And then they started wanting more than sixteen colors.

And then some of us began to want more and more memory, 'cos if we just had a little more memory, we could write really neet programs...

And, of course, when the programs began getting bigger and bigger, we needed faster machines to run them in a reasonable time. And bigger disks to keep them on.

And, while, just as there are those among us who would rather drive a stick shift than an automatic, there are those who would rather run under DOS, the majority seem to prefer an automatic... And Windows.

More memory, more processing power, more storage.

And what have we got?

We gots a Model T with its original little bitty four-cylinder engine overbored and stroked till there's hardly any metal left in the block, with full port fuel injection and a GMC blower off Mad Max's car to cram in three times as much as it would normally want to inhale of nitrous oxide and nitromethanol instead of low-octane gasoline. And it has a jerry-rigged automatic shifter that 90% of the time senses engine RPM and ground speed and decides how to set the original planetary-gear transmission. And all sorts of aerodynamic and ground-effects spoilers and fairings and 20-series tires three feet wide.

Oh -- and, in the spirit of FCC radio interference rules, it has to have an exhaust system that eliminates 100% of all pollutants it might produce, and if even the slightest amount of pollutant escapes, you have to park it until you fix that.

And that's why Wintel computers are prone to crashing a wee bit more than we like.

Foregoing rant typed on our now Windows 2000-equipped home computer. And I still haven't got the modem working right and I'm going to have to move the scanner over to my nephew's former computer that he passed on to the family computer junk.

box [me] when he bought a new gaming-oriented system, and I'll have to do a lot of my HTML work on that machine, as well, since W2000 doesn't like the antiquated HTML editor I like and there are apparently no 2000 drivers for my four-year-old scanner. And I hope I can find drivers for our sound card, once I get the modem working

And it de-registered my DTP that I'm doing this in, so I had to call up and get an entirely new registration number to feed it. GRRRRRRRR

((And while the T might not have broken down too much, it had other drawbacks -- until the self-starter, incautious operators of motorcars (in general) still lost fingers or wound up with broken arms just starting the damned things. In fact, it was the death of an important GM executive from gangrene that set in after his arm was broken while crank-starting a car that led to the wide-spread fitting, if not the invention, of the electric self-starter/battery/generator system on American cars))

But, as cars became even slightly more sophisticated, various breakdowns were still routine in cars of the Twenties and Thirties thatn they are today; the important thing was almost anyone could fix one with baling wire and chewing gum -- and most people who drove knew how to fix at least the more routine breakdowns. (And flat tires were so commonplace that people sometimes made note of trips when they *didn't* have a flat to fix).

Did the Model T you drove have the original planetary-gear/foot-controlled transmission?

Your comment to Gary Brown is not, overall, too far off base. But, whether it would "be a responsible act for the President to sign an agreement...", I feel that it was just a bit irresponsible to campaign as intending compliance with them -- or to at least to state that he so-intended.

((Incidentally -- I did not put the "Eat His Words" cartoon on your page by any form of malice aforethought -- I happen to agree with your statements anent cleaning up power plants, and don't necessarily disagree with at least some parts of your comments on what a President should do. I format the graphics layout several pages ahead and then drop the text in around the graphics, so I'm not sure what's going to be where unless I'm making a specific effort to put something written and something graphic together. And, beyond that, I did a number of MCs in text files and plugged them into the zine in random order, so it really is co-incidence.

((OTOH, if Candidate Bush knew full well President Bush wasn't going to strictly apply the rules in question, then perhaps Candidate Bush shouldn't have affirmed his intent to follow them in quite such sweeping language...))

THE SPHERE/D. MARKSTEIN

I'll miss Rich Morrissey, though our encounters were scattershot; he was fun to discuss comics with because he seemed to be able to (or perhaps simply actually did) take them seriously enough that you could talk about them with him without feeling like one of you was patronising the other. And he actually cared about that stuff.

And he was younger than me, too.

I sent you some corrections a while ago -- mostly to your Gil Shelton-related articles, particularly in re Wonder Warthog and Not Quite Dead -- since my e-mail is currently fried (if i can bear to admit my idiocy and tell the Tale of Woe, i may do so at some later point), and i don't have any net-access, i don't know if you got them or if you've applied them.

What did you do to advertise the site initially, by the way?

I agree with you about the Johnny Hart thing. Unfortunately, his strip is harmless (for the most part, or at least perceived so by a lot of people), familiar and neither original or Unusual enough to irritate people. A few years ago, the Atlanta fishwrappers carried Nicole Hollander's strip -- wosname, "Sylvia"? -- for a while ago. They were carrying several slightly unusual strips at the time, and apparently there was some controversy over some of them.

So they did a "Reader Survey" to determine what people thought of various strips, and they wound up dropping "Sylvia", "Urban Cowgirls" (though that one seems to have been discontinued since then) and a couple others. The only comments



"And another thing. I don't want you visiting my Web site."

on "Sylvia" that they published, incidentally, positive or negative were two who disliked the art

They kept "Overboard", "Cathy", "Ziggie" and "The Fusco Brothers".



As i said last mailing, i think what Disney may have been claiming for Roger Rabbit was that it was the first film that combined live action and interactive animation

and did it for the full length of a feature film AND did it without using a locked camera, which every other big-studio example of the technique i can think of offhand uses. Which, as i also pointed out, means it's practically the only Disney film -- probably the only feature-length Disney film -- where the animation is entirely shot

on ones, since, as someone at Disney remarked at the time, "Real life is shot on ones." and they had to match it. ((I'm pretty sure "The Old Mill" was shot on ones, and some parts of "Fantasia" proolly were.))



Now that i think about Norm's comment a bit more -- the "...[movies]can only adapt science-fictional ideas" part -- i begin to wonder if perhaps he doesn't simply believe, as a lot of print-oriented people do, that nothing truly original can be done in

movies; that anything presented in a movie must be adapted from some other (print) source. Or perhaps it's the inherently collaborative/committee method



of movie production which apparently renders it unusual and difficult for a film to be the work of a single creative vision that he objects to.

6 July 2001, 10AM EDT

My Nana is dying.

Pauline Willis Godard, my grandmother, age 101, will probably not see more than another day or two, even if they put her on a respirator, which my mother, with assent from myself and my sister, has decided not to do.

A life that spanned one complete century and touched two others and enriched everyone who knew her is coming to an end, and all i can say to myself, over and over is "My Nana is dying."

When i was about three or four, my parents and Nana & Grandad arranged for me to spend Monday till Firday at Nana and Grandad's place, since Mom and Dad both worked full time and Nana was happy to take care of me. Because of this, more of my earliest memories are of Nana and Grandad, really, than of being at home with my parents.

I remember sitting in the kitchen, "helping" Nana make lunch or dinner. I remember grits with my breakfast and hot cornbread (which, i'm almost ashamed to admit, i didn't like then and don't much like now) with lunch or dinner. In Cleveland, Ohio in 1952. It didn't really sink in with me then that my firends my own age had no idea what grits "were", and only slightly more idea what cornbread was. All i can figure is that her relations in Georgia sent periodic CARE packages (as my Chicago relatives later sent when we moved South, and couldn't buy the dark rye flour necessary for my Bohemian Grandma's rye bread recipe...).

I remember her tucking me into bed when i was having trouble sleeping.

I think i even vaguely remember her helping with my potty training, which would embarrass her no end if she realised i recalled it, i'm sure.

Except that... I doubt that she could or would realise it if she had been told recently; my Nana has been mentally slipping away from us for years.

I really couldn't say just when it began happening – by the time i noticed it, she was already having problems with anything new and was sometimes a bit vague as to things that had happened in the recent past. Things going on right at the moment and things from the more distant past were still sharp for her, though.

I lived with Nana and my mother at the house on Lake Jodeco for a couple of stretches – immediately after Susan and i split, and again about six years later. The first time, in 1990, Nana was still pretty much all there mentally, though she was slowing down both mentally and physically. The second time, six or seven years later, she was obviously much farther gone in what is diagnosed as Alzheimer's, i understand, though some of it may simply be ordinary senility, i suppose. In the period between, and in the three years since, i have seen the process in a sort of stop-motion speed-up, visiting down to the house or seeng Nana at brother Jim's place or getting phone calls from my mother.

Up until the last time i saw when she was conscious, at least, she has always recognised me, though she tended to be vague as to whether she had seen me re-

cently (sometimes "recently" was as recently as half an hour, in which time she would almost totally forget that i was there till i spoke to her again). One of the times when i got a real sense of how far she had gone was the day that both Jim and i were at her place; she recognised both of us without any prompting... and then asked if we knew each other.

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(6 JULY 2001, 11PM EDT)

Well, it's over. It's been a couple hours since we got the word; I wrote to all who had e-mailed me with support and also posted to the rec.arts.sf fandom news group the following:

I've e-mailed this to some, i'm posting it here for those who expressed their good wishes and support here:

I have been offline for a while -- just after i sent out my last e-mail about Nana's condition a few days ago, lightning took out my new modem, which I've just replaced.

This e-mail is going to those who e-mailed me; after this I'll hit rasff and handle this task there, as well.

This evening, 6 July 2001, at the age of 101, my Nana, Pauline Willis Godard, slipped away from what was more and more a difficult and trying life for her.

Yesterday, i went down to the hospital and relieved my mother at Nana's bedside for a few hour so Mom could slip away and get some sleep and take care of some things. Nana did not regain consciousness the entire time i was there, even when the nurses turned her in the bed and changed her gown.

This morning, i got a call from my brother-in-law, alerting me that my sister was on her way down from North Carolina, and that the doctors had asked our mother if she wished Nana placed on a respirator. I called our mother at the hospital, and added my vote for not going with the machine, as the doctors admitted it would only prolong the inevitable, with the possibility of further discomfort or pain for Nana. They also said that a timeframe of one to three days max seemed likely.

She had been pretty well unconscious for the last couple of days, which was as well, as she became agitated and was confused when she was last conscious and didn't recognise the hospital and failed, as well, to recognise my mother, who she was calling for, in her agitation, to take her home.

The doctors explained to us that she was in a state of CO2 narcosis; years of gradual loss of lung function, both through repeated bouts of pneumonia and an extreme dowager's hump from osteoporosis, had left her more and more unable to breathe deeply enough to properly clear the CO2 from her system; even with one of those little tube-things (i ought to know the name) delivering pure O2 at her nostrils, there was so much CO2 in her system that most of her systems -- her brain in particular -- were pretty much shutting down.

Having asked the doctor specifically and not allowing dodging ("We honestly can't say" is one thing -- waffling is another), and having been told that it was unlikely in the extreme that she would recover lucidity before the end, i patted her

hand, touched her cheek, and said my goodbye; i hope that, somewhere, she heard me. Though i had accepted that she was, for all intents, gone already, i could not bear the thought of being there when she actually breathed her last.

Kate and i then headed home, running some errands along the way.

About 9PM, Kate's cell phone rang; she answered it, and it was Helen -- Nana had slipped away, and they had called us at home with the news, which she was relaying..

I haven't heard from my mother as to what the arrangements will be.

I hope i can make it through the funeral.

I thank all of you for your thoughts and wishes...

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7 JULY 2001, 8AM EDT

And so ends another chapter in my life; the last of my family's ties to the Nineteenth Century has slipped away.

It's better for her, i'm sure -- whether there is a Heaven or not (and if there is, then i've no doubt that my Nana is there, and happily reunited with my Grandad; and if there *isn't* a Heaven, at least her physical and mental suffering are at an end), i'm glad for her.

For myself... well, i'll get over it, at least in the main part.

Moving to other things:
Recent Reviews at
Amazon.Com by YHOS

The Driver:

(3 Star Review) Post-Noir
Pseudo-Existentialism

With Great Car Chases (May 12, 2001)

It gets three stars for (mostly) the car chases and the quality of menace that O'Neal manages to put into the two unaccented words "Go Home".



You know you're in for someone's ego-trip attempt at The Great American Existentialist Film when the characters have no names, just labels -- "The Driver", "The Player", "The Cop", etc.

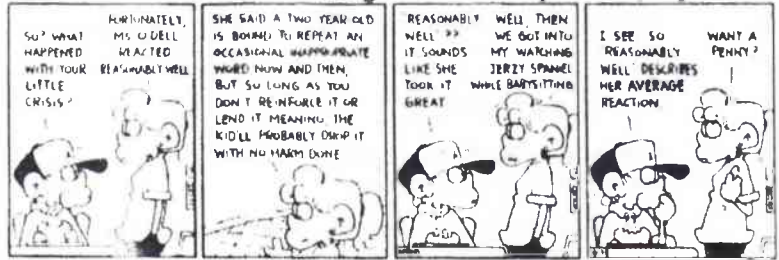


It becomes more obvious when every other bit of dialog is a dry, "clever" bit of cynicism.

And it's right there in your face when the major plot revelation in the film is that people don't always do what they "always do".

It's far from awful -- Hill is a decent if over-rated writer/director. I mean, he's working the same ore as Leone, Peckinpah and Siegel, just not in as rich a part of the vein.

Well worth seeing for the transitory fun of the story and the incredible driving sequences -- comparable to the (*original*) "Gone in 60 Seconds" or "Vanishing Point" and superior to, say "Bullitt". But most people I've known who have kept the tape, kept it so that they can watch that Mercedes in the garage, the chase inside the warehouse or the other driving sequences, not to revel in the story.



Motorama (4 star review) Road Picture from Another Universe (June 6, 2001)

This is a film for people who love Cult Movies, the way "Straight to Hell" was a film for people who love Spaghetti Westerns -- it ultimately makes no sense, but every scene seems fraught, and every shot and line and action resonates with something from the Cult Film world.

The presence of Mary Woronov and Dick Miller suggests a Corman connection; Vince Edwards has a cameo as a doctor, Flea, Meatloaf and Shelley Berman (among others) have cameos.

A friend of mine once asked me to describe this film, so he could decide if he wanted to watch it.

I said "You saw *Repo Man*, didn't you?"

He said "Yup".

I said, "Okay -- imagine that all the repo men decide to knock off early one day and go to a movie. And at that theatre, they see a road picture...



"*Motorama* is the road picture the repo men would see on their day off."

If that appeals to you, then go for it!

I love it -- but, then, I think *Battle Beyond the Stars* and *Dark Star* are two of the ten greatest science-fiction films ever made, too...