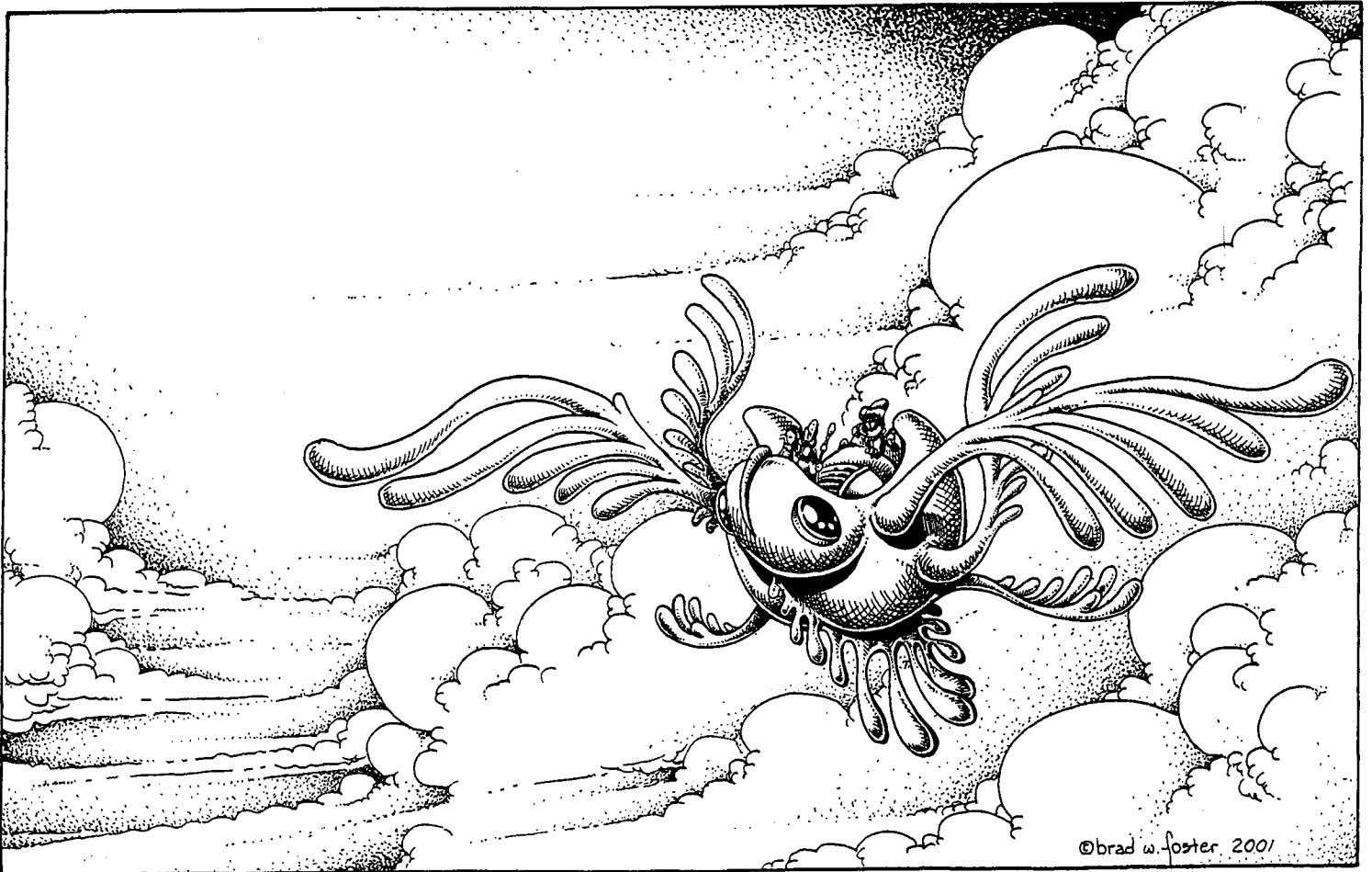


# The Knarley Knews

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## Art Credits

Artists	Page(s)
Jennifer Aikman-Smith	18
Brad Foster	Cover, 8
Terry Jeeves	6
Sue Mason	9
Joe Mayhew	16, 19
William Rotsler	11
Marc Schirmeister	20
Ruth Shields	19

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1. All contributions may include a pseudonym (e.g. Knarley, Sydrous, Shit-for-Brains) at the contributor's whim.
2. To get this fanzine you are required semi-yearly to initiate contact with the editors (black-holish behavior is not rewarded). This could be a postcard, phone call, your fanzine, or contribution of your choice. The editors, of course, prefer a contribution so they don't have to write so much. This notwithstanding, you may purchase copies for \$1.50 each.
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5. Contributions are currently acceptable using the following computer formats.  
IBM: Virtually any format  
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The editorial board is:

Henry L. "Knarley" Welch -- Editor  
Letha R. "Mom" Welch -- Layout Editor

All comments/requests should be sent to:

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



# Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

*TKK* is now solidly into three digit numbers, it makes my fingers raw just to think of all the extra typing. Thank you all for your congratulations. Those of you who attended Torcon have by now realized that we did not make it. One of the central core issues in this is finances. We invested a significant amount of money in the house with our recent remodeling and we decided that among other things we really needed lighting in the kitchen and dining room more than a trip to Toronto. It was a tough decision, but that is the way things go. There was also the logistical problem of dealing with three children who are too young to turn loose and in many ways too old for a traditional style of baby sitting. Keeping them in tow is a nightmare I really don't want to consider. All in all it would have cost us about \$2000 to make the trip and that conflicted with other priorities. We would kind of like to make Ditto in Eugene, OR later this year, but that will be contingent on finding overnight baby sitting coverage here in Grafton.

We did have the option of leasing our home for the worldcon week to visitors for the Harley-Davidson Centennial Celebration, but the issue of how to secure Letha's business while we were gone could not be addressed. This would have covered most of our costs to be in Toronto, but was probably never a serious option.

Such is the stuff of life and its choices.

There has been a lot of rumor and speculation swirling regarding the recent death of Harry Warner, Jr. in recent issues of *TKK*. To get the strait scoop on the matter I wrote Rich Lynch and here is his response:

Harry Warner died on February 17th, and his body was actually discovered the next day by people who came over from time to time to do some of his house cleaning for him. But since he had no next of kin, his body was removed to a morgue in Baltimore where it remained for nearly a month. His next door neighbor became involved when it became clear to him that it was going to take a proactive effort to arrange a funeral -- he had to do quite a bit of genealogical research to prove that Harry had no living next-of-kin in order to get the body released to him for burial. There was a time limit that a body can remain unclaimed, after which the State will have it cremated (or donated for research); Harry's neighbor arranged transfer back to Hagerstown with only a few days remaining before the clock ran out. The actual funeral was in mid March -- maybe March 16th, I'm not entirely sure. (I've since been to Harry's grave.)

Harry was buried before it became known by fandom that he'd even died. Many of us did call him from time to time, but not during that one month period, or we would have become aware much earlier.

Since then, the fate of his fanzine collection has become uncertain, as Harry did not include in his will any information about its disposition (there were letters between him and the University of California-Riverside that came to an agreement about the collection, but those did not have any legal standing in the probate hearing). The next issue of *File 770* will have a detailed report about all of this.

Despite not making it to Toronto this has certainly been the summer of visiting fans from all over the country. In last issue's editorial I mentioned visiting with Tom and Anita Feller while we were in Nashville. A few weeks later we made a trip to Charlotte, NC for Letha to attend one of her shows. In typical insane Welch fashion I drove 13 straight hours through the night to make the trip without pause. Not too bad for 900+ miles and a mountain range. The trip was mostly uneventful except in the Smoky Mountains National Park when a truck nearly cut me off by moving to the left lane while I occupied it with the minivan and trailer. What caught me off guard were the repeated warnings that no trucks were allowed in the left lane. At 5am having a turn signal flash that you didn't expect on a very narrow and curving road is a bit unnerving. This was certainly not the most nerve wracking auto event of my life, but probably in the top 10 or 20.

This last bit is irrelevant, but isn't the point of a good trip report to report about the travel rather than the destination?

The show in Charlotte was the first I'd worked where there was any number of customers. It was a wholesale show so only credentialed buyers are allowed on the floor and the purpose is to take orders based on exhibited stock. I mostly worked the booth while Letha patrolled the floor working the room so to speak. This wasn't the most engaging activity for me so I got some reading done and came away with a better feel for how these shows work. I don't believe that this is a very effective show for Letha given the niche position of her merchandise and she might be better served by attending as a buyer rather than a seller.

Charlotte is an interesting city. It has a very busy downtown core due to the heavy presence of the banking industry. It is also very odd to note the guards posted outside most of the buildings and the requirement of identification to get to any of the elevator banks.

After visiting Charlotte we headed south toward Atlanta to visit one of Letha's cousins and an uncle. This was all put together at the very last minute so I did not have any time or opportunity to visit with any of the fine fans in the Atlanta area.

After a short visit with Letha's kin we headed back toward Milwaukee at a more leisurely pace. Our first night was spent in Chattanooga because Letha had always wanted to visit the dragon museum there. While in town also stopped at Ruby Falls cave on Lookout Mountain. We probably shouldn't have because Ruby Falls is one of the most depressing commercial caves to visit in this country. The amount of damage and continuing damage being done to the cave is disgraceful. The lights have are growing large quantities of algae on the formations, no attempt is made to restrict the throwing of coins in the pools even though the leaching of copper kills all the life, and the waterfall at the end is a multi-media extravaganza that has totally defaced the natural beauty of the falls. I would not recommend this cave to anyone and place the destruction ahead of Luray Caverns and its repulsive organ.

Our next stop was dinner in Louisville with Joseph and Lisa Major and Tim and Elisabeth Lane. We ate in the nearby Rainbow Café which has a wonderfully eclectic theme that extends out in the parking lot and up to the street. It wouldn't be correct to call it 50s, but that is the closest fit. Each table is unique some have things like toy trains under the glass. The visit and meal were nice and we decided to stay in southern Indiana that night rather than returning home.

The next day we doubled back to the fossil beds at the Falls of the Ohio park (the source of the name FOSEA) and then on to the Huber Winery. This is a large family owned farm in southern Indiana with lots of pick your own fruit and reasonably priced wine. We spent too much money while there, but the raspberries were so good we picked some for making jam from when we returned home.

As usual the drive through Chicago that evening was a bear. It wasn't improved by the impressive thunderstorm and driving rain and I'm glad I opted at the last minute to return to the interstate rather than taking a more southern approach to Chicago since that road ended up with standing water on the pavement. (See more gratuitous travel stuff.)

Somewhat after this my mother came to visit. She stopped between visiting with her brother in Detroit and seeing her latest grand daughter in New York. Those familiar with geography will note that Milwaukee is not between Detroit and New York, but she actually doubled back for an event in Chicago and flew from Chicago to New York and back before finish the rest of the trip by car. Since she is from California this was quite a trek. (Portions of her trip are chronicled in her article later in this issue.

The other purpose for visiting us was so that we could watch her dog. Shiner is a 14+ year-old dalmatian. The children enjoyed having a dog around and despite her age she still re-

mains reasonably active. Hip dysphasia is becoming an issue, but Shiner still gets around reasonably well.

Right after my mother left Letha had a show to go to in Riverside, CA. I got a lot of projects done during this period including finishing most of the remodeling in the basement. This is something that has been in progress since April, 2002 and I was royally pissed when I ran out of wall paper with 4 strips left to go. Consequently I didn't finish the project until today, but the basement is now essentially done and most of the stuff has been put away. This still leaves the lighting, but were pretty certain one the pattern and style we are going to order.

Two days after returning from Riverside we left for a camping trip in the Black Hills of South Dakota. This was a compromise for not going to Toronto and also allowed us to meet up with my mother who had driven back part way from California to meet us. (I'll say it again, the Welches are insane travelers.) I haven't been to the Black Hills since 1976 and my recollection (since confirmed by my mother) that we only stopped briefly to see Mt. Rushmore and Deadwood/Lead.

Our primary destination was Wind Cave National Park. This was where a good friend had been a park ranger in the early and mid 90s. He always said good things about the cave so why not? Our travel plans called for us to stop somewhere in the middle of South Dakota which we approached about midnight. This wasn't very smart seeing as we picked the week of the largest farm implement show in the state and there was not a room to be found at the inn. We ended up traveling about 100 miles further and finally found an OK room near the Missouri River. I must have failed geography of the Plains as a child because I didn't realize that the Missouri River came that far north this far to the east. (Don't you just love my continuing saga of irrelevant travel details.)

The next day we visited Wall Drug. Wall Drug is one of those delightfully tacky tourist traps that seem to dot the country. It has the distinction of having signs all over I-90 and the rest of the world proclaiming that you should visit Wall Drug. (These are not the most pervasive signs along I-90. Those belong to the Rushmore-Borglum Museum which spots a painted derelict 18-wheeler trailer every 5 miles or so.) This all stems from depression era attempt to drum up business by actively advertising that ice water was free. (This is something at pharmacies had always done, but this was the first time someone aggressively marketed that fact.) The result was a growing tourist trade that today occupies about two city blocks with the usual array of shops selling souvenirs, jewelry, western attire, and the like. In decidedly Guy Lillian fashion we documented our visit by getting our picture taken astride the 20 foot jack-a-lope statue provided for that purpose. And, yes, they still give away free ice water, not the best tasting water in the world, but free is free.

We arrived in Wind Cave National Park later that afternoon and took up residence in Elk Mountain campground which was only sparsely occupied and certainly much less so than

the campgrounds in the northern Black Hills. It was well-maintained and pleasant.

The wildlife in the park and nearby Custer State Park is allowed to roam freely since the boundaries are fenced and the roads have livestock grates. This includes free roaming herds of bison, prong-horned antelope, elk, and mule deer. The bison are huge and they know who really owns the road and I certainly know the car would lose the confrontation in any collision. We also saw wild burros, turkey, prairie dogs, porcupine, and even a coyote. The prairie dogs occupy whole fields and if you walk into their "town" and wait patiently they will pop their heads up and you can get a very good look. The only wildlife we failed to see was rattlesnakes (not that these were high on our to-do list) and pack rats.

We made many side journeys from Wind Cave over the next few days. Our list of destinations included Mt. Rushmore (nice, but the \$8 parking fee is a bit galling) and Crazy Horse Monument (another mountain carving that has been going on about 50 years and only the face is done; this one is a bit pricey at \$20/car, but they are doing so much more than just the carving). There are also a number of very scenic drives with lots of very narrow one-lane tunnels and pig-tail bridges (the road doubles back under the bridge with a decidedly curly-q pig tail shape). If you ever visit you should see the Iron Mountain Drive (although I've heard the delays can be extensive) and the Needles Highway. The Needles is a fascinating area with many granite spires that are great for climbing and have to be seen to be believed.

Wind Cave itself is interesting to visit. Surface-wise it occupies approximately one square mile, but in that square mile is currently 108+ miles of mapped cave and this is believed to be only a fraction of the total. As a cave it is almost entirely a closed environment since the only entrance is a 1 by 1.5 foot opening that is constantly either sucking or blowing (hence the cave name). Impact on the cave is strictly monitored and despite the impact during the CCC era when all the concrete and railings were put in the cave is still in pretty good shape. As you might expect from the length vs. area numbers the cave is a huge maze of interconnecting passages and levels. You can get a feel for it from the tour route, but to do this you should take your own flashlight. Clearly the better way to see this is to take the wild cave tour. I used to cave all the time which involved taking your own light into dark and muddy holes and crawling around for hours at a time. This was the first time I'd done it as part of "commercial tour". As such I have no basis for comparison and I was simultaneously pleased and disappointed with the tour. It was very slow. Not because our group was all that slow (6 of the 9 of us had caved before), but the tour is designed to accommodate the slowest (or biggest) common denominator and we spent an inordinate amount of time just sitting and doing nothing in the cave. I certainly would like to go back, but as a part of a survey or exploration crew. Other than the group I was probably the only person who could have back-tracked or duplicated the route. There really wasn't a trick to this, because the



route was well marked with survey tape, but most of the other people were simply not paying attention. Wind Cave also has the distinction of containing about 95% of the world's box work. This is a cave formation where cracks in the limestone filled up with calcite and the limestone later dissolved leaving a network or interconnecting crystal planes. Very different than the stalactites and stalagmites most of us associate with caves.

Kyle also had his ninth birthday on this trip. We let him choose the activity for the day and he wanted to go fishing. Just south of Wind Cave was a private fish hatchery that supplies millions of fish a year due in part to their wonderful artesian well. They maintain a small stocked pond from which you can use one of their poles and they'll gladly clean the fish for you. The fish itself is a bit pricey, but boy was it tasty. When fish is that fresh it isn't fishy at all and they cooked up well in the aluminum foil over the fire. We also went to Evan's Plunge in nearby Hot Springs. This is a huge swimming pool whose water comes from a natural hot spring. It also has the interesting distinction of having a gravel bottom which was a bit uncomfortable to walk on. They had a number of water slides and the kids certainly enjoyed themselves. I even found the water temperature pleasant. And a special note to those of you planning to visit, the water park was cheaper than the fishing.

Our final two days were spent getting home. The first we spent traveling south into Nebraska (the only state in the lower 48 I had never visited). We stopped at the Agate Fossil Beds National Monument and the fossilized deamonelix burrows are an amazing site as huge corkscrews in the rocky bluffs. We then moved on to Scott's Bluff and Chimney Rock which are still quite the landmarks they were in the days of the Oregon Trail.

Our final day included a stop in Omaha to visit with Gene Stewart and one of his sons. It was quite enjoyable and our choice of venue, a Barnes and Noble, kept the children largely out of hair. We finished with a stop in Marion, IA with one of Letha's friends and then the lonely nighttime trek back to Milwaukee on the back roads with the intermittent fog and

**Continued on page 18**

# Sue's Sites: Iowa

by Sue Welch

Picture the middle of Iowa along I70 around lunch time the beginning of August. Dark clouds, pregnant with humidity, fill the sky over the cornfields touching the interstate, suggesting the possibility of rain. At each of the previous two exits I have pulled off and attempted to tighten the ropes holding the load of something that Henry has tied to the luggage rack of my station wagon. Frantic gestures by passing motorists, however, make it difficult to ignore the fact that once again I can see that a good chunk of this load is hanging down the passenger side of the car.

I inquire in the convenience store adjacent to the gas pumps if they might have some rope for sale. The kid collecting money looks puzzled by the request and calls, "Hey, Mom! Do we have rope?" "No is the answer", says Mom. "But turn left out of the station and go up the hill, turn left into the driveway; it is a lawn mower and golf card repair so no doubt they will be able to help you."

Arriving at Wade's Mower Repair I wander inside as an elderly man begins eating his lunch. "Do you possibly have some rope?" The thing on my luggage rack is kind of leaning off the car." "I can probably fix you up," he says, putting down his sandwich, picking up his pliers and a hand full of rope. For 10 minutes he attempts to anchor the thing but finally says he needs to take it all off and begin again. I help him untie the rope and pass it back and forth across the car top, desperately trying to appear smarter than I am feeling. Two rather big dogs watch the proceedings circling me, sniffing for some kind of treats. I reach in the car and find dog biscuits for them. My dog looks displeased. A ten-year-old grandson walks back and forth pushing the remote for his toy jeep, ignoring the skills he could be learning.

"What grade will you be in next year?" I inquire. "Fift he answers. "I live in Los Angeles. Do you know what capital of California is?" A puzzled look comes over his fa "Well, then, what is the capital of Iowa?" His express remains puzzled. "Des Moines; it's just up the road. It i French word. The French don't pronounce the last letter words." The kid turns away, still clicking his remote send his little jeep clear to the other end of the driveway.

Twenty minutes later the load is firmly tied. "How much c owe you?" I inquire. "Is \$10 ok?" "Sure that's fine and I ap ogize for interrupting your lunch. I only have a \$20 thoug "No problem," he says, dropping two fifties to the ground he finds a ten. "Can I have the rest of this rope?" "Sur

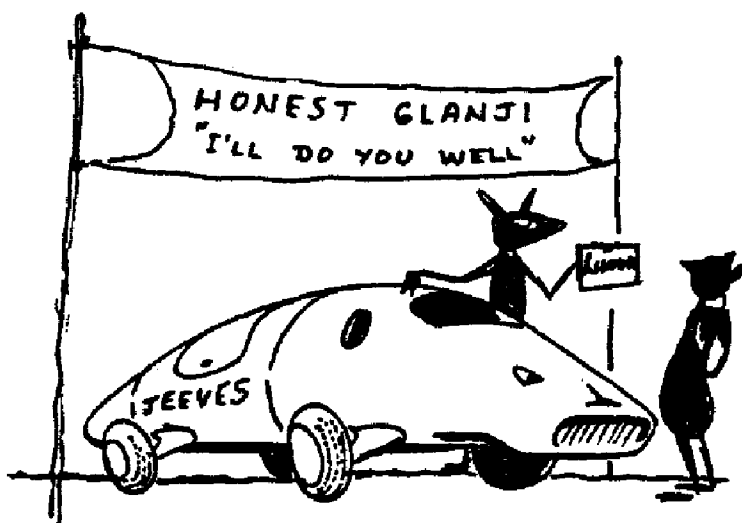
Pulling out of the driveway, I hear a tap, tap on the top of car. Driving slowly to the next exit I make a final effort secure the bouncing. "Oh well," I think. "I will tell Henr



got lost somewhere along the road in Iowa." I look forward to watching Henry paint the top of my car.

For those of you still with me here are some basic facts about Iowa.

Besides being known for the great love story, "The Bridges of Madison County", Iowa's nickname is the Hawkeye State. It is the 29<sup>th</sup> state, entering the union in 1846. Total population is 2,869,000, ranking it 30<sup>th</sup>. Iowa is primarily a rural agricultural state with fewer than half of its residents living in urban areas. Top crops include corn, soybeans, pork, beef, eggs and dairy products. "If you don't like the weather, wait five minutes." seems to sum up the forecast: average summer temperature is 76 and winter is 21. Probably not your top vacation destination, Iowa sends us some very good eating.



# Reflection On ...The Vagaries of Life and Death

by Rodney Leighton

I had thought at one time that I would try to do something special and topical for *TKK* #100. But at that time I was incapable of writing anything. And Henry had indicated that it did not matter. One result of my mother's death has been that nothing matters to me. My employer and I recently went to do a job involving removing small trees from the sides of a road. He asked me which side I wanted. I said "It doesn't matter." Being a very democratic guy, he asked if I was sure. No man, I said. Nothing matters. I am coming perilously close to bankruptcy. On one level it doesn't matter a damn if the bank takes the house and the other bank takes the truck; however, I really don't want them to and I need a place to live and a truck to drive and so I shake myself enough to do something about that.. But mostly it appears that my prediction, written in December, contained in the final paragraph of my column in *TKK* #100, was accurate.

One direct result of Mum's passing was that my younger sister moved to Amherst to stay with father. She had been doing work in an office in Charlottetown, using a computer. Her employer wanted to keep her so much that she supplied the computer system so my sister could continue to work for her. Sis had to pay for the Internet connection herself. It is highly ironic that this thing was set up, for about 3 weeks, on the spot where Mum, who was afraid of computers, slept for the past 4 years. Anyway, on a recent visit, sister started to play me a song on a CD which she had found comforting. It took about half a verse to reduce me to wailing blubber. I happened to be sitting in the chair she uses while doing her computer stuff. After I calmed down, she asked if I wanted to explore the Internet some. So we did. We did a search for my name. Jeepers, I'm all over the thing. But all of the quotes I saw are 2 to 4 years old. I don't know if that means the vaunted Internet is way behind the times or whether I haven't written anything quotable in more than 2 years. After finding myself about 25 times, we went to something else. We went looking for sf fanzines. Yikes. The figure 23,000 sticks in my head. I am not sure whether that was number of fanzines or number of issues. It would keep a person busy, that's for sure. We took a look at Eric Lindsay's fanzine, *Gegenschein*. We spent about 5 minutes looking at that. My sister has been working with computers for about 10 years and she could not understand portions of what we looked at. Some day this winter I am going to take a look at a full issue and see what language the thing is written in. Australian computerese, I think.

My sister doesn't have a printer. The thought has occurred to me that if things straighten out financially, I could buy her a printer and we could track down some of those electronic fanzines which appear interesting and print them out and I could bring them home to read at my leisure. Or, I suppose, I could learn how to use the thing, sit and read a few zines and

create a column right there and fire it off into the ether and see if Knarley ever sees it.

In their continuing effort to go out of business without appearing to do so, Canada Post is raising the price of postage to outside Canada an outlandish amount. In January first class mail to the U.S. jumps by 15¢. As one of the ladies at my post office said to me, after she had stamped 9 letters for the States and one within Canada: that will really affect you. Yep. 85% or so of my mail comes from and goes to the U.S. Of course, fanzines coming my way have dwindled to almost nothing. Well, one about every 10 days, so I guess that is more than a few.

I read what I want to ... 99% of the latest *TKK*; 80% or so of the final *Twink*; 85% of *Visions of Paradise*. I could have written a full page response to EBF's rant against me. But why bother? I find that more than ever, I am happy to receive a fanzine, I often read as much of it as I can and wish to within a day or so, frequently within hours. I had read *TKK* #100 within 90 minutes of receipt. Oops, I am inadvertently lying. I took a bath first; it was probably in the house 3 hours before I had read it. However, there is rarely anything I feel like saying or want to say. Now that EBF has killed off *Twink*, I think all publishers have e-mail. I have started pondering getting one of those cell phones which will send e-mail. Send off something like "Thanks for *VOP* #247. Read 88%. Got it July 20. Ciao." Then again, I suppose I could learn the computer thing; sister says e-mail costs nothing and I go to their place at least monthly. One of these days I may start sending monthly e-mail thank you notes. Of course, if the old man dies, which he could at any moment, that will alter that situation considerably. One of the most intriguing, to me, things that has occurred is that I lost all self confidence as far as writing ability goes. I know, many people feel I can not write anything readable. But I have always had confidence in my abilities to do a decent review. I have been doing music reviews for *Jersey Beat* for about 14 years. The publisher mailed me a package of CDs the day before he got my note telling him I would be out of action for awhile. I looked at them when they arrived. Realized that not only did I not want to bother with them, I had no confidence in my in my ability to write a decent review of them. 100 days later, I am beginning to feel like I can review the things. In another month or so. Don't know if I want any more or not. Just as I don't know if I will ever write another fanzine review. Well, no, I still hope to do a column on *Mimosa* sometime this winter.

Someone may send me a bundle of fanzines, I will happily read most of them and then give them to my neighbour, a voracious reader. Someone may send me a bundle of fanzines and every one of them will prompt a column. Or, perhaps, no one will send me a bundle of sf fanzines again. Who knows? Who cares?



# The Sydrian Perspective: “It’s All Harry’s Fault”

by Sydrous and Sydria (Todd and Nora Bushlow)

We’ll, it’s actually Sara’s fault (Nora’s sister). See she gave Todd the first Harry Potter book for Christmas several years ago. There it sat for half a year until he started reading it, then Nora read it, and then things began to get really weird... More books, then movies, then the web sites, then anticipation of book five (pre-ordering it too!), and then, ping, it happened. Nora discovered the boards, and she jumped in with a passion. First just reading, then commenting, then posting her very own HP fan fiction! After a false start, things really got going well. She sent bits of her story to Todd, who was stuck in Tennessee at the time, to keep him sane from the long work hours. She posted and began to get a few interested readers. Now the original “faithful five” and a few others too, have followed her through several stories over the past eight months, always demanding more. Todd thinks that if we encourage her, she might write an original piece of fiction for *TKK*. That clunk you just heard was either the gauntlet hitting the floor, or Nora slapping Todd’s head!

Poor Todd, he had to go to Buffalo, NY over Memorial Day for business. Lucky that Nora was able to make it up there just a few days later. We had a blast on our three-day weekend. On Saturday, we went to central New York to visit Todd’s cousin and her new baby Sam. The Finger Lakes region is quite scenic and filled with vineyards, but unfortunately we had little time to explore, and it rained the whole way. (Interestingly, after we returned to Fort Worth, our local newspaper published an article about the beautiful waterfalls in the area!). That evening, Todd’s cousin had to get to the theater for work, so she set us up with reservations at the, get this, the *John Thomas Steakhouse*. She said it with a straight face, and claims to have been unaware that the name is actually a euphemism for, well, never you mind, you little sickos! Suffice it to say the atmosphere was romantic, and the food was wonderful if a bit pricey.

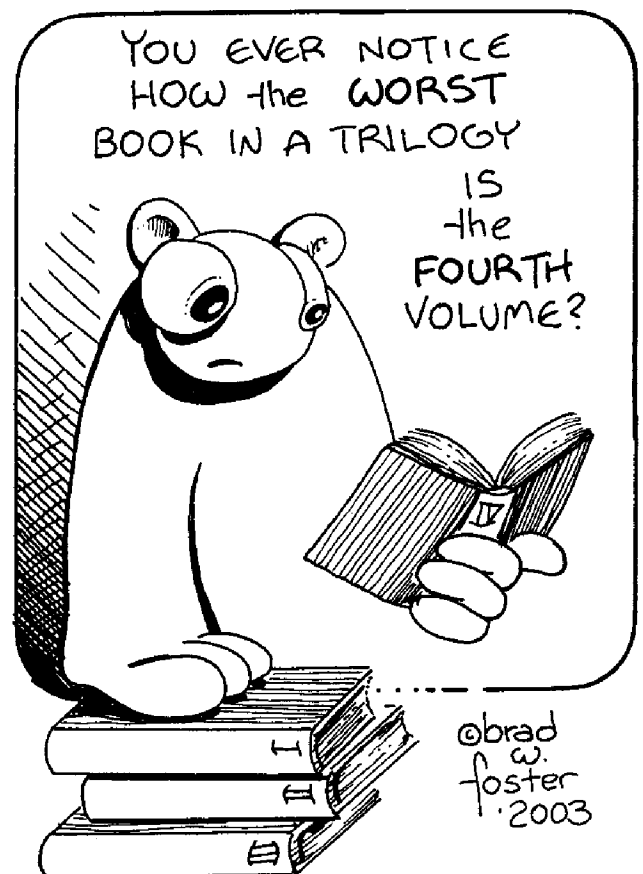
Sunday was a goof-off day to go swimming, shopping, and driving around downtown. On Monday, we went to Niagara Falls. We stayed on the American side, partially due to the SARS and partially (primarily?) due to general laziness. It had been 18 years since Todd had last been (can you believe that Henry? Wow!), about as long for Nora, but we had never been there together. We purchased all day passes, and had a great time getting soaking wet on the “Cave of the Winds” tour and getting blasted on the “Maid of the Mist” boat ride.

In early June, we went to Ohio to visit Nora’s Family. By some act of fate, we traveled to Ohio at about the same time our Harry Potter book was to be delivered to our house. Aargh! Throughout the trip, that dastardly book taunted us, saying “buy me! buy me!” It taunted us at the airport, at the warehouse store, well pretty much everywhere. At one point, Todd had to restrain Nora from purchasing one of these

books. He kept reminding her, “it’s waiting for us at home.” In retrospect, it was actually a good thing. By not having the book to read, we were undistracted able to spend time with family and friends.

Upon our return to Fort Worth, the book was waiting for us. Now our only dilemma was how would we share and read it. Moral of the story, you ask? We both agree that pre-ordering the book was a useless waste of time and effort – never again! Phooey! Needless to say, we both enjoyed the book immensely.

So what are we reading now? Nora just finished *The Phantom Tollbooth* (liked it) and the first Lemony Snicket book (didn’t like it). Todd enjoyed the *Scientific American* “Evolution” issue, and is now reading Somtow’s new *Star-Trek:TNG* book!?! Future plans are to go SCUBA diving in Cozumel, Mexico over Halloween (and the Day of the Dead)! Should be interesting, indeed. We’ll keep you informed, although knowing us (well, being us actually), it could take some time. Cheers!





# “Tattoos, Memory, and Zines”

by Gene Stewart

Tattoos are for some a seeking of identity. They mark themselves to define attitudes, moments, and ambitions. Blood, pain, and the risk of infection are part of the ritual and help make things real. The difficulty can let them feel more alive. For others it's a cost paid willingly in exchange for a way to stand out.

Zines parallel tattoos in function. They declare personae, shout opinions, and dare ridicule. Sweat, tears, and money are expended gladly. And like tats, some fade, and some are cut off, too. Those barely noticed seem to go away leaving no mark, while popular or influential ones are mimicked, mocked, and missed once gone.

*Twink* is gone now, laid to rest by its editor, E. B. Frohvet. Tom Sadler hasn't pubbed an ish of *The Reluctant Famulus* in ages; has FAFIA fever made him more than reluctant? Or has he made a GAFIA escape from the demimonde of zines? Even more mysteriously, *For Dickheads Only*, a superb if quirky zine about the works and times of Philip K. Dick, stopped showing up without explanation. Its publisher, Dave Hyde, may in fact be in hiding, as no attempts to reach him have worked.

Like old tattoos, these zines and many others come and go in our minds, leaving varying memories. The degree of impact, the depth of the impression left, depends on the zine, and on its end. A distinct, clear-cut good-bye, such as *Twink*'s, leaves a better memory than merely fading away because it gives a shape to the overall experience of that zine.

Memories begin and end. Memory is an art. We shape experience by choosing how and when experience ends. We do this in memory. The end defines things.

Seeing the end too soon after beginning spoils many experiences. This is why some teachers are almost immediately disgusted by this or that student. This is how orgasm can render sex banal and bland. This is what makes cops sometimes pull the trigger before demanding surrender.

We prefer surprises.

Seeing the end before beginning defines some experiences, though. We read mystery stories expecting order to be restored. We gamble knowing we'll lose sooner or later. We over-eat knowing we'll get fat and die sooner.

We want sure things.

Seeing no end makes some experiences torture. Suffering is endless with no time limit. Suspense is defined by either racing against time or not knowing exactly when a thing will happen, or stop.

Doubt can unnerve us.

In real life nothing ends. Life goes on. There are always loose ends. Nothing is ever resolved. Closure is a therapist's empty term. Only art has ends. In fact, endings create art. An end is how we spot art.

This means when a zine's run is done, it becomes eligible for assessment as art. Are zines an art form? As time- and memory-binders they do what novels and history books do for other fields of human frolic. Fandom has zines. Surely this counts as an art form. They are often lovely, they are hand-made, they are by turns amateurishly slovenly or professionally slick. Zines do everything any other artform does, including embodying and encompassing endings.

They argue whether tattoos are art, too. Enthusiasts can't fathom a tattoo's artfulness ever being questioned, while detractors scoff at bodyart as depraved, masochistic, and derivative. They sneer that tats are the marks of losers and wanna-be social rebels.

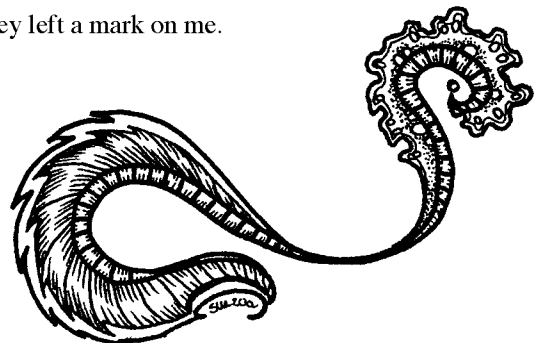
Recognize the arguments?

And so we rally 'round our chosen joys and defend as best we can the art in the artifice. When a zine comes to an end, other zines must go on, and zine editors must include mention of their fallen comrades or the memory will be lost and the art itself will thus evaporate. Keeping memory alive is part of what zines are all about. A shared experience of fandom and of fanzines makes us a community, and the zines themselves are works of art to be cherished, or should be.

Just remember, while a zine is still being published it evolves and grows, or dwindles and dies. Once it's gone, though, and its last issue has been published and mailed, that zine becomes a work of art we can look at from start to finish. At that point, we must decide if we'll remember, or just move on.

I choose to remember *Twink*, *The Reluctant Famulus*, and *For Dickheads Only* as wonderful experiences. I'm sorry to see them end. I'm sorry to be wondering if they'll ever be back. But I'm glad they were here for a good while.

They left a mark on me.



# INTERLOCUTIONS

Joseph T Major  
1409 Christy Avenue  
Louisville, KY 40204-2040  
jtmajor@iglou.com  
July 10, 2003

And now the knews ... So we alternate. We send out *Alexiad* in the even-numbered months. (My family newsletter goes out in the odd-numbered months.)

My experience is that the Corflu fanzine group seems to be mostly, well, their own group. I actually got a *Chunga* but it didn't come across as being interesting to me. (A more serious (sercon?) media fan might find it up her alley.) What's interesting is that yours are the only reports I've seen on the con, and I just did a Web search for "Corflu Badger" and came up empty in that regard.

The caves continue southwards. There is a cave — Lost River Cave, as I recall — in Bowling Green that has one big chamber suitable for use as a dance hall or dining room. It was so used during the early part of last century, then abandoned and allowed to fill with trash, and now has been cleaned out and is being used properly.

InterLOCutions: **Arthur Hlavaty**: That is more honest than mundane publishers, who barely or don't at all mention the real writer's name on a celebrity author's book. Even in the Trek books it's "TREK STAR and real writer" (very much smaller even than that).

**E. B. Frohvet**: It's been a cold year here, too. Winter I believe you know about, but we didn't really have any hot days until the end of June. And I drove up to the Ozarks for the first weekend that happened, so that put it off until Monday.

I still disagree with **E. B. Frohvet** about the pilots/hijackers theme. "If the airline had any balls" so much for that. They would find, or the heirs of the murdered passengers would find, some expert who would be able to argue that the hijackers really wouldn't have done that if the pilots had acted sensibly. And they would sue airline/airport security as well.

**Milt Stevens**: Considering that America's Dumbest Criminals has reported on dope dealers trying to sell the stuff to policemen conducting a raid, complete with "POLICE" in big white letters on black jackets, the pushy pusher hardly seems worth bothering with.

**Brad Foster**: "Sure it's longer by taxi, driving on the bottom of the Ocean". That reminds me of the Sherlock Holmes episode of "Gilligan's Island" where Watson complains about the problems they had crossing the English Channel; they couldn't get a hansom cab so they had to walk, and it was a

very tedious matter, take a step, come up for air, take another step, come up for air ...

**Jerry Kaufman**: "Fanglord". Now that's an interesting fan name.

A spelling checker wouldn't pick up "gentile" for "gentle". That's the problem with them.

**Trinlay Khadro**: Megumi may suck on your ears (and you'll follow her everywhere ...) when you sleep but does she run across you at three in the morning?

**Lloyd Penney**: I have been told by people in the know that there will be some Heinlein programming at TorCon, so you may see me in the Green Room. Presumably **Murray Moore** will do his duty, and that may explain where **Aztec Blue** went.

Good news about SARS.

Namarie,  
Joseph T Major

□**TKK**: *I am often amazed at how fragmented fanzine fandom is. A significant portion of Corflu and Ditto are entirely separate people. Sure, there is some overlap, but it is the minority in both groups. I have almost no correspondence, trade, or other contact with the Corflu group.*□

Gene Stewart  
1710 Dianne Ave.  
Bellevue, NE 68005  
stews9@cox.net  
11 Jul 2003

Dear Henry,

Wow, triple digits. Congratulations. And it couldn't happen to a better zine, either.

Apostrophes? We don't need no steenking apostrophes. *TKK* 99 hobbled along fine without the pesky things and, in fact, maybe it's a harbinger of simpler English to come. Already I'm reading books that eschew quotation marks or even "--" to denote speech. You simply tell from context and tone. It works. Cormac McCann does it beautifully.

Of course if the literati are doing it now it'll be the Year 2222 before science fiction editors declare it conditionally okay for big name writers, but only in short fiction.

So you're dating **Trinlay Khadro** now, hm? You dog. Is Letha aware or did you leave her in the cave?

Your gardening exhausts me.

“Sue’s Sites - Lake Tahoe”. I’ve taken that ride. Lovely. This year we visited Crater Lake in Oregon and found that it rivals Tahoe for beauty, although Crater is a bit on the stark side. Also much higher in altitude. One stands at about 8000 feet looking down at the 6000 feet high water. There was snow in late June.

**Rodney Leighton**’s look back at *Blat!* and *Syndrome* reminds me to ask, hey, where has the sex stuff gone from fanzines? And is this emblematic?

INTER-LOC-CUTIONS - Prompted no comments but was an interesting batch of letters.

Gassho.  
--Gene Stewart OLD 815

☐**CKK**: *Letha was out of town during my date; did your wife know you were seeing me during our trip through Omaha?*☐

Ned Brooks  
4817 Dean Ln.  
Lilburn, GA 30047-4720  
nedbrooks@sprynet.com  
11 Jul 2003

Hi Knarley - Glad to see you got your apostrophes back! Odd that if everyone knows about this that it hasn’t been fixed. My archaic bitmap typesetter will drop the “j” at the beginning of the line on long files - no hope of getting that fixed, I doubt that the source code even exists.

I had the same job for 39 years - in fact it was the only job I ever had - and lived in the same house for 32 years. And I’ve



been in two apas for over 30 years each. But of course I’m a little older than you are!

You are right that concrete blocks are hollow to save on weight – most are put in place by hand after all - and in the most common application of building a wall would be no stronger if solid, in terms of the height of wall that could be built before the bottom course crumbled. The wall thickness is a tradeoff between weight and strength relative to a side load.

Best, Ned

☐**CKK**: *During the 70s and 80s it was common to use poured basement walls rather than concrete blocks. It was a trade off in time to set-up the forms vs. setting all the blocks. I’ve been a lot of new construction since then and do not recall seeing anything other than blocks.*☐

Bill Legate  
Box 3012  
Sequim, Wash. 98382  
July 11 and July 18, 2003

Thanks for *KK99* and 100.

Norman O. Brown, in *Life Against Death* (1959), 93-94:

“The psychoanalytical theory of time, as Freud saw, must take as its point of departure Kant’s doctrine that time does not pertain to things in themselves out there but is a form of perception of the human mind. This Copernican revolution makes time a psychological, not an ontological, problem, and therefore a problem for psychoanalysis.”

“... [If we] go beyond Freud and speculate seriously on the possibility of a consciousness not based on repression but consciousness of what is now unconscious, then it follows a priori that such a consciousness would be not in time but in eternity.”

Compare what Vonnegut says in *Breakfast of Champions* (1973), 241, about how nervous he makes Trout. Trout says, “Honest to God, Bill, the way things are going, all I can think of is that I’m a character in a book by somebody who wants to write about somebody who suffers all the time.”

“Now Trout was beginning to catch on that he was sitting very close to the person who had created him. He was embarrassed. It was hard for him to know how to respond, particularly since his responses were going to be anything I said they were.”

Referring to the later 1940s, John A. Wheeler (in *Geons, Black Holes and Quantum Foam*. 2000. 166-67) says, “The startling conclusion that Dick Feynman and I reached, which I still believe to be correct, is that if there were only a few chunks of matter in the universe – say only Earth and the Sun, or a limited number of other planets and stars – the future

would indeed, in reality, influence the past. What prevents this violation of common sense and experience is the presence in the universe of a nearly infinite number of other objects containing electric charge, all of which can participate in a grand symphony of absorption and reemission of signals going both forward and backward in time. The mathematics told the two of us that in the real world, the myriad of signals headed back in time, apparently to influence the past, miraculously cancel out, producing no net effect.”

The repeating situation where a loccer expresses an opinion and another loccer replies with the contrary opinion, can break down where a loccer’s opinion is that such replies are correct just because they are contrary opinions – because in this case the original opinion (that the contrary opinion is right and the original opinion is wrong) contradicts itself. If I state that what I am now saying is refuted by your disagreement with it, you may choose to disagree with it, and assert that you have after all not refuted it. Anyway, you cannot say that you agree with this statement. If you do say that you agree with it, you contradict it; so you can’t. And because you cannot say you agree with it – the statement is obviously correct.

Yog-Sothoth shows the way.

Isaac Asimov’s “The Dead Past” (1956): Wondering why chronoscopy (time-viewing) is so neglected, a historian finds that the united world government is censoring the simple technology, to prevent people from spying on one another in the most recent past (say, the last minute). The technology is finally revealed and distributed – and it’s the end of privacy.

Damon Knight’s “I See You” (1976) gets to the same place from privately developed time-viewing technology, production of curiously clear movies of historical epics, and public distribution of the technology before military intelligence seizes it. Knight describes some social consequences.

I don’t know how many times Knight read Asimov’s story while writing his own, but what I wonder is how much they may have discussed the idea.

Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky’s 1864 *Notes from Underground*, in the old Constance Garnett translation which many prefer, begins:

“I am a sick man...I am a spiteful man. I believe my liver is diseased. However, I know nothing at all about my disease, and do not know for certain what ails me. I don’t consult a doctor for it, and never have, though I have a respect for medicine and doctors. Besides, I am extremely superstitious, sufficiently so to respect medicine anyway (I am well-educated enough not to be superstitious, but I am superstitious). No, I refuse to consult a doctor from spite. That you probably will not understand. Well, I understand it, though.”

I’ve seen A.E. Van Vogt’s 1942 story under both titles, “The Weapons Shop” and “The Weapon Shop”: Does anyone know which is right, or which is original?

I believe that Gelett Burgess, 1866-1951, wrote his notorious poem in the early 1890s (his 20s):

“I never saw a Purple Cow, I never hope to see one; But I can tell you, anyhow, I’d rather see than be one.”

Burgess had an apartment at the Imperial Hotel on Broadway when Jim Moran, a well-known prankster (released a bull in a china shop, sold a refrigerator to an eskimo, etc.), rented a cow, dyed it all over purple with cosmetic dye, and on Dec. 31, 1940 hauled it to the hotel, called Mr. Burgess to the lobby, and introduced him to the cow. Burgess was “overwhelmed” and said he would never forget it. (Source for this, H. Allen Smith’s *Low Man on a Totem Pole*, 1941, gives the cow’s name and registration number with the American Jersey Cattle Club.)

Barry Holstun Lopez in *Giving Birth to Thunder, Sleeping With His Daughter* (1977, p. 71) tells a Plains Ojibwa tale of Coyote’s hearing a big dance, joining it and dancing non-stop for a day and a night, and then discovering that it’s not a dancing crowd but a field of bulrushes in the wind.

Henning Genz in *Nothingness, The Science of Empty Space* (1994; English trans. 1999; p. 189):

“We have seen that the vacuum of physics is distinct from a simple nothing by virtue of the nonremovable activity we called zero-point radiation. Fields and particles originate and disappear; virtual particles appear for the briefest of times... We can loosely compare the vacuum to a farmer’s field of wheat that is swaying in the wind, and the particles to the wave patterns excited by the wind on its surface.”

☐**CKK**: *If you insist I will take you at your word*.☐

E.B. Frohvet  
4716 Dorsey Hall Drive #506  
Ellicott City MD 21042  
July 13, 2003

Dear Henry,

Well, congratulations anyway. Even if you don’t think achieving one hundred issues is any big deal, there are a lot of us who regard it as, indeed, a considerable deal. On your schedule it suggests an amazing level of consistency for, what, 16 or 17 years? Many fanzines should envy such a result – I could name you half a dozen that never got out of single digits. Let’s see, to get to #200 will take you up to around 2019...

On a related topic, the demise of my own fanzine at only thirty issues... In looking over back numbers, I came across this in the *Twink* #15 editorial: “It would be nice if some of you jumped on your word processors until they disgorge some articles and reviews.” And that was in 1999. The problem in a nutshell. For the first year, that is to say through June 2004, I will do LOC’s and correspondence. Anyone who wants/

expects anything else from "Frohvet", will have to ask. After that, well, we'll see.

I found it amusing when President Bush landed on the aircraft carrier and gave a speech from there. There were the officers seated in front in their everyday khakis; the crew standing behind in their blue denims and workaday blue shirts; and scattered among them, scowling large men wearing dark suits and sunglasses. They could have been slightly more conspicuous if they had worn Big Bird outfits. I guess they don't teach camouflage in the Secret Service...

Bifocals. Blech. I hope fandom will be kind to me in my decrepitude.

Spumes: If there is **any** faned who should **not** worry about the timing of his fanzine, that person would be you... "Lack of resonance" with Corflu. That's good. I'll have to remember that... The reference to the wildflowers makes me wonder if you are a fan of Clifford Simak, the great pastoralist of SF. There's a scene in, I think, *Mastodonia*, where a character refers to a particular kind of rare flower that will not tolerate any human messing with its environment. He just goes to look at them from time to time, the man says, he doesn't pick any... My brother has several large blueberry bushes on his property, which he amiably shares with the deer and the birds, but regularly makes blueberry jam for his friends... Well, if you're going to be in Ellicott City/Columbia...

**Rodney Leighton**: Actually, it's a common fandom vice to flip to the lettercol first and see if your own LOC was pubbed. **Jan Stinson**, in recognition of this habit, leads with the lettercol in *Peregrine Nations*. **Ted White** sent me a copy of *Blat!* some years ago, which I regarded as very fhannish... Writing LOC's is a part of the fannish dialogue. One of the purposes of doing a genzine with a variety of material and letters is to maximize the "comment hooks".

Incidentally, Henry, the Spring 2003 *Fanzine Fanatique* from **Keith Walker** in UK refers to *TKK* as "a great genzine that has a strong editorial presence throughout". No argument here.

**Joseph Major**: My cousin Lynn's daughter Emma is of course my first cousin once removed, according to the laws of consanguinity. She and her sister, however, occasionally call me "uncle" by courtesy.

**Joy Smith**: Yes, but can you remember the title of the song or the recording artists?

**Milt Stevens**: You must live in a strange neighborhood. I seldom drive into downtown Baltimore or Washington but when I do, no one has stopped me at the corner to offer drugs. I tried marijuana when I was younger, it didn't do much for me. Channel surfing one night, I came across the Fox reality show *Cops*, where they follow real police around with a camera. Cop [to stopped motorist]: "Do you have any illegal drugs in the car?" Motorist: "No, sir!" Cop: "Mister, if you're going to have a big baggie of marijuana in your pocket, at

least put it down in the bottom of your pocket where I have to look for it, don't just have it hanging halfway out so I can see it from here!"

**Jerry Kaufman**: I was assembling a desk for a friend. The instructions were accurate and in English, but didn't seem to make sense, so I called the 1-800 number and asked. "No, that's not right," the man said calmly. "It sounds like your screws were mislabeled."

**Trinlay Khadro**: Maybe the kitten thinks you're its mother. I didn't hear anything about it, but in fact I did remember World Wide Party this year (for a change), and at 2100 hrs local on June 21st, drank a toast to fandom, starting with Jukka & Sari in Helsinki and working west by south. The reference to "two-port networks" sounds vaguely smutty.

Best wishes,  
E.B. Frohvet

□**TKK**: *I don't think my students found "two-port networks" to be the vaguest bit smutty. They probably had dirty words to describe them, but not smutty ones.*□

Joy V. Smith  
8925 Sleph Rd.  
Lakeland, FL 33810  
Pagadan@aol.com  
13 Jul 2003

Dear Knarley,

Congratulations on the 100th issue, which is an impressive accomplishment! I love the cover lettering. Interesting about the missing apostrophes/software problem. I have a new computer, and I'm learning lots too... It all sure takes time.

Re: the long, boring, and self-indulgent speeches at Corflu. I know that happens, which is one more reason why I love the Oasis SF con. I haven't been to all that many cons, but I'm fairly sure that Oasis has one of the shortest opening ceremonies. It's fun too.

Congratulations on your gardening projects and the slow gains in the battle with the weeds. You've been busy, and the stone wall sounds lovely; and I say you can never have too much top soil. I do a lot of landscaping and enlarging of beds here, but the weeds are winning, especially the vines in the side oak.

Will there be a public announcement of the honorary degree candidates at MSOE one of these days? Or just the chosen one? Your mini vacation to Kentucky and Tennessee sounds like a lot of fun for you and the family, especially the visit to Crystal Onyx Cave. What a great place to be married! Do you have any photos? You could send copies to the cave.

Thanks to **Sue** for the background on "America's Most Beautiful Bike Ride," which sounds really challenging. **Rodney Leighton**'s article on older fanzines and loccing was good.

Re: LOCs. Interesting input from everyone on multiple choice tests. Re: my LOC, I did notice the missing apostrophes, but forgot them by the time I wrote it. (I skim when it's time to respond.) And my water heater only needed two heating elements, which was good. The repairman turned the temperature down – apparently it's the law now – and I miss having really hot water. (I can reset it by using the manual.)

Thanks to **Milt Stevens** for the background on vice enforcement and drug laws. Re: **Trinlay Khadro**'s kitten question. I have no idea why it sucks on her ears, but I had a cat who nibbled my eye lids – right where the eye lashes are. She did it very gently, but I didn't care for the habit.

I also enjoyed the fanzine reviews and illos, especially the Crystal Onyx Cave & Campground graphic for some reason.

Appreciatively,  
Joy V. Smith

☐**CKK**: *Honorary degrees are announced in press releases. I was unable to find a complete list at our web site, but could probably dredge up a list from an old commencement program book. The list of approved people is considered confidential since inclusion on the list does not mean the person will be so honored. I will certainly publish if any of the SF people we've been discussing will be given a degree.*

*We have lots of pictures, but I've been reluctant to include many due to the varying printing problems over the past year or two. Someday RSN.*

*Most electric hot water heaters only have two elements. Typically it is the top one that burns out.☐*

Alex Slate  
9223 Lasater  
San Antonio, TX 78254  
alex.slate@brooks.af.mil  
18 Jul 2003

Dear Knarley & Letha,

Whether you view it as a big accomplishment or not (I understand your pov), 100 issues is still a milestone. Congratulations!



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Good work with the gardening. Ours is also coming along quite well. Instead of weeds, what we have to contend with is little baby oak trees trying to grow up in our flower and plant beds. Give me weeds any day. Don't know if I've described our garden efforts or not, but when we bought the house the back was a complete mess. Full of trash. We threw out all kinds of different things, including the kitchen sink! Actually, it was a bathroom sink, partially buried in the back corner. Now, we wish we hadn't thrown that out, it would have made a nice planter. After cleaning out the back and ripping out the little, horrible grass that was there along with all the weeds, we had a couple of trash trees taken out. Even with the ones we took out we still have two nice stands of old live oaks on either side of the garden. Add to that a Mexican redbud, a pomegranate, a big fig tree, and a mountain laurel, and we had the bones of a good space. The biggest feature we put in went in first, and that was the two waterfalls, the stream and the pond. Then came a lot of pathways made of decayed granite between the planned beds and the patio extension (concrete pavers) [actually, I may have the ordering a little mixed up, but that's okay. Then came the various flower beds, and this included rototilling a lot of area, in big part to clear out those stupid baby oaks that were all over one portion of the garden. We also put in two banana trees, a candlestick tree, a peach and another fig tree. We put down new sod, but only in a couple small areas. The vegetable garden areas are still being put in. With all the rain we've had this year the plants are growing real well. We've only lost a couple, but we've had to move and replant some of our earlier planting to alleviate some overcrowding – we never expected the plants to grow the way they have.

Anyway, with all this hauling and weeding and shoveling and everything else (as well as the daily basketball or racquetball games at work) you guys might not recognize me. I am about 20 lbs lighter than the last time most of you saw me.

We've never stopped at Crystal Onyx Cave though we've been through that area a couple of times. We did stop at nearby Kentucky Down Under, which in addition to their cave has a nice collection of Australian wildlife. We were real fortunate that when we were there a couple of the wallabies had babies in their pouches. Even saw one climb in and out of the mom's pouch. Now that is an interesting site! We also tried the emu burger at the snack bar. That was very good, the meat takes more like prime rib than hamburger.

**Trinlay**, have you considered that the kitten may not be fully weaned, and that it is mistaking your earlobe for a food source? Wouldn't surprise me.

In all the different cities and places I've lived, I've only known one major explosion caused by the cops. That was when the Philadelphia police inadvertently blew up the MOVE headquarters in an attempt to roust them out. That took place about a block from my brother's frat house.

Anyway, gotta run.  
Take care everyone...  
Alex

☐*CKK: The yard work sounds like a huge improvement on trash piles. Kentucky Down Under is at the same exit as our wedding reception was. It sounds kind of tacky, but it was in the back room of the restaurant at the Budget Host Inn. They did a fantastic spread that was perfect for the tone we'd set for the entire weekend.*☐

Brad W Foster  
PO Box 165246  
Irving, TX 75016  
bwfoster@juno.com  
23 Jul 2003

Greetings Henry & Letha ~

Sorry to hear that you feel issues of Knarley have been late of late (so to speak). For my own part, when I even think about any sort of frequency of arrival of zines, they fall into either "often" or "infrequent". But the idea of a fanzine sticking to any sort of a hard-and-fast publishing schedule has never bothered me. I always figure these things are something done for fun, and if it comes out more often or less often, I'm just glad the editor found the time in their life to put together something interesting and mailed it off to me.

But then that's me. I guess it makes more sense from your comments about how the issue #100 didn't strike you as any sort of particular milestone, but you were looking forward to #120 for 20 years. In my mind, the #100 is an obvious, recognizable milestone. It's a large number to attain, and it is made special from 99 or 101 since it is the change from double digit to triple. And then there is the time tie-in of 100 being a century, another recognizable milestone. But issue #120 won't stick out as "special" without the note being appended to it that it will represent 20 years. And since you see that issue so far off that way, it shows you certainly are much more aware of the time element of this publishing stuff than I am. Hey, great minds don't always have to think alike, right?

Good to see you were able to fix that apostrophe problem... and maybe they didn't all vanish from the previous issue, just got delayed in appearance. I see an extra one has showed up on page 3, near top of the second column, with the line "I don't really find..." So I'll keep an eye out for the rest over however many issues it takes for them to appear, clip them out and paste them into the appropriate locations in issue 99. It may take time, it may almost make me blind with the effort, but it is the fannish way!

For those of you still getting the Nigerian spam stuff (and who isn't? Bless 'em, they still keep trying to share those unclaimed billions of American dollars with us all!), you might like to check out this web site: <http://www.markmartin.net/nigeria/welcome.html> where Martin has recorded his ongoing, and often quite hilarious, correspondence with a number

of these folks. I tried this myself a year or so back to see how far I could keep them going. But Mark has taken it to a whole new level of weirdness!

And I've dived back into refinancing, what with the interest rates having dropped even lower than they had been back during the first attempt. Believe it or not, I may have gone from the worst possible case to one of the easiest. Or, so it has been, though will probably still blow up in my face at the last moment. sigh

Brad

☐*CKK: My observation has been that failure to stick to a regular publishing schedule is a primary cause in the demise of many fanzines. The added impetus of a regular publishing deadline motivates me to raise the priority of doing the issue, otherwise it could easily become real soon now and then eventually not at all.*

*I did a paste up job at a restaurant once. It was the kind of place where the wait staff and the patrons razz each other a bit. The waiter said he pay me 100 bucks if I could finish the word search on the kids' menu. It wasn't possible because of a typo in one of the words so I used a second menu to cut out and paste in the appropriate letter. He was stunned when I showed it to him until he saw the little bit of tape and then made me a joke \$100 bill.*☐

Eric Lindsay  
PO Box 640  
Airlie Beach, Nth Qld 4802  
Australia  
fiawol@ericlindsay.com  
30 Jul 2003

Dear Henry,

How wonderful that you didn't treat the 100th issue as anything special. Shows you just need to choose the base from which you pick your special numbers. Have you seen the tag lines that say something like "There are 10 kinds of people. Those who understand binary, and those who do not."

Smart apostrophes seem to me a right pain. I've had the odd LoC where the text was obviously typed in MS Word, then probably transferred to Outlook for sending as e-mail, and the quotes are all a mess (probably something really weird, like using a Unicode character, which of course I can't handle, because I refuse to move from ASCII).

I really like Corflu, mainly because I know so many of the attendees (even if many no longer do zines). However I doubt I'll get to many more cons in the USA, given how I feel about airport security. All the fuss took air travel from being a real drag to being almost totally unacceptable.

Homemade jams, including strawberry, are readily available at the local market. However with the farmer picking



the strawberries at about the right time, we are buying two punnets a week to have with our breakfast cereal. Were it up to me, I'd have the strawberries with cream, but Jean won't allow that. I claim we could simply give up some healthier but more boring meal each time. Much nicer than the varieties at the supermarket, usually picked without regard to their ripeness.

Re Strunk and White's Elements of Style, I note an older edition is freely available on the web, so freshmen could have their own copy.

We again visited Ikea, this time when down in Brisbane in July. This time they had the short shelves we wanted. At the checkout, I said to Jean that the price was (surprisingly) lower than for the three Susan Batho had (finally) got hold of for us in Sydney (we were not expecting to be able to collect them until we were at the same convention as them, sometime in 2004). However we didn't think much about this. Then we started driving home. Late on the day we left Brisbane, when we were about 600 km from Brisbane, Jean suddenly screamed that we had bought the wrong size shelves at Ikea! We had. 30cm deep, instead of the 50cm we needed for that set of units. We are now plotting to collect the shelves when we pass through Sydney after an air tour of the outback, in August. I'm really unsure about Ikea being convenient ....

☐CKK: *I hadn't seen the binary tag line until you sent it and then the next day I saw it on a t-shirt, small world?*☐

Sheryl Birkhead  
25509 Jonnie Ct.  
Gaithersburg, MD 20882  
July 31, 2003

Dear Knarl –

Another nifty **Alan White** cover. He does do nice work! Glad you got to meet **Karen Johnson**, I've been following her travels across the US.

I actually got about a pint of blueberries this year and I hope there are many more in the future. My tomato plants are telling me the soil is pretty poor (I have them in three different places). The only plant that is actually growing is in a big pot and that is cheating. This lot is always soaking wet, so I don't know what spot will turn out to be the best. You are right that those horrible rocks sold in stores taste like cardboard and just hope I get at least a few tomatoes.

I have no idea what my undergrad GPA was because we did not use the semester hour system instead it was a 5-5-4-4 set-up. For the first two years you took 5 courses each semester and each counted 1 unit. This irritated the bejeebers out of me because my P-Chem course (lab and all) counted the same as a three hour per week English class.

With the exception of Siamese, many kittens suck on human ears because they have been taken away from mama too early.

As always, thanks -  
Sheryl

☐CKK: *We are up to our eyeballs in tomatoes. This is what we get for going away for a week during the start of the peak season. Too wet could be the problem you are having. The big pot probably drains and approaches too dry.*☐

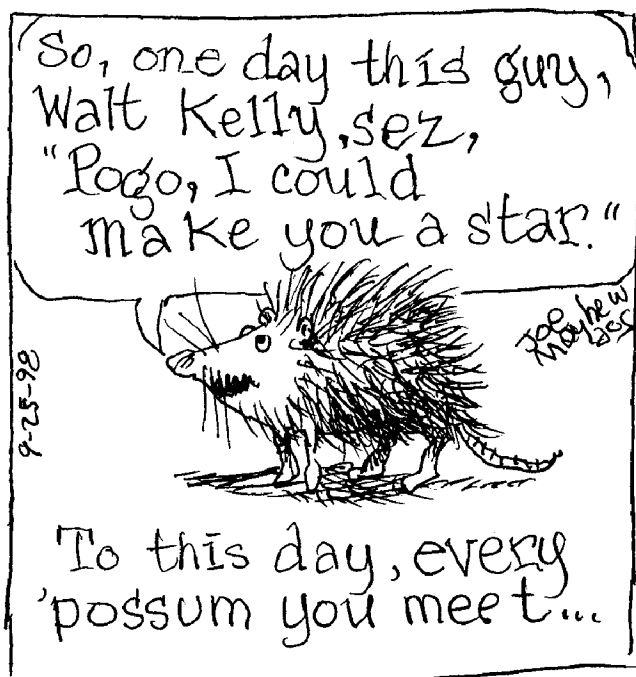
Lloyd Penney  
1706-24 Eva Rd.  
Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2  
Canada  
penneys@netcom.ca  
July 31, 2003

Dear Knarley:

Hello! Congratulations on the hundred issues of *The Knarley Knews*. Sorry this is a little late, but we are involved in some preparations for parties for Torcon, working with the Los Angeles in 2006 Worldcon bid, and that's just one of the groups. At least I'm still ahead of the August 10 deadline.

I've never been to a Corflu, and I'd like to get to one, but I don't travel far to go to cons any more. If there could be one in Ann Arbor again, then I'd be there. I expect that it'll be local cons only for us from now on. An idea for an article...compare your experiences with Corflu with those at the Toronto Ditto. Similarities, differences?

I've never received supplements of old fanzines, so I don't have a policy for responding to them. I get enough zines as it is, and a package of old zines would be very welcome, but as to locating those old fanzines, I think I'd contact the faneds and thank them, but without further comment or feedback. I guess I'd think it a little late to offer anything constructive or



informative. I have recently received some comments on my style of loccing, and I'm told I sometimes reach too far for comments, so I think I'd really be reaching for comments on those old zines.

I just sent **E.B. Frohvet** a loc on his final issue of *Twink*...I never thought that the US was ruled by organized thugs, but sometimes, the edicts of the Bush regime make me think that their holy words and acts are above the law, especially their own. I see American-based news, and I see news from other sources, and even the American news sources are braving the wrath of conservative readers and viewers and giving some insights as to the reasons for war in Iraq and why basic human rights must be suspended in Guantanamo Bay. Foreign news sources doubt the Bush regime's actions on a regular basis, and openly doubt that government's commitment to rule of law and civil rights. It's important to me because I live so close to the border.

You're right about SARS and Toronto; it's over and done. Last night was the big Toronto Rocks concert with Rush, The Guess Who, AC/DC and The Rolling Stones. I didn't go to it, but we sure heard about it. It was staged to revive interest in Toronto tourism, that it's safe to come to Toronto and have a good time.

Yours,  
Lloyd Penney

☐**TKK**: *I couldn't write the Ditto-Corflus article since 90 minutes at Corflus wouldn't be a fair treatment. Others, perhaps Hope Leibowitz, might be able to do a better job.*☐

Milt Stevens  
6325 Keystone St.  
Simi Valley, CA 93063  
miltstevens@earthlink.net  
August 12, 2003

Dear Henry,

On starting this letter to *Knarley Knews* #100, I realize I hadn't been planning ahead. I've been saving my LoCs to *Knarley Knews* as tkk##. I should have noticed you were in the high double digits and would reach 100 in the not too distant future. Most fanzines never reach issue 100, so this situation doesn't crop up very often. I suppose I could go back and add a leading zero to my previous LoCs, but the saner part of my mind realizes it doesn't make a damned bit of difference.

I feel the same way you do about Corflus and the FAAN awards. To put it in concrete terms, **Ted White** is a central figure in the Corflus (which have sometimes been described as meetings of the Ted White Appreciation Society), and I don't get along with **Ted White**. I do get along with many of the people who attend Corflus. This might lead to a larger consideration of the social dynamics of fanzine fandom. Intuitively, I know there are many groupings within fanzine

fandom, and I have a fair idea what many of them are. Maybe we should do one of those sociograms to figure out what we are really doing. Figuring out what we are really doing is a very fannish pursuit.

As you get older, you will encounter more realizations that you have been doing some things for not only years but decades. A few years ago, I noticed the mattress on my bed had a 25 year warranty. This wouldn't do me much good, since I had already owned the mattress for 30 years. I remember the first time the LASFS accepted a new member who had been born since I joined the club. That isn't too unusual these days, since I've been a member for 43 years. It's been 38 years since I attended my first convention and 31 years since I started my first FAPA membership. Damn, I can feel a long white beard sprouting on my chin and I only shaved an hour ago.

IKEA seems to show up as a topic in many fanzines. I'm sure I've seen an IKEA somewhere in Southern California, but I couldn't tell you where. It wasn't anywhere near where I live. I'm not really in the market for do-it-yourself furniture or any other furniture for that matter, so I don't have any reason to find the nearest IKEA.

IKEA also popped-up in odd ways on a couple of TV series. On *The Chronicle*, the intrepid reporters are on the trail of Swedish mobsters from the future. The reporters reason the mobsters are probably hiding out at the nearest IKEA. Of course, they were. A few weeks ago, I happened to see an old episode of *Third Rock from the Sun*. In that episode, the alien Solomon family have realized people think they are weird. This means they are failing in their mission the blend in with Earth people. In order to pass as absolutely average Americans, they rush out and buy new furniture from IKEA. They end-up assembling something that looks like a very idiosyncratic collating rack. I have no idea what average Americans might do with such a thing.

Yours truly,  
Milt Stevens

☐**TKK**: *You are guilty of not being Y2K compliant in your naming convention. You could only keep the two digits, but that would get you in trouble in about 15 years. The problem now is that your loc files won't sort properly in chronological order so just have the explorer window sort by date not name.*☐

Robert Lichtman  
PO Box 30  
Glen Ellen, CA 95442  
robertlichtman@yahoo.com  
12 Aug 2003

Hi, Henry-

Well, you may say it's no big deal to have reached *TKK*'s 100th issue, but it's fairly rare that fanzines attain that lofty

number and is definitely worth noting and lauding. I will also look forward to your 20th annish in a few years.

Thanks for your report on the Madison Corflu. While you didn't enjoy many aspects of the convention and reflect on that in your account, I did learn from it that the Best Letterhack FAAn award has been renamed to honor the late Harry Warner Jr., as seems only fitting. Other commenters on fanzines have come and gone and left their mark, but Harry did it longer than anyone else (even counting the break from it he took in the '50s).

It was interesting to read **Rodney Leighton's** take on *BLAT!*, and I was pleased to see that Dan Steffan's comments on responding to fanzines ("Trading fanzines is a form of barter; letters of comments are gifts in return") resonated with him in a positive way.

Best wishes,  
Robert Lichtman

☐**CKK:** *I simply don't fit in very well with the Corflu group. I have no problems with that and just don't put Corflu high on my list of conventions to attend.*☐

**We also heard from:**

Marty Cantor (who is still distributing Rotsler artwork for the fabulous price of \$1/envelope), Lysa DeThomas, Tom Feller, Judith Hanna, John Hertz, Terry Jeeves, Jerry Kaufman, Trinlay Knadro, Hope Leibowitz, Rodney Leighton, Ron Salomon, Sue Welch, Kate Yule (who has visited Aztalan and chastised me for not indicating that it was the "later" settlers that tore down the stockade), and Leah Zeldes-Smith (who is celebrating 30 years in fandom)



**Editorial Continued from page 5**

construction zones (more of that blasted travel stuff again, will I ever learn?).

That leaves me here today with a few days before the kids go back to school (September 2) and I have to start regular work (classes on September 8, but other stuff beginning on the 4th). Plenty of time to get out an issue of the fanzine, have my brother John come to visit (interestingly enough from a business trip in Toronto), and finish all those summer projects that I've not managed to finish.

Just a brief note to update everyone on our ongoing gardening projects. The tomatoes have been doing very in the front yard. The lack of consistent rain has been the biggest problem, but I have more of the most delicious tomatoes than I know what to do with. The saga of dirt is also ongoing. One of the back beds (where the tomatoes used to be) had not gotten planted. We thought about putting a second pond there since it was

just up hill from the existing pond. A trip to Home Depot to gather information resulted in the purchase of a pond kit due to the sale price and so some of that fine top soil had to get moved again. We now have a two-pond deal with a stream between them and the hardest part was not moving the dirt, nor hauling suitable rocks up the hill from the bluffs in the backyard, but finding the right plumbing pieces so that the fountain could be located in the upper pond with the pump in the lower pond. Why can't they make these pumps using standard plumbing materials?

We also noticed that we have bats in the backyard. I tried for years to entice them with a bat house with no luck and now they show up. They are one reason the mosquitoes are in shorter supply this year and the other being that the lack of rain has resulted in fewer hatchings. Two of the colonnade apple trees are even bearing fruit so we'll have more apples than we need later this fall.

Until next issue...

# Fanzines Received in Trade



## TEMPLATE

Fanzine Title by editor(s)' name; address; e-mail (if known); web URL (if known); frequency of publication; acceptable "payment" to receive a copy. Some mostly useless commentary by me about the issue. "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. As a general rule I don't list internet-only fanzines.

*Alexiad Vol. 2 No. 4* by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$1 or the usual. Lots of reviews and good SF and topical commentary.

*All About Me* by Ned Brooks; 4817 Dean Ln.; Lilburn, GA 30047-4720; nedbrooks@sprynet.com; one shot. A brief biography published for Slanapa 400.

*Argentus 3* by Steven Silver; 707 Sapling Ln.; Deerfield, IL 60015-3969; shsilver@sfsite.com; annual; \$3 or the usual. A wide ranging genzine with material from a nice stable of contributors.

*Challenger 18* by Guy H. Lillian, III; PO Box 53092; New Orleans, LA 70153-3092; GHLIII@yahoo.com; irregular; \$6 or the usual. This is a fine genzine with good articles, lots of photos and letters. This issue covers portions of Guy's recent DUFF trip to Australia.

*Erg 162* by Terry Jeeves; 56 Red Scar Dr; Scarborough, YO12 5RQ; United Kingdom; erg40@madasafish.com; quarterly; the usual. A smallish zine with this issue restarting Terry's WWII chronicles and commentary on spam.

*Ethel the Aardvark #107* by Justin Semmel; PO Box 212; World Trade Centre; Melbourne, VIC 3005; Australia; bi-monthly; \$25/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.

*Fanzine Fanatique Spring 2003 & Summer 2003* by Keith Walker; 6 Vine St.; Lancaster LA1 4UF; England; KWalker777@aol.com; quarterly; exchange or editorial whim. A short zine composed primarily of capsule reviews of other zines.

*Living Free 126* by Jim Stumm; Box 29, Hiller Branch; Buffalo, NY 14223; irregular; \$12/6 or the usual. A hard to clas-

sify zine with this issue handling feedback from 125's article on self-sustaining farming.

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

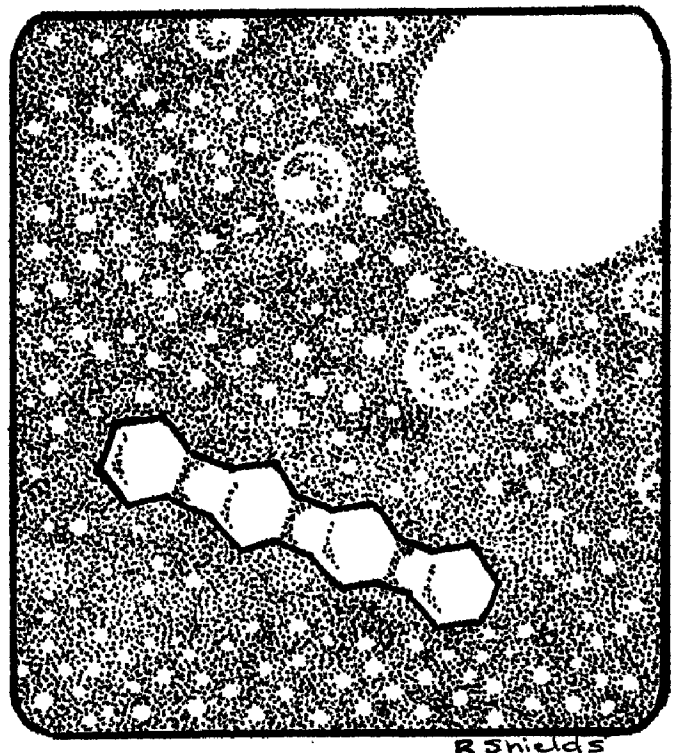
*MimeMeow #7.250 & 7.375* by Bill Bridget; 2407 Ashmore Ave.; Chattanooga, TN 37415; 8/year; the usual. Two issues of the small perzine published Ace Double-style and book-ended by chapters from *The Enchanted Duplicator*.

*Nice Distinctions 1 & 2* by Arthur Hlavaty; 206 Valentine St; Yonkers, NY 10704-1814; hlavaty@panix.com; quarterly; \$1 or the usual. A small perzine which replaces *Derogatory Reference* since it appears that Arthur may have an aversion to 3-digit numbers.

*Twink 30* by E.B. Frohvet; 4716 Dorsey Hall Dr. #506; Ellicott City, MD 21042; NEVER; the usual. A nice genzine that is, alas, no more. E.B. is moving on; see his LOC elsewhere in this issue.

*Vanamonde No. 503-12* 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 #95* by Bob Sabella; 24 Cedar Manor Ct; Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023; BSabella@optonline.net; quarterly; the usual. A three-part zine containing respectively a diary, reviews and commentary, and LOCs.



## Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Ditto 16 (Eugene, OR) (**MAYBE**)

October 10-12, 2004

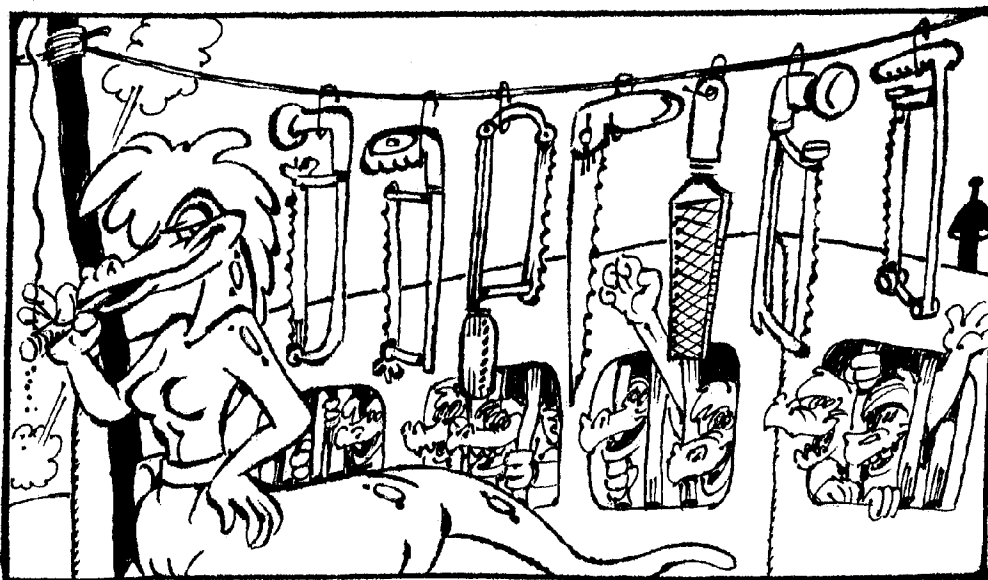
Noreastcon 4 (Boston, MA)

September 2-6, 2004

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095

*I GOTTA GAL LIVES DOWN BY THE GAOL...*



*SHE'S GOT CRAZY THINGS HANGING UP FOR SALE. ZMB  
01.*

## You Got this Issue Because ...

\_\_\_\_\_ **101 is a double palindrome. You can read it backward and upside down and still not get confused.**

\_\_\_\_\_ **You might come to visit and take some of the current excess tomatoes of my hands.**

\_\_\_\_\_ **Your supply of anti-graviton particles may be exhausted, but I've slipped a few in your envelope. Please use them.**

\_\_\_\_\_ **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.