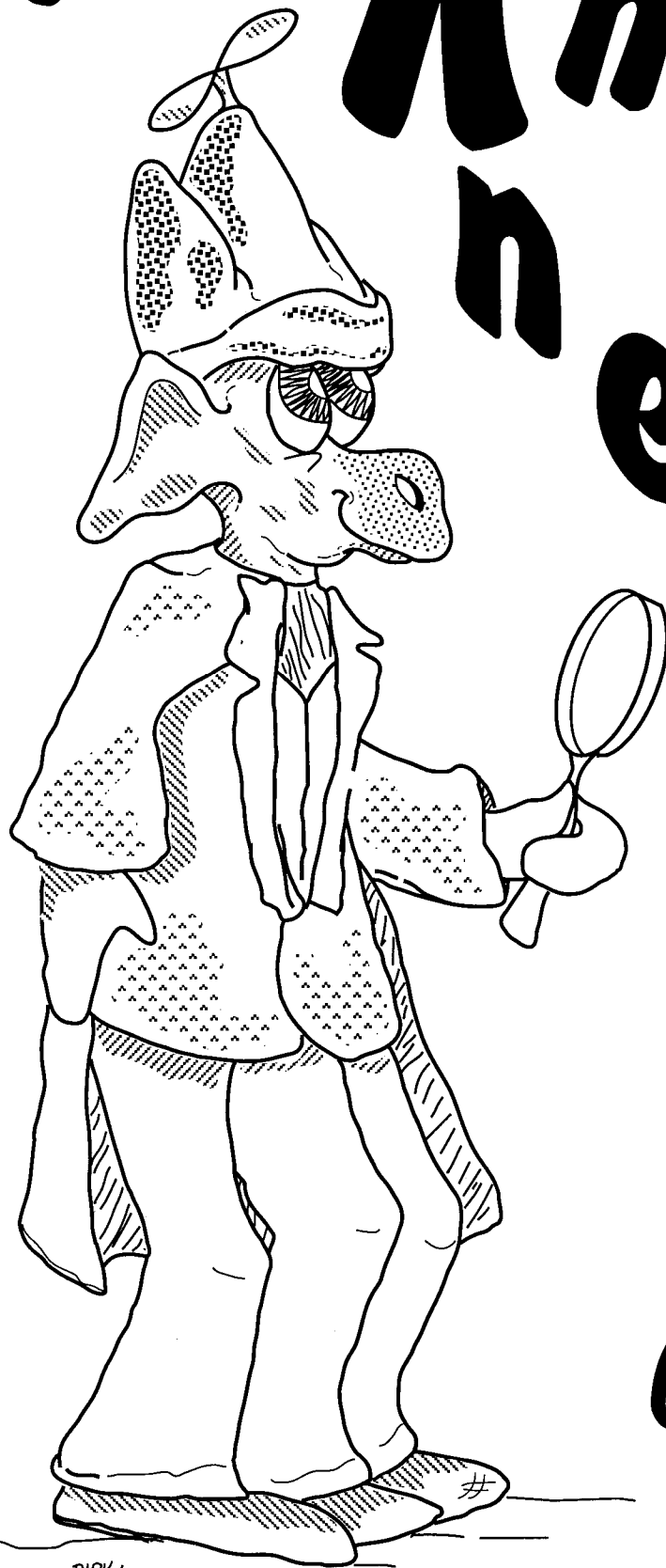


the **Knarley**

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Issue 102



October, 2003

Table of Contents

Item	Page
Table of Contents/Colophon	2
Editorial	3
Sue's Sites - 60 Mile Walk Sue Welch	5
Reflection On ... The Vagaries of Life and Death, Part 2	6
Rodney Leighton	7
A Wild Thing Howls Gene Stewart	8
<i>Gosford Park</i> - A Review Gene Stewart	9
InterLOCutions (alphabetically)	
Sheryl Birkhead	11
Ned Brooks	14
Brad W. Foster	9
E.B. Frohvet	11
Mike Glyer	18
Tony Keen	20
Trinlay Khadro	13
Bill Legate	14
Eric Lindsay	9
Joseph T. Major	17
Joseph Nicholas	19
Scott Patri	16
KRin Pender-Gunn	16
Lloyd Penney	19
Roger Sims	11
Joy V. Smith	18
Milt Stevens	12
Julie Wall	
WAHF List	
Fanzines Received in Trade	21
Conventions/Back Cover	22

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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.
3. Advertising is free provided that the ads are of interest to the editors and that it is for a non-profit organization.
4. It is the editors' policy not to unduly censor or restrict the ideals of free speech. (We like a good argument as much as the next guy.) However, we reserve the right to make minor content and format changes to fit your piece in or to add appropriately denoted editorial comments.
5. Contributions are currently acceptable using the following computer formats.
IBM: Virtually any format
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Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

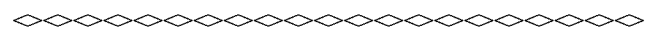
Trivia Question: What does this editor have in common with Green Bay Packer quarterback Brett Favre? (Other than that we both live in Wisconsin.)

Tired does not begin to describe my current state. Between work, special consulting projects, and now ice hockey I miss my one day of sleeping in a week. My entire level of functioning is predicated on being able to get a 10 hour night of sleep periodically to make up for the five hour nights on most days of the week. It is my own fault, of course. I didn't have to have children (up five days a week at 6:45am to get them off to school even though I don't have any scheduled work until 1pm two days a week). And it is, of course, the kids that are involved with hockey (my games only take 75 minutes/week). Starting this year all three children play. Not so much a big deal except that Kira, being in the development program, has her ice time is early on Saturday and Sunday mornings and hence my loss of any extended sleep option.

Don't get me wrong, children have their upside too. Kira looks so cute on the ice and her grin is from ear to ear whenever she is out there or talks about it. Both of the boys are doing fine and I happen to enjoy acting in a coaching capacity. For Kyle's team I am the assistant coach and for Connor's the backup coach. My role with Kira's team has not been determined since the children have not yet been divided into the smaller groups/teams in which they will continue to practice. The only problem with the coaching is that you have to be there and you have to be on the ice (no catching up on reading or calling another family on the team). This requires me to be on the ice as many as 10 times a week and if I'm lucky that is only on 4 of the 7 days with some overlap in practices. The worst case scenario is 6 days a week, but that only has one or two chances of happening over the course of this season.

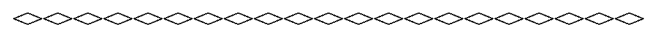
Last Thursday looked like a good day to sleep in; my first chance in about four weeks. My consulting project had been put on hold yet again (don't ask) and the kids were off school. So I turned the alarm clock off. Fat chance! The phone rang at least three times and the children did not take well to being unsupervised. I got about 10 hours of sleep, but with plenty of interruptions. Exam week and then Thanksgiving week are a short time away and I'll survive until then.

The end result of this is that my fanzine fanac has taken a bit of a hit. Free time to read and LOC zines is at a premium and taking the time to write wonderful editorials falls into the same category. Please don't write and say I should take time off, or whatever, that simply isn't an option in my psyche and frankly the change in activity is rather welcome. The sleep stress is transient and the whole dynamic will change as the winter term starts after Thanksgiving.



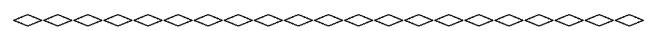
I do need to apologize for one major glitch last issue. I inadvertently left the last line out of my mother's discussion of Iowa and well as some basic facts regarding the state. I repeat the last line here since part of the purpose of the article was to give me grief. ("I look forward to watching Henry paint the top of my car.") I did not and probably will not paint the top of the car, but I'm certain my mother will find some other chores to even the score.

In addition my delay in getting this issue out the door has made her article less timely than I wish it could be. Please feel free to donate to the Cancer Society through my mother even if the deadline for her walk is passed. I've walked farther than 20 miles in a day, but never for three days straight. I'm sure I'd survive the endeavor, but my feet wouldn't be too happy. Good luck Mom!



Ditto, like WorldCon became a casualty of finances and time. Nothing against, Eugene, OR, which I'm sure is a delightful city, but it isn't the easy place in the world to get to. When I set-up my fall schedule I deliberately set things up so that I could take a three day weekend for Ditto. As I tried to make airline reservations I realized that there was only one option for getting from Milwaukee to Eugene in two plane flights (through Denver on United). Unfortunately the 25,000 mile frequent flyer ticket couldn't be used and I thought it prohibitive to use the 40,000 mile option. A similar situation existed for Northwest, but that was because the ticket couldn't be used with the code-share partner that flew the third leg into Eugene.

Next year's Ditto will be hosted by Pat and Roger Sims in Orlando, FL. This is at the exact opposite of the spectrum as Eugene in terms of accessibility. Schedule and baby sitter permitting we'll make it next year.



TKK continues to plug along, as you well know, and its "recognition" level seems to be consistent. In checking the statistics from Torcon I noted that we received 10 Hugo nominations for best fanzine. It was right at the bottom of the reporting cut-off and in good company with *Twink*. I think this is doing fairly well when you consider that the typical print run is well under 100. The moral may be that if I triple or quadruple the print run then I should make the final ballot. I'm not counting on that because that would change the nature of the fanzine and I'm not willing to send out so many copies without getting that important "usual" back.

On a sadder note I am saddened to report the recent deaths of Rodney Leighton's father (see this issue's "Reflecting On...") and Hal Clement. My condolences go out to the respective families and friends.

Despite the time crunch I was able to squeeze in one trip prior to the hockey season. Every year Patti and Michael Hetherington open their home and farm in Williamston, MI to hordes of people for a fall harvest party. This year was no exception and we happily put it on our calendars. Letha was unable to attend, but I took the children anyway.

Once it became clear that Ditto wasn't a viable option I re-worked my schedule to make this the three day weekend. I took Friday off and took the children out of school so that we could do some sight-seeing along the way. After a mid-morning start for the long drive through Chicago I passed the AAA tour book to the children and asked them to find something along the route. The only restriction was that it had to be indoor due to the pouring rain. They eventually picked the Cook Energy Center just north of the Michigan-Indiana border along Lake Michigan.

This was not to be. The Cook Energy Center is a nuclear power plant. So why does that matter, well access is now restricted following 9-11. This would be the second time this year that we weren't allowed to visit a previously public site due to 9-11, the first being the Denver Mint in February. The security guard (with M-16 over his shoulder) was very polite about it and explained that only organized school groups could tour with advanced notice. Terrorism sucks!

I sent the kids back to the tour book and continued to drive. A bit while later I saw a sign for the Kalamazoo Air Zoo and aeronautical museum. The children didn't want to go until I explained that it was airplanes. This may be one of Michigan's best kept tourist secrets. The Air Zoo has one of the nicest plane collections I've ever seen. They had the usual host of bi-planes and other small aircraft with assorted paraphernalia. In addition they had a few simulators you could ride in as well as a number of training aircraft and other cockpits that the children could climb in and manipulate the controls. Some of them even moved the control surfaces on the wings or tails. This would have been enough to keep them happy, but they also had an F-16, an FA-18, and an SR-71 (which is one huge aircraft). This is not the sort of thing you expect to see in one of the smaller cities in the Midwest, but impressive at any scale; and I've been to the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum. I wish I knew more about the aircraft,

but I definitely recommend this museum if you have any interest in this sort of thing.

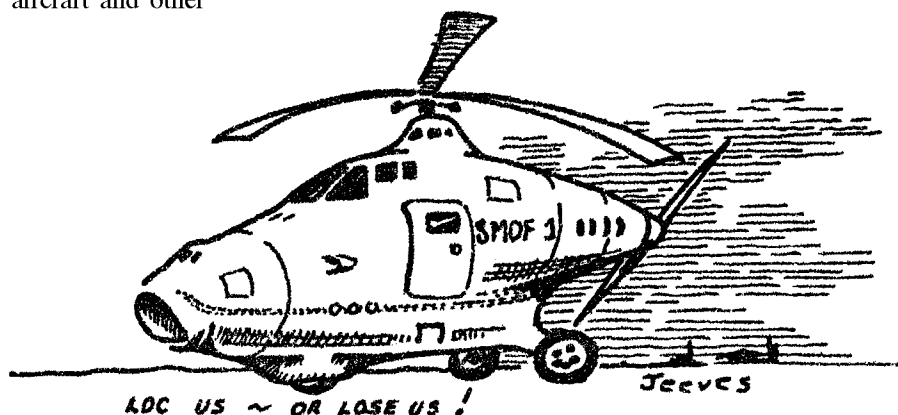
On Saturday morning we visited my Aunt and Uncle in Detroit. After a short visit at their home and some lunch we went to the science museum at Cranbrook Institute. I visited this museum regularly with my grandmother in the 70s and enjoyed every visit. (Those of you will longer memories will also recall that this was the private school at which George "Lan" Laskowski taught math.) The museum is much expanded since I last visited and despite staying almost an hour longer than we planned we didn't see it all. What was especially scary was the memory triggers caused by the boar statues outside the entrance and the stairwell leading to the rest rooms. This is further proof of the crap we store in our brains and can never truly get rid of.

The main harvest party was later that evening and thanks to a timely travel report from Megan and Al Bouchard (whom I had invited to the party) we managed to dodge the worst of the construction traffic. As usual we really enjoyed the event and it was quite nice that for the first time in years I didn't really have to keep a close eye on the children. One of the highlights of the evening is the DUKW (duck) ride on the back forty. That didn't happen this year since the duck was off to Chicago for repairs and sealing so that it can be truly amphibious once again. Instead we got a hay ride, which is not quite as nice as it doesn't ride over the small trees the way the duck does. The children were a bit disappointed but quickly got over it by using the zip line, the climbing wall, and the barn toss. As Kira remarked after we returned home "I wish they lived next door."

The trip back to Wisconsin on Sunday was relatively uneventful. The weather was nice so we stopped again at Warren Dunes and walked along the lake and then climbed the huge sand dune. We also got our best glimpse of the Cook Energy Center which can be seen just up the coast.

Trivia Answer: We both have the same thumb injury.

Until next issue...



Sue's Sites: 60 Mile Walk & Summer Favorites

by Sue Welch

My dog, Shiner, and I had the most relaxing summer. Driving around the country, visiting family and friends and exploring new sights. Just hanging out, accepting food, catching up on gossip and in general not doing much of anything.

So here I am lying on the couch watching my soap opera. I hate fall; it gets cold and dark and is the season farthest away from my two favorites: spring and summer. I keep seeing the same ad: "3-Day 60 mile walk for breast cancer-check out the website or call. Sponsored by The Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation." This could make fall more interesting, I think, turning off the TV and setting out to see just how far 60 miles might be. Two miles seemed an appropriate beginning so off Shiner and I went. Struggling somewhere into the second mile, the thought occurs that the ad said 60K, not 60 miles. Now I couldn't wait to get home and check it out – but no the ad did say 60 miles.

The past month I have been practicing walking and had set a goal of 10 miles a day for 6 days this past week; a goal I didn't quite meet. Shiner dropped out when the going got to 8 miles per day. My body hurts everywhere, except my feet. But, I am persevering. I have reserved November 14, 15 and 16 to walk the 60 miles between Orange County and downtown LA.

There are three such walks in California this fall: San Francisco, San Diego and LA. The minimum amount to fundraise for walking is \$2,000. The Susan G. Komen Foundation expects at least 3,000 walkers at each location, which equates to a minimum \$18,000,000 for fighting breast cancer. This is a remarkable sum of money for research! In the U.S. a woman has about a 13% lifetime risk of developing breast cancer.

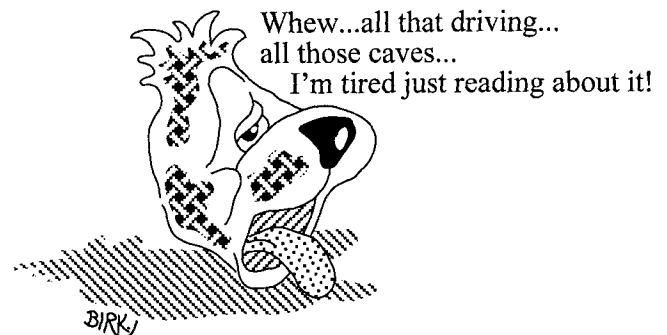
If you would like to make a contribution toward my \$2,000 goal, please send me a check **payable to Breast Cancer 3-Day** at 1213 Calle Vistaso, San Dimas, CA 91773. Eighty-five percent of your donation will benefit the Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation whose goal is to eradicate breast cancer as a life-threatening disease and today is the largest private funder of breast cancer research and community outreach programs in the United States. The other fifteen percent of your donation will benefit the National Philanthropic Trust, one of the 100 largest charities in the US; NPT proceeds support a permanent endowment for breast cancer initiatives. Your contribution is **100% tax deductible**. Whatever you can donate will really help; it all adds up.

Your support is most appreciated. Please also send me your love and prayers while I am walking; I will need every bit of energy I can gather from all of you.



My five picks from this past summer include:

- 1) Most unique landscape: Utah, with its amazing colors and rock formations.
- 2) Most awesome place: Southwestern South Dakota with its wide open rolling hills.
- 3) Best meal: Fish caught by Henry's children and prepared over an open fire.
- 4) Best campsite: Churchill Reservoir, near Carson City, Nevada which permits tents/campers at the edge of the lake which is beautiful clear water for swimming, boating and fishing.
- 5) Coldest spot: Campsite on the Truckee River near Donner's Pass, California where mist rose over the river and I could see my breath in the early morning air which registered 38 degrees on my car thermometer, a bit chilly for shorts and a T shirt in August.



Reflection On ...The Vagaries of Life and Death, Part 2

by Rodney Leighton

I had read and heard that birthdays and anniversaries were sometimes difficult days. September 16 would have been my mother's 87th birthday had she lived until then. It would have been my parent's 56th wedding anniversary if both were alive instead of dead. I happened to mention this fact to my neighbor about 7 am. It didn't seem to bother me much, I met some forestry workers a little later and was telling one of them anecdotes about father. I went to the bank and a lovely young lady who hadn't waited on me for quite a long time asked the traditional: "How are you?" I told her she really didn't want to know. So she asked how my summer had been. Well, I said Tracy, if you really want to know, my mother died in April, there wasn't much work and I didn't really feel like working anyway, much less looking for work and then my father died Saturday.

Then I went across the street to the post office and heard: "How are you today?" I am afraid I snarled at that poor woman. Then I apologized for doing so and explained.

I came home, did a few things, sat down to read *TKK* 101 which had arrived earlier. Read over my column and encountered the line ... "if the old man dies, which he could at any moment..." yeah, three days ago.

I feel sort of numb. Various and many people have asked my sister what she is going to do. She just says she doesn't know yet. I am telling her to stay put the rest of the year at least. She has enough money to do so and next year, when things have settled down and the grief is not so intense, then she can decide where to go and what to do.

For myself, I am taking the rest of the year to heal and work like hell to see if I can get partway out of the financial morass I am in. I really have no idea what will happen with any of the things I mentioned in the column in #101. And there is no point in speculating on them.

I do still plan...hope would be a better word...to do the *Mimosa* column sometime next winter. And a thank you/goodbye column.

On the other hand...the lady who supplied all of the secondhand fanzines which prompted columns has indicated that she might ship me a batch again someday. Although I fully expect that I will send her a thank you form letter, read what I wish to of every fanzine sent and then pass them along to my neighbor who "reads

everything" and that will be all, there might be something which stirs me to sit in front of this machine and create some sort of messy morass of verbiage on paper which I will inflict on Henry and see if he wishes to try to turn it into a printable column.

I ONLY HAVE
TWO THOUGHTS:
EVIL and CONFUSED...



...PLEASE... DON'T
LEAVE ME ALONE
WITH THEM!

“A Wild Thing Howls”

by Gene Stewart

Who and what is **that**? We’ve all heard them ask this as we slink past, haven’t we? All us fans. We fen. Hell, you don’t even have to be in costume and they don’t have to say it aloud.

In an unpublished story of mine called “Grey’s Analogy” I analyze identity and its nature from outside the experience of it. The story is in the form of a report from what seems to be a team searching for a man, Grey, who always seems to pop up at the site of a paranormal event. Who the team is, and for whom they work, is not specified. Why the man is so illusive is not clear. There is a hint of the supernatural, perhaps, or the unearthly in all this. It is set at Loch Ness, where the man the team seeks, Augustus Grey, was in the tour boat when Nessie makes a spectacular appearance. Grey is gone before the team hears about the sighting and shows up to search for him, and they can’t really pin down where he’s gone from there.

Well, I’m Grey. Meaning that the story was actually about my search for identity. Can’t track it down. And life is just like that. By the time something definitive has happened to us, we’ve moved on. Sometimes we’ve absorbed the lessons, sometimes we carry them away unexamined for years, and sometimes we’re oblivious. That’s how people are.

I see a disconnect between my childhood and now. It manifests in many ways. Over the course of even a day I seem to be many people. Often I seem to be none. To the bank teller I’m a customer depositing a tediously small amount of money. To the loan officer I might be a medium good risk but not very impressive. To the coffee kiosk clerk I am just a blurred customer who wants decaf. To my wife I’m a husband, to my kids a father, and to our esteemed editor Henry I’m that guy he met in Omaha who should contribute more stuff to *The Knarley Knews*.

Are any of these rooted in my childhood? All of them? One sees layers and degrees and begins to quibble and parse. Sorting out direct connections only proves how tenuous they are, and how partial any one answer must be.

The world feels unreal to me. I cannot believe people just blithely accept things as they seem when they are so obviously fake and phony. Not just the government but all of consensual reality strikes me as nearly farcical. It’s this that gets me banned from discussion group and inadvertently offends all those who kowtow to the received wisdom, mouth the platitudes of the conformist state, and sing along empty-headed and blandly smiling with the jingoism jingles. In short, the blinkered cattle who graze contentedly in the unreality.

Nonconformists, outsiders, and fringe walkers threaten them because such refusers of the pre-chewed cud of the powers that be show them how empty and useless their lives are.

Hell, their very existence is futile when seen from the other side of the fence where the wilderness lies.

All is vanity, the prophet once cried. Quite so, when one sees it as but a bump on the desert’s horizon.

How to break out of this and find something real is the problem. How to live one’s life when one isn’t even anyone is the problem. Fandom is all about this, and fen embody the struggle perfectly. They don’t fit in to the so-called Normal but they desperately want to belong Somewhere, to Something more than themselves.

All I know for sure about myself is what I am not. And I only think I know that. It probably changes the way palates change, or tastes in art, reading, or clothing. Remember the 1970s? Cringe-worthy clothes and embarrassing hair cuts abounded but we kind of liked them back then, most of us. Harlan Ellison was trendy, if you can dig it.

Know thyself? If I knew myself I’d run away. -- Goethe.

Thing is, self knowledge is the foundation for all else.

All things considered I am fairly consistently in my many selves on the side of the underdog, the little man, and the child. I’m for women’s rights and equal recourse to the law regardless of income level or familial connections. I’m for peace and against war. Violence may be golden at the box office but it’s never a genuine solution to anything. And yes, people kill people, but in this country it’s way too often with guns. Guns are a coward’s choice of weapon and one of the few things Freudian analysis works on pretty damned accurately. Abortion is a private matter for a woman and her doctor to decide, without outside pressure, interference, or violence.

Those who disagree with some or most or even all of that insist upon forcing their views upon me, even though I do not return the insult.

Is this why I have trouble remembering what I consider to be petty and often annoying details about the world outside my head? Have I live inside my head, my books, my bookish sub-world too long?

I am fandom, hear me filk. There is not a slant alive who doesn’t hear and echo this cry in the wilderness.

In my mind I am comfortable while in the world I am often lost. We’ve lost so many of our kind to depression, to slow forms of suicide, and to irrelevance to society’s concern. How can someone who is both sensitive and intelligent to a

Continued on page 21

Gosford Park

2001 - Robert Altman, director / producer

Written by Julian Fellowes from ideas by Robert Altman and Bob Balaban as filtered through a story by Jean Renoir translated as "The Rules of the Game" (1939)

a review by Gene Stewart

Gosford Park captures the ennui of upper class British country house life and the drudgery and invisibility of the servants. It's *Upstairs, Downstairs* with a murder. Neither class is appealing but at least everyone's got secrets. What is particularly good is the subtle approach to planting clues and red herrings, such as a poison bottle that just happens to be in well-framed scenes.

This is Agatha Christie territory and yet, as a small quibble, neither as nasty nor as lively as the Dame's books. It may be an attempt to elevate a form that never had pretensions in the first place or it could simply be glossy treatment given by an affectionate director. In any case, the Merchant-Ivory treatment clashes in its stately canter with what is essentially a tongue-in-cheek country house murder mystery, which we're used to seeing moving along at a brisker pace.

Anglophiles, however, will swoon at the many accents and well-delivered attitudes. The set decoration is Edwardian in its depiction of Edwardian elegance even though the splendor is muted -- perhaps it's out in the grass with the hunting party, as it should be. They do dine well mid-hunt. Ah, for the days of cheap and reliable help.

Satire is in attendance at this refined party in spades and spats, especially clinging, like too much Chanel #5, to the Hollywood producer Weissman, portrayed by Bob Balaban, who makes a hilarious telephone call in which we hear him saying that he wants a more realistic Charlie Chan movie and is amazed that the English folks he's mingling with speak like they're from England. He wants a real English actress and snaps, "What about Cobert, is she English, or just faking it?" With just such guileless, innocent amazement over things the rest of us take for granted is the Silver Screen gilded.

"Would you stop sniveling? Anyone would think you're Italian," a disgusted husband tells a sobbing wife just after the murder. We at once recognize we're not in Political Correct Land anymore.

This is high farce expertly played. It is unobtrusively filmed and although it is paced steadily, it's crisply edited. And despite being a Robert Altman film the sound is uncluttered.

The Inspector, played with deadpan assurance by Stephen Fry, is a caricature, pure comic relief. As this overly long film goes on its high tone of refinement disintegrates into farce and humorous comedy. We lose the sense of reality the characters have had up until the murder. There are still sly exchanges, sardonic lines, and beautifully-played scenes, but the wholeness of the piece fragments just as the story should

be coming together. My guess is that the writers lacked the proper bookishness and got distracted by too many irresistible ideas for brief black-out scenes.

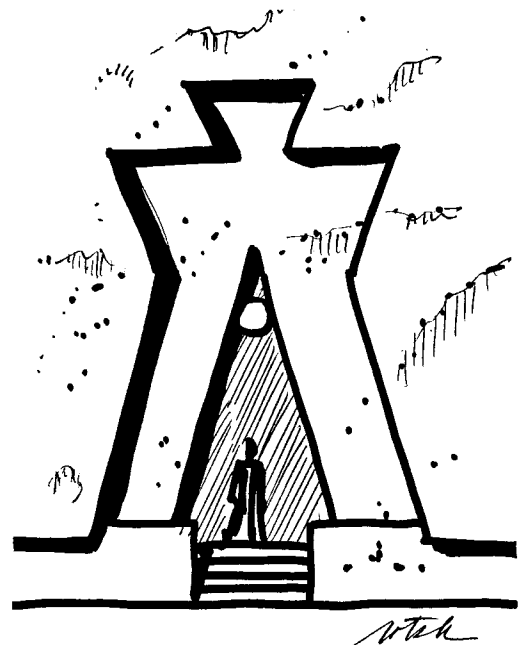
One longs for a lunatic with a machine gun to crop up and cut through the constipated accents and ingrown attitudes. This means the film is working its spell, conjuring a different time, place, and people. This is not us, this is not now, and this is not a bad thing in this somewhat awkward movie.

As with all classic mystery who-dunnits, this one has fascinating exposition revealing details and secrets, but paying attention to the implications is still necessary. Altman doesn't make it easy for the viewer and, in fact, plays somewhat against form at the end, trumping a triumphant revelation with a more mature, more realistic end. It's almost an apology for having indulged in the caricature and comedy earlier in the movie.

The secret at the core that motivates the murder is, by the way, suitably ugly, so we go away feeling our curiosity satisfied, if not justice's appetite for revenge.

Maggie Smith is regal and Kelly Macdonald, with her low-key intensity and shining vitality, steals the movie as the alert, intelligent lady's maid who figures it all out.

Definitely rentable but wait until you have a taste for Stilton and Port in the drawing room.



INTERLOCUTIONS

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September 12, 2003

And now the knews...nice cover, looks like something out of Jack Vance.

Most of the motorcyclists we saw were in North Carolina, but there were numbers of them all over, going all ways it seemed.

The restaurant is called Lynn's Paradise Cafe; Lisa likes to say it is decorated in Early Yard-Sale. The kitschy salt and pepper shakers are that sort of thing, for example.

I understand your housing problems in South Dakota. Back in June we went to a family reunion. Lisa had proposed that we drive down and spend the night in Nashville before going on to Arkansas. Torrential rain hit when we got to Elizabethtown and after an hour of nerve-wracking nighttime driving in pouring rain we decided to cut the drive short and stay in Bowling Green. It was the Corvette Festival. (Corvettes are made in Bowling Green.) Every room was taken. We drove a few miles further south to Franklin and found the last room in town.

Haven't they also dug out the space between Crazy Horse's arm and body? Korczak Ziolkowski (bet he didn't get traffic tickets late at night) decided to memorialize the man and only got started. Interesting SF tie-in: in the novel version of *Logan's Run*, the super computer that controls all the world's processes is at the Crazy Horse Memorial.

Incidentally, my younger brother teaches at a small university in Iowa.

Would *The Bridges of Madison County* have been so popular if it had been a male farmer having an affair with a female photographer?

Was the steak house proprietor a fan of Heinlein? And remember, the Matriarch LummoX had a hobby of raising John Thomases though she hadn't done too well with the marriage of John Thomas Stuart VIII, as I recall.

And I did get on the Heinlein programming at TorCon. Rather more than I was supposed to be, according to the official program. Programming had problems.

Since **Bill Legate** quotes *Breakfast of Champions*, what does he think of "Built Up Logically", which has a character build the universe up logically about halfway through and having created the universe, takes over as narrator of the story?

As long as we're playing Moskowitz, both Asimov's "The Dead Past" and Knight's "I See You" are predated by "E for Effort" by T. L. Sherrerd (1947). In fact, up to the bit about "public distribution" the plot of Sherrerd's story parallels Knight's, but he has the viewer and its maker taken into custody. Shortly thereafter there is a nuclear war.

Mark Martin is well off only negotiating for fun with the Nigerian 417 spammers. People who actually believe that that junior minister/widow/bank officer/whatever has access to the account have not only usually been robbed, but when going to Africa to help get the money out, been arrested on trumped-up charges and jailed.

A minor plot element in the movie *Fight Club* involves the destruction of IKEA shops because they feminize men, while the bare-knuckle amateur boxing the protagonists do masculinizes them. Evidently the protagonist works for the Totally Understanding High-Salary for No Work Brokerage, where they don't care if you come in late, sleepy, and bloody. I understand Kramer from *Seinfeld* and the narrator of *American Psycho* also work there.

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

☐**CKK**: *Bizarre salt and pepper shakers became the basis for many of the medical instruments in the original Star Trek. What WorldCon programming hasn't had problems?*☐

E.B. Frohvet
4716 Dorsey Hall Dr. #506
Ellicott City, MD 21042
September 12, 2003

Dear Henry,

I sleep better this time of year, with the window open and fresh air cool enough to be comfortable. Especially if it rains, I find the sound of the rain relaxing.

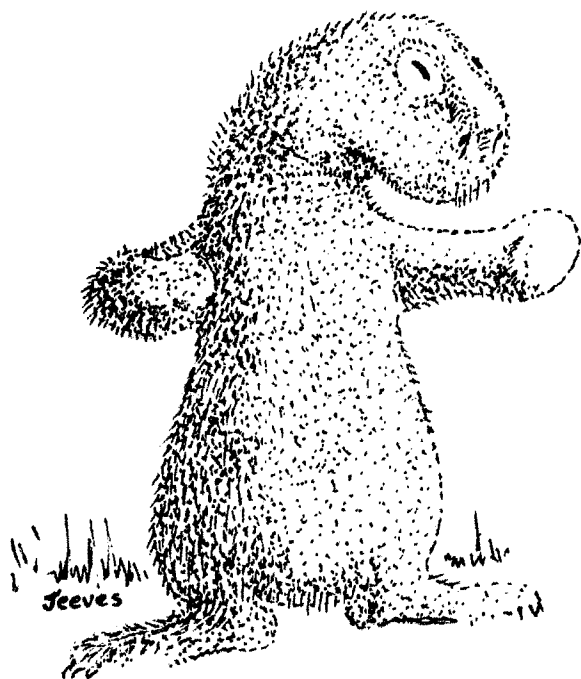
I produced thirty issues of my fanzine, and the covers were: three yellow, four pink, three gray, four blue, one red, four lavender, four green, two brown, two beige, and three orange. On reviewing my stock of past *Knewses*, I find: ten yellow, nine green, six orange, four blue, one beige, and two full-color (#s 91 and 94). One detects a mid-spectrum preference! Fandom wants to see a lavender *Knews*! (Okay, I want to see it.)

If a musical composition about the night is a "nocturne", and a piece of music about the dawn is an "aubade": what then is a musical piece about the rain? Is there a word for that? One of my new amusements is collecting songs, of which

the word “rain” appears in the title. So far I have found 44, and I’m confident there are many others. God bless people who write exhaustively detailed reference books on obscure subjects.

What do you do if your books get wet? Well, if you’re the Peabody Conservatory of Music, and you come in one morning and find that a clogged drain has leaked on more than 1000 valuable books, you call a company in Rochester, NY that specializes in this sort of thing. In less than four hours they show up at the door with a freezer truck and crew. (Apparently they keep such things prestationed around the East Coast.) Load all the books in the truck and freeze them solid. Then truck them to Rochester and load them into a hypobaric chamber and pump it down to less than ½ of 1% of normal atmospheric pressure. The water will sublime from ice directly to vapor without going through the water stage. Presto chango: dry books. Clever, these technical people.

Spumes: Unfortunate that you did not get to Toronto, but I can see your family and financial concerns – and I don’t have three children. People who live in the London suburb of Wimbledon frequently make a good deal of money leasing their homes to tennis players (or the media) for the two weeks of the event. Good of you to clarify the case regarding Harry Warner. The neighbor deserves our thanks. Odd coincidence they you should mention Wind Cave in South Dakota; just the other day I was reading that they had discovered fossils there which proved to be a sort of rhinoceros! Yes, in America – roughly 32 million years ago. Evidence elsewhere also suggests horses originated in America, migrated elsewhere, died out here, then were extinct here until reintroduced by the Spanish millennia later.



I passed through Iowa once years ago but don’t have any strong memories of the place except that approaching Sioux City, the stink was intolerable: the highway downwind from a large slaughter house. Almost enough to make one a vegetarian.

Rodney Leighton: I concede that my statement (“rant” as you choose to call it) was ill-timed in view of your personal tragedy. I still perceive that, based on my admittedly limited experience, Canadians seem to have a perspective on the United States that does not coincide with my reality.

Sydrous & Sydria: I was in the bookstore the other day and they had a special display of books for kids: the **entire** content was Harry Potter books and tie-ins. As if to say, those are the **only** books suitable for that age range.

Gene Stewart: I’ll let it go as far as being compared to a tattoo, a bizarre custom which for some inexplicable reason has made a comeback. (Willing to bet you **Alex Slate** doesn’t have a tattoo, Jewish law forbids it.) However, I had promised to say so when I terminated my zine; as did the **Lynches** a few months later. My guess would be that some faneds don’t announce a termination in order to keep their options open. P.S.: Hate to break it to you, but punctuation does serve a useful purpose.

Joseph T. Major: Let’s agree to disagree about airline security. Corflu: I did have **Ted White** and **Tracy Benton** on my mailing list until the end. Steve Stiles also, but I don’t think of Steve as a member of the central Corflu cult.

“Two-port networks”: Actually, long ago I read a book in which robots had sex, of a sort, by “plugging in” to each other’s, uh sockets. I see to recall Fritz Leiber? Anyone know the reference?

Eric Lindsay: Went to IKEA the other day myself. A friend needed a new bookcase. Never have figured out what the British hatred of IKEA is about. The layout of the store followed no obvious pattern but the merchandise appeared of adequate quality, and all the staff were **extremely** polite – “Yes, sir, I can help you with that.” “Yes, ma’am, I can find that for you.” Manners in a store – how quaint! My friend picked the bookcase she wanted, a husky young man helped us load it in the car and **refused** a tip with a friendly smile. I had no difficulty assembling it in about 45 minutes; someone familiar with the model could surely have done it much faster.

Hoabny gremflods,
E.B. Frohvet

□**TKK:** *Many people forget their chemistry where the water, solid, gas boundary is a function of both temperature and pressure. Dry ice (CO₂) sublimates directly to gas and water will to some extent from snow to gas, but lower the pressure and there is no liquid state. Paper mills smell just as bad as slaughter houses, should we give up books as a consequence?*□

Joy V. Smith
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13 Sep 2003

Dear Knarley,

Nice cover. I love the way you printed your numbers, but I can't figure out what that creature is. You and the family have sure done a lot of traveling! The caves sound interesting, especially the Wind Cave with its sucking and blowing and the box work/crystal planes. The jackalope is cute; I don't think I've ever seen the statue.

Congratulations on your tomatoes and apples and your new pond. I have an earthen pond, btw, and AOL has a pond folder with lots of helpful info. **Sue** had an interesting time in Iowa. What was on top of her car?!

Re: **Todd and Nora Bushlow's** article, AOL has a number of HP folders (possibly 11; someone said that recently; I wouldn't know), but I've read some fanfic; a number of posters write it and have links. Where does Nora post? Gene Stewart made an interesting connection between tattoos and zines.

Thanks to all for their interesting LOCs, which included time viewing and Asimov's and Damon Knight's stories about it, **Alex Slate's** landscaping (I just got some nice plant markers), speculation on Megumi's ear fetish, and foreign news versus the US version. I enjoyed the illos too, especially the cute possum cartoon and the art on p18 – lovely use of curved lines. Also the fanzine reviews.

Appreciatively,
Joy V. Smith

☐**CKK:** *We had some display wracks wrapped in a tarp.*☐

Ned Brooks
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13 Sep 2003

Hi Knarl - Not many zines make it past 100! I'm told 30 is the usual limit, and I never got that far with one title.

Nice account of Iowa. I have never been there that I know of, though I was born in Montana and then went to Pittsburgh by car so I suppose I may have passed through as an infant. I just sold my duplicate copy of *The Last Fair Deal Going* by David Rhodes, a spooky fantasy set in a hole in the middle of Des Moines.

Leighton needn't feel bad - I doubt that I get more than one fanzine a week on the average. I was sorry to see *Twink* go. A lot of e-zines are up at Bill Burns' site - but while some are

interesting, I have yet to see one that I thought I should print out so I could archive it.

The Nigerian spam scam seems immortal. The first one I ever saw was from "Miriam Abacha" and I got two from Ms Abacha this week. It must still be working for them I guess.

If you have bats you really should put up a belfry...

☐**CKK:** *I basically do nothing to go looking for e-zines. I surf the web minimally and never just to do it. There are too many terminal sites with no outgoing links. I google what I need and go from there.*☐

Mike Glyer
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14 Sep 2003

Dear Henry,

Brad Foster's cover illo is more than just an eye-pleasing design – it's a science fictional riddle. Just what kind of flying thing is this? An inverted sparrow in the process of being hijacked by fairies? A rococo flying machine inspired by a cuckoo clock?

I guessed it must be mechanical, and there seemed at first glance to be a tiny pilot with a set of levers and knobs in front of him. After I cleaned my glasses, it appeared the controls were actually two more little beings, one of them holding a staff or scepter.

Then, how would this thing fly? Like an ornithopter, propelled by wing motion? That would be a bumpy ride. Also, the pilot and passengers are in an open cockpit, above the clouds where it's probably quite brisk, so I hope they've got on their long johns and bombardier jackets.

Renting your house to someone coming for the Harley-Davidson Centennial would have been its own adventure, as you waited to get back from the Worldcon and see how your place had been treated. The celebration was all over the Internet news in a way the Worldcon wasn't. Of course, we didn't have bikini wrestlers grappling in a pool of chocolate sauce. On the other hand, that kind of thing Gardner Dozois and Howard Waldrop can usually be counted on to think up themselves...

I remember the Wall Drug signs from a family driving vacation in the 1960s, but cannot remember if we ever stopped at the place. We did get to Mount Rushmore, arriving via twisty mountain roads that were posted every few miles with signs announcing a 70-m.p.h. speed limit. I couldn't imagine what vehicle could have gone that speed and stayed on the road, unless it was a Tellurian dreadnought powered by inertialess Bergenholm drives, or Dick Seaton's copper bathtub.

Gene Stewart's description of how he feels when a fanzine comes to an end somehow reminds me of a line in the movie *Gettysburg* when Robert E. Lee muses about the high losses in the Civil War. A soldier expects there will be some losses and that afterwards the officers will lift a glass to fallen comrades, "but we never expect to lose *all* of us."

Your comment to **Joseph T. Major** about the fragmentation of fanzine fandom strikes a chord in me, too. Why did I expect that because we all liked fanzines we would all like each other? I've tried in *File 770* to span all kinds of fanac, meaning there's always a lot of stuff about conventions, a decision a surprising number of fans have interpreted to mean that it's not part of the fandom they conceive themselves as belonging to.

E.B. Frohvet criticized as too conspicuous how Secret Service agents wearing civilian suits stood out from the sailors during Bush's visit to the aircraft carrier. I would think it represented the inverse of why policemen wear uniforms – part of security comes from there being a visible deterrent. Who knows how many uniformed servicemen were also guarding Bush while he was on the flight deck. (Specifically, that is; all of them were, in general...)

Frohvet's comment to **Milt Stevens** about being offered drugs by dealers reminds me that once in Hollywood as soon as I got out of my car someone approached and asked, "Rocks or grass?" If I'd tried to make a citizen's arrest, would he have claimed to have been misunderstood about an offer of gardening products? (P.S., in those days I didn't know about probable cause, but I did know to say "No, thanks," and keep moving.)

You tell **Brad Foster** that "failure to stick to a regular publishing schedule is a primary cause in the demise of many fanzines." I suspect that for every fan who finds an announced schedule to be a welcome discipline, there is another whose guilt over failing to keep up has made it impossible to do another issue. An ability to keep to a schedule seems to me a kind of personality trait that fans have in varying degrees, and that a zine's survival depends more on a faned's resources of time, energy and money.

You Got This Issue Because: I hate to think of myself as just one *Knarley* away from a black hole, but here I am. The *Knarley* time unit ticks by so quickly and accurately that I have been forced to take immediate action. I might scoff if told I was only as far from oblivion as the date of the next TAFF trip report. Instead, I have no time to waste: the Fates set their watches by *The Knarley Knews*.

Best,
Mike

☐**TKK:** *Renting the house for the Harley event would have been through a bonded service. That should have minimized our risks. The fragmentation of fanzine fandom always reminds me of the "nice faneds" panel you put together in San Antonio.*☐

Julie Wall
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15 Sep 2003

Dear Henry,

I decided to go ahead and write immediately because I have meant to LoC the last two times and never got around to it. Now I have the dreaded 0 issues left staring at me on the back of the zine!

I should comment on the last two zines as well, but I don't have them with me, so alas. But congratulations are certainly in order for *TKK* surpassing 100 issues.

Although I missed seeing you (however briefly, WorldCon seems to be the only place we ever do see each other anymore), I can fully understand the problems inherent in making it to Toronto. Well, it's pretty obvious with three kids, but lately I've been listening a lot to my friends who have 2-year old twins. They are having a lot of trouble adjusting to being parents at this late date – they waited until they were both over 40 and had been married for 20 years to have children. In some ways this is good – they are financially prepared, and they tried for a long time to conceive – but it has still been a huge change for them. They were going to go to Toronto without the kids – the first time away from them – but changed their minds at the last minute. They still got away for a bit, but only to Georgia.

I went, with Cenk again. It was a good time. He picked me up in Buffalo and we saw Niagara Falls (\$10 for parking!) before heading to Toronto. As usual, I didn't actually spend a lot of time doing actual convention stuff. Had a slight problem with Cenk because he **does** like to go to panels and stuff but for some reason felt he had to stay with me the whole time. I had to explain (again) that I am perfectly capable of finding things/people I do want to see, so sent him to go to panels on Sunday. Hopefully he will remember this if we go to more conventions together. I went to the Hockey Hall of Fame, which was great. Got my picture taken with the Stanley Cup. Saw a jersey from the Turkish team in the International Ice Hockey Federation display. Who knew that ice hockey was played at all in Turkey? Not me. Not Cenk. We also found a couple of Turkish restaurants in Toronto – one of which was really good. I got to visit the huge IKEA in **Lloyd Penney's** home suburb of Etobicoke. You know how I adore IKEA. I managed to buy more stuff, including a standing lamp – there's not just furniture there, of course, but all kinds of housewares. As usual, my luggage was huge and heavy on the return trip.

What an astounding idea, leasing your house to Harley dudes! The Welch's are insane travelers. I have no problem with that statement. I don't think your travel details are irrelevant – but then I always include those sort of things in my trip reports.

People always ask me if I am related to the Wall Drug people. Not to my knowledge.

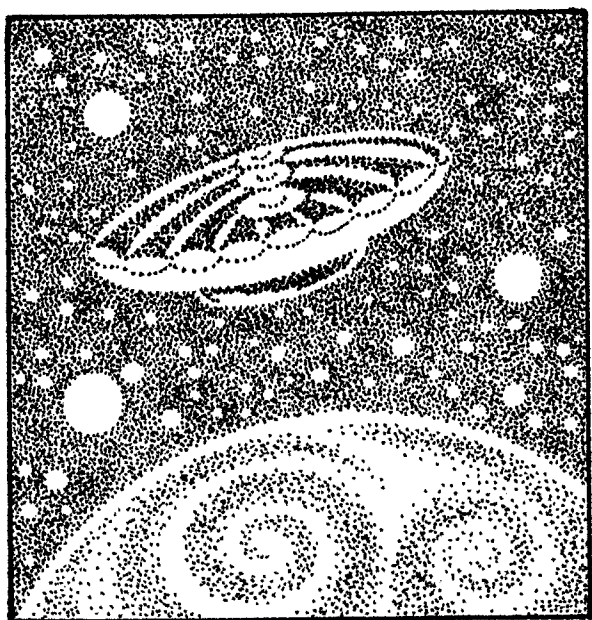
Thanks for getting **Rich** to explain what really happened with Harry Warner. That was a relief finding out that he was discovered so soon after dying. I was sorry to hear about **Rodney Leighton's** mother.

I fear I will have to grow tomatoes in the front yard, too, if I ever want a decent crop. We had way too much rain this year for good tomatoes anyway, but the Brandywines planted in the backyard never even flowered. I have gotten a few good Juliets.

I have started the process of taking the classes to take the tests to get certified in a bunch of computer stuff. I have a year's "subscription" and I am starting with MCSE and then Sun. Certifications have never been required at my job, but I keep getting very bad vibes about this job being around all that much longer, so I thought I should take the plunge. It galls me to give money to Microsoft. I will be insanely busy for the next year, trying to get my money's worth. This will also tend to keep me home more, which is good because I don't need to spend a lot of money traveling after this past year. The trip to Turkey was very expensive. I will go to California for Christmas probably and then no where that I can't drive (and my standards are about what is drivable are much different from the Welch standard) until Boston.

Hope to see you there,
Julie

□**CKK**: *Leaving the kids overnight for the first time can be hard. In over 11 years we still haven't done it very much. Much of this is due in part to being too far away from relatives who are probably better choices for this sort of thing.*□



Bill Legate
Box 3012
Sequim, WA 98382
Sept. 15, 2003

I fear I misremembered T.L. Sherrod's 1947 "E for Effort" as Damon Knight's 1976 "I See You", and scrambled both of them with Asimov's 1956 "The Dead Past". But all of them are about the social effects of viewing past events at will, and are worth rereading.

Mt. Rushmore? A few years ago, my dog peed on it. I also took this dog (who died on her 18th birthday) to the four-corners (via NE Arizona) and walked her about 50 times around the circle so that she would have "crossed a state line" more times than, blah blah. And I tried to explain to my daughter just how much less crowded and cluttered the Grand Canyon had been back in 1947, with only a bare slope and a line of logs.

In the older models of the big bang, gravity freezes out at 5.39×10^{-44} s. = Planck time, ending the TOE (Theory of Everything) era and starting the GUT (Grand Unified Theory) era; by 10^{-35} s. or so, a GUT-overtime starts (cool enough, but the strong force stutters before freezing out) with a false vacuum: "inflation" of a space that exponentially increases – but the density of whose energy mysteriously remains unchanged – until 10^{-32} s. or so, when the strong force does separate. And we pretend there really was a zero time, a singularity starting the TOE era with zero radius and infinite density and temperature.

But time "passes more slowly" where the mass is greater. This is called "gravitational time dilation". (The surface of the sun, for example, experiences a bit less time than we do: maybe two parts in a million.) So at the original singularity, how could any time pass at all, and there be times 10^{-32} s., etc.? Because there was no separate gravity until Planck time? Because there was no effective mass until it got way cooler, and the structuring Higgs field finally dumped its energy? (Well, I think I'm joking. There are other models, getting to about the same place by positing a vacuum fluctuation at some point, with absolutely nothing before that. And if you have a different take on any of this, you're right and I'm wrong.

Baryons, bosons, fermions, hadrons, mesons...I have to get out the books to remember which is which. But I do enjoy the antigravitons you slip into your envelopes. Gravitation is a tensor field, and a graviton has spin 2. With all the masses throwing gravitons at each other, I can only wonder whether these gravitons ever have head on collisions.

Best wishes,
Bill

□**CKK**: *My students must have a different take on this. The time they are gaining on the universe they give right back up*

develop a habit of turning work in late. The antigravitons use magnetic monopoles to generate anti-collision fields.□

Brad Foster
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September 18, 2003

Greetings H&L~

How very cool to get in issue 101 with my winged ship on the cover. And see Henry, you *did* design a fine cover layout with good use of the “artistic white space”. It’s all in the balance, and it looks quite nice to me. Never doubt your skills again!

All this talk of issue numbers: 100, 101, 120...I’ll toss in a new one: issue #111 which I feel deserves recognition for that line of 1’s that will never appear again; a graphically intriguing issue number. I’ve always said my own personal goal is to live to reach at least 111 years old (please note the important “at least” qualifier), just because I felt being able to claim that particular number on a personal basis would be a nice artistic kind of thing. Once I hit 111, I’ll figure out what my next goal will be.

Loved the photo of you riding the jackalope. I’m slowly putting together a collection of photos of myself next to giant items. I have lizards and rabbits and dinosaurs and teddybears and robots and such so far. Lots of big things out there!

I wonder if any of the guides at Wind Cave are keeping records of which bad joke is used the most by the disenchanted 14 year old boys who are dragged along with their families to visit: “This Sucks!” or “This Blows!”, followed with the annoying adolescent chuckle signifying they think they actually came up with something clever. Lists, we must keep lists!

Does anyone else kind of have a tired feeling when they get to the end of some of **Rodney**’s writing? That’s not a complaint, just an observation how, with so many of the “Who cares? And “Why bothers?”, I’m often amazed he actually spent the time to write down anything, and somehow the ennui seems to pass from his fingers through the page and into my brain by the time I’m done. We really need to cheer this guy up, but how?

Our most recent road trip was fun. Most of the time we are traveling for work, going around the country to the various art festivals and the like that I sell my artwork at. It’s long drives for a day or two, setting up tents and displays around a hundred other people trying to get their own work up at the same time, often in rain or frightening heat, working long hours at the shows exposed to the elements, tearing down and trying to repack it all into the van in even more confusion and chaos as it gets dark and last night of the show, and long drives home. Hey, it beats working for a living...no wait, maybe it doesn’t...anyways...

But a couple of weeks ago I got to be a mini-celebrity. I am the “official” artist for the Tulsa, OK Oktoberfest that will be happening in mid-October, which mostly means I did the artwork for their poster, cards, flyers, etc. I’ve done similar artworks for other events, and I usually just send them the art and get a check and a few copies from my file in return. This time I was told they also hold a special event a month in advance, just to reveal the poster art for that year. Evidently this is one of the largest Oktoberfest celebrations in the country, and a major fund raiser for charities in Tulsa, so they do it up big time. Cindy and I drove from Dallas to Tulsa, I got dressed up in actual slacks, shirt, tie and jacket, and ended up being interviewed live on the local TV station for a few moments, then later that evening did a live unveiling of the framed artwork (and they did a great job, certainly made the artwork look better than I recall it being when I had mailed it to them!), and spent the next hour or two signing and personalizing posters for all the folks who showed up. Then Cindy and I got the giggles at our hotel later that night when we found clips from the live interview being run on two local TV news broadcasts. I didn’t look like a *complete* idiot, only a slightly incompetent one, so I guess that’s the best I could ask for. Wow, a minor media celebrity for three minutes. I’m thinking of getting a button made that says “As seen on TV” to wear at the next show! Sigh, but now back to reality.

And hey, quick note for those who might have been following the adventure of the refinancing in my locs: we finally did sign on a new mortgage. It dropped our monthly payments nicely, which is what I was looking for, and we even ended up getting a better percentage than what we would have had with the first idiots who jerked us around for six months earlier in the year. All’s well that ends well!

stay happy~
Brad

□**TKK**: *The line of 1’s does return for issue 111, but that won’t occur for about 85 years and my second rejuvenation treatment. I know the rangers keep a list of dumbest questions, e.g. How much does the cave weigh?*□

Eric Lindsay
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Australia
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25 Sep 2003

Dear Henry,

Thank you for the doubly palindromic *TKK* #101.

I can certainly see that keeping three children in tow, even children as well behaved as I recall yours were, would be a difficult thing at a Worldcon. Like you, we didn’t attend. But then, we basically never attend Worldcon.

Thank you for the update by **Rich Lynch** on Harry Warner. Some of the stories sounded much more distressing than the reality.

You seem to have managed to catch up with a decent number of fans on your trips. Good work. I hope to have details of an air tour of the outback in my zine soon.

Construction activity here is the external painting. Luckily I'm not involved with this. Unluckily, because there are six buildings, six floors high in parts, it involves a lot of heavy equipment. The scaffolders just arrived at our building, and were on the roof a floor below us putting counterweights on the beams that support the mechanical platforms for the painters. I noticed a bunch of hoist motors to run the platform about four floors down in the gardens. Our building car park will be closed, so we have had to move the car. Since there already isn't room for all the cars during busy periods, this is awkward. Building A still has part of its car park closed as the painters complete it, but with Building F car park (our one) now also partly closed, almost a third of the parking could be gone during the period of overlap as they move from building A to building F.

As well as the painting, the horizontal wooden balcony rails are being removed, and replaced by vertical metal railings. We can't do horizontal rails (except at the top) in commercial buildings now, because of revised safety rules. Kids could climb the horizontal railings too easily. So we will have a short period with the railings removed, before the new ones go in. Given I have a five floor drop off my balcony, I think I'll stay away from the edge!

I hope that **Rodney Leighton** is feeling more positive now, despite the loss of his mother. I certainly went through periods of thinking "my mother would find that interesting" and then realising that I wouldn't be able to tell her.

On the other hand, I wonder which issue of my fanzine *Gegenschein* **Rodney** managed to find that terrorised him so much with Australian computereze? I do attempt to use a certain amount of Aussie slang in my fanzines, and that is deliberate. However I try to keep it sufficiently low that the reader will be carried forward by the context. Likewise, I don't hold back too much on the computer items, since noting that about half of fandom ended up working in the computer industry. As well, the number of fans who don't use computers in their fan activities can now probably be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Rodney's mention of the price increases at Canada Post are a fine example of why fanzines now appear in electronic form. Pushed out by postage costs. Paper just isn't competitive with email these days. On the other hand, paper is a lot easier to read, and to use. The frustration level of Windows computers is now, as far as I'm concerned, approaching infinity!

I was sorry to hear that *Twink* was gone. I can now think of only a very few all paper fanzines, with no electronic version.

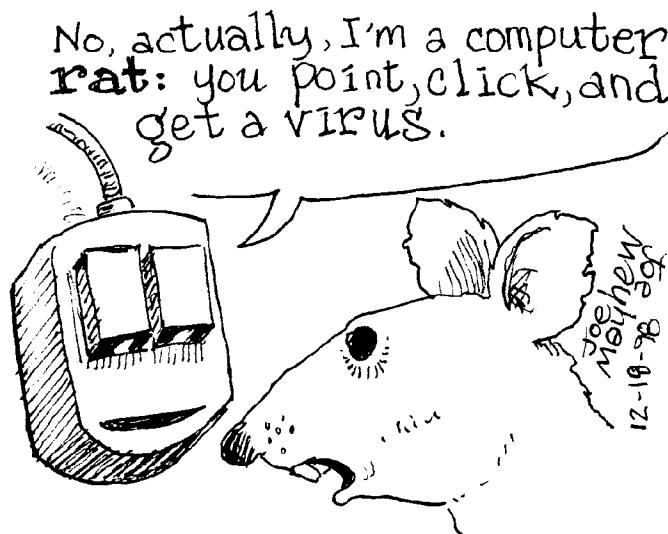
I probably have comments here on various issues of *Twink* (and of **Dale Speirs's** zines), however as neither release an email address, they are hand written in my late notepad. When I get around to turning an ezine into paper, I add the pages of LoCs from the notepad to their envelope. However I am now several paper issues behind the ezines issues of my fanzine, and recent photocopy increases make me reluctant to do the paper versions.

Joseph Major mentions spelling checkers that wouldn't pick up "gentile" for "gentle". That sort of thing is precisely why I much prefer an exceedingly limited spelling checker (not over 12000 words), backed up by a really good dictionary. You want to be pulled up when you use an unusual term. Odds are it is the term you want, but at least you get to check it. I don't know of a heuristic that works the other way, when you typo an unusual word so that it becomes a simple word.

I have heard the Secret Service sunglasses are intended to intimidate and to hide where they are looking. Also the uniform visibility of the larger members is apparently deliberate. It would not surprise me to find others being very inconspicuous in some crowds (harder on a limited crew navy ship, of course). Our Prime Minister has a much smaller contingent, and it is in fact pretty easy to get to him in shopping centres (he is the local member of parliament in Ryde where Jean used to live), or intercept him early in the morning when he takes his regular walk. The state Premier here is also on the exercise kick. When they had a country Cabinet at Airlie Beach, I saw him walking early in the morning, and tried to persuade him to use an Outrigger canoe for exercise (we were short of paddlers). His two minders looked dubious.

I can report that we did this time manage to collect the long awaited Ikea shelves when we were in Sydney. Graham Batho brought them in to work in his car, and we picked them up when he left work. Also managed to have a long chat with him before he left for home. Our Ikea collection is now complete!

All the best,
Eric Lindsay



☐TKK: *Operative note to your safety people. The vertical bars are almost as easy to climb as the horizontal if all you have to do is go one story. Agreed, though, they are a bit more intimidating.*☐

KRin Pender-Gunn
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27 Sep 2003

Greetings,

I allowed myself a small laugh after getting Issue 101 of the *Knews*.

There you are putting in two ponds while I have taken out two ponds!

I had two ponds connected with a small, stone lined stream. I could not get them to stabilize. First one then the other would go green and scummy. Now I have a bathtub in the larger of the ponds and have filled in the stream. The fish seem quite happy in the their bathtub home. They are large and almost leap out of the water come feeding time. I do have to empty the tub come summer and reseal the plug hole again; more silicon I expect. I have three pumps in various stages of disassembly (is that an actual word). If I can get the solar powered one working again I'll be happy.

I bought two tomato plants today - I might get enough sun to get tomatoes.

Spring in Melbourne is variety. One moment it will be pouring with rain, the next bright sunshine, then hail. Makes working in the garden a challenge at times.

Cheers,
KRin

☐TKK: *Tuning the water level in the double pond has been a pain. Between the water fall, the stream, and the fall leaf clutter it has been more trouble than just with the single pond with waterfall.*☐



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Lloyd Penney
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Canada
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September 28, 2003

Dear Knarley:

Thank you for issue 101 of *TKK*. I think you would have enjoyed Torcon 3, but the convention itself had some problems. It made some people look forward to Boston.

Its always great to enjoy a hometown Worldcon, but this is a project we were both involved in until filthy politics took us out of it. So, we've been on the outside looking in, unable to do anything about the problems we saw evolving. It was frustrating to see these happen on site, and to see friends who were working the con try their best, only to have to deal with criticism. We did have a good time at the con because we agreed in Philadelphia to help out the LA in 2006 people, and they won, and we also wound up feeling like the con was a family reunion, because there were so many people who we hadn't seen in as many as 15 years who came back to attend a local Worldcon. All in all, a good time, but the senior committee showed that even though they have attended many Worldcons, they have worked none.

It is difficult to care about the intricacies of life when you've had such a heavy loss as **Rodney** has. I hope something will happen that will allow him to become interested in life again. The loss of a parent, the immanence of poverty I wish there was someone close to him to help him pull through.

I hate to see zines fade away, like *Twink* or *The Reluctant Famulus*, or end up on top, like *Mimosa*. If these zines must go, they go with my thanks for their editors being willing to publish and communicate with the community at large. I also hope that new zines will crop up to talk about other things. I expect paper zines to fade somewhat, but not fade away entirely.

Hello, **Joe Major**, I did see you at Torcon 3. I saw **Murray** only a couple of times at the con; I expect he had duties to perform with the several hotels the con contracted with for room blocks. It is tempting to check to see what flights there are to get to Las Vegas for the 2004 Corflu. Theres a cutrate Canadian airline called Jetsgo that flies Toronto to Las Vegas and back for about \$160 Canadian. Thats very tempting.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney

☐TKK: *WorldCon is a great substitute for a family reunion. The only problem is that the family members are constantly changing.*☐

Joseph Nicholas
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29 Sep 2003

Dear Henry and Letha

Thanks for the latest issue, received – er, about a week or so ago? Things here have been a bit busy lately – not just garden and allotment-wise, as we move from late summer (and what a warm and dry summer it's been) into early autumn and the harvest season, but also community-wise: the allotment association, the residents association, various other initiatives. Just to add to this, I've been promoted at work, so now have more to do (but not, of course, any more time to do it in!). So fanning one's ac has unfortunately had to take something of a back seat over the past couple of months – hence no response to the previous issue of *TKK* either, although I did want to offer a word or two of congratulations on reaching one hundred issues. In a period when fanzine publishing – never mind regular fanzine publishing – seems to be dying out, this is truly an achievement.

Which connects, in an oblique way, with something I wanted to say about what you referred to as the Corflu Fanzine Group (hereinafter referred to as the CoFzGp, to save typing it out every time). In the past fifteen years, I've attended precisely three Corflus (one of them here in the UK) and usually found them pretty congenial; it's a pity that the one you attended seemed a bit cold and distant to you. But I wonder how much of that is due to the alleged cliquishness of the CoFzGp, and how much to ordinary sociology, even to a bit of evolutionary biology?

As others have pointed out, we seem to have evolved to deal naturally with groups of between 25-30 people, and nothing larger than 50; anything over that size, and it fractures into two or more smaller groups. That might have something to do with personality clashes, of course, but is it also a product of the theorised size of early humans' nomadic bands? Ergo, what you're looking up when you turn up to a Corflu is nothing more than the modern equivalent of an early kin group, or perhaps a group of such groups which have come together because it is time for the annual performance of the rituals which re-cement the bonds of their inter-group relationships. And like any other bunch who've known each other for a long time, they're naturally a bit suspicious of outsiders.

It's a two-way street, of course; if new fans are not just to show up to a Corflu but to be attracted back in succeeding years, then the CoFzGp have to make an effort to ensure as much. It's no good certain prominent members of it (I name no names!) asserting that Corflu should be the convention for all fanzine fans and then wondering why large numbers of them don't attend. (Although – I speak from experience – in the middle of an annual party with friends you haven't seen since the last one, it can be difficult to notice this, never mind do anything about it.) But on the other hand, have you

thought of sending copies of *TKK* to selected members of the CoFzGp, and seeing what eventuates? It's possible, of course, that you might not get much in the way of response; but this might be less because they don't want to know you than because (although it's billed as the fanzine fans' convention) many of those who now attend Corflu fall into the group of former fanzine publishers, and who on top of that seem not even to write letters of comment any more. (Presumably they have some sort of on-line presence instead, via various news groups and mailing lists – but as someone who gave up on news groups after a few months because of the appallingly high signal-to-noise ratio, and who resigned from the only mailing list I ever joined because the volume of traffic was overwhelming my in-box (and that was before I started receiving offers of penis extensions, pictures of “hot cuties”, and mis-spelled pleas to help move large amounts of money out of Nigerian bank accounts), I wouldn't know how much on-line presence. LiveJournal is quite enough for me.) Nevertheless, I offer the suggestion for whatever it's worth.

Having got that off my chest, though, I seem to have run out of other things to say. I did, however, marvel at the summary of your holiday – coming as I do from a small country in which nowhere is more than seventy miles from the sea and a day's travelling (by one means or another) is sufficient to get from one end to the other, I was left blinking in amazement at statements like “there was not a room to be found at the inn. We ended up travelling about 100 miles further and finally found an OK room near the Missouri River” and “Our final two days were spent getting home... the lonely nighttime trek back to Milwaukee on the back roads with the intermittent fog and construction zones”. Bloody hell – if anyone had to drive through the night to get home in the UK, then either they'd have had to start from the other end of the country or their car kept breaking down. Which irreverent remark raises an interesting point: what does happen if you break down on the back roads, in the back country, in the vast unpopulated distances of the mid-West? In the Australian outback, I'm told, it is the done thing to always pull over when you see another vehicle stopped by the side of the road, in case they've run into trouble and need assistance; in a country where people can die of thirst if no one comes to their aid, one can see why this would be next to mandatory. But in the US – what is the protocol?

Regards
Joseph

□ *TKK*: I didn't expect to get much at the Corflu since I was only there about an hour. I have, however, been to two previous Corflus and did not find them as accommodating as the *Dittos* have been. I am part of the source of this as is the CoFzGp. Unfortunately the protocol in the US has become more to drive past and at most use your cell phone to call the police. Part of it is the perceived danger, but an also applicable issue is the personal liability that stopping and helping may cause you.

Certain classes of individuals (e.g. EMTs) must stop if there is an injury.□

Milt Stevens
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September 30, 2003

Dear Henry,

In *Knarley Knews* #101, **E. B. Frohvet** misunderstood about the place I described with dope dealers on every corner. That was where I worked not where I lived. During those years, I lived in Reseda which is in the western San Fernando Valley. It was an hour and a quarter commute each way to Southwest Area which was the place I was describing. Back in Raymond Chandler's time, Southwest was known as University Division. Aside from the drug dealers, it also has the University of Southern California, the Coliseum, and the Shrine Auditorium (which has often been the site of the Grammy Awards). It also has all sorts of curious remnants of times past. In the first decade of the 20th century, the rich folks in Los Angeles lived along Adams Blvd. There are still some really impressive mansions along Adams.

Over the years, Southwest became predominantly Black, although there are fair sized Japanese and Korean communities. However, this is a long way from Watts. (To be precise, the southern border of Southwest is 42nd Street, and the northern border of Watts is 92nd Street.) This is where the wealthy and well-to-do Blacks live. It is also an area of intense class hatred. As the song lyrics would have it "The rich folks hate the poor folks, and the poor folks hate the rich folks."

Alex Slate mentions the incident where Philadelphia PD blew-up the MOVE headquarters. We even had a protest in Southwest over that one. Our two dozen more-or-less local Communists decided they were going to protest police brutality at our police station. I should point out I am not using the term Communist as a pejorative for left wingers. These guys were definitely Communists. They used the title Progressive Labor Party. From a previous encounter, I had to respond to a letter from their attorney who was also the attorney of record for the Communist Party of the United States.

One of our vice guys, who I shall refer to as T, spotted the Commies assembling in a supermarket parking lot about two blocks from the station. T was a Black officer who came from somewhere in the French Caribbean. He spoke with a fairly heavy accent, so he was about the last guy you would suspect was a cop. T radios his supervisor who in turn called the station. I in turn called South Bureau to inform them we had a demonstration on the way. The Bureau seemed a bit miffed over having a protest about something we had nothing to do with. I figured it just came with the territory.

The vice supervisor had told T to keep the Commies under observation. He figured the best way to observe was to join

them, so he did. He had a fine old time. He screamed and shouted. He jumped up and down and shook his fist at the station. Heck, he was the one who called the PM watch commander a house nigger.

The watch commander was Lieutenant Otis Dobine. To my tastes, Dobine looked like a man with bad digestion. I don't know whether he really had trouble with his stomach or not, but that was how he always looked. Ts comment gave Dobine an excuse to give the whole crowd a really good dose of The Evil Eyeball. It also scared the piss out of the Commies. Their knees started knocking as they realized that Big Black Dude with the Big Black Gun might just shoot the lot of them. Of course, he didn't, and the Commies eventually wandered off on their own. T had done such a swell job at being a radical that they invited him to a barbecue afterwards. He'd have gone too, except he didn't think the gals were very cute.

Yours truly,
Milt

□**CKK**: *What an interesting kind of protest. As soon as we finish we go off to a BBQ. Doesn't sound like a very aggressive bunch.*□

Tony Keen
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15 Oct 2003

Henry,

Thanks for *Knarley Knews* 100 & 101.

I view the purported imminent death of the paper fanzine with the same skepticism I apply to the death of the book, which ought by some people's predictions to be thoroughly deceased by now. There are people who simply indulge in Luddism for its own sake, but there are also people who take pleasure in the artefact itself, or don't want to have plastered all over the internet the sort of stuff they'd put in a fanzine that twenty people will read. This is not to deride people like **Eric** who have gone fully online. There's nothing wrong with choosing to do that (after all, I have fully embraced the "abomination that is LiveJournal"). On the other hand, I have to say I pay more attention to something that pops through my letterbox than I do to an announcement that the latest issue of whatever is available at e-fanzines. I therefore confidently predict that the paper fanzine will still be there in a decade's time, and not on its last legs neither.

Tony

□**CKK**: *I clearly have a lot invested in the paper fanzine, but much of that is due in part to the lack of a truly convenient electronic distribution medium. PDF isn't quite there and there is still something to be said for the feel of paper.*□

Roger Sims
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PatandRogerSims@cs.com
22 Oct 2003

Hi Henry and Letha,

Having taken your statement that if I did not do something, I would be cut off at the quick, I started the following several days ago. This morning while taking Pat to her hair dresser she said, "It is time to finish you email LOC to Henry and Letha." And at the same time you could tell them that the **Smiths** talked us into putting a bid in for the 2004 Ditto. And since no one else was as foolish, It will be here in Orlando during the first part of October, 2004. Details soon. But I can tell you that pre-reg fee is \$35.00. And may be mailed to Pat and Roger Sims, 7030 Villa Estelle Drive, Orlando, Florida 32819-5246. All email answered promptly when received at <patandrogersims@cs.com>.

Now that that is out of the way on to the LOC. Use as you see fit.

On the back of number 101 you have written "0" issues left ... dropped ... from the mailing list. When Pat pointed this out to me she said, "If you do not do send something you'll be in deep trouble!" So I am. And here it is:

I think that I first saw a sign for Ruby Falls on the way to NoLaCon 1 in 1950. But since the Greyhound bus I was on did not wish to stop, I was unable to look at it. Ever since I have wanted to stop there. After reading your description, I think that I will stop wanting to. But I think that had I been able I would have seen something far different than that you described.

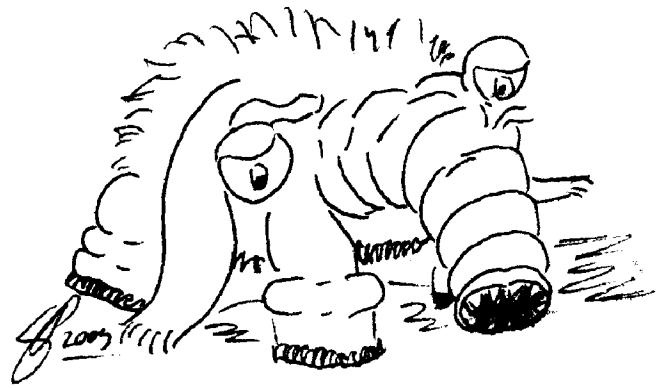
Not to be picky, I would never be picky, but if Hawaii is lower than the contiguous 48 states, how can they be lower? But be that as it may, the only two of the 50 states that I have not been in are Idaho and South Dakota. (Pat says she's been in both).

I enjoyed **Gene Stewart's** tome on tattoos. And speaking of tattoos, I wonder how many of you have seen Frank Dietz's? It is a Bok cartoon character on his right shoulder. It was tattooed by Bok himself.

Note to **Joseph Major**: After experiencing two Corflus, I don't need to go to another one. In my opinion, the fans who go to Dittos are a much friendlier group and do not feel that only the "in group" are worthy of talking to.

Best,
Roger

☐**TKK**: Great to hear from you and congratulations on the *Ditto*. Orlando is an easier city to get to than Eugene so our attendance is much likelier.☐



Scott Patri
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VOR 1S0 Canada
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October 24, 2003

Dear Knarley and his better half

Oh no! I got the dreaded 0 on my latest issue of *TKK*! Well, I guess its my fault for not responding for so long. I've got reasons.. but Ill send 4 pages of fillos to make up for it.

So, what has been keeping me so busy? Its not work. Unemployment is the bane of my existence. I had the start of a good job last year around this time up in Dawson Creek, until the friend that invited me up there and got me the job decided to have some sort of mental problem and threw me out of his house 2 days before I got my first check. The thing was I was planning on moving out of his place and getting my own the moment I had enough money for the starting rent for an apartment. I've never rented before, so the few places that would have let me rented wanted first/last month +damage deposit up front. The point was my friend was hoping I would stay with his family, and pay rent to him. For a couch in the living room. And both of them being smokers and me being an ex-smoker. And his bitch of a wife.

Which makes on-line communities so much better than Real Life. Not only can you not associate with those that you do not like, but you remove the temptation of choking the living shit out of them and the legal consequences of doing so. My OLC is Furcadia (www.furcadia.com), and yes, I've become a furry. Not one of those pervs that like to have sex in animal costumes...even though I'm not one to wizz on someone else's personal preferences. Trekkies excluded. I'm more of a tired of being a human furry. And with what is going on in the world, being human is not one of the best things to be nowadays.

I think 9-11 was the focal point. After that, with America becoming a fascist regime, and the hundreds of other problems that sprang up in the world in the new millennium, I've come to finally realize that humans are the most gawd-awful

species on the planet and should have nuked itself out of existence a few decades before. It's time to grow some fur and whiskers and get away from the Pinks on this rock..

At least on Furcadia I could make some money. It's technically a game, but it is more like a chat room with the setting of The Sims. You have your character that you can run around the virtual world with, meeting people from around the real world, in settings you can create on your own. The whole game can be modified or patched, from how your character looks, to the items and floors you build your maps or dreams with. And with the scripting language for dreams, you can come up with game-like qualities for your own private little world. Mine is Furtropolis, a modern cityscape, and my dream building and patching skills have gotten to the point where people are willing to pay me real money to make dreams and patches for them. Not enough to go to conventions anymore, but enough to get by and pay what limited expenses I acquire. Still, I had to take a paper route to pay for my Internet connection. Its a sad economy when a grown man feels no shame in delivering papers door to door.

Its also a good way of getting killed or crippled. When the Pineapple Express hit us here and made up for the drought this summer in just a few days, I slipped on a wooden staircase that had become slick as ice and landed on my back on it. I managed to turn at the last moment, taking most of the fall on the side of my back, but I now have a black bruise on my butt the size of my foot.

Some days, I think someone has it in for me. It must be a Trekkie Conspiracy. Then again, it just might be Real Life. I live on the internet now. At least I don't have to worry about seat belts or air bags or crippling bodily damage when my computer crashes. I should get back into writing stories, but being a member of a volunteer help program on an on-line community, and trying to score some cash off it at the same time is somehow more time-consuming that you would think.

Scott Patri

☐**CKK:** *I'm glad to see that you've found a place you can call home. Don't judge all of the US based on the overly aggressive policies of our President.*☐

Trinlay Khadro
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October 23, 2003

Dear Knarley & the Knews,

I was hoping to maybe get to Windycon, but lately, with medical costs and time off of work from the fibro, I don't have the money. Hopefully sometime soon something will draw folks closer to Milwaukee or Madison and maybe I'll get to meet some Fen then.

(Joseph! You do realize I'm not dating Henry Welch, but rather Milwaukee fan, Henry Osier.)

The Fibromyalgia continues to be a bother; it looks like my job is no longer at risk. Physical Therapy has helped quite a bit, my range of movement and general strength have improved. I still tire very quickly. This evening I'm going to have to take a nap before even considering dinner. (An hour of sleeping hard on the couch.)

I'm having some (though limited) success with my medical care for the Fibromyalgia. I'm still taking 2-3 (sometimes 4) 600mg Ibuprophen per day, and 2 tramadol, and paxil and trazodone and. Physical Therapy has really helped to restore mobility, but the effect of treatment has a limited life. Though I have regained a great deal of mobility (I can turn my head without turning my whole body!) and sleep much better. The fatigue still hits hard and fast, but I've gotten better at realizing my limits and when I can push a little further, and when I really can't. I am eligible for Medical Assistance through the state, and that has been covering most of my treatment expenses, but I have no coverage for missed work hours or days. I had months and months ago hit the point where living with it was making it impossible to do what I needed to do. (my job, housework,) I can't manage, at this point, the 1.45hr drive to my sisters house in Madison, though I hope that will be possible in the not so distant future.

We are looking forward to a fannish Halloween. KT performing as Kitty Pride to the Trick or Treat event at Lytheria, (her friend Janelle is performing as Storm). The theme, in case you haven't caught it is *X-Men*. The big party is November 1, KT will be going to the party as a Drow Spider Queen, I'm not sure of my costume yet. I'm trying to decide on whether Ill wear my sari and go all out exotic with my hair, jewelry, etc. I love Halloween.

KT is enjoying her school year, tonight she's working on a project with some friends. The change of schools has made a world of difference. Megumi & Elric are also doing fine; in the mornings as we are getting ready they bound around and have great fun together. Megumi has even been assisting Elric (the one that doesnt jump so good) to get into things. When they're climbing on stuff shell give him a boost if he needs one.

And now I'm babbling
Take care,
Trin

☐**CKK:** *This wouldn't be the first time the two fannish Milwaukee Henrys got confused.*☐

We also heard from:

Sheryl Birkhead, George Flynn, Judith Hannah, Karen Johnson, Dick Smith, Garth Spencer, Gene Stewart, Jan Stinson, and Sue Welch

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. I don't have the time or inclination to go searching for them and still prefer to get them the old-fashioned way, via snail-mail.

☐**TKK:** *You can't accuse me of being a luddite. I am, after all, a computer and software engineering professor and I value all things electronic in my grading, etc., but still prefer to read some things at my leisure away from the computer screen. You just can't read the computer screen between periods at a hockey game or with a bowl of cereal in front of you.*☐

Alexiad Vol. 2 No. 5 by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. Lots of reviews and good SF and topical commentary.

Bento 15 by Kate Yule & David Levine; 1905 SE 43rd Ave; Portland, OR 97215; Kate@BentoPress.com; David@BentoPress.com; irregular; editorial whim. A nice general issue including explanations for seemingly causeless traffic jams.

De Profundis 369 by Marty Cantor; %LASFS; 11513 Burbank Blvd.; North Hollywood, CA 91601; monthly; \$10/year. Spec copy sent to me due to a review of *TKK* contained therein.

Light's List 2002 by John Light, 37 The Meadows; Berwick upon Thed, Northumberland; TD15 1NY; British Isles; photon-press@virgin.net; annual; £2.50. An extensive list of poetry publishing magazines.

Lofgeornost 72 by Fred Lerner; 81 Worcester Ave; White River Junction, VT 05001; fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu; irregular; the usual. This is Fred's FAPA zine. This issue focuses on his recent trip to Barcelona.

MarkTime 70 by Mark Strickert; PO Box 6753; Fullerton, CA 92834; zineland@yahoo.com; irregular; \$2 or the usual.

More of Mark's journal of his hobbies which now include a significant other.

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

Mimosa 30 by Dick & Nicki Lynch; PO Box 3120; Germantown, MD 20885-3120; fiawol@cpcug.org; <http://www.jophan.org/mimosa>; never more; \$4 or the usual. The final issue of this perennial Hugo nominee. In fitting fashion the these is "Fandom is a Way of Life" (FIAWOL).

Nice Distinctions 3 by Arthur Hlavaty; 206 Valentine St; Yonkers, NY 10704-1814; hlvaty@panix.com; quarterly; \$1 or the usual. A small perzine with snippets on many topics.

Opuntia 52.5 by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. A nice perzine issue wherein Dale discusses the problems with not having a will and a hiking trip in the mountains as well as other interesting topics.

Vanamonde No. 513-17 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 #96 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.

"Yngvi is a Louse" and Other Graffitos #79-8350 by T.K.F. Weisskopf; 196 Alps Rd. Suite 2-385; Athens, GA 30606; tweisskopf@mindspring.com; irregular; the usual. This is a SFPA zine plus a whole lot more. It fits the definition of a genzine much better than most APA zines. Toni has apparently been a louse and saved up too many issues before mailing them out.

A Wild Thing Howls continued from page 6

fault, but also opinionated and marginalized, be oriented in the insider's world?

Wilderness subsumes settlement, though. Surrounds it. At least until there is no more wilderness left and all the wild things are hunted down, eaten, and made safely extinct. Presuming either exists, and always keeping in mind that All is One with No Separation, of course.

I am not what others make me. I am not how others see me. That's all I know. I think.

I hate this but would have it no other way.

Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Ditto 17 (Orlando, FL)

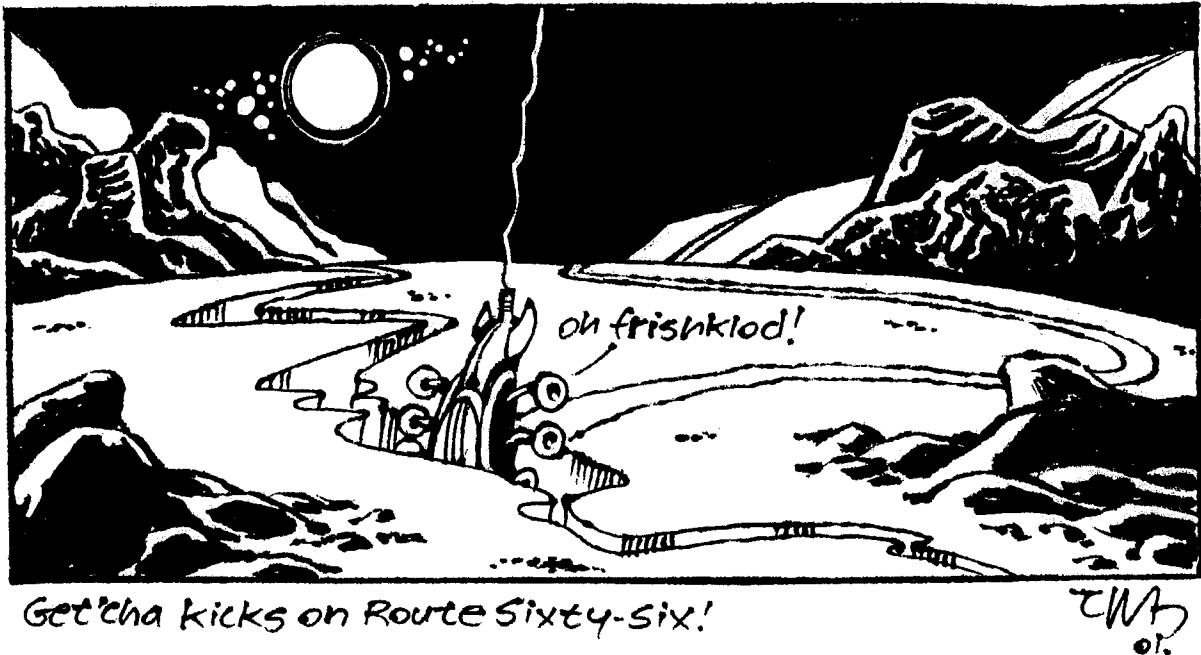
Fall, 2004

Noreastcon 4 (Boston, MA)

September 2-6, 2004

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



You Got this Issue Because ...

- _____ I need help raking leaves. Consider that as one contribution to “the usual”.
- _____ You will support my mother in her 60-mile walk.
- _____ Anti-graviton particles are hard to manufacture. Please find a local source.
- _____ 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.