

CHUNGA

SIX



DECEMBER 2003

CHUNGA

Leaping from its spiderhole, it's *Chunga* 6, the unknown known of fandom. *Chunga* is brought to you by Andy Hooper, Randy Byers, and carl juarez (Mr. Spacely, Hot Lips, and Durwood, respectively) and our esteemed contributors, listed below. Available by editorial whim or wistfulness, or, grudgingly, for \$3.50 for a single issue, though we suggest downloading the online edition at eFanzines.com. All correspondence should be addressed to 1013 North 36th Street, Seattle WA 98103. Editors: please send three copies of any zine for trade. Email: fanmailaph@aol.com, rbyers@u.washington.edu, and cjuarez@myrealbox.com.

This fanzine's support is no great favor.

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Tanglewood

Chunga on the Half-Shell

The past couple of years have been a pretty incredible time in my life, all things considered. The two and a half months on Yap in 2002 were an epic adventure and an amazing education, as I delved into my own past, explored the island, its culture, and its history, and even overcame a few fears by learning to scuba dive and to swim with the sharks. Back in Seattle, I joined Andy and Carl in starting up *Chunga* at the end of the summer, which inaugurated a new phase in my fannish career and has paved the way to a whole range of new perspectives, connections, and friendships in fandom. That fannish phase change was only exacerbated by winning TAFF and traveling to the UK in April of this year, where once again my horizons were expanded and friendships multiplied. I had finally grasped my fifteen minutes of fannish fame, and all the fun and phrasing (not to mention alliterative phrasing) was making my head spin. The 40s were being very good to me indeed, and it was hard to believe that my luck could hold. Then in July I got a phone call from Sharee Carton.

A casual perusal of my fannish writing will discover that Sharee's name pops up with some regularity, and that's because she holds a special place in my personal history and also my history in fandom. I first met her when Carl and I went to Moscon II in 1980, the year after I discovered fandom. She was seventeen and I was nineteen, although I believe I was just days away from turning twenty. (You know, I've kept the badges from every con I've been to, and I just fished out the Moscon badge to check the dates: Sept. 12-14, 1980. Better than Google! Anyway, my birthday is on Sept. 19, so I was in fact still a teenager when I met Sharee.) We became friends and started flirting long distance (she moved from Edmonton to Vancouver, BC not long after that Moscon, while I lived in Oregon) and at closer quarters at Norwescon IV in March of '81, and then in August of that year, nearly a year after we met, she became my first lover. It was an awkward experience, largely due to my anxieties and, no doubt, our mutual immaturity. It was a couple of years before I could get over myself and we could re-establish our friendship. Once again I found myself very attracted, but she had other fish to fry by that point, much to my distress but eventual acceptance. She got married in

1987, and we remained good friends until she and Ben separated and she moved back to her birth country, Australia, in 1991.

I didn't hear from her after that until I found a phone message from her this past July. She was spending a month and a half at her mother's place on Vancouver Island, and Tami Vining and I went to visit her in Victoria. Over the course of that extended weekend, as the three of us reveled in our reunion, Sharee and I fell in love—although it took Tami to point out to me what that thunderstruck feeling was. It was love at second sight! It seemed we were given the chance to do things over and get it right at last. We spent another nine amazing days together roving across Vancouver Island in August (as much as I could squeeze out of my vacation time), and I also dashed up to Vancouver to see her off on the flight back to Australia. It was a whirlwind, seat-of-our-pants romance, and, boy, was it fun! Three months later, as I write this, we're doing what we can to maintain contact while she's on the little fishing boat where she earns her living (currently in the gulf between Australia and Indonesia, far from even e-mail), and we're plotting her six week visit to Seattle starting New Year's Eve. If we can still stand each other after six weeks, we'll plot more of the future. For now I'm savoring this fannish fairytale reconnection and trying to get my head back firmly on my shoulders. Who knows where it goes from here, but the going right now is mighty fine, despite the four-month separation. It isn't so long after all these years. Life is good, believe it or not, and it begins to seem that the 40s are the prime of it!

—Randy Byers

Only a few inches for me this issue, which is a relief as nothing so worthy of discourse has happened to me since we published issue #5. I was personally crushed to hear of the death of our long-time friend Martin Smith from liver disease, and I'm glad we have some memories and thoughts about him from two of his closest friends, Alun Harries and Lucy Huntzinger. But aside from that grievous passage, this fanzine is full of stuff I found to be just plain fun, so I'm eager to get on with the show. To quote one of my heroes, Apu Nahasapeemapetilon, "Good rice, good curry, good Gandhi, let's hurry!"

—Andy Hooper

Would you like fries with that sidebar?





EXPOSITIONISM by Andy Hooper

October 28th, 2003

One hundred ten years ago tonight, a madman named Patrick Prendergast murdered Carter Henry Harrison, the mayor of Chicago, Illinois. Suffering from what modern psychologists would define as schizophrenic delusions, Prendergast believed the recently re-elected Harrison had betrayed his ambition to become Corporation Counsel of Chicago, and took revenge with two shots from a cheap revolver.



Harrison's death was a devastating blow to working-class Chicagoans, who had just returned the three-term Mayor for a fourth time, following four years out of office. And it cast a pall over the last days of the World's Columbian Exposition, located in Chicago's Jackson Park. Harrison was one of the great figures in the creation and success of the 1893 fair, which had been intended to end with an enormous celebration including a recreation of Columbus

landing in the New World, complete with "Indians" provided by Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show. The mayor's death transformed the final days of the fair into a vast funeral procession, given enormous gravity by the colonnaded peristyle of the great court of honor, and the monumental buildings of the fair around it. It also foreshadowed the assassination of President William McKinley at the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition, less than a decade later. These events gave the fairs a tragic quality in the American memory thereafter, and helped cement the reputation of the World's Exposition as a place of terror and wonder, where the highest achievements of mankind were frequently juxtaposed with its worst impulses and actions.

Coincidentally, I'm thinking about the Columbian Exposition tonight as I'm cruising eBay, nosing around for old postcards and other collectible ephemera. One of the benefits of my 18 months' work for The Collecting Channel was my exposure to dozens of different subcultures built around collectibles, and one of the most interesting is the loose community of people who collect and trade World's Fair Memorabilia. And so enormous is the volume of material associated with the Columbian that I can get the listings for dozens of treasures by

simply searching for “1893.” Tonight I have a wealth of choices all coming to an end within the next hour: Photographic portfolios, panoramic views, souvenir spoons, commemorative coins and medals, and a ticket to “Chicago Day” at the Columbian Exposition, October 9th, 1893, an event where Harrison’s grin probably outshone the sun.

I’m tempted by a green celluloid watch-charm shaped like a pickle, proclaimed the keystone of the H.J. Heinz Co. of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It’s about an inch and a quarter long, with a small brass ring for attaching it to a chain or charm bracelet. They were handed out free at the 1893 World’s Fair, in the “Midway Plaisance,” a strip of booths and buildings full of “baser” entertainment than was offered in the great exhibit buildings of the Exposition. The Midway was so successful that it has given its name to every carnival sideshow created since. H.J. Heinz was a notable exhibitor; in addition to numerous condiments offered at the notoriously high-priced fair cafes, they provided a large map of the United States made entirely out of pickles. Heinz had a history with the World’s Fair; they first brought their legendary tomato ketchup before the public at the 1876 American Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. I’m tempted, but not enough to bid, and the closing price of \$40.57 makes me feel I like I made the right choice.

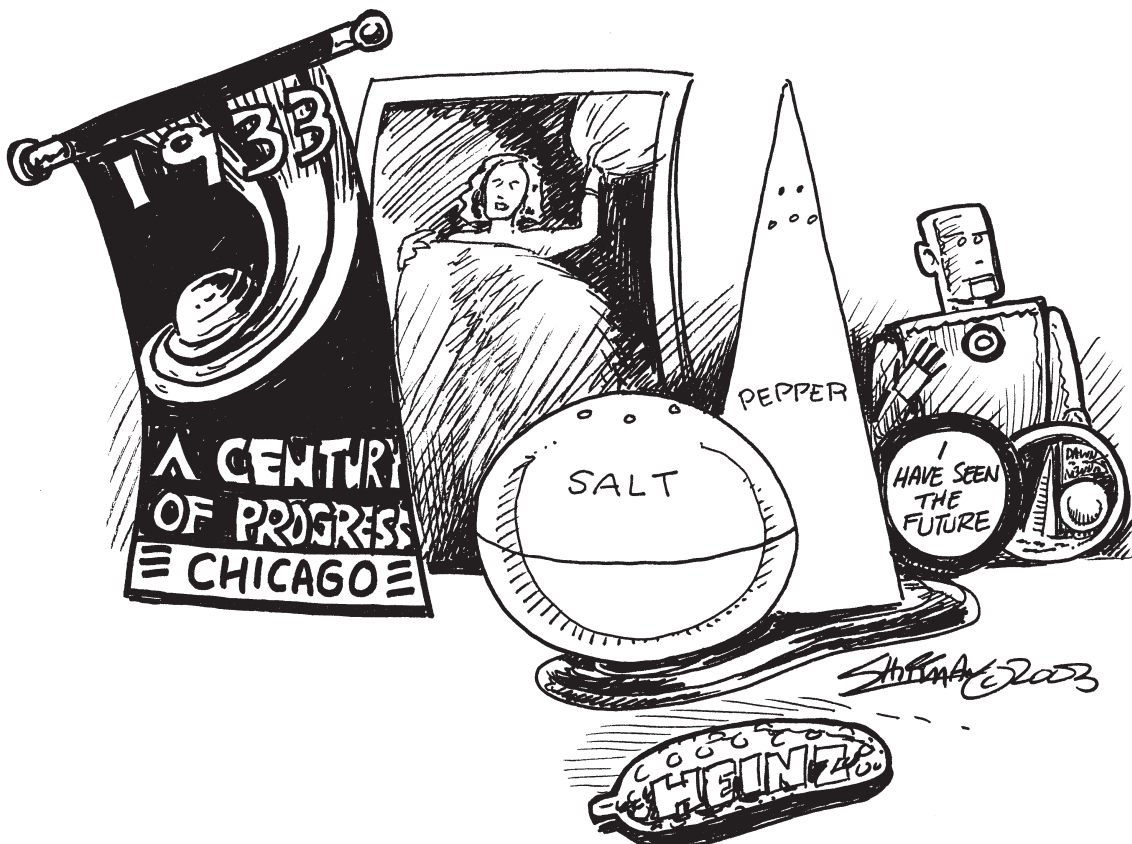
The Columbian Exposition also saw the introduction of the first picture postcards permitted

under U.S. Postal regulations, so cards depicting the fair are prized by both postcard and fair collectors. And here is a gorgeous color card showing the machinery building with a section of the lagoon in front, plied by a pair of Venetian gondolas and a brace of tiny steam launches. The latter, I know, would have brought the Exposition’s legendary landscape architect Frederick Law Olmstead to a rapid boil; he despised steam engines and fought a lengthy battle to have the lagoons sailed exclusively by electric boats. What a wonderful card, enhanced by the message sent to her family by a Miss Dolly Troll of Virginia House, East 83rd St., New York City, on the 20th of September, 1893. I’d get even more out of it if I could read German, but the text is laced with exclamation points, a common feature of postcards sent home from the fair. Again, I’d love to put in my collection, but \$240 — with two hours left to run in the auction — is well beyond my card-buying budget. The search must continue.

I’m not sure if I am really able to defend the idea, but to me, the World’s Fair has always been a science fictional phenomenon. Science fiction fandom itself has very strong ties to the 1939 New York World’s Fair, which was a collateral attraction to attendees of the first Worldcon. But World Expositions also embody a speculative aesthetic that any fan ought to find familiar — at their best, they trigger the sense of wonder in a marvelously concrete



The Columbian Exposition derived some of its dreamlike impact on the world from the disasters and turmoil that accompanied the year 1893, all of which shocked and thrilled the readers of thousands of newspapers, magazines and dime novels. The last decade of the 19th century was the real genesis of the modern “wired” world, where events in one part of the Earth could expect to be known by a majority of the humans on the planet within a matter of days, if not hours. The advent of the telegraph had begun the change decades before, and the telephone and wireless radio both accelerated it dramatically. But because the fair provides such a convenient lens through which to scrutinize the entire world of 1893, it appeals to me as one of the first expressions of the self-documenting, self-criticizing culture that we live in today. The control of photographic images of the fair and the issue of numerous “official” texts and guidebooks were a sign that information was evolving into a dramatically more valuable commodity, for which there was a truly insatiable demand. 1893 looms large, racked by chaotic events, and with an enormous wealth of written and material culture to remember it by.





Significant Events of 1893

— JANUARY —

4th U.S. President Grover Cleveland offers amnesty to Mormon polygamists.

6th Great Northern railroad connects Seattle to the East coast via Stevens' Pass.

12th Future *Reichsmarschall* Hermann Goering born, Rosenheim, Bavaria.

13th Formation of British Independent Labour Party, Keir Hardie, chairman.

17th American sugar planters overthrow the independent government of Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii.

18th France and Russia agree to aid one another if either is attacked by a member of the triple Alliance of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy. This agreement is a major factor in the outbreak of the First World War in 1914.

— FEBRUARY —

1st First notable outbreak of poliomyelitis in North America begins in Boston and spreads through New England, especially Vermont. 18 deaths, 30 cases of permanent paralysis recorded.

9th Count Ferdinand De Lesseps & others attached to the failed French effort to create a canal through the isthmus of Panama are sentenced to prison for fraud. Verdi's opera *Falstaff* premieres in Milan.

17th First of three massive floods of the Brisbane River destroys 75% of the city of Brisbane, Queensland.

28th Nikolai Tesla delivers a lecture titled *On light and other high frequency phenomena* to the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia. In the course of the lecture he offers the first public demonstration of wireless communication, over a distance of 30 feet.

and immediate manner. They are science fiction and fantasy brought to expensive, gaudy life.

The Expo movement acknowledges the Great Imperial Exhibition at London in 1851 to have been the first World's Fair. Much of it was housed in the legendary Crystal Palace, which remained an attraction for many years after the exposition. This established a tradition of creating semi-permanent structures and attractions that continue to be used for the entertainment and education of the host city's residents after the exposition is over. There is no more famous expression of this than Gustave Eiffel's tower, the signature landmark of Paris, which was erected for the 1889 World's Fair, celebrating the centennial of the French revolution. That was also France's fourth exposition in just over 35 years, after fairs in 1855, 1867 and 1878, a spree which served to establish their credentials for the creation of the Bureau International des Expositions. The Bureau, headquartered in Paris, is still the sanctioning body that approves the creation of each Expo.

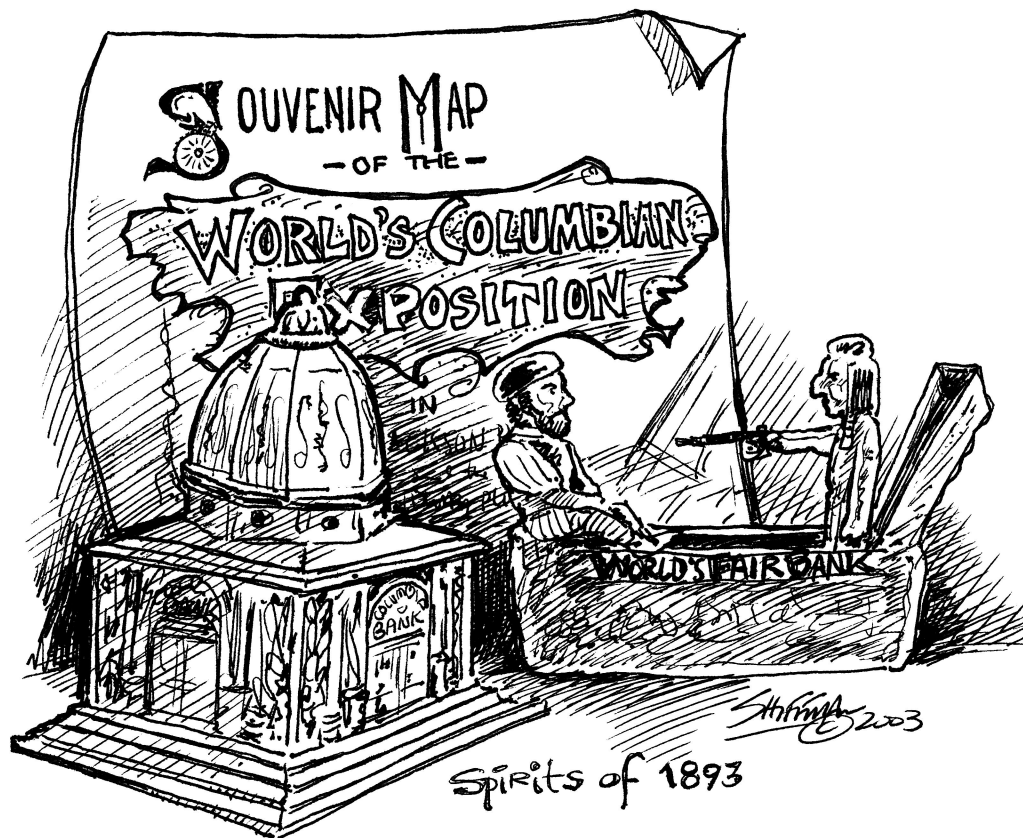
I've only been to one active World's Fair myself, Vancouver in 1986. I thought it was really quite wonderful, but felt like we had more than done it justice with a single day of touring, and we actually got back to Seattle a little before midnight. The speed with which we went through customs at the U.S./Canadian border during the fair was the real measure of that particular lost golden age. That was the last fair held on North American soil, and following the financial failure of the Knoxville (1982) and New Orleans (1984, the first Expo to actually declare bankruptcy during its run) World's Fairs, Americans are largely under the impression that the Fair movement is essentially dead. The cancellation of the proposed 2004 Expo in Paris has also reinforced that impression — what a dismal blow to the Bureau! But there have been eleven fairs since Vancouver, most recently in 2000 at Hannover, Germany. Historically, nearly as many fairs have been cancelled as have actually taken place. And the BIE is busily preparing to supervise the presentation of a new exposition in 2005, at Seto, Japan, and will soon award the 2008 Expo to one of three candidate locations, Thessaloniki, Trieste and Zaragoza. If these seem like a trio of lesser-known Mediterranean cities, any of them must surely be regarded the equal of Knoxville or Spokane. Shanghai also intends to present an Expo in 2010, and Antwerp is interested in having a fair in 2012.

Even before the outbreak of war in September, 2001, American enthusiasm for the World's Fair seemed to have ebbed to zero: The 1992 World's

Fair in Sevilla was the last Expo to feature an American contribution funded in any part by Federal money. Since then, Congress has been unwilling to finance further effort in the Exposition movement. It's understandable that Americans in 2003 might lack the ebullient confidence that once characterized their presentations at World's Fairs, but we turned away from the Expo during the economic riot of the 1990s. Perhaps political thinkers saw it as part of the so-called "peace dividend" that followed the break-up of the Soviet Union in 1989. Having achieved the single world power status toward which our World's Fair pavilions have always pointed, such expensive public relations programs no longer seem cost-effective.

Of course, there are many other reasons to be uncomfortable with the attitudes and ideas that have been presented at World's Fairs. Early Expositions were notorious for presenting aboriginal people as if they were zoo animals, and a lot of the "progress" presented to the viewers of an Exposition turned into oppression and ecological disaster when implemented in real life. The Fair itself has expressed that tension at times. Igorot and Moro people from the Philippines were repeatedly exhibited as dog-eating savages, in St. Louis and Portland in 1904 and 1905, Jamestown, Virginia in 1907 and Seattle in 1909. This sufficiently offended the people of the Philippines that they petitioned the U.S.-empowered colonial government to present the Philippine International Exposition in Manila in 1912. And the truly remarkable Expo 67 in Montreal was conceived as a direct reply to the implicitly for-profit nature of Robert Moses' 1964 New York World's Fair. The truth is that debate and disappointment have been as much a part of every fair as wonder and amusement.

Whatever our impression of the ideological context of the World's Fair, we must acknowledge the great effect it has exerted on the past century and a half of human culture and society. So many forms of public exhibition and amusement are descendents of the great fairs of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, from zoological and botanical gardens to theme and amusement parks like Disneyland to the huge casino complexes of Las Vegas. Every picayune county fair in America has a Ferris wheel — the legacy of George Washington Gale Ferris, and his great wheel at the 1893 Columbian Exposition. Fairs have also been a forge for social icons and ideas that leave a unique trail of material culture in their wake. The enormous and effusive acts of commemoration attached to many World's Fairs served to elevate certain events — the French



Revolution, the Louisiana Purchase, etc. — to the status of modern mythology, far more effectively than any history book or instruction could accomplish.

In America, the former grounds of many World's Fairs provide us with landscapes and structures suggestive of lost antiquity, or at least legitimately evocative of nostalgia. Some of my favorite places to walk on Earth are former World's Fair grounds. Seattle may be the smallest city to have hosted two World's Fairs in the 20th century — the Alaska Yukon Pacific Exposition of 1909, and the Century 21 Fair of 1962. The A-Y-P grounds — and buildings — were bequeathed to the University of Washington, which struggled to make use of them for 30 years. Though the temporary exposition structures are all gone, the fountain and colonnade that focus the viewer's eye on Mt. Rainier is still one of the most beautiful spots in the United States. And a direct legacy of the prickly genius of Frederick Law Olmstead, whose landscape design determined the tone of so many public spaces in this country. I often imagine how wonderful it would be to show him 100 years of growth in all his parks and greenspaces — perhaps his incessant complaining would cease for a few moments....

One western World's Fair has absolutely nothing remaining of it — the 1905 Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition in Portland, Oregon. The last structure associated with the fair, a log cabin,

burned down in 1963. The lake around which the fair was built was filled in with gravel in 1915 and the entire site is now industrial park and warehouses. But many other fairgrounds remain highly recognizable. The Seattle Center, once the site of the Century 21 Exposition, is now a major cultural hub — it's where Seattle residents come to dance in a circle and eat food on a stick. A few years ago, when Corflu was held in Nashville, a number of fans reported their pleasure in discovering a small duplicate of the Athenian Parthenon during walks around the downtown area. This was, of course, a relic of the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition of 1897, which has been jostled aside in the cultural memory by the Exposition Internationale de Bruxelles-Tervueren, held in Belgium the same year.

But no city's Exposition history is more star-crossed than San Francisco's, which had a habit of presenting beautiful fairs that were seriously overshadowed by events held elsewhere the same year. In 1898, the California Golden Jubilee exposition was seriously out-drawn by the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition in Omaha, Nebraska, illustrating how challenging it still was to reach the Pacific coast. In 1915, San Francisco built a massive campus in what is now the Marina district for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, meant to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal, an

— MARCH —

4th Lt. Francis Dhanis commanding the Force Publique of the Congo Free State decisively defeats a force of Arabs and Africans commanded by the slaver Sefu along the Lualaba river.

10th France officially asserts colonial authority over the Ivory Coast. Also, New Mexico State University is forced to cancel its first commencement ceremony as its only graduate, Samuel Steele, is robbed and murdered two months before graduation.

— APRIL —

6th In St. Louis, Missouri, prizefighters Jack Burke and Andy Bowen take 7 hours, 11 minutes and 111 rounds to fight to a draw in the longest boxing match on record.

12th Battle at Hoornkrans, Namibia between German *schutztruppen* and Nama and Herero fighters under Henrik Witbooi. The defeat begins the end of Namibian "Hottentot" resistance to colonial rule.

— MAY —

5th New York Stock Exchange crashes, following the failure of a group of rope manufacturing concerns and the dwindling of Federal gold reserves. Exchange craters again on June 27th. The resultant depression lasts over 4 years.

9th First public exhibition of a moving picture image, Thomas Edison's Kinetoscope, at the Brooklyn Institute.

10th Imperial Institute opens in London.

19th Flooding and mudslides kill 111 in Norway.

22nd Montréal Athletic Association beat Ottawa Generals 2-1 in first Stanley Cup ice hockey game.

— JUNE —

7th 80% of Fargo, North Dakota, totaling nearly 360 buildings, is destroyed by fire.

9th Floor collapses in Ford's Theater, Washington, D.C. The building where Abraham Lincoln was assassinated was in use by the War Department; 22 government clerks die and 68 are injured. Composer Cole Porter is born in Indiana.

13th British novelist Dorothy Sayers born.

20th Lizzie Borden acquitted in murder of parents in New Bedford, Massachusetts. Eugene Debs named first president of the American Railway Union in Chicago.

21st Ferris Wheel opens to the public, Columbian Exposition, Chicago.

22nd HMS *Victoria*, flagship of the British Mediterranean fleet, sinks with the loss of more than 300 following collision with the cruiser HMS *Camperdown* off Tripoli, Syria.

25th A monument to the anarchists convicted in the Chicago Haymarket Riot is dedicated in Waldheim Cemetery, Forest Park, Illinois. The next day, Illinois Governor John P. Altgeld grants a full pardon to the surviving prisoners.

30th 995 metric carat diamond, "The Excelsior," found at Jagersfontein, Orange Free State.

— JULY —

4th Explosion of flammable gases at the Combs Pit, Thornhill, Yorkshire, kills 139. Also, fire destroys much of Sausalito, California.

9th African-American surgeon Daniel H. Williams performs the world's first "open" heart surgery at Provident Hospital, Chicago, Illinois.

12th University of Wisconsin historian Frederick Jackson Turner presents his paper *The Significance of the Frontier in American History* at the American Historical Association's meeting at the Columbian Exposition.

15th Commodore Perry's U.S. Navy mission arrives in Japan.

— AUGUST —

14th France issues the first driver's license.

event that promised to have huge economic impact on California. In many observers' opinion, the 1915 fair was close to the 1893 Columbian Exposition in visual impact, with its beautiful Tower of Jewels, and immense Court of the Universe. All that remains today is the Palace of Fine Arts, but even that is enough to stagger many visitors.

And yet, many contemporaries felt that the immense and opulent San Francisco fair was less pleasing to visitors than the far less expensive Panama-California Exposition, held in Balboa Park in San Diego, also in 1915. Where the Panama-Pacific Expo was opulent, the San Diego fair was accessible and charming, described by one European visitor as "an American Tivoli." Numerous structures survive in Balboa Park today, enough to give a sense of how the fair presented a fusion of international, classical and Spanish mission architecture. It was a remarkable success, running for the better part of two years, and it has been adapted to hundreds of uses by the citizens of San Diego in the decades since.

Now, if you gave me the chance to time travel to 1915 and only let me choose one location, I'd probably pick the San Francisco exposition. The cyclopean bulk of the Palace of Fine Arts/Exploratorium and its massive columns — original wood and plaster structures replaced with reinforced concrete in 1962 — make me wonder what ten times that much neo-classical fantasy must have looked like. Besides, San Francisco was more than willing to try again, just 24 years later. A chunk of San Francisco Bay was filled in to form Treasure Island, and the Golden Gate International Exhibition built to celebrate the completion of the Golden Gate and Bay bridges. The Golden Gate fair may have had the most eclectic mixture of attractions and exhibits in World's Fair history — it was, among other things, the pinnacle of dancer Sally Rand's career, which began in earnest at the Century of Progress Exhibition in Chicago in 1934. Arrested for an "obscene" performance in Chicago, she returned to the World's Fair as the star and manager of "Sally Rand's Nude Ranch," where comely ranch hands appeared in "boots, gunbelts, cowboy hats, and little else." Visitors also saw numerous technical and engineering innovations, including television and the Boeing B-17 Bomber, but the timing of the event — 1939 — meant that the image of the Fair's graceful Tower of the Sun has been supplanted in the cultural memory by the Trilon and Perisphere. Still, boosters of the event were quick to point out that out-of-state automobile traffic in California had increased 21 percent during the Golden Gate Exhibition, while

the New York World's Fair was "forced to cut staff, and limit its goals."

The U.S. Navy took possession of Treasure Island in 1941, and more or less abandoned it in the 1990s. The proposed airport and luxury harbor for Pan-American Clipper seaplanes that were to replace the fair were cancelled by American entry into World War II. The Comedy Central Network filmed the American version of *Battlebots* there in 2001.

The direct inspiration for my current interest in the World's Columbian Exposition is a highly entertaining book by Erik Larson, *The Devil in the White City*. The book portrays all the major characters behind the creation and execution of the fair, and juxtaposes their lives with the terrifying acts of Herman Mudgett, alias Dr. H.H. Holmes, who was one of America's first known psychopathic serial killers. Mudgett was a master manipulator and brazen confidence artist who built a small commercial block incorporating a dark little hotel full of secret spaces and disturbing smells, just a few miles from the fairgrounds and right at the terminus of one of Chicago's new elevated streetcar lines. He evolved from using bogus medical credentials to steal a universe of goods and services to seducing young women with property or trust funds, and murdering them after stealing their assets. His use of innovative systems to dispatch and cremate his victims, and prepare their remains for use as specimens at medical colleges is a sickening counterpoint to the technical innovations presented by the fair, which claimed their own share of victims.

Part of the hypnotic beauty of the "White City," as the Columbian Expo was commonly called, came from its juxtaposition to the reeking sprawl of Chicago, which was the model of the oppressive and unhealthy Victorian industrial city. Disease and poverty made life a nightmare for many Chicagoans, while the immense volume of commerce that funded the Fair also made the city a maze of stock and rail yards that never seemed to rest. Chicago also became attractive to a sociopath like Mudgett, as it represented an environment where his view of human life as expendable had become an element of social and political policy.

Chicago was the epicenter of a struggle between labor and industry in the 1890s, and the fair inevitably became a part of that conflict. The frenzied pace of the project meant that Daniel Burnham, who supervised both the design and construction of the fair, could not afford to endure even a brief strike by the 12,000 workers building it. He offered them benefits and wages that virtually no other

large employer in America could match, and following two stock market crashes and innumerable bank panics in May and June of 1893, the Fair was one of the few concerns still hiring. Fair attendance, sluggish through a rainy spring, accelerated dramatically through the summer, and staff increased to serve the visitors. More than 700,000 people attended the Fair on Chicago Day; the crush of patrons was so intense that ticket sellers ended up working knee-deep in quarters, and the Exposition's own police force had to carry the coins away in buckets.

Against this background of accelerating profits, a horrifying fire in July was the first sign that the Exposition's legacy would be muted by tragedy. A cold storage building on the fairgrounds burned, and eleven firemen were killed fighting the fire. Fire prevention devices designed by Burnham had not been completed by the contractor; but both he and Burnham were found criminally liable by a coroner's jury. The amazingly beautiful buildings of the White City were almost all firetraps; built on steel or timber frames, they were largely covered with "staff," a compound of plaster and jute. Only the Fine Arts building was composed of steel and brick; it still stands today, as part of the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry.

Many fairs have enjoyed multiple years of operation, but the murder of Mayor Harrison ended any speculation that even some portion of the fair — including the enormously profitable Midway Plaisance — would be reopened in the summer of 1894. The huge number of workers needed to run the fair, including the squads employed in patching and repainting the buildings, made it impossible to operate on reduced profits. By late November, some of the buildings were occupied by homeless, unemployed men, many of whom had helped to build them. On the evening of January 8th, 1894, the entire city watched as the fair's Casino, Peristyle, and Music Hall all went up in flames. All the fires were found to be deliberate acts of arson, as was the fire that burned the Colonnade of the Court of Honor in February.

An even more immense blaze consumed the bulk of the remaining structures, including the Machinery Hall, and the Administration, Electricity, Mining and Manufactures Buildings, on July 5th, 1894. By that time, a strike against the Pullman company had become a national boycott against railroads using Pullman cars, police and soldiers had used force against strikers and demonstrators, and riots and fires sprang up all over Chicago. In the cycle of violence and depression, Daniel Burnham's White City seemed to disappear like a dream.

And yet, it persists. In the silhouette of every Ferris wheel, the colonnade of every public library and courthouse, in every box of Cracker Jacks (served at the fair by F.W. Rueckheim and company), there is a little bit of the Columbian Exposition. An event that requires so much effort, drawn from so many parts of the world, must vibrate in the cultural consciousness even after we burn it, tear it down, or fill it in with gravel. The World's Fair used to challenge both nations and individuals to remarkable lengths of creation; they used to issue stamps and coins to commemorate the World's Fair....



There were a number of numismatic and exonumismatic issues associated with the Columbian Exposition. The Queen Isabella quarter dollar was a direct result of lobbying by a woman who ended up on a coin herself, Susan B. Anthony. But I much prefer the Columbian half dollar, which was actually issued in 1892 to commemorate Columbus' voyage. U.S. Chief Engraver Charles Barber designed the front of the coin, with a portrait of Columbus based on Jeronimo Suñel's statue in Madrid. The reverse features a gorgeous engraving of the Santa Maria over the two hemispheres of the globe, a design Barber called "uncoinable" and delegated to Assistant Engraver George T. Morgan. And Morgan succeeded famously.

The half dollars first appeared in 1892, but mine is the more common 1893 issue of the coin. It has been circulated, but still seems to be in very fine condition, with almost no significant wear, especially on the intricate reverse face. And better still, it was only \$5.99 from a dealer in Las Vegas! Rolling it in my hand, I wonder if it was once used to purchase entry for two to the White City. Or a photographic souvenir of the fair. Or a meal in the "Street of Cairo," complete with pickles from the H.J. Heinz company. The sense of wonder has no expiration date, and is always prepared to admit one more. ✂

27th A hurricane strikes the Sea Island coast of Georgia and South Carolina, killing more than 2,000, leaving 70,000 homeless.

— SEPTEMBER —

4th Beatrix Potter completes the first manuscript of *Peter Rabbit*, as a letter to a sick child.

16th The Oklahoma Land Rush attends the release of former Indian Territory for settlement.

19th New Zealand becomes the first nation to extend suffrage to women.

20th The Duryea brothers demonstrate the first automobile built in North America at Springfield, Massachusetts. Karl Benz and Henry Ford also complete prototype self-propelled vehicles in 1893.

27th A hurricane strikes the coast of Mississippi and Louisiana, killing more than 1,800 in a four-day period.

— OCTOBER —

30th Bodybuilder Charles Atlas, given name Angelo Siciliano, is born in Calabria, Italy.

— NOVEMBER —

7th Composer Pyotr Ilyitch Tchaikovsky dies of cholera.

— DECEMBER —

4th Major Allan Wilson and a patrol of 32 men surrounded and killed by Matabele warriors on the banks of the Shangani river, Southwest Zimbabwe.

5th Electric car designed by William Still is introduced at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto.

11th Storm in the Wadden Sea sinks 11 Dutch fishing vessels, 22 die.

15th Anton Dvorak's *New World Symphony* premieres at New York's Carnegie Hall.

20th The State of Georgia enacts the United States' first anti-lynching statute.

26th Chinese political figure Mao Tse-Tung born.

28th French expedition under Boiteux reaches the city of Timbuktu.



She lifted her white and rounded arms—never had I seen such arms before—and slowly, very slowly, withdrew some fastening beneath her hair. Then all of a sudden the long, corpse-like wrappings fell from her to the ground, and my eyes travelled up her form, now only robed in a garb of clinging white that did but serve to show its perfect and imperial shape, instinct with a life that was more than life, and with a certain serpent-like grace that was more than human. On her little feet were sandals, fastened with studs of gold. Then came ankles more perfect than ever sculptor dreamed of. About the waist her white kirtle was fastened by a double-headed snake of solid gold, above which her gracious form swelled up in lines as pure as they were lovely, till the kirtle ended on the snowy argent of her breast, whereon her arms were folded. I gazed above them at her face, and—I do not exaggerate—shrank back blinded and amazed. I have heard of the beauty of celestial beings, now I saw it; only this beauty, with all its awful loveliness and purity, was evil—at least, at the time, it struck me as evil. How am I to describe it? I cannot—simply, I cannot!

The man does not live whose pen could convey a sense of what I saw. I might talk of the great changing eyes of deepest, softest black, of the tinted face, of the broad and noble brow, on which the hair grew low, and delicate, straight features. But, beautiful, surpassingly beautiful as they all were, her loveliness did not lie in them. It lay rather, if it can be said to have had any fixed abiding place, in a visible majesty, in an imperial grace, in a godlike stamp of softened power, which shone upon that radiant countenance like a living halo. Never before had I guessed what beauty made sublime could be—and yet, the sublimity was a dark one—the glory was not all of heaven—though none the less was it glorious. Though the face before me was that of a young woman of certainly not more than thirty years, in perfect health, and the first flush of ripened beauty, yet it had stamped upon it a look of unutterable experience, and of deep acquaintance with grief and passion. Not even the lovely smile that crept about the dimples of her mouth could hide this shadow of sin and sorrow.

—*She* (Chapter 13)

Again, Celluloid Fantasia 2003

by
Stu Shiffman

Semper aliquid novi ex Africa

—Pliny the Elder in *Natural History*, usually translated
as “There is always something new out of Africa”

In the world of the pulp magazines and Hollywood films, Africa was always the dark continent of mystery. Maybe it was all the fault of H. Rider Haggard and his books like *King Solomon's Mines* (1885) and *She* (1887). Haggard was influenced by the various memoirs of Henry Morton Stanley (starting with his 1872 “How I Found Livingstone in Central Africa”) as well as his own experiences in Africa. His books in turn influenced Edgar Rice Burroughs and Robert E. Howard with their lost civilizations and mysterious white jungle monarchs. Like A. Conan Doyle's *Lost World*, *She* is one of those magnificent Victorian yarns about an expedition to a far-off locale shadowed by magic, mystery, and death. The works have been adapted to film many times.

Do you remember the premise of *She*? There was a character, Ayesha (pronounced *Assha*) called She-Who-Must-Be-Obedied, so popular that Haggard brought her back over and over again in prequels including *She and Alan*, which brought her together with Alan Quatermain. *She* is the template of the lost race story (as is the earlier *King Solomon's Mines*), a thrilling adventure detailing how Cambridge don, Ludwig Horace Holly, and his young companion Leo Vincey embark on a quest in Africa to find the legendary lost city of Kôr and its immortal White Queen of the debased and cannibalistic Amahagger. Ayesha suspects that Vincey is the reincarnation of her long lost love, Kallikrates (twenty-three centuries gone) and tries to grant him immortality to gain his love. Alas, he has already fallen for Ustane, whom Ayesha kills, after which she proceeds to seduce Vincey. Vincey is in fact

also a descendent of Kallikrates and the woman for whom he rejected Ayesha, Amenartes Nectanebes, daughter of the last pharaoh of Egypt. At one point, Ayesha says “My empire is of the imagination.” Oh yes, of the imagination and sex, of violence and unearthly immortal beauty!

Tim Stout writes, in *Horror: 100 Best Books*, “As the plot takes hold one has the fancy that [Ayesha] had always existed, in some dark dimension of the imagination, and that [H. Rider] Haggard was the fortunate author to whom she chose to reveal herself.” Haggard did, in fact, write this book in a six-week burst of feverish inspiration: “It came faster than my poor aching hand could set it down,” he later said.

In 1899, Georges Méliès' scope was beginning to widen and he embarked on his most ambitious projects, including *L’Affaire Dreyfus* (which provoked such partisan fistfights in the streets that it led to the film being banned in France and the censorship of all other films on the subject as late as 1950), *Cendrillon* (Cinderella) and *La Danse du Feu* (Pillar of Fire), which adapted H. Rider Haggard's story.

Another silent *She* (1925) starred Betty Blythe as Ayesha and is supposed to be the most faithful adaptation of the book. That was just a few years after the Broadway musical comedy version of 1917, produced at the Longacre Theater with book by Guy Bolton, music by Jerome Kern and lyrics by P.G. Wodehouse. At one point, a variant version of the legend (and pronunciation) of Ayesha is explained by Leo Vincey's flapper friend Tansy Dunsmore in the song “Ayeeshasheh”:



ABBOTT & COSTELLO meet SHE

*In days of old beside the Nile
A famous queen there dwelt.
Her clothes were few,
But full of style.
Her figure slim and swelt.*

*On every man that wandered by
She pulled the Theda Bara eye.
And every one observed with awe,
That her work was swift,
But never raw.*

Alas, explains Tansy, this early fashion plate and woman's power advocate could not stand emotional scenes at the end of an affair (well, who can?):

*And when she tired as girls will do,
Of Bill or Jack or Jim,
The time had come, his friends all knew,
To say goodbye to him.*

*She couldn't stand by any means,
Reproachful, stormy farewell scenes.
To such coarse stuff she would not stoop,
So she just put poison in his soup.*

*When out with Ayeeshasheh,
Men always made their wills.
They knew there was no time to waste,
When the gumbo had that funny taste.*

Other notable songs include Professor Horatio Holly's "Good Old Cambridge," Ayesha's "I'm Going To Find a Man Someday" and "Just You Watch My Step," and Leo's "What I'm Longing to Say" and "Sir Galahad," where he muses on the difficulties of his past lives as Kallikrates and Galahad.

She (1935) moved the setting to the Arctic and starred Helen Gahagan, Randolph Scott as Leo Vincey, Nigel Bruce as Horace Holly, and Helen Mack as Tanya Dugmore. Much of the plot remains intact, despite the fact that Leo is now an American and the character of Ustane is transformed into Tanya. In this film, Leo Vincey is the descendent and reincarnation of Elizabethan explorer John Vincey once loved by She. Helen Gahagan captured the mystery and power of Ayesha, a woman who has gained millennia worth of wisdom and occult abilities only to be deprived of one thing: her true love. The film was produced by Merian C. Cooper who also brought us *King Kong*. It is still a powerful version of the tale.

She (Hammer, 1965) starred Ursula Andress as Ayesha, Peter Cushing as Major Horace Holly, John Richardson as Leo Vincey, Rosenda Monteros as Ustane, and Christopher Lee as Billali. The story also diverged in numerous ways from the book, yet the characters remain fairly intact. Bond Girl Andress is beautiful, but she lacks a certain dimension that the role requires. Ayesha is, after all, "She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed," a 2,000-year-old queen who rules a fabled lost city deep in a maze of African caverns. She has the occult wisdom of Isis, the eternal youth and beauty of Aphrodite, and the violent appetite of a lamia.

The book inspired more than these relatively straight adaptations. The humorous side emerged in such projects as *Abbott & Costello Meet SHE Who Must be Obeyed* (Universal-International, 1947) where Hillary Brooke played the Immortal Queen. The film is one of the better entries in the team's monster/fantasy sequence following the successful *Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein*. Lou Costello and Bud Abbott are music hall performers Louie Vincent and Adalbert Budd,

“a little song, a little dance, a little seltzer down your pants,” who are approached by antiquarian Professor Ludovic Holly (Alan Mowbray). The professor, it seems, was a friend of Louie’s father, who died before he could pass along his inheritance and the tale of the family legend: of Kallikrates, Amenartes and Ayesha in ancient Egypt. Soon the trio is off to Darkest Africa in search of the ancient treasure of the Lost City of Kôr and She Herself. They are accompanied by a guide, Mantan Moreland, who describes himself as “the only bronze Great White Hunter in Africa, Lincoln Quartermaine.” Hilarity, as you might expect, ensues. There is a wonderful re-imagining of their classic vaudeville/burlesque Niagara Falls/Susquehanna Hats sketch on board the tramp steamer to Africa, where a ship’s officer goes berserk anytime anyone mentions “Leicester Square”. The curious Amahagger people, ruled over by Ayesha, show sexual dimorphism, with brutish ape-like males, but with females (obviously from the corps of studio starlettes) who are suitable for a Las Vegas chorus line and whom Louie must not touch under pain of death. Ah, hers is an empire of a very silly imagination here.

This was followed by *HER! The Jungle Queen!* (MGM, 1947) a wonderful animated cartoon directed by Tex Avery, with story by Heck Allen, animation by Ray Abrams, Preston Blair, and Ed Love; and music by Scott Bradley. *HER!* is obviously inspired by H. Rider Haggard’s *She* and the various film versions, and stars George & Junior, Avery’s characters inspired by *Of Mice & Men*, and The Girl, a very sexy character animated by the talented Preston Blair. It’s a typically manic Avery compote of wild sight and conceptual gags and fast moving exposition, with a little sex. (It’s interesting to compare *HER!* to an earlier cartoon directed by Tex Avery: the 1945 *Lost Woolfy!* with similar personnel but using the Avery characters of Droopy, The Wolf, and Red Hot Riding Hood in a plot inspired by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle’s *The Lost World*.)

Mel Brooks’ *She* (20th Century Fox, 1976) was the comedic polymath’s follow-up to the hilarious *Blazing Saddles* and *Young Frankenstein*. The script was by Gene Wilder and Brooks, maintaining a collaboration that had been such a success with *Young Frankenstein* rather than dissipating the energy in their own less inspired solo projects (a sendup of silent film comedy and Rudolf Valentino had been rumored in the trades). They started with the core material of Haggard’s novels including *King Solomon’s Mines* with Alan Quatermain, the film versions of Edgar Rice Burroughs’ *Tarzan* and other jungle hi-jinks. The immortal Ayesha, White Queen of Kôr, was played by Madelaine

Kahn, a brilliant comic and sensual portrayal with just a touch of Garbo. Gene Wilder played Leonard Vincey, Cambridge classics scholar and cricket champ. Brooks himself played Professor Ludovic Horace Holly, Harvey Korman was Bialee the sinister High Priest, and Bernadette Peters appeared as Mitzy Morgenstern (Leonard’s fiancée and reincarnation of Amenartes). Marty Feldman played a Cockney-voiced Alvin Quarterman, the hawk-eyed (or perhaps owl-eyed) Great White Hunter, with Richard Pryor as his urbanized Zulu companion, Umslopogaas (AKA Sherwin Moretan of Chicago), wielder of the mighty axe Inkosi-kaas. Pryor is terribly clever here, and had been allowed some rewriting of his lines.

Ron Ely, having appeared on TV as Tarzan, appeared briefly in the role of the ultimate jungle swinger, in the now classic “My Son the Jungle Lord” bit. After saving the safari, he returns to his Jewish ape mother Kala (acted by simian and makeup expert Rick Baker and voiced by Kahn). “Why aren’t you a doctor, like that nice Livingstone boy or the Schweitzer’s son?” Who knew that the apes spoke a *bissel* Yiddish? Kreegah!

Mel Brooks appeared in several additional roles: the Israelite ambassador Gurion Ben David in the ancient Egyptian segment of *realpolitik* (rather consciously Kissingeresque and very droll) and the Cambridge librarian (a very funny bit). Sid Caesar appeared as Pharoah in the ancient segment and as Lord John Roxton, another White Hunter (from



Endnote

OK, I admit it. The lyrics are ripped off from "Cleopatterer" by Wodehouse & Kern, from the musical *Leave It to Jane* (1917), based on the play *The College Widow* (1904) by humorist George Ade, which in turn was parodied by the Marx Brothers in *Horse Feathers* (1932). The song was performed by June Allyson in the turgid Kern biopic *Till the Clouds Roll By* (MGM, 1946), which effectively wrote out the contributions of Bolton and Wodehouse to his earlier successes.

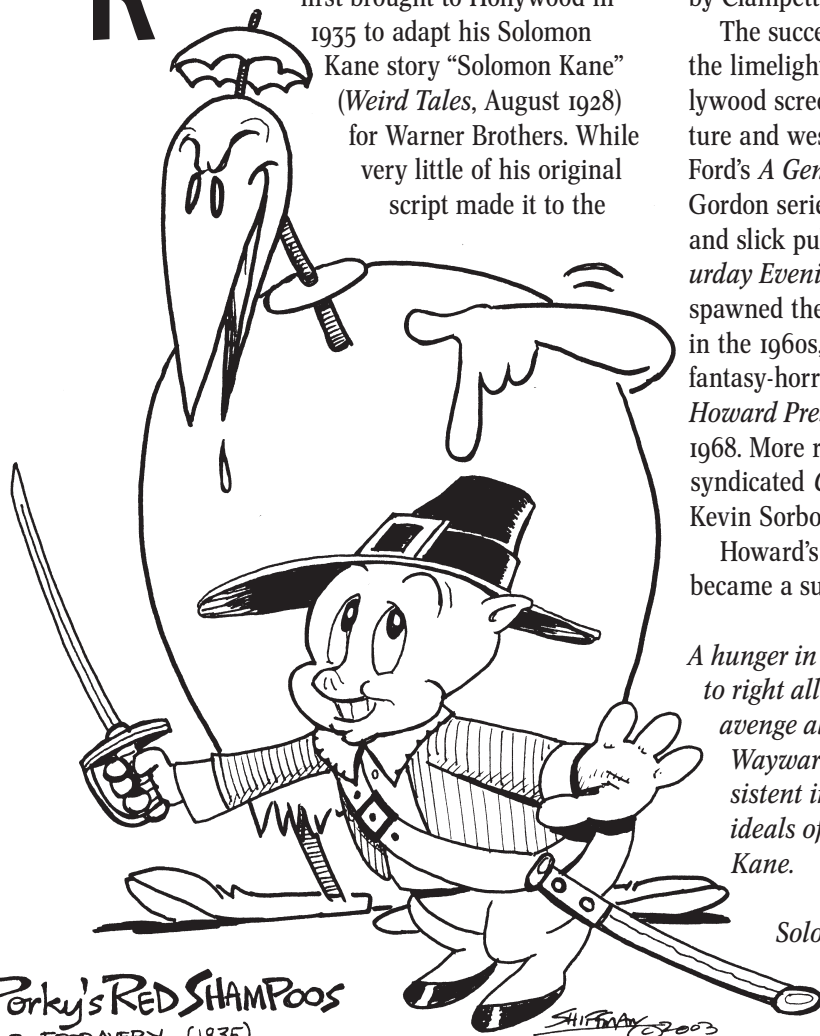
Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*) in the Explorers Club segment. While the film doesn't quite come up to the level of *Young Frankenstein* and *Blazing Saddles*, it is still very entertaining and knowledgeable about its subject and much better than most of the projects that followed.

Wilder and Brooks would not work together again until their collaboration on 2000's *Hound of the Baskervilles: Who Let the Dog Out?*. Perhaps their humor was not right for the turn of the millennium. Not even Christopher Guest's Holmes and Dan Ackroyd's Dr. Watson (with Korman as Dr. Mortimer and Brooks as the litigious Mr. Flanken), however excellent and funny, could save the day. Mr. Holmes, they were the footprints of a very tired old hound.

In his best work, Howard's writing seems so highly charged with energy that it nearly gives off sparks...Howard was the Thomas Wolfe of fantasy.

— Stephen King

Robert Ervin Howard (1906–1986) was first brought to Hollywood in 1935 to adapt his Solomon Kane story "Solomon Kane" (*Weird Tales*, August 1928) for Warner Brothers. While very little of his original script made it to the



screen (the final version was rewritten by Casey Robinson), the final result as *Red Shadows* is still impressive and retains a strong flavor of the original. Errol Flynn was cast as the puritan hero Solomon Kane ("a knight-errant in the sober clothes of a fanatic"), Olivia De Havilland as Agnes de Chastillon (a conflation of a minor character with the protagonist of yet another Howard story, Dark Agnes from "Sword Woman"), and Paul Robeson as the wise African shaman N'Longa who gives Kane the magical cat-headed staff that will be so vital. The climactic sword fight with the villainous Le Loup (Basil Rathbone) is a swashbuckling classic.

Red Shadows is also notable for its extensive use of a moody animated title sequence directed by Isadore "Friz" Freleng of Termite Terrace (the Schlesinger animation studio on the Warner lot), and animated by Robert Clampett and Charles M. Jones. It also uses an extended stop-motion sequence by Willis O'Brien, best known for *King Kong* and his silent *The Lost World*. The film must have made an impression on the Termite Terrace boys, because it was sent up in *Porky's Red Shampoos* (1935), directed by Fred "Tex" Avery and animated by Clampett.

The success of the picture propelled Howard into the limelight, leading to his long career as a Hollywood screenwriter (specializing in exotic adventure and westerns—remember John Wayne in John Ford's *A Gent from Bear Creek* or the Francis X. Gordon series?), hardcover contracts with Harper and slick publication in such magazines as *Saturday Evening Post* and *American*. His westerns spawned the successful *Bear Creek* television series in the 1960s, starring James Arness, while the fantasy-horror-suspense anthology series *Robert E. Howard Presents* had a short-lived presence circa 1968. More recently, Sam Raimi produced the cult syndicated *Conan the Wanderer* series that starred Kevin Sorbo with Lucy Lawless as Belit.

Howard's ex-wife, Novalyne Price Howard, also became a successful writer for film and television.

A hunger in his soul drove him on and on, an urge to right all wrongs, protect all weaker things, avenge all crimes against right and justice.

Wayward and restless as the wind, he was consistent in only one respect—he was true to his ideals of justice and right. Such was Solomon Kane.

— Robert E. Howard, "Red Shadows," *Solomon Kane* (New York: Baen, 1995), p.26.

Rain City Tangler

by Ulrika O'Brien

2003 FAN HUGOS—Semiprozine: *Locus*, Charles N. Brown, Jennifer A. Hall & Kirsten Gong-Wong, eds.; Fanzine: *Mimosa*, Rich & Nicki Lynch; Fan Writer: Dave Langford; Fan Artist: Sue Mason.

BLARNEY, GUFF, . . . WHATEVER—By the breadth of some very narrow metaphor, Mr. Pat McMurray has won the 2003 GUFF fan fund race for travel from the UK to New Zealand or Australia in 2004, beating out young upstart Doug Bell by the slimmest of two-vote margins. (GUFF Administrator Paul Kincaid reports full voting figures: Doug Bell - UK: 25 Australia: 8 Total: 33; Pat McMurray - UK: 22 Australia: 13 Total: 35; No Preference - UK: 6 Australia: 2 Total: 8) Condolences, and plaudits for a well-fought race, to Mr. Bell. Laurels all around to the administrators for their fine work. And, most of all, huzzah for the Irishman and his GUFF. Yet another tic marked off the Oxford Stripe League's secret plan for world domination.

NO VA? WELL, PUSH IT—2003 Nova Awards for UK fanzines were announced in exotic Bentley, Walsall. Best Fanzine: *Zoo Nation*, edited by Pete Young; Best Fanwriter: Claire Brialey; Best Fan-artist: Sue Mason. A special Nova, Best Fan, was awarded by the committee to long-time actifan, Ina Shorrock.

PRESS LOTS OF KEYS TO ABORT—The Cabal are at it again, having announced plokta.con 3.0, May 1-3, 2004 at the Checquers Hotel, Newbury. Guest of Honor: The Black Dandelion...er, Charl(i)e/es) Stross. Memberships: £37. Chec(que/k) payable to "Plokta" should be sent to: Mike Scott, 39 Fitzroy Court, Croydon, CR0 2AX, UK, or pay by PayPal to mike@plokta.com. Further details strictly via superfluous technology at www.plokta.com/plokta.con/.

WHO, US, GUV?—The *Chunga* news desk would like to deny all knowledge of the 2005 NASFiC

(Cascadia Con, September 1-5, 2005, Hilton Seattle Airport) at the earliest available date, and fervently hopes to have saved enough pennies to be in Glasgow about then. If you've ever been inside the SECC, this should tell you all you need to know.

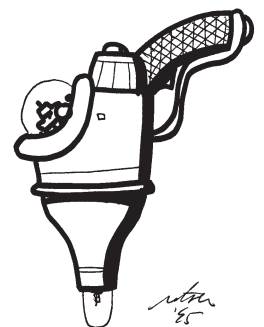
D. WEST BEATS EDWARDS—*The Scotsman* recently published its survey of Scotland's 50 Most Eligible Women, ranking Lilian Edwards just beneath D. West. The two placed 47th and 46th respectively. D. West in this case is Denise West, advertising director for the *Scottish Daily Record* and *Sunday Mail*. Our thanks to Pam Wells' eagle eye for spotting Ms. West, and to PNN, from whom we steal all the best news.

PLAY BLACKJACK ONLINE—Corflu Blackjack (March 19-21, 2004) is now online at www.corflu.org. Membership rates: US \$45 until February 1, 2004 and (presumably) more afterwards. For more information, contact Ken.Forman@verizon.net, or correspond the old-fashioned way, send your 180 sticky quarters to: 12845 3rd Street Yucaipa, CA USA 92399-4548.

NO FORMAN GRILLED—Ken Forman reports he and Aileen were wholly spared in the recent fiery holocausts of Southern California. No fires came near enough to require a fannish retreat. In fact, "Yucaipa was used as an evacuation center for animals. Aileen and I had 4 horses in our pasture for a week or so."

FROM THE TAFF RAIL—TAFF nominations for the 2004 westbound race to Worldcon 2004 are now open. Interested parties are asked to obtain three European and two North American nominations, which together with a platform of not more than 100 words and a bond of £10 to be sent in writing by February 28th to: Tobes Valois, 20 Bakers Lane, Woodston, Peterborough, PE5.

INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT—We sadly bid farewell to KIM Campbell, British SMOF, energetic brownie of home-grown British Worldcons, champion of charitable causes, and all around Good Egg, who died in hospice after a final bout of cancer, on November 15.



Schreckenwurst: Blind Muttering About Contemporary Fanzines

by Andy 'n' Randy

Floss #4

edited and published by Lilian Edwards

Ever contradictory, Lilian manages to make herself glum about the future of fanzines, while assembling a fair collection of newish talent to make up her current issue. Indeed, the output of British fanzines between the poles of Easter and Novacons can seem terribly thin, but I'm thankful for the succession of envelopes that arrive in the aftermath of both events.

More carping after the failure of LiveJournal to inject a great burst of enthusiasm into fanzine fandom after the first glint of recognition between the two bodies; yet Lilian publishes pieces by Ian Smith and Richard Clegg, definitely acquaintances via LJ. Add con reportage by James Bacon and an appreciation of the Clash by Tony Keen, both as likely to be found writing online as anywhere else, and it seems clear that *Floss* itself is evidence of the cross-pollinating effects of LiveJournal on fandom.

Lilian is a woman of many interests and appetites, and her fanzines typically feature the contemplation of one or more vices to which fan are prone. Half the pieces in *Floss #4* deal with sex and relationships in some fashion. I was most engrossed with Lilian's article titled "My Vagina Monologue." It seems at first glance to be concerned with anatomy, but ends up being as much about happiness in general, and what we think will make us happy versus what we eventually find out works. Lilian has written a lot of material of her personal feelings and experiences in the past, but I thought she was impressively clear-eyed here, and rather outdid the rest of us who covered some of the same ground. Dale Speirs also does his part to add to the Lilian legend, by describing her whirlwind visit to Calgary in December of 2002, which Dale asserts ended a lengthy drought that gripped the Canadian prairie. This is fannish mythmaking of the original

sort, of course, but if Lilian is really capable of making it snow, I probably ought to give her better reviews in the future.

—Andy

Let's Kiosk

written and published by
Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas

If there is an ideal method for applying work published through LiveJournal in fanzine form, I think Joseph and Judith may have hit upon it here. Feeling that attendance at their first Novacon since 1995 strongly called for a fanzine (quite right!), they collected and tweaked material that both published through LJ in 2003. Topics are broadly split between things involving gardening and travel to exotic destinations like Tunisia and Lithuania, but whatever the subject, J & J both have unique perspectives that could capture any reader — really, this is some of the very best fan writing I've seen in 2003. By publishing it on LiveJournal, they have used it to communicate with close correspondents, and received some presumably positive instant ego-boo in response. But by publishing it as a fanzine, they contribute to a larger tradition, and may affect fanzines and fanwriting by people who have absolutely no reference for LiveJournal. Put together in this manner, *Let's Kiosk* is a high-yield BOMB of fannish pleasure and intelligence, knocking all my critical inhibitions flat, and leaving me staring at hoary truisms like "All knowledge is contained in fanzines."

I think at least some of my pleasure in this material is simply knowing that Joseph Nicholas, who once signed his letters "Bollocks to the Internet," is now beavering away to share his thoughts and experiences with the universe of LJ hacks. But

it is clear that both he and Judith have found inspiration in the work of other LJ writers, and are as committed to the community there as they have been within fanzine fandom. I realize that as melodramatic as it sounds, I tend to think of Hanna and Nicholas as the conscience of my fandom. I find a great deal of comfort in hearing from them that the foxes still hunt happily in the enclosed wild places of England, and in knowing that Joseph is still prepared to ask difficult questions about airports and frogspawn. Snails, however, should shudder at his approach.

—Andy

No Award #14

edited by Fandom's Resident
Curmudgeon Marty Cantor

Marty hews to a very traditional faanish line in his editorial presence, with several shots at the faceless, stinking media fen who have corrupted *le corps fanatique*. This attitude seems very old school to this youngish whippersnapper (well, I used to be!), but it doesn't get in the way of good fanzine practice. The typos on the other hand...

The two poles of *No Award* are fanhistory and fannish whimsy, with all of the articles except Joseph Major's fanzine review falling into one category or the other (or both). In the fanhistory column, the best piece is the third chapter of Phil Castora's fannish autobiography, although it suffers a bit from the expectation that we will have read the previous chapters and remembered the names. But the writing is sprightly and the anecdotes are funny. Peter Weston's "Nothing Changes" is also a nice piece of fanhistory, relating his conversion experience as a neo after an encounter with a treasure trove of good old fanzines. Both of these pieces give a good taste of the classic fannish experience (e.g., shared housing and the discovery of zines)

and of the writers' personalities. Earl Kemp's con report is less successful at articulating his fondness for Mickey Spillane and Harold Robbins, although I was intrigued by the incorporation of anecdotes (mostly about Noreen Shaw) by a number of other writers, including Ted White and Howard Devore. Postmodern collage!

The fannish whimsy and humor pole of the zine is represented by three pieces as well, the best of which is probably Eric A. Schultheis' "Experimentally Altered Steam," which also manages to convey a bit of fanhistory in recounting an old fannish joke about the discovery of steam (and ensuing fan feud), and then builds on it with a few new twists. Schultheis, like Castora, is also a very sprightly writer, but I wonder whether something is missing from "the number™." Perhaps I just don't get the joke? Milt Stevens' longish alternate history of fictional worlds, "War and Sequels," is high concept stuff and has a number of great gags (including a nice in-joke on Walthamstow), but it has too many low puns for my taste. Thom Digby's "from the Silicon Soapware e-list" is pretty wispy. Couldn't the situation be solved by a call to Dr. Doolittle?

Seattle fandom in the form of four or five people I talked to at the last Vanguard party seems to be united in feeling that the diamond-shaped hole in Marty's layout does not result in good design, but I suppose such things are a matter of religious preference. One problem is that it forces all the artwork into a small box, and the Steve Stiles cartoon, for example, suffers for it.

While I'm not yet ready to follow Marty down his curmudgeonly path, *No Award* remains a solid zine fully in the American fanhistorical mode. The lettercol shows that he has readers in many different areas of factional fanzine fandom, and I'm happy that he continues to provide this ground for fertile fannish conversation.

—Randy

Floss

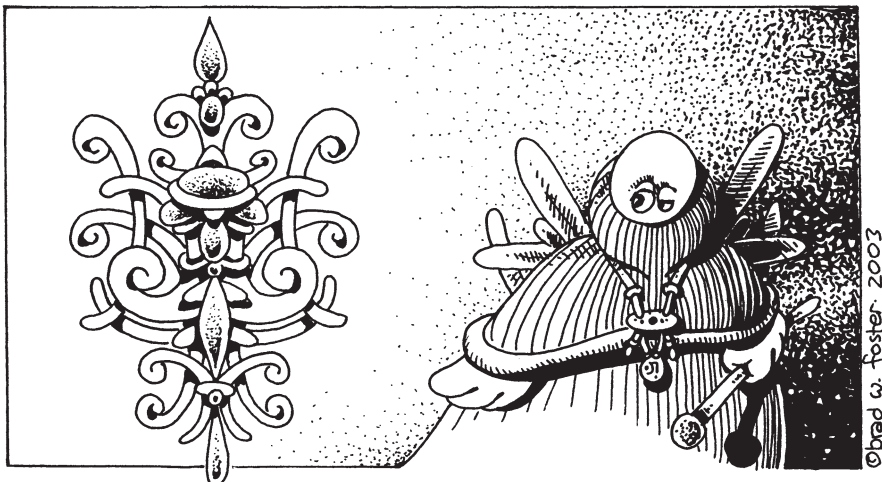
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It's not often these days that I see myself referred to as "an almost mythical figure of great power and accomplishment" and, when I do, I am, of course, humbled and led to think: WHAT THE FUCK DO THEY MEAN *ALMOST*! Dancing with Pete Weston, eh? I can only blame the whiskey and beer and enjoyable music provided by John Harvey and his bandmates and the atmosphere of Hinckley and the great god Neptune and probably lots of other things if I think about it which I probably shouldn't since that will lead to recovered memories of what happened after even more whiskey and beer and I'm sure some apologies are due somewhere.

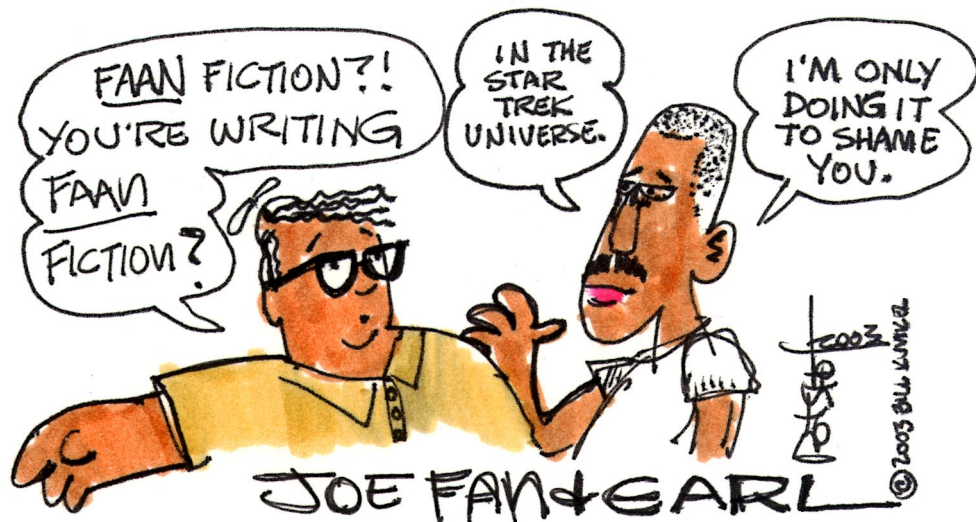
Don's covers are remarkable. I didn't realize that he had become a fannish Glen Baxter. Truly superb pieces and funny, too.

I truly hope that Andy keeps up his quest to have *Cities In Flight* as a book of honor at Potlatch. Every word he writes in approbation is true. I don't think the series is Blish's best writing but, along with *Black Easter*, they have the scenes which are most memorable. At our own little monthly pub get-together the Benfordian topic of creating movies from classic SF has come up from time to time and I always vote for *Cities In Flight*—seeing Manhattan lift off and sail into space would alone be worth the price of admission. I met James Blish once, many years ago, on a train to either Novacon or Tynecon. I was a 17 year old neo; he was

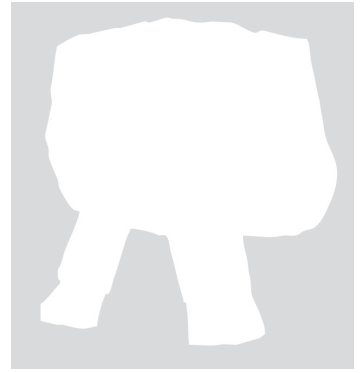
already very ill, travelling with a nurse, and looking far older than he actually was. As I recall, he bore my babbling effusiveness about how much I enjoyed his books and even his William Atheling Jr. criticism with a patience and forbearance that few healthier and less accomplished authors would have. I've always remembered that when re-reading one of his books.

Dave Hicks' recollection of Chris Evans' reading of "The Descent..." is amazingly accurate. I still cannot understand how Chris got through it with a straight face. Dave certainly helps bring back some memories of a very enjoyable con and, unfortunately, Ulrika mentions the death of one of the people who made it so enjoyable. I'd only met Martin for the first time last year at the Jersey Eastercon yet he was one of the people I was most looking forward to seeing again in Hinckley. Future UK convention experiences will be diminished because he is no longer with us.

I'm still trying to picture where this Tanglewood neighborhood actually is. I thought I was pretty familiar with Green Lake and environs but the only place I can picture which is remotely as described is the area where 70th dumps you with a bike store and a coffee shop. I'm still trying to recover from the fact that the two teepee restaurant burned down so I'm not terribly *au courant* on Seattle.



n Pig



Even worse, the Twin Teepees didn't actually burn down. There was a fire, but the structure was still fine. However, the owner wanted to use the property for something else (condos, I think) and had a bulldozer knock the building down one morning in the wee hours. He knew that people would protest the loss of a favorite landmark if he went through a permit process, so he did it on the sly. Then the economy went south and the property has sat vacant for the past three years.

—Randy

Rich, Tangletown is on the opposite end of Green Lake from the former site of the Twin Teepees, really centered around 55th Street and Meridian Avenue. It's on the hill above the lake to the East. But finding Tangletown isn't really the crux of the problem, however; it's finding your way out again. If you walk south along Meridian, you pass the Good Shepherd Center, and reach Murphy's Pub on the corner of 45th Street, a location much beloved of visiting TAFF delegates. If you walk in any other direction, the Nightgaunts will find you, and carry you away to the Dreamlands.

And I miss the sight of the Twin Teepees as well, although I never ate there. I walked by it dozens of times to eat at Beth's (open 24 hours), and the place was quite reparable, had there been money to fix it. I'm happy to report that the huge hat and boots that once graced a gas station in the Georgetown area of Seattle are to be preserved and restored after being moved to a public park. Thus some vestige of the giant-sized advertising kitsch of Seattle's mid-late 20th century will remain outside the confines of Craig Smith's cover art.

—Andy

Gary Deindorfer

I misjudged *Chunga* #1. In intemperate comments to *Littlebrook* #1, I hazarded that I found the first issue "offputtingly insular, cliquish, and esoteric."

That was a snap judgment. I just got the impression of smart-assery running out of control. I think I'm just becoming an old fogey. And, also, I wasn't reading it very closely. A case in point: In the same *Littlebrook* loc I opined that I found Randy Byers to be an "obnoxious smart ass." And yet his article in this issue describing his harrowing mountaineering ordeal is anything but smart assed. Randy mentions in *Wassamatta U.* that he sometimes makes a poor first impression on people. Perhaps that is so. Having gotten over my initial jaundiced impression of Randy I find on reexamination of his wordage that he is witty, refreshingly candid, and is capable of writing bathtub rings around me — and that is quite a compliment because I'm pretty facile with words.

The Olsen twins—double the fun.



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On the back page of *Chunga* #1 you have given fandom this quotation: *Roffrey was given to obscure quotations—it was all part of his atavistic outlook.* Stung, I realize I resemble that remark. I had been in the habit of sprinkling my locs and personal letters with what I thought were clever made-up quotations. The one above is the last one I intend to do, chagrined as I am about Roffrey.

You have made a game to try, with your alternative titles for your zine. I offer *Bloody See-saw* and *The Plank of Slime*. If you want to use either one of these as the new title for your fanzine, you are welcome to do so.

So I have had the scales removed from my weary eyes and have become washed in the blood of the lamb regarding *Chunga*.

Glad to hear you had a conversion experience, Gary! We're looking into the tax advantages of turning *Chunga* into a cult. There has to be some pay-off for Carl's resemblance to Jesus.

—Randy

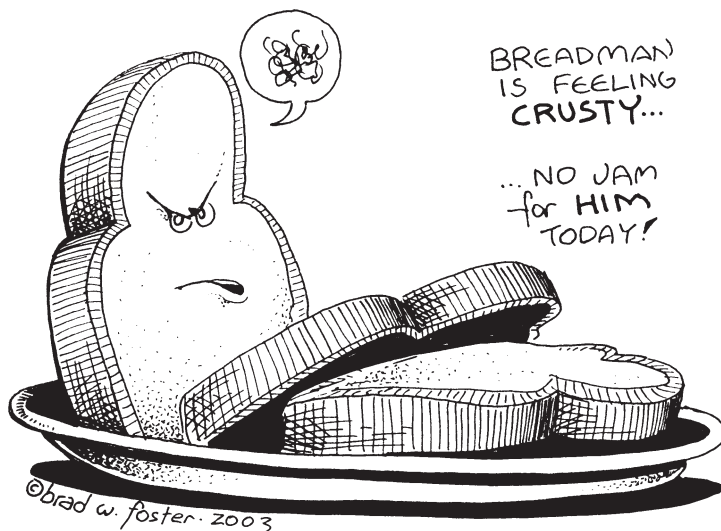
Steve Jeffery

That “dirtiest joke ever heard on Radio 4” that Dave Hicks mentions at the start of Holdstock and Two Smoking Barrels (brilliant, if misleading, title).

Humphrey Lyttleton was explaining the rules of the ‘Sound Charades’ round of the *I'm Sorry I Haven't a Clue* panel game with a typically long and convoluted introduction that compared it to an old TV game *Give Us a Clue*. In this, various celebrity guests had to mime the titles of movies, songs, TV shows etc. for the opposing team to guess. It was at this point that Humph, who delights in sailing pretty close to the BBC's normally pre-water-shed limits, invited the audience to imaging the chagrin of that show's host, camp man-about-town Lionel Blair, to “not being allowed the use of his mouth to finish off *Two Gentlemen of Verona*”.

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There was a second of stunned “what did he just say?” silence, and then the panel and audience collectively broke up. It must have gone on for three minutes before anyone was coherent again. Guest Sandi Toskvig, not normally noted for being lost for a word or fourteen, attempted to start a sentence, had an attack of the hiccups, and dissolved into giggles with a plaintive “Oh my God, I'm so sorry”. It was, at the time, deemed memorable enough to be replayed in its entirety on Radio 4's *Pick of the Week* that weekend. A week or two later, Humph did it again, with a quip along the lines of LB “being only allowed the use of his hands to bring off *The Merchant of Venice*”.

That Charnock lad's pretty good isn't he? He should be encouraged. Or possibly restrained. I'm not sure which. (It took me quite a long time to work out what a Wrinkled Shrew was. Innocent lad, I was. Brought up by nuns until age 24 [but I'm trying to kick the habit].)

A round of applause to the various artists, but a round of Tetley's finest to Don, who is “brilliant as usual”. More than that. When this slipped out the envelope (and you gotta explain those stamps sometime—they were some of the weirdest I've seen on a US envelope) I was absolutely gobsmacked. The amount of work that's gone into those covers. Stunning. And the Edward Gorey pastiche on page 8 is spot on, right down to the lettering.

I've also wondered about the rivers and waterways in Blish's spindizzy cities, in the same way I pondered the same question on those Roger Dean covers for the Yes albums *Fragile*, *Close to the Edge* and *Topographic Oceans* showing chunks of a world, complete with hills, trees and streams, floating off in space.

Bill Kunkel

Tell Peter Roberts he can skip Lee Ho Fook's without missing anything important. My first wife—we have long been ardent fans of the great Mr. Zevon—had her picture taken entering the place on a visit to London several years ago. But she was disappointed by the joint. No dish of Beef Chow Mein (big or small) on the menu and she only saw one werewolf—and his hair was positively disheveled!

Joseph Nicholas

This anecdote isn't relevant to *Chunga*, and doesn't even mention Graham, but I ran into Pat Charnock, whom I hadn't seen for over twenty years, when I rolled up to vote in the European Parliament elections in May 2002. Turnout in these elections is always notoriously low, so when I arrived at the

polling station on my way to work at gam I knew I wouldn't find an eager queue crowding the booths ahead of me. Instead, as I stepped through the door, I was greeted with a startled "Good God!" from a grey-haired woman seated behind the desk. "Oh," I said, knowing that the polling station had been open since 7am, "am I your first?" "No," said one of the other women there, "but we could do with a few more." Then I handed over my polling card to the grey-haired woman, and she said: "Hello Joseph Nicholas — I'm Pat Charnock." And I looked at her, and the years fell away, and I saw that it was so. And I said what all 1970s British fans say when they are gathered together, in that low-key uninflected way we have: "Bloody hell".

We shot the breeze for a few moments, catching up, but then I had to be on my way. She was then (and perhaps still is) working for Haringey's motability unit, providing transport for the disabled; but until reading this issue I'd no idea that she and Graham had acquired children. (But then I never thought to ask her — I'm pretty childophobic myself, and had myself surgically interfered with many years ago to prevent myself ever becoming a father.) Perhaps if we start going to conventions again, we might see more of them. (We've registered to go to Novacon in Birmingham this November, for the first time in, er um ah, so who knows. Who knows how many people we'll know, or recognise, or whether they'll recognise us.)

Randy remarks, in his shadow TAFF report, that Graham Charnock "stopped short of donning a dress, at least in my presence." "I'm not sure I saw any men in dresses on my trip," he continues, asking, "Is that even remotely possible in the UK?" Randy, you had only to make your wishes known! Had I been apprised in advance of your desire to see British male fans in female apparel, I would willingly have appeared at Alison's and Steven's welcoming party for you in one of my trade-mark mini-skirts. The only reason I turned up in trousers is that it was a bit cold and windy out — but the next time you come over, I will certainly treat you to what you missed this time. Which would you prefer — the wrap-over mini-skirt with the purple scribble pattern? The more modest button-through A-line shape in black? The zip-up beige number with the interesting pocket on the bum? The pleated grey denim with side fastenings? I have, as others will confirm, a large number of skirts, which I wear about as often as trousers (and often more often than trousers — I wear skirts throughout the summer, even to work). Let me know, and a personalised catwalk display could well be yours....



I have no idea what Carl's "Space Junk reference" to my LiveJournal may mean — I know that *Space Junk* was the title of a Rich Coad fanzine, but if it's a disguised jab at the fanzine reviews I once wrote for same (and about which I'd entirely forgotten until Dave Hicks's passing comment) he'll have to explain the detail: I don't have a copy of what I wrote those twenty or so years ago, or indeed of the fanzine itself. (Until Vince Clarke died, all fanzines we received were routinely passed on to his fanzine library, since he had the room for them and we don't. I must confirm with Rob Hansen whether he's taken over the library, and whether he can take the box of fanzines in the attic.)

Joseph, I'm sure you'll agree with my decision to cut your response to Carl's reply to your reply to Carl's reply to your comments about Andy's pieces on *Star Trek*, since I'm equally sure we'd all much rather move on to an analysis of the Kiwi view of what the *LOTR* movies have to say about the US/British/Australian adventure in Iraq. (Clearly the British are represented by the aloof, world-weary Elves, and the Americans by the ascendant, brutish Men, which makes comic-relief Dwarves of the Aussies.) Besides, Christina Lake has said she's bored by all things *Trek*, and we're hoping to get her to write something for us. In any event, thanks for the preview of the catwalk. All the outfits sound charming, but don't they expose your knees to graffiti?

—Randy

Pete Townsend and Roger Daltrey are probably pretty tired of being asked about "hope I die before I get old," too, now that they've arrived there.

—Carl

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Erika Maria Lacey

Just recently I was commenting to someone that the worst kind of insult you can give someone without actually being insulting is to say they're average. (Which 'nice' covers, don't you think?) I can see exactly why: people want to be different, compelling, special in some way. Of course people are special in their own way, only... probably not in the way they wish.

Interesting to hear of ethnic neighbourhoods in Toronto from Jim Caughan. Just recently someone was telling me that there's a general perception in Australia of my state being almost completely white and monocultural. While this is mostly true, there is also an increasing ethnic presence — one of the reasons for why I like the neighbourhood I've lived in these past 10 years. It's nothing quite so solid as an "Italian" neighbourhood — if anything it's mostly Polynesian. I do like it when it's not all white. Been there, done that, and seeing that I'm a bit of a mongrel tend to stand out in those places.

The metal-grilled shops of Peter Roberts' recollections are something I am far, far too familiar with. It feels like every other place has got metal grills all over the front; it makes for a very reassuring feel to the neighbourhood. It goes along with all of the times I get strange men stalking me as I walk down the street. A flavour, if you will, an atmosphere. If nothing else poor neighbourhoods sure have character.

Tony Keen

In full-on pedant mode, I must point out that my contribution to 'The Shadow TAFF Report' does touch on Randy's visit to London — though obviously something from the overly-quiet-these-days Alison Freebairn would have added much. Alison's characterization of me ("surrounded by tall, gorgeous women") is of course completely untrue — some of them aren't that tall. And Kate says it was Fiona told you what the Gherkin was called — she (Kate) told you it was sinking, though. Max's anecdote was amusing. I hope the Shadow TAFF report will see another outing as an appendix to the real TAFF report (perhaps with additional snippets from those now moved to contribute?).

I'm with Andy on charging people to vote in the FAAn — I think it would discourage voting rather than encourage voting, and there's no need for it (as there is for GUFF or TAFF). And what does Alexis mean by 'including the Nova shortlist automatically'? As far as I know, there is no such thing as the Nova shortlist, and how would you include it when I wasn't aware that there was such a thing as the FAAn shortlist either?

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They say that if you want to find out the truth about something on Usenet, you just have to post a statement about it and wait to be corrected. So it is with Shadow TAFF Reports! I actually noticed the error about the lack of London reportage as soon as the zine had gone to press, but I'd still swear Kate was the one who spake the words "Erotic Gherkin." Brilliant memory, mine — I've even forgotten how many drugs I've abused. But I'm leaning towards including the shadow report in the deluxe special ultimate director's cut of the real TAFF report, so any other victims of my visit who would like to chime in should feel free to do so. At this rate, I may yet get out of writing anything but intros myself. And the Appendices, of course. And Ron Drummond has suggested that I include a map as a visual aid. Hm. Suddenly my TAFF report has become a fat fantasy trilogy. I suppose that will mean Darrell Sweet covers, too. Will this nightmare never end?

— Randy

Although my plans to publish a FAAn-award specific bulletin have not come to fruition this year, I do intend to run the balloting again in 2004, and voting will once more be free. There is no FAAn shortlist per se, but if anyone wanted to volunteer to compile a list of 2003 fanzines and post it on the web, it would really help people vote in the months ahead.

— Andy

Alexis Gilliland

The D. West covers are very attractive, and his captions make them wryly funny. I assume they are computer generated, since the drawing is architecturally perfect, something not usually seen in fanzines. Perhaps West could find a way (cutting and pasting?) to insert some of his hand drawn characters in those elegant backgrounds.

Andy Hooper discusses James Blish's *Cities in Flight*, a series which has the glaring weakness of imagining a city existing happily without the hinterland that provided its context and reason for being. A point which Andy finally gets around to mentioning, along with the fact that Blish was describing the NYC of 1949 in some unspecified future. This last is forgivable, since Blish was using what he knew as the stage setting for his space opera. Upon first reading them in *Astounding* I really, really liked the series, but in half a century one gets old and cranky, although certainly the *CIF* stories hold up better than the roughly contemporaneous *World of Null-A* by van Vogt.

Indeed, although Blish describes some efforts to palliate the pains of life in space, his wandering New York actually seems like a rather glum place. And as you seem to imply, a multi-thousand word fanzine article might well be enough attention for *CIF* this year.

—Andy

Well, I suppose that reasonable people can have their doubts about *The World of Null-A* (although I don't), but surely, Alexis, you'll agree that *The Weapon Makers* is a better book than *Cities in Flight*?

—Randy

Karen Babich

Fellas — The new *Chunga* (#5) arrived with terrific timing. I was having a not too great day, soon to be improved by driving around in the heat, when I checked my mailbox on the way out. Stuck in a waiting room for eons (potentially), *Chunga* was there for me. It squeezed one knowing giggle, three chortles + a guffaw within ten minutes' perusal. I tell ya, it made my day.

I'm trying to remember what the D. West covers remind me of... Glen Baxter? No, he's pencil. Touch of Escher architecture... perfect for the Cthulhu. And yes, Glen Baxter (did he get his style from D. West?!) The shadow TAFF report is, of course, a brilliant idea. It still doesn't let Randy off the hook, though. (Nice try.)

Laughed frequently throughout Dave Hicks' Eastercon report, interspersed with "Wait!" upon encountering new and/or correct information. Wait! That was *Matrix* + *MiB*? I'd heard *Blues Brothers*. Wait! Dave Hicks is on LJ? Who knew? (Not me, apparently.) Wait! You can make friends at cons by getting drunk on Saturday afternoon? Must try sometime.

I must say, the LJ party @ Wiscon had plenty of

good mimosas. (Julie Humphries, host, personally taste-tested all champagnes before allowing public consumption. Woo!) The food was fab, & no guitars. Didn't pay attention to the footwear, though.

Filk vs. music? Years ago, before feuding parties and some children, the Minicon con suite would host multiple rooms for music. I remember one Sunday morning, an hour after dawn (at least), when the "music" party was about to close. When Fred Levy-Haskell went across the hall to get some refreshment, he heard the filkers still going strong. He came back, set to go for more playing, as he wasn't about to let those filkers outlast him. Ah, those were some days.

I should probably mail this off now, quickly, before I realize that I've actually LoC'd a zine. Now all the other faneds will expect one, too...

Enjoying Minicon in those days called for inhuman stamina. I'm convinced that time passed with faerie-like slowness within the convention, as ten or twelve days went by in the outside world. Plus the driving time.

—Andy

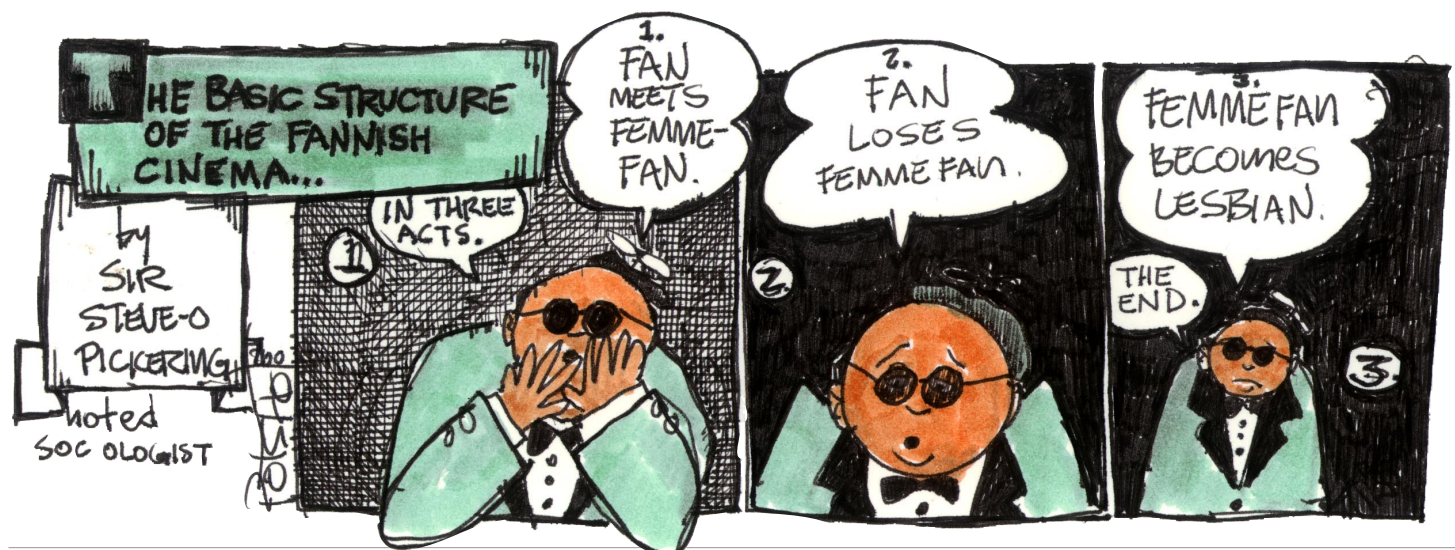
Gary Mattingly

Elision. This brought to mind elysian. Could one have an elysian elision? Say that fast seven or eight times. Or not. Could not getting "reamed out" be an elysian elision?

Oh and then Tony Keen intrigued me with "Whitby Gothic Weekends". Here I'd just seen this illustration relating to Edward Gorey and I wondered what interesting things might occur on such a weekend. Alas, it is just a gothic music concert. I mean, nothing wrong with that, mind you, but I was hoping for something more, um, odd. Now looking at the April 2003 band lineup, Scary Bitches does whet my appetite, in a manner of speaking and Torsohorse brings back in mind Victor's

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WAHF:**Craig Smith**

West's artwork has given me a serious case of pencil envy.

Jerry Kaufman

Too bad, I thought I'd have a bit of fun there.

Murray Moore

I made my way nearly to the end of Randy's intro to The Shadow TAFF Report when I lost consciousness.

Garth Spencer

You're quite right, I neglected entirely to ask permission to quote Chunga in BCSFAzine.

Ron Salomon

I didn't not enjoy the rest of the zine, but especially Stu's writing and drawing efforts.

Brad Foster

I just found out that Sue Mason won the Fan Hugo this year... she's been my number-one vote for the past several years... now it's time for Mr D to get one, too!

Lloyd Penney

FIJAWTUWU – Fandom is Just a Way to Feel Useful While Unemployed.

Yvonne Rousseau

However ill he felt, John continued reading Chunga! (Sorry. I'll phrase that again!)

communing with sheep vision but otherwise.... Graham Charnock's addition to the fray is very interesting which for reasons unknown brings to mind a leering Arte Johnson from *Laugh-In* in his German soldier's uniform.

And James Bacon does have quite an imagination and even multiple sphincters?

Oh my goodness Zhukov really did play the accordion. This explains everything, well, at least part of it. Ah, visions of Flavor Flav and Zhukov combining *Sketches of Spain* in the Terrordome. Seems fitting for Public Enemy. Brothers gonna work it out while fightin' the power. Now if they could perform it in Guernica in 1937. Yes, Black Eyed Peas just wouldn't cut it with Zhukov. Eminem and 50 Cent in the background doing covers from "Brother for Sale, 50 Cents" by Mary-Kate & Ashley.

Why does the LoC from David Sucher about Honey Bear financial statements seem an odd thing in the midst of everything else? And Spoon sings in the background "That's the Way we Get By".

Nevertheless speaking of abductions I was just in Roswell a few weeks ago hoping for same. Don't think it occurred but still must undergo hypnotic regression sessions. Cell phone died so very suspicious.

Dave Wood

The first thing I did was to ring Hazel Ashworth. "So what is Randy Byers really like?" I asked.

But enough of this idle, gossip-column chitchat.

WE HAVE DONE
PENITENCE FOR
THE PEDOPHILE
PRIESTS. BUT, GOD
DOES NOT WANT
HIS BISHOPS HELD
ACCOUNTABLE TO LAY
MOTHERFUCKERS!



Chunga #5 arrived within days of my 67th birthday—a fine unexpected gift to wind up the week. I wonder why I deserve being on the mailing list other than, as Andy confesses, I am a victim of expensive indulgence and perverse whim of distribution. Over the past five years I have become one of those sad old fans who cling to the periphery of fandom ever aware of the danger of tumbling backwards towards the Schwarzschild limit of the black hole of total gafia. This time, faced with the fear that I would lose control, and be dragged in a spiralling orbit, a sudden victim of a savage gravity, tumbling through a ceaseless swirling, spinning, whirling rainbow with a heart of darkness until with a final agonizing shriek I shrink into the invisibility of the event horizon, I decided I'd better do one of those LOC things.

So it was that I settled in the garden hammock, and the dappled sunlight playing carefree over my thinning hair, plucked *Chunga* from its envelope. All good things can be enhanced by packaging and the cover by legendary D West set my pulse racing. (I've been aching to use that word ever since seeing it used in a Virgin Megastore catalogue to describe a singer, incongruously, as 'related to the legendary writer Leo Tolstoy'—now that should shift her CDs!). Once again Mr West manages to encapsulate a whole raft of subtext in a single image (well two in this case). Could things get any better? Well, no, but nothing in the zine lowered those first high standards. It is a long time since I read a fanzine from cover to cover at one sitting. So by late afternoon I was basking in a warm glow of satisfaction, even so far as to thinking I really ought to LOC this one.

Then I fell asleep.

Later that evening I strolled down to the sea front. It was one of those typical Clevedon sunsets. The sky above black rolling clouds, shading into grey across the Bristol Channel and then bursting into long shards of shimmering yellows and oranges over distant Newport (atmospheric refraction or activity from the Woolos that is Dave Hicks). The sun, a glowering red orb, was sinking behind the Welsh hills. I meandered down the beach and made my way to the end of the yacht club jetty all the while marvelling at this wonderful display of nature. "Quite a sight, isn't it," murmured a voice behind me. I turned, startled, not having heard anyone approaching.

A tall, thin-framed man in a black anorak, hood over his head hiding his face, gestured a gloved hand across the water. "Makes you feel good to be alive, doesn't it?"

A strange question, I thought to myself. But nodded an affirmative.

I looked at the man closely to see if I could catch a glimpse of his face but it remained in shadow.

We stood in silence for a while until eventually he coughed, dug his hands deep into his anorak pocket. He seemed to be searching for something. I felt queasy. What if he was a mugger and had a knife hidden away somewhere.

“Well, I’d better be away,” I offered a hesitant smile.

“Red sky at night,” he said. “You know, in the old days people always found it comforting to have their future mapped out with the odd sign or portent. People were keen to get an insight into their future; love, life, longevity, death. Especially death. Chicken entrails, sacrificing virgins, consulting oracles. Anything to get glimpse of that all important unknown moment. Nowadays it’s far easier, I use one of these,” he said, pulling one of those palm held computer things from his pocket.

He sat down on the edge of the damp concrete jetty. For some reason a long ago warning from my mother flashed through my mind: You’ll get piles sitting on that. I didn’t think it was the right moment to pass on that piece of wisdom. “Yes, it’s

all very scientific now,” he continued. “Quarks and neutrinos and backward flow of information. I can get it spot on, to the nearest second. Be knocking at the door as the last air leaves the lungs.” He shuffled his bum on the cold stone. “You know, they say you can get piles sitting like this. Never bothered me.” Then, in a voice tinged with the sadness of loss he asked, “Don’t suppose you’ve had any good old traditional sign you want interpreting?”

“Well, there was the copy of *Chunga* #5 I received this morning.”

“Ah, don’t get many of those,” he said. “Let me think about it.”

My listener was quiet for a while. “Let’s see, if I’m not mistaken — and I very rarely am — you’ve just turned sixty seven,” he broke his silence. He punched at the tiny keyboard, peered at the screen. Then with a sigh he stood up. “Nothing to worry about there. Well must be off, I’ll see you again, of course! But don’t hold your breath. Some time to go yet. No reason why you shouldn’t live to see the first men on Mars.”

He set off up the jetty, and, swinging his arms in a scything like movement, faded into the darkness.

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Peace Greed #3

edited by “Vincent Omniveritas”

As you might imagine, I was excited beyond words at the prospect of more comments on politics, popular culture and the future by the Godfather of Cyberpunk. And you can forgive me for presuming that Bruce Sterling might have decided that it was time to light another fire under science fiction, in celebration of the 20th anniversary of the first appearance of *Cheap Truth*. But one look at the murky Xerox cover photo of a bunch of naked punks literally howling at the moon made it clear that “Omniveritas” has become a rebellious archetype in the vein of Pere Ubu and Ferdinand Feghoot, freely appropriated by anyone who feels a restless, speculative dissatisfaction at the state of things. I’ve no idea who is really behind this collection of travel stories, geopolitical rants and fruit pie reviews. There are four or more distinct voices at work, each identified only by short bylines at the end of each rambling screed, including “Big O,” “Hank Scorpio,” “Vanishing Girl,” and “The Uni-Booboo.” Some of this is very good writing that deserves to be printed in a legible form — but do we really need more stories about *Manos, The Hands of Fate*?

Dogsoldiers Playing Poker #1

edited by Terry Twocrows and Wil Tenino

Subtitled “The Insurgent Fanzine of Indian Gaming,” *DPP* has relatively little connection to fandom as we think of it, but the writers sound just like fans, chatty and discursive on a wealth of subjects, and only occasionally lapsing into inside jargon. My favorite part is the story “The Pit Boss in the Sweatlodge” — you can see Twocrows and Tenino’s former connection to rubber stamp publishing in their design, with the center of the fanzine forming a hideous keno card out of bones and bloodstains. And then there are parts that are so concretely useful — best places to park your car out of view of security cameras, finding comfortable shoes to deal 300 hands of blackjack in — that you have no doubt the authors know the tribal casino society from inside and out. Some of this comes off as typical macho posturing, like pimp boasting and MC toasting, and how hard can you really be if you wear a cummerbund to work? But I give credit to anyone who can find reasons to feel pride these days, and *DPP* is proof that everything can be an icon to overthrow.

—Andy

**MORE FANZINES
FROM PLANET X**

In Memory of Martin Smith, 1963–2003



When I got to work the morning of August 15th Alison Scott contacted me from London to tell me Martin Smith was dead. It was a terrible shock, completely unexpected in spite of the past few months of trying to help him sort out his life. I was devastated. I burst into sobs, painful and harsh, but I had to control my grief quickly. I had clients due in my office and phone calls to make. It was sheer misery to have to pretend to be okay. I kept thinking, “How can he be dead? He’s only forty.” I spent all day trying to gather information, desperate to find out what happened.

He died of liver failure, alone in his house with the garbage and the empty whiskey bottles and the wreckage of his life. It didn’t have to be that way, but he couldn’t change the habits of a lifetime when faced with hard choices. He was deeply depressed: he’d lost his job, he’d been diagnosed with diabetes, a woman he thought cared for him dumped him, and he didn’t have a plan for the future. He admitted his alcoholism was out of control but he didn’t stop drinking. He ignored the diabetes and didn’t bother to take his insulin. All the intervention in the world could not save him. God knows many of his friends tried.

I went to London for his fortieth birthday this year. He was so surprised and so happy to see me. He was really touched I’d fly ten hours just for his party. “Of course I would,” I said at the pub. “It’s a special birthday, and you’re one of my favorite people.” He marveled at it for several hours until finally he was so drunk he couldn’t have said whether it was 2003 or 1987, the year I met him. He wasn’t the only one who’d had too much, of course. I didn’t realize at the time he had been drinking too much for many, many years. I thought it was the occasion, not the norm. After all, I hadn’t been in England for

eight years. I had no way to know.

Not many of his close friends knew, either, until close to the end. He was good at hiding it. It killed him, probably exacerbated by the diabetes, certainly not helped by the depression.

And now he’s gone. No more desperate Instant Messages to Alun Harries and Avedon Carol encouraging them to try to control the damage. No more fretting, wondering if it would do any good to fly back and see him. No more transatlantic calls begging him to take care of himself. No more, ever. The essential sweetness of his nature, the sly humor, the passionate devotion to baseball, the cheerfulness, the perpetually surprised look on his face, the enthusiasm for science fiction and fandom are just memories now.

I wasn’t ready for him to be a memory.

—Lucy Huntzinger

On a damp day in late August a disparate group of people met to mourn the passing and celebrate the life of Martin. Among them his brother Roland and wife, his mother Margaret, and relations; roleplayers Dave, Tim and Howard, his ladyfriend Haiyan, and physically representing fandom John Harvey, Eve Harvey, Rob Hansen, Avedon Carol, Owen Whiteoak, Cedric Knight, and myself.

The crematorium is in a beautiful cemetery located in the peaceful residential outskirts of Worcester.

The Christian service started with a reading of Psalm 139 by the priest. A excellent eulogy was read very well by Roland consisting of his own experiences and love, memories from fans that had been forwarded to Margaret, plus comments from a cousin. The priest spoke again, followed by a time of quiet reflection during which I personally felt the presence of many who could not be there in person. A recitation of the Lord’s Prayer, and the coffin disappeared behind its curtain to the sound of one of Martin’s favourite pieces of music, *A Charlie Brown Christmas*.

We walked into the Garden Of Remembrance where people were given the chance to deposit their flowers.

Next a reception at a hotel in the centre of the town, where we were offered food and a chance to exchange anecdotes and recollections of Martin in a group who all knew him well. All in all a moving and satisfying day.

On our return to London, Cedric and I got entangled in the chaos caused by the power failure. Somehow it all seemed very apt.

—Alun Harries

the King of Taffland's Bent Sprog

by Randy Byers

Appendix Zed: Detailed Itinerary of a Taff Trip (Part One)

They vacillated more slowly than sane folk, but clung with far more than sane fervour to each vacillation.

—Dunsany

When I awoke.

An age had passed. I had forgotten the world. Everything was strange, and everyone a stranger.

Who was I? What had I lost? Where did I lose it?

Was it at John and Eve Harvey's house in Tonwell? They rescued me at Heathrow with a sign that read, "WE ARE HERE," and took me to their home in the countryside to watch *Brief Encounter*, a movie about a love that could never be—my first clue. Later, Eve sketched out the ley lines of British fandom, yet another map by which to lose my bearings.

Time ran at a different rate in those fields and pastures, so I nearly missed the train to London the next evening after a fine and not so private curry, and Steven Cain had to come to the station to pick me up. One couldn't be sure of the Underground at that hour. He drove me through dark, strange streets to Walthamstow, and it seemed it would be easy to get lost in those winding rues, too.

So was that really where I lost it? I certainly wasn't missing anything yet that I could tell. I drank coffee with Steven and Alison Scott and woke up late in an empty house the next morning. Alison Freebairn arrived and guided me to Covent Garden for a ducky lunch. We crossed a broad river full of narrow boats and then returned through the London maze to the Citty of York for pints and further gossip. Is that where I started to change, under Alison's fey Celtic (*faux* Gothic) influence? We pushed on to dinner with Tony Keen, Kate, Kjersti, Fiona, and Tony's bandmate. Not all of them were fans, and to those I wasn't the TAFF delegate but a friend of Alison's, maybe, or an unknown man at the end of the table looking a bit lost.

At the pub later, after Tony and mate had left to rehearse, Fiona explained the green glass fairy tower known to them as the Erotic Gherkin, then she and Kate disappeared, perhaps taking what I lost with them, if only I could remember. Kjersti knew of TAFF, and a number of other things, while

*(Thanks to
Eve Harvey for
the suggestion.)*



Alison fielded a difficult call, always a queen of dramatics, if not quite yet queen of all the land and London beyond the fields we know.

The train to Bristol the next day took me through Reading and Swindon (although not necessarily in that order), names half-familiar, calling out, trying to claim me. Did I leave it in the station buffet where Christina Lake and her friend, Sue, picked me up? At the house I gave Christina my poor store of gossip before the surprise arrival of Dave Hicks and Cat Coast, down from Newport in Wales. Cat certainly can't have taken it, although I'm not so sure about Hicks. Still, he gave me zines, so I gained as much as I lost, whatever it amounts to. When Doug Bell arrived from soul-expansion via management exercises, we hiked over hills and suspension bridges, where many things — and many lives — have been, not lost, but thrown away.

The next day in Aqua Sulis we might have lost it below Pulteney bridge, which looked like a sliver of Gormenghast, or perhaps it was in the pocket pub where I drank Summer Lightning. But had I even *found* it yet, come to that? So little, and yet so big; nearly invisible, and yet plain as day. At the Bristol SF group meeting I met Nick the *Dr. Who* writer and that legendary cocktail shaker, Richard, who told me tales of local scrumpy tasting tours. The after hours joint, Roxy's, was jumping with giant grooves, and John was very drunk. When Ken and Clarrie left, they may very well

have taken it home with them, I was too far gone to take notice.

Next day I was swept, despite my determined efforts, into the Brum vortex. Isn't Birmingham the very antithesis of fanciful spirits? But no, Yvonne Rowse found me forlorn at the station and showed me a sculpture of the the sprog's female incarnation, the Floozy in the Jacuzzi, although the flow was sadly dry this day. Yvonne had briefly encountered an avatar of the sprog herself not so long ago, so she was sympathetic. We met Tony Berry and Ann and Alan Woodford at a pub, where my order of a pint of Butcombe earned a rude joke from the barkeep. Tony's sharp canines made short work of the curry at the Maharajah, where we dined. Then Ann and Alan vanished, while the rest of us forged our way through traffic to the Old Joint Stock, where Ben Jeapes was wibbling about aliens in small presses in front of the Brum SF Group, fairies preserved between wax pages.

Where *was* I? Everyone looked so familiar, as though I had returned too soon to the fields we know. Here was Don Keller himself, but under a different name...and not so smart and also less enthusiastic, or was it just the alien context? Afterwards, Steve Green explained the American Revolutionary War in terms of the price of tea in China. Vernon Brown wore one dress shoe and one trainer so that he wouldn't be mistaken for the type who wears trainers. Then it was off to Kidderminster and Yvonne's hamster home in the country, where I met husband David and daughter Sally, who was, as Cat had warned, an elf. Son Jack turned out to be an elf as well when we had breakfast at the Dinglespout in Bewdley on the Severn. But the bent sprog is not an elf, despite the allusions.

I chased connections across the Midlands after breakfast, until I arrived again in Walthamstow, where a party was in progress. Bill Burns, looking like a creature out of Froud (but not an elf), greeted me at the threshold of the Cain/Scott domain, where he was wielding his electrical engineering degree against a broken doorbell. Inside, a line of unfamiliar faces receded into the perspectival distance: Tim and Marcia Illingworth, Gail "as in the wind" Courtney, Giulia DeCesare, Stephen Davies, and Mary Burns. Alison Scott presided over the kitchen, while Steven Cain fired up the barbie. The mighty folk gathered, the great lords and ladies of London and its surrounds: Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer, Mike Scott, Noel Collyer, Pat McMurray, Max and...Tobes Valois, at last! He arrived shrouded in a great glamour, but it swiftly wore off when he confessed that he had campaigned against me for TAFF.

Surely I had been smitten by the sprog by then, because I finally forgave Tobes this lapse in judgment. Alun Harries appeared with Martin Smith, who had gotten taller since I saw him at Corflatch. Pam Wells brought Caro Wilson and Austin Benson, who gave me detailed directions and a key to their house in Cambridge. A fanfare announced the arrival of Judith Hannah and John — I mean, Joe! — I mean, Joseph! — Nicholas. (I was so dumbstruck — or drunk — that I fumbled the name.) Judith was warm and gracious and regal, and when she kissed my cheek as she left, I felt I had been blessed by a fannish divinity. Perhaps that's when I lost it, become too precious for the love of mere bent sprogs. But the party wasn't over yet, and here was Del Cotter of Reading, who was in fact shorter than he is in cyberspace. Then refugees from another celebration came: Brian Ameringen, Caroline Mullan, and (again) Alison Freebairn. Lilian Edwards called from Oslo, but soon everybody began to leave. Soon it was just me and the two Alisons, who retreated to the Mac in the dark office to consult LiveJournal on Flick's absence, their faces and hands bathed in light, two powerful entities wringing meaning from a difficult world, intent and competent, and I felt safe and happy and at home, but it was probably only the Calvados and the red wine talking. Talking shit, no less.

Jonathon poured more syrup on his barbecued herb sausages, alien food from an elfin court. I left late from this engaging chaos and arrived in Cambridge with no time to look for what I'd lost. Caro explained her work in mouse transgenics as she led me to the Cambridge Blue, where we were met by Austin and a slowly accruing group. There was Sharon Jones and then Tim Illingworth, and Jim and Carrie and Max and Tobes. It transpired that Jim was, yes, none other than Jim Trash, known to me from rumor of the ethereal world. When he learned that I was headed for Leeds the next day, he offered a ride. Simon and Bug Bradshaw arrived with news of their new home, and there was another Tim, and Sharon's husband, Jonjo — and someone named Silas, who said hello before he vanished, taking what with him? "Huntingdon is not even crap," Bug explained, "it's like constipation."

Austin woke me as the plumbers arrived the next morning, and Jim followed in their wake. Out into the mysterious countryside we drove, lush land I never knew. Jim spoke of Agincourt and longbows and failed fannish romances. We crossed into the northlands, where faces and pence are pinched. I was nearing my fabled destiny. Had I lost it already, or was the sprog, in all its bent glory, still to come?

TO BE CONTINUED . . .

When it was Sunday, and in the early afternoon Steven and Alison pried me out of bed and took me to see Avedon Carol and Rob Hansen. Rob dodged merrily between mounds of mathoms to serve us potatoes, bread, beer, and tea. Avedon's recent eye surgery forced her to look only downward, but she said I sounded very like John Waters. Perhaps it was I who was the bent sprog after all, and this was Dick and not Dunsany. But narcissism is too easy, so scratch that! Lilian cancelled dinner that evening, which was just as well, as life amongst the fantastic creatures of TAFFland was already wearing me down. After a takeout curry dinner, I sped my way back to dreamland.

Next morning I drank coffee and ate pancakes while Alison forged nine Bob notes with a complicated array of superfluous devices, cranky software, heavy card stock, colored toner, sharp edges, and squabbling offspring, all the while providing a running commentary on all the bent sprogs of British fandom, as Marianne read Enid Blyton to me in an astonishingly accomplished voice, only stopping to ask me what "tit for tat" meant.

"The bear is only pretending not to growl, I expect," she informed me.



"Well, stop inviting them to your parties!"

CHUNG

LET US ALL JOIN IN THE SINGING OF THAT CLASSIC HYMN:

Let us
all
be
"CHUNGAFIED"

POTSHOT HERE.
I COULDN'T HELP BUT
NOTICE THAT SOMETHING WAS
MISSING IN CHUNGA #5.

1.

ME.

I SUSPECTED
A CONSPIRACY
BUT, TO BE FAIR, IT
MIGHT HAVE HAD SOME-
THING TO DO WITH THE
FACT THAT I DIDN'T
DRAW ANYTHING.

SO I DUG OUT
A PEN AND SOME
BRISTOL BOARD.

2.

AND DAMMIT BUT
I GOT CHUNGAFIED!

3.

2003
POTSHOT