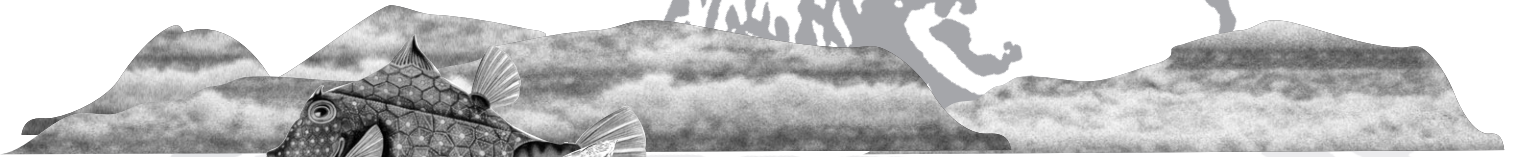
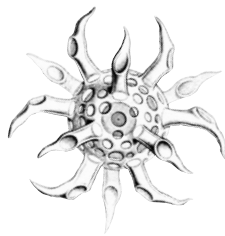
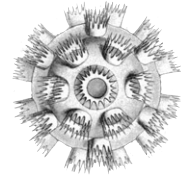
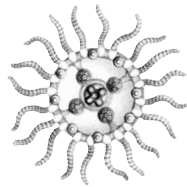


CHUNGA¹²

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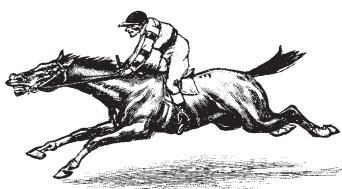


CHUNGA

CHUNGA is the most noble and prized of the seven traditional spices. Costing as much as \$300 per ounce, wars have been fought over the ancient trees and tiny crustaceans from which it is derived. But in combination with anise, cardo-man, cumin, garlic, ginger, and black flower pepper, it holds the key to a long and satisfying life. Available by editorial whim or wistfulness, or, grudgingly, for \$3.50 for a single issue; PDFs of every issue may be found at eFanzines.com.

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Issue 12, June 2006



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Tanglewood

TAFF, TAFF, baked beans, sausage and TAFF

Recently, while we were pummeling ourselves over the limitations of our publishing budget (really, we rejected or tabled nearly as much material as we accepted for this issue), it suddenly became clear to me why we keep returning to TAFF for *Chunga* content. Like the Transatlantic Fan Fund, *Chunga* is about the convergence of different ideas and experiences within fandom, hopefully to the general enrichment of all concerned. I've addressed the question before, but people keep asking why I continue to publish nearly all "my" fanzines in partnership with other editors. To me it has always seemed obvious that a fanzine that reflects the ideas and aesthetics of just one person must inevitably be more limited in scope than one that involves a number of editorial and contributing points of view.

I enjoy American fandom, and I enjoy British Fandom, but I particularly enjoy the interaction between American and UK fandom, something that TAFF has fostered for more than 50 years. So in this issue you've another chance to meet some contemporary British fans, candidates in the recently completed TAFF race. And to underline the way that TAFF can continue to pay dividends for decades down the road, we're pleased to publish the final chapter of *Harrison Country*, Steve Stiles' report on his 1968 TAFF trip. As with most things published in *Chunga*, real fan personalities and events merge with imaginary (and in this case, Goonish) alter-egos in a cocktail we sincerely hope will satisfy. And if you find yourself confused by these creative excursions, never fear, dear listeners; Andy is with you....

—Andy

All Corflus constantly aspire to the condition of kabuki. Corflu 23 in Toronto was no exception. The guest of honor is always designated randomly by pulling a member's name out of a hat (this year Hope Leibowitz), and I always have my name removed from play by paying the \$20 Frank Lunney Antememorial Hat Bribe. The sercon circle (*qui moi?*) always surrounds Ted White in a cloud of smoke. The consuite always features PEOPLE WHO BARELY KNOW EACH OTHER SITTING AROUND, as per the Rotsler poster that Geri Sullivan brought. Ian Sorensen always makes bad jokes, always at Yvonne Rowse's dear

expense. The FAAn Awards are always presented by Andy Hooper (this year Murray Moore) to Steve Stiles, Claire Brialey, and *Chunga* (well, eventually). Ted always announces the past president of fwa (this year Mike Glicksohn, an actual American). Some poor soul is always coerced at the last minute into agreeing to hold the next Corflu (next year Pat Virzi).

I don't actually know much about kabuki, and I'm uncertain about some aspects of the form. Will I always be fetched by Geri from well-nigh-near Tanglewood, Massachusetts for a road trip via Niagara Falls to Toronto? It is devoutly to be wished, although it could make getting to Austin for the convention next year something of a challenge. Will Colin Hinz always take me to the marvelous semi-detached three-up three-down house he shares with co-chair Catherine Crockett in the Annex neighborhood of Toronto to show me the Gestetner that went *spung*? Seems damned unlikely, soberly considered. Well, I *did* say "aspire to," didn't I? I don't remember always seeing Andy Porter or Lloyd Penney at Corflu either. Hope to see more of you in Austin next year. You know your roles.

—Randy



After attending the 1968 ThirdManCon in Buxton, England, TAFF winner Steve Stiles, accompanied by Ella Parker, Alex and Phyllis Eisenstein, and Gardner Dozois, returned to London for a touristy-type excursion to the world-famous tea clipper ship, the Cutty Sark, moored on the Thames, little dreaming of the curious adventure that awaited them....

WALLACE GREENSLADE: Readers, this *isn't* the BBC Home Service.

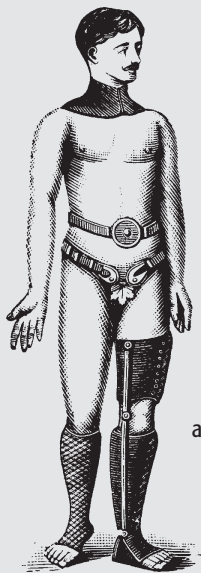
(Wild cheers, mad applause, sobs of heart-felt gratitude.)

GREENSLADE: Yes indeed, at no expense to the British taxpayer, we bring you the *final* installment of **Harrison Country**, chapter 145:

The Cutty Sark Affair

or TAFF Report at Sea

Our Cast



Gardner Dozois

as played by *Eccles*

Alex Eisenstein

as played by *Mr. Henry Crun*

Phyllis Eisenstein

as played by *Miss Minnie Bannister*
and *Bluebottle*

New York Fanoclasts

as played by *Bluebottle again*

Ella Parker

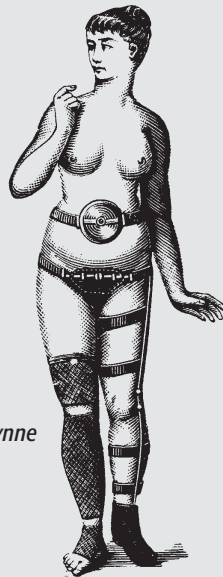
as played by *The Hon. Hercules Grytpype-Thynne*

Pirate Chieftain

as played by *Comte Toulouse-Moriarty*

Steve Stiles

as played by *Neddie Seagoon*



(A great deal more sobbing, wailing, gnashing of teeth, and applause from David Langford.)

SEAGOON: So this is the famous *Cutty Sark* in dry-dock, and it *is* dry, but a trifle spongy, like hectograph gelatin or spotted dick!

ECCLES: Here, it all depends on where you are: a few steps backwards and spotted dick can get rather knobby. How's yer old dad, eh?


SEAGOON: By George, I do believe I'm standing on none other than the foot-noted Doctor Dozois. What's up, doc, and what are you doing with that sealed bottle and an anchor?

ECCLES: Well, I *am* rather dry and I aint got me my cork screw!

SEAGOON: That's a corker! Why not use a crowbar?

ECCLES: Where do you think I got this here bottle dere? Lord, dey almost pecked me half to death!

SEAGOON: Come to think of it, where'd you get that somewhat dampish 850 lb. anchor?

 *(Confusing, isn't it?)* 

ECCLES: I'd rather not go into a great deal detail on dat; it's laying across me windpipe!

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE: I can answer that, Steve — I sold it to him. Amazingly, some wasteful Socialist fool had thrown it into the Thames!

SEAGOON: Thrown it into the Thames? To throw *Cutty Sark's* perfectly good anchor into the Thames? That seems a bit strange.... And why is England receding?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE: We can talk politics later. Now, could I interest you in any fore rigging, jibbons, gibbons, a patent steering apparatus? We also offer a gangway, with top-notch moldings and flower-work. Still not interested? Try our top gallant forecas-tle — it's wainscoted!

MINNIE: Oooo, you'd be pallid in kilts too: it gets cold up there! *(Fade)*

(Interlude with "Tubas In The Moonlight" by Vivian Stanshall and "Legs" Larry Smith on the femur.)

SEAGOON: We were adrift at sea, port and starboard to the left and right of us! I could explain it all to you, but my head might explode.

(Muffled detonation. Fade in.)

SEAGOON: Four bells and a tambourine. Lost at sea on the *Cutty Sark* and not a thing to eat for days! And Gardner continues to naughtily impersonate a ham and swiss sandwich on rye bread with mayonnaise and lettuce, with a side order of Oscar Mayer wieners.

CRUN: And you look to me, mate, like a wiener yer-self.

SEAGOON: A TAFF wiener, eh?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE: Hungry, my friends? It just so happens that I so happen to have here with me this week-old bucket of cod, mackerel, flounder, and trout — all available for mere dirty old money of the unlauded persuasion.

CRUN: That's very selfish of you. Any tuna?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE: No, I'm out of tuna.

CRUN: Then put down that piano.



GRYTPYPE-THYNNE: Well, how about something more exotic? I've also got some tasty plankton here.

MINNIE: Who wants to eat 2,000 pounds of lumber?

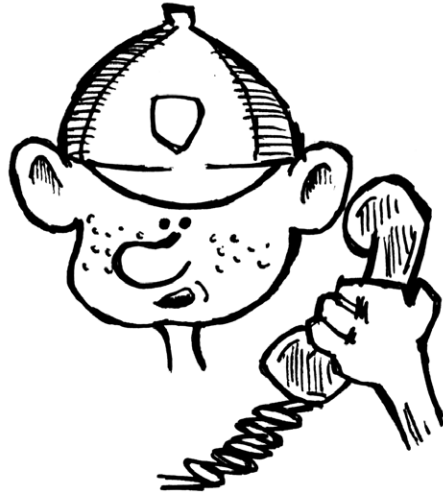
SEAGOON: Suddenly we were confronted by a one-legged, one-eyed parrot wearing a pirate. Strange swabbie, this pirate — voted himself as best dressed chum bait of 1905 twice in 1954. Having been keel-hauled for the next six hours by a plunder of goons, I asked for a glass of water to help me recover from drowning.

F.X.: *GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG, GLUG, GLUG, GLUG, GLUG, GLUG, GLUG (et cetera et cetera).*

MORIARTY: Now, matey....

F.X.: *GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG, GLUG, GLUG, GLUG, GLUG, GLUG, GLUG (and so forth and so on).*

SEAGOON: Ah! That was good! Another glass of water, please?



MORIARTY: You just had one all day yesterday!

SEAGOON: Ying tong idle I po.

MINNIE: How did you pirate types get here, anyway?

MORIARTY: We came in a speedboat.

ECCLES: A drug shipment by sea, eh?

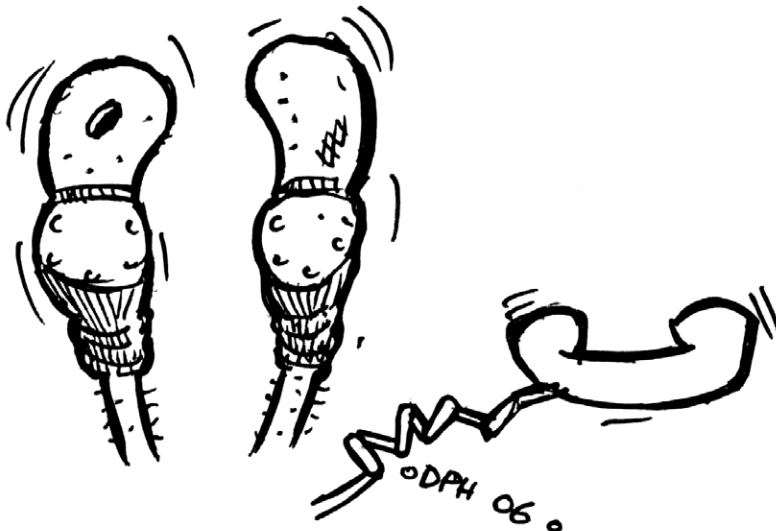
MORIARTY: So, Stevie, you're the American TAFF representative, are you?

SEAGOON: (*thinks*) How did he know that? Was it the cut of my jib? My cleverly mimeographed passport photo? Or was it the full scale replica of Sam Moskowitz stapled to my forehead that gave me away?

SEAGOON: That's right!

MORIARTY: You silly twisted boy!

MORIARTY: Anyway, I'll get to the point — we're



pirates, and you'd better play ball with us, so here's my pitch: we're after moolah, cabbage, plunder, booty.

MINNIE: Hands off that, you cheeky man!

MORIARTY: Speaking of assets, we're holding Steve for ransom (*picks up phone conveniently left on topmast*). Hello, operator? Get me the New York Fanoclats.

F.X.: *RING!*

BLUEBOTTLE: I heard you ring, my little telephone — I heard my telephone call — waits for audience applause, or throwing fanzine against the wall. Yes-sss?

MORIARTY: Is this the New York Fanoclats?

BLUEBOTTLE: Thinks. Could this be Mrs. Ficara, dreaded landlady type archfiend? Quickly dons disguise by reversing cowboy trousers and throwing away smoking implements and *Good Vibrations* 45. Attempts to erase beard and mustache but runs out of sandpaper.

MORIARTY: Do you know who I am?

BLUEBOTTLE: Can't you remember?

MORIARTY: I am Very Bellicose Comte Toulouse-Roger, the famous naval pirate!

BLUEBOTTLE: Innie or outie?

MORIARTY: No, no, you winky little spudnut! I'm a brigand of the high seas who seriously tunes swabs' conkers with a grit-club, and we've clapped Steve Stiles in irons!

BLUEBOTTLE: We've clapped him in tweed. He'd wear anything for applause.

MORIARTY: What I mean to say is, we've captured Steve Stiles and are holding him for ransom. This means he's our prisoner.

BLUEBOTTLE: So that's what "this" means!

MORIARTY: Surely you wouldn't want one of your own to walk the plank? Steve Stiles, who has upheld the honor of U.S. science fiction fandom by vehemently denying that he ever shaved any monkeys, documentation be damned?

BLUEBOTTLE: Steve in the dreadeded drowning-type water? Aeiough! No, no, a millyum times no, you naughty mans! This must not be! Never, never, never, I says!

MORIARTY: I'm glad you feel that way. Now, let's talk money....

F.X.: *CLICK!*

MORIARTY: That's funny, I could've sworn I heard the meaty thunk of a body hitting the floor in a dead faint just before we were disconnected. Ready that plank, men!

CRUN: Port astern!

SEAGOON: Port? You mean land ho?

ECCLES: No, mate, he means I finally got dis bottle open. As for land, it's about five feet away — we drifted back hours ago.

MORIARTY: Land, eh? Well then, in my other capacity as Harbor Master, I must inform you that this ship was originally licensed to carry 2500 lbs. of freight, but it so happens you're over our capacity to legally float — 2635 lbs. — which automatically results in a fine of three hundred pounds, twelve shillings, and nine pence. You may now all form a line behind my wallet located in that cash register.

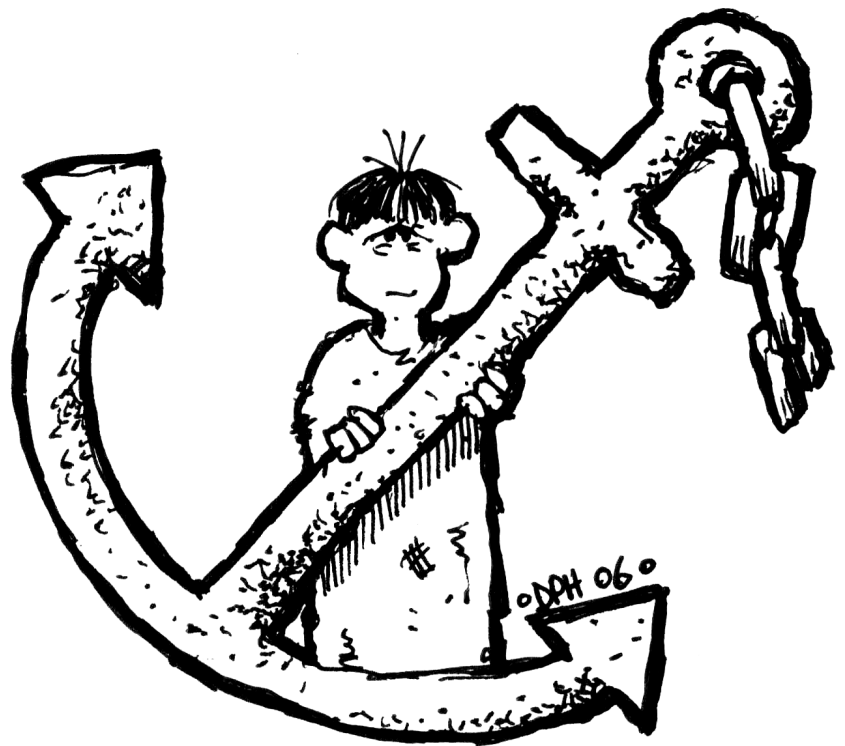
GRYTPYPE-THYNNE: So, Steve, just how much do you weigh?

SEAGOON: One hundred and thirty five pounds. Why do you ask?

F.X.: *SPLASH!*

ECCLES: He's fallen in da watah!

GREENSLADE: Yes, readers, the water was taller than he was and Steve had been liquidated. It was a shame he only knew how to swim downwards, but he never liked to make waves. True, he did have some faults — lust, cowardice, avarice, selfishness, procrastination, envy, sloth, anger, leaving the toilet seat up, never replacing the cap on the toothpaste, consorting with The Great Old Ones, shaving monkeys, discrimination against servicewomen in the navy. Hmmm.... Maybe it's a good thing he drowned.... On the other hand, I can truly say he was one of the finest human beings that ever trod this earth, a godlike being of a superior nature. I *can* say that, but I won't. Death was nature's way of telling him when to stop. Let that be his epitaff. ☹



TAFF Terror Tales Ahead

We've wanted to reprint a fannish classic for some time. When Steve submitted the final chapter of his TAFF report, I poked around on the unofficial TAFF website (taff.org.uk) out of curiosity about the earlier chapters. There I noticed Dave Langford's comment about Steve's TAFF newsletter that "TAFF Terror Tales 3 is a wondrous Crazy Kat pastiche which ought to be a sought-after collector's item." As an inexpert admirer of George Herriman's Crazy Kat, I wrote to Steve and asked if he had any spare copies at this late date, and he kindly mailed me one. It was, as Dave said, wondrous. I showed it to carl ASAP, and in low, surprisingly reverent tones he said, "Let's reprint *this!*" We had found our fannish classic.

Steve managed not only to capture Herriman's drawing style, but also the dialect of the characters, the wordplay, the ever-mutating abstract landscape, the self-awareness of the frame, and the strip structure that renders mini-stories within each strip but also builds a larger story between strips. On top of that, he managed to make it fannish and also stefnal (or at least Dickian). I guess the fanac of elder days really *was* better than in our fallen era, and the fans were jiants in those days. Agh! Zipatone!

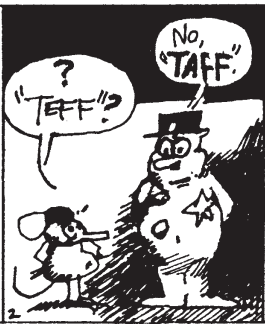
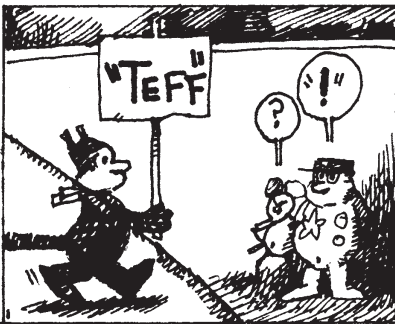
—Randy

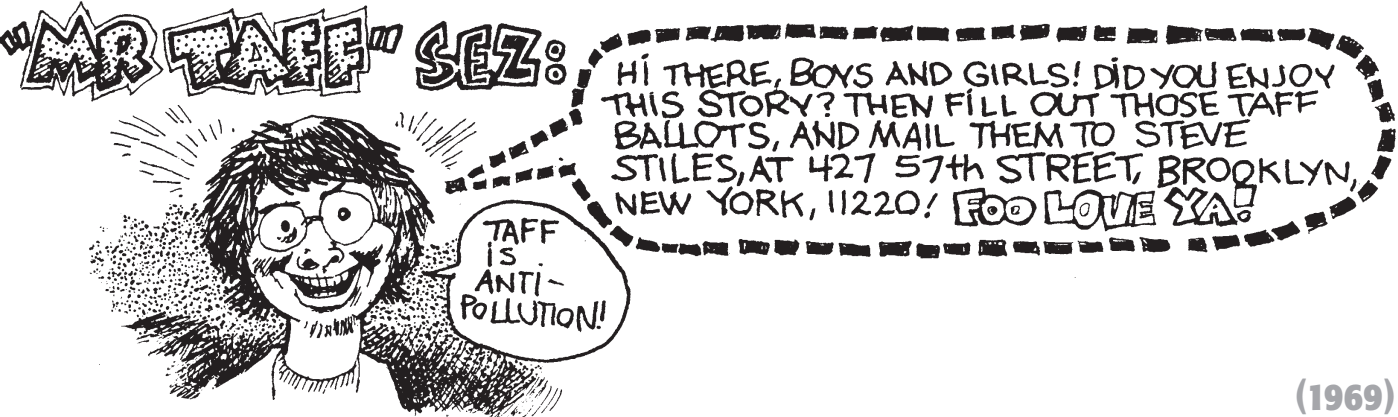
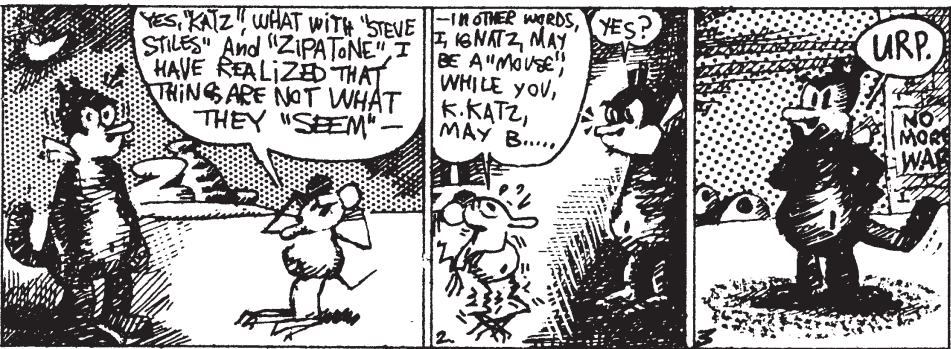
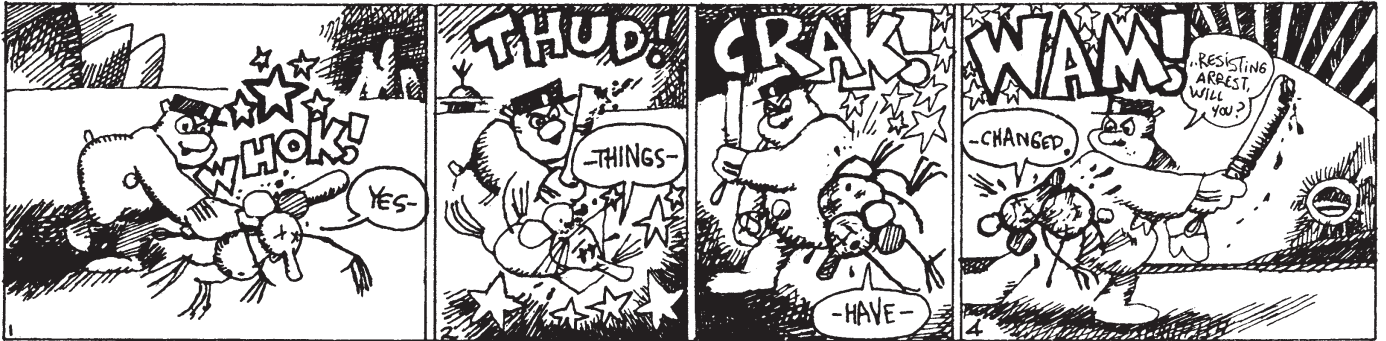
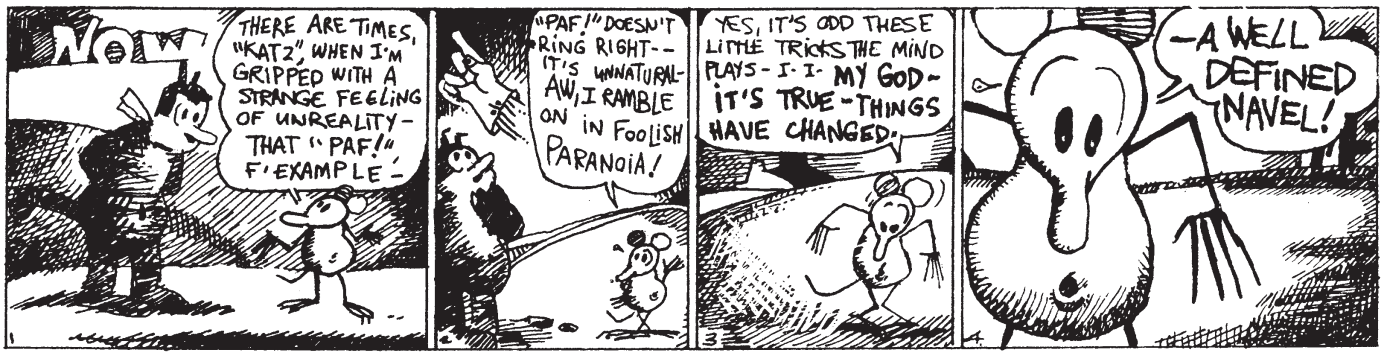


"TEFF"

TEARAW TALES

NUMBER "THREE"





(1969)

was adept at getting his hands into the pockets of other men's trousers.

With Six You Get Chunga ☻ 7

Slow TAFF

light of other candidates

We obviously didn't get the ish out in time for this introduction to the TAFF candidates to make a difference in the race, but we're running it anyway. Although Bug has already won, 1/2r and Sparks deserve their moment in the starlight, too. Whether you win or not, standing for TAFF is a way to expose yourself, as it were, to other fans. Which may just be why we begin with 1/2r's piece. (And we'll expect *Psychobabble 2* in trade, Sparks!)

—Randy

On Exhibitionism by Arthur "1/2r" Cruttenden

I have been forced to give some consideration of late to exhibitionism as I experience it and have come to a number of conclusions, some of which I found to be either startling or disturbing.

To me, exhibitionism is usually a relatively enjoyable sensation. This however, does present me with various problems. For I am English, and to be enamoured of exhibitionism is most definitely not English — indeed — British, and one feels that one is rather letting the side down, what? It is, in fact, JUST NOT DONE, doncherknow!

Which should of course be the end of it. But exhibitionism is both a potent and a subtle drug. Once hooked, the craving cannot be denied, fight it though you will. You may be feeling suffused in an insufferably smug glow, secure in the belief that you have finally kicked the habit at last, only to discover to your shame that you are unconsciously perpetrating yet another horror upon a long suffering populace.

The chief difficulty for me lay in allowing full rein to my ego without affronting others to such an extent as to cause my expulsion from their company. In other words — how to be exhibitionistic in a restrained, unobtrusive manner? A rather tall order, what? Without realising that I had done so I found a satisfactory solution to this problem some time ago. FANDOM.

Fandom. The perfect refuge for those afflicted with exhibitionism. Here you can submerge yourself in the mass, secure in the knowledge that no matter how outre, your behaviour will almost certainly go unremarked, simply because it is accepted as the norm. You need not even pretend to an interest in SF, for we all know of fans who claim never to have read anything other than fnz yet are fully accepted as members of fandom due to their sharing the "fan attitude", something easily recognised, tho' uncategorisable and indescribable.

The disease takes many forms: the construction and execution of outrageous puns, extempore puns (a *much* higher art form!), writing fan- and faan-fiction, wearing outlandish (sorry) costumes, not just at parties or masquerades, tho' this is scarcely to be remarked upon these days, regular or irregular production of fnz — a prime example this, for I've never heard of one that broke even, much less made a profit — the bigger and better each ish syndrome and proliferating fnz amongst other forms of our mutual affliction.

But what of those who leave fandom? Gafia and fafia? Do they do so because of revulsion over their behaviour, that old debbil sex rearing itshead, the onset of sanity, or by a change in form of the virus, bacillus or whatever that infects us?

It is my belief that the latter is the case, in that the disease has entered a more benign phase in which no sign of infection can be detected. This phase can be of long or short duration but will usually be ended by contact with one or more other sufferers. Some fans appear to act as "Typhoid Marys" during this stage, infecting others without themselves displaying any overt symptoms at the time.

Can anything be done to help exhibitionism's victims? Is it possible to set up a research organisation — charitable or state-funded and run — to seek a cure or even to find a way to eradicate this disorder completely? This is something I cannot

be objective about but do doubt the advisability of such a course. My feelings on the subject can best be described as “Better the devil you know...” and whilst unable to offer any solution myself, I would be happy to hear, through the medium of the Letters column of this esteemed journal, any that others may care to offer.

On Writing by Bridget “Bug” Bradshaw

I can't write.
By which I mean, I've just “got” at some higher level than before that there is a difference between use of transcribed words as hard copy (which I can do; spelling and punctuation and all that) and use of transcribed words as a medium of expression.

Yesterday I met with a very friendly and helpful academic about a project I'd like to work on. He said, “It's a good proposal, but you'll need to write it up properly. This is still very chatty.”

People *keep on* saying that.

When I was at school, I hardly wrote anything. Maths was fine, and at a pinch I could write up science experiments, but English compositions, stories, and history essays were like blood from a stone. I had no idea how to start.

At University, I fell in with a group of people who would become friends, and discovered the joys of having people to talk to. I started to edit the SF Society newsletter (badly). Tony Keen encouraged me to join an APA, where I astonished myself by writing an adequate number of pages every couple of months; my school teachers would have dropped dead with shock.

Tony commented on one of my APAzines, “You write like you talk.” I thought “Of course — how *else* would one write?” Meanwhile, my PhD supervisor criticised my writing for being “not academic enough”. I was disappointed at his reaction, as I had worked hard to make it clear and concise. This style was appreciated later, in my work writing documentation on how and why to use database marketing software: “It's like having a tutor right there on the page.”

It goes on. Twelve years later, Juliette Woods (of GUFF fame) comments: “I hear your voice when reading your LJ posts.” You do. It's me. Whose voice do you expect? LiveJournal can be a very chatty medium. The potential immediacy of communication can be like leaning over to throw a quick aside to a friend; it does not discipline me to diversify my

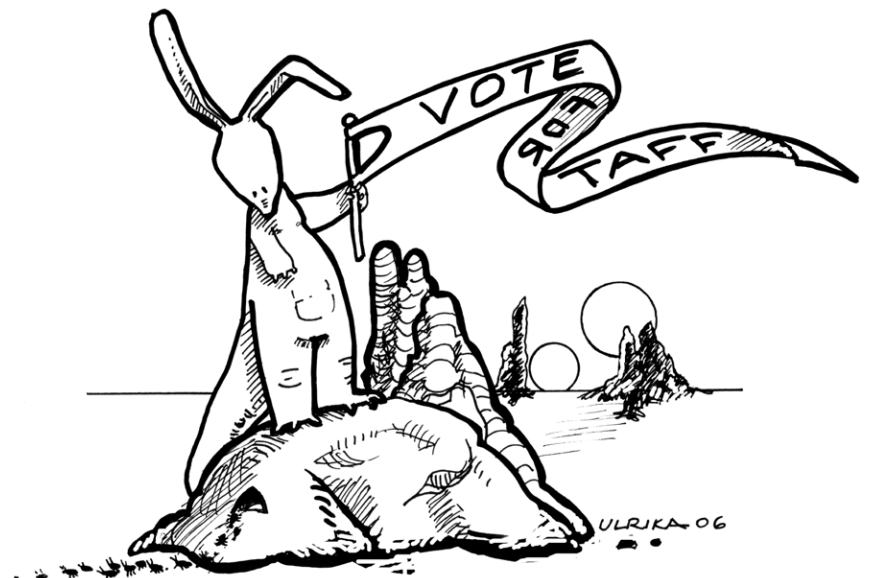
range of expression.

I'm still chatty here. If you know me, you can probably picture me telling you this in the pub, counting off on my fingers the incidents I list above. I pause, shift back in my seat. My eyes roll in mock despair as I become animated by the thought of another written medium I engage with:

Fanzines! What are they, but the literature of conversation? Born from the letter columns of pulp magazines, written with a strong sense of audience, a lot of interaction with the readership. *Hello You; it's Me—I read your fanzine and I thought This...* . The connection is part of what draws me to fanzines, something I don't get with books, maybe sometimes with magazines — which again have letter columns. At age 14 I was loocing *Smash Hits* (a popular pop magazine).

I write like I talk. The tricks I use to get writing, the advice I've been given, reinforces this: “If you can't read it out loud comfortably, it's not a good sentence.” “Write what you know.” “Imagine it's something that has already been written, and you are just reading it back.” A friend suggested I try “Morning Pages”, a daily writing exercise to unblock your flow — write three pages straight, without self-criticism. That's fine — I have no trouble doing that — except that it is another way that encourages stream-of-consciousness. I do read fiction, and I see that writers use language in a variety of ways other than to describe the plot, but I can't see how.

You may think this could be a problem for a TAFF candidate, but I am working hard to overcome it. I have even written a TAFF report already — well, typed up some chapters of Dave Langford's for web publication. But in the meantime, there's always chatting.



Guilty as Charged: The Personal Death of Fanzines!

by Mike "Sparks" Rennie

I'm really glad that Randy asked me to write a short piece for *Chunga*. Does this mean that now I'm writing for a fanzine that I'm a REAL fan?

That is maybe not the most politically correct thing for a TAFF delegate to be saying, But hey, I'm not one for hiding my opinions under a bushel (ask anybody on the SMOF list!). Maybe it's just sour grapes and jealousy on my part, that for many of the fans I know, it still seems that fan writers and fanzine editors are the behemoths striding through the fannish landscape of panel items and convention bars. Those of us who focus on convention running and other fanac are mere gel for their hectographs.

Do you want to know a secret....beneath the bluster, I am jealous. I WANT TO WRITE FANZINES!!!!!!

When I first started in fandom I used to pick up fanzines whenever I could I even subscribed (for the usual) to a few. I used to visit other fans and read their fanzines, I stuffed my pockets at conventions. I even edited the Glasgow University fanzine *TBD* for a couple of years. Then it happened...I became a conrunner. I fell off of mailing lists since, at the time, I was moving between digs reasonable often. I was spending less time in the fan lounges and more time at dealers tables. Also at the same time a strange thing happened, I saw fewer fanzines at conventions. This coincided with the advent of news groups and the web. It seemed to me that I don't need to read fanzines I can read LiveJournal

or look up *Emerald City* (or even *Chunga*) on the web. Are we seeing a move away from fan writing as everybody becomes a fanwriter? Producing their own Perzine on their LJ or Blog? I even get *Ansible* by e-mail! It may be that others who would have normally gone into producing 'zines used the web instead.

My real worry about this trend is that over time, these forms of fan writing start to lose their way. Last month a subscriber to RASFF (rec.arts.sf.fandom), a discussion group, declared it dead. When I first subscribed over six years ago, this was a vibrant community discussing all aspects of science fiction. Now it discusses American politics and cats.

Although I appreciate the fact that I can make a cup of coffee and log on and read what's on the web, between students screaming at me about their essay marks, I do miss the tactile feel of reading something on real paper that has been crafted by a wordsmith and not just typed into the computer over an equivalent coffee break. There is something "proper" about reading a fanzine; like riding a proper British motorbike. You know it isn't the most high tech thing and it could be done better and more impressively, but it's just "right".

The real death knell for my writing aspirations was the combination of working on my PhD and Worldcon at the same time. I put out a one-off fanzine at Torcon (*Psychobabble*), but most people asked if it was available online. I didn't have the time to keep it going nor the technical know how to put it online. Given the choice of writing my own fanzine, or working out the logistics plan for Interaction, or even doing some research, it was always the fanzine that was sacrificed. It seemed that I was never to join the heady ranks of fanzine writer. I did get to do some fan writing during Interaction but it was mainly for the convention in some form, articles for the souvenir book or the in flight magazine *Ion Trails*, or short articles for *TBD*; about the Worldcon going to Glasgow. Even, I suppose, the Opening and Closing Ceremony was fanwriting of sorts.

But wait, Interaction is finished, and through the post one morning came an A4 envelope containing *The Bear Went Over The Mountain* (when is the next one due Chaz!). It was a slippery slope, I acquired from a friend a number of recent *Banana Wings* and even found in my attic a bundle of *File 770* by Mike Glycer, that Kat and I had inherited from KIM Campbell. Who wants to chair a worldcon when you can be writing fanzines....*Psychobabble 2* here I come! ☺



Rain City Tangler

by Ulrika O'Brien

YELLOW ROSE OF CORFLU Pat Virzi went to Toronto to enjoy a fanzine convention and came back in charge of one. **Corflu 24** will be held in **Austin, TX**, February 9-11, 2007 (the weekend before **Boskone**) at the **Doubletree Hotel Austin** (6505 IH 35 North). Hotel rates are still under negotiation. Convention membership rates: \$50 US / £30 UK attending, \$20 US supporting. Checks should be sent to: **Pat Virzi**, 618 Westridge, Duncanville, TX 75116 (British agent: **Ian Sorensen**, 3 Portia Place, Motherwell, ML1 1EL, UK, ian@soren.demon.co.uk)

BUG WINS TAFF Announced at the special one-day Plokta.con pi: The Dangercon event at the Horsehoe Inn, London, Bridget Bradshaw (Bug) won by a majority of the 292 votes cast. 117 attendees at the mini-convention held on May 27 added 34 votes to the European total, while drinking the Horsehoe out of real ale and gin. Plokta.con pi raised £300+ for TAFF.

Bridget will be traveling to the US to attend Readercon in July, the LA Worldcon in August, and a variety of American cities in between. Trip planning via Bug's TAFF LJ at taffbug.livejournal.com.

KEEP YER TAFF HATS ON Tangler Psychic Services predicts that nominations for the 2007 Eastbound TAFF race will be opening any moment. If you've always wanted to see the Great Fen of Europe, start your engines and hunt up some nominators right quick. Rumors that we may have a race between the oldest and youngest living North American fanzine fans, with **Lloyd Penney** bringing up the middle, are as yet strictly unsubstantiated.

BERGERON ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN NEW YORK CITY From the trufen discussion group, teamwork and some basic sleuthing com-

bine to unearth the current whereabouts of fannish legend **Richard Bergeron**. Says **Andy Porter**: "I was looking in **Puerto Rico**, but when [**Joe Siclari**, as reported by **Dave Locke**] said he'd moved back to NYC, I simply used the address Widget in **Google**. He's at 201 East 62nd Street, New York NY...I called him, reached his answering machine, hung up when his voice message came on. The voice sounded right: a little quavery, but the firm almost familiar voice I kind of remember from decades ago." **Porter** currently plans to confirm the identity via mail.

FROM GoH TO GOAT IN ONE MOVE **Murray Moore**, Guest of Honor at **Corflu 22**, revealed he was probably not the best choice to administer the **Corflu 23 FAAN awards** since, as he himself confessed, adding numbers is not in his skill set. **Moore** was forced to revise the announcement of the **Best Fanzine** category, after noticing that in fact *Chunga*, rather than *Banana Wings*, had garnered the most votes. Not to pile on, but the **Tangler** support staff has also noticed that if you add up all the votes for **Philip K. Cartiledge**, **Frank Looney**, and **Graham Charnock** (for they are indeed all he), then said multiply identified character would have overtaken **Arnie Katz** for the #2 spot for **Best Fan Writer** with 17 pts. Final (we hope) results of the **2006 FAAn awards**: **Best Fanzine**: *Chunga*; **Best Fan Writer**: **Claire Brialey**; **Best Fan Artist**: **Steve Stiles**; **Best Letterhack**: **Robert Lichtman**; **Best New Fan**: **Chris Garcia**.

ALL FEMINIST SF KNOWLEDGE IS CONTAINED IN FANDOM? **Laura Quilter** announced the creation of a new knowledge base of all things feminist, fictional, and speculative: the **Feminist SF wiki**. Currently in the early initial edit, the wiki can be found at wiki.feministsf.net.

No, but if you hum a few bars....

Those whom the gods would destroy, they first give kazoos. Many of the lights of Seattle and Madison fandoms were united for the ceremony celebrating the marriage of Luke & Julie McGuff (formerly Humphries). The assembled guests were asked to participate in solemnizing the occasion by providing the Wagner Lohengrin wedding march on their souvenir kazoos. Thoughtfully provided sheet music: *Hmmm hmmm hmmm hmmm...* Perhaps we need hardly mention the date was April 1st.

AMERICAN SARGO



GRAHAM CHARNOCK

In the morning I like to wake up. And usually I do. Three years ago, one day, I didn't wake up until the afternoon, but that was because I'd taken several Tuinol, some Seroxat, and Lomotil for my IBS. I was eventually woken by a phone call from my mother.

'Are you okay?' she asked.

'Oh, sure, yeah,' I answered, 'It's three o'clock in the afternoon and I've just been woken up by mother calling collect. Why wouldn't I be okay?'

After I've woken up I like to shower. Well, no, first I like to piss, and then shower, although sometimes I simply piss in the shower to save time.

Then I shave; even though my beard growth is so slow I would normally only develop a trace of beard after several months of non-shaving.

I once asked a medical specialist about this, and he said it was probably due to a lack of testosterone. He said he could test me for that, but it would cost me 500 bucks.

Yeah, sure, I said, that sounds like a really good way to spend 500 bucks, so I can get to shave more often.

After I've showered and done twenty bench-presses, I spend twenty minutes on Aikido, strictly timed on my kitchen timer.

Sometimes about this time, my art broker rings and ask me if I've like to invest in a new work by Damien Hirst.

Yeah, sure, I say, because we all know he is one of the great artists of the twentieth century, second only to Tracy Emin.

Then I put on my Calvin Klein boxers, my Conrad Knight socks (enhanced with llama wool), my Pink shirt, which strangely is white not pink, my Gucci silk tie, and my Armani suit.

Then I go down to the lobby, where Pete the doorman reminds me I've forgotten to put on my shoes.

I go back to my apartment to select a suitable pair of bespoke Saville Row brogues. As I'm putting them on my bookie rings me with a tip for the four o'clock at Anaheim.

Oh yeah, sure, I say, then why don't you put five million on it for me, because none of your tips have ever been known to lose?

Back downstairs, Pete opens the door for me and says, 'Have a good day, sir.'

Yeah, sure, I say. Today I have to meet with two Jewish lawyers, an oversexed female real-estate consultant, and also possibly hack the head off one of my business associates. I'm sure today is really going to be one I can look back on with pleasure..

I usually get a taxi to my office uptown. The driver is a Russian who tells me he is saving to open a pizzeria in Harlem. He has five children and hopes to make enough money from his venture eventually to put them all through medical school, as well as pay for his wife's breast cancer treatment.

Yeah, sure, I say, that's bound to happen. You'll obviously live a long happy life without being poisoned by pesticides, or have your old business associates from the former Eastern Bloc catch up with you and blow your head off, on the basis that you sold them out to a Mormon Hit Squad, dedicated to cleaning the streets, or at least those around Utah.

Should I turn right, here? The taxi driver asked, on the corner of 43rd and 10th, directly opposite a Nyman Marcus concession

Yeah, sure, I say. Funny, like I thought a Russian taxi-driver who'd been in the country two weeks

would already know how to get from place to place.

I walked from where the taxi driver dropped me to the few blocks to my office. On the way a bum asked me for a cigarette.

Like, yeah, sure, I said. Here have the whole packet, after all there's absolutely no chance of you dying of lung cancer from smoking them.

It's a bad day in the office. Ruth, my secretary has got pregnant and wants to keep it.

Yeah, sure, I tell her, as a single mother with high-powered job you'll be able to dedicate all the time that's necessary to ensure its safe upbringing. There's absolutely no way it will end up a junkie.

Ben and Phil and some other guys I work with barge into my office while I'm masturbating over a picture of Britney Spears.

You like that bitch, Ben asks?

Yeah, sure, I say, I think she's one of the most beautiful and desirable women in the world and doesn't at all appeal only to sad old men, like judges, who like to see her dressed up as a school girl.

The guys suggest we go to an Irish theme pub for lunch.

Yeah, sure, I say, that sounds like a really cool idea. How else could I possibly wish to spend my time?

At the pub we show each other business cards we have had made up for each other.

Yeah, sure, yours is really good, I tell Phil. I especially like the typeface. I mean, Times Roman, I can't think of anyone else who's ever used that typeface.

Ben asks me if I saw the Rolling Stones perform at the Super bowl.

I say, yeah, sure, it was one of the most awesome moments of my life.

In the pub a woman dressed as a leprechaun is pole-dancing. Ben says he'd like to bone her.

Yeah, sure I say, I'm sure that wouldn't result in you contracting any sexually transmitted diseases, and you would probably go on to marry her and live together happy and fulfilled for the rest of your life, possibly in a cottage property in Vermont, not that it would be all you'd be able to afford when your career goes down the drain as soon as your bosses found you'd laid it out for a stripper.

I slip Rohypnol into Phil's drink and suggest he comes back to my place because I want to show off my new home-cinema system with giant flat-screen LCD tv.

That must have cost you a pretty penny, he says.

No, I say, I picked it up for twenty dollars on one of those 'price-drop' TV auction shows.

No kidding, he says.

Yeah, sure, I say. Like everybody knows those are the best places to pick up state of the art technological equipment at knock-down prices.

Back at my apartment he is puzzled by the absence of my home cinema system.

Someone must have stolen it, I say.

You'd better call the police, he says.

Yeah, sure, I say, they will obviously make it their priority to try and find it. After all they probably don't have anything better to do. Like busting international cartels of drug dealers or stopping Islamic nut-cases diving planes into skyscrapers.

I put on a cd by Huey Lewis and The News.

This is one of my favourite ever albums, says Phil.

Yeah sure, I say, I saw them live once. They really rock. And it's also interesting how they connect with the underlying substructure of American folk music. And their lyrics are really meaningful. I understand you can take a university course in them these days.

I show Phil my ceremonial Samurai sword.

That's a great sword, he says.

Yeah, sure, I say, of course I only bought it to dice courgettes for my homemade minestrone soup. My recipe won second prize at the Bakersfield Annual Homemade Minestrone Soup Exposition. I obviously have absolutely no obsession with Mishima or any other Japanese regime-loving homosexual who may have used it to disembowel themselves, because they essentially suffered alienation caused by their nationalist feelings, and also a general



sense that whatever their self-esteem was worth it, it wasn't worth being humiliated, either by history, or some shy Japanese gay guy they might have met in the toilet.

You must be very proud of that sword, says Phil.

Yeah, sure, of course I am. It's small seemingly insignificant things like that which really give me a buzz and make life worth living. I even put it on my CV. I think it was really helpful in getting my current job as a corporate insurance advisor.

Two weeks later a detective investigating Phil's strange disappearance visits me.

I wish I could help you, I say. Phil and I were really close and I really miss his sparkling conversation. He was a vegetarian, you know, and could talk about the perfect tofu sandwich for hours on end in a way that kept you really enthralled

You're taking the piss, aren't you? Says the detective.

Like, sure, I say, obviously I really like stringing the police along when I know they have nothing on me. Like, it's not as if they will take me down a dark alley and beat seven kinds of shit out of me, and then, say something like, don't forget we'll be watching you 24/24 just waiting for you to make one mistake.

The cop leaves. At the door, he turns and says; don't forget we'll be watching you 24/24 just waiting for you to make one mistake.

Now you're taking the piss, I say. And yeah, sure, like I'm really scared.

Later that night my mother rings me again. She is sobbing.

You don't really love me, she says.

Why do you say that?

Because you usually pass when I call collect.

That's because I know you are in a bar and have run out of dimes. Look, mom, I really love you. Yeah, sure I do, I say. Why wouldn't I love a clinging, alcoholic mother who starved me of affection and is thus responsible for me ending up as a vacuous, self-obsessed soulless psychopathic sarcastic bastard?

Yeah, sure, like, of course you wouldn't, my mother says. ☹

Nessie, Come Home!

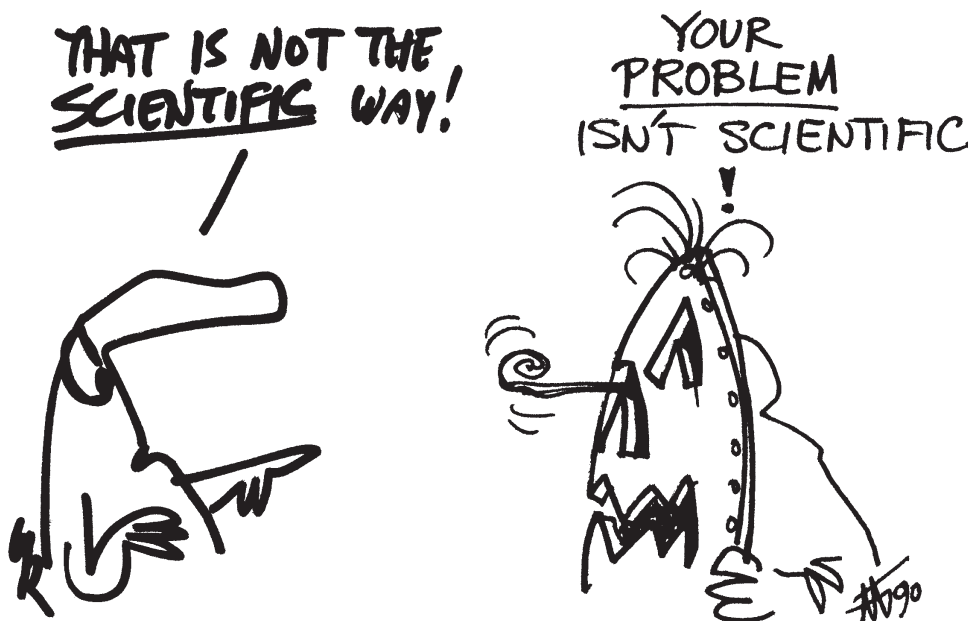
Andy Hooper

Sometimes when I'm swimming, I stare at the tiny black tiles and mysterious brown stains on the bottom of the pool, and remember other things and creatures I've seen in the water. I've been lucky enough to paddle around and even dive with air in lakes, rivers and the ocean, where I've seen alligators, manatees, seals, enormous turtles, and a multitude of big fish, including a few sharks. Even more vivid are things I only caught a glimpse of — like a massive snapping turtle seen from a boat with my father in northern Wisconsin, or the five-foot fish that lurked just out of vision in 40 feet of water at the bottom of a lake in Minnesota. It was very cold and very dark there, and whatever that fish was, he was nearly as big as me.

I really miss the Loch Ness Monster.

Popular Nessiology took a major blow in the 1990s when it was alleged that the single most famous photo of the monster, the grainy head-and-neck shot that brought thousands of people to Scotland when it was published in London's *Daily Mail*

in 1931, was actually a hoax concocted by adventurer Marmaduke Wetherall. Wetherall was ridiculed by the *Daily Mail* for spending weeks searching for Nessie on the strength of evidence that proved ultimately to be a child's prank. He responded by enlisting his son and son-in-law to help build and



Some Popular Theories

If we assume that Nessie is neither entirely fictional, nor a wholly unknown animal, what then could it be? Here are some popular notions:

Giant eels: Some small percentage of freshwater eels fails to reach sexual maturity, and never join adult eels in their migration to the sea. Some specimens in excess of ten feet in length have been recorded in New Zealand. But no known eel could grow to the huge sizes attributed to Nessie.

Seals: A big bull seal or walrus can easily reach the size of an SUV, and can be a very daunting creature at close quarters or in an unexpected place. Seals have been recorded in Canadian lakes literally hundreds of miles from salt water. And they could possibly present the “head-neck” silhouette reported by so many witnesses.

Whales: The description of huge black humps in the waters of the Loch suggest a whale’s size and general shape. But almost no sightings report spouting or other evidence of breathing air, or the action of a fluked tail.

Other big fish: Several species of saltwater fish, including Basking Sharks common to the North Sea, can grow to 35 and 40 feet in length, and would certainly present a frightening spectacle if encountered on or under inland waters. Sharks are also known to swim many miles into freshwater rivers and lakes, and some have adapted to permanent residence there, as in Lake Nicaragua. But sharks have few of the body features attributed to Nessie, and it is still hard to see how such a large animal could enter and leave the Loch unobserved.

photograph a model monster based on a toy submarine, then convinced a prominent surgeon to submit the photos to the newspaper. Having fooled the paper with the same sort of trick that had caught him, Wetherall was apparently content to let the world go on hunting for Nessie in perpetuity. Only his son-in-law, Chris Spurling, who claimed he had actually sculpted the model, revealed the story just prior to his death in 1994.

Despite this, scientific investigation at Loch Ness may actually have increased in intensity after the hoax was revealed, and successive expeditions have lashed every contour of the loch with sonar, without finding anything monstrous. Nessie sightings are way, way down — there were only three attested sightings in 2002, the lowest number since prior to 1931. And old evidence continues to receive skeptical attention and interpretation that chisels away at the Nessie myth. One of the most compelling pieces of evidence ever gathered, a film taken by the late Tim Dinsdale in the 1960s, was recently enhanced and analyzed, and proved to show only a family of ducks dashing along the surface of the water, flapping their wings and sending up spray. Dinsdale shot at such a distance that the birds were entirely invisible, and only the splashes they made registered on the film.

The real impact of the 1931 hoax was to send investigators in the wrong taxonomic direction. They kept looking for something to fit the appearance of the Wetherall photo, with a small head perched on the end of a long neck. There were also numerous sightings that described nothing more than a large hump or back in the water, yet virtually all theory connected to Nessie focused on animals with a long neck and small head. And because this was close to the appearance of some aquatic predators that thrived in the Jurassic period, Nessie was given the burden of life as a “living fossil,” to go with its other elusive qualities.

I personally assume that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle’s novel *The Lost World* is mostly responsible for the continuing connection between cryptozoology and extinct animals, just as Kenneth Arnold and Ray Palmer provided an inspirational spark to the UFO phenomenon. Perhaps we suppose it is less defamatory to natural science if it is merely confused about the contemporary existence of animals it knows from the fossil record, rather than knowing nothing about them at all. In any event, every unknown animal from Nessie to Bigfoot is compared to some extinct creature, no matter how improbable their survival to the present day. And our failure to uncover a living dinosaur in the Scottish highlands has lead most people to put the

question to rest altogether.

But even without a giant cryptid population, Loch Ness is a fascinating environment. Despite reaching a depth of more than 800 feet, it appears to be surprisingly well-oxygenated, with aerobic organisms living in its blackest depths. Several of the Nessie-hunting expeditions have recorded violent currents and underwater “storms” that might have something to do with the balance of thermal energy in the loch. And recently, fossils of marine organisms have been found in the bottom sediment, proving that there was a connection between the loch and the ocean at the end of the last ice age. But even that kind of research is susceptible to hoaxing. A very well-preserved fossil chunk of a plesiosaur’s spine was recovered from the loch, but analysis showed that it had only recently been taken from a marine environment and put in the fresh water loch by parties unknown.

I think it would be very helpful to examine all our assumptions about the Loch and its mysterious residents in the light of what we know today. If it doesn’t have to have that brontosaurus head and neck, the list of known species that could be potentially responsible becomes much longer. The locks of the Caledonian canal which connect the loch to the ocean through the Inverness river are supposed to be too small for a big creature like a whale or a basking shark to slip though unnoticed, but I’ve seen them, and I think a 25 to 30 foot animal could easily hide from view under their surface. The recent tragic misadventures of a young whale in the Thames river are obvious testimony to the potential of cetaceans and other marine animals to become disoriented in their efforts to reach open water. And Loch Ness contains a great deal of open water.

That’s just one example of why I still find cryptozoology such a rich field of inquiry. When you lay aside the obsessive need to find giant prehistoric animals in the jungles of Venezuela, you find there are all kinds of weird and wonderful discoveries being made all the time. And I’m not just talking about new species of beetles in the Amazon basin — we keep finding really big animals, like the megamouth shark in Hawaiian waters, and a new species of beaked whale, up to 18 feet long, that has washed up dead on California beaches five times in the past 15 years. It has still never been observed alive.

The possibility of known animals behaving in unknown ways, and appearing in unexpected places, is a major element of cryptozoological inquiry as well. While Nessie sightings are down, sightings

of ABCs (Anomalous Big Cats) are up again in the UK. Black panthers seem most popular across the pond. Large, tawny, puma-like cats are more the rule in the USA, with recent sightings in southern Michigan, Ohio and Delaware. Still no carcass of a Sasquatch, a Ye-teh, a Yiren or an Orang Pendak to display, but sightings still trickle in from both sides of the Pacific.

To some extent, Nessie's decline has made business bad for lake monsters all around the world. We've heard little from Morag, the beast of Loch Morar, or Ogotogo in British Columbia. The horny monsters of Lake Sjostedt in Sweden were proven to be nothing less fantastic than migrating bull moose out for a swim, a profoundly satisfying solution to the many sightings Swedes have sworn to, yet still no prehistoric saurian. But you take victories where you find them. Recently a camera crew investigating another has-been head-neck lake monster, Lake Champlain's "Champ," lowered a microphone into the supposedly land-locked waters of upstate New York and recorded echo-location sounds very similar to those made by beluga whales in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The researchers pointed out that there shouldn't be anything making those kinds of noises in Lake Champlain at all, as it supposedly lost its connection to the sea over 8,000 years ago.

I'm careful what kind of encouragement I wish for; we've had more than enough examples of the

dangers of excessive credulity in recent years. To whatever extent I've contributed to the formation of the contemporary climate, in which a majority of Americans reject evolution as unproven theory, embrace *The Da Vinci Code* as literal truth and persist in believing that Iraq was responsible for the attacks of September 11th, 2001, I sincerely apologize.

I didn't realize that our persistence in spinning goofy theories about Dreamland and CIA remote imaging projects would create an internal mythology of omnipotence that would lead to tens of thousands of deaths in the real world. But we should have known that our gleeful, half-rational scorn for scientific replies to ancient astronauts and sea serpents would twist our cultural concept of reality until legitimate scientific and medical research could be forestalled by religious reservation, and talking biblical vegetables would become a preferred video babysitter for normal American children.

No wonder, then, that the lights of the pool seem to scatter in a particularly psychedelic manner as these thoughts crawl across my mind. Something vast and ancient appears to stir in the murky bubbles of the deep end. And the long-haired lady in the lane beside me might still be a mermaid with a comb and a glass in her hand, or merely a sea otter with an abalone plate lunch. More observation is clearly required. ☸



God Cuts the Thread

Randy Byers

On the morning of March 25th this year, there was a shooting on Seattle's Capitol Hill. It took place at a house party where about thirty people had gathered after an all-ages rave. The shooter, Kyle Huff, had been at the rave, hanging around the edges, and was invited to the party by folks who apparently thought he looked like he could use a friend. After drinking beer and smoking pot at the party for a couple of hours, he left the house to get weapons and ammo out of the pickup he'd parked out front and returned to the house and started shooting people. He killed six and wounded two others before killing himself when a cop quickly arrived on the scene. It was just after seven in the morning.

In the aftermath, one of the things that caused a lot of discussion (and the perhaps inevitable distraught moralistic posturing) on local blogs and in newspaper columns and editorials is that two of the victims were girls aged 14 and 15. People are asking why girls that young were allowed to attend a rave that went until 3:30 in the morning. Even worse, how did two young, vulnerable girls end up at a house party with guys in their twenties and thirties?

The story that has emerged about 14-year-old Melissa Moore is that her father allowed her to go to the rave and even saw her off with a car full of friends. After the rave, she got separated from her friends, who were told that she'd caught a ride with somebody else and so left without her. In fact, it wasn't hard for her to catch a ride with somebody else in the notoriously friendly communal confines of the rave, and she and her saviors swung by the afterparty for some reason or another and decided to hang out for a while. The father called her cellphone when she didn't get home on time, but she had loaned her coat to a friend, with the cellphone in the pocket. She supposedly didn't want to call her father because she didn't want to wake him up.

Or at least that's the story I've constructed from various news and blog accounts. Who knows how much of it is true? You can easily see how people

might want to shade the truth, considering how things turned out. I haven't heard anything about how 15-year-old Suzanne Thorne ended up at the party, but I remember seeing her mother on TV the morning of the shooting. She was outside the party house trying to find out where her daughter was. Suzanne hadn't been named as one of the victims yet. The mother looked utterly lost and numb, and I felt a little angry at her for talking to TV reporters in such a moment of emotional vulnerability. I'm not sure how she knew that her daughter had been at the party, but I think I heard that the daughter's boyfriend told her. I don't know if she'd given her daughter permission to go to the rave or to the party.

So what were these girls doing at a party with older guys? What were the guys thinking, allowing these minors to party with them at that hour? What kind of parent would let their daughters stray into such a dangerous situation? Inquiring minds wanted to know.

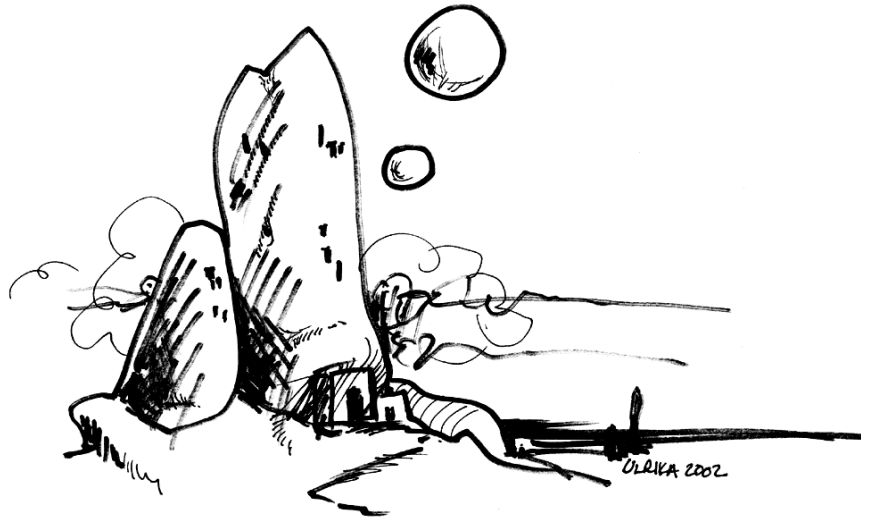
As I read the discussion of these questions, I suddenly remembered something I'd pretty much completely repressed since it happened twenty or so years ago. It was at an afternoon party at Jack and Pauline Palmer's house in Bellingham. I don't remember the occasion, but the cream of Seattle fandom had driven north on a beautiful summery day for the party. Was it a birthday party for Tilda, the Palmers' daughter? Tilda was a senior in high school that year, as I recall, and a bunch of her high school friends were at the party. That was a great group of kids—the Bellingham Kids—outsiders and misfits all. Kirk and Chris were both gay, and Joan was a lesbian. I marveled that they seemed so self-assured and out at that age, in that era: Reagan's America. They were all sarcastic and funny and smart and cute as buttons.

I remember that I tried some of Pauline's homemade garlic wine and thought it tasted just fine until the garlic aftertaste kicked in. I don't remember if there were other things to drink. Late in the day, as twilight thickened in the grass, I sat out on the lawn and talked with a girl who called herself Karma, possibly because it was her real name, I suppose. Karma, like Tilda's other friends, was dressed in sophisticated low-fi high punk fashion, with a cool haircut and heavily stylized eyeliner around her eyes. I don't remember what we talked about, or how it was exactly that we ended up kissing after a while. I was in my mid-20s, and I don't think I would have approved of myself for kissing a high school girl.

But it was worse than that. Again, I don't remember the hotly suppressed details, but eventually we stopped making out and somewhere along the line somebody asked me if I knew that Karma was only thirteen. The reason I haven't revisited the memory until now is that I was utterly horrified and humiliated by this news. Not that I've ever been particularly ept with girls of any age, but I had let a 13-year-old, for Christ's sake — not to mention my own idiotic, inappropriate desires — fool me into a hot kiss. I had mistaken a child for at least approximately an adult. I was a tool and a pervert!

Everyone laughed at me. Jack Palmer's laughing face in that moment is painfully, permanently, and probably mythically burned into the memory bank. Who knows how much of this is true either? But what strikes me from this distance, and in the context of the shooting that jarred the memory loose, is how warm all the laughter actually was. Nobody, aside from myself, was horrified at what had happened. Everyone clearly thought it was kind of sweet. A young girl had stolen a kiss from an older guy in a safe, communal situation. I was quite a babe in those days, too, if I do say so myself, so a good score for her. She was testing her wings, exploring her sexuality, trying to find a way down the difficult road to adulthood and independence, such as it is. Nothing was hurt but my all too easily-bruised pride.

A year or two later, when Tilda and some of her friends had moved to a house on Capitol Hill, quite possibly not far from where the shooting took place, I went to a party there and ran into Karma for the first time since. I tried to avoid her, but my sometime-girlfriend, Robyn, insisted that I had to meet her eyes. Seems to me that Karma was shyly avoiding me, too, and I don't think we said more than Hi to each other. On the other hand, I did kiss Kirk that night, which was pretty much as far as I got in



exploring the swinging bisexual lifestyle I'd read so much about — although he wasn't the only one.

By all accounts, the rave scene, like fandom, is a place where outsiders and misfits and creative oddballs can go to make a place where they belong. Maybe the two girls had found an older crowd that they felt safe with, a bunch of interesting people and iconoclasts who liked to listen to music and dance and enjoy life. Maybe they could even sneak a kiss from a bashful older guy, if they acted grown up enough. Maybe they snuck into a forbidden zone, despite what their parents would have preferred, or maybe the parents were allowing them to test the waters and try their sea legs. It was pretty much normal life transpiring until Kyle Huff went down the psycho path. The hard thing is that Kyle Huff going off was pretty much normal life as well. Fourteen is way too early, but we don't get to choose the moment of our exit, short of desperate measures.

So here's to two young women and the four grown-up guys — Christopher "Deacon" Williamson, Justin "Sushi" Schwartz, Jeremy Martin, Jason Travers — who died with them. We remember the stolen kiss, and we regret that you couldn't have had more.

He who awaits his time, who submits
When his time is done,
In his life there is no room
For sorrow or for rejoicing.
Here is how the ancients said all this
In four words:

'God cuts the thread.'

—Chuang Tzu
(trans. Thomas Merton)



Richard Brandt

I had already determined to LoC your fine fanzine before the eldritch phantom of Mr. Glicksohn materialized to challenge my gafiatic standing.

And what a fine fanzine it is, making me all nostalgic for those days when some aspect of a Worldcon could be compared favorably to Corflu, and real fanzines competed for fan Hugos.

The highlight of the issue (for me) is Mr. Hooper's essay on museumology; even for those on his short list he can combine a meticulous recitation of detail with an awe-inspiring evocation of wonder; at great length, in his Skiffy Museum coverage, he even has time for the occasional flight of fancy. (Now I'm all keen to visit Seattle again and check out this museum, having finally given up on the idea of accumulating one of my own.)

Nice to see Bridget Bradshaw campaigning for TAFF this year. When Simon was working on a contract here in Colorado Springs, he read the local club was hosting its first convention, and she decided to fly over and join him for it. So the two failed TAFF candidates managed to meet after all, on their own dime, cheerfully thumbing their noses at the Frost Interregnum.

Randy: You might have to hurry if you want to see the SF Museum. There are ominous signs (well, one anyway, involving staffing) that all is not well there financially. It always *did* seem funny to me that science fiction was supposed to save rock'n'roll.

Claire Brialey

You've done it again. At least once a year, it seems, you produce an issue of *Chunga* that's so good — that looks, reads and feels so much like what I think a fanzine should be like — that it almost makes me want to give up. It's not so much that I feel we can't compete with something like *Chunga* #11; it isn't a competition so far as I'm concerned. It's simply that you've done what I wanted to do, so surely my work on this planet is at an end?

That's only the first reaction, though, and for all



my non-competitive approach it's swiftly followed by envy, and then by a desire to show that we can do something that's at least in the same league. Steven Cain helped me to move on, pointing out that what he wants is lots of good fanzines spurring one another on producing really good issues all the time. And that's roughly where I end up, wanting to be part of the community where *Chunga* is and helping to build a broader impression that there is Good Stuff going on in fanzines at the moment. I think that chimes with the comment in Andy's part of the editorial that we should delay our 'terminal impulses'; for me, at least, you're certainly helping with that.

Randy hid his Hugo qualms very well, I thought, to the extent that I was very surprised to read about them. I expected to be able to really enjoy the Hugo reception and ceremony, since I felt we were in the relatively rare position of having made it onto the shortlists with no chance whatsoever of winning, and therefore had nothing to worry about.

I knew that no one nominated against Dave Langford for Fanwriter would need to say anything other than 'It's an honour just to be nominated'. I also knew we had no chance of winning Fanzine, although since there wasn't such a clearly obvious winner I felt slightly edgier about not preparing anything to say; somehow it seemed that not having an acceptance speech tempted fate about needing one. But when I suggested to Mark that perhaps we should at least consider what we would say he seemed so uncomfortable that it brought me back to reality: fate had nothing to do with it, and we wouldn't need to say a word. Contrarily, that brought all my original nervousness flooding back as I realized what I'd be feeling tense about at the reception: would we manage to beat No Award?

I have no idea how many people still vote No Award in the fan categories as a matter of principle — either at having them there at all, or at having shortlists made up of the likes of us rather than anything resembling the great fanzines of the Golden Age — and I had a more paranoid local concern. As quoted by James in 'Large Larger Lar-

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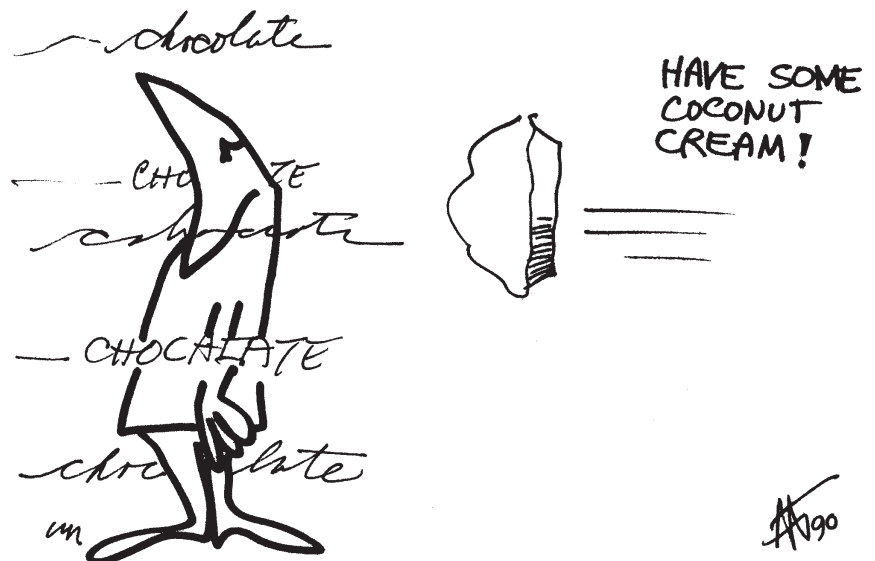
onPig

gesse', I had been given a clear impression over the years by some former friends and acquaintances that, by moving into participation in mainstream fandom without irony or anger, I was considered to have abandoned my roots and needed taking down a peg or three. Of course, it's far more likely that most people who knew us didn't bother to vote at all — actually, judging by the number of people who expressed surprised congratulations on seeing our Hugo ribbons and pins at the con, that's extremely likely, and as ever the fine fannish art of failing to pay attention makes me feel rather more exasperated than the idea of someone deliberately voting against us — or that a few of them decided to chuck a second or third place at us for old times' sake.

But I probably still have an enduring legacy of mindset myself from my so-called 'dodgy media fan background'; despite the Hugo nominations an' all, I sometimes still see myself as being on the edge of it all. So I found myself slightly startled at recognising every single person in the photos you featured of the Worldcon; given how much time I spent in the same spaces of the convention as Randy and Sharee it shouldn't be surprising at all, but even after 20 years in fandom I assume that I don't know the cool people. And presenting the photos without captions provided the opportunity for enduring amusement at seeing photos of famous fan couples James & Stef and Jim & Meike, as well as the fan fund winners and Frank Wu, apparently described only by your issue subtitle 'The Crazy World of Arthur Chunga'.

Great to see Christina reviewing again and it wasn't until I got through to the end and found her references to *Bento* and *Right Up There!* that I realised I hadn't noticed or, consequently, questioned what Christina never overtly stated: that she was reviewing primarily British fanzines. Maybe it's another side-effect of the electronic vs. paper distribution discussion which has spiralled almost out of control in our own letter column, or maybe it's more about the fanzines that are discussing the subjects that Christina finds interesting at the moment.

Or maybe it's something to do with *Chunga* being a fanzine in which British fans can feel at home — to the extent that even Jim de Liscard is having to wrestle with the conundrum that this is an American fanzine that he likes; by accident I spotted that you choose to muddy the waters further by not including contributors' country of residence. And clearly a lot of your contributors and correspondents are Brits — presumably writing to tell you repeatedly that we're better than you are (wot, us?). So it was almost a relief to find in Ulrika's column that there are still some things we do over here that don't quite translate. Let me explain: this is not the Year of the Teledu. This is, for reasons I will leave to imaginations such as Graham Charnock's, the Year of the Beaver; the Year of the Teledu was 2003. Consequently the convention 'Year of the Teledu' will not be in the Year of the Teledu either (although recent accidental fanhistorical research suggests that we may have separately got into a loop which means that we have to have the Year of the Goat every time the year ends in 5). In the same way, the convention 'Year of the Wombat' was held the year after the Year of the Wombat which was, for reasons still really known only to Jim, the Year of the Warthog. I hope that's all quite clear now.





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Andy: I think that there was a time when there was “a competition” between fanzine editors, but now we’ve reached a state where every fanzine that shows cognizance of the larger history and community of fandom in any regard seems incredibly precious and deserving of encouragement. The idea that fan editors were once so afflicted with poorly written and badly reproduced crudzines that it was necessary to have a whole *school* of fanzine criticism devoted to their correction seems impossible to imagine today. I think that as the hobby becomes more attenuated, there is a tendency to try to make every fanzine a concentrated encapsulation of fandom, with clues and helpful explanations allowing the reader to assimilate the arc of the subculture from 1939 to the present from the content of a single issue. I know we fall well short of that lofty goal, but it explains why we try to jam every little thing we can think of into every issue.

Graham Charnock

Hello *Chunga* Boys

Valentine kisses to you.

Thanks for the latest issue of your erudite magazine. Winter may not be over, but at least the days are getting longer (even if the snow in New York is getting deeper) so I’m not so SAD as I used to be.

I like this time of the year when every day gives you a few extra seconds of sunlight and you know that there are endless balmy evenings ahead, with crickets on the village green, bees murmuring in immemorial elms, and buttered scones still for tea. And Rob Holdstock stumbling over your barbeque and setting fire to his trousers. And the Buddha’s finger citrus plants we have just bought from the local garden centre.

In the meantime I have a new car, the first new car I have ever bought. It’s a Honda Jazz, for the information of you stalkers who might expect to see me driving up and down Green Lanes in London N4. The license plate is E55 NLU, in case you are looking out for it with a loaded assault rifle. How could I afford it?

My mother died more than a year ago and it has taken this long for her estate to be settled. Stupidly instead of spreading it among her three sons, of which I appear to be one, she decided to include a quarter share for gifts to her grandchildren. No, I’m kidding. I respect my mother’s wishes and I respect her decision to give each of her grandchildren just enough to buy a new guitar, a laptop, and lots of comic books.

What else? A woman I used to work with had

a fixation on Scott Bakula and *Quantum Leap*. (I think it was his cute buttocks and shapely legs which he seemed to show off to good advantage through several transvestite-based episodes). She even had a blog site dedicated to it and I believe at one time produced a fanzine, but if we investigate this any further she may get the idea I have been stalking her. Oh yes, her name was Hilary Broadrib.

At the time this arose I had never seen *Quantum Leap*, but now it is being reprised on one of those cable channels that does that. And I must confess the level of production impresses me, but also of script writing, which seems genuinely intelligent in dealing with sometimes-touchy issues, autism, racism, Vietnam, sexuality, and etc. Although now I’m sensing as it moves into its final season and God has made his presence felt, and they play with the idea of the lead characters meddling in their own lives, the later episodes won’t be as good as the earlier ones. What else did David Belasaurius do, if anything?

So, as usual *Chunga* boys, I haven’t actually commented on your issue much, because I haven’t read it. No doubt this will piss off the various contributors who may have been gratified by a specific response, but apart from the efforts of Ulrika, Andy, Tobes, Victor, James Thingey, and myself, I find very little there to interest me these days. When are you guys next coming over here to enliven our lives. Or at least mine?

Andy: One can only try to be constructive: Other productions by Donald P. Bellisario, creator of *Quantum Leap*, include *Airwolf*, *JAG*, *Magnum PI*, *NCIS* and *Tales of the Gold Monkey*, and his writing credits include *Battlestar Galactica (1978)* and *Black Sheep Squadron*.

Jack Calvert

I’ve been to lots of museums, and could appreciate Andy Hooper’s article on the SF museum for that reason. I was a member of the SFM for a while, just because the idea is So Cool, but not being able to get there very easily takes some of the fun out of it, and I let the membership lapse. I can understand the weirdness of encountering people you know and stuff you own in museums. Here in Oakland, there’s a Museum of California history which has a exhibit of a kitchen not very different from the one that I remember in the house where I grew up. And at the end of a series of displays arranged by time, an exhibit has a bamboo bird cage, a copy of *How to Find a Job in the Bay Area*, *The Whole Earth Catalog*, and one of Bob Kaufman’s *Abomunist Manifesto*, all of which were among my stuff at one time or another. Then there are some exam-

ples of '60s head art—a piece of furniture entirely covered with colored glass beads, black light paintings—the kind of things I remember being common when the world was a more hopeful place. And this stuff is made into history by being fitted into a context with Spanish explorers, gold rush desperadoes, and striking longshoremen.

I also saw a typewriter that I once owned in the Smithsonian. (The model, not the particular individual.) The San Francisco region is pretty good for museums, but the area around the Mall in Washington, D.C. is where museum freaks go to die.

Ron Drummond

I read the joint con report and really enjoyed them. Sharee's was oddly flat, though—maybe just too many names, and too many occasions where I wished she'd go on at greater length. Randy's travelogue made me laugh out loud several times. His passion and affection and love for Sharee comes through vividly, the whole piece is kind of a love song to her. Wish there was more of both reports—especially would have loved to read both of their takes on their mystical experiences in the land 'o the dead at the trip's end. Randy's ending was pretty interesting—I didn't think it would work as an ending, as I was reading it, but then it did. Hair-raising encounter, and I loved the image of the two of them passing through the fight with perfect aplomb, however terrified they may have been.

Randy: The funny thing is, I never felt terrified. I was probably simply too drunk for terror, but everybody seemed oddly polite as they dodged around us in their fury to get at each other. As for the Glasgow Necropolis, it was an awesome experience to wander through endless acres of elaborate gravestones, crypts, and columbaria, reading of the proud Protestant martyrs, but I'm not sure I'd personally call it mystical. Then again, I did get the feeling that I'd been transported into a Gene Wolfe novel somehow. I seem to recall that I was dressed all in black, so I guess that makes it *Shadow of the Torturer*, eh?

Nicolas A. Farey

I expect *Chunga's* as good a way as any to disseminate this info, now that I've had my latest days in court.

Basically I picked up another 90 days on the false complaint charge (complain about a State Cop, what was I *thinking?*) and withdrew the appeal in Anne Arundel County on the advice of my Public Defender that the sentence wouldn't be any better and could be worse.

What all the time adds up to is:

Best case (with reconsideration on the 18 I'm doing now), I might be out by Xmas (2006).

Worst case (doing all unsuspended time, but with good time factored in), out by July 2007.

Unthinkable case (Psycho cop finds a way to violate my probation & kick in unserved time)—er—see you in 2011?

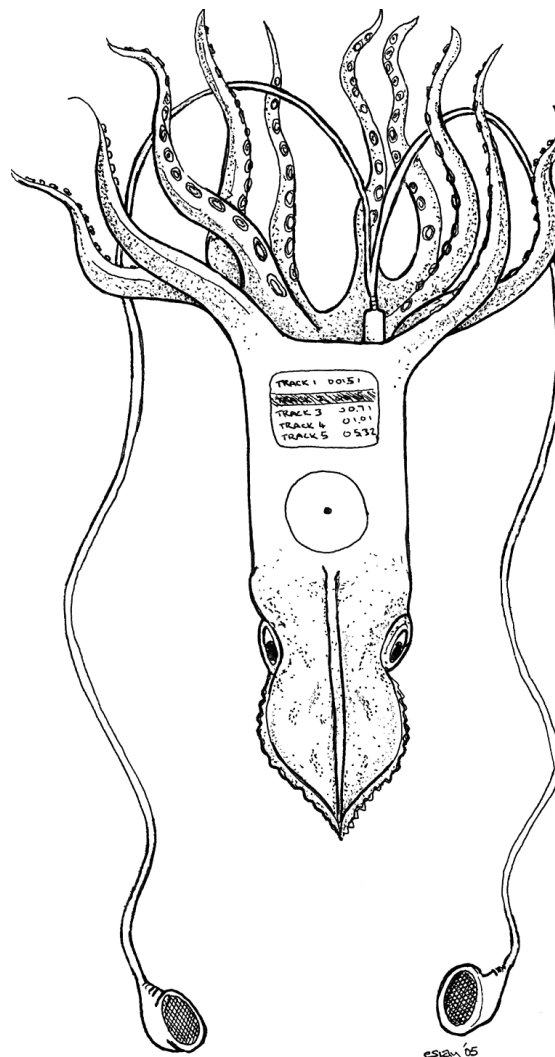
Heard about a bloke who was up for his *seventeenth* (17th!) driving while revoked here (same charges I got). He got 30 days. Hard not to be bitter init?

Randy: Yo, Nic! From this angle, it appears you need to stop driving while revoked, period; the rest is all noise and luxury. Surely even conventions are more fun than the stir?

Brad Foster

That's a great new cover by Dan. I have such a minimal actual understanding of how machines work, I think I therefore have an extra-large appreciation of complicated mechanical design as shown here. More switches! More dials!

I've been hearing about plans off and on for



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a Museum of Science Fiction for so long, when I started the article I actually did a Google search to see if this was real, or just a great fantasy fan tale. Imagine my surprise! Have I been *that* out of touch?? (By the way, what *is* that giant robot croissant from outer space on top of the building all about? Something specific out of a movie or book, or just a skiffy touch by the architect?)

Randy: I'm not actually sure what the space croissant is supposed to be. Wikipedia calls it a sculpture, but I can't find anything more specific than that. Maybe the Pillsbury Doughboy knows!

Chris Garcia

As a museum professional (in as much as that word applies to a guy who has worked at museums since the early 1990s and spends much of his time at work making fanzines), I've got a lot to say about SFM, almost all of it at least good. The folks who did their exhibits are also doing the exhibits for The Computer History Museum. I haven't made it there, though I've often meant to. I'm a huge fan of Frank Gehry, and even more so of Paul Allen. There's another Science Fiction Museum, if by museum you mean a collection in need of a home, in Oregon. I'm a big fan of those folks, and they put up a great display at NASFiC this year.

As for the museums listed as Must-Sees, I really can't argue with most of them as fine examples of the Museum World. I'd add the Getty in LA (beautiful setting, beautiful stuff) and various Smithsonians (I used to work there and there's no better place for Pop Culture and American History freaks like me than the National Museum of American History).

On non-museum related issues: Sharee Carton's look at Worldcon was wonderful! I didn't get to go, since flying is not my bag most of the time. Sounds like the fan area was brilliantly done, and Sharee's not the first person I've heard say so. I really hope I eventually get to meet these Ploktans who keep doing this wonderful stuff at cons and on paper. I should say that the photos were great, especially the one of Randy in his Skull Headwear!

By the way, wonderful photo of Frank Wu. The poor guy gets just plum tuckered out sometimes and falls asleep in the strangest places.

James' article about how one comes to fandom is a good one. I've come to fandom several times, the first being carried in, the second being through working a couple of media cons, the third being through my friend's collections of fanzines and programme books and the final one, the one that seems to have stuck, through Computer History.

What? I hear you say? I came to fandom through computer history? There's a big cross-over and some of the folks I knew from the museum told me about BayCon, where I hadn't been since I was a kid in tow. They told the right people and I discovered doing panels and that started me into the areas of fandom where I live today. True, STrek, SWars, TPrachett, NGaiman, comics, Anime and PBS Sunday Night SF are all responsible for bringing a lot of folks to the dance. I think most of the folks I know in BArea fandom came in through one of those windows...or were born into it.

By the way, I'm glad to have the Collectors Uncorrected Edition. That can only go up in value!

Randy: You're joking about PBS Sunday Night SF, right? Thought you could slide that one by us, but we're masters of alternity and google around here. No sir, and we've got our eye on you now.

Alexis Gilliland

An excellent cover by Dan Steffan, showing a bit of whimsy with the cup holder, snapshot, and air freshener humanizing the high tech cockpit. I liked Sharee's Worldcon report better than Randy's, although it would have been nice if the pictures had been identified. Dave Hartwell on p.6, probably Sharee and Randy on p.7, and 25 other souls, of whom I could identify only Malcolm Edwards and China Mieville — with Jesse, from the text. A really great party from her account, but these days I am leaving more party on the table than I used to, and making it past midnight would have been a stretch. (We gave Glasgow a miss, because we went to Southampton for the British Titanic Convention in April and blew the year's travel budget.) I can sympathize with Randy's pre-award jitters, having been up for the fan artist Hugo 8 times, and winning 4. The only time it was easy was when I went to Aus-siecon II, back in 1985 and saw that the concom had moved the fan artist Hugo up a few notches, because they had a winner in a category actually there to accept the award. Given that the fan artist award is the least significant of the Hugos, I don't wonder that the guys up for best novel get bent out of shape. Alas, that Randy and Sharee are no longer a number but perhaps a rendezvous at the odd Worldcon might be possible, providing a sort of relationshipus interruptus.

What else? Andy remarks that fans are generally free from religiosity, which might be because fandom likes to play with ideas. In my experience fans generally prefer questions to answers, while the pious, the devout, the religious, they tend to embrace answers and get hostile at questions. And

on p. 18 Greg Bear suggests that science fiction is “under threat as never before.” Maybe, maybe not. The problem is that half a century down the line science has redefined a lot of sf staples, like FTL travel, and time travel, and the swamps of Venus, as fantasy. So when you extrapolate to the near future, it appears less appealing, not only to kids, but to everybody. Remember Buck Rogers, hot pilot extraordinaire displaced 500 years in the future, dog-fighting Cylons? In the next decade or two we are going to have remotely piloted vehicles (RPVs) that can outperform any manned vehicles, and not too long after that RPVs with an onboard computer pilot. Writing about a future in which humans have been displaced by robots in every interesting capacity is not going to sell well. At least not to humans.

Andy: I’m not sure that last conclusion is necessarily true, and in fact I suspect you of trolling for comment by posing it. There have been a number of superb works of science fiction featuring robotic protagonists, and even a few where “humans have been displaced by robots in every interesting capacity.” Examples of the former from recent books by Iain M. Banks come easily to mind; and as for the latter, I expect many readers may have more than one favorite of the genre. Mine is the delightfully glum “Heirs of the Perisphere” by Howard Waldrop.

Steve Jeffery

Especially enjoyed James Bacon’s piece on Civic Responsibilities of Tobes, a phrase the two ends of which would ordinarily seem to send brain cells crashing into each other. (I assume you’ve heard about the Dan Brown court case. My thought was that if Baigent and Leigh had won, they might next go after Tobes for having a name that also appeared in their book. Don’t laugh, McDonalds have tried suing Scottish families for the temerity of having the same name (but probably safer to eat).)

Graham Charnock’s letter prompts a worrying train of thought: is there such a thing as IKEA fandom, and worse still, IKEA slash? (“Clad only in a provocative aroma of beeswax, Robvik eased her castors next to those of Skantig, their shelves touching until her brackets went ‘spung!’ “Now, Skantig”, she cried, “the allen key!”)

Joyce Katz

I specifically wanted to mention how much I liked the descriptive article about the sf museum, especially since it seems unlikely I’ll ever go there myself. And, I also liked the appendix, with the top

ten museums, so few of which I’ve actually seen. I might have added the Metropolitan Museum in New York — one of the few New York City institutions I’ve actually missed since I moved away. But I was glad to see Andy include the Museum of Science & Industry in Chicago, which I have seen, and the Cahokia Mounds site, which I never did get to visit.

By the way, I like the way you put the email addresses in the border in the letter col; very tidy! And, although there are very good pix and cartoons throughout, my head was most turned by the photo of Jerry Kaufman as a Fearsome Pirate.

Randy: I think of him as JAK the Freebooter in that photo.

Robert Lichtman

Like Andy, I have a long-time love of museums of all sorts. I don’t remember any of the ones I may have visited as a very young child still living in Cleveland, but not long after my family moved to Los Angeles we went to the L.A. County Natural History Museum. There I was mind-blown to see the reconstruction of giant dinosaurs. This was long before the Page Museum existed at the La Brea Tar Pits. We visited there, too. I remember a small, dark building on the site with some dusty displays explaining the history of the pits, but the main attraction for me there was the upswellings of tar that were everywhere to be found on the scrubby grass of the park—of my brother and I finding sticks to poke at and scoop up bits of natural history. No, we didn’t uncover any errant bones but we always thought we might.



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Nobody does Cthulhu like you, Nathan!



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In the same period we were living in an apartment at the foot of the to be developed Baldwin Hills while my parents' "dream house" was under construction a few miles away. My new friends and I went on long expeditions up into the hills, and soon began discovering exposed hillsides where earthmoving devices had begun making tentative gouges in the hills for future roads and utility systems. What was interesting about those hillsides was a wealth of fossilized small sea creatures embedded in the loose soil. We all soon had boxes and scavenged old suitcases full of these fossils. It came as no surprise to any of us when, a year or so later, the area newspapers screamed with headlines of fossil discoveries in the Baldwin Hills. We got there first!

The museums I enjoy these days, although not often enough, are the ones in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, the Exploratorium (also in San Francisco), the Oakland Museum (which has a wonderful standing exhibit of California history from a pop culture/media/political standpoint), and the Southwest Museum of Native American arts and crafts down in Los Angeles. I consider it one of the lost opportunities of my October visit to Seattle that I didn't go to the SF Museum. I thought of it, but never pushed to make it happen. Andy's article juices my desire to make a visit someday.

In the letter column, Sharee's mention of Terry Floyd running off *Smocko!* with "white ink on dark

green paper" (which I remembered as black) brings up an old family legend. That happened at the first Corflu, actually, not the second—at which two of my then quite young sons came into the room where Terry was working on the fanzine to pick me up. They cast eyetracks on *Smocko!* and have never forgotten.

In a response to Irwin, Andy writes that compared to Melbourne "Seattle just doesn't seem comparable as either a city or a center of American fan activity (except, apparently, in the area of enthusiasm for fan funds)." Well, there's certainly not too much of a disparity in population if you consider the "greater" metropolitan areas: Melbourne has (according to the Wikipedia) "a population of approximately 3.8 million (2006 estimate) in the Melbourne metropolitan area and 69,670 in the City of Melbourne (which covers only the central city area)." The same source reports for Seattle "an estimated population of 573,672 and a metropolitan population of almost 3.1 million." In my view Seattle has long been one of the major fan centers of the U.S., with a huge population of active and not so active fans over a long period of time.

And these days, one of my favorite fanzines emanates from there!

Andy: I almost included the Exploratorium in my massive sidebar, because I've never seen any museum so dedicated to exposing the process by which exhibits and activities are designed and chosen for inclusion in it. A very cool place, juxtaposed with the remaining elements of the 1915 World's Fair to create one of the more unique American museum experiences.

Seattle fandom's great virtue is something which is admittedly seen only in bigger cities. There are enough fans here that there is absolutely no need for anyone to feel trapped within a single circle of fannish acquaintance. Westercons and NASFIC come to town, and virtually no one I know has any connection to their appearance. There's no need to co-opt much of "our" fandom into any given activity or pursuit, because you can find plenty of people who are actually interested in pursuing it with you. I don't know, maybe Seattle Fandom is A Sustainable Way of Life.

Timothy Marion

Good grief! Another issue of *Chunga!* And arriving the same day as an issue of *FILE 770* in which I am bemoaning that only the editor (Mike Glycer) and one or two others dare to keep me on their mailing lists anymore. I thought for sure you guys had lost

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**JOWL
 PIERCING**

patience with my lack of response. Mainly, I think, it's possible that I have shamefully lost a tiny bit of interest in *Chunga* due to what I perceive as much of the forced fannish frivolity and self-referentiality (is that a word?) that I have seen fan writing in most fanzines devolve into (of course that could be merely my own perspective from feeling somewhat outside it all). But I should mention that I still find myself awed by the scintillating artwork (Dan Steffan should be doing comics ... or maybe comix, better yet — “Von” is still in our thoughts) and the crisp, almost sparkling, layout.

The issue was a little more interesting to me, and I appreciated Andy's piece on the science fiction museum. In response to the question, no: I really cannot imagine an entire museum devoted to just science fiction ... but of course, I'm still in touch with my 12-year-old self of over 35 years ago, who was crogged when Mike Dobson informed him that he was teaching a science fiction class at his local high school!

But despite being a fan and, in general, thirsty for knowledge, I have always found museums to be an overwhelming experience. There is just so much to see in such a short period of time that one really can't give everything, or maybe even anything, any justice! I end up feeling both mentally and physically exhausted; feeling like I am almost entirely unable to lift another foot (including my own) to move to the next exhibit. Total mental overload. So, despite the subject matter, I think I honestly preferred reading your account, Andy, and the question-and-answer session sidebar with Gregs Benford and Bear, than I would an actual visit to that museum.

“Cat Coast” sounds like a place where I'd like to live!

Mike Glicksohn writes like I feel.

I vaguely remember John Brosnan thru fandom (I believe we were once in FAPA together, at the very least), but never connected his name to the “John Brosnan” on any of my James Bond books. I'm sorry so many fans are dying, but I'm cheered that their lives are celebrated and that they are well-remembered.

And that's it. Thanks for the entertaining read and making me feel like I'm part of all this again.

Randy: We do seem to get in trouble with some or all of our readers for the in-jokes and self-referentiality, but there's just no denying that we are a frivolous and narcissistic people here in the House of Chunga. However, while we may be in-groupish, the fact and the mystery is that the whole world is our group. It is my powerful religious belief that if you can

only lose your Self, you will paradoxically find that we actually have it over here and are taking good care of it. You are One of Us—whether you want to be or not!

Mark Plummer

I was travelling into London on the train a few months back when this chap got on at London Bridge station and sat down opposite me. This happens quite often on commuter trains, as I'm sure you might imagine. But this guy... why, he looked exactly like Andy. Really quite remarkably so, to the extent that I'd've been prepared to believe that it was Andy if it wasn't for the sheer implausibility of it.

Indeed even now I'm having second thoughts about the encounter and wondering whether it really was Andy, especially as I recently read about an unannounced visit by Mike Glicksohn to the London ‘First Thursday’ meeting about 20 years ago where Greg Pickersgill failed to recognise Mike because, well, it couldn't be Mike Glicksohn, could it? So if it was Andy and I ignored him, sorry.

But actually I suspect I'd probably have forgotten about the brief incident altogether if it weren't for the fact that, a few minutes after spotting the Andy-lookalike and having transferred to the underground, a chap got off at the same stop as me who looked exactly like Randy. Looked the same, dressed the same, the whole deal. Now, granted, on a second glance it was pretty obvious that it wasn't him but merely somebody who bore more than a few superficial similarities, but it was pretty damn freaky coming immediately after the Andy clone incident, I can tell you.

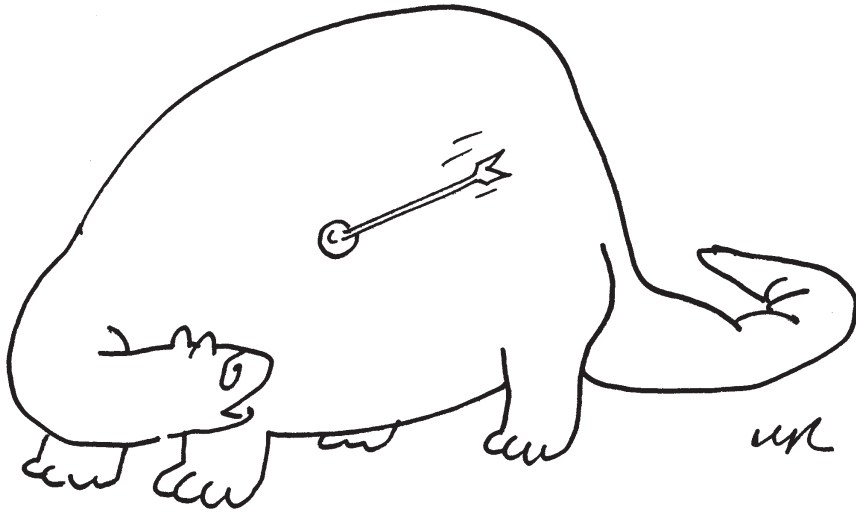
And this set me thinking: were there Chungoid Doppelgangers all around me, stalking me? I mean, I didn't actually know what Carl looked like but maybe his twin was around somewhere too. Maybe, I thought, glancing suspiciously across the room, he's the person with whom I've been sharing an office for the last few months. Tell me: does this sound like Carl at all? Mid-twenties, long blond hair, answers to the name of Lisa?

I was starting to get quite freaked by it all. *Why* was I being haunted by what I was becoming convinced were Chungoid androids hanging out on the London public transport system, not to mention the Carl-Lisa android on the other side of the office? Claire only has to contend with a woman in her office who sounds like Lilian Edwards, unimaginable as that may be. What's it all about?

Maybe it's just a paranoia thing, maybe. If that were all there was to it. But now... OK, look at it like this: do you ever feel that you've fallen out of the loop?



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HUMAN CAVEMEN

We also heard from...

Meike

To quote Jim: "It's all wrong. It's an American fanzine and I actually quite fancy reading it."

Lloyd Penney

My freezer has flarn in it, and my fridge has a jar of lingonberry sauce, QED.

John Purcell

Suffice to say that writing about the weird goings-on in my household, especially with the Purcell Petting Zoo providing such wonderful source material, works just fine for me.

Yvonne Rowse

I did get to the Hugo party by being smuggled in under Vince's kilt (there's a thought not to have again!).

Henry L. Welch

It may not be fair to assume that all your current and future readers will know who is whom.

Art Widner

I wonder if Stu was thinking Chunga re-sembl'd a platypus (wch is the product of drunken revelry between a duck & a beaver), & cast himself as the duck.

I mean, I never claimed to completely Up With It on all fannish matters, absolutely finger on the pulse and everything. I am not one of the cool it-crowd, one beat ahead of the latest trend. But, you know, I had been trying to keep up, yet I get the feeling I'm being overtaken by the younger more with-it fans, that I can't follow the game any more. Christ, is this what it's like to be Peter Weston?

Here's the thing. Claire and I were round at 23A London Road the other night. Simoné had fed us some rather fine fajitas and James Bacon was just reaching across to pop on an Australian string quartet CD when he casually asked, 'Have you seen the new *Chunga*, begorrah?' Actually, I made up the 'begorrah' bit; it's just a feeble attempt at characterisation to remind you who we're talking about because you might be surprised or confused by the observation that James enjoys the music of Australian string quartets. I know I was. I always assumed — in as much as I ever thought about it — that he'd be more of a loud-noise-and-hitting-things bloke. Appearances, deceptive. But, yes, new *Chunga*.

New *Chunga*? Well, I knew there was a new *Chunga* in the works somewhere, but there had been no sign of it on these shores, and aside from James nobody else had mentioned receiving a copy. Bloody hell, I thought, it has come to this. Once upon a time we'd have been telling James about the hot new fanzines. Hey, James, I would say, I've got this new issue of *Fungal Trouser Spinach* from some guy in Wichita Falls and he mentions your TAFF trip, and James would look back at me with a typical Baconian expression which is three-eighths wry amusement at all this truf business and five-eighths smug satisfaction arising from the successful conclusion of a

meeting in a pub somewhere with a bloke who's selling a quantity of old Warsaw Pact-era Soviet tanks at a very reasonable price. That was then. Now — *now* — James is telling us. He gets the express delivery; our copy — if indeed we were to get one at all — would probably be mailed out along with those for the people that you actually suspect might be dead. (It did in fact arrive shortly afterwards. We are not dead, I feel I should clarify.)

Still, James is nothing if not magnanimous. He kindly allowed me to look at his copy of *Chunga*. Nice issue. Bloody good, in fact. Oooh, and it reviews us too. And the best thing in our issue #23 is... James Bacon. I sensed a pattern forming.

I was pleased to see some Worldcon coverage this time around, although I suspect some people will view it as so *dated* as to be prehistoric. We're now in an era where we expect to be deluged with immediate post-convention — or even at-con — analysis and anecdote, and where it seems to be assumed that everybody will have lost interest in the subject within a couple of days of it happening. I'm reminded of the last night of the second Plokta. con which was the first time I encountered the slightly odd community activity of sitting around watching a photographic slideshow of the things we'd been doing often as long ago as forty-eight hours previously.

'Post-fanzine' is a nice way of seeing the Teledudonic approach; indeed it seems not only post- but actively anti-fanzine although it does have a keen sense of fan history. It's often said that each generation is firmly of the opinion that it invented sex, and the Teledu crowd seem equally clear that they invented fun, something which they've even traced back to its origin in 1984 (it was between the release of the cassette audiobook of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and the first CD issue of the Beatles album, apparently). And perhaps they're not all that post- fanzine as chief Teledude Chris Tregenza has actually written a fanzine article promoting the convention. Well, I hear that he has. The publishing editors — Claire and I — haven't actually seen it yet, but James Bacon has and he tells us it's pretty good so that's all right then.

Andy: Mine's not an especially unique body or facial type, particularly in fandom and/or the British Isles, so I reckon I've got more than one doppelganger riding the train in your district. I'm not personally prepared to completely reject fan activity composed only on pdf or piped into my ears or jacked into my cerebrum as having no relation to fanzines, but it seems like we need to have a few examples of the

old-fashioned product just to show what our point of aesthetic origin is. When we reach the point where the people producing the hot new etherzines have never received a paper fanzine in the mail, then I think we will have lost something.

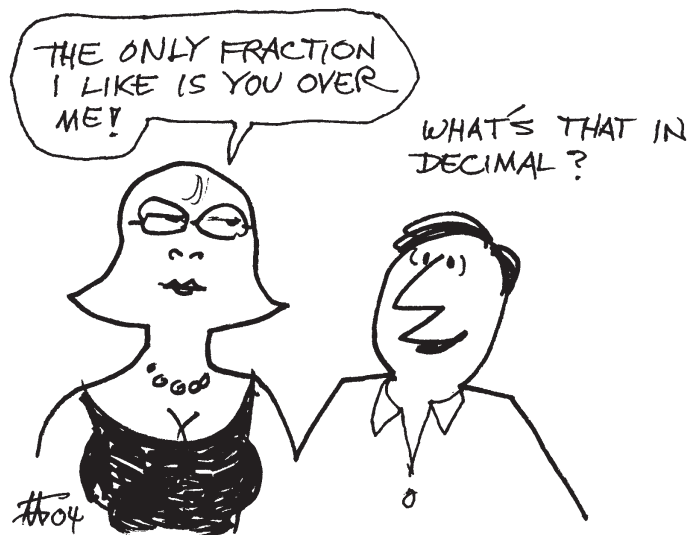
Andy Sawyer

Just wanted to say that I liked the museum piece — if I'm ever in Seattle (unlikely, I know) I'll look in at the SF Museum. (I *am* hoping to get to the Maison d'Ailleurs in Switzerland this summer.)

Good list of favourite museums. . . Though my own favourite has to be a small village museum in Germany where we wandered in out of the rain to find a collection of paintings and artifacts collected by the local priest including a whole bunch of things with the "Eye in a Pyramid" symbol all over them. "Bloody hell, it's the Bavarian Illuminati," I muttered. Then of course I realised that we *were* in Bavaria . . .

Peter Sullivan

Interesting article in *Chunga 11* about the SF Museum, especially where Andy talks about "Who chose the fossils?" and saying that modern museums make an effort to be more open about the decisions implicit in their displays, and who drove those decisions. Are you basically saying that your favourite



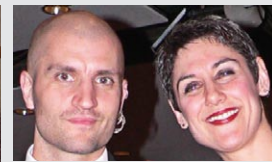
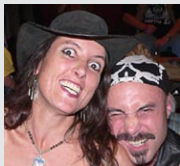
museums are fannish? Not necessarily in their subject matter, but in the way that they interact with their audience. In that it's not just the tale that matters, but the teller and the listener's personal relationship to the teller.

Andy: Yes, absolutely; the best museums are the most fannish in their theory and execution. The founding director of the museum is absolutely as worthy of a major exhibit as any movement or complex or era. The human element is an absolutely essential key to grasping what we know and why we know it.

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Dr. Plokta Chunga's key to Chunga 11



David "G" Hartwell; Sharee & Randy; la Plokta krew (immediately post-Hugo); Pickersgill, Edwards, Peyton; Uhlin, Bell, Lake; Cake, Hinz, Crockett; Miéville, Jesse; Mr Bacon, Lancaster; Ackroyd, Sorensen; Kaufman; de Liscard, She Who Must Not be Named; O'Neill; Tompkins, Woods, Warman; Wu.

CHUNG A



"Screw the Ring! One more Jehovah's Witness and it's goodbye Mordor, hello Shire!"