

# CHUNGA



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# CHUNGA

Life throws screwballs in at our hands, but *Chunga*, fandom's answer to George Sisler, is ready to squirt another dribbler through the hole. The double-play combination is Byers to Hooper to juarez, but everyone in our lineup can hit; see your scorecard below. Available by editorial whim or wistfulness, or, grudgingly, for \$3.50 for a single issue, but why not download the online edition at eFanzines.com instead. It's got even a bit more color. All correspondence should be addressed to 1013 North 36th Street, Seattle WA 98103. Editors: please send three copies of any zine for trade. Email: fanmailaph@aol.com, rbyers@u.washington.edu, and cjuarez@myrealbox.com. This fanzine supports the Bring Bruce Bayside Fund. Please vote!



## Issue 8, September 2004

Tanglewood <i>An editorial</i> .....	I
Vegrant Memories <i>by Arnie Katz</i> .....	2
The Haunted Corflu <i>by Andy Hooper</i> .....	5
Peer Groping on the Campaign Trail <i>by James Bacon</i> .....	11
American Squirm <i>by Ulrika O'Brien</i> .....	14
On <i>The Incompleat Gillespie</i> <i>by Mark Plummer</i> .....	18
The Iron Pig <i>A letter column</i> .....	20
Against the Sneers of Nothingness <i>by Randy Byers</i> .....	26
Rain City Tangler <i>by Ulrika O'Brien</i> .....	31

**Art Credits** in order of first appearance: **carl juarez** design, front cover, 1, 5 • **Stu Shiffman** 3 •

**Brad Foster** 4, 20 • **Ulrika O'Brien** 6, 8, 9 • **William Rotsler** 10, 17, 19 • **Craig Smith** 12 • **Alexis Gilliland** 13, 22, 30 •  
**Rob Hansen** 14, 16 • **Bill Kunkel** 15, 24 • **Jae Leslie Adams** 26-29 • **Georgie Schnobrich** back cover

**Our Contributors' Addresses:** **Jae Leslie Adams** 621 Spruce Street, Madison WI 53715 • **James Bacon** 211 Black Horse Avenue, Dublin 7 Ireland • **Randy Byers** 1013 North 36th, Seattle WA 98103 • **Brad Foster** P.O. Box 165246, Irving TX 75016 • **Alexis Gilliland** 4030 8th Street South, Arlington VA 22204 • **Andy Hooper (CoA)** 11032 30th Avenue Northeast, Seattle WA 98125 • **Arnie Katz** 330 South Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas NV 89107 • **Bill Kunkel** 289 Steelhead Lane, Apt. 202, Las Vegas NV 89110 • **Ulrika O'Brien** 18540 Northeast 58th Court, Unit L-1092, Redmond WA 98052 • **Mark Plummer** 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES, United Kingdom • **Georgie Schnobrich** 4718 West Cleveland Avenue, Milwaukee, WI 53219 • **Stu Shiffman** 8616 Linden Avenue North, Seattle WA 98103 • **Craig Smith** 10329 Meridian Avenue North A-103, Seattle WA 98133

# Tanglewood

Yet Another Maze of Twisty Little Passages

**T**his issue ends up braiding a number of hobbyhorse themes of yer editors, namely Corflu, fan funds, and fan history (or *pace* J. Nicholas, fan anecdotes). Andy reports on Corflu Blackjack — the latest edition of the fanzine con in Las Vegas — and Arnie Katz runs fanhistorical riffs off the anthology of Vegrant writing that Andy, carl and other Seattlites produced for the occasion. James Bacon explains his TAFF campaign strategy, while Mark Plummer plays the linchpin, touching on Mr. Bacon, British fanhistory, and the Bring Bruce Bayside Fund — a one-off fan fund that will bring Bruce Gillespie to next year's Corflu in San Francisco. Ulrika O'Brien contributes a segment of her long-awaited TAFF report, which happens to also be a conreport about the Leeds Corflu. Finally, I finish off the detailed itinerary of my own TAFF trip, which ends as I wait with Mark Plummer and Claire Brialey to fly to Corflu Badger in Madison.

Speaking of my TAFF report, it is probably time for me to reveal my intentions, show my cards, and get a load off my chest. John Hertz keeps writing "Your TAFF report?" on the back of envelopes of *Vanamonde*, so I know that he, at least, is wondering what I'm up to. Being a good postmodernist (which is so last century, I'm sure), I have abandoned any idea of delivering my story as a ~~totalizing~~ master narrative and will instead present an anthology of sorts. It will include the pieces "Why I Ran For TAFF," "The Shadow TAFF Report," and "Appendix Zed: Detailed Itinerary of a TAFF Trip," all of which have been published in *Chunga* (the latter in two parts). It will also include a long, rambling essay on the question "Does TAFF Still Have a Purpose?" which I will write Real Soon Now.

There aren't any clear standards for what makes a TAFF report, and in fact there hasn't even been a completed TAFF report on the North American side since Roy Tackett wrote a short account of his trip in the mid '70s. (As elsewhere, the Brits have bested the Yanks in this, and what's worse, we can't even mock their food anymore.) I have assumed that as long as what I wrote was moderately entertaining, showed some effort, and included at least one explicit sex scene, it would suffice. Now's the time to let me know if my plan is misconceived, ill-considered, blatantly egregious, or otherwise worthy of gaffiation.

—Randy

**S**tanley Kubrick once professed not to know what a reacharound was, and, likewise, we at *Chunga* tend to reserve our exclamations of pleasure for our many contributors. It's not unusual for us to edit praise, when it's directed at the editorial triumvirate, from the letters we publish (with occasional exceptions, of course).

See, *we* each get to read every bit of correspondence, even the envelopes, while stalwart allies like Craig Smith, Ulrika and Stu Shiffman largely get to hear from you through the mediation of these stately but space-limited columns. (Indeed, keeping issues to an affordable size is becoming quite the challenge, and I intermittently try to frighten A & R by suggesting we publish some little monthly thing to take up the slack. At this rate we'll be outsourcing what doesn't fit to Trufen.net, *Littlebrook*, or the revitalized *Steam Engine Time*.)

We're unusually blessed here in the verdant Pacific Northwest, home of some of the finest beer on the continent (in my opinion). I really can't imagine living anywhere else, unless it involves very large sums of money, broadband internet access, and hot and cold running surfpunks. Alas, Hollywood has collectively neglected to respond to my screenplay concerning the efforts of the undead to take over the world by writing Windows viruses, and therefore I (and you) are stuck here for the foreseeable future. So play ball!

—carl

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Where's Andy?  
See page 13.



# Vegrant Memories

by Arnie Katz

**F**andom has given me many special moments and golden memories. Corflu Blackjack, held in Las Vegas, NV, March 19–21, provided several that I will treasure forever, assuming that limitations of short-term memory will not make me forget them before the end of this article.

One of the most amazing things happened on Thursday evening, when Corflu Blackjack's early arrivals joined the Vegrants (the Wilsons, the Formans, Tom Springer, Karl Kreder, Joyce and I) who'd already burst into full Corflu mode two-to-three days earlier. Andy Hooper sidled up to me and revealed in a whisper that about eight Seattle fans under his direction had produced a *Wild Heirs* anthology!

I was stunned that anyone, even my dear and close friend Andy Hooper, would do something like this. The revelation took on a surreal quality, though, when Andy began apologizing for not asking for reprint permission! Who knows what terrifying fannish traumas inspired such a *mea culpa*? (I wish D. West had hugged me gratefully, like I did Andy, when time pressure forced us to reprint one of his pieces for the Fanthology we distributed at Corflu Vegas.)

My initial reaction was entirely favorable, but my first sight of the publication dwarfed that joy by several orders of magnitude. What a marvelous volume! The brilliantly chosen selection of items, including *three* by me, the outstanding graphics and repro, the charming Stu Shiffman cover... Unbounded faanish love poured out of me to Andy and to the wonderful volunteers who helped him complete this two-week miracle. (Yes, even you, Ulrika, *mon petit chou*.)

I would like to tell you that I immediately retreated to my hotel room where I stayed until

I had read every syllable of *How Green Was My Vegrant*. And I would probably have told you that if my famed strict adherence to reportorial accuracy didn't force me to admit that I usually save fanzines received at conventions, especially Corflu, to fight the post-con letdown caused by separation from so many buddies.

This time, I broke that longstanding rule. I re-read "That Old Fannish Line." It seemed somehow fitting that, in a scene parallel to one Francis Town-er Laney describes in *Ah! Sweet Idiocy!* I became so engrossed in my own prose, and in the memories it evoked of Bill Rotsler (who illustrated the original), that my feet fell asleep! I sat there, tears in my eyes and numbness below the knees.

So it wasn't until Monday evening, when Su Williams headed for the airport with Ted White, Catherine Crockett and Colin Hinz that I delved into the volume in earnest and discovered Andy Hooper's outstanding introductory essay. Putting all direct quotes from me in red might have made it more egoboosting, but other than that, I don't think Andy could've contrived a more fulsome tribute.

Andy's view of Las Vegrants is as perceptive as one would expect from the source. His theories, hypotheses and analyses are amazingly on target for someone who wasn't right there and in the thick of things. The only glaring mistake, in fact, is that Andy didn't fully understand that we wrote about him because he was our favorite. We'd have dunked his ponytail in the inkwell if we could've.

One of Las Vegas' significant lacks as a fan center is the total absence of previous fan generations. There were no senior BNFs and Elder Ghods to connect with our gang of eager newcomers. With consummate resourcefulness, Las Vegrants decided that if we didn't have fancestors, we'd have to reach

out and adopt some.

This wasn't exactly a conscious decision and it didn't come solely from Joyce and me, either. But we saw the process start to unfold and helped it along by providing background info, occasions for more contact and maybe a little nudge in the directions we thought likely to best serve the our fan community fan community.

So Las Vegrants adopted Jack Speer, Art Widner, Chuch Harris and Ted White. A little later, Bill Rotsler, Charles Burbee and Cora Burbee became, in effect, active members of the Vegrants. We even named our fanzine *Wild Heirs* in homage to the LA Insurgents' *Wild Hair* and produced the first two issues in much the same way Burbee, Laney, Rotsler and the boys did it nearly four decades earlier.

At the same time as Las Vegrants were growing their faanish roots, we also knew it was vital to find kindred spirits in other parts of fanzine fandom outside Las Vegas. A fandom needs heroes, but it also needs friends.

We quickly forged links with Rob Hansen, rich brown, Ray Nelson and Robert Lichtman. Oh, and a couple of guys from Seattle named Victor Gonzalez and Andy Hooper. We took fanzine fandom's Odd Couple to our hearts. And once they had our hearts, could our articles and faan fiction be far behind?

No, they couldn't. And, no, they weren't. That was the way Joyce and I hoped it would work, because writing about your fan friends is a cornerstone of the humanistic faanishness we had in mind for *Wild Heirs*.

Many fans have speculated about why *WH* had 23 editors. Ridiculous as it may have seemed, the crowded editorial masthead served several valuable purposes. First and foremost, it conferred a little egoboosting status on a lot of people who helped



make *WH*. Few Vegrants were ready to produce a fanzine, or even a major part of one, when we did *Wild Heirs* #1. Aware of the gulf of skill and experience that separated most Vegrants from the fans they admired, they were understandably reluctant to widen that gap by plunging into fanzining before they were ready to do it right.

The over-populated masthead also avoided the misperception that *Wild Heirs* was the product only of the fans in Vegas who had already made their mark in fanzine fandom. It would have been a far bumpier road without Ross Chamberlain and crusty ol' Bill Kunkel, but the rising generation of Las Vegrants provided much of the basis for the fanzine's success.

Giving Vegrants equal status on the masthead made some club members feel good about putting in all that work, better than they might've if a few of us had grabbed all the credit for themselves. *Wild Heirs* came into being because of the vibrant local fan scene in LV and we wanted everyone to know that a team of friends, not one guy, was responsible.

Part of the reason we started *Wild Heirs*, and most of the other things we tried, was to give Vegrants a chance to sample as many types of fanac as possible without feeling that they would fail and look ridiculous. By making everyone an editor, we all hung on the same hook. It made it easier, somehow, for folks to get acclimated by assuming limited responsibility for various aspects of the fanzine.

I made as few of the editorial decisions as practical. I made most of them in the first few issues and gradually loosened the reins as others gained confidence. I was editor-in-chief the whole way, but Ken Forman, Tom Springer and others soon took over major responsibilities like editing the letters so the rest of us could add our comments.

Although the group often turned to me to make the final decisions on major matters affecting *WH*, this generally occurred only after everyone voiced their opinions and we kicked it around over one of

Joyce's famous food-laden tables or a cheerily glowing pipe.

Our "training wheels" strategy worked very well; so well that I have since co-edited fanzines with two of the Vegrants (Tom Springer on *Baloney* and Ken Forman on *crifanac*) and have launched a new collaboration with many of the same people, *Crazy from the Heat*.

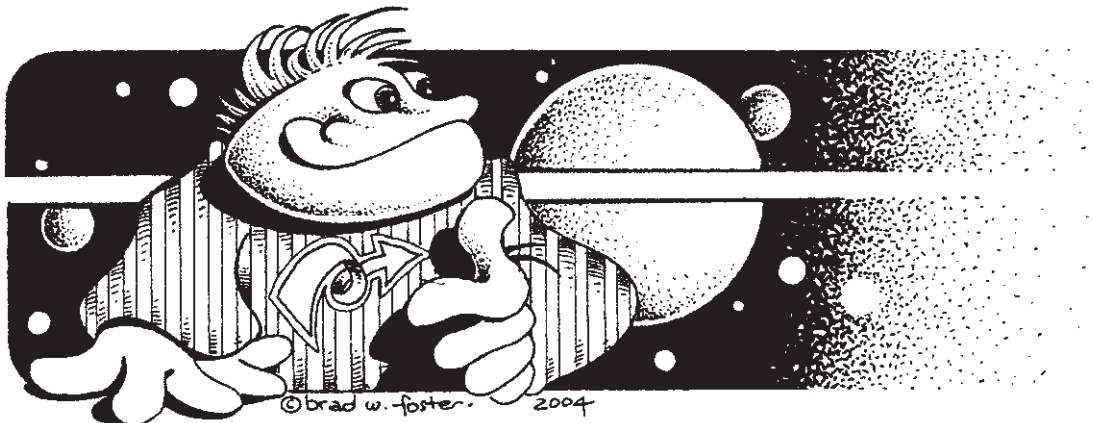
Las Vegrants was not then, nor has it become, a battlefield for fan politics. I think Vegasites took their cue from my obvious distaste for such machinations and the fact that Joyce and I did not, in any sense, ever contest Ken and Aileen Forman's leadership of local fandom.

That would have been absurd, as well as self-defeating. So much of what Las Vegrants have accomplished is due to Ken and Aileen. Fanzine fandom would've made very little headway without their unflagging loyalty and support.

Las Vegrants is the way it is because that's what Joyce and I set out to make it. We drew upon our experience. It doesn't take a master fanhistorian to see the links that connect Las Vegrants to the Brooklyn Insurgents of the 1970s and St. Louis' Saturday People of the late 1960s. Of course, both of those invitational, informal fanzine fan groups owe their philosophy to the Fanoclasts of the 1960s.

As Andy indicated in his introduction to the anthology, Las Vegrants has experienced a *diaspora*. As much as we miss our expatriate Vegrants, it is comforting to know that we are building a network of alumni and fellow travelers that may someday rival the incredible Fanoclast Group Mind in its impact on fanzine fandom.

Yet Las Vegrants doesn't rivet its collective gaze on the past and pine for the old days. We are beginning to bring forward a new generation of fans. It is too soon to tell whether they will equal the magical band of trufen that Andy and his comrades have honored with their fine publication. We are all hopeful, but only time will tell if the next Corflu in Glitter City will celebrate *their* achievements. ✨



# The Haunted Corflu



by Andy Hooper

**F**andom is full of paradoxes. Why don't fans talk or write about science fiction in science fiction fanzines? Why do we travel hundreds of miles to attend a convention, only to hang around with fans from our hometown club? Why is it that events with the greatest degree of organization, such as the Worldcon, turn into storms of fannish chaos, while supposedly anarchic relaxicons run with smooth precision? The longer you dwell in fandom, the less comfortable you are with your assumptions about its nature, and the greater its capacity to croggle and amaze you.

We went back to Las Vegas, Nevada in March of 2004, to take in Corflu, the fanzine fans' convention. Corflu, with its emphasis on remembrance, timebinding and conservation of fannish resources, has always seemed like an odd fit for glittering Las Vegas, but we've now held two memorable editions of the convention there. This year's Corflu 21, aka Corflu Blackjack, was one of my favorites to date. The mix of fans was excellent, the venue familiar, and the observance of Corflu tradition just about letter-perfect.

Ken Forman and Ben Wilson were the nominal leaders of the con, but many Vegas fans, including some that don't live there anymore, made major contributions. Aileen Forman and Kathi Wilson put in most of the work that kept us well fed for the balance of the weekend. Alan White created the gorgeous art that decorated the program book and convention t-shirt. And Arnie and Joyce Katz, heart and soul of Las Vegas fandom, were inevitably involved. One thing they volunteered to do was

supervise the Fan Activity Achievement awards, which they reintroduced to fandom themselves on the occasion of the previous Vegas Corflu. So it was perfectly appropriate for them to take an interest in the awards again. But having missed the previous three Corflus, they were unaware of the plan ratified at Corflu 20, to rename the "Best Letterhack" award after the late Harry Warner Jr., and chose to eliminate it instead.

This came as a surprise to me, but at least it confirmed that the awards would be presented at Corflu again. It seemed like the prospects for a Corflu Fanthology were less rosy. Ken asked me to edit one in early December of 2003, but neither of us followed up until less than a month before the convention. It was clearly too late to put together a large annual fanthology at that point, and Ken seemed relieved not to have to find room for it in his convention budget. We agreed to table the project. Still, I just felt like Corflu *needed* a big fanzine stuffed in the registration packet, and we hadn't had one for the past three years. And after the idea came to me, I couldn't chase it out of my head: an anthology of material from Las Vegas Fandom's greatest fanzine, *Wild Heirs*. Then the title swam out of the aether at me as well: *How Green Was My Vagrant?* I thought it would be nice to honor the Vagrants with such a collection, but I also admit that some portion of me was torqued off at Ken for failing to contact me earlier, and thought: "I'll show him!"

Through the combined efforts of a half dozen Seattle fans, my rash plan went from concept to

print in 14 short days. Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins provided the run of *Wild Heirs* for inspection, and helped re-key some of the articles. Ulrika O'Brien, Carrie Root and Craig Steed also helped type in the passages I selected. Randy Byers applied his cool proofreading eye and caught dozens of hasty typos. Stu Shiffman came up with an original cover illustration in record time, and Carl Juarez designed and executed the layout of the zine. And since I instigated the whole project, I ended up paying for it, which means that Carrie Root ended up paying for it as well. But the whole thing cost only a bit more than an issue of *Chunga*, and we thankfully didn't have to pay to mail it anywhere. We even managed to keep it a secret until just a day or two before the convention, when I confessed it all to Ken just to make sure that we hadn't by coincidence duplicated someone else's idea. I just hoped that the various contributors wouldn't be too upset that we had not asked permission to

reprint their material. Once we got the fanzine to Vegas and saw the delight it inspired, I was secretly pleased to have gone through the exertion of the project, and happy Ken had failed to pursue the original project.

Which is just another example of how perversion makes the world go around.

**T**raveling to Las Vegas was about as easy as one could imagine it being, but it was still a tense process, with the emotional exhaustion of a two-day car trip packed into about six hours. We scurried hither and yon trying to find the shuttle bus in Las Vegas, with back-bending bags of fanzines on each shoulder.

Finally unburdened, Carrie and I both collapsed in the hotel, and rested for all of 30 minutes before venturing out to search for other fans. As exhausted as we both felt, we couldn't wait to meet up with our fannish friends, and went directly to the hospitality suite on the 24th floor. And as soon as the door opened, all the worry and work leading up to the weekend fell away from my mind and I was saying hello again to the likes of Robert Lichtman, Bill Kunkel and Tom Springer, and the party was underway before anyone really noticed. Arnie and Joyce appeared from their room one floor below, and then a steady stream of early-arriving fans circulated in and out of the conversation. Aileen Forman and Kathi Wilson arrived with a half-ton of supplies and started doing wonderful things with them; in the tradition of every Corflu to date, the people in charge of stocking the con suite were the real heroes of the weekend. When Ken and Ben returned from the airport with Ted White in tow, it seemed like the convention picked right up where it had left off, sometime Monday morning of Corflu Badger in Madison last year.

Eventually, we got so hungry that we had to find something to eat; Carrie and I went forth with Moshe Feder and Lise Eisenberg to the Union Station buffet just a block down from the Plaza. Back at the hotel, my full stomach mitigated the nerves I felt as I unveiled *How Green Was My Vagrant?* for the approval of Arnie, Ken, Joyce and others. Happily, no one seemed concerned by my failure to ask permission before publishing it, and it was duly stuffed into the registration packet.

The zine is illustrated with a lot of art that also appeared in *Wild Heirs*, most of it by the late Bill Rotsler. As people opened it and paged through the 48 pages, they almost all stopped and lingered over one or more pieces of Bill's art and many actually sighed at the site of his long-nosed characters holding forth about love, fandom and LoCs by Harry





Warner Jr. That was the first time that the spirit of people who had been at the first Vegas Corflu, and Silvercon II, and Toner, but are no longer living, made themselves palpably known at Corflu Blackjack, and far from the last.

**A**rnie Katz thought the introduction to *How Green Was My Vagrant?* made it sound as though he had died, but I never intended to create that impression. His situation seems more analogous to someone whose kids have grown up and moved away, because the Formans and Wilsons in particular seem very much like Arnie and Joyce's fannish offspring, and they have moved from Las Vegas to Southern California. I think these roles suggest themselves to us whenever we become friends with people from a different generation, and the Katzes have never been reluctant to be mentors as well as pals to the rest of Vegas fandom. This is one of the reasons why Corflu Blackjack had a particularly intense "family reunion" vibration to it this year. The core population of the Vegrants, those Vegas fans most interested in fanzines and fan history, were getting to see one another for the first long convention weekend since the 2002 Westercon. The 1995 Corflu committee, on the other hand, saw each other on a weekly basis, which just made for a different kind of convention.

Friday was in many ways Ken Forman's day, as he lead about 60% of the convention population on a nature hike along the lower reaches of the Las Vegas river. A fleet of 6 cars took 30+ of us several miles south of the city proper, and we followed a series of well-paved paths that wound around the main drainage for the entire city of Las Vegas. Once we realized that the water carried away the effluvia of the entire city, the post-sewage odor became much easier to understand, but it was still very impressive to see how much volume was on its way to Lake Meade on the other side of the mesa in front of us.

Ken shared a variety of interesting facts about the flora and fauna of the desert, as well as the role of the local springs in the creation of Las Vegas. It's always fun to listen to Ken deliver a lecture, but he seemed to be in particularly fine form that day. By this time, the bulk of the fans coming to the convention were already present and they seemed like quite a throng, particularly when herded out into the heat. I now find it impossible to recall which fans were actually on the walk, and which new faces had arrived at the convention by the time we returned to the hotel. But I know that I had my first conversations of the weekend with Art Widner, Bill

Burns, Billy Pettit, Hope Leibowitz, George Flynn, Ian Sorenson, Spike Parsons, Tom Becker and Earl Kemp on Friday afternoon. I have distinct memories of the black-clad Catherine Crockett and Colin Hinz braving the desert heat with us, fair warning that the two of them were up for just about anything the weekend had to offer.

Back at the hotel, I had two major projects for the weekend that I was still concerned with, fund raising for the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, and casting and rehearsing a new play before Saturday evening. Carrie provided a lot of help by creating some kind of visual representation of all the characters in the play. These we glued onto tongue depressors, and the actors held them up like little signs while they were reading to indicate who they were supposed to be. Finding a cast was easier than it has been in previous years; there were several fans excited enough to volunteer, and I always want to use Leny Bailes and Aileen Forman when I can, because they bring a lot of energy to their roles. Even those cast members who had to be talked into performing, like Robert Lichtman and Steve Stiles, seemed to have a great time and did a great job reading their parts.

The TAFF auction was a more complicated issue. The con committee apparently budgeted for a certain amount of income from the live auction, and really couldn't afford to share the proceeds with TAFF, DUFF or GUFF. But I didn't feel like I could let the issue go, because of the promise I'd made to Dan Steffan at Corflu Badger. Dan brought a big file of rather wonderful fanzines that belonged to his late friend Terry Hughes to Madison with intention of auctioning them off for the benefit of TAFF. But we didn't have a "live" fanzine auction scheduled for Corflu Badger. I persuaded him to let me put a few of Terry's fanzines out for a silent table auction, and promised I would auction the rest in Las Vegas in 2004. I reminded him of the great auctions we'd had at Silvercon and Corflu Vegas; surely Vegas fandom would want those issues of Terry Carr's *Lighthouse*, Walt Willis' *Hyphen* (and *Slant!*), and Boyd Raeburn's *A Bas*?

I'll also admit that after toting the brick of fanzines around on my shoulder for half of Thursday, I simply didn't intend to take them back to Seattle with me. I arrived with the plan to do another "table" auction already in place, and Ken was happy to give me the tables and let me get to work; I arrived in the program room to see Richard Brandt unpacking 8 huge boxes of old fanzines on the tables I was supposed to use. I thought that Richard was setting out the Mother of all Freebie Tables, but it turned out that he was *selling off* his

## Afterthoughts on the Vegrants fanthology

Several months out from the completion of *How Green Was My Vagrant*, I'm still really pleased that we completed it and distributed to the members of Corflu Blackjack. I've had a few questions about the choice of articles from fans who pointed out pieces that they enjoyed more when originally published by the Vegrants. My reply is that I rather hoped that there were many unmined gems in the pages of *Wild Heirs*, and that it would be possible to do a second volume, or more, of writing by Las Vegas Fandom and their co-conspirators in the future. Some of the pieces I chose, like Arnie's fanfiction about the MechaRotsler, were my personal favorites, but others were added because I was trying to capture some of the chemistry of the group, and liked the way they went together. Some stories – I have in mind the articles by Ben Wilson and Ross Chamberlain – offered unique personal background material that you can't find elsewhere.

My only regret is that the anthology proved so punishingly expensive to print that I really can't contemplate doing a second edition in the near future. In order to redress that issue, I plan to ask Bill Burns at eFanzines.com if he'll host the PDF file for us; by the time you read this, it may already be online.

–Andy

collection. But then the hotel staff brought more tables, and Robert Lichtman offered some very choice morsels for auction on “my” tables. And then Richard himself began offering the cream of his collection to both my auction and the impending live auction for the benefit of Corflu, so how could I be mad at him? But I’ve spent 25 years in fandom, listening to old wise fen tell me that it is improper to *sell* the fanzines that your friends have sent you *gratis* for *filthy money*. I was raised to believe it is a barely acceptable practice when it benefits a charitable endeavor, but actually quite unconscionable when the money goes straight into your own pocket.

I offered this opinion to Richard in a loud voice, and he looked me straight in the eye and said he needed the damn money. I smiled and told him I wanted the copy of *Fanthology 64* I saw in the front of his box. And thereby the balance of fanzine cargo, hitherto entirely outgoing to this point of the

trip, began to tilt back toward refilling all the bags Carrie and I had just emptied of their contents. I was particularly pleased on Sunday when I ended up paying him to get back the run of *Apparatchik* that Carl, Victor and I sent him in the 1990s. Half-way through the transaction, his conscience nipped at him and he offered to give them to me for free; “No,” I said gleefully, “you said you needed the freaking money, and the irony of this delights me.” I peeled off a twenty; “Besides, I’m only giving you a *quarter an issue*.”

Between us, we created a kind of defacto exhibit area for the convention, and most attendees took time to browse our tables. All the items for the live fanzine auction were laid on tables for preview as well; we more or less filled the back half of the big function room. Robert Lichtman darted between the two of us, managing the deployment of his treasures and providing valuable advice about titles, contents, editors, contributors and even passed

judgment on the occasional minimum bid. Seeing that Robert, the dharmabum of fanzine fandom, has become a part-time fanzine broker, made me lose my remaining squeamishness about selling fanzines, and I happily chortled as I added up the minimum bids to see that we’d earn at least \$450.00 for TAFF and GUFF from the table.

That was when I saw Rotsler’s ghost myself for the first time.

Oh, I don’t mean I really had a paranormal experience with the spirit of Bill Rotsler. I just looked over at the white-haired form of Billy Pettit as he read the contents of one of the fanzines from Richard’s table. I mentally superimposed the image of Rotsler, wearing a black, red and blue Hawaiian shirt, decorating the china at Silvercon, and quietly freaked out. My *play* was all about dead people too; in fact, it was 50% written by dead people. What kind of Voodoo did I do?



**T**he opening ceremonies were a combination of a puppet show and a Friars' Club roast, much of it at Ben Wilson's good-natured sufferance. By now, even late-arriving or rising Britfans (Lilian Edwards and her Andrew Duckett, plus Julia Daly and Sandra Bond) had joined the convention, and we enjoyed a light meal in the "Turf Club," a cluster of tables and chairs conveniently located directly outside the program room. The important business of the evening, the random selection of the Guest of Honor, was an occasion for chaos, as there had been no attempt to limit the field to people actually present at the event. After selecting two members who did not actually arrive, we pulled Ted White's name out of the hat, and immediately set him to worrying about what to do at the Sunday morning brunch.

Once that issue grips you, it apparently doesn't want to let go. The party raved on for another six hours or so, and at the end of it, Bill Bodden, Ted and I crossed the street for a late night meal at the Golden Gate Casino's diner, home of the famous shrimp cocktail that made such an impression at previous Las Vegas conventions. Ted pondered what to talk about in his GoH speech as our own conversation wound around dead fans, dead companies and dead musicians until well after 3 AM.

I spent most of Saturday thinking about my play, *Futurama 3004 AD*. There were other programs, including a trivia contest in which the audience had to guess which of the panelists would be able to answer trivia questions derived from facts in Harry Warner's *All Our Yesterdays* and *A Wealth of Fable*. The winner, Ron Pehr, predicted that the panel would miss all of the questions, and he had the best percentage of correct predictions as a result. To be fair, Sandra Bond impressed us all by knowing more fanzine history than several fans approaching twice her age and tenure in the hobby.

Arnie Katz, Jerry Kaufman and myself were allowed the fun of being auctioneers in the "live" fanzine auction, and we were happy to raise nearly \$1,500 on the sale of old fanzines, books, T-shirts, and cheap hotel china lovingly decorated by fan artists at Toner in 1996. The prize of the auction was donated by Richard Brandt: A copy of *Fancy-clopedia II*, bound in faux red leather and bearing the signature of its original owner, Bob Tucker. As Arnie introduced it to the crowd, the work's author, Jack Speer, shocked a number of attendees by piping up from the front row in response to a question about some fact of publication. He'd been at the convention all day, but many fans were unaware of his presence.



I thought Ken and Ben made a major breakthrough by finding time for both a play rehearsal in the afternoon, and more than an hour for everyone—including the cast—to eat dinner. The premise of the play—"so complicated, and yet so stupid"—is that the Planet Express crew is hired to recover a quintet of 20th Century fanzine fans, who live on 1000 years after their birth as disembodied heads in jars, a common device on the animated series *Futurama*. I think the play was still funny to people who were not familiar with Matt Groening's "other" TV series, but it was more fun if you knew the characters. All the dialogue spoken by the five fans was adapted from their written work, a form of pastiche commonly known as a "Derogation," although I really had little derogatory intent toward my subjects. Terry Carr, Frances Towner Laney, Harry Warner Jr., Walt Willis and Susan Wood are brought together for the pleasure of Lur, the ruler of planet Omicron Perseid VIII, who wants to use their abilities to attract fans to his Worldcon bid—the Omnicronklave! Marty Cantor has kindly agreed to publish the play in the next issue of his fanzine *No Award*, so write to him if you want to see a copy of the script.

The play moved briskly, and was over in 50 minutes; the perfect length for the attention span of the group, it sent people away giggling to the party suite. With midnight a few hours away, the conversation turned to the subject of the FAAn awards. The handsome ballot box decorated by Alan White was quite full by the end of the evening. I thought I knew at least two of the winners already; the buzz for Robert Lichtman's fanzine *Trap Door*, and Gordon Eklund's time-traveling faan-novella in TD #22 was deafening.

Because I enjoy that sort of thing, Ken and Ben agreed to let me and Carrie help with the tabulation of the votes, and we repaired to Ken and Aileen's room overlooking Fremont Street. *Trap Door* was indeed Best Fanzine (*Chunga* was second), and Gordon Eklund the Best Fan Writer (I came second!). The Best Fan Artist was Steve Stiles for the second year running, and Dan Steffan was again second. Pete Young, creator of the Nova-winning fanzine *Zoo Nation*, was voted Best New

Fan. And I ended winning the award as “Best Fan Humorist,” beating Arnie Katz by one point! I took it as an endorsement for the play and the performances of the actors — people were already imitating the ruler of Omicron Perseid VIII by informing one another that various things were “the will of LUR!”

**T**he Sunday morning brunch was a nice surprise; everything was hot, fresh, and tasted good. And there were numerous diversions to focus on, such as enjoying the presentation of the FAAn awards, including two special awards: to Bill Burns, for all his work on eFanzines.com, and to Tracy Benton, for taking charge of the permanent Corflu website, Corflu.org. After the awards were handed out, it was time to decide the Past President of the Fan Writers of America, or fwa, for 2003. Ted White and I had previously discussed this, and agreed that I would nominate Arnie and Joyce, and then move for the closure of nominations; in practice, it went down like clockwork, and the two were unanimously acclaimed past presidents of fwa. They seemed genuinely stunned. But surrounded by other past-presidents, it was clear that the Katzes belonged in their ranks.

Ted White’s Guest of Honor speech was a tonic against some of the more dangerous effects of a Corflu weekend. Corflu energizes me and makes me dream of big fanzines and bigger mailing lists; Ted brought me back to Earth, with a recitation of his disappointment at the lack of response to his recent string of fanzine reviews. Published online and in several clubzines, Ted’s reviews were unstintingly positive, yet they have apparently failed to inspire a request for any of the fanzines on the strength of his praise.

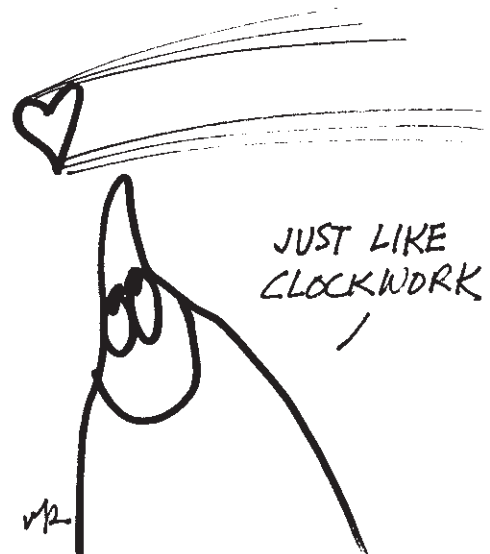
Admittedly, Ted was in a room full of people who agree that his opinions merit more attention, but even we felt that connecting fandom’s fading interest in fanzines with the shrinking and gray-ing ranks of Corflu attendees was a downer. But it was typical of Ted to bring his current beef before his friends at Corflu, and somehow more honest than gushing with love and warmth for fandom, as is more or less the accepted standard for Corflu speeches. And now he can relax and come to Corflu without any fear that he’ll be chosen Guest of Honor and have to think of something to talk about.

Tom Becker then offered to put on the next Corflu in the San Francisco bay area. We approved his proposal before he had the sense to retract it. This makes two “western” Corflus in a row, but we’ve never had an organized geographical rotation. I told Catherine Crockett that I think she should host

the first Canadian Corflu in Toronto, so maybe we’ll go back east in 2006.

I remember further conversation with a great number of fans, including Eric Lindsay and Jean Weber, Lauraine Tutihasi, and Raven and Ron Pehr. The big action on Sunday evening was provided by two luxurious dinner expeditions, one lead by Lilian Edwards, and the other by Linda and Ron Bushyager. Carrie and I were invited to attend both, but felt we didn’t want to spend 3 to 4 hours away from the convention, even in such august company. Lilian’s party, notably filled out by Spike Parsons, returned to the con suite well-illuminated by some very nice wines, and proceeded to sing for us their nominee for catch-phrase of the weekend, to wit: “We love the Moooooooonnnn!!!” If you point your web browser to [www.rathergood.com](http://www.rathergood.com), this will explain things so much better than I can here.

It was Marty Cantor, with his wizardly whiskers and pipe, who conjured the most powerful haunt of Corflu Blackjack. At the end of the Brunch, he made a few remarks about timebinding, and noted how great it was that Rotsler’s art was still such a big part of fanzine fandom even now that he’s been gone for more than five years. To prove that Bill’s generosity is ongoing, he dumped a huge envelope full of Rotsler’s unpublished art on a table at the front of the room, where it was quickly snapped up by gleeful fan editors. This overwhelmed at least one fan who felt that we were a trifle ghoulish in our zeal; but how Bill would have laughed to see us still dashing to grab handfull of his monkey heads and alien money! ✨



# Peer Groping on the Campaign Trail

by James Bacon

**I** will always feel instrumental in helping Tobes win TAFF in 2002. I gave him succour in his previous run and was gutted when he lost, but we rallied and he came through the next time. The web journal I set up for his trip is still there and I occasionally pop in to laugh.

Then last year at Novacon, Tobes mentioned it might be an idea to run. I first felt I was not known well enough in UK fandom, let alone US. But I thought I might give it a go, for the laugh. The other whispered contender at that stage was fan artist and Nova winner, Dave Hicks.

Now Dave is popular in the UK, and I heard Ted White's backing would give him a head start stateside. I assumed he was a shoo-in, and therefore I opted to run. Anders Holström was also interested, and I reckoned coming in third would be OK. Anders is obviously known in the UK and very active in Swedish and Nordic fandom. His frequent trips to Worldcon mean that he is known in the US, too.

News then came of Liam Proven's thoughts about running. Liam's very popular, a sort of biker dude fan. Liam would have added dimension to the race, but he thought only Anders was running. He chose not to run because he thought four candidates was too many, and didn't feel right running against me, us knowing each other so well. I was actually disappointed.

I received support from various corners, and took solace as it was put to me that such as Tobes and Peter Weston had also run and lost, but won at a later stage. With that in mind, I felt I walked among giants.

Dave Hicks seemed to hesitate, and then chose not to run either. That was hard news, as I was

sure he would have won. Later I heard it was good news because he was planning something more permanent in the way of a child.

UK nominations proved easy enough. Dave Langford, Yvonne Rowse and Claire Brialey are all well-known fans who know me well. It was tougher in North America. I asked a couple of Americans, but found they'd already given their support to Anders. Tracy Benton kindly nominated me, and Sproutlore member Dave Baker from Detroit also stepped up. I wrote my platform and the race was on.

I felt sure to lose, so I didn't go mad or anything. I calmly waited and wondered.

This lasted about five minutes.

Then I realised that I am running for TAFF, and although I am going to lose, I should at least give Anders a run for his money.

## Irish-Swedish connections

Unknown to most, there is a strong connection between Swedish and Irish fandom, stronger than with any other mainland European nation. This began with Ylva Spangberg's trip to Ireland for Octocon, in the mid-'90s. She is a professional translator, and made great contacts here. Soon Ylva was bringing colleagues and fans over to Ireland. We met a few, and at one stage Stefan Lancaster and I were even invited over as fan-guests to a con in Stockholm. (We couldn't go though.)

This continued as we met Swedish fans at East-con, and several Anderses turned up with Ylva at cons I ran in the UK. Our connection strengthened, and there came talk of a Swedo-Irish fan fund, but that never got further than long chats in bars. And don't forget all the SEX.

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James' TAFF website, All Quiet on the Noreastern Front, may be found at [www.lostcarpark.com/taff/](http://www.lostcarpark.com/taff/)



### Yes, SEX

I have found that sometimes — only occasionally — SEX occurs at conventions. I know this may shock some of you, but it does. It's easier to have sex with someone you won't see next week — well, so I am told. Swedish fans have often had sex with Irish fans, and this has somewhat glued the friendships, as only man glue can. That's important, as it's always been good for those involved. I must admit though that this Mick has never been with a Swede.

All these strong connections meant that I certainly knew who Anders was. This was mostly because he tried to kiss me while I was asleep and half-pissed at a Norwegian party at an Eastercon (aren't them lads fecking brilliant, the girls are mad, the fellas dole out beer, partly Irish I reckon), which was a funny way to meet a fellow fan. I woke up and nearly bludgeoned him, but that was okay. Later I became the live action Buckaroo, as people stacked beer cans on my head. Good party.

**S**o I knew Anders. He is a decent, hard-working, well-known fan, and I reckoned the ultimate winner.

So as I sat at home drinking coffee, I knew I'd have to get the finger out (not out of a Swede, mind) and make an effort. I would be letting down the nominators if I didn't, and I dreaded getting six votes. I needed an excuse to do another issue of *Earisheen*, and this was good enough. So I produced a fanzine and sent it out into the world, with a letter and a ballot therein.

Then I went to a Sproutlore gathering in April. The thing about Sproutlore is that although there are maybe 400 members, the active ones would be recognisable in UK fandom. It's a good crossover. I touted myself around, pressing the flesh. Here's how it goes...

'How are ya, good to see ya, hows tings, grand. Did ya know I was running for this fecking taff ting, yeah, mad, I know, but sure the Swedish fella will win it, I haven't a bleedin chance at all, but would you like to vote anyhow, you would, sound, its gonna cost ya two quid, don't be a mean bastard all your life, but sure, it's a holiday in the states for Anders, dodgy geezer, and ye all get rid of me for a couple of weeks if I were to win, feck off what do you mean, a one way ticket you bollix ya, are you active, I dunno, are you putting it out, how would I know, oh, you mean the form, er, how long, right, have you been to many events, grand, sure that's active then, no you can't put Tobes down as the person who knows you, sure he knows you well from the time he tried to shag you years ago, no, numbers, not a feckin X, bloody hell, OK OK that's grand, spot on, thanks a million, what, you reckon, OK OK, I'll post it then, no bother, thanks a million, yes yes, I'll drop me trousers, show the septics, grand, thanks.'

And so it went.

I got a good few votes, but one or two people gave me the look that asked, "How do I tell him I am going for Anders?" I was cool, though; knowing I was going to lose was a freedom. I had made my goal to get ballots and money in, and it didn't matter if the votes were for me.

I then did similar at our own Dublin Sci-Fi Club, and more votes came in.

Then to Eastercon in Blackpool, where Anders worked the crowds, made an effort to be part of the masquerade and get noticed. I could feel the blood rising, sure I had to put up a fight. His efforts encouraged me to pester, hassle, and plead, and in the case of ladies, to kiss, hold, hug and cop a feel. Ah, yes all in the name of fandom, I love it.

We both got votes. Some people voted no preference, I saw one person toss a coin, it was fun. I handed cash and ballots over to Tobes, and he mentioned that votes were coming in strong from

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**Sproutlore** is The Now Official Robert Rankin Fanclub. James Bacon is the main force behind the club. It's a very cynical grouping for a Fanclub and they publish a sort of quarterly zine, yet refuse to publish sycophantic fan-fiction. Sproutlore have held events and conventions since 1997 attracting the fun and weirder end of British and Irish fandom.

the post. I was tempted to ask my old friend what the situation was, but I wouldn't do that to him. I know him as a man of honour, and anyhow, it didn't matter, mostly.

That left Convivial, a Victorian SF Fun convention in Glasgow at the end of May, and bloody good it was too. I hadn't expected to see Anders there, and again he was pushing hard for votes, so I did too. Well, I tried, as I was busy gambling a lot and drinking and cavorting, so I did a bit.

Ballots were handed to Mark Plummer to be passed to Tobes, and as I went home, my friend Mick asked me if I thought I had a chance. I looked at him and as he saw my eyes he said, 'Well, you could go again, and it is a laugh. You seem to enjoy the hustings at least.'

It was fun. Usually I lobby committees to allow me to do something, but actually going up and asking for a vote was a bit of fun, mostly because it didn't matter, and it was an interesting way to start a conversation.

Then last weekend, while at Bar-B-Q in James Shields', Tobes rang. I had forgotten about TAFF nearly, as I had been working and enjoying good company that weekend, and he told me I had won. I was very happy indeed, but woefully surprised.

I was even more surprised when I heard that 214 people voted. That's more than would attend a con-



vention in the UK ('bout 140) and I hope an indication of interest.

Then I realised I had won, and now I am shitting myself. It's a serious deal, and I am looking forward to it. I have had a couple of invites which I welcome, and hope to travel around the East Coast mainly, visiting groups and clubs either side of the con, suggestions welcomed.

I hope to get involved somehow at Worldcon, and will volunteer anyhow, and I have ideas for a website and ideas for a Worldcronicom, which may not happen, but sure I'll give it a lash. Just like the TAFF Ting.

Many thanks, I hope to see you there. ✨

## A Stray Editorial

**I've had little to do with this issue of *Chunga* beyond** contributing my own article, but for once I have a decent excuse: after living for 12 years in the same 2-bedroom apartment, Carrie and I have finally bought a house and moved. We're now living on the Northeast side of Seattle, not far from Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins. Eighteen years after we first attended one, we're finally going to host Vanguard, our fan group's monthly get together, on the first Saturday in October. Reading about all the fannish parties and conventions covered by the writers in this issue makes me all the more eager to see our friends here and enjoying themselves soon!

Of course, after taking nearly two decades to reach this point, I'm also acutely aware that a number of former Vanguard habitués will not be able to attend the party, because they have gafiated, moved away, or even passed away. We recently got word that Seattle resident and former Vanguard stalwart Sharma Oliver has died, and my first thought was how much I would miss seeing her at the party. Sharma was very active in the Society for Human Sexuality, and if you search for her name on the web, you'll still find her excellent commentary on the Seattle WTO riots of 1999.

Sharma's death made me think about the fact that life is inconveniently arranged so that everything seems to happen at once. I'm sad to hear of a fellow fan's passing, but at the same time, still almost ecstatic at completing the move to our new house – with the help of a number of friends, including the entire staff of this fanzine, of course. And it isn't just my life that seems

to be arranged this way. Our baseball team, the Seattle Mariners, is having a very difficult year in 2004, losing so many games that they were virtually "out of it" by the middle of May. Despite this, we've used all but one pair of our season tickets and found reasons to keep watching. This will be the last season for beloved 40-something slugger Edgar Martinez, who will probably be able to hit into his 70s – if only he could use someone else's legs to run with!

Many of the players signed to improve the club this year have disappeared from sight as if they were mob informants, leaving big gaps in the lineup. But as the Mariners have sunk into the basement of their division, one man has kept everyone watching the team. Ichiro Suzuki, the Mariner right fielder, has been on a hitting tear since the beginning of July, and now has an excellent chance to break the record for most base hits in a season, 257, set by George Sisler of the St. Louis Browns in 1920. People routinely stay into the 9th inning of lopsided games just so they can see Ichiro take another turn at bat. By the time you read this, we'll probably know if he can break the record; but even if he doesn't, the attempt will loom much larger in memory than the fact that the team will likely lose 100 games. So good things keep happening too, and who knows – maybe some lost trufan like Steve Bieler will choose to emerge from years of gafiation in our letter column. You'll never know if you don't read it....

–Andy



# AMERICAN SQUIRM

by Ulrika O'Brien



*I made an American squirm and it felt so right . . .  
It goes on and on and on, deep, deep, into the night*

—Nick Lowe, “American Squirm”

**O**utside Leeds station we sought bearings. Beyond a low parapet, we spotted the Leeds Griffin Hotel far below. Scanning away left and right, we saw two possible routes, and promptly chose the wrong one. Ian Sorenson, or possibly Mike Ford, explained later that there’s a short, direct route from station to hotel. As prominently explained on the Corflu web site. Presumably the route doesn’t involve pitching over a parapet and falling three stories. Or, perhaps it does. Ritual humiliation and all that. Whatever, we Did Not Go That Way. Instead we had a long, chilly slog through Leeds back streets. If sidewalk crowds in Leeds are anything to go by, the English are a small, fast-moving race favored with a surprising number of elbows. Also with a perverse delight in getting between you, your luggage, and whoever it is you’re trying to keep up with.

When we gained sight of the hotel again, it proved to be a perfectly bijoux Victorian, and my heart lifted a little. This I promptly forgot in the struggle to wedge our bags through the bijoux front door. I think it was a revolving door. I disremember. The mind forgets pain.

In the lobby Cheryl Morgan hallooed us across the intervening swell of fans as we beached ignominiously on the bell desk. She promptly winked out of existence, having done her stint as TAFF

bosun. In her stead, the grateful person of Rob Hansen materialized at my spare elbow. He looked largely as he had done in the photo on his website. He’d gone gray-shot in the interim, but remained a slouched-yet-linear figure with an amiable face obscured in a dark halo of hair, beard, and glasses. Photos, however, don’t do justice the cleverness of his eyes, nor the deceptive languor of his manner.

Rob asked how our journey had gone. On a warm swell of bonhomie, or possibly post-traumatic stress, I leaned forward to hug him. About mid-gesture, I remembered that Rob is *British* and not necessarily someone you hug on first acquaintance. By then gravity and cantilevering had me in their toils, however. I tried to pull up. Momentum won, and I pitched forehead first into his sternum. I hoped he’d interpret this as some sort of traditional Swedish greeting. As I righted myself for a more decorous handshake, I explained about still being in shock after the train window, and teased a small shower of glass shards out of my bangs by way of illustration.

While we placated the registration desk people with infusions of pounds sterling — infusions much fortified by the enchanting sigils of tiny stagecoaches on my Wells Fargo Visa — more fans began bobbing up around us. Everyone asked how our trip had gone, so I recounted the tale of the train window several more times. Eventually I was simply quipping, “Fine, except for the exploding train windows.” This, it turns out, was *too* glib, as people thought I was having them on.

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Previous installments of Ulrika’s TAFF report have appeared in *Widening Gyre* 5 (March 2000), *Quasiquote* 2 (April 2000) and *Idea* 12 (December 2000).



(And when I say people, I mean Alison Scott.) Tony Berry claimed my other elbow (which brought me up to three—getting more British by the second, now) to hand off a fat envelope of TAFF money, stamps, greetings, and regrets from the absent Martin Tudor. (Note to future TAFF hosts—giving the TAFF traveler local stamps is a marvelous idea, and will save the visitor ages of trailing around York looking for a post office. Note to future TAFF winners—looking properly in the envelope will save you ages of trailing around York for stamps you already have. Or, alternatively, you can take the established method and wait until your last night in-country to discover them as you are packing to leave.)

Rob then introduced us to Avedon, presiding at the center of a large circle of fans. She sized me up in a glance, and offered me a delicate hint: “That bra’s too small for you,” she explained at the top of her voice, over the intervening heads of several dozen strangers. I nodded sheepishly. “Yes. But I have Thin Mints.”

Alison Scott turned out shorter and rounder than expected (by which I mean shorter and rounder than me); surprising, given we take the same shoe- and bra-size. I don’t know why I thought that should make us the same in all dimensions. I’m also not sure I want to explain how I came to know Alison’s shoe- and bra-size before we met, either. But she expected me to be tall and blonde, so perhaps it’s only fair. Or something.

Alison also turns out to be one of these festeringly cherubic sort of people. Cute as a bug. She could safely co-star in movies with beagle puppies and small children. I think it’s defensive camouflage. As with babies, cortex-disrupting cuteness saves Alison’s life when you could otherwise garrote her and successfully plead a Reasonable Man defense.

Steven Cain, with his pink and lofty forehead and his terrifying intelligence reminded me of Sean Smith. He was just the first snowflake in an avalanche of transatlantic doppelgangers. I imprinted immediately on Maureen Speller, her spiky brush cut reminding me of Kate Schaefer’s. Seth Breidbart kept appearing in the corner of my eye only to turn into Julian Headlong whenever I looked at him properly. And while Paul Kincaid didn’t look like anyone in particular, he gave a pitch-perfect impression of the Pythons’ “Four Yorkshiremen” sketch: “Lookshury! Sheerest lookshury!” Something about being an actual Yorkshireman apparently helps. Mike Scott didn’t look like anyone transatlantic, but it was unnerving to keep seeing Edmund Blackadder out of his tights like that,

nonetheless. Once mentioned, the doppelganger game caught on, and Alison threatened to run *Separated at Birth?* photos of Hal and KIM Campbell in the next issue of the *Debauched Sloth*. Hal was wearing his usual number-two-blade-all-around crew cut, and KIM had just had all her hair shaved off for charity.

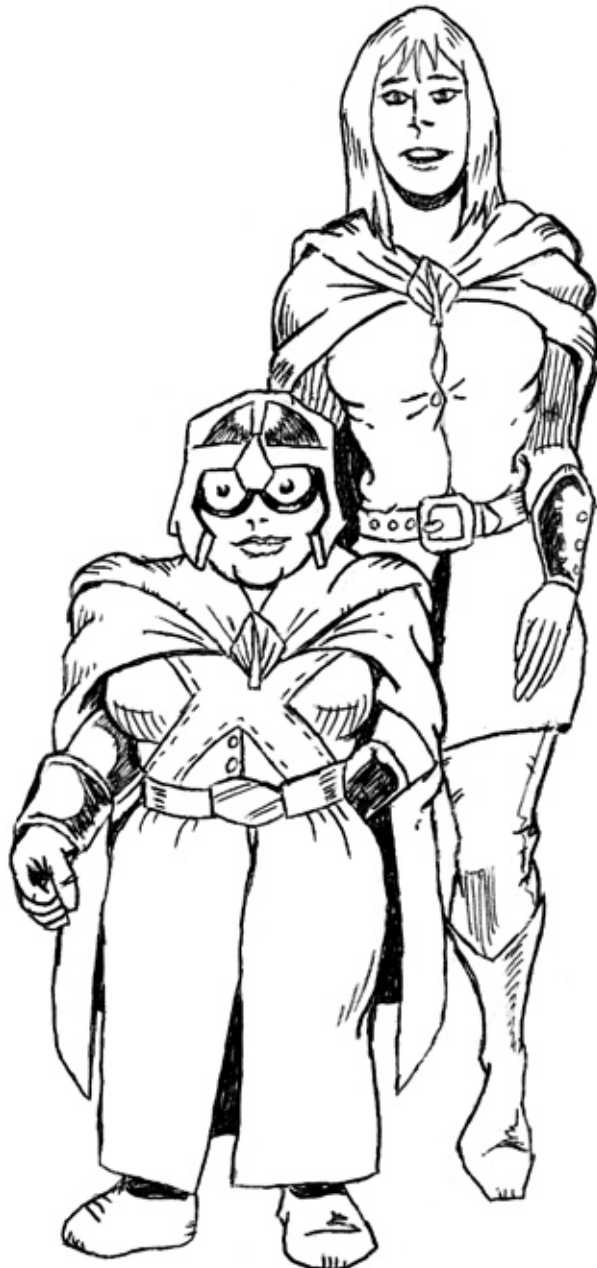
Steven, in his CAMRA-maven guise, straitly warned new arrivals (by which I mean us) not to judge British beer by the crap serving at the Griffin. Apparently the committee had fallen down utterly in their beer negotiations with the hotel and the good beer, which wasn’t very, had run out days ago. To add to the indignity, Greg, the legendarily dishy Friday-night barman, was not working the weekend and so we had missed him. Though perhaps that was Alison, rather than Steven, who interpolated this rider.

Mark Plummer and Claire Brialey arrived not shagging. Perhaps sucked along by the improbable absence of shags, a certain aura of funny animals crept among us in their wake. (In Britain, even otherwise respectably snotty-elitist fanzine fans have a suspiciously long history of funny animals. Not anthropomorphic ones, admittedly, but real ones: animals with funny names or habits. Taken as icons and mascots, gannets, rats, goats, and debauched sloths litter the fan-literary landscape of



Britain. As you know, Bob.) Somebody or other fell to explaining about the potoroo, a rare Australian marsupial so bloody-minded that when two males finish mating-display combat, the winner pauses before advancing on his lubricious prize to kick the testicles off the unfortunate silver medalist. After half-of-everyone finished cringing, this revelation somehow segued to speculations that anonymous squeals overheard in the hotel hall late the previous night had been the cries of common shag. The speakers being fans, and Mike Scott among them, conversation devolved directly to straining at gnats of ornithological taxonomy. This, as far as I can tell, is what the British mean when they speak of “sad bastards.”

The mighty Langford hove into view, beaming as he came. Dave turns out to be pinkish, tall-ish, slightly asymmetrical, and surmounted by the



same Prince Valiant pageboy he sprouted at Oxford, now going steely gray. His face settles most naturally into a faintly daffy benevolence, as if he only just woke from an improbably scurrilous dream which he means to describe to you in detail. He twinkles. His hands leap and flutter, shooping his thoughts through the conversation like performing trout. But you know this already. It's been much the same for years. What you may not know is that my spelling checker urgently wishes to substitute 'Sangfroid' for 'Langford'. They're surprisingly wise, these mechanical brains.

By now I had tripped over my suitcase enough to think of our room. In the Griffin's sole elevator, the twin themes of bijoux Victoriana and funny animals united in a conceptually perfect whole. The elevator itself was a centenarian box-cage affair roughly the size of an elongated dorm fridge, of which every interior surface had been coated in a violent floral short shag. Hal and I declined the chance to squeeze in among the mundane couple who dashed in just ahead of us. Even if we hadn't already been feeling megalithically American from our journey, fitting four adults plus luggage into that box would have required prenuptial agreements and graphite-based lubrication. The elevator then defied all TAFF-trip reporting conventions by returning promptly and conveying us to our correct floor safely and efficiently.

**W**e got off at the so-called second floor — the third to right-thinking Americans — only to discover that even a bijoux Victorian hotel is not bijoux enough. Yea, even here your room lies diametrically opposite the elevator, and between you and it stretches an endless maze of twisted yadda-yadda, you-know-the-rest, with added Victorian embellishments. Embellishment: a series of mystifying airlocks — paired sets of French doors, invariably opening only in the direction least convenient to persons laden with luggage — punctuated every traverse of the third floor. Amidships of each quartet of doors lay one of the recurrent Mysteries of British Victorian architecture: the superfluous, homicidal half-landing.

For those having trouble picturing the scene, imagine a hallway which could have been perfectly straightforward and flat — aside from the constant interruption by redundant French doors — which instead periodically skips two inexplicable steps downward, runs on for an awkward two and one quarter strides more, and then hops two steps back up again. Net elevation gain: zero. It's as if someone noodling around with a Sim City terrain editor

decided to place random, two-stepped divots into the hallway floor. Squirt, squirt, squirt. I began to fathom Avedon's panegyrics to the flatness of American floors.

What the point of these divots was, no one was satisfactorily able to explain. The Victorians loved recreating romanticized follies in the rough shape of historic architecture, so possibly the idea of the half-landings was to allow their filling with water, to simulate a moat, or mud, to simulate a ha-ha, or mud, blood, and piss, to recreate the feel of trench warfare. Perhaps they were just there to let you feel the full cost of not engaging an over-tipped phalanx of bellmen. Not that phalanxes of bellmen were on offer at the straitened Griffin, even for ready money.

When we achieved the stately ease of our room I didn't even mind that the bed consumed all of it. The effect was to make the unexpectedly attached modern bath, with its siren acres of glassed shower, seem all the more palatial by contrast. And a room that was all bed meant said bed was nearly big enough, even for two extra-big, ugly Americans. O! Brave, Old World! We piled our baggage onto the duvet and Hal claimed dibs on the shower by slipping past me while my back was turned. I settled for shaking the remaining window fragments out of my hair into the sink. Shrugging against an unexpected twinge, I extracted a longish shard from between my carotid and the collar of my jacket. This I carefully tucked away as a souvenir: my TAFF equivalent of the bullet that missed my heart. I gave my face a quick wash and glass-grit derm-abrade, then stumbled blindly out to answer the jangling phone. Front desk wondering if I wanted the purse I had left there. Bugger. What's the use in all these extra elbows if you can't manage to get your valuables under one of them?

Back downstairs, somebody mentioned I was programmed on the *Shooting Stars* quiz that night. News to me. Alison Scott explained that they *could* get someone else to do it, but it wouldn't be as funny, because my name is Ulrika. All around, British fans burst into staccato cries of *Ulri-ka-ka-ka!* and fell about in chortling heaps of merriment. This will make very little sense to my American readers. It made very little sense to me. *Shooting Stars*, as I found out, was a UK quiz show, and Swede Ulrika Jonsson one of its regulars. Why this makes shouting *Ulri-ka-ka-ka!* at random intervals funny is less clear. It is reliably startling until you get used to it, however. Or the convention ends, as the case may be. Cross-cultural media references are tricky.

While I was still trying to figure that one out, someone appointed Rob Hansen my native guide to show me the consuite-cum-program-space, up on

what I would term the second floor. At the landing, we met up with the ever-decorative Nigel Rowe, and were soon joined by a regally descending pair of unknown women who had a certain Legolas and Gimli thing going, only presuming that Gimli were a mid-Atlantic JAP and Legolas a Princess Royal. Rob introduced me to them, but left me to my own devices working out who they might be. Gimli showed a great many very good teeth, handed me *The Wrong Leggings*, and confessed she'd never bothered to read my fanzine because she didn't know me. Now that she'd met me, she might. Read me, that is. "I'm really facile that way, but I think most people are." I still had no idea who this very generous person was, not ever having gotten *The Wrong Leggings* before, but luckily Rob finally realized he'd committed a gross breach of etiquette. He turned immediately to rectify: "Fuck off, Nigel," he observed. "TAFF winners only." Thus, I met Lilian Edwards and Christina Lake.

Hal re-appeared, annoyingly alert and chipper from his ill-gotten shower, and so to supper. We hooked up with Langford and Pat McMurray to make a dinner expedition, prefatory to my ill-fated turn at *Shooting Stars*, about which the less said, the better. And as that great fan, Ludwig Wittgenstein, once observed with characteristic clarity, "whereof we cannot speak, thereon we must be silent."

The rest is silence until next time, babies. ✧



# On The Incompleat Gillespie

by Mark Plummer

**S**ometimes I wonder whether Bruce Gillespie is in fact the Anti-Norm Ashfield. I have no hard evidence for this contention and the Anti-Norm Ashfield is, almost by definition, invisible to us; there is no fancy costume involved, no voluminous cape and tights (something which I'm sure Bruce would agree is Probably Just As Well...). But if somebody is going to fulfil that role then I think Bruce has got to be a contender.

As you know, professor, Norm Ashfield was a British fan who produced a fanzine called *Alembic* in the 1940s. He used to live just up the road from here, in fact, in Thornton Heath (or Forntn 'eef, if you want the true authentic local pronunciation). *Alembic's* first issue went out as a rider with Ken Slater's *Operation Fantast* and, in this guise, reached the hands of one Walter A Willis in Northern Ireland. The oft-told legend has it that Madeline Willis, holding up those two sheets of corner-stapled duplicated foolscap, said to Walter, 'Surely you can do better than *this*,' and Walter thought yes, surely he could. *Slant* followed, and then *Hyphen*, and 'WAW with the Crew in '52' which in turn gave rise to TAFF and — ultimately — James Bacon being inflicted on an unsuspecting North American continent.

I tried looking Norm up on Google. There's not a lot there really: a couple of references to Turkish baths — which could just as easily relate to a namesake — and something about dating for the over-50s in Nottinghamshire, which is indeed our man although I think it's based on an automated and not entirely accurate cross-referencing to something in Rob Hansen's *Then...* Norm Ashfield doesn't seem to have left much of a fannish legacy: we simply remember that he produced the fanzine

that is the epitome of the crudzine, the fanzine that in its awfulness kick-started the most celebrated fan-writing career.

And it's this story that causes me to think that Bruce is the Anti-Norm. *Alembic* was — at least in legend — something that a typical neofan could aspire to equal or better, but one wonders how many aspirant fan publishing careers have been prematurely curtailed by the receipt of a copy of *SF Commentary* or *The Metaphysical Review*. Anybody conducting even a cursory examination of the fan-writing filling their fine-printed pages is likely to come to the conclusion that if this is what fanzine production is all about then they may as well give up now and chuck in any ambitions they may have in that direction for an altogether more productive time in the field of, say, helmet collecting.

But this is all theoretical, and rather unfair as it gives an impression of Bruce as a destructive fannish colossus, stomping around the place and crushing nascent fan careers under telephone-directory-sized double- and triple-issues of his fanzines. A fannish colossus? Well, maybe, but he does not stomp and crush. Indeed, my one definite example of a formative encounter with a Gillespiezine is not a tale of discouragement. *The Metaphysical Review* was, I'm pretty sure, the first overseas fanzine I received through the mail. It was definitely the first that was sent to me unsolicited and, depending on how you count, it was also the second, and arguably the third and fourth too because the envelope that hit the doormat in late 1995 contained two fanzines, each of which was a double issue. *TMR* #22/23 (November 1995) and #24/25 (December 1995) amounted to somewhere in the order of 200 pages, dense with words. They

had the look of a professional design and print job, unlike the fanzines I'd seen up to that point which were all overtly amateur in appearance, and the content matched the appearance. It was an impressive package, but it doesn't seem to have put me off, something which I am sure still remains a source of some regret in certain parts of Hamilton.

*The Incomplete Bruce Gillespie* is not a Bruce Gillespie fanzine as such. It's been produced for the Bring Bruce Bayside Fund, and for that reason alone I'd recommend that you purchase a copy if you can (I should declare an interest here as Claire and I are the UK distributors). But it's a fine as well as a worthwhile publication. Irwin Hirsh has selected the contents, drawn from the 5,500 pages of Gillespiezines in his own collection. As Irwin notes in the introduction, not all those pages were Bruce-penned, but an awful lot of them were and so this 40-page selection is really only a brief sampler of a fan publishing career of over thirty years.

As an artefact, it certainly resembles most of Bruce's more recent publications although the page-count, which would seem high by the standards of most people, is actually positively slim-line compared with *SFC* and *TMR*. It's a good selection of material, covering all the bases of Bruce's writing: there's the overtly sercon material of course — about Bob Tucker and Philip K Dick — as well as more fannish pieces (the Aussiecon III Guest of Honour speech, and some recollections of Roger Weddall), but also more general articles, such as those about Roy Orbison and railways. All it really lacks is a few pages of lists. But everything here, whatever its subject, is a Bruce Article: as he notes in introduc-

tion to 'The Lark Ascended', 'Here are some of my Roger stories. Of course they are also Bruce Gillespie stories'.

So here's another theory which, in the best tradition of such things, I've just made up. Maybe Bruce isn't really the Anti-Norm Ashfield at all; maybe they have rather more in common than at first seems to be the case. For all the high production standards that Gillespiezines exhibit, they are still indubitably *fanzines*. They may resemble the kind of commercial publications you'll find on the newsstands or in bookshops, but that's only a surface impression; once you read the words you're left in no doubt that they're the spiritual siblings of the less professional agglomerations of photocopied or duplicated paper that we traditionally think of when we talk about 'fanzines'.

In later years — see the first part of 'I Remember Me' in *Warhoon* #28 — Willis tried to clarify that it wasn't so much that *Alembic* was bad, but rather that it was fannish and it was that quality that made it something to which he might aspire; *Operation Fantast* was full of news of SF and fandom, but Ashfield seemed to write about anything and everything that took his fancy. In some respects this rather sounds like a *post hoc* justification, a belated attempt to save Norm's reputation, but maybe not. Maybe Walter really saw something fundamental in *Alembic*, something that transcended surface appearances, and if so I think it's there too in the pages of *SFC* and *TMR*, and in *APAzines* like *brg* and *The Great Cosmic Donut of Life*.

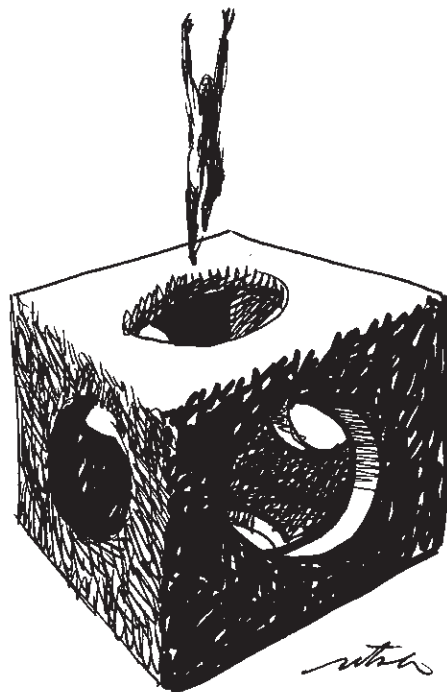
So all hail Bruce Gillespie, and all hail Norm Ashfield. Fan writers all. ✨

### Ordering *The Incomplete Bruce Gillespie,* how to (pg. 19)

**Australia:** \$10 (incl. postage) to Bill Wright, Unit 4, 1 Park Street, St Kilda West, VIC 3182.

**USA:** \$10 (incl. airmail postage) to Arnie and Joyce Katz, PMB 152, 330 S Decatur Blvd, Las Vegas, NV 89107.

**UK:** £5 (incl. airmail postage) to Mark Plummer and Claire Brialey, 14 Northway Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 6JE.



# The Iro

## Steven Bieler

Steven Bieler  
1101 N. 19th St.  
Boise ID 83702

Jerry and Suzle were kind enough to send me two issues of *Littlebrook*, but it's been so long since I even held a fanzine that my only reaction was to grunt and throw them in the air and watch them slowly tumble to the tune of a Strauss waltz. Eventually I managed a postcard in response. While browsing a *Littlebrook* I ran across Andy's review of *Banana Wings*, which sounded interesting, or at least edible, and I sent away for an issue. Claire Brialey was kind enough to send me two. I think I sent her two postcards. I was warming up. And then the three of you sent me three issues of *Chunga*. The name of your zine made music in my head the moment I saw it; *Chunga* made me think of Chumbawumba and then my brain became entangled in "Tubthumping" so thoroughly that I ended up playing that song three or four times while I read. I won't say I'm fannishly limbered up now but I do feel the hot coursing of my blood. My hair is streaming backward in the wind and my bosom is heaving.

What have I discovered in my reading, after my long time away?

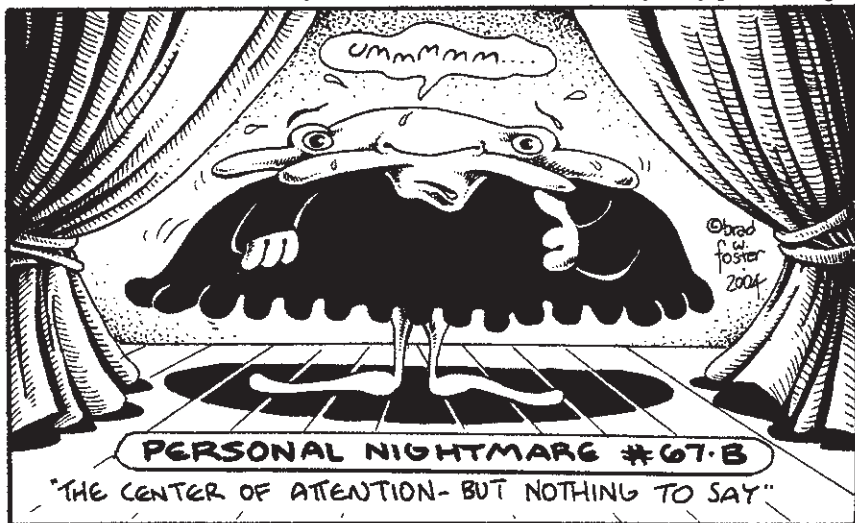
— Randy is only five years younger than me. (I am a month away from 49 as I write this.) How am I supposed to soldier on when the framework of my life suddenly twists? When I first met you, Randy, you were about 20, and from my lofty perch of 25 I

thought you were a toddler. A fun toddler; I remember dancing with you at various cons and parties. I suppose my estimation of your age wasn't helped by your prolonged laughter at anything I said. ("Nice shoes!") Where is the little boy I carried?

— When I hit the name Sharee Carton I almost jumped out of my chair. What? Randy and I were in love with the same girl? OK, my love was purely carnal. But as I read about your romance and its object I thought, *Who the heck is this??* Your description didn't fit the person I remember, nor did her personal timeline. So who was I futilely directing the pure force of my very maleness at way back then? And how do I share this revelation with my wife? "Deborah, remember that girl I never told you about who was such a fox? Turns out my memory has swapped her name with someone else's and now I don't know who or what I'm talking about. Isn't that interesting?" Oh, Randy. The night this realization came to me while reading *Chunga* was certainly the night the Old Nostalgia burned down.

— Andy Hooper is a mutant who wields the fearsome power of Hooperish Rage but has no superhero name. (Hecklad. It's available.) Hooperish Rage? I find this difficult to believe. I've only had one real conversation with you, Andy, at an early Corflu in Seattle. We talked baseball for a while before a befuddled Ron Drummond, but I don't remember you unsheathing your claws, I mean, unsheathing your Hooperish Rage when I declared that Dave Kingman was too mono-dimensional a player to be considered "great." Are you a World's Fair expert by day and a mutant by night, or whenever wrongdoers are just asking for a good stomping? (Don't stomp me, but I have since renounced baseball.)

— Fandom is dying. *Banana Wings* hit me with that one. This might be because everyone is now obsessed with *Buffy* (this was almost enough to send me into a Hooperish Rage) or because fanzines rarely appear on paper anymore — you download them. PDFs from BNFs? Plus you can Google names you don't know. (So that's what he or she looks like.... Can't anyone in fandom take a decent



# n Pig



photograph?) I can't judge if fandom is dying or just in need of a new course of antibiotics, but I remember this debate from the 1980s so perhaps not much has changed. I also see that fans are *still* discussing the original *Star Trek*, even if only to say that they're not going to sink so low as to reply to some other fan's discussion of the original *Star Trek* in response to their original discussion of the original *Star Trek*.

— Fans are drinking a lot more, or claiming to, and probably while they're watching *Buffy* because that's what I'd have to do to get through that program. Of course if fandom really is raging against the dying of the light then that would call for a steady stream of liquid reinforcements. Fans are also playing softball at Corflu, unless that's part of the *Chunga* alternate timeline. But Jerry Kaufman is whitewater rafting, so why not fans playing softball? Plus I'm seeing a lot more sexual innuendo. Surely these are all good points you can put on posters at fannish recruiting stations.

PS: I didn't know Martin Smith, or know of him. It's obvious that his life touched many others. I find that's true of many people who can't quite cope with the difficult task of being human. The two memories of Martin made me think of a young man in Seattle who committed suicide in 1980, my first year in Seattle and in fandom. His name was Curtis Hack, he was struggling, and one Saturday night he threw himself off the Aurora Avenue bridge. The local fannish community was gathered at a party at what was once Starbase (Starbase welcomed all stripes of fans), and because that's also where Curtis lived that's where the police officer came to inform us of his death. I had only talked with Curtis briefly before this, and I can no longer recall what he looked like, but what the hell, just to prove he hasn't disappeared into some oblivion beyond the grave, here's his name again.

I also thought of another Seattle fan, David Clements, who was doing quite fine in life until life was taken away from him by a 19-year-old kid with a gun. David was murdered when he was

just 28. Next year will be the 20th anniversary of his death. Twenty years... (The boy who shot him has spent half his adult life behind bars. I wonder what's in his head now.) David volunteered as a DJ at a local college station, where he was known as "The King of Pop." He always added a twist to the weather report, and one evening smoothly segued from "increasing chance of rain" to "cracks and fissures will appear in the earth..." I once called in and requested something by ABBA just to bug him. Of course he played it. What a great guy.

**I don't remember meeting Curtis Hack, but I did meet Dave Clements a couple of times. I always remember a party that he and, I believe, Lucy Huntzinger threw at a Norwescon. The theme was loud shirts and junkfood. Afterwards, I gave Dave and Lucy a ride to a group dinner at one of the many fancy restaurants in SeaTac. They were patient and even good-humored when my car got a flat tire, causing us to be very late for dinner indeed. But to tie this all up in a pretty knot, I'm almost certain that another person at that group dinner was Sharee Carton, whom I'd been avoiding for a couple of years. Sharee was more or less forgiving, as I recall, and I'm sure she'll forgive you for only lusting after somebody her name reminds you of.**

—Randy

## **Jerry Kaufman**

Nice covers, but what has the robot on the front been stepping in? And are the monumental creatures on the back in combat, as I first thought, or is the Space Needle protecting the Sydney Opera House from some menace unseen? The Opera House is looking in the same direction as the Needle, and has a rather sheepish look on its face.

I noticed a pretty serious tone over all this issue, though mostly with a light touch. Randy — or "Deano" as I'd love to start calling you — you've given me an indelible image of Sharee stalk-

**Jerry Kaufman**  
3522 NE 123rd St.  
Seattle, WA 98125  
JAKaufman@aol.com



**Peter Weston**  
pr.weston@  
btinternet.com

ing through a swamp like a dance from Tony Soprano's joint. Badda-bing, badda-bong. (There's also an Aussie song in there: "Once a jolly swagman Camped upon a badda-bong.") I enjoyed all your observations on Aussie climate, culture and beer, as well as on your developing relationship with Sharee. But it's hard to think it might result in your move to Australia. Wouldn't be the same without you here.

The Don Helley piece of art with your article is unusual for a fanzine in that it rewards my repeated regard. I keep finding more birds, fish and other organic shapes.

Speaking of art, I notice that Marc Shirmeister's illo for Lesley Reese's article does a nice job of being a commentary and an apple with bites taken out of it at the same time it's two guys arguing and a quote from a Walt Kelly poem. That's doing a lot.

I think I understand Lesley's point, as I always feel myself being drawn to argue about things that both me and the arguee have firm opinions about. (I usually rein myself in and keep the argument inside.) There's always a hope I might say something the other person has never heard, or say something in a way that makes the point suddenly comprehensible and convincing—if not through the clear craft of logic, then through the force of emotion and decibels. There's also a certainty that I'm as likely to succeed as win in a state lottery.

Is Luke there yet?

Andy, I'm glad you wrote up your thoughts on *Shockwave Rider*. I'm also glad you wrote up your thoughts on low blood sugar and high dudgeon. It has helped me in the past to understand your moods to know the connection, and this continues the process. Having seen you and Ulrika in the same space somewhere (perhaps at Vanguard) after Potlatch was over, I'd say she's forgiven you.

Interesting letters, but the one thing that stuck in my mind was Graham Charnock writing about

his mother's visit to the 1962 Seattle World's Fair. At least that's what I thought I was reading, until I noticed that this assumption was an artifact of the way you lay out the letters and letter-writers' addresses. Graham's letter started on the inside column, and I was reading a continuation of Dale Speirs' letter from the previous page. Oh silly me.

### **Peter Weston**

Your apology was suitably grovelling and I think will be sufficient to redeem your earlier lapse from grace, thus reopening the prospect of a billet here next time you're over. Although you didn't tell the whole story—Victor and I met at Manchester, and just *clicked* for some reason, grabbing a table about 10pm where we talked, drank beer and smoked my *Senoritas* for hours while the life of the bar swirled round us. Eileen went to bed in disgust and other people faded in and out of reality as the night went by—I remember John Harvey, Dave Langford, Julian Headlong, and then suddenly Eileen materialised at my elbow like Banquo's ghost (and it was 5.15am not 4). The unexpected nature of this visitation was truly terrifying but what really impressed Victor was that she was immaculately coiffed and attired, as if she'd spent an hour getting ready (which I'm assured was not the case!) Having been given my marching orders I finished my cigar, finished my pint, finished the conversation and obediently went up to bed within the next half-an-hour. At least I was able to get up the next morning for my panel, which was more than could be said for Mr Gollancz who didn't re-appear until late the following afternoon.

Incidentally, this was in the Britannia hotel, where they gave us an interior room without a window (although there was a large poster in a recess, looking down on the Empire State Building). I went back down to reception and protested politely to the hard-faced looking woman at the desk. She glared at me and demanded, "Did you *specify* a window when you made your booking?" I looked at her to see if she was joking. She wasn't. "No," I replied. "I'd assumed it would be provided along with the walls and ceiling and floor."

### **Graham Charnock**

Whooppee, said Letitia massaging her goat's udders. Although possibly that should read 'her goats-udders'. Here's another issue of *Chunga* with a modern day representation of Zappa's original 'vacuum from hell and the dancing watering can' on the cover. God bless the postman for making our day.

Golly, said, Roger, because he could. Then went

**Graham Charnock**  
45 Kimberley Gardens  
London  
N4 1LD  
United Kingdom





on: I think Randy apologizes too profusely to Eileen Weston, almost as if he expects an invitation to their place on his next visit.

Shut up, Roger, said Andy Hooper, you don't know what you're talking about, unless it's parrots.

Awfully swell, said the maid, a bit uppity, but we didn't condemn her for that, because she had nice legs. And huge breasts. (See even word processors can't save you from that typo that is forever lodged in your unconscious). Still, be wonderful to read Peter Weston's memoirs, when they're ready for public consumption, especially if they contain lots about that wonderful fanwriter Graham Charnock, she continued. Then fell asleep.

Then Mommy came in with the bad news. We're at war, children, she said. But the real bad news is not that V2s will be raining down upon us, thank goodness, because we don't live in the East End, but that Daddy won't be home for Christmas, or Easter or even the Midsummer Solstice. Which means at least Jeffrey the Goat is safe. For the meantime.

Whoopee, said Roger, without really understanding anything that was going on. Does that mean that Randy Byers will continue to fascinate us with tales of his world-wide travelling, without once mentioning how he can possibly afford it.

Mommy ladled out hot, steaming bowls of Bengali famine mixture for all of us, except Roger of course. We ate it in a horrified silence and then sat or slouched with varying degrees of abdominal pain until the horror had passed. It was almost as if we had inadvertently ingested a Bill Rotsler cartoon, which we all know are not biodegradable. Some of them have been known to stick in the filing cabinet for years.

Let's get the boats out, said Titty, and sail to our secret island, visiting old Cousin Ron Bennett on the way, in his houseboat, which may one day mysteriously float out to sea, with only our cat and dog and other various farm animals on it, but not the pig called Lincoln, because although he is loveable, he do fart a lot. Later we will very likely be rescued by a tug owned by our third cousin twice removed Peter Roberts, wearing colourful orange flares, named the *Pride of Prestwick*, that's the tug, not Peter or his trousers. We may have to battle our way back to port through high seas, but then we're all used to that, aren't we?

Sorry, but I think we're in a different narrative stream here. Please adjust your goggles whilst I realign the timelines.

Pffffooooof!! There, it's done. The zig-zag pattern on your retina will wear off eventually.

And I don't have an adequate answer for the carl



**A Typical Editorial Meeting:** Carl (left) and Randy (right) use gentle suasion to convince junior editor Andy to back another of their nefarious schemes.

juarez problem. This would turn out to be Hitler's downfall.

And by the way Andy, haikus aren't supposed to scan. They just are and like suicide come in many shapes and sizes. Mine was in the 7:5:7 syllable format, and I defy you to say it wasn't, and didn't. You and me, Andy. Outside. Haiku wrestling okay? No tickling.

**There are important rules that apply to composing haiku, particularly if you are an 18th Century Japanese nobleman. For the rest of us, it is a mysterious pleasure to find anything worthwhile that fits comfortably inside the arch of 17 syllables.**

**Bird sings first from joy;  
The song is not concerned  
it does not quite scan.**

—Andy

### **Bill Kunkel**

As to Brunner's connection to the computer worm term, you're quite correct that he didn't really invent anything. According to Hiltzik's *Dealers of Lightning* (a bit of a tough read, but a compelling telling of the story of the great idea factory of the computer age, Xerox PARC), the event—the first appearances of what has come to be known as a “worm” in computer parlance—was being explained one day at PARC by John Shoch, its creator, when a Stanford intern named Steve Weyer observed:

“That's the tapeworm!”

He was, of course, referring to the self-perpetuating virus of *Shockwave Rider*. Hiltzik writes: “Paging through Weyer's copy of the book, Shoch thought the similarities between his device and Brunner's were mostly metaphorical. ‘It wasn't quite what we were doing, although it did evoke the right images,’ [Shoch] recalled. He appropriated

**Bill Kunkel**  
potshotk@aol.com



the name anyway, slightly truncated, and from that moment on Shoch's Ethernet polling program was known around the building as 'the worm.'

At the end of that chapter, Hiltzik continues: "Years later, too, the genealogy of Shoch's worm would come full circle. Soon after he published a paper about the worm citing *The Shockwave Rider*, he received a letter from John Brunner himself. It seemed that most science fiction writers harbored an unspoken ambition to write a book that actually predicted the future. Their model was Arthur C. Clarke... who had become world-famous for forecasting the invention of the geosynchronous communications satellite in an earlier short story.

"Apparently, they're all jealous of Clarke," Shoch reflected. "Brunner wrote that his editor had sent him my paper. He said he was 'really delighted to learn, that like Arthur C. Clarke, I predicted an event of the future.'" Shoch briefly considered replying that he had only borrowed the tapeworm's name but that the concept was his own and that, unfortunately, Brunner did not really invent the worm.

"But he let it pass."

### Sharee Carton

Sharee Carton  
shareecarton@  
yahoo.com.au

I suppose that one way to get a loc out of someone is to write an article for your fanzine where they feature prominently. Of course, I have been meaning to write a loc since I received the bundle of the

first 6 issues but...you know how it is.

When I first read Randy's piece I thought it made me sound opinionated and pushy. Naturally I was mostly looking at how I was portrayed. Upon rereading, however, I was able to be less self-conscious and simply enjoy the snapshots of myself and my environs.

I still laugh when I think of Randy's first introduction to Quinta Milagro. Of course he didn't mention that among the "things we couldn't do without" were cider and beer! As for the description of my non-hippy attributes — "smokes cigarettes, eats beef, and drives a gas guzzling vehicle..." — I've given up cigs and the truck is for sale, but it is hard to find a vehicle that can handle these bush roads! I need a 4wd for the driveway!

I'm glad we got to see so much of Qld, many of my fave spots. Mossman, Yeppoon, Eumundi, the Glasshouse Mtns, and many great country pubs. Of course, the rainbow was a glorious experience.

I recently had another glorious experience involving a rainbow while I was at sea. It was daylight and we winched up the last shot and steamed to the calm anchorage of Dugong Island in the Torres Straits. Once the anchor was down we started sorting the shot and about 30 dolphins arrived for breakfast. Lenny & Robyn, the owner and his wife, told Adrian (the 15 yr old deckie) and me to go ahead and swim with the dolphins, so we jumped in the water while they threw fish all around us to encourage the dolphins to hang around. It was raining at first, and as Adrian and I used the nets like a hammock it was an amazing sight, the sinuous curves of 30 dolphins in a space of 40 feet, arcing and diving, with a trawler in the distance, the whole framed by a brilliant full double rainbow. One of my fondest memories from 8 years at sea.

By the way, Randy, Miles is still sulking that he didn't get a mention — "he mentions your bloody mechanic, and nothing about me!"

Of course, UTR wasn't the only interesting piece in *Chunga* 7.

I enjoyed Lesley's description of the "teeth" argument. I've only been a vegetarian once when living in Upstate New York for a couple of years, and not for any reason except no meat was allowed in the household, but I eat very little meat on land. At sea I resign myself to eating what I have to cook for others, but at least we eat fruit instead of cooked breakfast on this boat.

I always really enjoy what I read by Andy, and "Shocklatch" was no different. The only book by Brunner I have read is *The Sheep Look Up*, which was something of a cult favorite among the punks



# Overheard on Trufen

## **Joyce Katz**

Wanted to mention *Chunga's* attractive bacover, done by Ulrika (I had somehow never picked up on the fact you were artistic, Ulrika.) Liked it a lot....but wondered why the Seattle needle is attacking the Sydney Opera House?

## **Tom Becker**

Getting back to Joyce's question, I have to say that I'm wondering too. First off, is it really the Sydney Opera House, or is it the SECC Armadillo? Also, if the Space Needle is searching for worthy opponents, many people would be *thrilled* if someone, or some thing, would take on the Transamerica Pyramid and the Twin Peaks Towers.

## **Rich Coad**

By all means, crush the Twin Peaks Tower but leave the pyramid alone! It's one of the (all too few) distinctive buildings in SF.

And how did the Sydney Opera House turn into the shy stegosaurus of Cricket Creek?

## **Randy Byers**

Fandom clearly appreciates high-concept artwork! I can see now that the Space Needle could be busy attacking (or consorting with?) various cities' landmarks for some time to come.

## **Don Fitch**

I'd say "consorting with" — there's a strong sexual-symbolism element in that drawing if you look at it ~~right~~ carefully. Of course, my impression might

be influenced by Ulrika's bold sense of almost-Rotsleresque Line. Not that the front cover doesn't exhibit awesome Technique, but one expects that of Brad Foster, whereas I've never thought of Ulrika as being a graphic artist (though it figures — like a good graphic Artist, she *sees* things, and usually understands them). I've long thought that good FanArtists tend to be excellent FanWriters, when or if they write, but the opposite isn't nearly as true.

I haven't settled down to read it yet, but a quick glance-through suggests that *Chunga* is maintaining a position of being one of the Top Fanzines for combined verbal and art content. For a while, there, I was a bit worried — in one recent issue the written contents, though excellent-to-superb, were out-shadowed by the Cover done by D West, and I thought it might be turning into an ArtZine. More to follow in a LoC, if all goes well, but perhaps I should expand on "Top Fanzines". Asking my opinion of "the best" of just about anything will elicit at least ten suggestions, and maybe closer to a hundred. I don't see the mountain as a sharp pinnacle with room for only one at the top, but rather as a plateau with quite a lot of area up there — but then, I tend towards Pantheism (or maybe Pan-Atheism) and esthetic Polyamory.

## **Earl Kemp**

I keep waiting for them to fuck up occasionally but so far, no luck.

trufen@yahoogroups.com

I knew in Vancouver. I remember at a convention my friend Kathy, who was not a fan, came to meet Brunner. She had him sign her leather jacket in pink felt pen. He then asked us if we were familiar with a certain extremely radical British band; they practiced in his barn. We were terribly impressed!

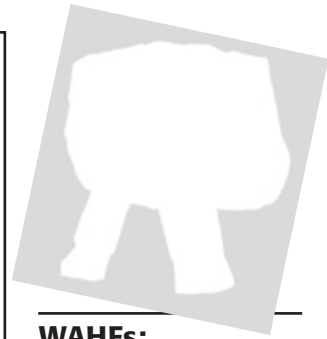
I love the old cuts used to illustrate Andy's piece. Another thing I really enjoy about *Chunga* is that it could be anytime in fannish history, with cartoons like "Where's your 'Willis' now?" and the reference to Bergeron on p.31.

And Alexis: the 40s are definitely the prime, and maybe not the best time for starting a family, but perfect for starting a fanzine...any chance of a contribution?

All in all, another fine ish from the Funboy Three. Thanx guys!

**Ooh, you say so many nice things — all three of us must be slightly in love with you by now. But what most caught my attention was the off-handed way you imply you might publish something of your own in that comment to Alexis Gilliland near the closing. Apart from saying I'd be happy to be a contributor myself, I note with glee that you would be the first active fan editor spending at least half your life at sea since the curiously diffident and Rotsler-despising Royal Navy officer Chuck Connor was active in the 1980s. Reason to be cheerful, indeed!**

—Andy



## **WAHFs:**

### **Ken Forman**

*I'd never noticed how much Alexis Gilliland's humor mirrors Bill Kunkel's.*

### **Alexis A. Gilliland**

*After the beat-up flag burners have been busted a couple of times for disturbing the peace, perhaps they will learn to display a little more restraint when teasing the animals.*

### **Ron Drummond**

*The people come through palpably, and memorably.*

### **Lloyd Penney**

*The tolerant will inherit the earth, once the extremists have blown it to bits.*

### **Brad W. Foster**

*But someday, someday... I am gonna go nuts with the glue gun!*

Far into the night  
they rejoiced,  
quaffing the mead,  
and by its homely aid  
gazing into the years  
of the future, so far  
as that may be done  
by the eyes of men

DUNSANY

# Against the Sneers of Nothingness

by Randy Byers

**the** fanarchy had elected to send me across the ocean in search of magic — that lost sense of neophyte innocence that once made our lives so precious. All I found was a bent sprog, and then I lost it. Or did it, rather, leave me like a cast-off rag after satisfying its perverse — if not supernatural! — lusts?

It was a difficult question when examined in the sober light of day, and in Keighley and Skipton, outside Leeds, I consulted that lovable old humbug, the Wizard of the West, who knows from bloody moons and bent folk. As called for in his role, D. only smiled and mumbled enigmatically at my question. I looked to my psychopomp, Victor Gonzalez, for translation, but he said only “ginnel” and then “snicket.” So I supposed I was to take the strait gate, if I could find it.

There was another witch who lived on those moors, Hazel Ashworth by name — her valued wisdom born of embers. She took us into the Yorkshire Dales to seek my path, and we wandered all day in the blinding, burning sunlight of that winding, wrinkled land. In Bunsall we climbed the ancient church tower, and Hazel rang the bell so loud and strong that surely a guide from the other world should have been summoned to show me the way. I

was bewildered that no one and nothing came, not even a curious child. Yet surely a Yorkshire tan is a sign of magic! The Wizard cursed the horrible sun and rolled another fag in the shadows.

Back in Skipton, we walked to the Narrow Boat for a pint of the Black Sheep or the April Fools. We met minds of like bent: Debbi Kerr, Ian Sorenson, and Michael Ashley. Debbi worried that I'd mistake humour for hostility, but Ian nonetheless took the piss — mine and everyone else's too. (Strange man, must have quite a collection.) The Wizard turned out to be a Philological Consultant of some renown and pondered an inquiry on the roots of “stool pigeon.” He hemmed and hawed, but he was plainly stumped.

“It was a pigeon set on a stool as a decoy or lure,” Debbi explained, and I was suddenly seized by otherworldly hands of fear, somewhere near my genitals.

The Wizard smiled a Stan Laurel smile at my dark suspicions. “Always have a back-up,” he said, pulling a can of dry tobacco from the inner folds of his vestments.

“How D. West was fun,” Ian suggested.

The next day, I abandoned plans for York and traveled with the psychopomp to visit the Wizard again and read his rare treatises on theory and

# the King of Taffland's Bent Sprog

practice. Here at last was the guidance I sought! At last I would gain knowledge of magic that would reap eternal youth and wonder for the fanarchy! But either my mind was hazy from sunburn or else the wizard words were twisty and resistant to absorption. My sensorium had expanded, but no lore had been learned, only performance observed. It was time to move on. Once more I was defeated in my quest.

**W**hat a useless drone I was! Why had I been selected? I knew nothing and was incapable of learning. Besides, the quest was mad, magic is only illusion, we all grow old and lose our sense of wonder along the way. I only wanted to go home to friends and family. Why had I come to this strange land?

The psychopomp, looking a bit disheveled, led me to a train full of foreign folk on holiday. He negotiated a seat for me between two slatternly nymphs of the mundane otherworld, headed from Newcastle to the clublands of Birmingham to dance and seduce unlikely lads. They perked up at my name, but I was not swayed from my difficult duty and was besides too precious for diamond-toothed slatterns. They spoke to each other knowingly in the strange tongue of Newcastle and drank a blue liquor that made them curse like sailors.

We left them behind when we got off at Chesterfield and had a pint at the Barking Badger. It didn't help. On to Leicester, where we spotted members of our tribe, the infamous Flick and her friend Dr. Pete, who knew which train to take to Hinckley. At last I approached my ultimate goal: the Eastercon. In Hinckley, I would discover the truth. The purpose of TAFF would be made clear, and I would meet my fate. Or at the very least I would meet many wild-eyed folk too fond of bad puns.

We shared a van from Hinckley Station to the hotel with Ellen Klages and Mike "M. John" Harrison, both on a secret mission related to the Tiptree

Award. We found the fabled hotel swarming with hordes of bent sprogs, and I joined a table of them outside in the sun. Yvonne Rowse gave me a bottle of Bishop's Finger ("You never know where it's been"), and Lilian Edwards told me I sounded so American now, she was sure I used to sound more sophisticated. Then came James Bacon, manic man, who looked me up and down and exclaimed, "Tobes told me not to vote for you, and I thought you'd be a typical American fan. But you look fucking cool!"

A mixed reception then, and I still wasn't sure of my chances. I was still taking it all in, one thing at a time and in order, but then I made my way to the bar and Night and Chaos descended. Five days later, I departed the bar a shattered, humiliated husk of my former self.

It wasn't just the beer, although there was plenty of that: 1774 (the real ale on tap, until it ran out entirely sometime on Saturday), Old Speckled Hen (my favorite), Theakston's Old Peculiar, and Bombadier in bottles, Carling lager on tap, and two commercial ales, Worthington's and Caffrey's, which Tony Berry refused to drink when the others ran out, switching to Scrumpy Jack instead, hard cider for a hard man. No, it was more than the beer. For I had found the magic at last. I was at the font, and Neptune presided. Magical energies burst all around, crackling in the air, coursing through my veins, invading my bones and muscles, possessing me with demonic will. The bent sprog turned incubus, and I was taken over, my spirit cast out by the sprog's dark phantasm to wander the endless blank carpeted corridors like a ghost, while the sprog used my corrupted flesh to drain endless bottles of Old Speckled Hen. This was no job for an inexperienced scribbler, but should have been left for the titans of old, like Walt Willis, Terry Carr, Dave Langford, and Robert Lichtman. I was in over my head.

There were indeed TAFF titans amongst the hordes. Langford Himself appeared, no sprog he, and yet bent by the weight of his many rockets—still fewer, he said, than Charlie Brown's. Jeanne Gomoll had brought her grandmother's recipe for Swedish pastries to be tested by actual Swedes. (Well, Johann Anglemark liked it, anyway.) Pete Weston expressed fatalistic dismay at his fanhistorical association with Charles Platt. Ron Bennett traveled one day from his humble shepherd's cottage in Yorkshire to observe that British fandom has a far smaller Jewish component than American fandom, and why is that? Greg Pickersgill bewailed the death of British fanzine fandom while Pete Young pestered him for old fanzines. Pam Wells baked a magic cake, and Maureen Kincaid Speller wore a balloon. Christina Lake tried

to talk me into giving the Astral Pole a go, while Lilian Edwards avoided Victor Gonzalez (and thus me). Tobes Valois organized a TAFF party in a phone-booth, but TAFF did not yet appear to be a glimmer in James Bacon's eye.

I was tortured by Julian Headlong. He put me on four panels, where I sweated and tried to remember how to spell invisibility. But I was protected on the Fanzine Review panel by Dave Hicks, who read a nasty, hilarious fragment of an old review by Joseph Nicholas from *Space Junk* and argued that KTF reviews really did improve the subsequent publications, *ahem*. Mike Abbott and Pam Wells discussed their various gambits in *Attitude*, first trying outsiders like Jim de Liscard, whose opinions weren't welcomed by the insiders, and then giving the column to Paul Kincaid, who was in turn criticized for excessive negativity, dude. On the Fannish Milestones panel, Greg Pickersgill held sway on a variety of topics, with occasional contributions from Spike Parsons, Pam Wells, and Sandra Bond. I hid behind my pint of ale until Sandra demanded that I justify TAFF. I vowed then and there to escape further torment, and much to my relief the Fandom Without Frontiers panel was cancelled after fifteen minutes for lack of an audience, while my hoarse, desperate pleas charmed Pat McMurray into taking my place as moderator on Future Worldcons.

Back in the bar, I consulted with other legends. Victor introduced me to Graham Charnock, who was shocked that I'd read two issues of his '70s zine *Wrinkled Shrew*. Victor called the Wizard of the West and put the long gafiated Charnock on the line, and the Wizard demanded that Charnock give the phone back to Victor, asking Victor if he'd seen any actual ID. But Charnock was too drunk to tell me what I needed to know, so I turned to Rich Coad, editor of '70s zine *Space Junk* and icon of my early years in fandom. Rich clashed with the titans when he danced with Pete Weston to the tunes of John Harvey's band, the Jack of Herts. The ensuing cataclysm momentarily drove my quest out of mind. I was not helped to regain it by Charnock's Astral Leauge deaf lemon reunion show, where Fan GoH Chris Evans crushed credible response with his reading of Pat Charnock's old dissertation on how women descend from bats.

I reached an epiphany: Knowledge is pain. The more I learned, the more damage I took. Was the fanarchy's desire for magic worth this abuse? Dave O'Neill and I agreed that if Libertarians wanted to live in a tin can in orbit, they should be encouraged to do so, thus freeing us from their posts on Usenet. But we stared in gobsmacked, slackjawed, shitfaced horror at Del Cotter when he confessed that he

## Appendix Zed (Part Two)

would gladly live with uncontrollable Usenet troll Jordan Bassior if it meant he got to live in space. There are some things we are not meant to know! Wag explained that DVDA is both a new digital music format and a form of pornography. Elena bragged that she was good at blowjobs. Doug Bell asked, "How do you stop a dog from humping your leg?"

"I don't know," I admitted.

"Suck him off," said Doug, who promptly lost the GUFF race to Pat McMurray, although just barely, despite that.

It was all too much. The weight of this knowledge was bending me. Jim de Liscard wanted to know what I'd done to deserve TAFF, and I dodged this by pointing out that he was widely held to be the most perverse man in fandom. Alison Freebairn had said that no one else can lick your shoes and get away with it, and Kjersti had agreed. Alison dreamed of a wedding with a greased Jim clinging to her ankles and dragged behind like a veil. Jim seemed pleased by this news.

Was this the magic I sought? Was this where fanarchy led, to mere perversion? Could this really be the final secret? I made my way to the bar to order another bottle of Old Speckled Hen. Anders Holmström appeared out of nowhere, as he always did when I placed an order at the bar. He was always wearing a different outfit than the last time I'd ordered, and he certainly deserved the award he received for best hall costume. He talked me into joining RanCon — a Robert Rankin convention in Sweden that I would never be able to attend. Was I being used? He also talked me into buying a hardcover copy of Mary Gentle's *Grunts* from Rog Petyon — a book I would never read.

I danced with Eve Harvey and Yvonne to the Jack of Herts, trying to learn from their witchy moves. Eve wasn't sure that the convention could cover my room for five nights, and I wasn't sure what the precedents were. Was I supposed to pro-

test? I was thirsty. Ronan Murphy offered me a clear drink, but it was fire and not water. I stumbled to the bar and Arfer Cruttenden offered potent sips from his secret, sacred flask.

Perhaps the lessons were over, and we could get on with the inebriation. But no, in Linda Krawecka's room Jimmie Robertson taught me that E had reduced the number of fistfights at clubs and thus was tolerated by the police, and Caroline Mullan delivered a seminar on Kipling on a couch in the bar. Austin Benson considered the merits of the contenders for the Clarke Award, and Alison Freebairn explained to Dave O'Neill that cellphones should come with buttons for standard messages, one for "I'll be at the office until late," and another for a drunken and piteous, "I love you so much," for when the bar closes.

So much to learn! Who hated whom, who punched whom thirty years ago, the broken trail of sex, fanzines, clashing egos, and other fanac. Everyone sought me out with stories, with a nip o' the creature, and with questions about TAFF, trying to get a piece of my momentary magic. Martin Smith got wound up, and who was it who talked him down? Not Alun Harries this time, who looked calm and collected as he slouched into one couch after another, following the conversational rounds. Flick and Alison and Elena tortured their tits with gleaming, glaring corsets, creating slabs of architectural flesh that seemed more imposing than erotic, but perhaps that was the point. Tobes explained that Yvonne was not a truff, but I still didn't understand the concept—some kind of killfile for trufen. The next American TAFF delegate, it seemed, should be named Shaggy or Fanny. Sheila Lightsey looked miserable, and so did Squaddie, who spoke the truth: "*Fortissimo* does not mean out of tune." Pickersgill opined that I should be using the TAFF money to buy rounds, "to give it back to the people," but I never learned the art of rounds—a social game with a secret history and perhaps more than a

THE CITY IS NOT ACTUALLY  
FORBIDDEN, BUT NOBODY HAS  
GOTTEN THROUGH AIRPORT  
SECURITY SINCE 1992!



hint of gamesmanship. Tony Keen perked up when I bought him a round, it's true, but we never had a real conversation. People kept asking Mark Plummer, "Do you want the money now?" He took what they gave. Jae Leslie Adams wondered whether she'd told us about her condition. Steve Green wondered (again) whether he'd told us about his vomit-filled boots. Cat Coast was the only one amidst the noise who looked serene—that is, until Douglas Spencer's touch of Zen as the blind wheelchairman on the slalom course at the End of the Pier.

It was Tuesday morning, the convention was over, time to go to bed. I could not get back into my room, the door would not open, so I wandered the halls in a daze, lost and lonely and overwhelmed. There, in a dark passage, I found my deposed spirit huddled in desolation, and the bent sprog made way, leaving spent flesh to be reinhabited by lost self. Somehow I found Jim de Liscard and Chris Tregenza again, and they spewed smoke and spun fantasies of silly conventions of the future until my reunification was complete and I could re-enter my room.

**I** had been transformed, but into which kind of monster? A few hours of restless sleep later, I joined the hordes of refugees escaping the hotel. Yvonne drove me to a safe house in Beaconsfield, where my abused humors rebelled and my stunned systems collapsed. Julia Daly served fresh food, red wine, and witty gossip while I coughed and convalesced. Yvonne proposed that gossip is more interesting than fanzines, because it contains more of the truth. I pondered whether I was suffering birth pangs or death throes.

Too soon, too soon, Julia dropped me at Heathrow. I was not sure I could find my way through that maze in my shattered state. I stopped for a cup of coffee, and lo, two spirit guides appeared in my time of need, this time in the guise of Claire Brialley and Mark Plummer, on their way, like me, to the Madison Corflu. We spoke of the absence of Leroy Kettle at the Eastercon. Mark observed that the '50s fans resurfaced in the '80s, so it was about time for the '70s fans to reappear, renewed by their encounters with the bounteous mundane—the fields we'd like to think we know, or perhaps prefer we didn't.

I sagged in my plastic chair, full of hope and dread, still uncertain of the chances despite all I'd learned. Claire told a tale about a cake baked in a pan that had last been used to cook fish and then only partially cleaned. Some pieces of the cake tasted sweet, and some tasted fishy. "It was the cake version of Russian roulette," she said.

Which is probably the best that any of us can hope for, and reason enough for wonder after all. ✨



# Rain City Tangler

News (and Gossip)  
by Ulrika O'Brien

**SPROGS A POPPIN'** — Dave Hicks reports arrival of neofan Penelope Susan Coast Hicks chez himself and Cat Coast at 12:30 p.m. GST on Saturday, August 21, 2004. Mother and daughter doing fine; father knackered. Expect baby fillos at a fanzine near you, or check out Dave's user icon at Anonymous Claire ([www.livejournal.com/community/anonymousclaire/](http://www.livejournal.com/community/anonymousclaire/)).

**SIC TRANSIT GLORIA TOADI** — After two decades at the beating heart of Minneapolis fanzine fandom, Toad Hall has closed its doors forever. Geri Sullivan has since re-located to Wales, Massachusetts, that is, in the newly christened Toad Woods. A certain Minneapolis flavor lingers: Geri dubbed her house The Zeppelin Hangar, where we expect they party like it's 1973. COA: 37 Monson Rd., Wales, MA 01081-9743.

**CORFLATCH II? GESUNDHEIT** — Corflu Titanium has contracted with the Holiday Inn Civic Center, San Francisco, for a convention to be held February 25-27, 2005. Hotel rates: \$79/night double occupancy. Convention membership: \$60 through the end of 2004, higher at the door, payable to Tom Becker or Spike Parsons. Mail membership checks to registrar David Bratman, P.O. Box 662, Los Altos, CA 94023. Details at [www.corflu.org](http://www.corflu.org). Meanwhile, Potlatch 14 has succeeded in its quest for a hotel one week later: the convention will take place March 4-6, 2005 at the Ramada Plaza International, also in San Francisco. Convention memberships \$40 until November 14; room rate \$104/night single/double. Details at [www.potlatch-sf.org](http://www.potlatch-sf.org). As of press time there is no word of a joint Corflatch rate.

**LANGFORD SPACE ARMADA BURGEONS** — Reported from Noreascon 4, word of the fan Hugos: Best Fanzine: *Emerald City*, ed. Cheryl Morgan; Best Fan Artist: Frank Wu; and, with majestic inevitability, Best Fan Writer: Dave Langford. The Retro Hugos for 1953 in fan categories: Best Fan Writer: Bob Tucker; Best Fanzine: *Slant*. Congratulations to the winners and a rousing *Yah-boo-sucks!* on behalf of the runners-up.

**RUMORS OF A NORTHWEST PASSAGE** — In issue #15 of the *BBB Bulletin*, Arnie Katz reports that the fund currently stands at \$3,392.79, and that now that the Corflatch dates and locations are set, planning for the three-week trip can begin in earnest. Funds and time should allow at least one additional destination besides San Francisco, and Seattle is listed as a probable contender. As Tangler spies report plucky ex-DUFF administrator and Bruce Gillespie fan Janice Murray is on the case, the odds of a Seattle visit rise to near certainty in the Tangler's book.

**WELL WISHES TO SUE ANDERSON** — Don Anderson reports that his wife Sue has been battling stomach cancer since last September, and has been in hospital 27 times in the intervening months. We are certain the *Chunga* readership joins us in sending her our heartfelt best wishes.

**NO FAN AWARDS AT WORLD FANTASY . . .** — *... comme d'habitude*, but sometime fanzine writer and Coke-flinging medalist Jo Walton is on the short list for Best Novel for her *Tooth and Claw*. Best of luck!

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**RIP GEORGE FLYNN** — Lifelong fan-of-all-trades George Flynn died on August 29, aged 68, only days before the most recent of Boston Worldcons to bear his imprimatur. Flynn was a man of many, even unsuspected, parts. Apahack, smof, WSFS rules wonk, conventioneer, fanzine fan, eternal pillar of NESFA, letterhack, and among the rare few to attend both Corflu and Ditto (indeed even ran one), Flynn also held a Ph.D. in Chemistry, spoke seven languages fluently, and co-authored textbooks on physical and environmental chemistry. A long-time chemistry researcher at Brown and MIT, he worked in later years as a specialty copy-editor. He is remembered as a consummate gentleman, who was often quiet but spoke good sense when it was most needed, and had the knack of walking gracefully between the many worlds of fandom. Said Deb Geisler (Noreascon 4 chair), "George Flynn was a gentlefan, a kindly man, a scathing wit, and a treasure deeply prized by Boston fandom."

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# CHUNG A

