

Woof 2022



**The 47th WorldCon Order of FanEds!
LIVE from Chicago... sorta.**

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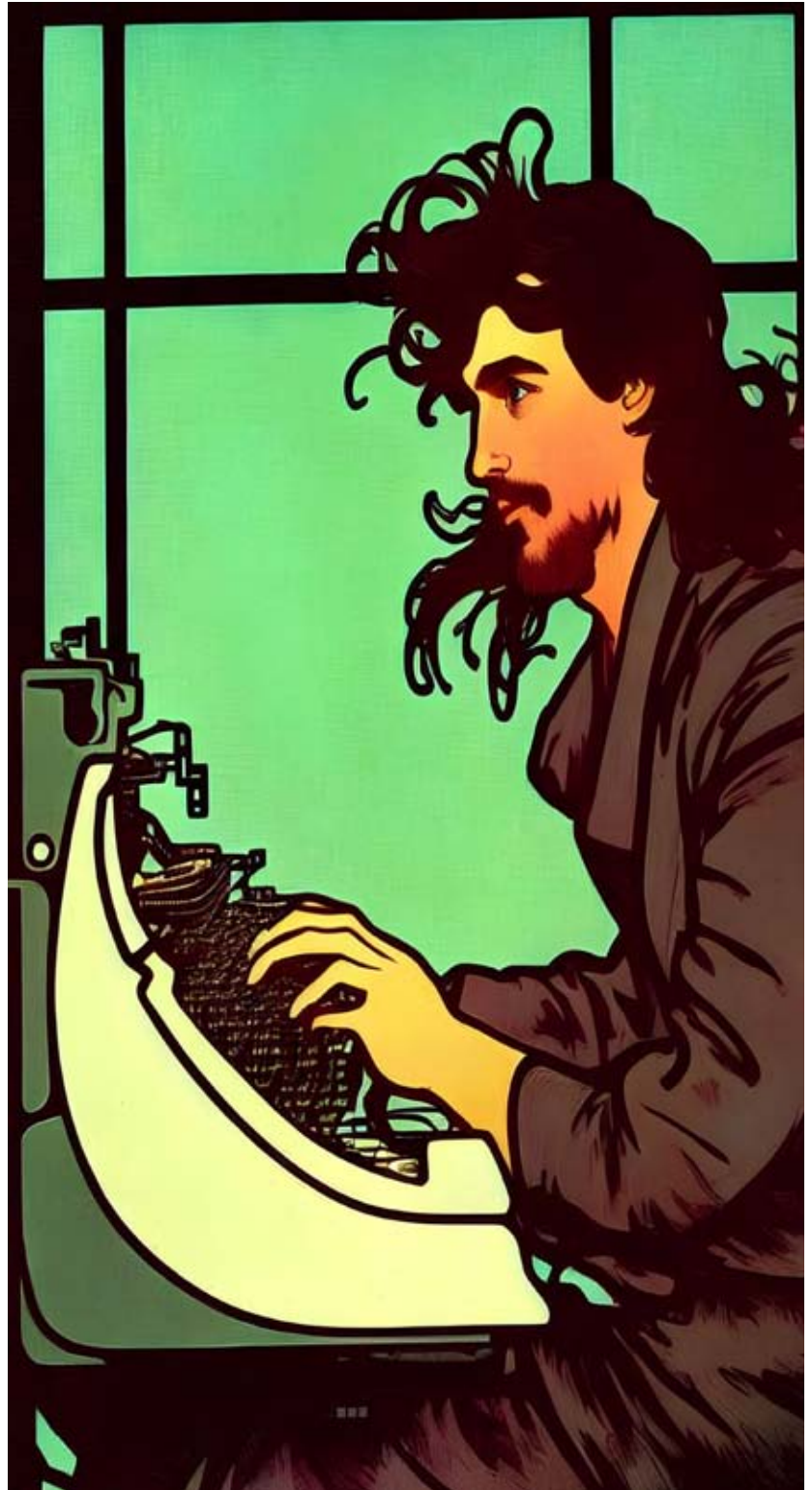
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(Dec. 2022 OE Note: And I'm so sorry this is so late, and the Print Editor will be done as soon as I can, and why did I think that including a 112 page zine was a good idea for WOOF and Sorry John Hertz, I'll get you this in some form, and y'all are awesome and It was great to see ya in Chi-Ville!)

**REPORT
FROM
HOOPLE
#146.870
FOR WOOF #47**

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Also referred to as **WOOF 2022**, to be collated in paper at Worldcon #80 in Chicago, IL, and also electronically afterwards. Also for *APA-L* #2991± of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Thanks to Rich Lynch for handling *WOOF* last year and producing the third electronic edition, and to Chris Garcia for doing it this year.

AN UPDATED HISTORY OF WOOF

Some years ago I published a list of all of the *WOOF*s as of that time. Since then I found a few issues that I had misplaced and hadn't had the page counts for, and there has been more activity lately as well as interest in the history of *WOOF*, so I thought it would be of interest to give an update. I'm now able to present a near-complete listing, marred only by the missing page counts on #6 (1981) and #30 (2006), both of which I contributed to but failed to get my copy of.

As we approach *WOOF*'s 50th anniversary, note that (not counting the 1987 aberration which was taken care of the following year) there were just 5 cons without a *WOOF* since its inception. On the brink of passing into oblivion, it enjoyed a resurgence starting in 2009 that can be attributed to our "Official Inspirer" John Hertz, who stimulated a renewed interest in *WOOF* and recruited Official Editors each year — thanks to all of you who took on this task!

Year	Location	WOOF	Off'l Editor	Pages
1976	Kansas City	#1	Bruce Pelz	49
1977	Miami Beach	#2	Brice Pelz	52
1978	Phoenix	#3	Bruce Pels	82
1979	Brighton	#4	Bruce Pelz	45
1980	Boston	#5	Fred Patten	42
1981	Denver	#6	Dick Smith	???
1982	Chicago	#7	D Smith / R Sacks	75
1983	Baltimore	#8	D Smith / R Sacks	52
1984	Anaheim	#9	D Smith / R Sacks	42
1985	Melbourne	#10	Jack Herman	16
1986	Atlanta	#11	Robert Sacks	23
1987	Brighton	—	—	—
1988	New Orleans	#12/13 *	Robert Sacks	44
1989	Boston	#14	Robert Sacks	29
1990	The Hague	#15	Robert Sacks	8
1991	Chicago	#16	Victoria Smith	29
1992	Orlando	#17	Victoria Smith	7
1993	San Francisco	#18	Victoria Smith	11
1994	Winnipeg	#19	Victoria Smith	37
1995	Glasgow	#20	Victoria Smith	19
1996	Anaheim	#21	Victoria Smith	23
1997	San Antonio	#22	Victoria Smith	16
1998	Baltimore	#23	Victoria Smith	17
1999	Melbourne	#24	Victoria Smith	~34
2000	Chicago	#25	Victoria Smith	17
2001	Philadelphia	#26	Victoria Smith	31
2002	San Jose	#27	Victoria Smith	25

2003	Toronto	#28	Victoria Smith	17
2004	Boston	#29	Victoria Smith	22
2005	Glasgow	—	—	—
2006	Anaheim	#30	Victoria Smith	???
2007	Yokohama	—	—	—
2008	Denver	—	—	—
2009	Montreal	2009	Lloyd Penney	22
2010	Melbourne	#35	Alan Stewart	9
2011	Reno	#36	Randy Byers	76
2012	Chicago	#37	Chris Garcia	~62
2013	San Antonina	2013	John Purcell	108
2014	London	—	—	—
2015	Spokane	2015	Andy Hooper	33
2016	Kansas City	2016	Murray Moore	55
2017	Helsinki	#42	J Purcell / Simo Sunttila	67
2018	San Jose	#43	Guy Lillian III	72
2019	Dublin	#44	Kees van Toorn	e 69
2020	Wellington NZ	#45	Guy Lillian III	e166
2021	Washington DC	#46	Rich Lynch	e 87
2022	Chiicago	#47	Chris Garcia	TBD

* *WOOF* #12 had contributions but encountered other obstacles and was not collated. However, the contributions were saved by Robert Sacks and combined with *WOOF* #13. Separately, #12 and #13 would have had 31 and 13 pages respectively.

e (before page count) indicated that an electronic edition was available, and the page count is for that edition.

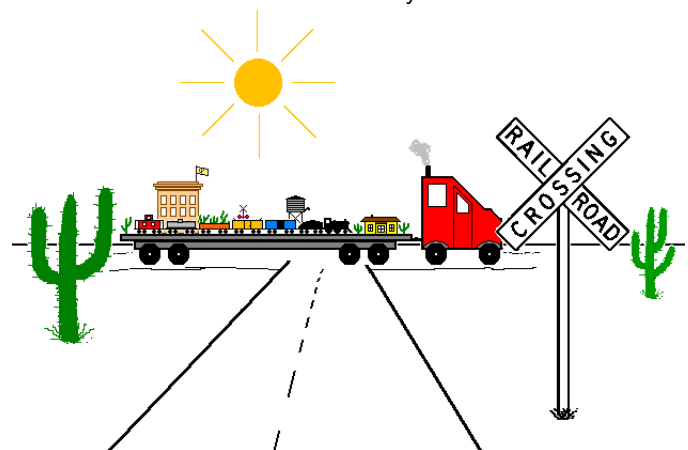
COMMENTS ON WOOF #46 (2021)

A nice electronic edition with a great cover! A few individual comments:

Rich Lynch (Nineteen Seventy-Six): *APA-L* is still going as a printed fanzine, thanks to the efforts of Marty Cantor of LASFS. A remarkable achievement considering that LASFS's meetings have been virtual (via Zoom) since the pandemic started.

The copy count for *WOOF* was 300 for its first decade or so, so there ought to be some early issues floating around. I'll see if I can scan my copy of #1 and maybe put it somewhere like *efanzines.com* if that's appropriate and of enough interest. Do you have #6?

Ahrvid Engholm (Intermission #116): Interesting recount — complete with map no less — of 1940's LA fandom, and about LASFS's first clubhouse on Bixel St. I've enjoyed eating at Clifton's a number of times; I believe it is still there but is running for limited hours after having closed during the pandemic. I think they had another store around the block that closed some years earlier.

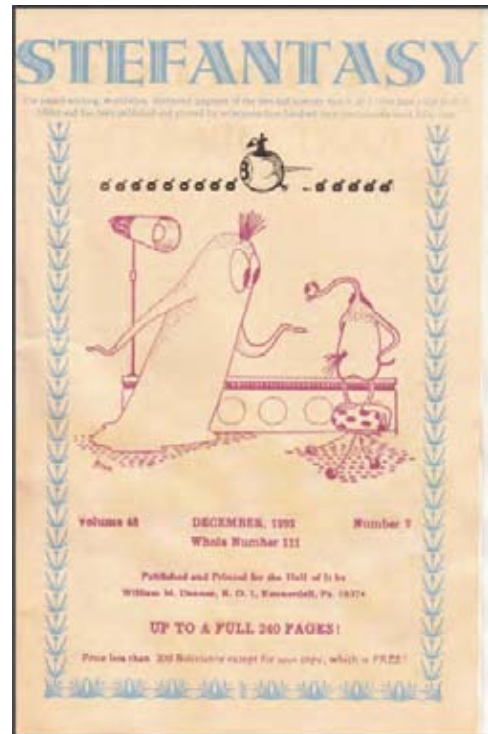


Remembering Bill Danner

I suppose it's happened to most of us at one time or another. There I was digging through a stack of old correspondence I'd re-discovered, some of it dating back a couple of decades, when I came across a letter I had almost forgotten that I'd received. It was a condolence card of sorts, sent to me by the neighbors of William M. Danner, informing me of his passing.

For those of you who are not familiar with him, Bill Danner was a fanzine publisher. A notable one. Over a 53-year span he published 123 issues of *Stefantasy*, described by Harry Warner, Jr. in his 1950s fan history book *A Wealth of Fable* as containing "first-rate material, impeccably reproduced". Even back then, *Stefantasy* was renowned because it was painstakingly reproduced by letterpress using hand-set type. As I described back in 1992 in a review which appeared in the fanzine *Anvil*:

"This provides a different and eye-pleasing appearance that you just don't find in typewritten fanzines. Color is also used to nice effect on the cover, bringing to life an old ATom illustration. Inside, Danner's vacation trip remembrance turns out not to be from the 1960s, 1950s, or even the 1940s – it's from the years 1924 and 1925 (at 85 years, he may be the oldest active fan). Reading this essay is like taking a trip through time, back to the era before Gernsback even invented science fiction fandom; it must have been a different world in every way, then, and you get the flavor of it in Danner's writing."



the photo of Bill Danner that appeared in *A Wealth of Fable*

Harry Warner was actually the reason that I'd become acquainted with Bill Danner. I was the editor for *A Wealth of Fable* and in the process of assembling the manuscript for publication I had been looking for photographs of fans and pros who were mentioned in the book. It was the middle of 1991 when I first wrote him, inquiring if he had a photo of himself from back then, and I remember being pleasantly surprised that he had. And when I wrote back and asked him if he remembered who the photographer was, he responded: "I can, indeed. I did, with the camera and a flashgun on a tripod and carefully aimed and focused before I sat down and pushed the cable release." A selfie!

From his letter, I learned that Bill Danner was an avid photographer. He wrote that: "For many years I almost always had a loaded camera at hand and shot all kinds of things except for

myself. Once in a while I even did that, and the enclosed print is about as close as I can come to your request for a photo made in the 1950s. This one, I think, was made in the early 60s. Focus isn't perfect but it's not too bad. Lighting is too flat but it's a little late to do anything about that now."

It was about six years later that I tried to find Bill Danner in person. He lived in Kennerdell, Pennsylvania, a small town located in rural western Pennsylvania. Harry Warner had described him, in *A Wealth of Fable*, as being "notable as fandom's most consistent hermit. Few fans had tracked him down [before he moved to Kennerdell in 1957] and after that he succeeded in achieving even more complete isolation from fans because it was almost impossible to find his home from his mailing address." I had been on a business trip, escorting three visitors from Estonia to see a modern power plant of interest to them, and when I found out the facility was on the outskirts of Kennerdell it took me no time at all to decide to attempt a visit. But by the time I discovered that he lived just a few miles from the power plant it was too late to contact him by mail and I didn't have his phone number available. All I had to go on was "R.D. 1" for an address and that turned out not to be enough. In the end, Warner's description unfortunately proved to be accurate.

After that I still continued to receive *Stefantasy* in the mail until its final issue in 1998, and then we fell out of contact with each other. I probably should have guessed that Bill was having medical issues, as he was in his early 90s by then. A couple of years after that I received the card from his neighbors. It read in part:

"Sorry to say but Bill passed away on the 4th of March [2000]. ... Bill has been using a walker to get around for about a year now and his legs were retaining fluid and making it pretty hard to care for himself. In October [1999] he went into the hospital for about a week and then the Dr. put him in a home."

Bill Danner apparently had never thought of himself of a fan: "I consider being called a fan merely a mistake," he wrote in 1950. But there are 53 years of *Stefantasy* which indicate otherwise. Just that one issue of *Stef* that I reviewed in 1992 featured letters from notable fans, including Walter Willis, Lee Hoffman, Robert Bloch, Wim Struyck, Alan Dodd, Ethel Lindsay, and Dean Grennell. Bill's correspondence files must have been fabulous and it's a tragedy that they have now apparently all been lost. As for me, the few pieces of correspondence I have from him are little gems that I hope will be preserved after my time comes. Being a friend of Bill's even if only by correspondence, was truly an honor for me.

Rich Lynch
Gaithersburg, Maryland
August 2022

newt news

another Worldcon/WOOF special, re-inaugural semi-dead-tree **issue #00** (yes, it's the second zero in a row!)

sites.google.com/site/janvanekjr/newtnews

September 2022

a Czech('s) fanzine in English: one-man, with occasional sercon pretensions

Czech fandom for Resolution D.6 #standwithUkraine

0. Hello, Earthfen! Take me to your Fanzine Lounge → Another year, another Worldcon... another I won't be attending (sorry, not even supporting). Oh well, at least this one still takes place in the land of the WSFS and home of SF; a country which, no matter how deepening its problems, at least has freedom of speech, doesn't prison entire minorities into re-education camps¹ and doesn't keep as the host of dishonour a rabid raving fascist, or... well, make it one and a half.² ¶ But enough on this. It is a great pleasure, if vicarious, to be here, among you,³ at least in this paper form. Thank you to all who have made it possible, and especially WOOF's 2022 OE Christopher J Garcia (for putting up with my clueless newbie questions and deadline extensions; I owe you a drink!).

1. Who is Vaněk, who is he? / What makes Johnny run → Of course, *gnōthi seauton* is a tall order, as is explaining oneself to strangers – there's a reason why my userpages at ISFDB and Fancyclopedia remain empty, nor was I never able to update my entry after *Who Is Who in Czech and Slovak SF* switched from the second paper edition to a website? But tall or not, it is clearly in order; I almost promised it the last time; and I must admit that when in a hurry, writing about oneself is quite a good way to fill space; you don't have to do (as much) research as on other, more sercon topics. ¶ Back in '17, I managed to compose a 100-word profile I was quite happy with... and did not save it before I had to savagely cut it to half for the Helsinki Worldcon's Programme Guide. Let me try to replicate it, *sans* the limitations: ¶ Czech fan (guess this could be narrowed to "fanwriter", but then maybe also qualified with "lapsed" or *manque*) born 1976 (so my personal Golden Age of SF, in the Carr/Graham/13+ sense, happened to coincide with the publishing boom after the Velvet Revolution – happily as I was running out of my parents' collection, and the city library) with a sercon bent (and some talent for English, and interest in what goes on abroad), pilgrimaging to European Worldcons since 2005.⁴ Wrote some stories (minor juveniles overall, but still, the next-by-one point applies too), wrote some other stuff of course (reviews, even con reports, and the last decade, sadly, increasingly obituaries), won some awards (or at least nominations), won some reputation, won some enemies (ending up filling our fandom's systemised niche for the gadfly without really expecting it, let alone trying. But that's how it goes, one thing leads to another – *difficile satiram non scribere*, and *amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*),⁵ translated some stories (McDonald, Sterling, Shepard, Stross), edited (or copy-edited might be a better term? certainly collated, in the not-fannish sense of painstakingly comparing both versions) some book translations (Simmons, Banks); never gafiated even by half but switched most of my (meagre) output to translation criticism, mostly non-genre (which is even better field for striking great blows for Truth, and making mortal enemies both among bottomfeeder mouthbreathers and the overinflated Establishment). SFE submissions still limited to individual corrections. ¶ Yes, that might, I guess, if you squint very hard, be one way of looking at that (at me... into the looking glass, darkly), so hopelessly inadequate from all

¹ "For almost 80 years now", I can almost hear (or rather, see) the sarcasm of a certain Hugo Fan Writer ex-nominee.

² While enough is available in English on Lukyanenko (so it's not such a pity that I couldn't cram in here the story about his boycott in Czechia and the following bizarre exchange of insults with our bestselling SF/F writer), too few of the debaters approaching the 200-pound panda in the room have read Mr Liu's story medium.com/@mondanite/liu-cixin-the-angel-era-translation-c193b4ae047f and statements summarised e. g. in econlib.org/against-political-art/.

³ As a last-minute reconsideration, I may distribute a few printed copies in Prague, to see what happens. If that's your case, Kind Reader, please adjust your expectations, my references, and forgive excesses of slan fang... I mean, fan slang.

⁴ Alas, was too much a poor student to join our expedition in 1995. See you in Glasgow! Have been considering whether I should include an Eastercon on my bucket list, and cross it rather sooner or later, but... I'm not really a convention fan..

⁵ In fact, a 2004 adventure novel by the *then*-bestselling Czech SF/fantasy writer, which a. o. tuckerised some fans, contains the final boss monster that was supposed to remind people in the know of me. Really.

other angles. But it's getting late, the space is limited, onward! ¶ Still, before proceeding to the next section, I should disclose a few more things: I have this weird sense of humour. I am very prone to digressions (I have used quadruply-nested parentheses) and fond of footnotes.⁶ This also combines in making a lot of obscure references, probably less decipherable than it seems from inside. Mostly I manage to suppress these to a bearable level when writing in Czech, but trying to express myself in a foreign language I don't use that much otherwise has somehow the exact opposite effect. Wander if 4E et al. had it the same with Esperanto... – Also, I've had an ugly (fan)writing block for the most of my (fannish) life. Really. I still haven't tried the Sheckley cure, but this is close to it, in a way... in places, when I'm not staring into a half-empty space and wrestling with a paragraph for an hour. ¶ Finally, not only I'll never master English grammar properly (where do all the articles go?), but when I'm in a hurry and under stress like now, I am susceptible to the most egregious typos and even misspellings. Shameful apologies in advance.⁷

1.1. One FIAWOL, furnished with Middle-Period Langford → No space to list my favourite books, but to prove worthy of the hallowed halls of the Order of Faneditors, I can let you triangulate me by listing some fanzines that have... changed my life (as a fan, at least), or just were important, or I simply read and usually enjoyed them. Roughly in chronologic order: *Ansible* (including the online *Cloud Chamber* and whatever extra Dave happened to produce – I never got to reading archive *Twl Ddus* etc.), *SF-LOVERS Digest* (as it was in the '90s, i. e. listserved curation from the Usenet), *Fans Across the World*, *Shards of Babel*, *Then* (hey, it used to be counted as a fanzine even though it's a book now, so why not?), *The Last Deadloss Visions* (ditto), *The New York Review of Science Fiction* (of the Hartwell era), I guess I can add even *Foundation* now that Fanac hosts it, *Making Light* (I remember JMF), *File 770* (I try at least to scan the headlines, even though it's like drinking from a firehose... but so is so much fanac these days. However, the 1980es issues are brilliant); lately I have repeatedly googled up good stuff in *Black Gate* and just a few days ago *Portable Storage* was a very pleasant discovery (will have to send them a LoC, Real Soon Now). ¶ Finally, since I mentioned this – in January I started [editing FancyCyclopedia.org](http://editing.FancyCyclopedia.org) and enjoy it a lot. But that has to wait for some other time, or place.

1.2. My life as a (sub)Woofer → As-you-know-Bob, newt is a kind of heraldic animal of the Czech fandom: for four decades there has been a series of interrelated but slightly differing awards called *Mlok*, after Čapek's *The War with the Newts*. I'm not good at thinking up punchy slogans, and have a complicated *Hassliebe* with puns. Somehow this title occurred to me long, long ago, when I first toyed with the idea of producing a zine, and I haven't come up with anything better since. Of course it isn't the semi-official newszine it might have been had I started back then; but what's in a name? It's not like I am domain-squatting it from something better. ¶ Before going to Dublin (and Belfast) in Aug '19, I decided “now or never” and produced a one-sheet issue #0, brought some 30 copies... only to find out there was no Fanzine Lounge, or even a dedicated fanzine table: I had to scatter them among various dubious freebies (I also pressed a few on people I had met). But I saw a notice about the WOOF (done mostly as PDF then) and managed to get in. I never got any response. ¶ Then came the usual post-Worldcon burnout... and then the Covid and other things on my mind. Only this spring it occurred me to check and there were some mentions in the 2020 WOOF. (Awful sorry, GHL, I'll send you a LoC, Reals Soon Now!) So now I'm doing this – lastminute again but how could I resist a promise of proper paper duplication? And *four* pages this time.⁸

2. A brief history of Czech fanzines in English: correction/supplement/mystery → In this section of issue #0, I (mis)stated that Eva Hauser[ová] “went on to win the GUFF race in 1992, but wrote her travel report only in Czech” (secretly thinking that then I might translate it myself, achieving the hat-trick of securing some stable content for a few issues, increasing interest in my prospective zine, and doing a Worthy Deed for Fanhistory). This year I discovered in the tangle of GUFF websites that in fact “My Australian Diary” appeared in *Guffaw* #4 (2000!), even scanned online. There are some unresolved questions about a supposed

⁶ Which seem to help a little here, to untangle the main thread from wild tangents, as well as save space. Except that when overused, they wreak havoc on the page layout...

⁷ And don't get me started on trying to maintain English quotation marks, or even apostrophes, on a Czech-locale PC.

⁸ Stupid idea, should have gone for more, spent most of the time throwing stuff out; it stifles the writing spirit terribly. Still, I promise any further growth will be closer to arithmetic than geometric; and I'll learn to number pages.

earlier printing⁹ – Eva seems not to remember any details anymore; I have yet to ask its editor Paul Kincaid, but also doubt he would. ¶ Still, when you have read the original as early and often as I did, one can't fail to notice that the English version is significantly shorter, and it's the funniest bits missing, making the remnants much blander, just a procession of names and places, even though in Czech, the trip report could stand with the best of them all, and I swear it's not just the rose glasses of my Golden Age talking (to mix a metaphor or three). I see two possible explanations: Eva's platform claimed "Unfortunately, I can't write anything funny in English" – self-deprecating irony, of course, yet humour is hard to translate, so if she was in a hurry, and possibly had to save space, she might have gone the way of least resistance and limited herself to just the facts. OTOH, much of the humour in the report is, or might be read as, irreverent, and she might have preferred its targets not to see it... ¶ So maybe I could do that translation after all, *full and unexpurgated*. But is 30 years sufficient statute of limitations, or should I wait another decade or two?

2.1. Update: Czech anthologies in English to have a brief history now! (Or plural) → The one I mentioned last time, languishing for decades as a pipe dream at bradburysshadow.vostok.cz (a better-unnamed-source is reported grumbling "It really should have been done in the 1990s, when we weirdo Central/Eastern Europeans still interested anybody." Amen, brother), will finally see print, thanks to the indefatigable Jaroslav Olša, Jr., lately the Czech Republic's Consul General in Los Angeles.¹⁰ The cover says *Bradbury's Shadow: Chronicle of Czech Science Fiction 1 / Fandom authors of the 1980s* (yup, enough is left for a 2nd volume. The selection is representative, though I prefer different stories from some of the authors) and shows three cosmonauts on the Moon raising a Czech[oslovak] flag.¹¹ It's to be launched at [Loscon 48](http://Loscon48), 25–27 Nov. Wish I could be there... but His Excellency is a great companion.

3. Things to do in Prague when you're... um, pining for the Great Lakes → Not much to report, let alone recommend on the home fandom front; a con listing etc. must wait for the next time, or I'll finally force myself to do a stub entry for Czechia on the *Fancy*. Still, should you happen to visit sooner, by all means let me know. ¶ Speaking of which: When I met Orange Mike Lowrey at the Luxembourg Eurocon, he won me over with his argument about continuing worth of fan funds in this era and exemplary tales of Kindness of Strangers, i. e. couches of fellow fen. So, not just any further TAFF/GUFF etc. winners but all fannish travellers in these parts are welcome to my couch if it's of any use (Prague is supposed to be nice but really, there's damn little going on fandom-wise to justify making a stop on the official itinerary). ¶ Last weekend's surprising discovery: ElectricSheepBookBar.cz (opened a year ago, so I'm still not that far behind the times). SF-themed cocktails (Gargleblaster too fruitily innocent, but at 142 Kč¹² it has to be cheapest), over 1000 books (new & old, genre & non-, common & interesting, overpriced & reasonable: I mean, the Phillips Tiptree bio for mere 300!), events including a SF book club on second Sundays of the month (just my luck to miss *Canticle for Leibowitz*)... Owned by a Pittsburgher of the "just like the stuff, thought about going to the Irish Worldcon because of relatives there" kind; said she would like more contacts with the "local scene" – doubt if I can help with that but at least will sample the rest of the menu. ¶ (That used to be another of my wild dreams: put out an ad at expats.cz, there might be some bona fide faans in the woodworks – we could, dunno, at least go for a craft beer if not found a club? I've always been more of a fanzine fan than a people person.) ¶ After all, this spring I learned there's a TAFF ex-candidate living in Prague. I wrote to him... and got no response. I console myself with anecdotic evidence that Gmail's spamfilters are absurdly suspicious when a user, no matter how legitimate and longstanding, writes to another, unconnected one. Guess I'll try once more when I gather the time, and courage.

⁹ Which this margin is too narrow to contain, as Fermat put it.

¹⁰ This is mentioned in sf-encyclopedia.com/entry/olsa_jaroslav_jr but otherwise that is in a bad need of an update, not to mention obvious errors. Also I still have to put his research on the Czech roots of Miles J. Breuer in the Wikipedia: go to the URL in the last footnote, and scroll down to the "M. J. Breuer" link. Worry not, it's in English.

¹¹ Exclusive gossip: originally, two of them had it also painted on their backpacks while the third, somewhat aside, had a Slovak one – an obscure little in-joke on the Velvet Divorce. This will be changed since the Foreign Ministry pays for the printing, so that no Diplomatic Impropriety might arise.

¹² The current exchange rate is almost 25 crowns per euro, or dollar.

4. Crossbred in translation → There will be a proper department of translation criticism in the following, proper, full-size issues; promise. But it would be bad form just to promise and tantalise without providing a tiniest morsel of substance, and also it is my firm belief that any discussion of books without a mention of translation is a waste of at least a good opportunity, if not a complete waste of paper/screen space, so let me just briefly dip into my (chaotic) archives and (failing) memory. ¶ Recently something reminded me of McAuley's *Fairyland* (1997, Czech in 2001 under the same title¹³). It hasn't become a household word (though seems to remain in print), so let me better explain (that's the problem: the best, subtlest, funniest bad translations are very much dependent on the context, so even if they consist of a word or two, sharing them with the uninitiated by means simpler than a full mind-meld tends to require a lot of extraneous explaining before you get to the punchline) it is a near-future¹⁴ "biopunk", with lots of dangerous gene-hacking, especially the properly cyberpunkishly wild *unplanned zone ... of free enterprise ... the world's biggest uncontrolled bioreactor, this century's Chernobyl ... in the making*. Just walking along, *street is blocked by sawhorses strung with bio-hazard tape, and a crew in decontamination suits ... is working inside a bubble thrown up over a prefab*. 'Things get out of hand sometimes,' [Our Hero notes wryly]. Now, the Czech version would back-translate¹⁵ to "... clogged by a herd of pig-horses, trapped between tapes with the biohazard symbol ..." Where the hapless young student-cum-first-time-translator lost his way is left as an exercise for the reader. ¶ And this (trans)mutation of a non-living metaphor into a new species reminded me in turn of Stephenson's *Quicksilver* with the opening description of Boston's waterfront *The long wharf is ridged with barracks. It reaches far enough out into the harbor that one of the Navy's very largest men-of-war is able to moor at its end*, rendered in *Rtuť* (2008) "...so much deep into the port that one of the tallest soldiers of the navy is able to see as far as its end." Learn languages, folks, it's fun *and* profit! (The married couple who did this, and much, much more, actually *were* making their living as teachers of English – pity their students.)

Interlineations are a waste of space (& a hallowed tradition, check whichever applies). #evenbeardmutterings

5. Subscription (and payment) → This is a fanzine, of course; information wants to be free, as are the best things in life (not that this rag ranks among the best ideas I ever had). So if you have read this (far) and weren't bored to death, why not drop me a line, or two? It Is a Proud (um...) And Lonely (yes indeed) Thing To Be a beginning faneditor, as you will surely remember. Ditto if you absolutely don't want to miss the next issue when and if it appears. (I might even submit to eFanzines in time, but it still feels like I should first have a proper, non-zero issue or two.) ¶ But also: this time, there will be a WOOF printing fee of five cents per page & copy, so \$5 overall. (Perfectly reasonable, less than the costs here in Prague.) As I'm sending this off, I don't know yet how and when to pay them; so if you *really* liked this and feel generous, you could contribute, to save me (and Chris) the bother of a transatlantic transaction. And if it's been paid meanwhile, perhaps you might "angel" for a few solo copies of *Newt News* and scatter them wherever such things can be found, like I would if I could. ¶ Cranked out on Wed 31 Aug by Jan Vaněk jr. <jan.vanek.jr@gmail.com> (or [fb.com/jan.j.vanek](https://www.facebook.com/jan.j.vanek) – little of my content is likely to be accessible to you, even if machine translation works, but am always up for a debate on topics of mutual interest). Unproudly not-really-typeset in MS Word 2003 (notice the downgrade since the last time!), may it bit-rot in hell. Colophon: Calibri¹⁶ 11 points¹⁷, masthead in Franklin Gothic Medium Cond.¹⁸

¹³ Since it sounded more "commercial" than if the concept were translated into the prospective buyers' pedestrian native language. English, that has a cutting-edge, skiffy feel, y'understand; while putting "fairies" on the cover? This is no steinking fantasy! Although the term *was* of necessity translated inside the book.

¹⁴ Hm, was it not supposed to take place around now? There is a Mars expedition going on, but nobody cares anymore.

¹⁵ Due to space constraints, I won't quote it here; you'll have to take me on trust this time – or ask.

¹⁶ It's simple, default, yet pretty classy and easy on the eye, not like all those PDF zines in big Times New Roman that look like every corporate miscommunication you've ever seen, with your eyes immediately glassing over. ... Except the bold font in subtitles seems to have some kerning problems. Or is it just me and zooming the image?

¹⁷ When I started, it seemed the right compromise of legibility and cramming enough stuff onto page. My eyesight is not getting any better, so apologies for any inconvenience before I switch to PDF-only. The footnotes are 10pt.

¹⁸ Not that I recommend it to anyone, but I was in a hurry and wanted something stark and sober, similar to the genzine where I got my spurs (see the logo at interkom.vecnost.cz). Must stick with it at least for a couple of issues now.

Claims Department





WorldCon is in 17 days as I write this.

It's in Chicago. Chicago is the American home of public art.

OK, there's a bit of over-sell there, but there is more world-class public art uin Chi-ville than any other American city. I've only experienced a little of it, and this trip will see me dgoing to see more, including The Bean, which I will take pictures of and use as postcards mostly to piss off Anish Kapoor.

In other news, the family is over COVID and generally OK. The kids are in second grade, and Vanessa is both working and doing art. She'll even be in the Art Show at ChiCon!

Work is work, and I've been enjoying the hell out of it. I love that I get to do the best part of the job at the Museum, putting together exhibits, with the added bonus of getting to do graphic design, article writing, and even video and audio editing. It's kinda the perfect job for me, and being an archivist is a jobtitle I never once expected to hold.

OK, a look at Public art from all over the place! Enjoy!

Claims Department - August 2022

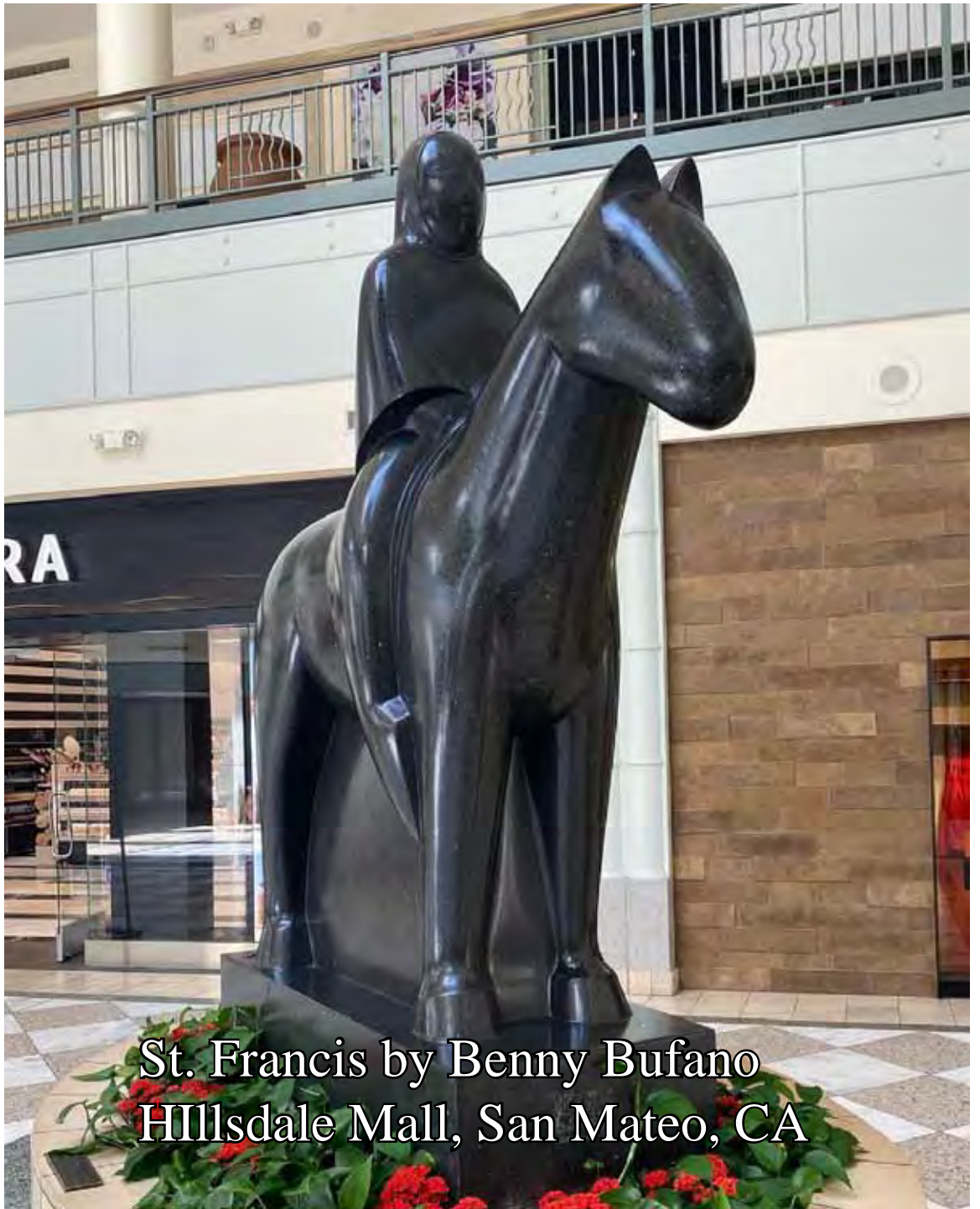
Chris Garcia wrote the pieces, with photos from James Bacon, Vanessa Applegate ,Cardinal Cox, Ric Bretschneider, David Bedno, R-Laurraine Tutihasi, Shutterstock, and Wikimedia's Public Domain images!

Cover is by James Bacon

BaCover is by Ric Bretschneider



Photo by Cardinal Cox



St. Francis by Benny Bufano
Hillsdale Mall, San Mateo, CA



***The Public Art of
Beniamino Bufano***



When I was a kid, I'd go to the grassy area around the Triton Museum of Art. I wouldn't go into the museum, that would wait, but I'd ride my bike around, hang out on the playground, and generally just enjoy the place.

And the giant spike that towered over City Hall.

That spike was *Universal Child* and the artist who created it was Beniamino Bufano, or Benny to his friends.

Same time, if not earlier, I would go to plays. Mostly musicals at the Center for the Performing Arts in Downtown San Jose. I used to love it because outside, there was a statue of a bear. It was a streamlined, abstract statue, and I used to climb all over it, and it took on the form in my mind of what a piece of public art should do. The piece was called *Brown Bear* and the artist was Beniamino Bufano, or Benny to his friends.

Maybe you've caught on to the trend.

Bufano was born in Italy, but came to the US when he was young. He went to the Art Students League of New York, found work with Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, but got fired, and

then worked with Paul Manship for a bit. He was a smart guy, had a bit of a resolute attitude, but really made his first big mark in 1915. There was a major contest around the theme "The Immigrant in America" and Bufano was one of those picked to have his work shown at The Whitney Studio Club, founded by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, of all people. Bufano won first prize, 500 bucks, equal to about winning *The Voice* today. Teddy Roosevelt hated a lot of the art in the show, raging a bit about the Cubists who had been selected for the show. But he liked Bufano's work *The Group*.

"I should like to meet the artist," TR said.

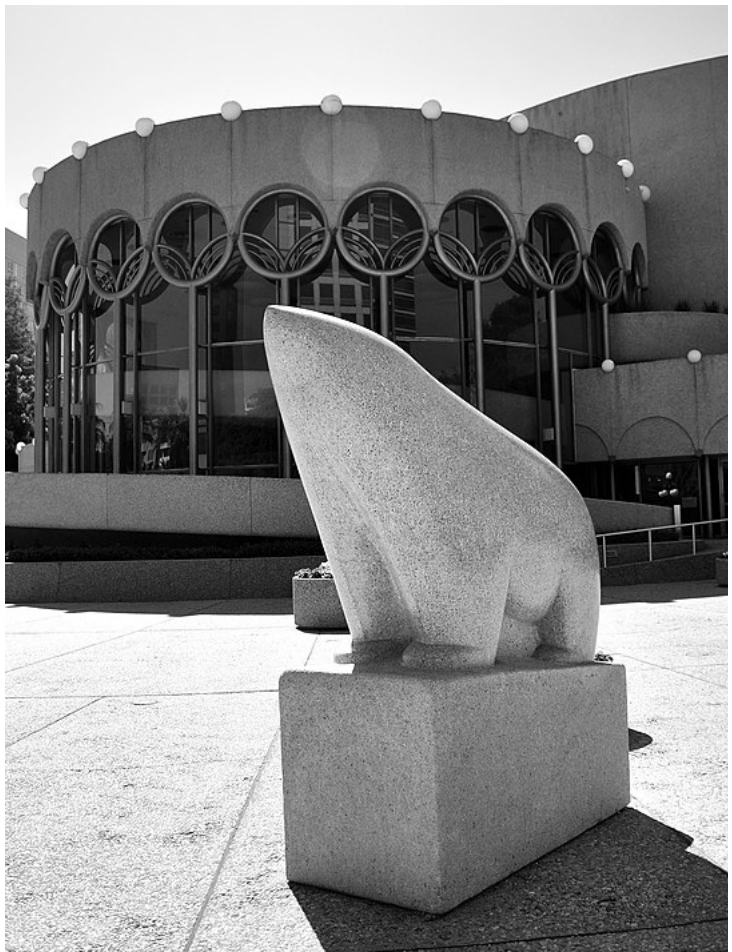
Bufano settled in San Francisco, and he drew many to him. One of his friends – William Saroyan. They were drinking buddies, and widely known everywhere around town. They could often be found at Izzy Gomez's, the restaurant/bar that Nick's in *The Time of Your Life* was based on.

He began to create a great many works in granite and sandstone, and sometimes in concrete and steel. His works often towered, though sometimes he would make them for more personal, especially to children. A work like *Brown Bear* attracted kids to climb, to experience the statue in multiple senses. His lounging cats, such as the ones found at the Hillsdale Mall in San Mateo, are practically wearing saddles for kids to pretend they're mounting a noble steed.

Over the years, Bufano has become a somewhat hidden figure, and public art can do a sort of disappearing act. Pieces like those that litter the mall, or that you find in front of high schools or museums, can seem to blend in, be missed, and this can happen even more to the artists who made them decades before. A piece like *Universal Child*, nearly 75 feet tall, is a wonder to those who happen to stand across from it while leaving the Triton.

This is part of my whole concept of what public art is, and probably should be. It's about bringing art out into the world, and the interplay between the art, the setting, and the viewer. The viewer in a traditional museum setting has a set of expectations, which includes no touching. There is public art that you shouldn't touch, but at the same time, there are some utilitarian things, like playgrounds. The idea isn't to be something that has no use in the space it occupies, it's to give a reaction beyond it's use in that space. Bufano's work does this in many ways, my favorite being that it gives a firm sense of style to venues like the CPA in San Jose. While the building and the statue are of two different forms, they do compliment each other just enough to give a signature to both.

I love Benny Bufano's stuff so much. I've started researching, and soon will be writing about, the relationship between Bufano and Saroyan.













Page 4 - *Universal Child* at Santa Clara City Hall, Santa Clara, CA

Page 5 - *Dr. Sun Yat-Sen* in St. Mary Square, San Francisco, CA

Page 6 - *Brown Bear* and the Center for the Performing Arts, Downtown San Jose

Page 7 - *St Francis de la Varenne*, Frank Cresci Plaza, San Francisco, CA

Page 8 - *Bear and Cubs*, 530 Parnassus Street, San Francisco, CA

Page 9 - *Shadows of the Future*, Stanford campus

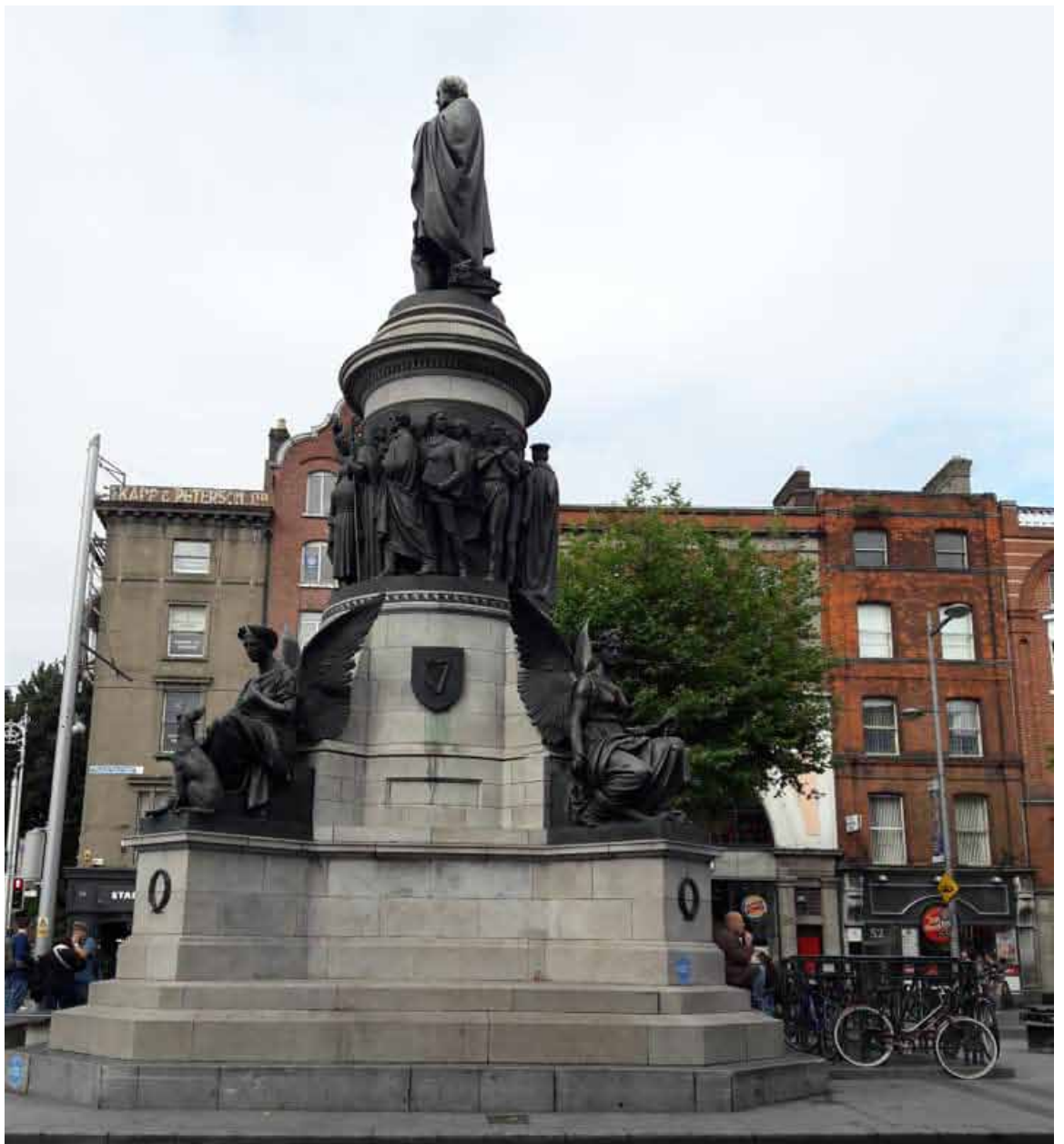
Page 10 - *Peace* overlooking Fort Mason Green, San Francisco, CA

Page 11 - *Louis Pasteur*, San Rafael High School, 310 Nova Albion Way, San Rafael, CA

Page 12 - Unveiling of *Brown Bear* with Benny Bufano at front.







PUBLIC ART IN DUBLIN FROM CARDINAL COX













THE SACRAMENTO SPACE SHIP
SOUTHSIDE PARK, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

I had come into Sacramento for the day to interview artist and filmmaker Jesse Drew. As always, I had built uin an extra hour, and still managed to arrive 90 minutes early. This meant I had time to walk about the neighborhood, and at Southside Park, I ran into this beautiful Airstream spaceship. I'm told it lights up at night, but I've never seen that!

Apparently, the actual name is *Alien Tourist Trailer* and it was made by Joe Scarpa.

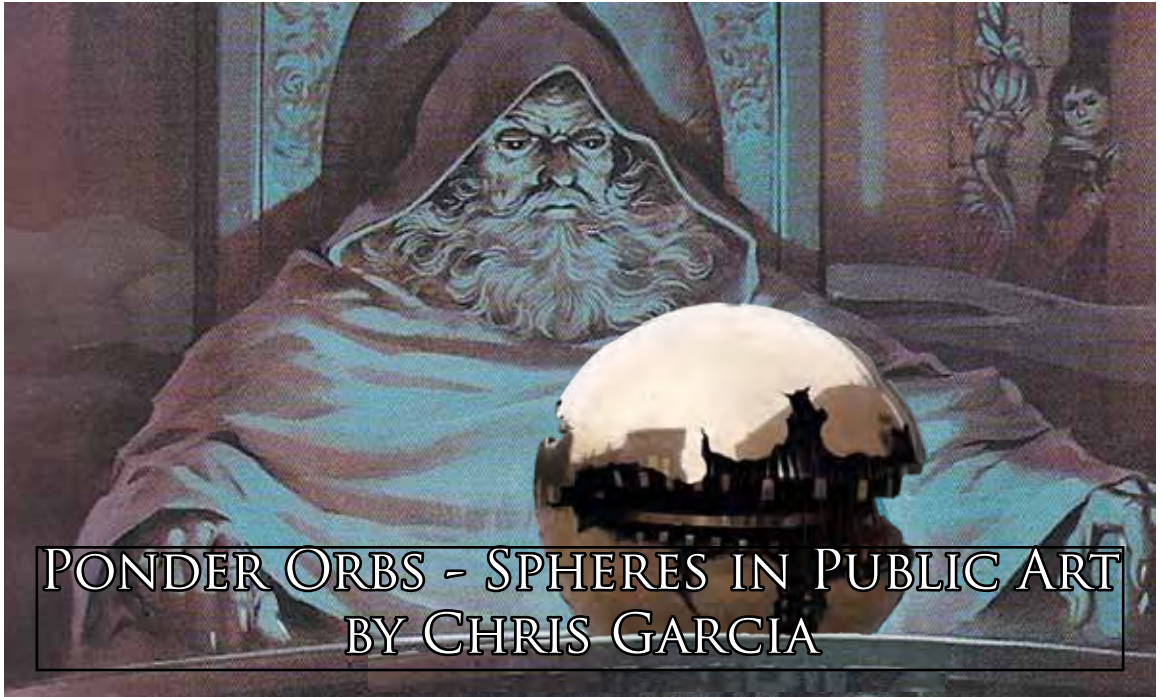




The Vietnam Veteran's Memorial Statue
From James Bacon







There are few forms that are more universal than spheres, and thus it would make sense that orbs would have a special spot in the hearts of artists working in the public space. The sphere is universal, whether it's the coalescing dust that forms the spheres of the planets or the rough boulders worn to round pebbles.

My personal love of public art is 100% informed by a fountain in Santa Clara's Franklin Mall. It was roughly 8 feet tall, polished marble, and a reflecting pool with a blue tiled bottom. The whole thing may have been meant as a reference to the moon rising out of the sea, or perhaps the Earth swimming through the firmament. In the old days, prior to the drought that's lasted a couple of decades, the sphere would have water sprinkling out of the top, shimmering down into the pool. I loved it, but the people of Santa Clara did not.



I interviewed a group dedicated to rebuilding Santa Clara's Downtown. That would mean tearing up the Sphere fountain, and I asked what they'd do with it.



“When can we send it to ya?” one of them said.

The second orb that comes to mind is a world-wide phenomena. When I went to Dublin’s Trinity College to see the *Book of Kells* and the massive library, we found a statue that I thought was awesome. A massive sphere on a small concrete hill. It was a sphere with pieces removed to show another sphere within. It’s called *Sfera con Sfera* made by Arnaldo Pomodoro. I enjoyed it for half-an-hour before we headed in to the book (kinda a let down) and the library, exceptionally amazing!

I then went to UC Berkeley’s Bancroft Library to look into some Saroyan materials they had there. As I passed the Pacific Film Archive / Berkeley Art Museum and crossed the street, I came across something of a nook. In the nook was a large metal sphere. It wasn’t quite as big as the one in Dublin I’d seen, but it was very similar. I couldn’t find any marker for it, but later discovered it was *Sfera con Sfera* by Arnaldo Pomodoro! And not only that, but there were many others, including one at the deYoung Museum in San Francisco that I certainly must have seen, and one at the Hirshhorn Museum that I may well have when I worked at the Smithsonian American Art Museum! Others are in Hakone, Tehran, Tel Aviv, and Columbus, Ohio!

Photos by Vanessa Applegate in 2019



© Vanessa Applegate, 2019

Almost certainly the most famous sphere public work is *The Sphere* that had stood for a few decades in the plaza between the two towers of the World Trade Center. When the towers fell, the statue was damaged, but not destroyed. Though another statue of one of the true masters of public art, *Bent Propeller* by Alexander Calder, partially survived, *The Sphere* survived in considerably good shape, as the Calder was crushed, and ended up badly rusted when recovered (though can now be seen in the 9-11 museum) and is no longer recognisable without a really good label. *The Sphere* was moved to Battery Park for a number of years, before it was moved back near to where it had once stood. It's a fitting memorial to the art that one existed throughout the WTC complex, and how even a damaged New York will return, even if no longer in perfect shape. It's a good metaphor.



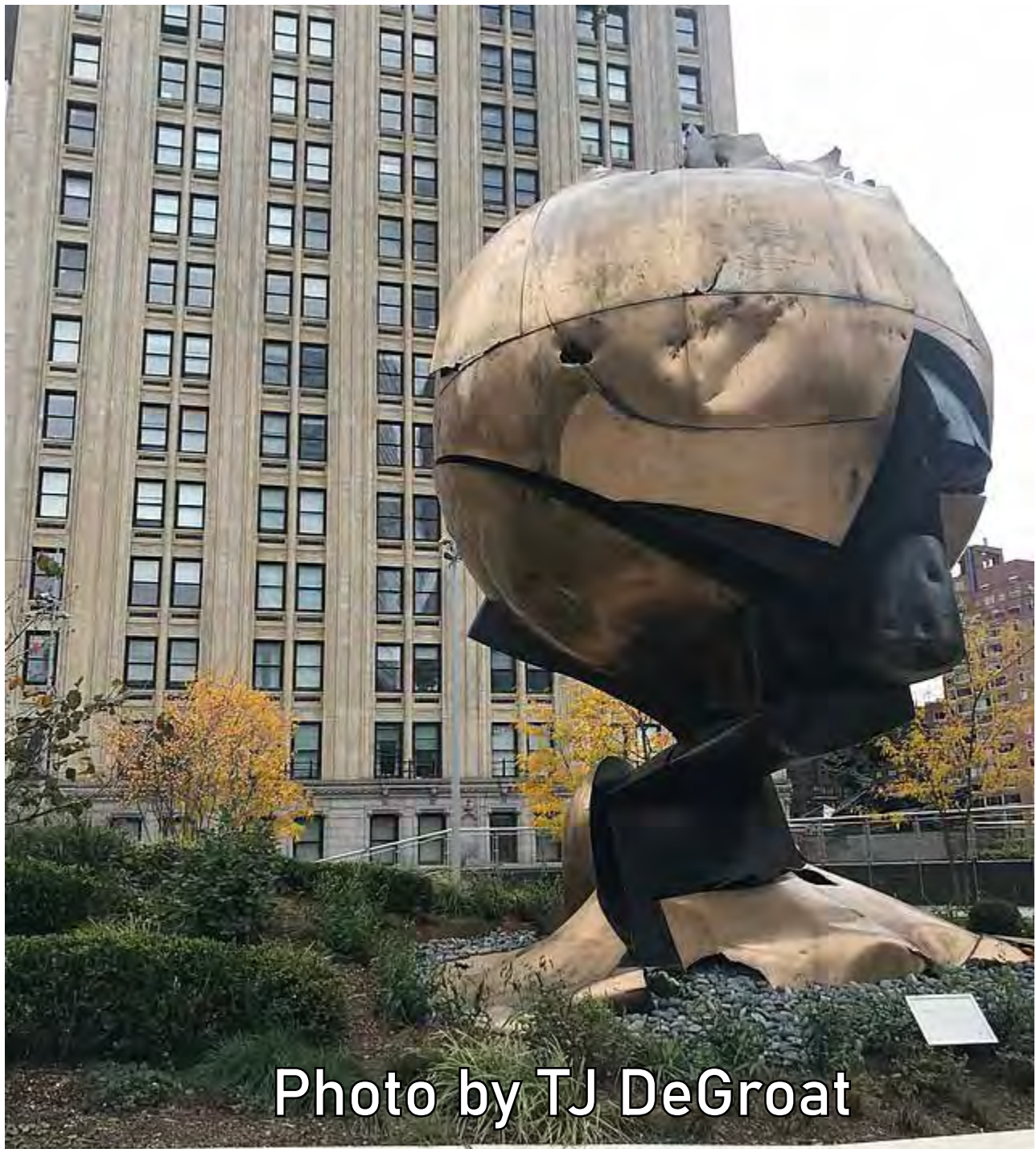
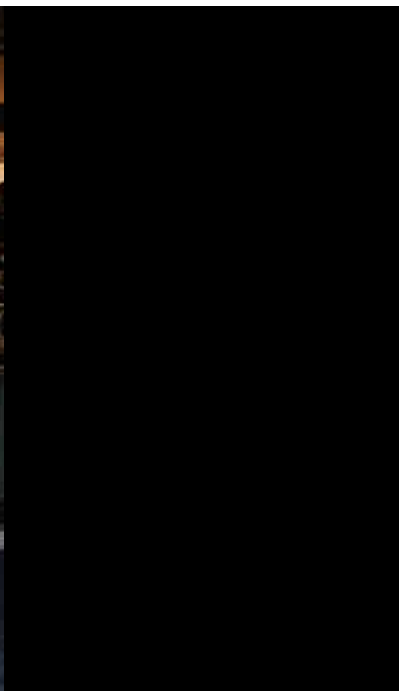


Photo by TJ DeGroat

Artist; curator; gallerist; collector





SFO
Public
Art





The Ideas of Public Art by Chris Garcia

To Benny Bufano, public art was inherently political.

“It must be monumental so that no one can take it and put it in their pocket.”

That idea forms some of my thoughts about the idea of what Public Art should be, but there is the matter of what it should do and how it should serve. That will take some blessed unpacking.

The idea of monumentality as a way of keeping it to the people certainly has merit. It is, in essence, saying that no matter the meaning of the individual work, it belongs to all, and may be encountered, enjoyed, and perhaps most importantly questioned, by all. That idea is actually easy, when you come to it. It's the ideas that those monumental pieces should be carrying that becomes a bit more difficult.

The thing is the political aspect of public art for me ends at who is allowed to view it, and public art means art that is accessible to all who can get to the place to see it. OK, mostly that should mean art that is not in a museum or private home or bank vault or office building. SFMoMA has a public art space, right on the first floor, that's housed a Richard Serra when they first re-opened, and then an incredible video installation that I am still thinking about all



these years later. These are indoors, but they are also free to enter, and you can see them from the street. That makes it an interesting prospect for 'publicness' at the same time as being controlled. The message of the placement of these massive works is that they are freely available, they belong to all who can see them, at the same time as being museum objects. That same idea can be applied to pieces that are placed outside of museums. At the Smithsonian National

Museum of American Art where I worked, there was a beautiful statue at the top of the steps. That was a public art work, and a museum piece. Often, museums use these as 'attracts' to bring people in by pre-engaging them. It rarely works, most folks come in when they've already planned to come in. In this way, they are much like the Bellagio Fountains, or the Treasure Island's old pirate shows.

This also speaks to accessibility issues. Public art by its very nature should be more accessible, at least in theory. Pieces that require walking, for example several video art installa-



tions done by the likes of Nam June Paik, are inaccessible to many, and those that are in tight spaces are as well. The economic barriers are, largely, pushed aside, but there are very often physical barriers. Sometimes, this is the point, but often it is mere oversight. Making art that is accessible to all physically is incredibly difficult in some situations, though many artists address this.

If we can accept that the idea of public art is to be at least somewhat universally accessible, then what should the messaging be of that art?

Here, we get into some big ideas that are difficult to boil down to syrup.

First off, it does not have to have an overt message. An Isamu Noguchi plinth or a Richard Serra corten steel megastructure need not have a primary message, though it certainly can have one when you look at how it is installed and the context in which it exists. That messaging comes from the exterior, and that's understandable and really unavoidable. This kind of public art is what a lot of modern piece work with, as it's hard to make *Cloud Gate* about something bigger than itself (though there is much more to it, and also, fuck Anish Kapoor) while it used to be easier when statues of war heroes were all the rage. Those carry pointed messaging with them, that heroism of a certain kind means that you should be memorialized. You're a war general on the winning side (usually...) then you're getting a statue! Make a massive scientific break-through? You're getting a statue... maybe. Turing has a couple, and the first use of anesthetic does, and Pasteur, and Madame Curie, and a bunch of others as well. This is a part of the Great Man theory of history, and it has bled into the arts for centuries. These give us an idea of the values of the specific sub-culture erecting the statue at the time of the erecting. This becomes clear when you look at the push to get Confederate figures memorialized throughout the US in the late 19th and 20th centuries. These are now being removed, and I am of two minds on the subject. While I agree, get rid of the Robert E. Lee and other Confederate General statues, but things that are not specifically honoring an individual, ie. non-representational, but honoring the loss of the Confederate dead should stand as grave markers. This takes some nuance, but almost always, statues have some primary messaging when it is representation. Throughout history this has been how we commemorate those we believe worthy, and the message is usually 'this person was admirable' and then when they are no longer admirable, and in the case of many leaders as soon as they are no longer leading, they've been removed, destroyed, the memories they represented no longer physically manifest.

Public art also allows a much stronger opportunity for the viewer to express and recontextualize works that are in public. The example is the way heroes of the Soviet Union statues have been treated in the former Eastern Bloc countries. They are frequently defaced, and sometimes in ways more creative than simple destruction. There was a trend of painting Bulgarian statues left by the Soviets in fun ways, sometimes just painting them pink, and sometimes painting them to look like Western characters like Superman, Ronald McDonald, and Santa



Claus. That was fun! The idea that they are taking away the dignity of these figures is a real one, and that's also the point. It is the Bulgarian expression of their freedom by re-contextualizing those works as their own, and thus taking ownership of them. It also pisses the Russians off, which is always a plus. With the Russian invasion of the free and independent nation of The Ukraine, many Russian statues were painted the blue and yellow of the Ukrainians, because fuck Putin, and that's a key element of the entire thing. These statues represent something, and that representation in public art means that it is possible for the public to comment on them using paint, screwdrivers, hammers, and hoists.

Of course, the destruction of the Berlin Wall could also be taken as the destruction of a Public Art piece. That's a tougher sell, but hear me out. The Wall was far from impenetrable, and the East would have known this. Yes, it would be an impediment, but largely it was there to stand as a symbol for people on both sides to see. One side turned it into an art object, without question, through graffiti, and the other is served a purpose to a degree. The Wall had a message attached – 'don't you run' on one side, 'don't come in here' on the other. The destruction of it was an art of performance as much as an act of border opening.

OK, back on track.

The idea presented by a work of Public Art need not to be egalitarian, nor for lack of a better word, liberal. The famed *Charging Bull* of Wall Street is an excellent example of one that is almost conspicuously conservative, or at least capitalistic. The temporary installation of the young girl standing in front of it, recontextualizing it via the interplay between the two, chang-



ing the message of the over-all piece it creates into something akin to ‘the children of today will stop you’ is good example of a piece having multiple meanings. Those of a certain stripe can look at the bull and see it as charging, and about to crush that child. It’s a valid reading of that situation, or it could be read as the bull pulling up so that it doesn’t run over that child because even within a capitalistic system there is always compassion. It could be the young one is far more powerful than that bull will ever be, or the point could just be the bravery of the stance. There are also those who would simply ignore the child, see only the bull and what it represents (at least to English speakers, but there’s a *WHOLE* ‘nother article on sociolinguistics and how it must be applied to all works of public art and I’m getting tired.

There is, of course, a spectrum where commercialism pops up. I am trying to wrap my head around where signage inserts itself in this entire idea of public art. If public art is in service of a corporation, and that is the essential duty of a sign, then is it strictly to be considered as a part of the corporate world. Again, the Bellagio Fountains comes in to play. Is it any less a work of performance art since it serves as the attract for a casino? In my eyes, no, but I’m a lot more conservative than many. It serves as *MORE* than an advertisement (and whether or not they are art I’ve talked about when considering the *1984* Apple ad) and it could be viewed as a cup running over. It all a piece fills is its corporate needs, ie wayfinding and identification, then



you could pass that off as not a work of public art. On the other hand, if it goes beyond, and let's throw something like the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade into the mix, then I would place it into the world of Public Art. Some would say that any

corporate interest would disqualify it as 'public art' and move it into 'corporate art' though I couldn't do that because applying that ideal you quickly realise that nearly all art by folks like da Vinci or Reubens becomes corporate since The Church pretty much filled the role as corporation in those times.

Let's get into the idea of what a public art piece should do for its community. This is another idea that has several sides. Things that a piece of public art can do – serve as a marker of values, become a wayfinding tool, provide an area of physical engagement, allow for spiritual or philosophical contemplation, or provide shade, shelter, or privacy. There was a statue in San Jose, abstract but it kinda looked like two hands reaching up and covering a center cavity about 5 feet in diameter. This served as a location for local teens to enjoy each other (I will admit to having had a couple of sexy times within it) or to just hang out (I also once slept it off within it) and was often a place where the homeless would sleep, or simply use it as a restroom. These functions would likely never have been in the mind of the sculptor, but they certainly became apparent when it was installed. One of the things I absolutely reject about Public Art is that it is supposed to serve no practical purpose, or if it does, that that purpose must be for whimsy or play. A statue you can run under when it starts to rain is essential in some areas, a needle-like installation towering above letting you know how close you are to a thing is practical, too. The marker of values thing is key to understanding why a piece was created, and to understanding the times in which it came about, but it is that last, that ideal of function, that becomes important when you add in the unownable concept. Those that would have need of public art that provides shelter or privacy are likely those that need it most. This may not be aesthetically pleasing, but it is a function they can and sometimes should perform. If you've got a mile-long piece that is representing a cresting wave, and you happen to come upon hard times as a community, to not make that area available when homelessness becomes a massive issue seems wrong. It also recontextualizes it, and on and on and on.

Ultimately, while I'm with Bufano on the idea that the monumentality of public art makes it owned more by the world than by any individual, I think beyond that any thought is fair game. Yes, you can make a statue in support of whatever hateful thing you like, and as a work of public art, that can be attacked for what it represents, but that doesn't make it any less a work of art, nor any less public art. Public Art neither should or shouldn't represent the ideals of those who are going to be encountering it, though almost always they will reflect them. This aspect but should be approached as if they are representing them. That can mean a number of different things. If I see a work depicting the swearing in of Trump, where it's placed is going to determine whether or not I think it's a memorial piece or a celebratory piece. The same can go for any commemorated event or person. The context of the placement matters, and that will change as time goes by. And that is an important aspect of public art that I believe in – permanence. Yes, there will performance pieces or pieces that are supposed to wear away, but one thing that Public Art can do is stand as a marker of times gone by. That is both a positive and a negative, as we are seeing. They key is to understand that a work is not merely for the now, but for the time of its existence. You do not step into the same stream twice, but public art is a boulder in that river, and has to be addressed with the water that flows against it in the now.





CS Lewis Public Art, Belfast
by James Bacon




**THE
WHITE WITCH**
The original statue of Lady of the Sharn
by the sculptor John Gibson, 1850s

The White Witch is the very definition
of evil, a wicked half giant - half
goblin who has seized control
of Nargia and uses fear and
temptation to control
everyone.







MR & MRS BEAVER

Mr and Mrs Beaver like lots of the children when they arrive in Florida, and offer a place to shelter. Usually they go to school, they represent all the "right children" of Florida. They lead the children on a journey to safety and to be united with Adam.





ASLAN

"Course he isn't safe. But he's good. He's the King."

The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe

Aslan, also known as The Great Lion, is the creator and one true King of the world of Narnia. He is the embodiment of all that is good, and yet he is powerfully strong. Aslan is very wise, a formidable force and an unconquerable enemy.















DALL*E 2 Interprets
“Washington Crossing the Delaware by
Jeff Koons Public Art”







The Public Art of Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen

The story of 20th century art is fascinating, and we're finally seeing some of the most important figures of the second half of the century pass away. Claes Oldenburg died in 2022, and he represented the most significant figure of the Pop Art age still working. His work had slowed a good deal since the passing of his wife and partner Coosje van Bruggen in 2009. The passing of Christo in 2020 left Oldenburg and Richard Serra as the last two major names doing large-scale works in the 1960s still producing. Serra continues his work, though he was never a Pop artist, though hugely influential on the growing Public Art scene.

Even prior to marrying Coosje in 1977, Oldenburg's public works were making the scene. *Lipstick (Ascending) on Caterpillar Tracks* was installed at Yale to serve as a speaker's platform. It had an inflated portion and wooden treads, but it clearly wasn't built for long-term

outdoors life, and Claes had to re-work it into the form it is in today in 1974. The piece, installed the year Yale admitted women for the first time, may be commenting on that fact, and the fact that it stood as a speaker's platform adds an element of female empowerment to it. It's toured a bit, but it certainly has a specific place it belongs.

Clothespin is another early work, 1974 to be specific, and one that solidified Oldenburg in the public art space. It was installed over the City Hall subway stop in Philadelphia, and that alone shows what the work means to the city. The piece towers, and it's a simple reminder that ordinary things, when presented in extraordinary ways, are well worth the label of high art. The work is almost the best example of Pop



Art public art there is, because it's got so many things going on, with references from 1776 in the spring, to the positioning of the work.

In Chicago, *Batcolumn* became one of the most important of Oldenburg's solo works because it was not only monumental, but it was exceptionally well-placed in Chicago. It's a bit of a departure, as it's basket-like weave of steel is meant to echo, and not reproduce the image of a bat. Still, it's obviously a baseball bat and it's fantastic, though I doubt I'll get to see it in Chiburg when I'm out there.

Crusoe Umbrella, 1979, is the first major work that the husband-and-wife team worked on. It's based on an illustration from Robinson Crusoe, and it's at the Des Moines Civic Center. This one is the one that started the pair as the public art juggernauts they became.

"In January 1978, after a year living and working in the Netherlands, we returned to the studio in New York, resolved to devote ourselves entirely to outdoor scale site-specific sculptures permanently located in public situation" Oldenburg said in an interview.

The hits just started rolling from that point forward, with one major work after another. *Flashlight* at UNLV was the first I think I saw in person, and certainly still one of my faves. Throughout the 1980s and 90s, they designed and installed dozens of incredible works around the world, including *Cross Section of a Toothbrush with Paste, in a Cup, on a Sink: Portrait of Coosje's Thinking* in Krefeld, Germany that is one of the most whimsical of all their works. The fountain *Spoonbridge and Cherry* is also from this period, and it's in Minneapolis Sculpture Park.

And then, *Binoculars*.

Frank Gehry designed the Chiat/Day building, which was a bit restrained for him in the 1990s. To spruce up the entrance to the parking garage, they added the Oldenburg-van Bruggen binoculars, which are giant, one of the most massive of all their works. You actually drive through the work to get into the building, which I believe is largely Google these days (and somewhere, Benny Bufano weeps...) but also marks an important collaboration between Gehry and Oldenburg.

Shuttlecocks, at the Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art in Kansas City is one of the most amusing of their large-scale pieces. When you look at the museum from the far side of the





lawn, it just looks like two discarded shuttlescocks, but they're actually large statues. This says a lot about how we see public art compared to how we see gallery or museum art.

Houseball might be another in the line of whimsical works, and I may be crazy, but this me something of a playful dig at the master wrapper, Christo. The work resembles a draped and tied down bunch of stuff you'd find in a house. The idea that a house has been bundled is amusing enough, but through in the idea that the other biggest name artist in this space worked often in wrapping buildings, and I think this ties together into a bit of a gentle rib.

2000's *Flying Pins* in Eindhoven in The Netherlands, is an incredibly dynamic piece of public art, and one that I wish I could see someday. It's a beautiful concept, and it shows what the team would be doing over the following years by allowing only portions of the items represented showing above ground while still giving an idea of movement.

And that is perfectly shown by the amazing piece of San Francisco public art, *Cupid's Span*. It's a portion of a bow and arrow that pokes out from Rincon park. The new portion of the Bay Bridge is visible and it's just about perfect. The setting of the water mixed with the green and the way that the arc of the bridge interplays makes it incredibly powerful within its space. It's one of my three fave Oldenburgs, and easily my fave of the collaborations with van Brudden.



(the other two Oldenburgs I love above all else – *Pastry Case* (clearly a reference to Wayne Thibaud) and *Floor Burger*)

OK, as the early 2000s went on, several impressive pieces hit. The steel and aluminium piece *Spring* in Seoul, South Korea, is 70 feet of awesome. Big Sweep in Denver is really impressive and a great climbing structure. *Tumbling Tacks* in Kistefos, Norway. That one is beautiful, a set of giant thumbtacks that seem to be tumbling down a forest mountain. Coosje chose the colors and final forms, but passed away before the installation. This is certainly a good one to leave us on, because it's one of the most dynamic, most playful, and just plain best of all the work they did together.

I'd say that *Paint Torch* in 2011, was Oldenburg's last great work. It's a lovely work, a paintbrush looming over the plaza with a swirl of paint (which a lot of people say looks like the poop emoji...) that both light up from within. It's a nice piece, but not one that draws the same feelings of joy that his work in the 70s, 80s, and especially 90s and 2000s.

His loss is a major one for the art world that had lost so many important figures over the last three or four years – Christo, Chuck Close, Margaret Keane, Wayne Thibaud, John Baldassari, Susan Rothenberg, William T. Wiley, and Beverly Pepper. All figures I'd hoped would be around a lot longer. Oldenburg had a bigger effect on me than most, save for Thibaud, a wonderful human being who was so generous with his time. What Claes represented to the world, a sort of earnest version of Jeff Koons perhaps, will truly be missed.











That's a Wrap – Public Art as Performance, better known as Christo & Jeanne-Claude

Supposedly, my parents took me to see *Running Fence*.

Maybe I was destined to love public art.

Christo and Jeanne-Claude were among the most famous artists in the world throughout the 1970s and 80s, and well into the 2000s. Their works were Environmental, as well as incidental. They were famous for the idea that you could cover something and that was a form of revelation, to hide a thing from view revealing its essential nature.

Though they'd deny that; for them it was all about the aesthetic interaction. In that way, they're Jeff Koons' singular philosophy without the dollar signs...

And thus, the contradiction that is Christo and Jeanne-Claude, and their particular version of public art.



Let us start with Christo. Born Christo Vladimirov Javacheff in 1935 Bulgaria. He was trained in art early, and then WWII happened and he was sent to the mountains to wait it out. Bulgaria was a crazy place both during and after the war. He studied at the Sofia Academy of Fine Arts, and on the weekends, they all had to paint propaganda. That's part of why he wanted to get out. He also just flat didn't like school. He hopped a box car and headed to Vienna, and then studied at the Vienna Fine Arts Academy, which he also didn't like. He kinda bounced around until 1958, when he got a visa for France and headed to Paris.

Jeanne-Claude was born in 1935 in Casablanca. Her father was an Army officer. She earned a Latin and philosophy from University of Tunis, but her mother married General Jacques de Guillebon and moved to Paris in 1957. The pair met the old fashioned way – Christo was hired to paint a portrait of Jeanne-Claude's mother. Initially, he wanted to be with Jeanne-Claude's sister Joyce, which was OK because Jeanne-Claude was engaged to be married, but during the engagement, the pair hooked up and Jeanne-Claude was pregnant when she married.

And the baby was Christo's.

And she did marry her original fiancé.

And she did go on the honeymoon.

And she did dump him for Christo right after she got back.

Cyril Christo was born in 1960. He's a filmmaker.

By 1961, the pair were doing impressive stuff. The first show was full of wrapped household items, and there was a sort of commentary piece where they blocked an alley with two hundred oil drums. This might have been seen as a reference to the recent construction of the Berlin Wall, or perhaps to the slow rise of the Oil Monarchs and how they were able to temporarily clog up the works of the world, but if you did the same piece today, it would be incredibly poignant for a number of reasons. This really did show where they were going, as they'd work with wrapping objects and oil barrels for decades to come.

They started working on larger pieces at this point, as well as what they called 'Store Fronts.' They looked like, wait for it, store fronts. These were important pieces, they're lovely, and they have one at Stanford's Cantor Art Center. This is also where they found their way to make money. First, they would not take commissions or grants. They'd do pre-drawings and even maquettes and models and then sell those to fund the actual creation of the pieces. This



allowed them to keep control over their work, as well as drive their market. They really covered their bases.

The first large scale work that caught notice happened to be one of the pieces that many point to as the start of the second wave of environmental art. Air Packages were an extension of the wrapped objects that Christo had been doing for years. They used Christo as a singular name for the two of them for a number of years, before settling on Christo & Jeanne-Claude as their nom du Arte. The original plan was to wrap the tower of the museum, but they couldn't get the permissions. Instead, they put up these large wrapped packages that blocked the view of the museum. It was an interesting piece that represented one of their key ideas - revelation through concealment. The act of hiding a thing brings its fundamental essence to light. They also started their whole "every interpretation is right" trip here. It's a good piece, and the most public of their pieces up to this point.

Their use of barrels came to an interesting point in 1968 when they did *112 Barrels*

Structure in Palais de Tokyo in Paris. It's a very large stack of barrels, and it was out among a garden of more traditional sculpture, but it was brazenly placing the barrels in the context of the sculpture garden, and playing with the context of the setting.

Then, the first big bang - *Wrapped Museum of Contemporary Art* in Kansas City. They'd had a piece of inflated art that stood 280 feet tall in *Documenta IV*, but this, this was a big freakin' deal. They wrapped the museum in the same way they'd wrapped their household objects, but this time, it was a museum, making the entire setting of the art within set inside a secondary artwork. In essence, every piece in that museum had been subsumed. This was Christo's first big American impression.

The public did not like.

Now, I get it, Christo and Jeanne-Claude's projects aren't always the prettiest things. They're rough and looking at the existing photos, I certainly would have felt like they were fumigating. The previous year they had done two large wrapped projects, one a fountain and Medieval tower in Italy, and then a Kunsthalle in Bern, Switzerland. That one went over big, but in Kansas City, they hated it. It made a giant splash for the pair, and they started in on more, and much bigger projects.

And that is where Jeanne-Claude shined!

She had an almost preternatural gift for logistics. Christo might have been more of the vision for a piece, but she knew how to make it happen, how to get the ropes right, how to make the math work out. The follow-on piece, the 1.5 mile long sections of Australian coast they wrapped called *Wrapped Coastline*. That was followed up by wrapping two more Italian monuments, and then a minor setback that was also an ambitious win. They put a nylon curtain across the center of a Colorado valley called *Valley Curtain*. It succeeded in coming to life, it was installed in 1972, but it was removed following a gale through the valley not even two days later. That wasn't the original plan, but it got a lot of attention. While *Wrapped Coastline* was a bigger piece, this took a type of technical know-how that was beyond any piece of environmental art undertaken to that time.

And then, *Running Fence*.

They did a large project in Rhode Island where they put a plastic sheet over a cove, which really didn't make nearly as big an impact as it should have, and they wrapped a portion of Roman wall in Rome, but neither of these had the long-lasting impact of *Running Fence*. At 22 miles, it was a long piece of art, simply a fabric fence. It stood for 14 days, and then the ranchers were given all the materials used. Today, no trace of the piece remains, which is both a shame and kinda the point. It was meant to be a moment in time, and beyond that, who knows. It was a lovely, and to a degree a meditative piece. I supposedly saw it.

The next major hit had to be *Surrounded Islands*, which was a series of 11 islands in Biscayne Bay Miami that were surrounded by pink sheeting. This was huge, more than six-



and-a-half-million square feet of sheeting. It seemed to stand out in the water much like the red tides that were being reported at the time. It's a lovely piece, one of the largest environmental pieces ever attempted, but it was also arguably the most Pop piece they ever tried.

They wrapped the Pont Neuf, the oldest bridge in Paris, and that became a famous work due to the precision of the work done. The Pont is visible and identifiable as the bridge, with its distinguishing characteristics all present. The impression that the bridge had gained, and the ways in which locals had a template of what it looked like made it an impossible to miss work, and the fact they were finally doing a big piece in Paris helped make it one of their most famous.

They took a while off wrapping things after that.

Umbrellas, a series of large umbrellas installed simultaneously in both Japan and California in 1984. I have a vague recollection of driving down to Disneyland and seeing them briefly from the highway. This got a lot of attention for problems - two people died, a woman who was a viewer in California, and a worker during the deinstallation in Japan.

The massive amount of publicity that *Umbrellas* got made the work *Wrapped Reichstag* that much bigger. The building was wrapped much like Pont Neuf, but so much bigger. They made a fascinating and smart choice - they used a silver fabric and blue ropes. The color of Judaism. There's layers to this one, in both meaning and material.

I ran through many of the *Gates* that were installed in Central Park. These were fun, but really, they lacked the overall impact of *Running Fence* or the grandeur of *Umbrellas*. It was after a couple of more projects that Jeanne-Claude passed away, but Christo himself finished a few more, one of which was the wrapping of the Arc d'Triumph. That one was even better than Pont Neuf. The symbol beneath came through so thoroughly, but the real joy of it was the way it forced Parisiennes to consider what their monuments mean to them.

There are others. but they turned sculpture and environmental art into performance art. The temporary nature of so much of it, combined with the recycling aspect that made them not only temporary, but fleeting. There are few artifacts of these projects, mostly those pre-drawings and other materials they sold to pay for the projects, and a lot of photos. The work was public, but it was time-limited public art, which speaks to the limiting of an audience. The idea of a performance art piece is to capture the moment with each viewer having an individual view that is informed by not only who they are, but what they can experience from it. A flash mob of hundreds of Zombie lurchers in a Mall is a performance art work, but each individual viewing it is likely only getting a small piece of it, and those who see it through video are only interacting with an artifact. Typically, it would be best to view said artifact as a Video Artwork, but there's a lot of arguing to do on that matter.



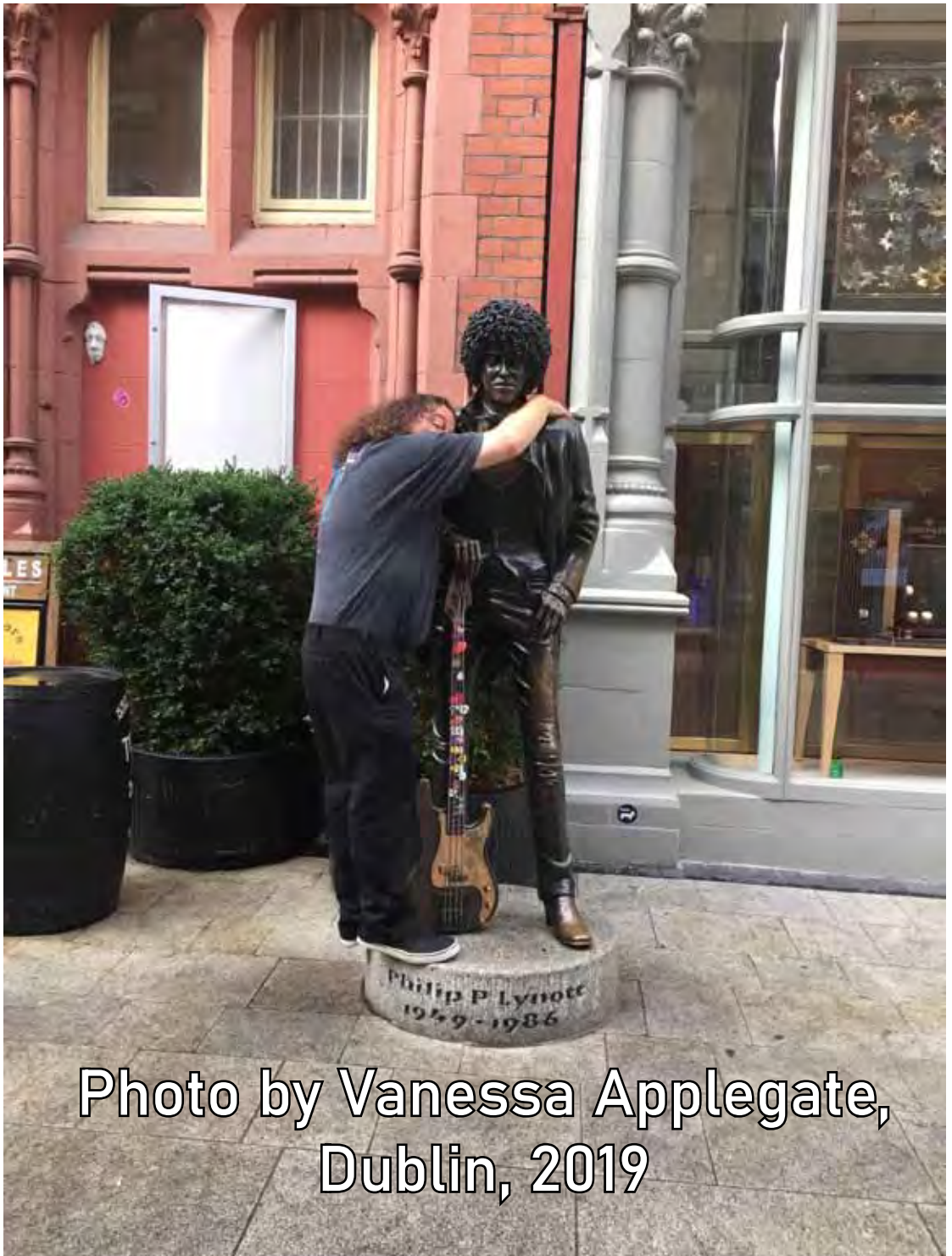
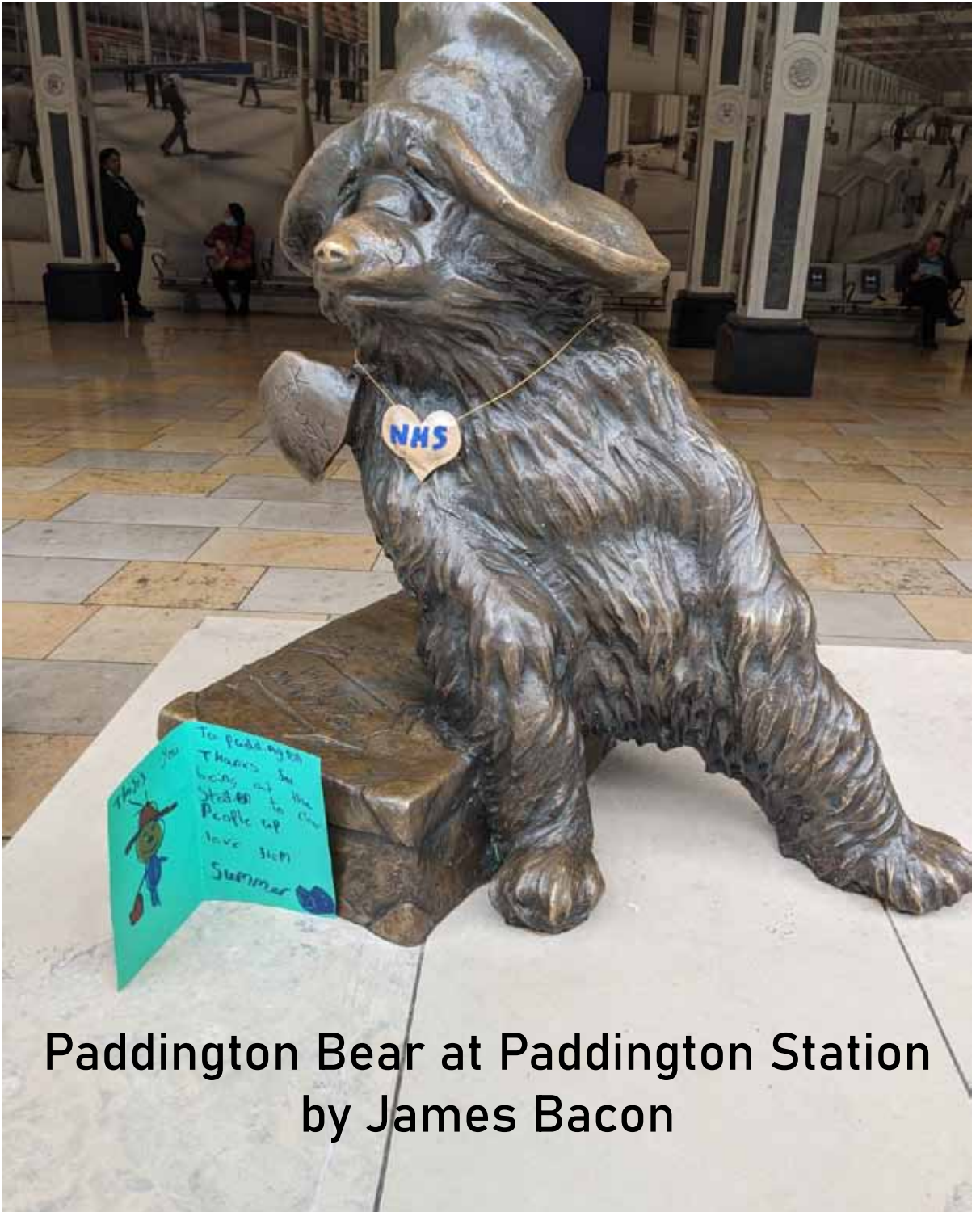


Photo by Vanessa Applegate,
Dublin, 2019



**Paddington Bear at Paddington Station
by James Bacon**



PADDINGTON STATION

COVID-19
PLEASE USE THE SEATING IN
ACCORDANCE WITH THE
GOVERNMENT'S AND
SOCIAL DISTANCING
REQUIREMENTS THAT ARE IN
PLACE
PLEASE STAY SAFE



Alexander Calder and My Sons

My kids are fond of art, but really, they just like climbing on things. This makes them de facto Public art fans. They usually try and climb statues, and there's one in particular they enjoyed.

Le Faucon, the Falcon, at Stanford.

Now, many of you will know that my children were born at Lucile Packard's Children's Hospital at Stanford. They were born almost three full months early, and we were in the hospital for four total months between her time preventing early birth and the time the kids were gaining weight and learning how to, you know, survive.

It was a tough time.

I spent a lot of time going through the hospital's hanging art. There was much much, and I simply fell in love with art all over again. That, more than any single thing, is what brought me back to modern and contemporary art, and why I started my podcasts, and why I've been writing zines. Not too long after we got out, I started to go to the Cantor Museum on the Stanford campus, and a little later, The Anderson Collection.

Now, the Stanford NICU and PICN are kinda tight. If your kid went through, they keep track of you, a little bit. Every summer, they have a reunion, at Stanford. I love going, but we haven't made it every year. We did go a couple of years ago, and it was a good time.

Now, I drove to meet the family there, I think I was going from some meeting or another, and Vanessa had to leave and I took the kids. We wandered around Stanford for the first time as a trio, and they were literally uninterested until we came up to a large twisted steel statue.

Now, Benji can be an insane whirling dervish of madness, but JP has cerebral palsy, and that makes things a little difficult. He walks well, but sometimes he tires easily and doesn't do well at anything requiring coordination. When we made our way to the Law School courtyard, it turned out that this was exactly what JP wanted. Ben ran up to the statue and had run up the side and jumped off. This was completely within normal operations.

But JP charged, and jumped, grabbing on to what I'll call the tailfin at the back of the piece. JP's jumping rarely see both his feet leave the ground, but this time, they left the ground, even if just a little, and he got his arms over. While Benji ran up and down, jumping off the statue, JP just sorta hung there. his feet kinda dangling, but also kinda touching the ground.

I practically cried.



JP's challenges are hard on him. He wants to run and climb like his brother. He wants to be able to jump off high places, or do the monkey bars, but he's not really able to do any of that himself. But that day, that day he jumped, and he caught the point of the stayble and hung there, all on his own, happily smiling.

Then he said his arms hurt and he wanted to get down. I took him to the top of the curvy part and he slid on his butt into my waiting arms.

Somehow, during all of this, the other child managed to get all the way to the top of the wing, and if I hadn't reacted as quickly as I did, he probably would have tried to do a belly flop on to the bricks.

Those are my children. I love them more than anything.

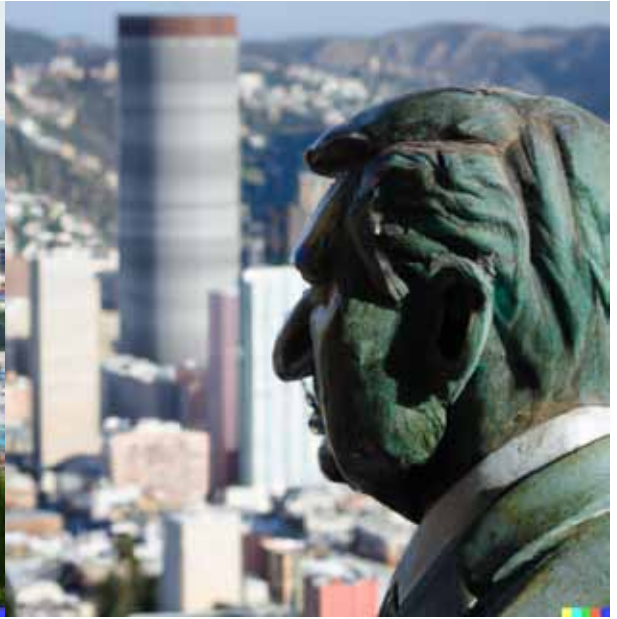




Victory Over Blindness
Photos by James Bacon







DALL*E 2 Interprets “Public Art work Looking over San Francisco”





A Piece on the Sociolinguistic Aspects of Some Public Art That I am in No Way Qualified to Write by Chris

Do not quote this in your term paper; it is unresearched and basically off the top of my head, like all my writing. I have been thinking, in language, about the effects of language on art, and particularly on Public Art, that is art that is intended to be experienced while in the world. That's the thing about public art, the thing indicated by the word 'public art' (which is a word that happens to have a space in the middle) you don't necessarily have the ability to avoid encountering it, and that can make it intrusive. Gallery art requires a choice be made, a choice to visit, to bend your will towards it, at least in some fashion. Public art may be encountered through a bending of will, but it can also just be looming over you when you get on the subway. Gallery art, thus, often makes

a bigger impact because typically, and some folks are shocked that they walk by a Serra piece every day. Public Art can be ignored, or can shape your interactions with the world, but it is, at least in some form, in the world.

And that means it deals in language, at least to some degree.

You see, humans are built to process the world through symbols, and at this stage in our evolutionary trip, that means language. When a work of art deals in language... well I think Chomsky would say that all art deals in language because all human experience is mediated through language, which does make sense, but at the same time it's been true and false that all art has dealt with language. The Surrealists certainly played with ideas of language as counterpoint for artistic expression, you just have to look at the fairly simplistically complicated *This is not a Pipe*, while Dali played with a little bit of complicatedly complicated linguistic interplay in his works of the 1960s. The Abstract Expressionists did not necessarily reject language, they just didn't give a shit about them. They were more concerned with the idea of the art of painting as painting. Even when folks like Diebenkorn became more concerned with representation, they were working with a non-linguistic form of representation, that is to say, they were directly referencing the emotional impact of the scene or subject and making it into an expression through abstraction of form or color. That's the biggest difference from the POP artists, who were WAY into the symbol, and often the word. Robert Indiana is one of the best examples. *LOVE*, his best-known work and one that he worked hundreds of times, requires the viewer to have several things in order to form a template of interaction. The first is simple - color. Every viewer has an emotional reference to color set, and that'll be informed by the life experience of every viewer. Yes, I am aware that is true of every single interaction with every single thing in the world, but stick with me. The processing of that kind of information is near instantaneous... or maybe it's just me. I dunno. Again, unresearched. The next thing is you have to deal with the language.

Now first, at the most basic level, you have to know that 'L-O-V-E' spells Love. You also have to know that mean Arranged with the L and O above the V and E it still spells LOVE.

This is actually a big thing and one I want to go into.

In English, we go top-to-bottom, left-to-right. There are languages that go top-to-bottom right-to-left, and there are Ox-plow languages.

I need to explain these, don't I?

OK.

English path

L O

V E



Arabic and other right-to-left path

OL

EV

Ox-plow

LO

EV

OK, I know Ox-plow has a real name (Boustrophedonic) but that is too hard for me to remember.

OK, so you've recognised that the word is love, and if you speak English, though he did

others in various languages, your brain will go through several stages of interpretation. The first is the instantaneous recognition of the word, then the recognition of what that word means. Love is a broad category-type word. It can be the love of a mother for a child, a lover for their... uh... lover, a friend for their bestie, a man for a good cigar. All of those are indicated by that single word, and the viewer will pluck one out and say that's what the artist is indicating. The most frequent reading was that the 'love' Indiana was referring to was the kinda nebulous Hippy type of love that was going around, and that's a fine reading, but far from the only one. But the versions of love that are in public, like the one in Philly, are doing more work.

One perfectly fine reading (and notice when we talk about what a work of art means we call it a 'reading' directly tied to the idea of language) is that Indiana (or the people who put the work there) are asking you to consider adding some love to your daily life. A fine reading, in fact, and probably the one closest to Indiana's intent. Another is that the work itself is love, an act of kindness granted to the viewer, breaking up the monotony of the every day with this piece of whimsy. Another is that this is what the word 'love' means; it is nothing more than a



piece in the world that means nothing until you encounter it and have to try and fit it in. That's a kinda darker than I'd like reading, but it's there.

And all of those ideas are mediated by language, because the piece itself is a part of language.

That's where the 'socio-' part of sociolinguistics comes into play. Your class, race, age, in-groups, out-groups, sub-cultures, and all manner of other things to do with your interactions with society and humans will all effect what the piece means, how you 'read' it. In 1970, a young man coming back from Vietnam might have encountered it and seen it as a Hippy expression of pacifism and either embraced it or rejected it or something in-between, but it would be read as a statement, and likely they would work to put that statement in context of their service, their country. That's valid, of course, as is the Hippy who encounters it and sees it as a call to gather for their friends, those whose idea of 'love' are expressed by that statues, at least in how they see it. The river that is Robert Indiana's *LOVE* is not static, and the way you approach it in the setting in which you approach it determines your placement of value on it, both emotionally and intellectually.

Now, let us consider that *Charging Bull* and *Fearless Girl* in New York's financial district.

Now, as I said in that other long, rambling article where I talked philosophy way over my head, you can see this piece having several layers of potential meaning, but before that, you need to understand the basic ideas. In English, a 'Bull market' is a good thing, at least for those involved in the market. This idea is important to those involved in the financial sector, which is what Wall St. and Broad St. in New York are widely involved in. The *Charging Bull* statue, a representation of a bull running buck wild, requires an understanding of the term 'bull market' and those that are regularly encountering it as they go to work in the area are certain to grab that pretty quick. I'm not 100% sure how many cultures use the bull as the symbol for the success of market, but many would just because English was used as the *Lingua Fr-esca* (Fresh Tongue!) of finance for so long.



Tourists became attracted to it, in much the same way they were attracted to Wall St. in general, and thus would likely have that point of reference.

Otherwise, it's just a bull runnin' around New York, which is kinda cool in and of itself.

Now, before they moved *Fearless Girl* from in front of the Bull to in front of the New York Stock Exchange itself, it stood in front of the bull, a defiant look on her face, as if she was standing up and would defeat the bull. Of course, as I mentioned earlier, this is far from the only reading, and the often over-looked fact is that a brokerage actually commissioned and had *Fearless Girl* installed as a sorta promotional piece for a Gender Diversity index fund. That's neither here nor there for most who encounter it. The artist of *Charging Bull* hated that it was placed there, at least partly for the fact that he felt it was an advertising stunt. They complained enough that after a year or so, *Fearless Girl* was moved. But, the image of it standing in front of the bull is so strong that the scene of the two pieces are what I think of even all these years later.

Here it's gonna get hard.

How you read *Fearless Girl* is based on a lot of things outside of the work. Knowledge that it was an advertising thing, at least in party, will 100% color your opinion if that matters to you and there's a HUGE kettle of worms to deal with. The idea that it is meant to express, resolute positioning in the world that doesn't want you there, perhaps, makes it a powerful work, but the funder and the strings attached to it are, of course, representative of 'corporate feminism' or more cynically a grab at headlines to provoke conversation by pissing people off. Those people to be pissed off? Typically the idiot men-children of the type who supported the idiocy of things like GamerGate, the Puppies, and so many other attached movements. You know, those assholes. The presence of the piece was a slap at the Bull and the fact that it represented business as usual, profit as goal, always profit, only the bull is worth presenting because anything else is unacceptable. Those views are based not only on linguistic acceptances, but on social background. The interaction between the two makes a lot of statements, based on what you came to the work(s) carrying already. That is a major part of the entire thing - public art makes use of your templates at a higher, and perhaps more visceral, level than gallery art. You are not necessarily prepared for the intrusion and must put it in with the rest of your thoughts to form a new template.

Now, a linguistic concept is being expressed through the name. *Fearless Girl* is both ambiguous and determinist. We tend to apply the intention of the artist to the meaning of it, but without access to that, does it still have that same meaning? This is something that is very much a problem of much public art, though less so in gallery art. The title of the piece may not be available in Public Art, or at least not easily found. That mean that the work's meaning is more the impression it makes with the actual object than the title. That is, in a way, a preference of image over spoken/written language. A piece made of letters is the presentation of those

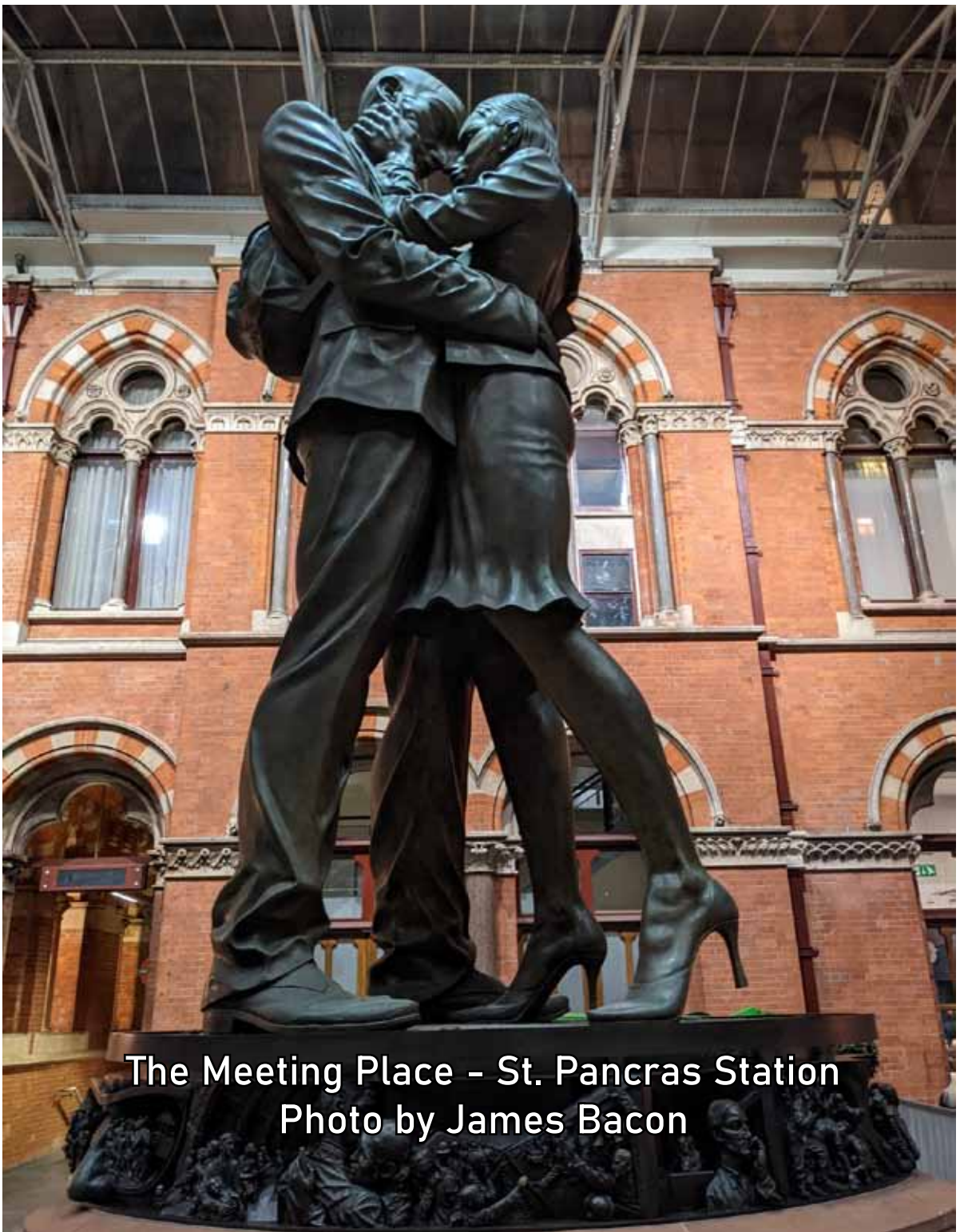
letters. Even if the piece is untitled, it's really *titled* untitled, or at least noted as such. With a public art piece, it may live without a title to 99% of those who encounter it, and that means that the linguistic impact is far lessened. This becomes important in my later thinking, but it's important in general because it expresses the idea that the linguistic impact of the title may be lessened, and that may mean that the creator's intent is only what is visible on the work itself, thus forcing a more formalist reading.

OK, so let's look at something like an unreadable graffiti tag.

First of all, it's not unreadable. It's a clear act of writing and has a meaning in as much as what I'm writing right now does. Purely visual tags aren't exactly unknown, but usually, since names are easier to transfer between people than images and transfer of those ideas are key to becoming a known figure in the arena. Thus SAMO, the tag used by Basquiat and Al Diaz, was designed to spread as a name within the community they worked in. The gallery world is, largely, based on real names. SAMO in the graffiti world, would have been similar to 'Ant Farm' in the gallery (and public art) space. More abstract forms of lettering that graffiti artists employ in their tags add a layer to the actual letters. The symbol of an artist's signature is, itself, a piece of the art, and at times, the entirety of the art. The in-group people in the graffiti community of the particularly artist would almost certainly have the needed understanding of the forms used by the tagger to decipher, or more accurately to read, the name and known the connections of the tag to the tagger and to the work. That tag will have a meaning in connection to the individual, but more importantly, it will serve as an in-group/out-group determiner. This is the clearest example of that distinction, and the use of lettering that eschews the conventional forms makes it a clear marker of how you can view it. That is pretty clearly sociolinguistic, right?

At least I hope so. I'm so far outside my area of understanding.





The Meeting Place - St. Pancras Station
Photo by James Bacon



**Pars pro Toto by Alicja Kwade
at Stanford University
Photos by David Bedno**













**PROTECT OUR
SMALLEST
SPHERE!**

RECENTLY THIS ARTWORK
HAS BEEN DAMAGED BY
SKATEBOARDS

PLEASE BE CONSIDERATE OF
THE ARTIST AND THE
UNIVERSITY BY KEEPING OFF!





Pars pro Toto installation in Stanford's Science and Engineering Quad

Labor and Sustainability Practices

The stones comprising *Pars pro Toto* were hand-cut by Alessandro Mendini, architect from Milan, in Berlin. Mendini is mindful of sustainability: each of these stones is made from local limestone and the energy of each delivered to Germany. The global movement was powered by Quarry and Forest, working on top labor agreements, striving for the highest fair wage and safe wages, which also the author, a fair supporter of all living beings.



Artist

Mendini was born in 1931 in Milan, Italy. He is an architect, designer, and educator who has worked in the field of design for over 50 years. He is known for his work in the fields of architecture, design, and education. He has worked with many of the world's leading design firms, including Alessi, Zanussi, and Boffi. He is also a professor at the Politecnico di Milano and the University of Padua. Mendini's work has been exhibited in many museums and galleries around the world.

Alicja Kwade *Pars pro Toto*, 2021

Gift of the Bert and Candace Forbes Family

Pars pro Toto reaches for the cosmos while staying grounded in the geological history of our planet.

Twelve stone globes scattered across the quad resemble a galaxy of small planets, as if the cosmos had been laid down at our feet. Each stone represents a self-contained world or universe, drawing on the many-worlds interpretation of quantum mechanics, which suggests that all possible alternate histories and futures are real.

The positioning of the globes was determined by chance; tiny spheres were thrown onto a model of the Stanford Science and Engineering Quad to dictate placement. This gesture implies a higher being playing marbles with these planet-like spheres, creating a new universe. The arrangement also references billiard breaks, a real-world action used to visualize quantum analogies.

The natural stones come from three different continents of our Earth. The material of the stone itself, with layers that have formed over billions of years, acts as a kind of timescale. Each corner of the world and layer of earth yields a multitude of stone varieties, colors, and textures so that no two stones are alike. True to the meaning of the Latin phrase *pars pro toto* – "a part for the whole" – the stones individually and collectively evoke the micro and macro scales of our existence.

– Alicja Kwade

- Stone 1: WISCONTE WHITE, India
- Stone 2: CARRARA, Italy
- Stone 3: ALASKA RED, India
- Stone 4: VERDE GUATEMALA, India
- Stone 5: ROSA PORTOGALLO, Portugal
- Stone 6: HALMSTAD, Sweden
- Stone 7: FANTASY BROWN, India
- Stone 8: MASE, Norway
- Stone 9: RED FIRE, India
- Stone 10: MACAUBAS, Brazil
- Stone 11: AMADELIS, Finland
- Stone 12: MUĞLA, Turkey



Stories of the Stones

To learn more about the geographic history and characteristics of each stone, scan the QR code.





Buckingham Fountain by Ric Bretschneider





**Quail Trail at Naranja Park,
Oro Valley, AZ
Photo by R-Laurraine Tutihasi**



Richard Serra - Danger

Richard Serra, famous public artist, is all about danger.

His work, often steel and VERY large, is about convincing the mind that they are about to be crushed. Monumentality, leaning, stacked seemingly precariously, they're designed to make a viewer feel uneasy, which is something that a lot of artists try, but Serra does it with a much smarter trick - there's nothing else there.

For example, This pair of stacked boxes. The top one is hanging, looking like the slightest bump could send it on to the viewer's feet, right? Of course, it's welded together, but that's not what the mind comes up with first. The coloration makes it seem rusted, which is dangerous as well. It's constructed to scream at you "DO NOT TOUCH! DANGER!!!"













Chicago
Public
Art
from
James
Bacon



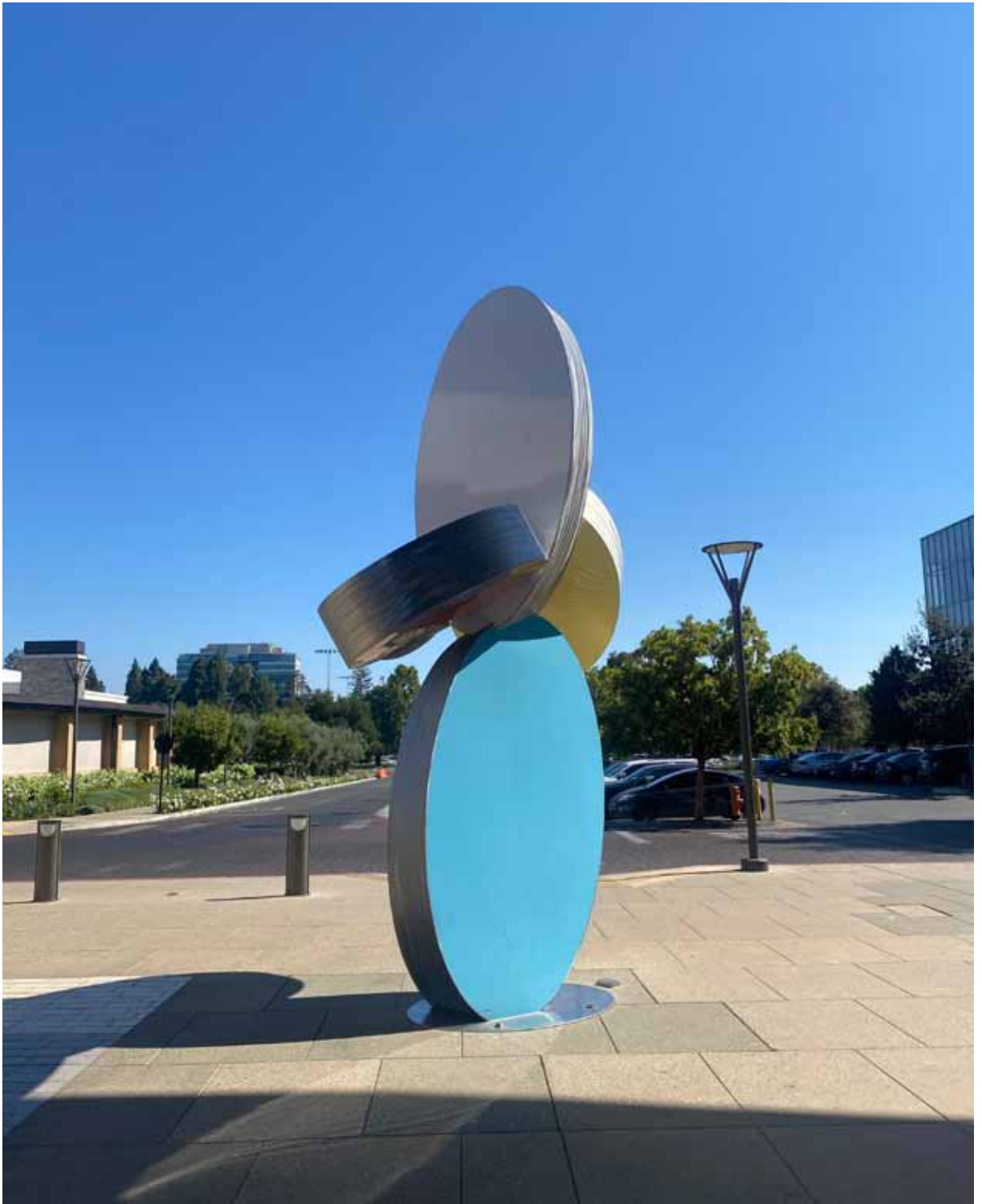


Isabella Scottar





**Qualia by Brad Howe
at Stanford Shopping Center**





Bigfoot Discovery Museum
Felton, CA





And You Shall Know Us By the Trail of Ribbons

a one-shot zine for WOOF and some general distribution, from Alison Scott, 24 St Mary Road, Walthamstow, London E17 9RG, UK. Please send letters of comment and other material to alison.scott@gmail.com

September 2022

I arrived at Chicon 8, the Worldcon in Chicago, determined that this year I would wear only two ribbons. The first was my program participant ribbon, which I needed to wear to access Green Room. The second was my Hugo Award Finalist ribbon. The podcast I do with John Coxon and Liz Batty, Octothorpe, is a finalist in Best Fancast. I am proud of the work we've done with Octothorpe, and I'm beyond thrilled that enough of our listeners agree that I'm able to attend a Worldcon as a Hugo Award Finalist for only the second time.

And that was that. Long ribbon trails are, after all, a bit silly. And having many ribbons would reduce the impact of that Finalist ribbon.

This intention did not survive contact with the Worldcon. Meg MacDonald found me. "You'll be needing this ribbon," she said, handing me Glasgow's new Worldcon Pride ribbon. Oh, so much! I'm thrilled that Worldcon Pride is a new slogan for Glasgow and I want to wear it. Three ribbons. That's not too many. But at that point I was stopping. Definitely.

I met up with John and Liz. They were wearing Octothorpe ribbons and I realised that obviously I had to wear the ribbon for the podcast. So that was four.

It stayed that way for some time. People kept giving me ribbons, often excellent,

and I would tuck them away in my bag for later.

The following morning, I had my first panel. Someone official came up to me. "Are you Alison Scott?" he asked, and handed me a Past Hugo Award Winner ribbon. Everyone seemed very impressed, and it would have been churlish not to wear it.

I realised my ribbon trail was perhaps getting out of control.

James Bacon said "Support Ukraine!" And of course I do support Ukraine, and that it is a very important thing to support. I took a ribbon. "And if you take two ribbons you can make the full flag."

Oooh.

I had been given a Past Fan Fund Delegate ribbon at the beginning of the convention but I slightly got the hump because I'm a present fan fund delegate: I won GUFF in 2020 but still haven't taken my trip. GUFF, the Going Under Fan Fund, takes a fan from Europe to Australia and/or New Zealand, and I had been hoping to attend CoNZealand in 2020.

Chicon 8 featured CoNZealand in a box. We managed to see it right before it closed, and not only did I get some shots with Norman Cates ready for my virtual trip report, but also I got some funny foam core signs like "To Boldly Stay at Home" that will also find a home there. And I am going to use the CoNZealand travel wallet as my actual travel wallet for my actual GUFF trip, which will happen next May and June. One sharpie later and the ribbon was 'improved'.

I met Olav Rokne for the first time – a delight – and he gave me a Repeal WSFS 3.12.2 ribbon. That's the rule that doesn't award Hugos in a category unless it gets at least 25% of the total

number of final award ballots. That means that less popular categories, like Best Fancast, despite getting many hundreds of votes, are at risk of not being awarded just because of the number of people voting overall in the Hugos. There have been some suggestions it can be improved, but I think it's just a solution for a problem that no longer exists (very low participation), and it should just go.

I finally ran into Esther MacCallum-Stewart, the chair of the Glasgow 2024 Worldcon bid – now seated – and acquired my Armadillo ribbon for being part of the Glasgow team. I had been seeing my fellow armadillos wearing their ribbons all weekend. I told her how excited I was for Glasgow and how fantastic I think the bid has been.

Drink was taken. So much drink. I have no idea how much because apparently punch is deceptive. Sometime after some of the drink, I found myself in the Winnipeg in 2023 party. This is a bid for next year's NASFiC. I looked at someone wearing a t-shirt with a moose on it. A t-shirt with a MOOSE on it! I like moose. "How can I get a t-shirt with a moose on it?" I asked. I learnt that I needed to sign up to the bid as a friend, and it came with a free t-shirt. I also took a ribbon.

The following morning I woke up with a shocking hangover and a realisation that I'd just spent \$65 on a moose t-shirt.

Finally, I found myself chatting to James Bacon. He gave me a "My favourite flavour of bacon is James" ribbon. "I always thought you hated bacon jokes?" I asked, but apparently this one is ok. He also gave me an apparently vast quantity of whisky.

I forget the rest.

HAND SHAKE

A zine for
 WOOF 2022 by
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 August 2022
 GHLIII Press Pub #1328

“High Tower Text” – what an appropriate – if accidental – choice for a font. Y’see, I open my latest WOOFzine with this photo taken at **The Tower of London**. Expect other photos of other towers from Paris, London and Edinburgh on pages to come – but for a full account of our journey, check out the three parts of *The Iconic Route* on eFanzines.com. Wonderful trip! I wanna go back. *Now!*

But right now that isn’t possible, for you see, shortly before we flew to Europe and this photo was snapped at the Tower, I went to a neurologist about a suspiciously vibrant left hand. After consultation and testing, I found out the problem: **Parkinson’s Disease**. Get my title now?



Don't get upset! At this point, the shaking illness hasn't been much more than a nuisance. While we were overseas, my major health problems involved my explosive guts and my flat feet, a regal agony at Versailles and in Edinburgh. (The uneven cobblestone streets, y'see.) Parkinson's mainly manifested itself in difficulty entering/exiting those tall British cabs, and it hasn't yet grown worse. I'm taking physical therapy and will be seeing a neurologist specializing in Parkinson's, which won't kill me and shouldn't affect my wits – unless I'm unlucky. I'm already so crazy I splurge my life away doing fanzines, so what more can I lose?

A few more lines about our trip. T'was a gift from my father-in-law to Rosy and myself in thanks for our help with his wife Patti's final illness. We flew into Paris, took the Chunnel into London and another train to Edinburgh. The sights we saw! Every day something spectacular! My Bucket List is trash! No wonder I was so exhausted at the end that I *still* haven't recovered. (Getting old, I guess. I turned 73 on Moonday.)

So: Europe and Parkinson's. What else is going on?

Not much! A story I wrote this year, "The Candlestick Maker", was "borrowed" by an on-line Romanian SF magazine, translated and published. My payment was in egoboo. So I'm a pro, even if I didn't know anything about it at the time. Rosy and I haven't hit any SF cons in 2022 and probably won't until the DeepSouthCon in Huntsville this October. Though it hurts to skip Worldcon, especially a *Chicago* Worldcon (we got engaged at the one in 2000), *especially* one where Joe Siclari and Edie Stern are Fan Guests of Honor (they're frequent guests of honor here), we simply can't justify the expense. OTOH, missing an accessible DSC goes against my fundamental fannish genetics. Not only is the South's oldest ongoing



fan gathering my home convention, Huntsville is much closer than Chi-town, another great friend and WOOF contributor, Bill Plott, is Fan Guest, and as *we* were Fan GoHs at a Huntsville con in two-thousand-mumble-mumble, we kind of owe them.

Best movies I've seen so far in '22: *Elvis*, *The Northman* and *X* (would love to see the porn film they were making). Also liked *13 Lives*, which is *not* for claustrophobes. *The Gray Man* and *Nope* were lousy; a waste of good casts. Thrillers make the best TV in this new age of streaming services: *Troppo*, *Under the Banner of Heaven*, *Gaslit* (I bet it pissed off John Dean), *Dark Winds*, *The Old Man*. I'm reading a startlingly brutal horror novel as we speak, *Manhunt*, having given up for the nonce on *My Heart is a Chainsaw*, the yes, *My Heart is a Chainsaw*; that's its title... anyway, it won the Bram Stoker Award and the Locus Award in its genre, but at a pace as sluggish as thick mud flowing uphill. I haven't tried last year's Hugo winner, *Network Effect*, nor the latest Edgar or World Fantasy Award winners. It will happen. (Obviously, I have an obsession with awards. I've been collecting *Pulitzer* novels since I was a teen. And next up, **Abdulrazak Gurnah**.)

ENOUGH.

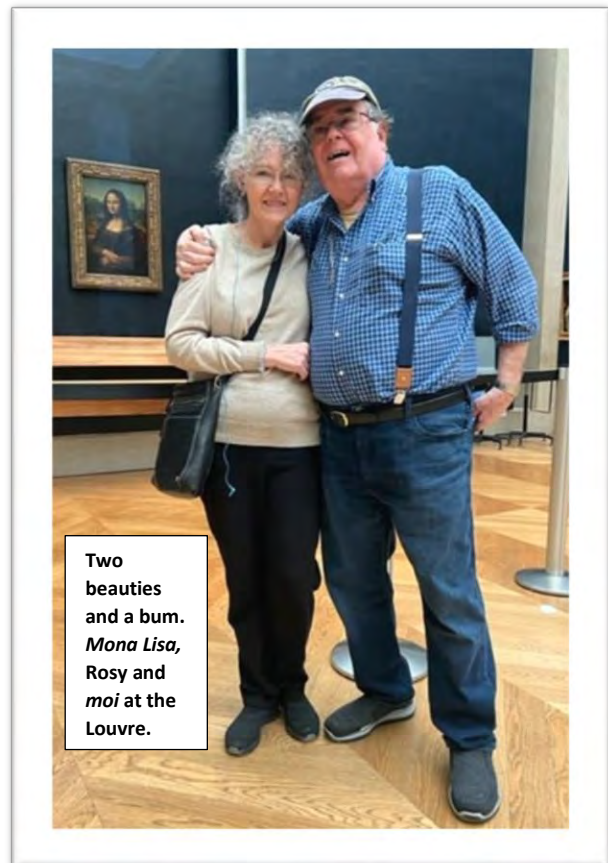
I didn't give WOOF its due last year – the zine I ran was a “year-ender” reprint from SFPA, the mighty Southern Fandom Press Alliance – so vow to do so now. That means mailing comments. I salute Br'er Rich Lynch for Officially Editing WOOF 2021 and for sending forth the link to the mailing. He did a superlative job. I OE'd WOOF 2020 – and with the enthused assistance of Br'er John Hertz, produced a *happy monster*. (Which one of us was Colin Clive, John? And which Dwight Frye?) WOOF 45 was a 'glut with franks – newsletters, con flyers, that sort of thing – and may have been a chore to read. Not so last year's WOOF. To it we turn.

Cover: The great Tim Kirk returns! It has been a long time (indeed, 1971) since I sat across from Tim in a Westercon lobby, sick as a beached squid, watching him watch Wendy Pini draw a dragon. Not quite as long since I stood with Linda Krawecka as she studied Kirk's 1976 Hugo, for which he designed the base. “For some reason,” she said, “I feel a strange *attraction* for this!” Probably the best fannish illustrator of the era and incidentally, a fine guy, we've been honored to have Kirk work atop recent WOOFs.

Nineteen Seventy-Six / Rich Lynch: This tale of y'all's first foray into fandom is inspiring. I note that you don't bother to mention the *six Hugos* you guys have won since the fateful Kubla Khan that lured you into our midst. I should tell the tale of your first Hugo, at MagiCon ... but another time.

+++ Ah, here's a name that resonates through time, the amazing Irvin Koch, the most ambitious SF fan I have ever known – and alas, one of the least successful. He bid for a DeepSouthCon at a transient motel. He ran a Worldcon bid against Boston. He founded a con where attendees *had* to carry weapons. He drove a car in which my future wife was a passenger into the trunk of another, wounding Rosy's forehead. And he won the same Rebel award *twice* – once when the committee gave him a piece of paper labeled REBEL AWARD and once when Vern Clark finally framed the piece of paper. Continue to RIP, Irv. +++ And hooray again for the Lynchi, hale mates throughout our fannish lives.

Report from Hoople no. 143.729 / Roger Hill: Where would WOOF be without a Report from Hoople? It's interesting that, for so many years, you maintained homes in southern



Two beauties and a bum. *Mona Lisa*, Rosy and moi at the Louvre.



La belle and the Three Graces at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

California and the Midwest; some contrast! I trust you spent your winters in L.A.! I have mixed feelings, to say the least, about Illinois, or at least Chicago – as I said above, Rosy and I got engaged at a Chicago Worldcon and enjoyed the next Chicon we attended (loved “the Bean”), but those joys had to overcome memories of the amateur heart surgery a girl put me through at the University in 1972. Gail! How could you? Anyway, hope your move is ne’er regretted. +++ One good thing about virtual folk dancing: nobody would see my flat-footed clod-hopping. (Zappa’s “Dancing Fool” could have been written for me.) +++ Rosy’s cellphone is more advanced than mine, as shown by the better quality of her photos. I may get an upgrade for Christmas, though most of the bells&whistles are beyond my pathetic mental capacity. +++ Yes, the historical contributions to WOOF certainly fit its purpose: not only a look back at the far reaches of fannish

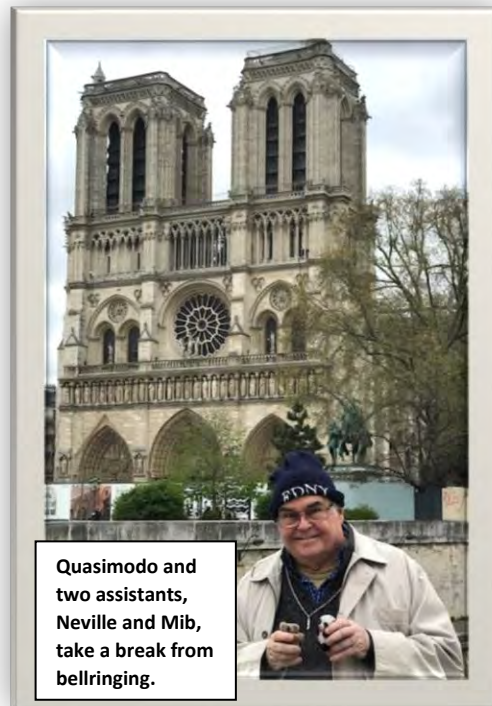
lore but an account of current events. We could use more discussion, debate, whatever last time about the Chinese Worldcon (although Purcell hits on this later), or the threat of wokeness to fandom, inspired by the disgraceful treatment of Toni Weisskopf by Discon III and Greg Benford by Loscon. Although I applaud the instinct that calls on fannish publications to be light-hearted and fun, such matters need to be discussed, debated, whatever-ed outside of the unbearable WSFS business meeting. Blogs, which reach hundreds of times more fans than zines, are the natural forum for debate, but we old farts who do fanzines also need to be heard. +++ I *did* have a lot of trouble getting your WOOF stats onto the printed page; I was trying to include an illo and my layout became desperately flustered. When you publish your corrected list of disties past, please check the pagecounts in the two mailings I’ve OE’d. I’m sure I fitched up the arithmetic. +++ Your “Road Thingie” this time bids the sun come out from hiding. This summer you got your wish. Hope you’ve kept cool.

Captain Flashback #37.5 / Andy Hooper: A special hi to Ms. Carrie Root. The last time I saw her was at Sasquan, when she said hello in a corridor; I was rushing someplace and my return greeting may have seemed brusque. Deep apologies for my distraction. +++ Turning to Andy, I applaud your continuing series on the 1939 Worldcon, but admit to having forgotten whether you’ve yet covered it from Julius Schwartz’ point of view. From what Schwartz told me, the event was quite an experience, especially when he and Bob Madle cut out to go to Yankee Stadium and see Babe Ruth. I wonder if the Bambino supported the Futurian Exclusion Act. +++ So you and Carl Juarez are continuing *Chunga* after the loss of Randy Byers. Good news: *Chunga* is a well-crafted, entertaining zine, and deserves more issues. +++ I haven’t delved into film noir as deeply as I wish, although I have *Double Indemnity* all but memorized. (*Great* last scene. Epic Rozsa music.) Your list of lost noir suffers from jumbled formatting but tantalizes, nonetheless. I admit to skepticism, however, concerning “My Balls Belong in Brooklyn”, alleged theme to *Dead Man in the Gutter*. I’ll believe that when I hear it.

Could be Fred Argoff's personal anthem. +++ After noting the several pieces about Vonda McIntyre, I have to mention the art in this issue, especially the sketches by the late Bill Rotsler, the best "fillo" man in the fanzining business. He could convey a novel's worth of story in a drawing the size of a movie ticket. And he was one of the two peeps I've known who met Marilyn Monroe.

Remembering Joe Moudry / Bill Plott: We do indeed remember Tuscaloosan Moudry, a slight fellow with a grand character, a great apa bro (his 4-year OEsip of SFPA was flawless), scion of one of the finest fannish families in the South. Bill, how appropriate that your friendship with Joe should come about due to George Inzer, another special, splendid fella; you describe Joe's last birthday and his final day beautifully, as befits a lifelong journalist and author. You did our man proud.

Intermission #116 / Ahrvid Engholm Righteous send-up of the kings and queens of Scandinavian bubblegum, ABBA. It's with trepidation that I admit that I find some of their musak not only tolerable, but good bouncy fun. The corny "Take a Chance on Me" video is one of my Favorites; I can imagine mobs of crush-besotted teenaged girls clinging to its lyrics, imagining that a hormonal teenaged dude would settle for going for a walk or listening to records. I trust that BABA confronts biological truth more directly than their mentor/model. Anyway, inspired stuff that *Mamma mia!* needs a fandom-wide audience. +++ Your notes on Tower (ah! My theme!) and the long history of Los Angeles fandom brings appreciation – and gloom. I have a copy of *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!* – epic fan writing – but can't see any such masterworks coming out of the ruin that is contemporary LASFS. COVID and the loss of their clubhouse has really wounded Angeleno fandom. Their "unofficial" newsletter is gone, and before editor Marty Cantor turned out its lights, almost all of its juice had dried, Someone save L.A.! I love the people, have learned to love the town (especially the Watts Towers – "Towers" again) and the thought of fandom without them is nightmarish. +++ I really enjoy your translations of antique Scandinavian news articles, and not only because those journalists recognized the future value of SF. This reminds me of the time two Swedish kids came by our house during high school days and my dad got them to translate an old book left by his Swedish grandmother: folk songs. I still keep in touch with the fella, now a minister in Stockholm.



Quasimodo and two assistants, Neville and Mib, take a break from bellringing.

W.O.O.F. II / John Thiel: Beautiful artwork in this issue, John! +++ I disagree that you can't be an editor of your own perzine; not only do you polish your own writing, you select the illos and design for the publication and make the fundamental decisions on what the zine

will be about. The basic editorial decisions are yours – you don't *have* to apply your magic to others' work. +++ In talking about learning about WOOF, you reflect everyone's problem in joining a new group: you have to figure out what the group is for, what they do, if they have standards you have to meet, and so on. Sometimes you just have to have faith in your own judgment and bash on in. My first *Spiritus Mundi* for the Southern Fandom Press Alliance (in January 1971) had the usual introductory stuff, but its main gig involved a visit – this is true – to a hospital mental ward (no, I wasn't a patient). I used an old typewriter that more *offended* the stencils than penetrated them, and printed the issue on hole=punched paper – with the holes on the *outside* edge of the page. “Gack! Illegible crudzine!” shouted a senior SFPA member. “Welcome, I guess,” said another. So was I discouraged? 51½ years later, I'm at work on *Spiritus Mundi* 311, and in a bimonthly apa that means that I've never missed a mailing. So my point (at last) is: keep the faith, hit them keys, pub the ish you want to, let the chips fall where'er gravity takes them, persevere. +++ Weird stuff next from Will Mayo and Gerald Heyder, a solidly good piece on the Culture series by frequent N3F contributor Jeffrey Redmond, whose articles are generally the best thing about the many National Fantasy Fan Federation zines they appear in. Nice variety, John T.



Askew #35 / John

Purcell: One of my surviving ambitions is to get back on as an adjunct English Comp teacher at the local state college. I miss the drive, the work, and especially the kids. COVID and an administration change have gotten in my way of recent, and now, of course, there's my general health. Phooey. *Getting old* was kind of funny, in an ironic Three Stooges

sort of way. But *being old*, with constant aches and twitchy muscles (my *jaw* twists up these days), is a flat bore. +++ Ah! At last! A rant on the Chinese Worldcon! Thank you! So far I've heard no evidence that anything was illegal about the vote, so forget the past; fannish concerns are set in the future. A huge influx of supporting memberships poured in to give China the 2023 Worldcon. Assuming each membership represents a real human being, there's nothing shifty there – in fact, since such a flood is probably how Cixin Liu's *Three-Body Problem* won its Hugo, and I love that book, I should rejoice in it. But what's to prevent that same army from swamping the Hugos this year and next and, worse, voting to keep the con in China for years to come? A potential horror – WSFS has to settle on answers, and good ones, and quick. +++ I haven't read *any* of those SF classics you mention! I stand revealed as a hypocritical neo. +++ We know from more recent news that Fia Karlsson has won TAFF '22 and will be visiting D.C., NYC, Mpls and Chi on her journey. Rats – since the blue-haired

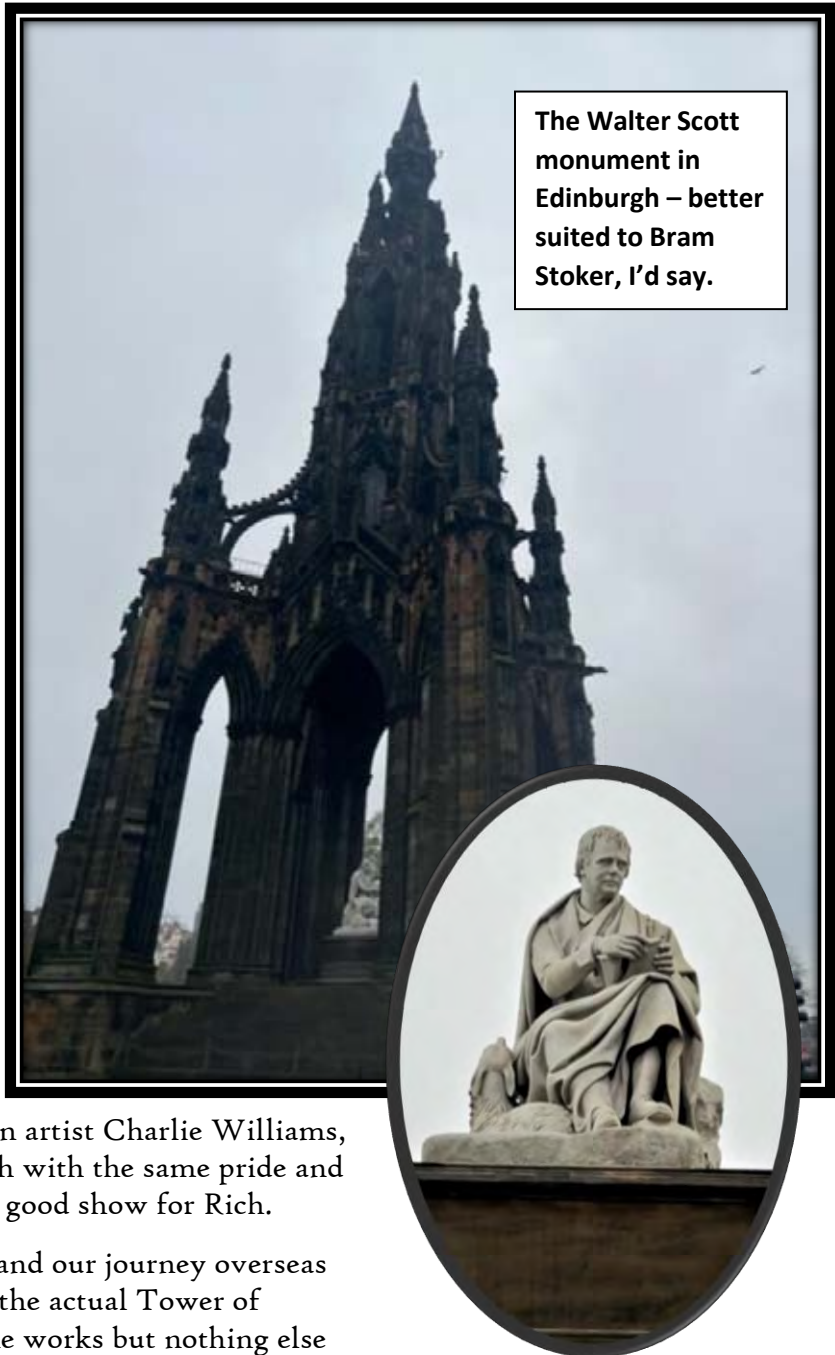
wonder won't be at Worldcon, there's no way we'll meet her. If she came by Florida we'd show her Cape Canaveral – and maybe a launch! (There are two this week.)

OASFiS Event Horizon / Juan SanMiguel: No denying it, the many photos from MegaCon are magnificent – some of the best cosplay photos I've ever seen. Bravo to subjects and photographer, all. +++ We've enjoyed the Orlando cons we've attended, and although the next event will lack stalwarts like Ben Bova and our beloved buddy Roger Sims, I judge it'll still be a good time. Let us know when, Juan.

My Back Pages 26 / Rich Lynch: It wasn't till Rich began to collect his travel reports and other articles into *My Back Pages* that I realized how good a fan writer he is. And the boy is damn good. His topics are wide in scope, but are all focused, consistent, and enlightening. "Rocket Boy" is a far different tale than the travelogue through "The Land of the Impressionists", but both carry nostalgic power. Rich wasn't a pal and co-creator with Walt Willis as he was with the great fan artist Charlie Williams, but he invests his eulogies for each with the same pride and regret. All in all, WOOF 2021 is a good show for Rich.

So that's it for WOOF 46, 2021 – and our journey overseas (although overleaf, find a shot of the actual Tower of London). I have a *Challenger* in the works but nothing else special for the remainder of 2022. Whoever mentioned my public defender memoir, leave now! (I'm waiting for the Florida Bar to send an opinion.)

Is a pleasure to be part of WOOF 2022. Thanks to Chris Garcia & Co. for putting it together. So: who's taking on WOOF in China?





The Tower of London, constructed on the order of William the Conqueror. See the raven? **GHLIII**

ספר חיות אנדות : א
The Book of Imaginary Animals
Vol. 1: A Animals

Aaron Feldman saguaro_nine@yahoo.com

Introduction

THE *Kosher Guide to Imaginary Animals* by Ann & Jeff VanderMeer (2010, Tachyon Press) is an excellent introduction to the question of which imaginary animals are kosher and which are not. It is, however, incomplete in its analysis and occasionally incorrect. This work seeks to engage with the analysis of the VanderMeers and offer deeper explanations, citing to the original sources of the Torah, Talmud, and later Rabbinic literature for the laws of assessing the kashrut of particular animals.

The VanderMeers' book consists of a short explanation of the key features of each creature, followed by a dialectical argument between Ann and the Evil Monkey about the kosher status of each animal. In most cases, Ann offers a final ruling on the kashrut of the animal, though in some cases the conclusion is ambiguous. My commentary offers a brief summary of the original text of the Imaginary Guide and its key points, followed by my own commentary. All quotations to Torah are from the JPS edition translation. All citations to the Talmud are to Sefaria's William Davidson Talmud, based on Rabbi Adin Steinsaltz's work. Translations of Rabbinic sources are credited where appropriate, or are the author's own translations.

The laws of kashrut are a central part of life for observant Jews. They do not always have an apparent logic behind them, though many explanations for their strictures have been offered by commentators. Regardless, the effect of the laws of kashrut is to create a constant mindfulness about the food we eat, the way in which we eat it, and the fact that we are able to eat it at all. Food is a blessing from God and a necessity for life. In looking closely at the rules and how they present themselves in these specific cases, we will come to more deeply understand that blessing.

I don't intend to cover the whole history of Jewish law in this introduction, but a few words are warranted. The Torah, consisting of the five books of Moses (Chumash), the Prophets (Nevi'im), and the Writings (Ketuvim), constitutes the primary God-given authority of Jewish law, along with an oral tradition of how to understand the Torah that was also transmitted at Mount Sinai. These oral traditions were written down in a condensed form as the Mishnah (ca. 200 C.E.) and its later commentary the Gemara (ca. 500 C.E), together referred to as the Talmud. Subsequent commentary on Jewish law is in the various writings of ensuing historical periods, known in order as the Geonim, Rishonim, and Acharonim. Much of the law in these texts consists of arguments about disputed points of law. I expect there will be points in my own commentary that will be disputed, too. The Rabbis of the Talmud speak of arguments for the sake of heaven (*machloket l'shem shamayim*). This is the Jewish way.

In Volume 1, all of the animals in the Imaginary Guide whose name begins with the letter A are covered. In subsequent volumes the rest of the alphabet will be covered. I welcome any comments, criticism, and questions about the discussions within.

1 The Abumi-Guchi

Summary of The Imaginary Guide

The Guide describes the Abumi-Guchi as a re-animated creature arising from the leather stirrup of a fallen soldier. The Abumi-Guchi waits to be reunited with the soldier it once served. The VanderMeers' discussion centers around whether it's a predator (since it likely is, they consider it not permissible to eat on that basis), and whether its 'provenance is suspect', likely a reference to it arising from leather of unknown origin. Ann concludes, "That doesn't mean you eat them."

Commentary

It is not the case that for a creature to be kosher, it cannot not eat other animals. Numerous species of kosher fish are predators, and some species of kosher bird are omnivorous. All land animals that are kosher are non-predators, however even this is not an explicit Torah requirement for kosher land animals.

As a creature created from leather, the Abumi-Guchi's kashrut status hinges on whether it is from the leather of a kosher animal or a non-kosher animal. If it came from a non-kosher animal, such as a horse, it cannot become kosher by being reanimated, especially if it is reanimated into a carnivore.

If the leather came from a kosher animal, the question of interest is whether the source animal was a neveilah, an animal carcass. The Torah prohibits eating the meat of an animal that has not undergone a kosher slaughter process, known as shechitah: "You shall not eat anything that has died a natural death; give it to the stranger in your community to eat, or you may sell it to a foreigner. For you are a people consecrated to your God" (Deut. 14:21). If the leather came from a kosher animal such as a cow, and the cow was properly slaughtered in accordance with the laws of shechitah, then the Abumi-Guchi may be permissible to eat. If the leather came from a kosher animal that was a neveilah, it is prohibited to eat even if it has been re-animated. However, one is permitted to derive benefit from neveilah, so such an Abumi-Guchi could be kept as a pet.

If the Abumi-Guchi is known to come from the leather of an animal that was slaughtered in accordance with the laws of shechitah, does its reanimation make it into a new creature or is it considered to still be dead by halachic standards. If it is a new creature, it would need to be slaughtered again- and the Abumi-Guchi does not contain the simanim required to slaughter a kosher animal. I would think that the ruling depends on the physical results of the transformation from stirrup to Abumi-Guchi. If the leather simply becomes animated by the magical force that makes it move again, but it is fundamentally still a piece of leather, then it is still the same dead creature and the original shechitah still has effect, and therefore would be permitted to eat. Consider the Talmud's discussion of the living fetus found in a properly slaughtered animal (BT Chullin 68a). The original shechitah has effect on the fetus even if it grows up and is eaten years later. However, if in the course of being reanimated, it forms new veins or other bodily tissues, it is a new creature and the shechitah no longer has effect, and therefore it would not be permitted to eat.

The VanderMeers wonder if the provenance is suspect. In other words, if you find a Abumi-Guchi on the road, you likely will not know what the source of its leather is. If the Abumi-Guchi is known to come from the stirrup of a soldier who always used leather that from a kosher, properly slaughtered animal, then it is kosher. If the provenance is suspect, one may operate on the principle of majority (rovah). If the majority of leather in a town comes from animals that were slaughtered in accordance with the laws of shechitah, it can be assumed

that the leather forming the Abumi-Guchi is kosher. If the majority of leather comes from animals that were not slaughtered in accordance with the laws of shechitah, the Abumi-Guchi is not permitted to be eaten. In Japan, this would mean that an Abumi-Guchi of unknown provenance would not be kosher, but an Israeli Abumi-Guchi of unknown provenance might be, if most people used leather from a kosher, properly slaughtered animals when making stirrups.

2 The Aigi Kampos

Summary of The Imaginary Guide

The Guide describes the Aigi Kampos as a fish-goat hybrid creature, similar to the fish-horse hybrid hippocamp. It identifies it specifically as a creature of the sea, living in the Indian Ocean. The VanderMeers' discussion centers around whether it produces cheese, and whether it bears the anatomical features that mark a kosher animal. Ann concludes "that would be kosher, because it has cloven hooves, chews its cud, and has fins and scales."

Commentary

There is a simple way to cheat around this question. Rabbi Yishmael teaches that the only animal mentioned in the Torah as having split hooves and not chewing its cud is the pig (BT Chullin 59b). Therefore, if you encounter an animal with split hooves and you know it's not a pig, you can be confident it's kosher. Unfortunately, Rabbi Yishmael's rule cannot apply here, since Rabbi Yishmael was only referring to real animals, and this is a book of Imaginary Animals. It is certainly possible to imagine an animal that isn't a pig, has cloven hooves, and doesn't chew its cud. Therefore we cannot say on this basis that the Aigi Kampos is definitely kosher.

The way to definitively decide if an animal is kosher is to examine its simanim, the signs that indicate it is a kosher animal. For a land creature, those requirements are "Any animal that has true hooves, with clefts through the hooves, and that chews the cud—such you may eat" (Lev. 11:3). For a sea creature, the requirements are "anything in water, whether in the seas or in the streams, that has fins and scales—these you may eat" (Lev 11:9).

Goats certainly have the simanim of kosher land animals, and fish like the fish in the illustration have the simanim of kosher sea animals. But it's not apparent that an Aigi Kampos has the simanim of both. In particular, though we can see the cloven hooves on its goat legs and we can see the fins and scales, we cannot see its digestive tract so we cannot say whether it has the digestive tract of a goat or a fish.

Rabbi Yishmael's rule exists because of this difficulty. If you discover an animal but you cannot investigate its digestive tract without killing it, you can apply Rabbi Yishmael's rule to determine whether you can expect the animal to be kosher. But we cannot apply Rabbi Yishmael's rule with respect to the Aigi Kampos because it's an imaginary animal. The only way to be sure the Aigi Kampos is kosher is to kill one and examine its stomachs.

But even assuming the VanderMeers are correct that the Aigi Kampos chews its cud, the Aigi Kampos poses a problem of categorization. It's not sufficient to analyze the Aigi Kampos as both a land creature and a sea creature and determine that it is kosher by either standard, because different rules apply if the Aigi Kampos is a land creature or if it's a sea creature.

If it is kosher as a land creature, for it to be permissible to eat it must be slaughtered according to shechitah, severing its trachea and esophagus with a single stroke of a sharp knife in accordance with the laws taught by Moses at Mount Sinai. If it is kosher as a sea creature, shechitah is not required and we can eat it even if it dies of natural causes.

Additionally, if it is kosher as a land creature, it is meat (basar), and one is prohibited to eat it in the same meal with dairy (Ex. 34.26). If it is kosher as a sea creature, it is permissible to eat with dairy, and it is customary not to eat it in on the same plate as meat because it was believed to be dangerous to one's health to eat fish and meat together (BT Pesachim 76b). Given these uncertainties (s'fakim) about the aigi kampos's halachic category, one should treat it with all possible stringencies. It should be slaughtered according to shechitah, it should not be eaten with dairy, and it should be not be eaten with other meats.

3 The Aitvaras

Summary of The Imaginary Guide

The Guide describes the Aitvaras as a creature that looks like a large black or white rooster with a fiery red tail. When it is domesticated, it looks like a rooster indoors but turns into a dangerous dragon outdoors. The VanderMeers' discussion centers around whether its internal anatomy is more like a rooster or a dragon. Their conclusion is that when it is indoors in the form of a rooster, it is kosher, but when it is outdoors in the form of a dragon, it is not. Finally, they debate what happens when it is in an intermediate position between inside and outside, but come to no conclusion.

Commentary

Unlike the fish and beasts discussed previously, which are identified as kosher by anatomical signs called simanim, birds are identified as unkosher by their species, called a min. The way to determine whether a species is kosher is to ask if it is on the list of non-kosher bird species in the Torah (Leviticus 11:13-19). However, not every species name in the Torah is clearly understood, so the Rabbinic rule is that the only species of bird that may be eaten are those that we have a clear tradition of eating. There is no tradition of eating Aitvaras, so it is not permitted to be eaten.

However, the concept of animals that sometimes exist in a form that has the signs of a kosher animal and sometimes do not is a real one and a serious topic of Rabbinic discussion. One of the classic examples are certain species of fish, the sultanit and the afyan fish, which do not have scales as young fish but which grow them as adults. The halacha is that they are considered kosher (BT Chullin 66a). On the other hand, fish that have scales as young fish but which lose them when they are adults are not considered kosher by all authorities.

If the aitvaras is simply a type of kosher rooster that later turns into a non-kosher dragon, it would seem similar to this kind of changing animal. Because of the order of the transformation, from kosher to non-kosher, it would be disputed whether it is kosher, and most Orthodox authorities would not consider it kosher.

Another possibility is that the Aitvaras is not an imaginary creature at all. Rashi identifies the duchifat as the wild rooster (Rashi on Lev. 11:19). Since roosters in general are kosher, he might be identifying a particular kind of rooster that is a bird of prey and therefore non-kosher, and the Aitvaras could belong to this category.

4 The Akaname

Summary of The Imaginary Guide

The Guide describes the Akaname as a creature that is a combination of a frog and a human, with an abnormally long tongue. The creature is also called a 'filth-licker' for its habit of licking

bathrooms clean with its tongue. The VanderMeers' discussion centers around whether it is unkosher because it is amphibian, and whether it is unkosher because it has unclean habits. Ann concludes "Anything that licks anything disgusting isn't kosher."

Commentary

There is no reason to say that animals that lick disgusting things are not kosher. The laws of kashrut are general about anatomical features and functions rather than behavioral functions. The goat, a kosher animal, is famous for eating disgusting things.

Are Akanames kosher, then? As with the Aigi Kampos, the question centers around whether to consider them by the standard of land animals or by the standard of sea creatures, and in either case, whether they bear the simanim of kosher animals. Unlike the Aigi Kampos, they appear to satisfy neither. The akaname lacks the fins and scales of a kosher sea animal (Lev. 11:9) and the cloven hooves and presumably ruminant stomach of a kosher land animal (Lev. 11:3). For this reason it is not kosher, amphibious or not.

There is a debate among the Rishonim about whether frogs are considered one of the eight sheratzim, verminous crawling things that in addition to being forbidden to eat impart additional ritual impurity on anyone who touches a dead one. Rambam rules that no frogs are among the eight (Mishneh Torah She'ar Avot haTum'ah 3:14); Rashi considers some species to be among the eight (Rashi on Lev. 11:29, identifying the tzav as a toad). That notwithstanding, a human-sized frog is not a sheretz because of its size.

5 The Arkan Sonney

Summary of The Imaginary Guide

The Guide describes the Arkan Sonney as a creature like a hedgehog, but with fairy abilities. It is small, white, and spiny, with red ears, but it has the ability to suddenly inflate itself or deflate itself as a defense against those who would try to capture it. It is also called a 'lucky piggy' because those who capture one are said to have good luck. The VanderMeers' discussion centers around its similarities to a hedgehog, which is not kosher. Ann concludes "No, because hedgehogs aren't kosher, so a fairy hedgehog wouldn't be any different, monkey."

Commentary

There are two ways to analyze the arkan sonney; By both standards it is not kosher. It may be in its inflated form considered as a land animal, in which case it does not have cloven hooves or chew its cud and is therefore not kosher. In its uninflated, small rodent form it may be considered a sheretz, a verminous crawling thing. This category includes a range of creatures from lizards to rodents to insects. Sheratzim, too, are forbidden to eat (Lev. 11:29). The significance of the difference is that the level of impurity imparted by the corpse of a dead sheretz is different than the level of impurity imparted by the corpse of a nonkosher dead land beast.

Whether the hedgehog, which is most similar to the arkan sonney, is one of the eight forbidden species of sheretz is debated between medieval Rabbis. In the medieval French authority Rashi's commentary on Chumash he identifies the anaqah, a forbidden sheretz, as the hedgehog (Rashi on Lev. 11:30). Other commentators offer different explanations of the anaqah (Saadiyah Gaon identifies it as a lizard). If one is concerned about tumah or ritual purity, it is better to avoid touching the corpse of an arkan sonney.



THE ZINE DUMP

#55 * Summer 2022

Guy Lillian * 1390 Holly Ave Merritt Island FL 32952
GHLIII@yahoo.com * July-August 2022 * 318/218-2345 * GHLIII Press #1327
Illo by Leonardo da Vinci (and an unknown collaborator)

This issue is dedicated to Robert Lichtman.

Bob's **Trap Door** was among the finest American genzines, and he enjoyed an unsullied reputation as a fine guy. We lost him to cancer in July. Mike Glycer's excellent account of his career in fandom can be found at <https://file770.com/robert-lichtman-1942-2022/>. *Vale.*

My cover: You can find out all about our trip to Paris, London and Edinburgh in the three volumes of *The Iconic Route*, lately posted on eFanzines.com. This issue's version of the *Mona Lisa* was *not* on display at the Louvre.

Personal and political blather is also available on eFanzines through my perzine, *Spartacus*, and I expect to produce *Challenger #43* this autumn. *Contributions needed* – and *LOCs!*

***The Zine Dump* wants to see every generally distributed fanzine, paper or pixel, published in English and devoted to science fiction and/or its fandom.**

(Range: 5-1-22 to 8-8-22. Most of the following can be found on *eFanzines.com*.)

Okay? Now we can turn to

Alexiad Vol. 21 No. 3, WN 123 | Joe and Lisa Major, 1409 Christy Ave., Louisville KY 40204-2040 | jtmajor@iglou.com | Here's the latest *Alexiad*, a consistent and consistently excellent journal of Joe and Lisa's interests. Which include: World War I. monarchism, polar exploration, the Joker, history, sailing, horseracing, Joe's health (lousy, but he's a fighter), Heinlein (Joe wrote a book about him), all of which the Majors discuss through perceptive book reviews. (Other contributors sometimes toss in con reports.) Wicked fan fiction almost always closes the zine – this time the subject/victim is Narnia. Oh yes – I *always* put *Alexiad* on my Hugo and FAAn ballots. Now, turn to *This Here*, Nic Farey's perzine, and my mini-editorial there.

The Alien Review 3 | Perry Middlemiss, see *Perryscope* | The perfect complement to Perry's perzine, *The Alien Review* offers longer pieces and works by others. It's quite good, even if this latest issue does hail from the Jurassic, i.e., March 2022. Drawing on the podcast he co-hosts with David Grigg, Perry transcribes their fascinating discussion of Stanislaus Lem's writing and the two *Solaris* films (I hated both, and the ladies who went to see George Clooney's ass in the American version were baffled), followed by Nick Price's review of *Sputnik*, a Russian (no kidding!) SF/horror film that sounds derivative of *Alien*. The review is intriguing; I'll give the "фильм ужасов" a try. Gears smoothly switching, now follows Dan Ashby's fun fannish account of the manic Magic Puddin' Club, reprinted from 1986; exceptionally cool cartoons by Chris Johnston. A year late, the editors comment on the 2021 Hugo nominees. *Piranesi* had my vote. Goodfella Julian Warner leads a righteous discussion of music; Simon Litten reviews the work of Becky Chambers (pretty lady); good,

Aussie-rich lettercol; a promise that the next issue will feature a long appreciation of the *oeuvre* of Fritz Leiber. Yipes – I see I’ve fallen back on going over a zine one article at a time. but excellent stuff like *The Alien Review* is hard not to appreciate page by page.

Ansible 419-421 (June-August 2022) | David Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berks, RG1 5AU, U.K. | news.ansible.uk | Invaluable and usually hilarious Brit newszine containing important professional news and *outré* gossip on the entire genre. Except for the ever-lengthy R.I.P. section – which in the August edition breaks my heart with the news on Samantha Jeude – *Ansible* usually not only informs but amuses, reminding us through “Thog’s Masterclass” and other segments that SF is usually a funny field. Exception from July: the draconian punishment the SFWA leveled on Mercedes Lackey for a harmless tongue-slip a third party denounced as racist. Here the story of her humiliation is presented without comment. I’d like to hear the universally respected Langford’s opinion of it.

Askance #53 | John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station TX 77845 | askance73@gmail.com | Say the words “Alan White cover” and you know you have an extraordinary fannish product waiting for you. The illo atop this issue of Purcell’s genzine is even better than most. I’d guess it’s the color scheme, but I’ve always liked blondes. ~~And redheads. But especially brunettes, Rosy!~~ Like this *TZD*, *Askance #53* is dedicated to Robert Lichtman’s memory; Geri Sullivan’s heartfelt farewell to the great fanziner runs at the publication’s center. Speaking of centers, John opens the issue with a reprinted piece from an old Marty Cantor zine about a repulsive operation he went through 40 years ago. The tail – excuse me, *tale* is graphic. *YUCK!* Moving on, thankfully, we find TAFF winner Fia Karlsson’s trip itinerary – too bad she’s not coming near Florida; we would’ve shown her the Kennedy Space Center. John’s wowed review of Sandra Bond’s collection of great fan writing, *Daangerous Visions*, fills me with envy and anguish: *The Zine Dump* never saw it. John laments his thin lettercol – I know *exactly* how he feels – and all but closes matters with a rundown of forthcoming Texas and national conventions. Purcell announces at the very end that his TAFF report is about done – and he may publish it as a book. I’ll glom the thing whenever and however it appears. Must note the glorious Marc Schirmeister art throughout *Askance*; coupled with the White cover, it qualifies Purcell’s pub as one of this summer’s most attractive.

Askew #37 | John Purcell, see *Askance* | John’s summer perzine brings us short pieces on baseball (like many SFers, he’s a fanatic), his nearly-complete TAFF report, memorials for Robert Lichtman and John’s friend David Cummer, his recent reading (lots of mysteries). His lettercol includes Taral Wayne, Lloyd Penney (naturally), Ray Palm and John’s fellow TAFFer Curt Phillips. He ends with the heat – and the real wave hadn’t hit yet! Breezy writing makes John’s zines consistently readable and enjoyable; I look forward to his fan fund trip report.

The Baloobius 8 | Taral Wayne, 245 Dunn Ave. Apt. 2111, Toronto Ontario, M6K 1S6, Can | (416) 531-8974, Taral@bell.net | Many are the zines Taral publishes which collect bits & pieces of this & that. Same difference. Adorned by a cute “furry” cartoon of the sort he has made his distinctive signature, here we have a poignant memorial for Bob Lichtman, an anecdote about Taral’s collection of rare coins, critical (and how) re-reviews of *American Gods* and the puzzling Chinese film *Turning Red* (red pandas – my man Mib is horrified), and an intensely disgusted and funny condemnation of a nameless furry acquaintance whom Wayne loathes to the point of distraction. After a genuinely good lettercol – Jennings, Penney, the usual Chorus – he’s off onto the new *Fraggle Rock* which, not surprisingly at

this point, he can't stand. Taral wields a mean pen when he feels the need; I enjoy the hey out of it when he does.

Banana Wings #78 | Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, CR0 7ES, U.K. / fishlifter@gmail.com | Alison Scott's pretty color cover adorns the latest issue of the UK's premiere fannish zine. A bit slim like all issues since the end of the pandemic, *BW* #78 features only one article from another pen besides the editors', Taral Wayne's reminiscence of his erstwhile SF group, "DPG: Sweet and Sour". I take it the last words pertain to the Chinese restaurant where the crew gathered. But as usual, Claire and Mark provide excellent copy for their publication, approaching fannish topics with different but complementary styles. Mark calls it "household compositional joined-up-ness", which will do. Mark writes of wanting to read *everything* in his "Roadrunner" editorial (and repeats an amusing scene in a David Lodge novel where an academic admits that he hasn't) and goes on to discuss the hyper-controversial victory of Chinese fandom – maybe that belongs in quotes – for the 2023 Worldcon. A tantalizing mention of a Hugo scandal at the 1960 Pittcon makes me regret my ignorance of fandom at the time. A rather poignant memorial to Britfan Silas Potts finishes Mark's wide-ranging piece. Claire's "Reconsidering the Classics" deals with the couple's visit to Eastercon, breaking COVID's hold on their conventioning and inspiring a glorious remembrance of cons past. For me the account is unnerving; Rosy and I were in London over the Ides of April – we could have attended! I am aghast! Only the superb lettercol, featuring worthies such as Bruce Gillespie, Leigh Edmonds, Murray Moore and Jerry Kaufman, keeps me from devouring the zine in despair.

Beam | Nic Farey, 2657 Rungsted St, Las Vegas, NV 89142, USA, fareynic@gmail.com and Ulrika O'Brien, 418 Hazel Avenue N., Kent, WA 98030, USA, ulrika.obrien@gmail.com

better #s 1-3 | Steve Swartz, 2222 NE 152nd Ave. #403, Redmond WA 98052 | stevesw@live.com | Swartz' return to the Turbo-Charged Party Animal Apa, in addition to putting to rest my suspicion that there is no such creature as "the Turbo-Charged Party-Animal Amateur Press Association," brings a new personality to *The Zine Dump*. I'll be reading *better* with enthused interest from now on. After all, Swartz lived for years in *Paris*, and after a few days there I couldn't help but fantasize how that would be. Familiarity with the town cost Steve none of its romance; he writes rapturously of its beauties.

Brooklyn! #116-117 | Fred Argoff, Penthouse L, 1120 Ocean Pkwy, Brooklyn NY 11230-4060 | subs 4 issues /\$10 *cash*. Quarterly | A *Brooklyn!* without photos?!? Insane! Impossible! Fuhgedabowdit! Yet here it is, an issue entirely illustrated by etchings and woodcuts and drawings and maps and building diagrams – and like every *Brooklyn!*, it's a hoot. Included is all sorts of borough lore, including its ice skating mania ca.1862 and team rosters from a 1906 baseball game. This issue ends with the tale of a bear amok in a Brooklyn home. Ate all of their chicken. Issue #117 is also a special issue, with a historical theme: the Consolidation that annexed Brooklyn into New York City. Fred does a fine job with his serious subject; I hope he occasionally intersperses such issues in with his lighthearted zines.

Captain Flashback #43-44 | Andy Hooper & Carrie Root, 11032 30th Ave. NE, Seattle WA 98125 | fanmailaph@aol.com | "*Captain Flashback* is devoted to old fanzines, crusader kings, Christian amazons, and other fascinating phenomena of the 12th Century." And as Andy has been an exemplary fanziner since the days of the pyramids, it's a well-written, highly entertaining publication as well. Ostensibly – and fundamentally – a zine for the

Turbo-Charged Party-Animal Amateur Press Association, *Flashback* reads like a genzine in its variety. A regular entry is its appreciation of local TV horror movie hosts. In issue #43 Hooper's lens focuses on Ottola Nesmith, hostess and lawsuit defendant from an L.A. monster show, who actually had a career as a character actor in respectable films. Her story, as skillfully related by Hooper, is a fascinating portrait of *un*-glamorous Hollywood. Afterwards, Andy lists the many hosts he's profiled before, including New Orleans' Morgus the Magnificent, who made a jolly appearance at Nolacon II (and flattered me by asking for a copy of my souvenir book). Andy runs comments on the previous mailing, a few LOCs, then some good, reprinted fanfic, "Fafia", by Linda Blanchard. #44 is even more exciting, as Andy ascend to the zenith, or even the Sylvania, of horror movie hostdom, and profiles the two identities of **Svengoolie**. Valued here for the insight he lets slip into his comic shows – background on the actors, for instance – Svengoolie is the only host I'd rank near Elvira and Morgus. *Great* article. Follows an enticing review of *Everything Everywhere All at Once*, which may well be a Hugo contender in '23, enthused LOCs, intriguing mc's. I love those Turbo-Charged zine titles. Per-, apa-, genzine, *Flashback* works as all.

Christian New Age Quarterly Vol. 25 No. 3 & 3+ | Catherine Groves, PO Box 276, Clifton NJ 07015-0276 | info@christiannewage.com | Following some interesting *thoughts* on *meditation* – words which, she insists, do not mean the same thing – Catherine announces changes in *C*NAQ*, the departure of a staffer, calls for a new reviewer, and the premiere of a column by Robert Price. His first contribution, "A Glitch in the Matrix", interweaves *Trek* references with obscure philosophers to examine (wait for it) the *nature of reality*. Involving *Star Trek* is less trivializing than it sounds; the piece inspires genuine cheer. Joanne Winetski returns to meditation as a topic in her column, and in a separate piece (Hemingway reference!) reviews an incisive book by Garry Wills on the Koran, which quotes Pope Francis praising both the Islamic holy text and the Torah. The short lettercol is surprisingly chatty, but *C*NAQ* is almost always surprising. Take no. 3+. Catherine opens with a thoughtful piece on the religious importance of dreams and reprints "The Folly of Certitude", a wise rumination by Robert Arias reminiscent of the finest episode of *The Ascent of Man*. Ms. Groves appends a very kind note congratulating us on our European jaunt and expressing sympathy for my Parkinson's diagnosis. Thanks to her.

CyberCozen Vol. XXXIV No. 07 | Leybl Botwinik, leybl_botwinik@yahoo.com | July 2022 issue of the monthly Israeli clubzine, going strong since the '80a. I always remark on how attractive I find the Hebrew portions of the text. Herein we find reviews of a 1930ish Yiddish children's play produced in NYC (available in video) and two SF tomes, including an Arvan Davidson short story. I enjoyed Davidson's kindly, humorous cynicism greatly in California cons of my neohood. The final page is fat with SFnal links.

DASFax July 2022 | Jeanne Jackson, 31 Rangeview Drive, Wheat Ridge CO 80215 | DASFAEditor@Hotmail.com | The monthly newsletter of the Denver SF club announces an intriguing subject for kits July meeting: members' memories of the first moon landing and the meaning of that momentous ... uh, moment. July 20, 1969 was my 20th birthday; I could contribute a lot. Sourdough Jackson's essay, the constant highlight of the zine, centers on the gods of Middle Earth, providing revelations for me and a nifty teaser for the forthcoming *Rings of Power*. We're promised more to come.

De Profundis | Marty Cantor, 11825 Gilmore St. #105, North Hollywood, CA 91606 |

The Drink Tank | Chris Garcia, journeyplanet@gmail.com } Ever-changing, ever-generous, the Hugo-copping *Drink Tank* surges on. Unique as are all *DT*s, issue #440 is devoted to Robert Jordan's *Wheel of Time* through a multitude of short appreciations, each accompanied by a beautiful color illo manipulated by Chris from the novel covers. They range in length from a paragraph to a full essay, but all are heartfelt and delightful. In addition, Joel Phillips blows my mind with his photo-illustrated account of camping outside of a bookstore for umpteen days and nights awaiting a low-numbered Brandon Sanderson novel. *That* is fannish dedication!

Endeavor 15 | Kurt Erichsen, 2539 Scottwood Ave., Toledo OH 43610-1358 | mail@kurterochsen.com | Three times in assembling the zines to review for this *Zine Dump*, I've encountered the question, *is this a book or a fanzine – or both?* Each pub is professionally bound, in color, typeset. They look as good or better than any professional magazine or graphic novel. The first – alphabetically – of these awe-inspiring super-zines comes from one of fandom's wittiest and most generous fan artists, Kurt Erichsen. As one should anticipate, the contents of a zine by such a talent consists of stories, short stories, verse – all well-illustrated. – Marc Schirmeister, who like Kurt has long deserved a Hugo, with his distinctive horsy 'toons ... Tom Ricotta, illustrating short, skizzy tales by Howard Stangroom ... Kurt even enlists Neil Reihle to adorn one of his own stories, adding his own critique: "Wow!" "Wow!" indeed for *Endeavor*, a project obviously born of love – for 'toons, for fantasy and for fandom, and a huge credit to all three. By the way, Kurt talks freely here about his own experiences with Parkinson's, a special challenge for an artist, which I appreciate greatly and personally.

Ethel the Aardvark 212 | LynC c/o Melbourne Science Fiction Club, P.O. Box 110, Moonee Vale VIC 3055 Australia | melbsfclub@yahoo.com.au |

Event Horizon #10 | John Thiel, see *Pablo Lennis* | Again, and as happily usual in recent Thiel zines, excellent color art. Here we have fiction and verse penned by fans various, Burnett Toskey, Will Mayo, Cardinal Cox and others. The long-standing *Zine Dump* policy is to avoid commentary on such fan-wrought efforts, but I must note Dr. Mel Waldman's "The Bird-Woman of 57th Street", an evocative portrait from that gallery of street scenes, Manhattan.

Faculae & Filigree #13 | Heath Row, 4367 Globe Ave., Culver City, CA 90230 | kalel@well.com | Hey, we just flew out of Heath's airport! Here's a zine for LASFAPA, the beloved lotus-eaters' apa in which I spent years and years of my sordid youth. The apa is probably still monthly, so there may be more issues by now. This number mentions Heath's favorite mailing lists, sources for discount books, games – I'm a bit dismayed; do games belong in *o*u*r* fandom? – and a good Westercon report, leading into a varied set of book reviews, ranging from *Little Fuzzy* to (of all things) *Twilight*. What? No Chart!?!?

Fanac Newsletter 18 | Joe Siclari and Edie Stern, jsiclari@gmail.com, estern7770@gmail.com | For devotion to our hobby, there are no more dedicated souls than this year's Worldcon Fan Guests of Honor. Joe and Edie keep **Fanac.org** stuffed and humming with scans of fanzines old and contemporary. They want to include each and every non-professional publication since the dawn of SF to date – and they have made a very fine start, ranging from oneshots done in the early '40s to the zine you read now. Br'er Rich Lynch is now supplying Siclari and Stern with scans of zines from the Southern Fandom Press Alliance – including mine, and it does my ticker good to know fan writing

will be preserved. Illustrated with reprinted covers from ages past: one's fingers itch in tactile memory of deteriorating twiltone.

FanActivity Gazette Vol. 2 No. 2 | George Phillis, see *National Fantasy Fan* | One of a bucketful of zines from the National Fantasy Fan Federation (or N3F), this one offers "News of Fen of Interest to All Fen." To wit: club news, forthcoming cons, birthdays, the like. TV and movie reviews come in from "Cathode Ray," and I'm *sure* there's a false name hidden in there somewhere. Among the other zines in N3F's stable: *Eldritch Science* and *Mangaverse*.

Films Fantastic #16 | N3F Film Bureau, Justin E.A. Busch, 308 Prince St. #422, St. Paul MN 55401 | jeab@musician.org | Dating from this past June, *Films Fantastic* is among the best pubs from the National Fantasy Fan Federation. I'm not saying that simply because Busch has written a big article for *Challenger* or because contributor Tom Feller is a br'er SFPAn; the movies discussed are almost all classics and the perspectives are almost all fresh. How long has it been since fandom last talked about *Brazil*? Reviewers include Justin and Tom, of course, and Heath Row, whose article covers older, cornier, more seductive flicks. Which reminds me, among the movies mentioned is *Captain Kronos: Vampire Hunter*, and that's Carolyn Munro in a frame from the film, and Carolyn Munro makes my voice change.

For the Clerisy #91 and #91 | Brant Kresovich, P.O. Box 404, Getzville NY 14068-0404 | kungbairn@yahoo.com

Great Galloping Ghu #1 | R. Graeme Cameron, the.graeme.bcsfazine@gmail.com | A new perzine by one of Canada's foremost; as you can see, he doesn't bother with a colophon. *Arrrrggghhh!* I rend my garment. Its purpose, sez he, is to exercise his enthusiasms. He begins by proclaiming that he has finished a new novel – "finished" though still a work in progress – which he intends to self-publish next year. Why not? It's how *The Martian* got started. Valuable is his article on how to write a book-length SF story, though most of his problems and solutions are idiosyncratic. After a piece on the ancient classic tomes he owns, cunningly yclept "Alexandrian Library Found!", he turns to the modern classic of H. P Lovecraft with pieces on an early Canadian fan editor who published HPL to the great man's opinions – very simplistic – of various films. (Lovecraft loved *Thief of Baghdad* – of course – but loathed *Frankenstein*.) Probably most interesting is "the Graeme"'s collection of entries from his youthful journal ca. 1966-67. In addition to anguish over the Apollo 1 fire, he describes plans for animated films he wants to make and stories he yearns to write. Quite inspiring ... and familiar; I wonder what I scrawled in *my* diary in those days. Shifting years and gears, Cameron prints his notes on a trip to Mexico and its gorgeous Mayan ruins. The photos are marvelous, especially those from the Mexico City Anthropology Museum. A grand first issue! Can "the Graeme" maintain this level of enthusiasm, originality and quality? See future *Zine Dumps*.

Instant Message #s 983-88 | NESFA. PO Box 809, Framingham MA 01701-0809 | info@nesfa.org | For a fanboy who joined fandom to gabble at pros and chase girls, the New England SF Association's monthly newszine is a caution and a scold. Here is what SF fandom will lead to if yours is a serious commitment to the genre. Collecting and publishing the works of important authors. Creating and maintaining and forever improving an epic annual convention. Doing it all, and more professionally and competently than anyone in the history. Here Boskone 59 is dissected, Boskone 60 is planned. (Will there be streaming?)

Pre-recorded panels?) Includes a necessary Glossary (“RKov = Rick Kovalcik”) and is mailed with the invaluable *NESFA Roster*. I’m forever in awe. Do NESFAns ever just order pizza at their meetings and play Risk?

Intermission #123 | Ahrvid Engholm, ahrvid@hotmail.com | Rainbow colors on this issue’s logo; I couldn’t tell you what that signifies. But Ahrvid is off immediately with a humorous-but-righteous denunciation of Russia for giving up space exploration for war criminality – and yes, both he and I know that Russia is busily getting its independent space station ready for orbit. (*Ha!* I originally typed “orbit”! Hope that goof isn’t prescient, unless Putin himself rides the rocket.) He turns to urging readers to publish fanzines! Fight fascism with furry fandom! Onward Engholm treads, reporting on Finncon, held at the elegantly-named Helsinki suburb of Espoo, which serves a grand purpose: it helps him forget about war. His “History Corner” is a delight: Jacques Offenbach’s 1875 operetta "A Trip to the Moon" ("Le Voyage dans la lune") and a delightful “ride” from 1901 exhibitions taking customers on a simulated lunar journey. I rode a similar ride at Disneyland in the fifties! Then, actual space news shown in Swedish as published and, of course, translated. Boss zine!

Ionisphere 34 | John Thiel, see *Pablo Lennis* | The N3F has a bureau for about everything, and a fanzine to go with it; *Ionisphere* [sic] is the official publication of the N3F Fan/Pro Coordinating Bureau, whatever that is. What the zine does is print author interviews (this time, Steve Griffiths, Melanie Nilles, Roy Griffis), an article by Jeffrey Redmond about politics in the genre and notes on publishing by Jefferson Swycaffer. I’ll say it here: Under the touch of a qualified fan editor – Bob Jennings or the like – the intimidating avalanche of fanzines from N3F would form a terrific genzine every 2 or 3 months.

Jomp, Jr. 39 | Rich Dengrove, 2651 Arlington Dr., #302, Alexandria VA 22306 | richd22426@aol.com | Three brief articles by a stalwart of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance and a longtime fan-ed. Two of the pieces deal with SFnal subjects, the third with Revolutionary War hero John Paul Jones, who has not yet begun to fight. Leaving Jones for another time, we read of Mary Shelley’s *other* novel, *The Last Man*, which was – shall we say – a bit of a sophomore slump after her *first* book, and an account of “Flying Saucers Over Brooklyn” which I am forced to share with Fred Argoff. Witty, well-researched stuff.

Journey Planet #63 | James Bacon, Chris Garcia, journeyplanet@gmail.com | Each issue of this Hugo-winning fanzine has a different theme or concentration. *Journey Planet* publishes good, and publishes often, and they don’t repeat themselves. In #63 the work of Icelandic artist Guðmundur Guðmundsson, aka Erró, is showcased and discussed, mostly by Bacon, though *Judge Dredd* genius Brian Bolland also chimes in. We’re promised an especially good new issue before Worldcon, too.

Lofgeornost #146-147 | Fred Lerner, 81 Worcester Ave., White River Junction VT 05001 | fred@fredlerner.org | It was inevitable that two gents whose lucid command of facts and even, adult temperament so resemble one another should find common ground. In issue #146 of Fred’s far-reaching and witty FAPazine, his first impressions of Munich center on its lager – a focus bound to interest Bill Plott, Southerner, baseball expert and beer gourmand. I wonder if they would agree on the weakness of the city’s fabled brew. Lerner’s visit to Munich – which brought on the opening *flight* of fancy HAHAHA – is niftily described. As usual, he samples museums and historical regional highlights and has a

spiffy time. The subsequent issue opens with ruminations on classic novelists. It compares an obscure novella about, not by Fyodor Dostoyevsky with Proust's *In Search of Lost Time*, known as *Remembrance of Things Past* when I had ambitions of reading it. Proust wins; the Dostoyevskys are wretched characters no matter what one think of *The Brothers Karamazov*. The "Topics" section of each of these issues carry on the strength and interest of Fred's natter; he always inspires his readers to exercise their brains. See why *Lofgeornost* is a favorite here? Or should we prefer to argue pronouns?

MarkTime #141 | Mark Strickert, PO Box 1171, Rialto CA 92377 | busnrail@yahoo.com | Phooey on our trip to London! In this latest issue from fandom's premiere traveler, though he usually hauls it on buses and trains and such earthbound methods, he and his *fly* to **Egypt** on a magnificent rip-up-the-bucket-list vacation. Photos and familiar names abound: Cairo, the Aswan Dam, the Pyramids, Tut's tomb in the Valley of the Kings (Mark's surprised that the boy King's mummy is still there). A fabulous journey! I particularly like Mark's photos of the people they met along the way. Adds a very welcome human touch, reminding us that like most every other site on Earth, Egypt – tombs, pyramids and all – is a living place.

Meanwhile in Sin City #3 | Alan White, podmogul@cox.net | Magnificently colorful and photo-filled perzine by the absurdly creative fan artist. The "Sin City" of his title is Las Vegas, of course, and much is the fanac there – a *Star Wars* celebration, concerts in libraries (by name singers), and of course visitors, parties, weddings, "The World's Largest Sci-Fi and Fantasy Garage Book Sale," all of which Alan records and reports. White has illustrated many more zines mentioned here, patiently created more *Challenger* covers than anyone else, and a work of his will ride issue #43 RSN.

The Megaloscope #1 | David R. Grigg, eFanzines | Why don't some fan-eds believe in *colophons* anymore? How are other fan-eds supposed to exchange paper zines? Or send LOCs? Or birthday cards? Anyway, let's allow David his self-description of this and its predecessor zine, *Through the Biblioscope*: "David Grigg is a long-time Australian SF fan, who published hundreds of fanzines in the 1970s and 80s. He ... became Chairman of Aussiecon Two, the 43rd World Science Fiction Convention. In his regular newsletter, he documents his reading experiences, highlights interesting new books he wants to read, and gives short reviews of the ones he's been reading, with occasional longer reviews of old favourites. ... *The Megaloscope* is focused on [his] book reading. It is intended to collect and republish longer book reviews taken from [his] fortnightly newsletter *Through the Biblioscope*. Hence the name, *The Megaloscope* (it's bigger than a biblioscope, get it?). It will come out every two months, as it will first appear in mailings of ANZAPA, the Australian and New Zealand Amateur Publishing Association." The reviews are detailed and thoughtful and, as one should expect from such a seasoned fan, many. Sure are a lot of books out there; I see only one-count-it-one novel among all those Grigg reviews that I've read as well, *The City and the City*.

MT Void Vol. 41, No. 6, Whole Number 2235 | Evelyn Leeper, eleeper@optonline.net | available by subscription | Each week a new *MT Void* appears in my e-mail. In it the witty fannish duo Mark and Evelyn Leeper, plus the occasionally guest, comment on science fiction – books, films, TV – and do so with intelligence and energy. No talk of fandom here; the subject is the genre. In recent months, we've seen the team discuss and review various interpretations, almost all awful, of Doyle's *The Lost World*, *Good Omens*, great samurai films (including the unforgettable *Duel on Ganryu Island*), Hal Clement's classic *Needle*,

the re-told World War II story of *Operation Mincemeat*, and an interesting look at racist robots in antique SF and how they reflect the general social tenor of the times. Consistent, intriguing, quality work. I must also thank Mark for his support in my new struggle with Parkinson's.

My Back Pages | Rich Lynch, P.O. Box 3120, Gaithersburg MD 20885 | rw_lynch@yahoo.com

The N3F Review of Books July 2022 | George Phillies, see *National Fantasy Fan* | Many are the reviewers who pitch in to swell this zine's offerings – among them Perry Middlemiss and Heath Row – and they don't restrict themselves, as many publications do, to new titles. I see *Little Fuzzy* here, a Hugo nominee 60 years ago! A book on gamer etiquette accompanies the fiction, as does a piece on fiction editing. The quality of reviewing varies, of course, but the enthusiasm is uniform: high-pitched.

The National Fantasy Fan Vol. 81 #7 | George Phillies, 48 Hancock Hill Dr., Worcester MA 01609 | phillies@4liberty.net | The "base" publication of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, or N3F, this is "Fandom's Second Oldest Fan Publication" according to Phillies, and after 81 years who's going to argue? Anyhow, the editor/president begins by announcing the revival of two awards, including honors for services to the organization. I like that: it reminds me of Southern fandom's Rebel Award. Following a substantial, intelligent interview with author Jack Mulcahy, George introduces the Laureate Awards, unwisely giving his own favorites – which could bias the results. A rundown of N3F's many bureaus and services includes an offer to critique fan-writ stories, which would tempt me were I a member. A very nice article on EC's *Weird Science* comics by Jon Swartz stands out in the remaining pages – except for a list of Laureate Award contenders, which *gasp* include *The Zine Dump*!

Nice Distinctions 34 | Arthur D. Hlavaty, 206 Valentine St., Yonkers NY 10704-1814 | hlavaty@panix.com | \$1@ print version within USA, twice that overseas, or the usual | Arthur received 12 or so Hugo nominations back in the day for his clever fan writing, and we're lucky that it continues, like Hlavaty, into his 80th year. Arthur throws short, effective zingers at whatever comes before his eye, from the history of men's magazines to the present Republican Party to the Torah (YAHWEH is an SJW!) to Facebook femme fatales to Prince Andrew to the current National Socialist SCOTUS. For such targets, the arrows are many and with Arthur's skill, they strike deep.

Nowhere Fan #6 | Christina Lake, 4 West Rise, Falmouth, Cornwall TR11 4HJ, U.K. | christina.l@virgin.net | Far from "nowhere," Christina takes her infrequent but always welcome perzine to two cons and Botswana, as the map on the cover of this issue shows. Her opening paragraphs explain the long delay since her last number, and those that follow explain her pages in *Daangerous Visions*, a fanfiction anthology by Sandra Bond. (How do I get that zine?) Then, off to Corflu Concorde, a report illustrated by a drawing of the ersatz fingernail polish wielded against so many typos on so many mimeo stencils for so many years. On to Novacon – again late 2021 – and the more standard SF con awaiting there. Doug Bell chimes in with an endorsement of Anders Holmstrom for TAFF, and then we're in Africa, on safari with the editor, accompanied by nifty photos of the native fauna.

OASFiS Event Horizon issue 413-414 | Juan Sanmiguel, 1421 Pon Pon Court, Orlando, FL 32825 | sanmiguel@earthlink.net | The Orlando club's newszine is especially full this summer, listing the *Locus* awards before Juan's reviews – all positive – of this year's Hugo-

nominated novels. (My thoughts: if fandom is still on its sequel kick, *A Desolation Called Peace* duplicates its *Locus* prize; if we follow the Nebulas as we often do, then *A Master of Djinn* triumphs; if we remember *The Martian* as fondly as I feel we do, *Project Hail Mary* will snare the chrome. We'll know RSN.) A report on Orlando's Anime Festival enriches the issue with a good print account and photos of the silly, fun costumes. I wasn't that young when I *was* that young. Issue 414 turns to the other "big" Hugo to be awarded at Chicon: long-form dramatic presentation. Juan gives good synopses and critiques, even though there is no, repeat no, suspense about *Dune's* ultimate victory.

The Obdurate Eye #17 | Garth Spencer, 4240 Perry Street, Vancouver, B.C. V5N 3X5 Canada | garth.van.spencer@gmail.com | A cute cover illo by Denny Marshall is echoed by punchy verse he contributes in later pages of Garth's perzine. Spencer himself opens with a mull ("Good grief! The Mull!") on What Life is All About. His answer – "a mispocha of random experiences, like a mix of two or three different jigsaw puzzles, but with only half of the pieces from each puzzle" – makes as much sense as most, but I don't know what a "mispocha" is and think more of Phil Dick's in *Valis*: "Garlands of flowers, singing and dancing, and the recital of myths, tales and poetry." Perhaps each of us gives our own answer to the question every day. A funny photo of a triffid-like bicycle follows – Anders Bellis to credit – Aurora Awards and VCON talk, LOCs from fellow Canadians Taral Wayne and Lloyd Penney.

Opuntia #528-530 | Dale Speirs, Calgary, Alberta, Canada; opuntia57@hotmail.coes | You'd think that, after 31 years of most frequent publication, Canada's senior perzine would run out of topics, or simple energy. Not a chance! Editor Speirs has simply kept his interests fed through issue after issue. In these last three entries, Canada Day and the Calgary Stampede that follows it supply his camera with photo ops and ... well, let's just cheat a bit and look at the contents. Lots of good color shots of cowboy hats and chuckwagon chow. Colorful teepees in photos and "mail art" from Betty Speirs. "Vanished Worlds Part 7" – a continuing article on prehistoric-themed movies. "Food Cozies Part 23" – about cozy mysteries set in restaurants. Yes, that's a *sub-genre* ... especially if the books are about *submarine sandwiches* HAHAHAha*ahem*. "Lovecraft Part 18." "Radio SF." And extensive links to articles on hard science. You noted, of course, that most of the writing in *Opuntia* is continued from many other issues? And I add, Speirs is a good, able writer.

Origin 53 | c/o John Thiel, see *Pablo Lennis*, below. | The subhead on Michael Goddard's cover – a very pretty piece of art, by the way, proclaims *Origin* to be the Official Publication of the N3F's Fan-Pro Coordinating Committee, whereas previous issues have placed it under the auspices of the N3F History & Research Bureau, but the organization has so many sub-fiefdoms that confusion is bound to occur. The content of this issue favors the latter. Certainly Thiel is most interested in the N3F's place in the scheme of things SFnal. After examining contemporary fanzines, he claims that the group is "where it's at," even though I've seen little involvement in any N3F publication with questions of the Chinese Worldcon, draconian wokeness, or any other issue fandom is facing. If any aspect of fandom is "where it's at," I fear it's blogs; the written fanzine seems generally focused on nostalgia and personal fanac. N3F is big on reviews and articles, a respectable place to be. I advise its members to keep doing what they're best at.

Pablo Lennis #412-3, 416 | John Thiel, 30 N. 19th St., Lafayette IN 47904 | kinethiel@mymetro-net.net | "The fanzines which contains prerogatives and options," says the cutline on the March issue. Maybe so. What I find most remarkable after years of

reading *Pablo* are the change to a more legible font and the expansion of content. Once fan-wrought fiction and verse and the strangest art in fanzinedom dominated the zine. Now they're joined by intriguing articles by Jeffrey Redmond (a good study of Dr. Wertham in the March issue) and a dose of zine critiques. The presence of Burnett Toskey, a longtime apfan, is of special note. Much more professional artwork is employed, as well. Any experienced fanzine reader picking up a new *Pablo* would still recognize it at once – there is *something to see* in that weird line artwork – but the zine is also changing and growing.

Perryscope 24-25 | Perry Middlemiss, 32 Elphin Grove, Hawthorn, Victoria, Australia 3122 | perry@middlemiss.org | It's a genuine jolly to see the resurgence in perzines in this hobby, and *Perryscope* is one publication at the fore. In each issue, the framework remains about the same: *Cover*: picture of Perry. I'd prefer Brooklyn Decker but this isn't her fanzine. Issue #24 shows the Aussiecon IV chair on an Icelandic glacier. *Introduction*: politics – much less whiny than my rants, and a promise of “no ugly mug shots” on his next cover. *Life Happenings*: COVID, fortunately well-endured. *Podcast Natter*: short synops of “Two Chairs Talking” with David Grigg and Rose Mitchell. “*What I've Been Reading*”. What he's been reading! Good variety – and good reviews. “*What I've Been Watching*”: Again, a good variety, such as the glut of streaming services supplies. Of the series he's watched, we have only *Bosch: Legacy* in common. “*Responses*”: excellent lettercol; he gleans commentary from names we see too rarely in most zines, and *my* poor efforts *never* see. Lest one think that this standard form deadens *Perryscope* in the slightest, the author's wit flows easily through his writing style and is always friendly and smart. *And* to prove me right, here appears *Perryscope* #25, the second anniversary. Middlemiss' portrait is hidden it seems in the bushes on the cover, showing the editor's current abode. The search for and purchase of the edifice forms the early bulk of this text. Aside from LOCs, reviews – including two impressive-sounding Hugo nominees – complete things, again establishing *Perryscope* among the best perzines being published.

Portable Storage Seven “The Great Sercon Issue. Part Two” | William Breiding, 3507 N. Santa Rita Ave. #1, Tucson AZ 85719 (last known address) | portablezine@gmail.com | The second of the incredible book-bound fanzines to rock this *Zine Dump* this summer, 230 pages of quality writing and artwork. As the subtitle to this masterpiece denotes, this is a zine devoted to the genre, not its fandom. The writers featured are scholarly and the articles serious. Although, SF's personalities are not wholly neglected: there's a fine article on the great, glum, hilarious Avram Davidson, one of the field's neglected masters. Steven Bryan Bieler reviews the first volume in a proposed three-volume bio of Ray Bradbury, and my brother SFPAn Rich Dengrove hails Ned Brooks, our mutual friend and mentor, through his letters. Finally, Greg Benford profiles Brian Aldiss from the point of view of one professional regaling us about another. Usually, though, the *work* is the focus, and top-flight writers like Christina Lake and Darrell Schweitzer, Cy Chauvin and Rich Coad (“Gormenghastland” indeed!) keep it sharp and entertaining. A reviewer could drain a dozen laser printers giving praise to *Portable Storage*, so this notice will simply urge all serious fanziners to find it, read it, treasure it, and despair of ever equaling it.

Purrsonal Mewsings #87 | R-Laurraine Tutihasi, PO Box 5323, Oracle AZ 85623-5323 | Laurraine@ma.com | Laurraine's hexaweekly personal- and apazine (for Stipple Apa), always adorned with excellent nature/astronomy photos from Mike Weasner and usually text-filled with a trip or convention report. Here the cover depicts purty yaller flowers, the

interior includes astronomical shots and a picture of a visiting bobcat, and the trip takes Laurraine to the Yucatan. Great photos there, too, and a dandy account. (Rosy once vacationed with the Freas family at these sites from Mexican antiquity; I wonder if she'd like to go back ...) Lots of Stipple-Apa mc's, some good LOCs (with replies in red), a closing note in fear of rising temps. Arizona has topped 100° Fahrenheit for most of this summer, so I hope Tutihasi, Weasner and Co. stay cool.

Random Jottings 21: The Back Issue | Michael Dobson/The Canal Press. 8042 Park Overlook Dr., Bethesda MD 20817-2724 | editor@timnespinnerpress.com | I am confronted with this huge final entry in the trio of super-zines and fall back, baffled at how to express adequate appreciation. Available in paperback with b&w illos, and in a “pricey” hardback color edition, this book is huge – the size of a college chemistry text and as thick as a phone book, *Random Jottings* no. 21 reprints remarkable past issues. Write, inquire, buy it, study it. This is our hobby on *steroids*.

Ray XX-Rayer #164-5 | Ray Palm, Boxholder, PO Box 2, Plattsburgh NY 12901-0002 | raypalmx@gmail.com | Ray's deadpan writing is a treat whatever the topic. Here he trashes the latest *Spider-Man* movie (I stopped paying attention years ago), reports on a MAGA attack on a butterfly center (do I look like I'm kidding?), regales us with the saga of Peter Popoff, televangelist and fraud, and prints a very welcome guest article by Fred Argoff (see *Brooklyn!*) on idiots aboard New York subways. (He should see Paris'. They're palatial!) Lastly, Ray discusses the bombing of the mysterious Georgia Guidestones, “America's Stonehenge,” and what it might portend. I hope they rebuild the monument; it's cool. So's this quirky slyboots of a perzine.

Scientifiction (New Series) #71 | John L. Coker, 4813 Lighthouse Rd., Orlando FL 32808 | jlcocker3@bellsouth.net | Mailed with *First Fandom Membership Directory (2002)*, an invaluable listing, and *The First Fandom Hall of Fame Ballot 2022*, featuring DC's great artist Murphy Anderson, August Derleth of Arkham House and R'lyeh, and Gene Nigra, an early collector and writer on Bok and Finlay. The deaths of Ron Goulart, Dave Wolverton and – alas – Roger Sims are noted. (I must brag that one of the pictures I ran of Rog in the Nolacon II program book was a nude! Of course, taken when he was 2.) Books on legendary fans Francis T. Laney and Charles Burbee are touted, the fanzine *Far Journeys* gets an enthused editorial review, new Associate Dan Shepelavy is welcomed. The issue numbered “2Q2022” notes with sadness the passing of artist Kenneth William Kelly and author Patricia Anne McKillip, and announces *First Fanthology*, a collection of members' fiction, verse and art to appear in the fall. I may submit one of my tales. Coker calls for a toast to First Fandom legend Robert Madle, last of the founding members, adds a con report on Windycon, the Pulp Factory Awards – who? – upcoming cons, free e-books, and a nifty reminiscence by Dave Kyle, a great friend to this house. John, I'm only 50 miles away; let me know if you need help collating your next issue.

SF Commentary | Bruce Gillespie, 5 Howard Street, Greensborough, Vic 1088 Australia | <https://efanzines.com/SFC/index.html#sfc105> to download PDFs – and believe me, you won't regret it.

Sidetrekked #65 | Stephanie Hanna and Mark C. Ambrogio, ScienceFictionLondon@gmail.com | “The official journal of Science Fiction London” – that's London, *Ontario* – bedecked this issue with a beautiful color cover and bacover, and some compelling content. Any zine with a long, laudatory piece on Philip K. Dick, as here, has an automatic In with

me ... even though David Seburn's article is >40 years old. There are also reviews of *The Fly* and a *Writers of the Future* volume (ah, Simone Welch ...). A small selection of Jennifer Wren art is evocative and, somehow, spooky.

Telegraphs & Tar Pits #22 | Heath Row, see *Faculae & Filagree* | A zine for the weekly Apa-L, and damned I know how Apa-L is still going with LASFS in the shape it's in. In this issue Heath reviews stories in various "little magazines," discusses *The Orville* (I've never given the show the chance it deserves) and an obscure SF flick I hadn't heard of, *Mirrormask*. (One reason we read fanzines is to discover SF we hadn't known.) A huge list of enjoyable articles devoted to the field precedes comments on the last Apa-L disty.

This Here ... no. 53-54 | Nic Farey, 2657 Rungsted St., Las Vegas NV 89142 | fareynic@gmail.com | One question that wafts all over recent issues of Nic's model perzine is the *why* of this hobby. It's a question that answers itself in the asking. Throughout these and earlier issues of *This Here*, Nic's powerful personality, rich in humor and an insistent interest in any subject, shines like a searchlight. He commands the stage with his opinions on fannish writing, awards and definitions, and in doing so elicits responses of similar wit and energy. The debates are both loud and jolly. For instance ... It's a good bet that a nice unpolitical fella like Joe Major would never dream that he could be a source of fannish controversy, but check out *This Here* no. 54. The editor, Nic Farey, chides Joe for taking little interest in the FAAn Awards, which Nic administers for Corflu. While I agree with Farey that the awards are fun and good for the hobby, I can also understand, though I no longer share, Major's perception that the FAAns were founded by a clique and remain dominated by one. My take: vote. The way to beat a clique is to infiltrate and overwhelm it. I was all but blackballed by fanzines' worst in-group when I began *Challenger* in 1993, but I refused to be driven away from the hobby I loved. 29 years and 12 Hugo nominations later, all that is past. So I can see what excellent and *inclusive* work Nic has done with the FAAns, *nick*ing away at any residual illusion some may have that their fanac is the only fanac that matters. So, I vote. I suggest all fan-eds do the same. Oh yes ... fans of British football, or "Footy," will find an excellent series on the subject in these pages.

Thoughts on Paper #25 and The Futilitarian Nos. 4 & 5 | James N. Dawson, PO Box 950, Spokane WA 99216

Tightbeam 334 (July 2022) | George Phillies, see *National Fantasy Fan*; Jon Swartz, jon_swartz@hotmail.com | The N3F "review zine," with contributors speaking up on anime, verse, stage production, songs ("Ode to Billy Joe"? In a SF fanzine?), movies, books ... Said contributors include Jessi Silver, Will Mayo, Cedar Sanderson (on cooking!), and co-editor Swartz, whose piece on Wilson Tucker is very likely the best item in the zine – although who can't love articles on *Night of the Living Dead* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*?

Vanamonde nos. 1423-1497 | John Hertz, 236 S. Coronado St., No. 406, Los Angeles CA 90057 | A weekly apa such as Apa-L would be a daunting challenge to those without the wherewithal to write something fresh that often, but that's no problem for Brother Hertz. Every one of these issues offers "something fresh," for John's interests seem infinite. Let's see. In this substantial sheaf of witty pages, Hertz opines on the Watts Towers (one of *my* favorite places on Earth), memorializes Stephen Hickman (who won a Hugo for his SFnal stamps), celebrates the Tokyo Olympics (fandom treated John to the Tokyo Worldcon), discusses the last, unfinished novel of Dumas *pere*, hails our Aussie friend and guide Bill Wright, praises – as well he should – Roger Sims, reports on Loscon XLVII an Discon III

(he judged hall costumes at both), Cretan coins, the Tuskegee Airmen, a favorite Japanese sweet-shop, this, that, the other, the next ... all this plus sharp comments on earlier Apa-L mailings and illos including a new logo, each year, by Brad Foster (John should collect all into a special issue). *Jeezum!*

Vita Transplantare Whole No. 26 | John Nielsen Hall, johnsila32@gmail.com | “A journal of opinion, reviews and diatribes as pertaining to the thought process of [the editor.]” The thought processes of John’s able Chorus command this issue. Like all VTs, it begins with a fine lettercol. Such worthies as Fred Lerner, Graham Charnock, Jerry Kaufman and Gary Mattingly respond to prior issues and share personal natter. (Hall’s responses are fun: why, I wonder, was he “chucked out” of the Boy Scouts? MYOB, GHLIII.) Very likable publication: it’s like sharing a tavern table with a group of mates.

Warp 112 | Danny Sichel, dsichel@gmail.com | c/o Montreal SFF Assoc., 125 Leonard, Chateauguay, QC 16K 1N9 Canada | www.monsffa.ca | #112 is here, too late for review but always delightful. Sez Cathy Palmer-Lister, MONSFFA President: “The latest WARP is now available for your reading pleasure! [See] http://www.monsffa.ca/?page_id=20361”

Wild Ideas #25 | Henry Grynnssten, grynnssten@hotmail.com | Says Henry on eFanzines: “In *Wild Ideas*, I present highly speculative ideas on the fringes of science, philosophy, and science fiction. In fact, it is hard to know if they should be classified as philosophy or some kind of science fiction presented in a non-fiction format. Some of the ideas are, as far as I know, entirely my own, others not, and some fall somewhere in between.” Whatever, each issue sports a terrific cover and some, well, wild ideas. Here in issue #25, if I understand him right, Grynnssten discourses on how a member of *homo sapiens* becomes a *cultural* human being – and before you dismiss the question as sophomoric, remember the sociopaths and manipulative criminals that prowl this world. No denying the human DNA of a Ted Bundy or a Jeffrey Dahmer, but who could sincerely label either, or creatures like them, as *culturally* human? Interesting question, interesting zine.

GLOSSARY. For those readers unfamiliar with the language of our hobby, here are a few quick definitions, with examples, mostly from me.

Apa – Amateur Press Association. A group of fan-editors each does his own fanzine, sends a number of copies to a central mailed, who bundles and distributes them at stated intervals. Examples cited in *The Zine Dump* include Apa-L (Los Angeles club), FAPA (Fantasy Amateur Press Association), LASFAPA (Los Angeles Science Fiction APA), SFPA (Southern Fandom Press Alliance), Turbo-Charged APA, Stipple-Apa. Highly recommended for a newcomer to fanzines.

Disty – Distribution. An apa “bundle.” Also **mailing**.

Clubzine – A publication by a local or regional group, usually dealing with club news. Example: *DASFAX* (the Denver club). Can also indicate a genzine produced by club members. See *Sidetreked*, *Warp* – when they publish!

Fanac – What SF fans do to amuse themselves and keep in touch. *This* is fanac.

Fan-Ed – Fanzine editor.

Fanfiction – Fiction written by fans, duh. Also **faanfiction**, fiction *by* fans *about* fans.

First Fandom – As the name implies, the folks whose fondness for the field founded our fandom. The organization hailing them is open to younger fans who have been around for a number of years. I'm an Associate Member, for instance, entering active fandom in 1967.

Genzine – A fanzine with a number of contributors, with content addressing a wide scope of the genre. Examples: *Alexiad*, *Askance*, my own *Challenger*, if I ever get off my ass and finish issue #43.

Hugo – Our award, administered by vote, annually, at the World Science Fiction Convention. Dave Langford has won dozens. I've been nominated on 14 occasions, and each time been told to pound sand and waddle off.

MC's – Mailing comments, exchanged among apa members about their zines.

Newszine – A pub devoted to news of the field and/or fandom. Example, *Ansible*.

Perzine – A zine by an individual fan, usually concerning his own activities and opinions. Examples: *Askew*, *Perryscope*, my own *Spartacus*.

"The usual" – Trade for a zine of your own or a **LOC** (letter of comment) *hinthinthint*.

And with one last appeal for everyone to read *The Iconic Route* on eFanzines, and a last good wish to those lucky enough to visit Chicon – *au revoir* for now! The usual apologies if I skipped anyone's zine or made a stupid error. Please alert me at once if you spot such a thing. Also and especially, the usual thanks to Bill Burns and all those who have dunned me with fanzines. Next issue (probably) in December. Dun on!

GHLIII



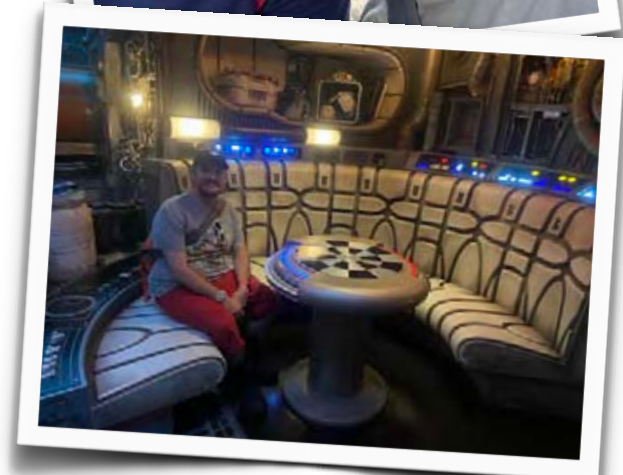
THE GALAXY WITH TWO EDGES

We were supposed to go to Walt Disney World in 2020, but global events conspired to prevent that happening. As a result, we had tickets from Virgin Atlantic for a flight from LHR to MCO redeemable any time, but they needed to be redeemed for an actual flight by mid-2022. Combined with my podcast *Octothorpe* becoming a Hugo Award finalist, it was an obvious choice to come over in late August and then come over to Chicon 8 afterwards. As such, here is my report on Galaxy's Edge at Walt Disney World! Spoilers for the park follow within.

We had reservations for Oga's Cantina, the themed dive bar, for 08:55 and so we headed straight there to start our Galaxy's Edge adventure. We were about 15 minutes late, but after some wrangling and exchanging phone numbers we went in. It was SO COOL. We ordered drinks: España and I got the Porg cup drinks, but actually bought the Endor tiki mugs. We were stood at the bar, right at the tip, so we had a great view, and we saw R-3X, the DJ droid, as well as drinks dispensers in the shape of IG-series droid heads. I asked for a full set of coasters and the barmaid made me dance for them, shelling them at me like I was a dancer in a bar which was extremely funny. It really felt like being in a super atmospheric dive bar, which was only slightly maligned by the fact we were actually drinking sweet mocktails at 09:30.

Afterwards we came out and met Liz and started doing the actual park. We had the Genie+ Lightning Lane for Smuggler's Run, and we did some shopping etc. around the park before riding it. I got a Coke in one of the special bottles (and, later in the day, a Sprite and a Diet Coke for España, which completes the set). We went past the Ronto Roasters, and explored the Toydarian Toy Shop and Black Spire Outfitters alongside the other shops in the marketplace. I got some Sabacc cards and some chance cubes. I also started playing with the Star Wars Datapad which I played with a *lot* over the course of the day.

Smuggler's Run was SO COOL. The queue looked immense and I was almost sad to be skipping past it, but I figured I would get that experience on future visits. You do get to go past the back of the Falcon and see the engine lit up on the Lightning Lane, and so we took selfies (obvs). The ride itself was amazing: I was the right-hand pilot and thoroughly enjoyed flying the Falcon and jumping to hyperspace and doing all that



stuff. The feeling of pulling the hyperspace lever was immense. It really felt like we were in Star Wars. The last time I felt that cool was when I did Star Wars: Trials on Tatooine on an HTC Vive. It was so brilliantly designed and immersive. When you ride, if you have a MagicBand+ it detects that you rode and it knows which Disney account your band belongs to, so it gave me an achievement on the Datapad app when I got into the cockpit.

Then we rode Star Tours which had a virtually empty queue. I know that there are a bunch of different storylines, but I don't feel a need to collect them all... I've never been a huge Star Tours fan despite the huge fandom I know does exist for it. Interestingly it was the ride that España found most uncomfortable for motion out of Rise of the Resistance, Smuggler's Run and Star Tours. There were some really neat bits at the shop afterwards though!

After Star Tours, we split up: my family went to explore the rest of the park while I went straight back to Galaxy's Edge with España and Liz. It was SO COOL. I really started using the Datapad app in earnest at this point. The app had a bunch of features. Probably most obviously, you can do jobs for various people in the park, including two jobs designed to be played in the queues for the two main rides in this area of Disney (one for the First Order, one for Hondo Ohnaka). There's also a big job you can do for Finn which takes the shape of helping him infiltrate a Star Destroyer; this ties into the plot for Rise of the Resistance. There are also smaller jobs which introduce you to the various other things you can do with the Datapad. One job is outpost control, which is a little like Ingress or Pokémon Go but localised in Galaxy's Edge. You do little circuit diagram puzzles to hack into access panels and you can install surveillance for the First Order or gather intelligence for the Resistance. After a few hacks, the person who told you how to hack them will give you a credit skimmer so you can hack the panels for your own benefit. Some people need you to find items: there are crates around the park that have QR-esque codes on them, and you can scan them with the Datapad to access the items in your app via the cargo manifests. Some manifests are encrypted, and you need to do a block puzzle to decrypt them. There are transmitters around the park you can tune into; droids with memories you can read; starships with fragments of galactic maps on them. It is SO COOL. I hacked into access panels and tuned into transmitters and bought a tee and a fridge magnet and generally had a great time.



We all had the Memory Maker add-on for our tickets, so we were also able to take advantage of the photographers around the park: they were set up at key points (the Falcon, the X-Wing, etc.). You tapped your MagicBand+ and then the photos taken by the photographers would come up on your Disney app. I was very impressed by how seamless this all was. And most of the photographers were excellent! Liz got lunch at the Ronto Roasters: she had a plant-based naan bread wrap which she said was good.

We headed to a shop near the entrance of the park and I bought a pair of extremely cool shorts. Then Liz went back to her hotel to be Liz, and España and I went back to Galaxy's Edge with a plan to retreat to some air conditioning as it was rather hot at this point (about 14:00). We went to Docking Bay 7, which was SO COOL. By that I mean "the AC was great but the decor was only okay". We did have Gold Squadron Lager which was nice and refreshing. As a result of the good AC, España stayed there while I rushed around doing more of the jobs and hacking and tuning around the park. España eventually left to find coffee, after which I found the place in Galaxy's Edge which served cold brew coffee, which was SO COLD. It also had chocolate cereal on top for reasons I don't quite understand. It was good though!

I rode Smuggler's Run again as a single rider, this time as the left gunner, which wasn't AS COOL as piloting but was pretty dang neat. It counts how many TIE Fighters you shoot down, and I think I got four. I also met Rey and Chewbacca (working on an X-Wing in the forest) and Kylo Ren with two First Order Stormtroopers, wandering around Black Spire Outpost itself. These moments were excellent, especially Kylo Ren and the stormtroopers who were nailing the part.

I did my first bounty with my MagicBand+ while I was on my own. This is a terminal in Galaxy's Edge which you tap your MB+ to and it sets you a bounty. You then wander around trying to find the bounty. It's supposed to flash green when you're heading the right way and red when you're not, and that does kinda work but not quite as seamlessly as I expected, so I initially got a little confused. I did eventually find a bounty and put my hand into the hatch to deposit the proof (i.e. tap my MB+) and collect my credits. This was SO COOL: a digital display above the door shows a hatch, which then slides open to reveal a pair of eyes and someone talks to you about the bounty you found. I'm not sure whether I'm right but it sounds a lot like Peridot from *Steven Universe*.



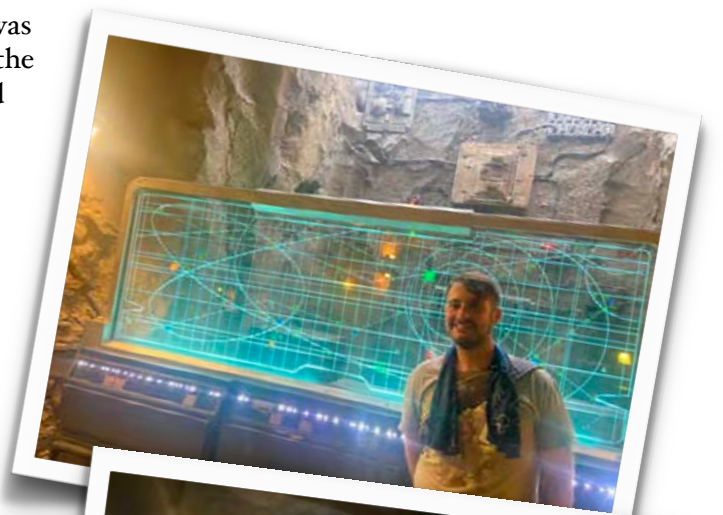
Eventually it was time for Rise of the Resistance. It was SO COOL. Again, Lightning Lane meant we missed the queue which looked pretty rad, but again I figured I'd experience the full queue on a future visit. The ride starts with you gathering near a logistics screen, glowing green and reminiscent of the ones in *A New Hope*, before you file into a room with a BB-8 animatronic and a hologram of Rey. Then you go back outside, where a model of Black One and what looks like a miniature Corellian CR-90 wait for you. You board the latter, and hold on, and it takes you into space courtesy of screens in the place of the front and rear windows and some gentle motion. (At this point I was pretty underwhelmed, especially as my expectations had been sky-high from Liz saying it was better than Smuggler's Run.)

Eventually the First Order intercepts your ship, and the doors open and a First Order officer boards and tells you to proceed to interrogation. You come out into the hangar of a Star Destroyer, with ranks of Stormtroopers and a screen that makes it look like the hangar faces onto space, with First Order ships flying nearby. (At this point I was quite a lot morewhelmed, and it was SO COOL.)

You queue for interrogation through corridors including other stormtroopers (models) and more officers (staff) before being put into interrogation rooms. General Hux and Kylo Ren make appearances via a digital display, and then the Resistance breaks you out, which is the culmination of the plot of the game with Finn in the Datapad app (SO COOL). You then get into vehicles being piloted by astromechs who take you through the ship, including lots of animatronics and digital effects and culminating in a really neat set piece right at the end. (I was at this stage pretty overwhelmed and having a very good time.) It was probably the best ride I've ever been on, but I think I very slightly prefer the Smuggler's Run owing to the fact that it really does feel like you're flying the Millennium Falcon.

I also went back three times, the first of which was skipping breakfast (those who know me well know this is a rare, rare thing) and going with Liz at 07:30 to ride all the rides again and the second of which was going on Sunday to build my very own lightsaber in what surely must be the coolest thing it is possible to do in any Disney park, but I'll leave those for another time.

It was SO COOL, and I loved every minute of it.





A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Again sorry this being a bit late. Busy with family stuff and going to AFO for first time in 2 years..

Check out the Locus Awards In the fiction categories I have read Best SF Novel, Best First Novel, Best Novelette, and best Short Story.

I gave a brief summary and thoughts on the Hugo finalists for Best Novel. I may do the same for other categories this year in future issues.

See you next month.

Events

Dice Tower East

July 6-10

Caribe Royale

8101 World Center Dr

Orlando, FL 32821

Gaming

\$125 for the whole con (regular)

Dicetowereast.com



Birthdays

Steve Cole—July 28

FlaMinGo Con

July 16

South County Civic Center

16700 Jog Road

Delray Beach, Florida 33446

Gaming

\$12 precon, \$15 at con

flamingocon.org

Metrocon

July 15-17

Tampa Convention Center

333 S. Franklin Street

Tampa, FL 33602

Guests: Luci Christian (voice actor)

Clifford Chapin (voice actor)

And many others.

3 Day: \$85+tax and fees precon, \$90+Tax and fees at door

metroconventions.com

Leaky Con

July 29-31

Orange County Convention Center

9800 International Dr

Orlando, FL 32819

Guests: Afshan Azad (actor, Padma Patil)

Josh Herdman (actor, Gregory Goyle)

Chris Rankin (actor, Percy Weasley)

Stanislav Yanevski (actor, Victor Krum)

And others.

\$199 for the weekend, \$69 per day

www.leakycon.com

Tampa Convention Center

333 S. Franklin Street

Tampa, FL 33602

Guests: William Shatner (Kirk, *Star Trek*)

Christopher Eccelston (actor, 9th Doctor)

Gates McFadden (Dr. Crusher, *Star Trek: The Next Generation*)

And many more

\$60 for the weekend, regular admission

metroconventions.com

July OASFiS Calendar

4th of July Party

Sunday July 4, 1:30PM Lake Downey Park (10107 Flowers Avenue Orlando, FL 32825)

OASFiS Business Meeting

Sunday, July 10, 1:30 PM, Jean Rhein Central Branch Library 215 N. Oxford Road Casselberry, Florida 32707. Meeting room will be on the first floor. It will also be on Zoom (please email Juan for info) Come join us as we discuss **Sanstorm** by James Rollins

OASFiS Business Meeting 407-376-7359

OASFiS People

Steve Cole	407-379-1530
Susan Cole	407-275-5211
	sacole@mindspring.com
Arthur Dykeman	407-314-5506
	adykeman@bellsouth.net
Steve Grant	352 241 0670
	stevegrant@embarqmail.com
Mike Pilletere	mike-sf@webbedfeet.com
David Ratti	407-282-2468
	dratti@eudoramail.com
Juan Sanmiguel	407-823-8715
	sanmiguel@earthlink.net

Any of these people can give readers information about the club and its functions. To be included in the list call Juan

Award News

Locus Awards
(source *File 770*)

SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL

- *A Desolation Called Peace*, Arkady Martine (Tor, Tor UK)

FANTASY NOVEL

- *Jade Legacy*, Fonda Lee (Orbit US & UK)

HORROR NOVEL

- *My Heart Is a Chainsaw*, Stephen Graham Jones (Saga, Titan)

YOUNG ADULT NOVEL

- *Victories Greater Than Death*, Charlie Jane Anders (Tor Teen; Titan)

FIRST NOVEL

- *A Master of Djinn*, P. Djéli Clark (Tordotcom, Orbit UK)

NOVELLA

- *Fugitive Telemetry*, Martha Wells (Tordotcom)

NOVELETTE

- "The Story Isn't the Story", John Wiswell (*Uncanny* 11-12, 2021)

SHORT STORY

- "Where Oaken Hearts Do Gather", Sarah Pinsker (*Uncanny* 3-4, 2021)

ANTHOLOGY

- *We're Here: The Best Queer Speculative Fiction 2020*, C.L Clark and Charles Payseur eds (Neon Hemlock)

COLLECTION

- *Even Greater Mistakes*, Charlie Jane Anders (Tor; Titan)

MAGAZINE

- *Tor.com*

PUBLISHER

- Tor

EDITOR

- Ellen Datlow

ARTIST

- Charlie Vess

NON-FICTION

- *Dangerous Visions and New Worlds: Radical Science Fiction, 1950–1985*, Andrew Nette & Iain McIntyre, eds (PM)

ILLUSTRATED AND ART BOOK

- *The Art of Neil Gaiman & Charles Vess' Stardust*, Charles Vess (Titan)

SPECIAL AWARD FOR COMMUNITY BUILDING & CAREER DEVELOPMENT

- The Codex Writing Group



Here are some thoughts on the 2022 Hugo novel finalists.

Light From Uncommon Stars by Ryka Aoki – Shizuka Satomi must secure another soul to fulfill a deal she made with the devil. Katrina Nguyen, a transgender runaway, maybe Shizuka's last soul. Shizuka meets Lan Tran, a retired starship captain. Tran is setting up a station on Earth under a restaurant. This meeting may change the fate of these women. This is interesting look into world of violin virtuosos. This is a great combination of SF and Fantasy tropes.

The Galaxy and the ground Within by Becky Chambers – Three aliens get stuck on a barren planet close to a major hub of interstellar travel. They are meet by station keeper and their child. Each of them are facing problems and will help each other with those challenges. There is little plot, but the characters are all engaging and the aliens are well designed.. This is a good end to a very good series.

Master of Djinn by P. Djèlí Clark – In 1912 Cairo, Fatma el-Sha'arawi, an agent of the Ministry of Alchemy, Enchantments, and Supernatural Entities, investigates the possible return of al-Jahiz. Al-Jahiz broke the barriers between the magical and non magical world 50 years ago. He may have returned to condemn the modern age. Fatma must unravel this mystery and try to restore peace to the city. This is a great mystery/action adventure. This would be great as a film or TV series.

She Who Became the Sun by Shelley Parker-Chan – In China in the 1340s a young boy Zhu Chongba is promised a great destiny while his older sister is not. Bandits attack Zhu and sister and he dies. The sister takes his identity and become a novice at a

monastery. Years later, Zhu becomes a key player in fighting the Mongul rule in the Central Plains of China. Her adversary is General Ouyang, a eunuch serving those who killed his family. We follow Zhu and Ouyang as they deal with each other and their colleagues in this war. They have to deal with the had given to them as outliers. A lot action and intrigue in this story. .

A Desolation Called Peace by Arkady Martine – Mahit Dzmare and Three Seagrass must prevent a war. They have the help of a Teixcalaanli Admiral, but can they find a way to communicate with the aliens in time. At the same time a young prince of Teixcalaanli learns how to lead and workings of state. These story lines come together in this epic Space Opera. A great solution to a complicated problem

Project Hail Mary by Andrew Weir – An organism is draining the sun and nearby stars of their energy. Tau Ceti seems to be stable. A space mission is sent to explore Tau Ceti and find out why it is not affected. Ryland Grace is the only one the trip. Grace encounters an alien on the same mission. The are able to communicate and work on this and other problems that arise from their mission. This is a very classic Hard Science Fiction story. As in *The Martian* our protagonist while science their problem.

All of these novels are available at the Orange and Seminole County Library.



Letters of Comment

Sorry this was late in publishing. May and June were a challenge getting stuff done.

Dear OASFiSians:

Many thanks for these two past issues of the Event Horizon, issues 409 and 410. Sorry this might be a little small, but once again, I am the midst of several editing jobs, and unfortunately, loccking of fanzines does suffer somewhat. Here goes...

409...Re my loc last time, still working on going to the steampunk event up Lake Ontario, and we may be putting in a little extra time being a tourist in the nearby city of Kingston. We just got the ballot for the 2021 Aurora Awards and as usual, I recognize few of the names on it. Just another aspect of the genre that has left us behind. To go with the introductory paragraph, the book I am currently working on is another in the series Empire Rising by D.J. Holmes. This one is book 14, about 374 pages in size, and working title is **Burden of Command**.

A great list of novellas to help with Hugo voting. I have been encouraging other writers in South Africa to send stories to North American markets for publication. The club zine for Science Fiction/Fantasy South Africa in Johannesburg, *Probe*, often publishes some great SF stories, and I hope they may find a bigger audience. I haven't seen any names I recognize from the club, but I do hope to some day.

*The world is getting smaller. I always like checking out SFFH from other parts of the world. Lauren Beukes is from South Africa and recently got her novel **The Shining Girls** adapted by Apple TV.*

410...To be honest, not much to say, seeing this has been very much a continuation of issue 409 re potential nominees, this time, the Nebulas. If there is any nominee there I'd like to see win, it is **Shang-Chi and the Legend of the Ten Rings**. Simu Liu was seen for some years on **Kim's Convenience**, a sitcom on our local CBC. This movie is his first foray into movies, and we all wish him the best in this new career.

***Shang-Chi and the Legend of the Ten Rings** was a great adaptation of a great but a bit problematic Marvel property from the 70s. The Marvel/Disney found a way to bring into the present day. It lost to the extremely innovative **WandaVision** series. It is up for the Hugo competing against **Dune**, **Encanto** (close to me since my family is from Colombia), **The Green Knight**, **Space Sweepers** (South Korea), and **WandaVision**. That is a very competitive category this year.*

Honestly, I wish I had more for you, but editing is taking away more and more time from me. As awards season continues, I might have more. I am getting close to the end of this latest Holmes book, and I might have more time soon, but other projects are rising up again. Take care, and see you next issue.

*Which Holmes book? The anime **Lupin III: Part 6** has Holmes as a character. David Gerrold was inspired to write a short piece called "The Last Case of Sherlock Holmes". Gerrold had no ready market for it and put up for sale at Amazon and its waiting for me on my phone..*

Yours, Lloyd Penney.



Anime Festival Orlando 2022

Anime Festival Orlando (AFO) 2019, the convention's 21st, took place on June 24-26, 2022, at the Wyndham Orlando Resort International Drive. The Guests of Honor were Kyle Hebert (voice actor), Aaron Roberts (voice actor), Doug Cockle (voice actor), Christina Marie Kelly (voice actor), Dorah Fine (voice actor), Brittney Karbowski (voice actor), John Swasey (voice actor), Olivia Swasey (voice actor), Howard Wang (voice actor), Jeremy Inman (voice actor), Morgan Lauré (voice actor), and James Cheek (voice actor). Musical act Kazha performed at the convention.

This was the first convention since 2019. The biggest problem was loss of space due to the hotel double booking the space and the air conditioning was down most of the time. Some rooms would get hot in the afternoon. Despite this panels were well attended with enthusiastic audiences.

The convention suffered a major loss. A few days before the con, Co-Chair Kare Trudeau died. She worked on the convention since its beginning. I knew her for many years, and she was a great leader. Her presence was missed at the con.

I did 3 panels this year. One for each day of the convention. All were well attended.

The first was **40 Years of Macross**. The first Macross series appeared in the United States as part of the *Robotech* television series in 1985. Further installments of the have not been shown in the US due to rights issues dating from the 1980s. Recently the companies involved have come to an agreement and there is hope the more recent Macross series and films will be shown in the US. In June, the *Macross Frontier* films were shown at American movie theaters.

Anime Films of the 2010s was a survey of the films that came out in that decade. This was the first time that films regularly appeared in American theaters. Before the 2010s only Studio Ghibli films were guaranteed theatrical release. Some of the films like *A Silent Voice* and *In This Corner of the World* were one-night special events put on Fathom. Other films like *your name* and *The Boy and the Beast* had regular releases for a few weeks. More films are getting regular releases.

The Seiun Awards: Anime covered some of the anime winners of Japan's SF Award. I explained the history of the award from its start in 1970. I showed trailers and show openings for 13 of the previous winners. This included *Space Battleship Yamato* (1974), *Nausicaa and the Valley of the Wind* (1985), *Cowboy Bebop* (1999), *Planetes* (2004), *The Girl Who Leapt Through Time* (2007) and *SSSS.Gridman* (2019). I ended the panel with reading the anime finalists for this year *Vivy: Fluorite Eye's Song*, *Godzilla Singular Point*, *Knights of Sidonia: Love Woven in the Stars*, *Sing a Bit of Harmony*, and *Evangelion: 3.0+1.0 Thrice Upon a Time*.

Daryl Surat of the *Anime World Order* presented **Thirty Years Ago: Anime in 1992**. Some of the shows and films presented:

Sailor Moon – This very popular series focusing on teenage girls made its debut and its influence is still felt today

Yu Yu Hakusho – A teenage boy dies in car accident but is resurrected to become a paranormal detective. This series had 112 episodes and 2 Original Video Animes (OVA) and 2 feature films.

Porco Rosso– The story of a World War I Italian

(Continued on page 6)

Anime Festival Orlando 2022

Left: Juan Sanmiguel presenting **40 Years of Macross**

Right: Larry Furry doing the **HEY...AFO...LETS GO !!** panel



pilot turned into a pig while doing fighting air pirates in the Adriatic Sea is considered one of Hayao Miyazaki's best films.

Macross II: Lovers Again– The first sequel to Macross presented on its 10th anniversary. This was a series of OVAs. This was not done without the involvement of the creators from Studio Nue or animators from Tatsunoko Productions. This would lead to other Macross sequels.

Other great panels at AFO included the following:

HEY...AFO...LETS GO !! – Helping or teasing my friend Larry Furry while he was talking the basics of conventions

Anime Scene It–Jennifer Norman, Gina Seely and their team came up with a fun challenging game show using photos, video, and audio clips.

80s Anime: The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly and **90s Anime: The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly**– Sean Forster talked about the highs and lows of these decades of anime history.

Batman Should Kill the Joker (Right!) – A look at this question through lens of philosophy and ethics.

Giant Robot Openings are the BEST – Gerald Rathkolb looks at the openings of this genre of anime.

Stupid Video Panel of DOOM – Daryl Surat finds obscure films clips from the Internet and shares the joy and horror with us. The panel showed two short films by Mike Jittlov, *Animato* and *Time Tripper*. A competition of cats trying to cross a short obstacle course consisting of ball pits and lights were shown throughout the panel Which cat would be champion??!!

20 Years of AFO– Larry Furry took us on a trip to memory lane. He and the attendees remembered AFOs of days past. We shared some stories of Karen Trudeau.

The World of Vtubers – Gerald Rathkolb explained the world virtual personalities. He explained the early attempts to create virtual host for news broadcast in Britain. Hatsune

Miku, a virtual singing idol, performed on the David Letterman show on October 8, 2014.

Where will this technology go?

Anime Jeopardy and **Anime Name that Tune**–

The Countess hosted these two great contests of knowledge. Well run games.

You Don't Know Anime - Jennifer Norman, Gina Seely and their team adapt the ***You Don't Know Jack*** for anime.

The AFO Anime Music Video (AMV) team showed 24 AMVs out of 65 submissions. Most of the videos can be found on afoamv.theforgotten.com/2022.php.

Fan Favorite- Faevily: “Best Day Ever” by Poppy footage from various sources

Judges Award- SilkAMV: “A Beautiful Lie” by 30 Seconds to Mars to footage from *Arcane*.

Judges Award-SaminatorDavis: “Lose You Now” by Lindsey Stirling & Makoi to the footage from *Your Lie in April*

Judges Award-Sasukechanx: “Someone Else” by Rezz, Grabbitz to the footage from *Perfect Blue*

Honorable Mention- Xanthis14: “Bury a Friend” by Billie Eilish to footage from *Demon Slayer*

Best Action – WinterBladeAMVs: “Emperor’s New Clothes” by Panic at the Disco to footage from *Gilgamesh*

Best Comedy – Hikikomori: “Sweet Dreams” by The Eurythmics using footage from *Cowboy Bebop* and other places with similar dogs as Ein

Best Romance – Trenzilla “Bring Me the Horizon” by Lauren Aquilina to the footage of *Neon Genesis Evangelion* films (1.11, 2.22, 3.33, *End of*, 3.0+1.0 Thrice Upon a Time)

Best in Show – The DestineeAMV: “Wonder” by the Shawn Mendes to the footage from *Fruits Basket*.

Great that AFO is back, and I am glad to be fully engaged. I am already thinking about doing some panels

Anime Festival Orlando 2022

Panelists from Left to Right: Sean Forster looking at **80s: The Good, Bad, and the Ugly**, Gerald Rathkolb showing **Giant Robot Openings are the BEST**, Daryl Surat presenting **Thirty Years Ago: Anime in 1992**, Dorah Fine (Guest of Honor) explaining voice acting



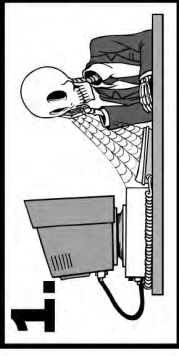
Anime Festival Orlando 2022



Top (Left to Right): Howl and Sophie from *Howl's Moving Castle*, Kotetsu T. Kaburagi (Wild Tiger) and Barnaby Brooks Jr. (Bunny) from *Tiger and Bunny*, Barney the Dinosaur from the PBS show, Barnaby Brooks Jr. from *Jojo's Bizarre Adventure: Golden Wind*, Guido Mista and Trisha Una from *Jojo's Bizarre Adventure: Golden Wind*
 Bottom: Two Members of the Fire Force from *Fire Force*, Inosuke Hashibira from *Demon Slayer*, A stealth uniformed member of the Scout Corps from *Attack of Titan*, Brooke from *One Piece*.



There are two ways to be a science fiction and fantasy fan in Florida.



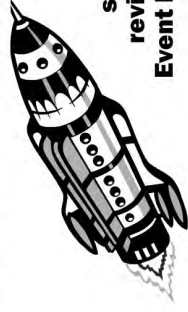
1. Read about the exciting fan activities *other* people are doing.



2. Start doing exciting things yourself, and meet new friends "in the flesh" with OASFiS!

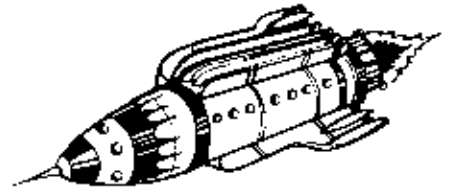


We're OASFiS - the Orlando Area Science Fiction Society. We enjoy and promote science fiction, fantasy, horror, books, movies, TV series, costuming, gaming - every part of the most imaginative hobby in existence. Of all the conventions in Central Florida, only our **OASiS conventions** are operated *by* fans, *for* fans, and not for profit...bringing affordable fun that speaks to *your* interests. Bring your unique fan interests to life and share them with Florida's fan community. We work with other fan organizations to bring our mutual passions to life. Visit our monthly meetings...and help shape fandom's future by joining OASFiS. Individual and family memberships are available. If you're tired of just sitting, you're welcome at OASFiS...no bones about it!



Besides monthly meetings and our OASiS conventions, read about our special events and activities on our web site! Members can contribute articles, reviews and original fiction to our magazine Event Horizon. We want to hear from you!

OASFiS: The Orlando Area Science Fiction Society
www.oasfis.org



OASFiS
PO Box 323
Goldentrod, FL 32733-0323

YTTERBIUM

DECOXIDE

September 2022

WOOF Collation #47 (Worldcon 80)

Prepared by Alan Stewart,
PO Box 7111, Richmond, Victoria, 3121 AUSTRALIA.
fiawol@netspace.net.au

Artwork by Bill Rotsler

As some of you will know my ANZAPA zine is called *Ytterbium*, and I'm putting together this one-off for WOOF, but trying to give some of the flavour of that zine. There probably won't be the regular features of that zine (Chocolate roundup and beer). I'll save it as a PDF and email it off. As one version of the collated WOOF mailing will be electronic, I've played around with font colours and hopefully that won't cause too much of a problem getting the print version finalised.

Continuing a sort of WOOF tradition, here's some photos that I took on a previous Worldcon in Chicago, hard to believe it was ten years ago at Chicon 7.

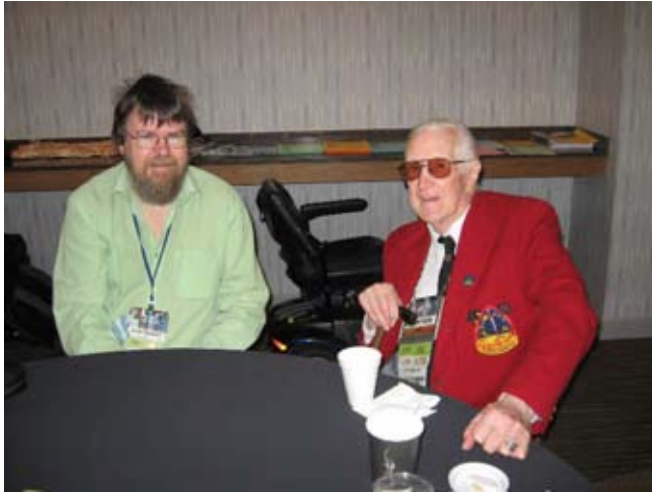


A view from somewhere
in the convention centre



Apparently I ran into a Hugo winner or acceptor,
I think it was Maurine Starkey?

It turns out most of the photos I took were of people. Okay the first one of me hanging out with Dave Kyle must have been taken by someone else using my camera, but you get what I mean. I think I've ran the photo of me and Dave from 1994 in *Ytterbium*, and maybe even in a WOOF one time. If I recall correctly Dave wore a red jacket in both photos.



It turns out I also ran this photo of Chris Garcia and John Coxon in my 2013 WOOF contribution. Oh well. I wonder if it will be appropriate again for this mailing, and one or both will contribute? (Looking at that contribution now, I see the one of Maurine was also used then.)



Here's Rich and Nicki Lynch, appropriate as I'm about to launch into mailing comments on the WOOF he edited last year. All my Chicon 7 photos seem to be 'couples'?



The last one is of Mark Plummer and Claire Brialey, which I hope they do not mind me running, and they will probably see it when I frank this zine through the next issue of ANZAPA. It looks like they were excited about Loncon, as was John.



Comments on WOOF 2021

I'm assuming this was a PDF only format, as I have downloaded it from fanac.org. Shame on Rich Lynch for not contacting contributors to WOOF 2020 about this one.

Tim Kirk

Nice cover, very DC themed as appropriate.

Rich Lynch

Guy Lillian sent me the link to the last 2 WOOF PDFs, but that was on fanac.org. Have you uploaded them to efanazines.com too? Some of the other recent issues were PDFs only. Do we need to contact their editors to get permissions to upload them? What about earlier printed only editions? Nowadays scanning and uploading them might be the only way to get a reasonable collection together in the one place. I don't mind if my past contributions end up on a site such as fanac.org, but maybe some other contributors would object. Does anyone think it would be okay, or have a list of who we would need to contact to get 'confirmed consent' for the scanning and uploading?

Roger Hill

The mysterious WOOF #30 (Anaheim). I seem to recall discussing it with someone in the fan lounge, and was shown a cardboard box, but never saw a collation. As I only started contributing myself in 2010, I guess I had an interest at the time, but not a vested interest which would have led to a more determined pursuit of a copy.

Andy Hooper

Printing out the mailing without going through inserting strategic 'blank pages' has meant that already it is out of whack, and your zine begins on a verso page.

I will scan a Rotsler illo from my unused folder, a hangover from my days publishing *Thyme* and meeting him on my 1994 DUFF trip, and a place it somewhere in this issue. Something I also do regularly in *Ytterbium*.

I think I finally met Vonda McIntyre at Sasquan in 2015. I was on a panel discussing her works, and she turned up unannounced in the audience. I thought I'd taken my hc copy of *Dreamsnake* across to be signed, but now I see it has a silver sticker with purple writing saying 'To Alan, Best Wishes, Vonda McIntyre, Auckland '9?'. I think my friends Donna and Neil attended that convention in Auckland, and must have brought back that sticker to attach to a book. Hmmm. I have still to catch up on the movie based on her book *The Moon and the Sun*, but I believe it was released with another title. I do have a copy of *Barbary* inscribed to me in 1994, so I must have met her sometime then on my DUFF trip, maybe at a gathering arranged in Seattle.

Bill Plott

Thanks for your tribute to Joe.

I'd always thought of the SFPA as the Science Fiction Poetry Association, due to my long-time membership thereof, but I see it is a common acronym, with your publishing within the Southern Fandom Press Alliance.

Ahrvid Engholm

So where does the satire end and serious SFnal matter get published? Not I suspect in the BABA piece with it's almost too true Aussie slights, nor the Shangri-LA triumph, or even in History Corner. Perhaps I'll return for a longer contemplation sometime, after sending off this last minute zine.

John Thiel

Great use of photos and illustrations in your zine. Playing with typefaces worked well too.

Guy Lillian III

Probably one of your shortest WOOF contributions, and in the printout on a verso then recto page, aaaah! I'm wondering if many fans stayed away from Discon III because of their treatment of Toni. I think I know of three who may have.

In *La Brea* I had to laugh at Melbourne masquerading as Seattle in the final episode. Previously in the mostly countryside scenes I could suspend my disbelief, but not for that final insult.

Not quite in reach as I type this, but in the same room, I have 13 volumes of *The Complete Stories of Theodore Sturgeon*, North Atlantic Books. Is this the entire fictional oeuvre you refer to, I suspect not, as you are probably more of a completist than me, though I could give you a good run for your money with my Gene Wolfe collection.

John Purcell

Site selection, looks like what I had to go through as administrator of that in 2020 was nothing compared to last year. Mind you I was expecting an uncontested race until Jeddah through their hat into the ring. I haven't seen any report of the 'list of places which received first place votes' from Discon III's race, but it might be in a WSFS minutes report somewhere but I haven't bothered chasing it. This week I'd better vote in Chicon 8's race, which I believe is uncontested, but I haven't tracked down a ballot yet. I've heard on the grapevine that the 2013 Nasfic will be in Winnipeg, and I wonder if they've solved the lack of flight in (which I luckily dodged in 1994 on my DUFF trip by having arranged to meet up with fans in Minneapolis and be driven to the Worldcon).

Now I'm wondering how we should report on COVID. Is it an acronym, and hence all caps? Has the -19 been dropped? Is it sufficiently common usage that Covid is okay? Is there an international body to rule on such things?

Juan Sanmiguel

Lloyd Penney is even more of a letter hack than I supposed. Published in two WOOF zines. I see his letters regularly in the local *Ethel the Aardvark* from the Melbourne Science Fiction Club.

Hard to believe cosplay based on *The Black Hole*. Is there really such a subset of fandom?

Rich Lynch

Another appearance of SFPA, but with Alliance changed to Association. Does the plot thicken?

Confectionary news in Australia is that Starburst will no longer be distributed here.

I think a university colleague, Sandra Kentish (nee Mckern), who stayed on at the Chemical Engineering department at Melbourne University was involved with carbon sequestration but I don't know if she ever jetted around the world to meetings about it, but you never know.

Well that brings me to the end of a rush read and comment evening of Tuesday 23 August using my work laptop. Now to track down some 2012 photos, scan an illo, both on my home pc (I have to swap the monitor between them), and then hopefully back on the laptop to get everything shipshape to email off to Nigel Rowe. Just checked that this file is Letter size, not A4. Yep, all good to go.

Chicon 8 - My first Worldcon since 2012.

Earlier this week as we headed into the con countdown, everyone started showing up. First was Perry and Robyn Middlemiss. Who I met at the con hotel (Hyatt) before whisking them off on a whirlwind tour of the bowels of the hotel and the Chicago Pedway system to get lunch at Potbelly, and leisurely eating sandwiches sitting on the Riverwalk. 29 hours of travel had not diminished them!

Later that afternoon, I met up with Alison Scott and Steven Cain who had also just arrived, and we shared the Rossi's dive bar experience (opens at 7am) before I delivered them to Uno's for the Chicago deep dish pizza experience. I left them to enjoy.

The next day I had to work, but I delivered the DUFF banner to Jerry Kaufman at the Hyatt in the evening, before a relaxed dinner with non-fan friends, before heading back to the Hyatt to see who else had arrived. Caught up again with Alison and Steven who after a little convincing, wanted to enjoy the Tiki bar experience of the Island Party Hut down on the Riverwalk. Ostensibly we wanted to enjoy the twice-weekly free fireworks at Navy Pier, but we quickly learned they had already happened. After beer, Just as we headed back to the Hyatt, I was sharing how this area located three street levels below the hotel was a haven for boy racers, and other shady types, and then a group of mini "motorbike enthusiasts" raced by starting an impromptu contest of who can create the most smoke and noise.

Catching Up

Thursday afternoon, I went off to Chicon registration and was promptly asked, "Where did you learn to speak English?" Um, school I guess. My parents? I was a little stunned by the question, and didn't quite know how to respond in the moment. I enquired why he was asking and he replied, "Well, I detect a bit of an accent." Crikey. After thirty years living in Chicago, and my upbringing in an all English land, I'm more hopeful than this of being audibly recognized as a native speaker!

But I didn't have time to dwell on this, as I had books to deliver to Murray Moore and spent the remainder of the afternoon hanging around the fanzine lounge, chatting with Alison, Steven, Geri Sullivan, Espana Sheriff, John Hertz, Neil Rest, Nevenah Smith, and too many others. In several cases more than ten years had lapsed since previous meetings. I went and checked out the empty room devoted to CoNZeland 2020 and saw Norman Cates and Spike who were busy completing plans to fill it with all the things a team of us had been re-creating over the past month in eager anticipation of actually being able to have a physical "con in a box" event celebrating the con we couldn't physically hold in 2020.

Dinner that night was a rushed affair, with a small group of us cleaning out the pre-packed sandwiches at the local gourmet grocery store.

Later during the party crawl, I got to hang out with John D. Berry who promptly whisked me away to get Jameson whiskey from James Bacon at the Dublin party. Between that event and the 50th DUFF anniversary party which was on the floor above, my night, until everything shut down around 2am, was spent shuttling back and forth. It was definitely

one of the best party nights I have experienced in many years. Met lots of new people, discovered things in common and met inaugural DUFF winner Lesleigh Luttrell for the first time, despite having many fanzines in my collection addressed to her, which I had acquired years earlier. "I've got stuff of yours in my cupboard, nice to meet you!"

I assembled all the DUFF winners present for the obligatory group photo in front of the DUFF anniversary poster I had earlier delivered to Jerry. An hour later, DUFF winner Norman staggered in, so he got a singular shot in front of the banner. Maybe I'll Photoshop him into the group photo.

Friday, 9/2/22

The morning was spent gathering up the WOOF contributions which had been sent to me. Some of which I printed off at work, others I needed to turn into PDF's for the virtual edition. After this dash of enforced fanac, I wandered over to the Hyatt to help setup the CoNZealand exhibit room, which was going to have a limited public lifespan of eight hours, before the room was released for other purposes. It was much more than a "con in a box", many boxes and suitcases in fact. Lunch was very hasty, and bought during a supply run to the nearest big Target store for urgent display accessories.

Many hours were spent doing personal tours of the displays, taking selfies with visitors, highlighting the many obscure facts and features displayed within photographs and details on the banners. I managed to get to the "Fanzines" panel, which was interesting, bringing some fresh perspectives from Amanda (surname ??) who was invited to join after Alison relinquished her spot.

After an early evening shift in the fanzine and Fanac.org lounge, I slipped out for a minimalist dinner along the Riverwalk with Alison and Steven, Gwen, Michael Ward and Karen Schaffer. Our waiter pre-empted our menu questions by stating, "Let me start by telling you all the things we don't presently have." After a pleasurable dinner break, and several beers later, Alison declared, "I know a lot of words!" And on that note we retired back to the hotel again via the underground Batman layers of Lower Wacker Drive.

After returning from dinner, and closing down the CoNZealand exhibit at nine o'clock, I helped dismantle the room back into the boxes whence it all came. Which made me feel a little better as earlier in the day I had only helped out minimally. It was great to finally get a sense of what would have been had the con been held in person. Personally I was very happy with the display banners which had taken a lot of time to create in WordPress two years ago, and now had been hastily reassembled into actual physical poster displays over the preceding month. Two of these are attached here, celebrating Mervyn Barrett and Mike Hinge, arguably the most prominent New Zealand fans from the Fifties. Murray Moore was responsible for assembling the Hinge exhibit back in the day, while I supplied photos and art scans, and fact-checked the details. All-round, the exhibits were a concerted team effort, under the oversight of Spike who was the original exhibits chief and self-described "Content Gatherer."

The parties later that night seemed more subdued than Thursday, and I only experienced minimal one-on-one interactions. However I did get to chat with Greg Ketter and Lisa Freitag, continuing the "how many years has it been" theme? The hotel elevator

keycard badging rules, meant exploring parties required a wait for someone else to enter and unlock the elevator. Thankfully once on the party floors, the stairs were open to all. The limited available menu options at dinner, had left me more than a little hungry, so I wandered off to the hotel bar and had chicken wings at 11:30pm. Definitely a late dinner, but I felt better for it. My last fannish act was to join the Glasgow in 2024 bid around 1am, before I wandered off to catch a bus home.

Saturday morning 9/3

Rather than scurry over to the hotel first thing, I bought a fridge online. Something that has been on our to-do list for a while. Our current fridge is 24 years old and has started audibly complaining, but it's taken a while to narrow down the model we wanted. The Pandemic and its related supply chain issues had not helped with making this decision. We also didn't want an inbuilt icemaker or a water dispenser, and this narrowed down our choices considerably. And while these are indeed useful features to have for busy households, they were unnecessary for us, and others who have had terrible experiences did not inspire confidence. The worst, being a time when a friend came home after a few weeks away, to a water dispenser that dispensed a liquid ice cream mess as everything had broken down due to an earlier power outage. No thank you!

But now we have it ordered. Out with GE and in with Samsung. We're hoping that we can still hang all our National Park fridge magnets on it. The Q&A online doesn't precisely address this question.



Duff – The 50th Anniversary Party group photo

I'm guessing the rest of this hastily written con report will have to wait until the next WOOF collation, which for me will probably be Glasgow in 2024.

This has been issue six of The Ink Machine Colour Supplement. Published for inclusion in the WOOF 46th mailing collated at Chicon 8, the 80th World SF Convention. Dated September 2022. Written by Nigel Rowe, physically resident in Chicago, but a digital inhabitant of New Zealand. nigel84@mwpssoft.com. 431 S. Dearborn #906, Chicago, IL 60605. USA.



REMEMBERING MERVYN BARRETT

03/10/1932 - 16/01/2019

Co-founder of the NZ National SF Convention (1979) - Editor of Focus, Out of Focus and contributor to many other zines.

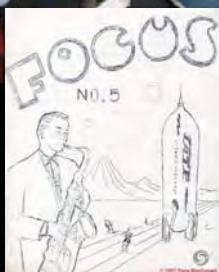
Mervyn Barrett was a friend to a good many people. It is a true testament that his house was a crucial stopping off point for almost everyone of an SF persuasion, including professional writers and fans who were visiting New Zealand. For over sixty years Mervyn was an active, integral part of the fannish scene across three countries.

Starting as a young New Zealand fan publishing fanzines and founding and hosting the Wellington SF Circle in Wellington in the early 1950's. Branching out to live in Melbourne, Australia, and later, London where Merv and John Brosnan raised hell together during the "Ratfandom" era in the early 1970's. He even tried to organize the first SF Con in Hong Kong!

For many years Mervyn and his wife Janet were the only active New Zealand fans regularly attending Worldcons and became friends with many of the people they met. Especially if their common interests included not only SF, but jazz and films, his other passions.

In 1979 he was the co-organizer and founder of New Zealand's first national SF con, Wellcon '79.

— Nigel Rowe





FROM AUCKLAND TO NEW YORK CITY: ARTIST MIKE HINGE, MAKING GOOD OVERSEAS

Mike Hinge was Auckland-born and a SF fan; also a "jazz fan, artist, oddball, owner of (a) deep, mature, laconic voice"; an Americanophile who emigrated to the United States, attending, in Los Angeles, the Solacon (1958 Worldcon), thereby arguably becoming the first Kiwi to attend a Worldcon; made his artistic mark living in New York City in the 1970s and 1980s. He was Best Professional Artist Hugo nominee in 1973, and twice a TIME magazine cover artist.

TIMELINE

1931 (Aug. 9) Born, Auckland, New Zealand.

His father and mother were born in England and South Africa, respectively.

Hinge grew up in a state house in Mission Bay, Auckland. His English father was a bus driver and his South African mother was a former nurse.

Hinge studied at Auckland's Elam School of Fine Arts in 1947 and 1948, then worked as a commercial artist at the Farmers Trading Company and advertising agencies.

In 1954 Hinge and Monica Naughton published the 48 page FANZINE TIME with a Hinge cover and six full page color litho art plates. Hinge helped illustrate several New Zealand amateur SF publications, e.g. in 1958 the covers of KIWIFAN issues 8 and 9.

1958 Emigrated to the United States, to Los Angeles.

Attended Art Center of College and Design and worked in advertising.

1958 Attended the 1958 Worldcon (Solacon, Los Angeles). Hinge was the ambassador of NZ fandom during Solacon.

Hinge while living in Los Angeles was a member of LASFS (Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society). He drew the cover of the June 1961 issue of the club's fanzine, SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES 56.

1966 Moved to New York City.

Art director positions including Young and Rubicam, and BBDO. Designed a cryobionic unit for Stanley Kubrick's movie 2001: A Space Odyssey.

1970s Nominated for six Locus Awards.

In the 1970s Hinge's champion was editor Ted White. White put Hinge paintings on 10 covers of magazines Amazing Science Fiction and Fantastic, and commissioned many interior story illustrations.

In the years 1976 through 1979 Analog Science Fiction/ Science Fact had five Hinge covers.

Ted White, again, during his editorship of Heavy Metal magazine's first year (1982) published a comic strip written and drawn by Hinge.

Socially in the 1970s Hinge was a member of the New York Fanoclasts. He and author Michael Bishop were the guests of honor of the 1978 Philadelphia Philcon.



Mike Hinge, March 1950



KIWIFAN 9, 1958. Cover by Mike Hinge.v



Hinge's painting on the cover of Algol, Summer 1975 issue



Time magazine cover portraits: 1973 Portrait of President Richard Nixon, cover of TIME magazine.



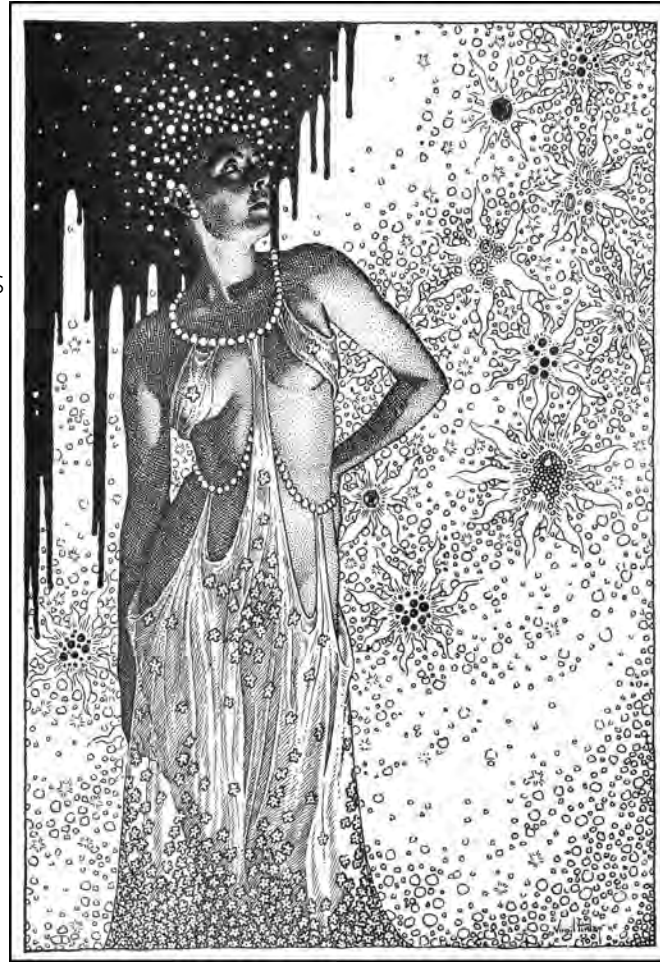
Amazing Science Fiction January 1973



FANZINE TIME, July 1954, edited by Mike Hinge and Monica Naughton. Cover by Mike Hinge.

Looking Up

And that is Suarra looking up in A.Merritt's *The Face in the Abyss*. Parts were published in pulps in the 20s, the novel was first published in 1931. This Virgil Finlay art accompanied the reprint from the October 1940 issue of *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*. Augh! The cover just fell off of my copy. Lucky, I didn't have to rely on my scanning skills. The magazine sold small poster sized portfolios of Finlay and Lawrence Stevens illustrations. This scan is from the 1942 edition of *A Portfolio of Illustrations by Virgil Finlay*. I found it on the wonderful Internet Archive (archive.org).



Contents

Heinlein and a "Reward for Stephen"

Comment

Mike Resnick and C.L. Moore

Comment

1930 SF adventure for Black Americans

First time "science fiction" was used in an American newspaper?

Comment

Second time "science fiction" was used in an American newspaper?

Comment

Two Poems On Reading

A Cute Heinlein Story

www.coloradohistoricnewspapers.org

The Lafayette Leader, Volume 49, Number 32, August 7, 1953

I decided not to correct the odd punctuation and the paragraph five typo. Story starts on page 1 and continues on page 6. A photograph of Stephen heads the article on page 1. Headline on Page 6 is "Stephen's Reward." There is no byline.

Reward for Stephen

Stephen Schofield. 8-year old son of Edna and the late Glenn Schofield, received an unexpected reward this week after finding and reporting a lost ring. Stephen found the ring, a class ring from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, in front of the Central City Opera House on July 23 and reported it to the Teller House.

A week after finding the ring Stevie received a phone call from a man who identified himself as Robert A. Heinlein, owner of the ring, and sent the ring to Mr. Heinlein's Colorado Springs address. Several days later Stevie was surprised by a letter from Mr. Heinlein with a check enclosed.

In addition to the check he also received a book written by the owner of the ring who since retiring from the navy has turned author and has published several books for boys. The book proved to be the most valuable reward for on the title sheet was a note "To my friend Steven Schofield, with my deepest thanks to him for the recovery of my Naval Academy class ring. Robert A. Heinlein".

A second note was also enclosed expressing thanks for returning the ring and adding. "The little check herewith I trust that Steven will manage to spend foolishly -- that being more fun than wisely. The book herewith is somewhat more personal thanks. My publisher thinks this series is for boys of ten and older, but I hope Steven will like it". Stevie has decided that the check as well as the book will be saved as a souvenir and expects to frame it instead of cashing it.

Mrs. Heinlein divides his time between Colorado Springs and California. He is an outstanding science fiction writer and has had his stories published in many magazines. He graduated from Annapolis with the class of 1929 and spent many years on active naval duty. The book which he autographed for Stephen, "Farmer in the Sky", is one of many which the author has written especially for young boys.

Comment

I've never connected with science fiction and fantasy fandom. Over the years, I've tried. It doesn't work out. Maybe, it is mostly me.

Sometimes, I wonder if I'm too weird for fandom; or, I'm the wrong kind of weird. Yes, I know those type of feelings are common.

Looking Up – page 3

“She was simply the best we ever had.”

- Mike Resnick on C.L. Moore

This quote is from memory. This was at a panel at either Windycon or Capricon. I typed up notes on the panel. Not sure where that document is located on my hard drive.

Moore's first printed stories were published when she was a student at Indiana University. They appeared in the university's magazine, *The Vagabond*. (This was published from 1923-1931.)

The university has the magazines available in their digital archives. I was able to download (as PDFs) only the pages of Moore's stories. The byline is Catherine Moore.

November 1930 "Happily Ever After," pp. 28-30

March 1931 "Semira" pp. 19-23

April 1931 "Two Fantasies," pp. 15-17

Below is the whopping link that will take you to *The Vagabond* archive.

webapp1.dlib.indiana.edu/findingaids/view?docId=InU-Ar-VAC2229.xml&brand=general&text1=The%20Vagabond,&startDoc=1

In total – 11 pages. If you just like C.L. Moore, you should read these. My favorite is "Semira." The story is loaded. Here is the first paragraph.

(For the past ten years I have been a Deity, omnipotent over the population of an island group located, at present, somewhere indeterminately southward in the Pacific. Its people, irrational and inconsistent as the whims of its Creator, are constantly involving themselves in characteristic disaster, as the following chapter from a recent history shows.)

This 1930s Hoosier college girl was a feminist Borges.

According to www.isfdb.org, Mike Resnick (1942-2020) was the only person to reprint these stories in the anthology series *Galaxy's Edge*. Resnick edited this from 2013-2020. (This series continues and has been edited by Lezli Robyn since 2020.)

"Happily Ever After" was reprinted in *Galaxy's Edge* #2 May 2013

Looking Up – page 4

and

The Best of Galaxy's Edge 2013-2014

"Two Fantasies" was reprinted in *Galaxy's Edge* #3, July 2013

"Semira" was reprinted in *Galaxy's Edge* #6, January 2014

and

Galaxy's Edge: Omnibus #2

My favorite C.L. Moore story is "Daemon." When I bought the October 1946 *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*, I was surprised to see "Daemon." Checking www.isfdb.org, this was the first printing of the story. I reread it there, it was even better than I remembered. I usually dislike the beautiful sad story where everybody dies. Yet, I love this story. (It includes Virgil Finlay art. Finlay notes on the illustration, that he did this in Hawaii, as he was still in the Army.)



Looking Up – page 5

Amazing Stories

No, not that one.

“IT WAS NINE o’clock in the morning of September AD., 2030—to me, merely the turning of another rather dull page in the existence of, as my more generous friends usually introduced me, S. Q. Brent, well-known Negro novelist. I had not, you see, even the slightest hint that my simple bachelor life was destined to be lifted so suddenly into the realms of high adventure!”

chroniclingamerica.loc.gov

On the Library of Congress newspaper digital archives, I found a serialized story published in a 1930 newspaper, about a team of scientists and a novelist (and our narrator) and their journey to Mars in 2030. The scientists and the narrator are African-American.

The serial starts begins in the “Illustrated Feature Section” of the October 04, 1930 edition of *The Richmond Planet*.

The writer was John F. Moore. I have found nothing on him.

The writer or the editor chose the title “Amazing Stories.” I hope they didn’t hear from Gernsback’s lawyers. Each chapter had a title.

Oct. 04, 1930 – “The Shot Into Space” – Part One
Oct. 11, 1930 – “The Shot Into Space” – Part Two
Nov. 15, 1930 – “The Hidden Kingdom” – Part One
Nov. 22, 1930 – “The Hidden Kingdom” – Part Two

The direction of the series changes. Brent relays a story a Martian officer told Brent about the officer’s failed romance.

December 13, 1930 – Love On Mars – Part One
December 20, 1930 – Love On Mars – Part Two

The series may not be brilliant. However, it is very readable and fun. John F. Moore obviously knows sf pulp (and ERB), either as a fan, or a writer, or both. I don’t know if the series ends there. The Library of Congress, nor it seems, does anyone else have *The Richmond Planet* from 1931 scanned and online.

So does anyone reading this know a source? Is going to the LOC or a library in Virginia, the only way to see if there is more of this story?

Back Again To The LOC Online Newspaper Digital Archives

American newspapers has probably been publishing science fiction since they have existed. However, when was the earliest, the phrase “science fiction” used in a U.S. newspaper? What I found in the LOC digital archives is not a given. They don't have every old U.S. newspaper online. And I am relying on their search software. The earliest newspaper I could find is from June 23, 1937. “New York Day by Day” was a column by O.O. McIntyre. This was aimed and syndicated at the readership outside New York. I found the column in *Imperial Valley Press* of El Centro, Calif.

The following was in the middle of the column.

The growth of science fiction for the young is one of the upward trends of successful authoring. Boys from 12 to 18 have become gluttons for such stories. In the same manner that grown ups of today went for the King Brady, Frank Merriwell, Frank Reade, Jr., and Nick Carter paperbacks in their youth. The demands for the new type of fiction are strict. The science must be accurate as to basic facts but the story, of course, the imagination may run riot. The literary standards and accuracy of science, chemistry, histology and physics laid down by the editors are rigid. Among the crack science fiction writers is John Taine, who is really Prof. Eric Bell, of California Institute of Technology. And there are many other famous scientists writing under pseudonyms. The amazing younger generation is steeped with scientific terms. I was conscious of this the other day when Ray Long began to expand interestingly on the topic of electrons vibrating in cohesive harmony and the smallness of little Nega, the negative electron. He is not a mental prodigy but just the average alert boy of today in the fourteen year-old-bracket.

Side notes - McIntyre would be dead within a year. The Ray Long mentioned is the teen son of a close friend, William Ray Long, an editor and writer, who had committed suicide in 1935.

Comment

It is nice that conventions now panels on our mental health. I tried one a few years ago. It wasn't very good.

Looking Up – page 7

On a related tract, I would like to see discussions (not just at conventions) on what superstructures do we all build to support a more creative and/or intellectual life. The two adjectives can be both joined and separate.

Insights don't have to be complicated. We all live in the world – doing our laundry, taking out the garbage, preparing our meals, and (if you are like me) doing some type of work which has nothing to with a creative or an intellectual life.

How do we focus? What action do we take to we prevent the reality of our lives from dampening down the energy of our spirit and thought?

And Even More Use Of The LOC Online Newspaper Digital Archives

The second time “science fiction” is found in the Archive is a wedding announcement from April 05, 1940 edition of *The Midland Journal of Rising Sun*, Maryland.

FILLINGAME—STURGEON

Miss Dorothy Fillingame, daughter of Nowland P. Fillingame, formerly of Cecilton, was married on March 24, to Mr. Theodore H. Sturgeon, of New York. The marriage ceremony was performed in the rectory of St. Ambrose Church, and the bride and groom were tendered a reception by Mrs. F. J. Marshall at her home. The former Miss Fillingame is well-known in amateur dramatic circles in Philadelphia. Mr. Sturgeon is a writer of fantasy and science fiction. The bridesmaid was Miss Myra Kane, of Philadelphia, and the best man was Mr. Peter Sturgeon, of New York.

Comment

I've read and heard people talk they would like to get more reading done. All that anxiety of our pandemic, election, insurrectionist, dystopian life gets in the way. I'm guilty of it more than most. My “to be read pile” are shelves and shelves of book.

Yes, guilt. I feel guilt that I'm not paying enough attention to my books. I wrote two poems about what I was feeling. And yes, I know that I suck at titles.

Looking Up – page 8

4 X 10

You Ignore Your
Paper Saviors
Your Crouching Mob
Quietly Massed
On Sea Grass Shelves.

This Winding Trough's
Morbid Snake's Squeeze
Has Expelled All
Expectations
And Desires.

Weird use of possessives. The snake belongs to the trough and the squeeze belongs to the snake. And then about a week later, another.

6 X 6

Slogging Through The Shiny
Yellow Muck Of Morning,

You Forget The Vows Made
With Paper Derelicts,

When Breathing Clean Fluids
Of The Low Red Twilight.

That last one is also about how much I hate working the 6am shift. See? As I wrote on page two, I am weird. Too weird? (shrug)

Bye!

Laurraine's WOOFzine 2022



Laurraine's WOOFzine 2022 is a zine by R-Laurraine Tutihasi, PO Box 5323, Oracle, AZ 85623-5323; 520-275-6511, Laurraine@mac.com.

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Art and Photo Credits

Cover illo—photo of bobcat outside our house in Oracle, AZ, taken by our camera trap
Photos—p. 3 from trail cam, p. 4 taken by editor, p. 5 by Mike Weasner
Illo—p. 7 by Ray Nelson
.

* Editorial / Introduction

It has been an interesting couple of years since my last WOOFzine.

I've survived COVID-19 okay so far. Travel was postponed for a while, but I started travelling again in summer of 2021. I probably overdid it due to all the time I was stuck at home. And now we have monkeypox to contend with as well, although that is spread less easily and requires more prolonged contact with an infected person, as I understand it. I personally don't know anyone who has had monkeypox, though I know quite a few people who have had COVID. Although I know a few people who succumbed to COVID, none were people close to me.

I finally recovered from the Cato-caused fall (after three years), and Cato is also doing very well. He's quieted down somewhat but still has occasional zoomies.

My travel last year took me to Iceland and to Mexico. The Iceland trip was a circumnavigation of the island with frequent stops and shore excursions that were modified somewhat because of COVID.

The Mexico trip was to the Yucatan with an alumni trip with people from my college and focussed on the pyramids and other ruins.

There was also a trip to Seattle, during which I visited my sister. The trip originally was supposed to have been to attend Westercon, but the Seattle Westercon people couldn't hack running a convention that was half physical and half Zoom and just ended up cancelling.

This year started out fairly dry. Even the native plants didn't like that. Since sometime in May we started having occasional rain, and this year's monsoon season has been very wet.

I will not be at this year's worldcon.

* * *

* Kritter Korner

We live in a rural area, so we see quite a bit of wildlife.

The fruit cage I had built has greatly improved my peach crop. I need to replace some of the trees, but my plans were somewhat upset when my landscaper died. It's taken me a while to recover from that.

After not seeing them much last year, which was much dryer, we've seen a lot of Gambel's quails, desert cottontails, and antelope squirrels. They seem to be reproducing like mad.

We've also seen deer several times.

Below are some animals that were photographed by the trail camera recently.

			
Black-throated Sparrow	Blackheaded Grosbeak	Cardinal & Pyrrhuloxia	Desert cottontail & Gambel's quail

I also photographed a bobcat walking by our living room window.



* * *

* Astronomy

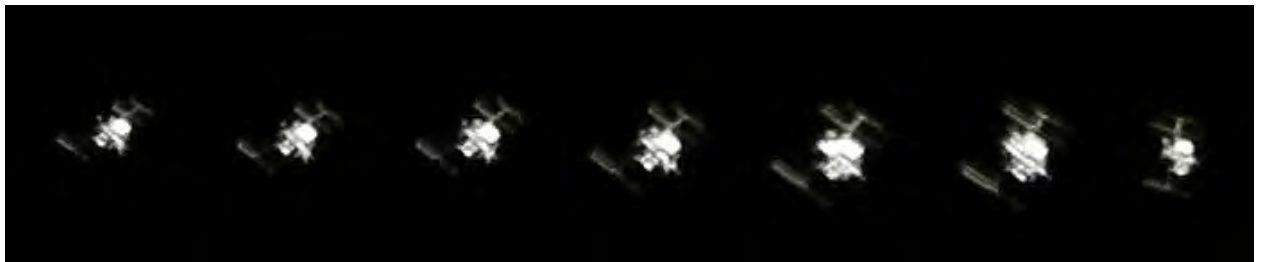
One of the reasons we chose Oracle as our home location is the dark sky at night. My husband is an astronomy nut, and I also have quite a bit of interest in it. He built an observatory on our land right after our house was finished. On clear nights he's managed to get a lot of nice photos. Most you probably heard about the recent lunar eclipse; here's a composite photo of it.



Mike took other photos as well, and here's a sample:



The ISS makes frequently passes over our sky, and sometimes we can get a good view:



* * *

* Reviews: reviews without attribution are by the editor

Mrs. Dalloway, based on a book by Virginia Woolfe and performed by the Rogue Theatre in Tucson.

I've never read anything by Virginia Woolfe that I can recall, so I didn't know exactly what to expect. I ordered tickets on the basis that I should be more knowledgeable about her work.

The story is told mostly from the point of view of the title character with the exception of a few scenes written from the point of view of a different character. I understand the book is written in diary format. Mrs. Dalloway is an upper middle

class woman married to a Member of Parliament. The other point of view character is an ex WWI soldier suffering from shell shock (PTSD).

As Mrs. Dalloway goes through the day of a party that she has invited her friends and her husband's associates to, she reminisces about the past. As the day progresses, the audience is shown scenes from her past involving the people she interacts with or will see at the party.

Meanwhile the ex-soldier is suffering from dissociation brought on by shell shock. The professionals of the day are not at all equipped to handle a case of his kind.

The play is about relationships and social status. I won't say more for fear of giving too much away.

#

Top Gun: Maverick, in a half empty cinema.

You don't necessarily need to have seen the original *Top Gun* movie to appreciate this one. Mike likes this movie because of the flying. I've seen the original but not recently and had forgot most of it. However I enjoyed this film.

Basically this takes place three decades after the first one. Captain Pete "Maverick" Mitchell is serving as a Navy test pilot. (Mike reminded me that captain is the Navy equivalent of colonel in the Air Force.)

He is assigned to train an elite group of F/A-18E/F Super Hornet aviators to perform an urgent mission. He gets the assignment on the say-so of Admiral Tom "Iceman" Kazansky (the Val Kilmer character), who was his friend. When the Admiral dies before the mission, Maverick is taken off the assignment. However, he ends up (I won't say why to avoid spoiling the story) not only being back on assignment but also being put in leadership role for the mission. At that point the movie becomes an almost purely action flick.

I was dubious about the capabilities of the F/A-18 and the realistic nature of the mission, but Mike (a former USAF fighter pilot) tells me the story is realistic.

In any case it was very entertaining, and the funeral scene was very touching.

Future Shock Books: Future Shock, Future Threat, Future Lost, by Elizabeth Briggs.

Back in the days when our science fiction book club was still in operation, we read *Future Shock*. I liked it well enough to put the sequels on my reading list. I recently read the two subsequent books. There was enough of a synopsis in the second book that I didn't have to reread the original book.

This is a series written for teens or young adults. The protagonists are mostly young people in their teens or early twenties. The premise is that time travel is too much of a shock to a mature adult, so scientists hire young people for their experiments. Of course, it turns out that some of the scientists have their own hidden agendas.

Each book deals with a separate series of time travel jumps. Unfortunately each trip seems to make the future worse for some reason. The protagonists eventually discover the causes of all the problems.

I found the characters easy to identify with, and the books were enjoyable for me.

#

Project Hail Mary: a Novel, by Andy Weir.

The Hugo nominees were announced, and I looked over the novel list. I chose to read Weir's book first, based on my enjoyment of his *The Martian*. I was not

disappointed. This is a different sort of book with many more characters. Scientists discover a kind of life form that seems to be sucking the energy out of our Sun. If left unchecked conditions on Earth would soon become uninhabitable for humans.

It was observed that many other stars nearby were similarly affected, but one star didn't seem to be negatively affected by the strange life form. A project is fast tracked to send a team to this other star to discover why and see if there is a secret that can help Earth.

The book is mostly about one man, Ryland Grace, who had been working as a teacher. Various unforeseen circumstances lead him to become one of the astronauts sent to Tau Ceti.

The book is written from Grace's viewpoint. When the book opens, he is suffering from amnesia as he emerges from the coma he was placed in to survive the long voyage. As he gradually remembers things, we learn how everything led to that point. Weir uses flashbacks alternating with things that are happening in the



“present” as Grace recovers from his amnesia. The technique worked well to move the action along without getting bogged down in explanatory text. I found the book

fascinating and entertaining.

#

A Desolation Called Peace, by Arkady Martine.

This is another Hugo nominee. I found the book unreadable. It is written with very little dialogue and too much internal thought. I couldn't get past the second chapter.

* * *

MAILING COMMENTS ON WOOF 2020

Guy Lillian (Three-Eyed Frog): I hope your dogs are in good health. Our cat, Cato, is still fairly young and has no health problems.

John Purcell (Askew #30): When the COVID lockdowns began, I attended a few free virtual conventions but not so much since then. On the other hand, I may join a virtual book club based in Worcester, MA. I was invited to one discussing a book by Robert Sawyer, and I think I might keep going. As if I needed more stuff to do.

Chris Garcia (Little Passport): Quite a few people I know have turned to art since COVID arrived. I, unfortunately, still have not returned to art—someday.

Rich Lynch (My Back Pages 24): Impressive zine!

As with others, my travel plans were disrupted. However, I resumed travelling this past summer. My first trip was to Seattle, which was supposed to have been the site of the 2021 Westercon; as it was cancelled, I spent a lot of time with my sister. In August I travelled with National Geographic/ Lindblad to Iceland. Towards the end of the year, I travelled to the Yucatan Peninsula

with an alumni group from my alma mater. This year's travels begin in early August with a sort of make-up fiftieth reunion at my college.

Chuck Connor (Bend, Fold, Spindle and Mutilate Inc. #1): Glad to hear you didn't have cancer.

John A. Purcell (Roofers and Tweeter, the Third): The only reason I've been tested several times for COVID is travel. For the Iceland trip, I had to be tested before getting on the Lindblad ship. I also had to be tested before I boarded Icelandair. We were also tested right after boarding the ship and also before leaving the ship at the end of the trip. When I went to Mexico, we were tested before we returned to the US. I also self-tested a couple of times because of possible symptoms. All tests have been negative.

As with others, I hadn't planned to attend the worldcon in New Zealand, and I didn't sign up for the virtual con. Same with the con in DC. At this point, I have no plans to attend Chicon and have not signed up for any virtual participation. Note, though, that they have made a few pre-con sessions available to all members, and I have taken advantage of a couple of those.

Mark and Evelyn Leeper (MT Void): Our local library is run by volunteers, who all but disappeared during the COVID lockdown. The library was open for a couple of hours in the morning a few days a week, not a schedule that agreed with my life. I used the library in the neighbouring county, where we do practically all our shopping. They had a brief period of complete shut-down followed by most libraries operating in a kerb-side pickup mode. Their hours were almost normal.

The nearby sf book club died due to lack of interest before COVID. I recently had the opportunity to attend a Zoom book club session and may continue with them; they are located in Worcester, Mass.

If you decide to reschedule your trip to Arizona, I'm just north of Tucson.

David Schlosser (Ahhh, Sweet Mystery of Life): I've watched a lot of movies on TCM, which is one of two channels I watch a lot; the other is PBS. However, it's clear that our tastes differ.

Mark L. Blackman (Yellow Matter Custard* #28?): I'm currently in two APAe. StippleAPA is still on paper. ANZAPA has become an electronic APA; the switch from paper seems to have caused the page count to balloon.

Andrew Hooper (The Black Rider): Some time back after someone asked how many cons I'd attended, I dug up my old con reports and checked my diary and made a list. I discovered I had attended 112 cons in all, including virtual; and nineteen of them were worldcons.

COVID didn't really affect my activities. In fact I found myself busier than ever, though a lot of that can be attributed to joining ANZAPA.

ConZealand (Cruise Logs, courtesy of Murray Moore): I've been following Mittens on Facebook.

Alan Stewart (Ytterbium Nonoxide): Oops, I'd better improve my proofreading!

* Closing Remarks

I have no current plans to attend any of the future worldcons that are on the calendar, but I intend to participate in WOOF if there is one and I find out about it in time.

This zine was mostly stitched together from pieces of recent issues of *Purrsonal Mewsings*. If you're interested in seeing other issues, you can check them out at <http://www.weasner.com/laurraine/Felinemewsings/index.html>.

Laurraine
2 Aug 2022

INTERMISSION #122.5

E-zine by Ahrvid Engholm, ahrvid@hotmail.com, an excerpt especially for WOOOF of the most interesting stuff from #122 (there's sf/fan history in every issue). Follow my sf/fandom newstweets from @SFJournalen. Do a fanzine and join an APA! So you can Kremlin under fanzine blockade, like I have! Support Ukraine's struggle against aggression. Late July 2022.

National Mimeographic Society

Fanzines used to be the backbone of fandom, but now we see little of them - not counting these pages... Sverifandom has only *one* being published on paper and E-fanzines haven't shown to be much of a saviour. There are only about two Swedish PDFzines, and while one is excellent and fulfills your wettest wishes (this one!) we used to have hundreds when the mimeo ruled and rolled in the 1980s. It has also showed to be very difficult to recruit new zines to APAs. (The normal edition of this zine goes to some outsiders, but usually also through two APAs - EAPA and N'APA - and I stubbornly repeat: *please* join! Ask me for into. You must do a fanzine - making PSDs is easy —so you have something to put Kremlin under fanzine blockade with...)

So I suggest we form the *National Mimeographic Society* to promote the idea of the mimeo and fanzines. Of course, few have mimeos left and you can't get consumables like stencils and ink anymore, but we could try to keep the sweet memory of mimeographs alive! And we should support initiatives like eFanzines.com, Fanac.org, Iowa University's Hevelin collection, Swefan Tomas Cronholm and others who scan and make old mimeo fanzine gems available.

Everyone who has ever published a mimeod fanzine is automatically members of the National Mimeographic Society!

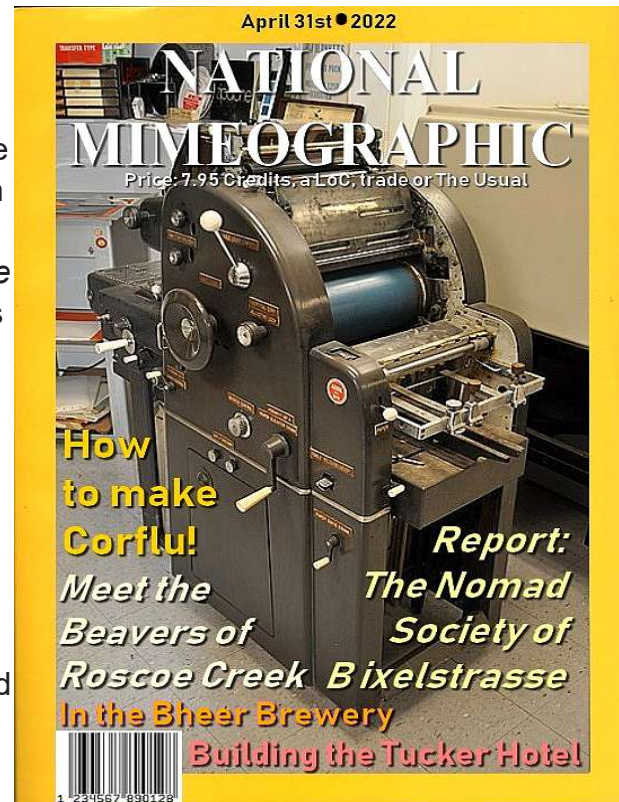
And have you ever had material published in a mimeo zine you can be associate member. A LoC counts, because that proves you have received, read and reacted on a stencilled zine, and readers are important. (Electrostencilled and dittoed fanzines would be borderline cases, but I'm prone to allow it for membership - spirit always counts!)

"National" in National Mimeographic Society of course refers to the fanation of Fandom. After all, as a fanhistorian has observed, fandom has a culture equal to a small European nation. (BTW, I have always wondered what the "nation" is in the National Hockey League? Most teams are from the nation of USA, but it was a Canadian game to start with. Is it the nation of North America?)

National Mimeographic Society could arrange lectures and demos on cons. I can for instance tell you that I did that on the fanzine and small press fair at Stockholm Culture House in 1998! I spoke about fanzine history - clearly stating its origin in sf fandom and that sf fanzines are the Real Stuff - and at the end of my talk printed a one-page oneshot in front of the audience, from a stencil I had typed previously. AFAIK I was the last mimeod fanzine page this far produced in our local fandom. (But I'd welcome if anyone would do it again!)

Remember that the mighty mimeo was the *very first* Internet...on paper. The fanzines, the LoCs, the lettercols of the prozines, the thousands of letters any active sf fan wrote, worked like E-mail, Reddit, Twitter etc - only a bit slower and with typewriters taking the place of laptops.

The problem now is that there are probably no consumables to be found, no stencils, no ink (while some modern paper would work to print on). We should start a research centre - if someone gives us a few million bucks, or we learn to print our own money! - to find out how to make our own stencils



(thin paper and wax?) and find out the recipe of mimeo ink (soot and some thickener that alcohol can dissolve? - every fan knows alcohol works). And we could start publishing National Mimeographic magazine, in glossy four-colour mimeography.

But I'm not optimistic to get mimeos back in operation. However we learn daily how lights go out in eastern Ukrainian cities as Russian guns reduce them to rubble and cut the electricity. This maniac in the Kremlin threatens the world with nuclear war.

If WWII comes, hand-cranked mimeographs will be the *only* printing system to keep the small remnants of civilisation informed. That and manual typewriters which are needed to cut the stencils. There are interest groups caring for the typewriter - mainly non-electric ones-, typewriter museums, typewriter repair shops and I'm sure there in India are small factories still manufacturing manual typewriters. Many typewriters are still around on the second-hand market.

If Putin presses the Button we must rely on mimeographs! To borrow the words of Robert A Heinlein:
The mimeos must roll!

History's First Space Flight Exhibitions!

The first space and space flight exhibitions in the world were already in the 1920s in the then Soviet Union. There was a space exhibition in Kyiv in 1925 and a space flight one in Moscow in 1927.

I know it's inopportune to say unwarlike something with a Russian connection, with Russia's insane, bloody wagggression going on. If the Russians had engaged in space development instead of insanities, everything would have been much better! For the purpose of not building up so much pressure in the head that the brain explodes, and to be able to cover the topic at hand, I have to leave the subject of Putin's crimes against Ukraine for now. Generally, I'm also of the belief that we shouldn't boycott "anything Russian" but those responsible for and supporting war, beginning with Putin the prat. I suspect most Russians in secret are against the war and hope it would end. But sadly I must leave the ongoing tragedy for a while.

Slava Ukraini!

I happened to come across material about the world's probably first exhibitions on space! The very first was in Kyiv in 1925 and there was one more specifically on space travel in Moscow 1927.

Parts of the 1920s was a time of a slight thaw in the traditional, inevitable communist oppression. Lenin had died and Stalin had not yet completely suffocated society and sent millions to death or Gulag. Odd modernist cultural forms such as futurism could flourish for a while, and we got, for example, the famous Russian silent sf film "Aelita - Queen of Mars" (1924, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yoROo4Ur49c>). After the Russian "revolution" (actually a coup), one Nikolai Tikhomirov received support from the Communist regime to start a research group to develop rocket weapons, the Gas-Dynamic Laboratory, to mention another thing: (GDL), <https://encyclopedia2.thefreedictionary.com/Gas+Dynamics+Laboratory>

And of course, one of the pioneers of theoretical space flight was Russian Konrad Tsiolkovsky (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Konstantin_Tsiolkovsky). Works by Jules Verne and local epigones were



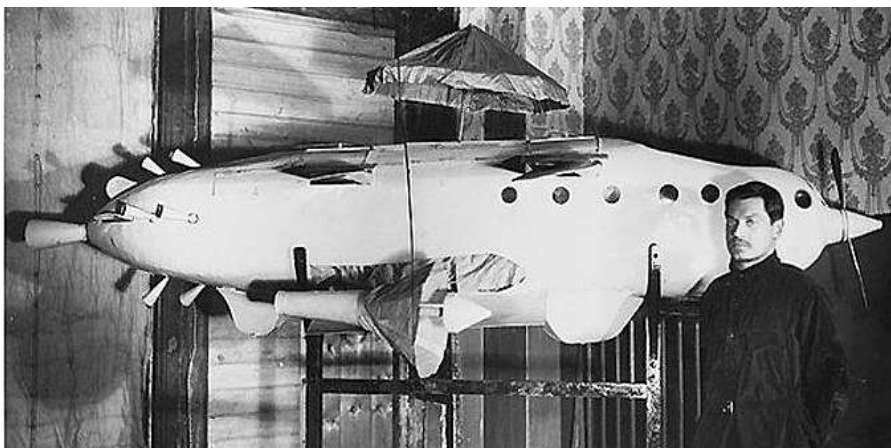
A Fedorov, G A Field and mechanics with a model of Fedorov's nuclear-rocket ship first shown in Kyiv in 1925. Prop for atmosphere part of a flight.

published in Russia and the newspapers wrote articles about space travel and the future. So there was a little bubble of space interest brewing among at least intellectual Russians, though peasants in the countryside (the big majority) had their hands full with trying to survive.

"Exhibition on the Study of Outer Space" opened June 19, 1925 in "the Kyiv House of Communist Education". It consisted of five parts, one of which was devoted to the "interplanetary", another to alien life. In *Intermission* #119 I wrote how The Science Fiction Club - as the name apparently was in translation - was started in Kyiv 1962 by among others astronomy Professor Sergey Vsekhsvyatsky and biology professor Mikhail Klovov. Was this club an echo of the first space exhibition?

From <https://www.kxan36news.com/to-the-moon-with-the-tver-in-1927-in-moscow-was-recorded-on-space-flight> we extract:

The forerunner of the Moscow exposition was the Exhibition on the study of outer space, which was opened in the Kyiv House of the Communist Education on 19 June 1925. Its initiators were young enthusiasts, led by mathematician Dmitry Grave /surname bad translation?/. The Exhibition consisted of five sections: astronomical, radiotelegraphy, alien life, meteorological and interplanetary.



Fedorov with his nuclear spaceship.

The Forerunner of the Moscow exposition was the Exhibition on the study of outer space, which was opened in the Kyiv House of the Communist education on 19 June 1925. Its initiators were young enthusiasts, led by mathematician Dmitry Grave /surname bad translation?/. The Exhibition consisted of five sections: astronomical, radiotelegraphy, alien life, meteorological and interplanetary. The last section of the exposition was devoted to space exploration, and presented the drawings and achievements of the engineer Alexander Fedorov. The main exhibit of the interplanetary section was a three metre model of his spaceship (it was later brought to Moscow) Kyiv exhibition was open for more than two months and closed on 1 September 1925.... The success of the exhibition in Kyiv was demonstrated by Alexander Fedorov and his followers for the Association of inventors of invention (AIIZ) /more below/, and there was active public interest in the theme of space and exploration of interplanetary space. Shortly after closing of the exhibition in Kyiv, the



Panorama at the entrance of the 1927 Moscow exhibition. But, unfortunately, history has not recorded if SP

Korolev /later famous rocket engineer/ was on this exhibition or participated in the work of the "Circle for the Study of World Spaces" (reorganised in August of the same year into the "Society for the Study of Outer Space", but not registered). In those years, Korolev was more mundane, more dreaming of the sky than the conquest of the stratosphere and outer space....Sergei Pavlovich Korolev was still only a student at the Kyiv Polytechnic Institute, and it is likely that he was also able to visit this exhibition and get his first acquaintance with the ideas of cosmonautics.

members of the Association began to prepare for more ambitious one which would be presented work not only by Soviet scientists, engineers and enthusiasts, but also their foreign colleagues. Letters with offers to participate in this event were sent to all corners of the world and many received a positive response.... the Ukrainian press widely and favorably covered the exhibition. So, for example, the newspaper Proletarskaya Pravda of June 25 wrote: "... Every worker, every university student, every Soviet worker, having visited the exhibition, will find there a lot of useful things he needs today. Thus, the role of such exhibitions in those years and their significance for our entire subsequent history cannot be underestimated."

About Fedorov's spaceship, which was atomic powered (!), we read:



Even by today's standards, for 1925 this project was too fantastic, when even what an atom is was obscure...However, the author did not try to be incognito and personally told visitors about his vehicle for interstellar travel, standing in front of his three metre model, made in 1:20 scale. The stand also featured a description of the ship, drawings of its longitudinal section, engine room mechanism, heat regulator and other data.

Fedorov also arranged a study circle about space in connection to the exhibition.

Wired magazine had an article, "The Space Craze That Grippped Russia Nearly 100 Years Ago",

<https://www.wired.com/2012/04/russia-space-craze/> and we read:

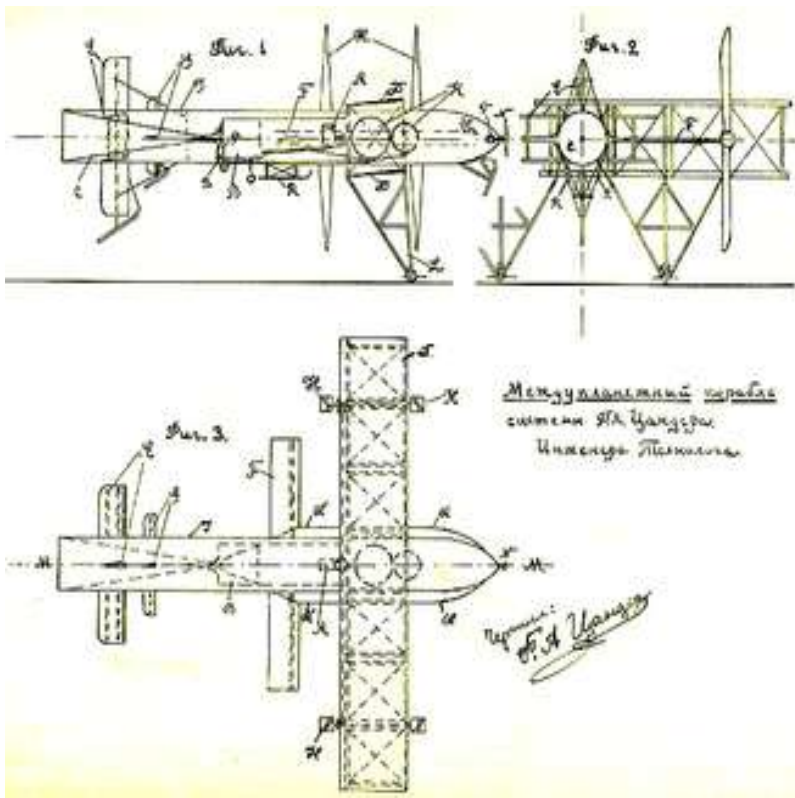
Newspapers proclaimed that hundreds of starships would soon push out into the cosmos. People dreamed of moon colonies that were just a few years away. Ordinary citizens organized competitions to build rockets to reach outer space. Welcome to Russia in the 1920s...Moscow university students formed the world's first space flight advocacy group, the Obshchestva Izucheniia Mezhpplanetnykh Soobshchenii (Society for the Study of Interplanetary Communication). The Society brought together workers, scientists, and inventors to work on

The Herman Oberth corner.

ideas for living in space and traveling to other planets. One prominent member, Fridrikh Arturovich Tsander, constructed a lightweight greenhouse intended to supply fresh vegetables to space travelers and worked on a new kind of aircraft engine that could breach the atmosphere...Tsander was a utopian who believed that mankind's destiny was the stars. He traveled around Russia giving speeches about /on the moon we could/ construct a habitation in which living conditions would be much better than on the Earth...In May of 1924, they organized a a lecture by engineer Mikhail Lapirovo-Skoblo called "Interplanetary Communications - How Modern Science and Technology Solves This Question." Tickets to the event sold out two days prior...In 1927 /April 24/, Russian organisers put on the world's earliest international exhibition on space travel...named the "World's First Exhibition of Models of Interplanetary Apparatus, Mechanisms, Instruments, and Historical Materials"... Between 10,000 and 12,000 attendees visited the fair over two months. At its entrance, visitors encountered an elaborate display of an imagined planetary landscape behind a large pane of glass. It



One of the 1927 exhibition rooms.



Drawing of an "interplanetary ship" by FA Zander

featured a hypothetical planet with blue vegetation and orange soil crisscrossed by straight canals. From the sky descended a giant silver rocket, while a space-suited astronaut stood at the edge of a crater. The exhibition's organiser, Mikhail Popov, said that in entering the fair, he felt as if he had "crossed over the threshold of one epoch to another, into the space era"...By the end of the 1920s, the Russian space fad was nearing its end. The Soviet government refused to officially support the Society for the Study of Interplanetary Communication, citing the lack of scientific knowledge among its members...widespread poverty and the growing Stalinist purges began to erase the idea from most people's minds.

The 1927 exhibition was about space travel and travel to alien planets, with models on spaceships and as you saw a simulated view of an alien planet. It was organized by an association for inventors, abbreviated AIIZ,

where there were propellerheads that had a lot of ideas about rockets, spacecrafts and the like. The AIIZ Society had a preview of its space ideas and inventions in early 1927:

On January 30, 1927, the inventors sent out invitations to all those who, in one way or another, were engaged in rocket technology at that time and were interested in the problems of interplanetary travel. The invitation said: "With the exhibition of the Interplanetary Department of the Association of Inventors-Inventors, I bring to your attention that on February 10, 1927, the first world exhibition of models and mechanisms of interplanetary vehicles designed by inventors from different countries is opening in the premises of AIIZ, Moscow, Tverskaya, 68. AIIZ knows that you are working on the problem of space flight and, probably, you will not refuse to take an active part in the exhibition organized by us in the form of your works, such as: copies of manuscripts or printed publications, as well as sketches, drawings, models, diagrams and tables....AIIZ members firmly believed [in the] new communist regime, in the bright future of mankind, soon to come under the influence of their amazing inventions. So, for example, as one of the necessary conditions for this they considered the creation and all-round dissemination of a special international language to facilitate mutual understanding of astronautics from different countries. At that time, Fedorov was already in active correspondence with the "space dreamer" K Tsiolkovsky [who directed them/ towards the cause of popularising astronautics.

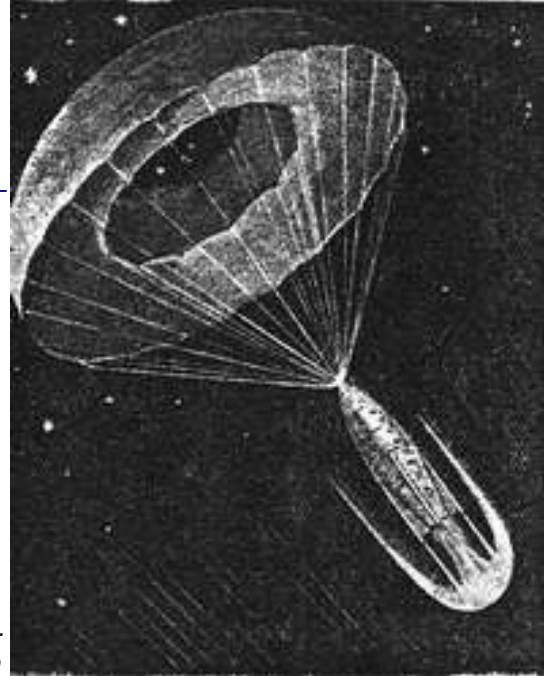
The above quote is from the below longer Russian article about the exhibition. AIIZ organised it on a voluntary basis, at their own expense and the expense of the members. Among the main people organising were A Fedorov, I Belyaev, G A Polevoy, Z G Pyatetsky, I P Arkhipov, A S Suvorov and O V Kholoptseva. This article is through an automatic translator: <https://cosmatica-org.translate.goog/articles/32-pervaja-mirovaja-vystavka-mezhplanetnyh-apparatov-i-mehanizmov->



Close-up of part of a previous illo.

[1927-g.html?_x_tr_sl=auto&_x_tr_tl=en&_x_tr_hl=en](https://cosmatica.org/articles/32-pervaja-mirovaja-vystavka-mezhplanetnyh-apparatov-i-mehanizmov-1927-g.html) (original URL <https://cosmatica.org/articles/32-pervaja-mirovaja-vystavka-mezhplanetnyh-apparatov-i-mehanizmov-1927-g.html>)) The automatic translation is a bit awkward, and I have tried to polish it a little (but the text will be far from perfect). Snippets:

Material came from many inventors /and from/ Tsiolkovsky, and from foreign inventors, such as: America - Robert Goddard, France - Esnot-Peltri, Germany - Max Valle, Romania - Hermann Oberth, material from England and Wales was expected... Having collected the necessary funds and having spent 1.5 years (after Kyiv) there was a lot of preparatory work, organising, collecting and manufacturing exhibits and stands, informing potential participants around the world of the efforts of AIIZ, and the First World Exhibition of Interplanetary Vehicles and Mechanisms opened on April 24, 1927. The venue for the exhibition was house No 68 on Tverskaya Street in Moscow (in Soviet times it was the former Gorky Street). This is not far from the modern Mayakovsky Square, where the Association itself



A spaceship re-entry, using a parachute and retro rockets at the same time.

was located in those years. Before entering the exhibition, an information poster was displayed, and there was the so-called "moon" showcase, a three-dimensional installation made by a member of AIIZ, the young artist I P Arkhipov. It displayed a lunar landscape with sharp peaks of lunar mountains. At the edge of a large crater stood a silvery space rocket, next to which having climbed a rock there a little man in a spacesuit, made of plywood, settling down. And all this against the background of an endless black sky with a large blue-green disk of the Earth. It was impossible to pass by such a showcase. It was constantly crowded with people. The spectacle excited the imagination and aroused dreams of conquering the planets and outer space. Almost all the most prominent domestic and foreign practitioners and theoreticians of astronautics of that time submitted



Robert Goddard's stand at the exhibition.

work, printed matter, and projects to the exhibition. Never before has there been such an interesting collection of works on astronautics. Special stands were devoted to the biggest inventors. From the very first day the exhibition aroused great interest among working people and the intelligentsia. At the exhibition, from the abundance of stands, models of rockets and spaceships, photographic materials, diagrams and drawings, one simply felt dizzy. At some stands, visitors lingered for a long time, carefully studying the designs of devices unknown to them... Along with explanations at the stands by the authors of rocket and spacecraft projects themselves, the organisers of the exhibition held lectures for the visitors on astronomy, astronavigation, the theory of rocket propulsion and space flight. The exhibition was truly global. The international section of the exposition included, for example: the cannon of Jules Verne, first described by the science fiction writer in the novel From the Earth to the Moon in 1865 and a year later published in Russian; the "apparatus" of the English novelist HG Wells, and many other interesting projects of rockets, interplanetary vehicles and mechanisms. So, for example, one of the pioneers of rocket technology, representing Romania in those years, but better known to us as the German scientist and inventor Hermann

Oberth, sent a description of his rocket to the exhibition. Another German rocket enthusiast, propagandist of the idea of interplanetary flight, Max Valle, was able to send the exhibition only his books on astronautics and other literature with his articles. In his response to the invitation, he lamented that: "Unfortunately, I do not yet have a rocket ship that would make it possible to overcome the space from Moscow to Munich in one hour. But I hope that such a miracle will happen in a few years. I completely share your opinion that only the improvement of technical means and an increase in the speed of our aircraft will lead to the conquest of outer space and the liberation of people from the concepts that limit them, which currently dominate society, such as: region, town, city, village, country, state. Flight into outer space will be a fusion of technology and culture. I am glad that I can cooperate for the embodiment of the Highest ideal of Humanity"... In general, the exhibition exhibited many printed works, reprints of works by Tsiolkovsky, Zander, Oberth, Esno-Peltri, Gunswind, Hohmann, Goddard, Welsh and other pioneers and popularisers of astronautics. In the stand of the work of the American scientist, professor of physics at the University of Worcester (California, USA) R Goddard, there was little material. This was most likely due to the fact that he, of course, was not present at the exhibition, as well as the fact that he had a difficult character and preferred to work secretly in a narrow circle of trusted persons. According to one of his American colleagues: "Goddard considered rockets his private preserve, and those who also worked on this were considered as poachers ..."

Nevertheless, the exhibition demonstrated the drawings of the rocket-aircraft developed by him, and some of his work. Austria was represented by a model and drawings of the rocket ship by Franz Ulinsky. In the description of the apparatus, work on which Ulinsky, a native of an old Polish nobility family, began back in 1901, it was said that he used so-called "useful dust" as fuel. The inventor approached a similar idea, namely the use of a power arising from a temperature difference, after conducting practical studies with high-capacity absorbing refrigeration units. F Ulinsky had earlier received a patent for the device of another interplanetary



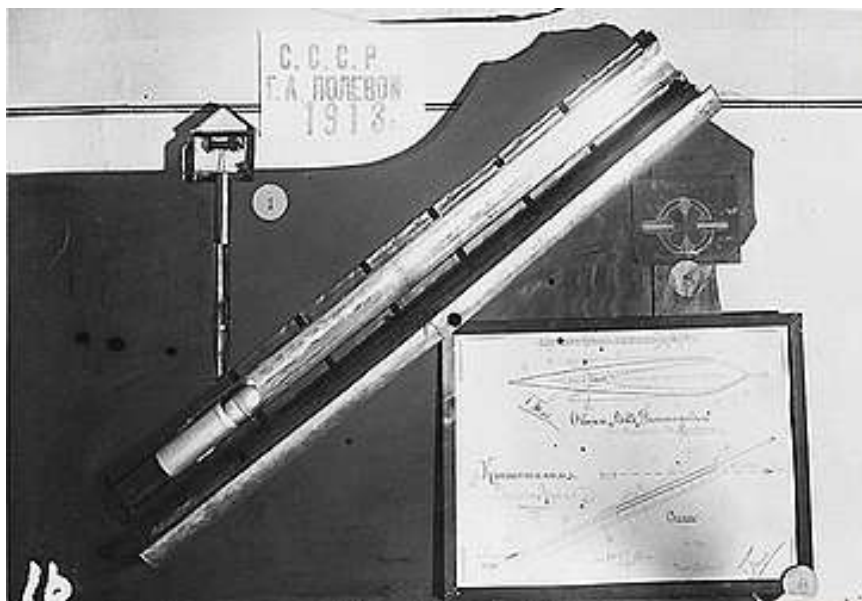
Tsiolkovsky's stand at the 1927 exhibition, though bad health prevented him from being there.

ship, in which the energy of the rays of the Sun is used as fuel. WG Crane's electric spacecraft was exhibited at the exhibition with a very brief description and illustrative material. For descent in the atmosphere of Earth and planets, the ship uses parachutes. As mentioned above, the exhibition was also dedicated to the 70th anniversary of the birth



A display wall of the 1927 exhibition.

of K E Tsiolkovsky. He really wanted to visit it, but for health reasons he did not manage to do that in person. Nevertheless, Tsiolkovsky sent his greetings to the organisers and participants of the exhibition. Tsiolkovsky expressed confidence that a representative of their generation would fly in the sky. Despite the fact that the exhibition was organised on pure enthusiasm and at the private expense of AIZ, the organisers considered it their duty to help K.E. Tsiolkovsky not only by popularising his ideas on astronautics, but also financially. However, it was far from easy to do this, because he was very meticulous in this matter. So the organisers used a trick. They turned to him with a request to allow them to distribute his work at the exhibition, and allegedly the proceeds were sent to him. However, they themselves handed out his books to the visitors of the exhibition for free. "The throughput of the public is 300-400 people a day," the inventors proudly reported to Tsiolkovsky. And there was something to distribute. The day before, in 1926, Tsiolkovsky republished his immortal work, *The Study of Outer Space with Jet Devices*, with a usual circulation of 2000 copies. Many of the books received at the exhibition fell into the hands of interested readers. For example, the book became the reason for a long friendly correspondence between Tsiolkovsky and Mikhail Ignatievich Popov, a resident of Mytishchi near Moscow. Here is how colorfully M I Popov wrote about visiting the exhibition: "The huge showcase of one of the trading premises on Tverskaya Street is dazzlingly lit. There is a crowd in front of it.



The "space car" launch system by G A Field, giving an initial boost by Tsiolkovsky, learned about the Association of inventors, about the language of all mankind: "AO". And if the language of "AO"

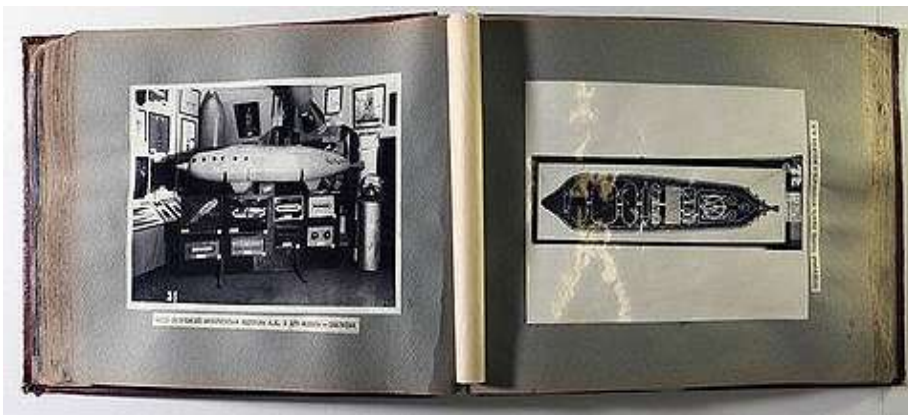
Behind the glass is a fantastic landscape of an unknown planet: orange soil, blue vegetation and straight channels. An original aircraft is attached - a huge rocket. Against the background of a black and blue, generously starry sky, an amazing inscription: 'The First World Exhibition of Interplanetary Apparatuses and Mechanisms.... Here, among numerous photographs, models and dummies showing the journey to alien worlds, Popov heard a passionate story about astronautics. The story was short. A new group of visitors entered, and the volunteer guide, throwing a pack of pamphlets to Popov, hurried over to them. At home, leafing through the brochures, Mikhail Ignatievich found among them several works

seemed to Popov complete nonsense, then Tsiolkovsky's pamphlets gave rise to a sincere desire to get to know their author... Of course, in addition to the dedication of the exhibition itself to Tsiolkovsky, he had a separate display, which occupied the central place of the exhibition. Numerous works of Tsiolkovsky, photographic materials of his work, as well as a model of one of his rockets were presented on the stand next to his portrait. But the organisers of the exhibition, in addition to dedicating the exhibition to Tsiolkovsky, decided to give him a real gift. G A Polevoy and I P Arkhipov decorated the stand with a bust of the birthday man. But since Tsiolkovsky was not personally present at the exhibition, he knew nothing about it.

Already in the winter, after the exhibition, in December 1927, the postman brought a luggage receipt to the Kaluga house of Tsiolkovsky about receiving some cargo from Moscow. The strange cargo was accompanied by another gift - a money order to pay for the transportation of the cargo from the station. Unpacking a large,



A spaceship model by Max Valier, a German who contributed. They mailed out many international invitations.



A photo book was published from the Moscow 1927 exhibition. (The pictures here are from it.)

heavy box, Konstantin Eduardovich was surprised to find his bust in it. The unusual package was accompanied by an equally unusual letter: "It will be a great joy for us if this bust will be in the workshop of the greatest Architect of the Universe, and your refusal you would upset us - the first interplanetary detachment that seeks to promote your idea as quickly as possible to the masses ..." After the closing of the exhibition, its organizers unanimously decided to

donate the bust that adorned the stand with his works to Tsiolkovsky. The exhibition ran for two (!) months and was a great success. There is no doubt that after the 1927 exhibition, the popularity of the Tsiolkovsky grew even more. It certainly increased the interest of the general public for his idea and he gained many new admirers, and it led many to an understanding of the possibility and necessity of space exploration. In total, more than ten thousand people visited the exhibition. At the end of the exhibition, an "Interplanetary Corner" was organized at the exposition site and a report album of the exhibition was made. It presented data on all exhibitors, photographs and descriptions of projects. Today, this album is stored in the Memorial Museum of Cosmonautics on Prospekt Mira in Moscow, opened on the 20th anniversary of the first manned flight into space, in 1981 at the base of a monument erected earlier in November 1964, in honor of the launch first satellite. Almost all the projects of the exhibition were included in immortal work of one of the outstanding domestic and world popularizers of astronautics, Professor Nikolai Alekseevich Rynin. He did the world's first encyclopedic work on the history and theory of jet propulsion and space flight, titled *Interplanetary Communications*. In his letter from Leningrad to the organisers of the exhibition, he wrote: "I can't help but express surprise about how you, with insignificant funds, managed to organise such an interesting and rich exhibition of materials, which undoubtedly for many visitors gave rise to a number of questions of a scientific and technical nature and made them interested in astronomy, the problem of interplanetary communications, and developed a new a worldview in general".

This also influenced Soviet sf, and the papers would publish stories and articles about space (at least in the 1920s - when Stalin's power grew it became more restrictive). We read:

In the first half of the twentieth century, with the rapid development of science and technology, there was a true boom in science fiction literature. For writers, it was sometimes not so important to go into technical details, as a new dimension of human existence and consciousness developed. The dreams of science fiction writers and novelists were not limited by anything, because it became clear, especially after the First World War, that the coming century would be the century of new technologies, motors and vehicles with incredible possibilities for the times. And the avant-garde in this movement was of course popular science fiction literature.



More from the Moscow exhibition. Fedorov's spaceship in the middle.



Rocket model by F Ulinsky. One of his ideas was to use the Sun's energy as fuel.

As for space exhibitions in the west, the planetaries that began to pop up tended to have some space material beside more academic things on astronomy and the stars, but I don't know of any specifically about exhibiting space travel earlier than the 1920s in the former USSR. I know that the British Interplanetary Society (founded in 1933) in the 1930s had a couple of smaller displays at the London Science Museum for inventions they had designed related to space travel. And for instance that the Hayden Planetarium in New York City had some sort of exhibition called "A



Several spaceship drawings, and a model of one (also in close-up). The propeller is probably for atmospheric navigation when landing.

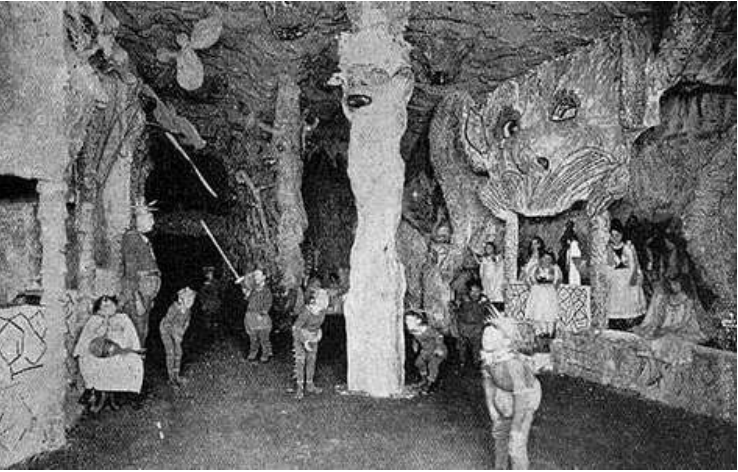
Trip to Mars" 1939-40, in conjunction with the World's Fair there (and members of the first Worldcon, Nycon in 1939, probably appreciated it). There's a short film from it here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vpypzMDAFno> Speaking of the Big Apple, though it would be a stretch to call it an exhibition: Coney Island outside NYC had a sort of "ride" called "A Trip to the Moon" opening in 1903 and running for a few years. It was originally an attraction from the 1901 Pan American Exposition, Buffalo, that moved to NYC. You entered a big model of a Jules Verne-style airship. John F Kasson's *Amusing the Million - Coney Island at the Turn of the Century* (1978) says:

After supposedly landing on the moon, passengers left the spaceship to explore its caverns and grottoes, where they met giants and midgets in moon-men costumes, the Man in the Moon upon his throne, and dancing moon maidens, who pressed bits of green cheese upon them as souvenirs of the lunar voyage. The "Trip to the Moon" was thus an especially elaborate ride promoting a sense of fantasy and escape.

But it doesn't seem like something serious, based on scientific speculations like the ones in Kyiv and Moscow. It was a fun amusement ride. Anyway, for *Intermission #123* I've dug up more details on "A Trip to the Moon", and a 19th century lunar journey operetta by Offenbach! If you're not on my list, mail ahrvid@hotmail.com to get it. Time to sign off! (BTW, do you have fannish E-ddresses to Ukraine or Russia? Those I have bounce or are unresponsive.) Comments welcome! Space is great. *You may think it's a long way down the road to the chemist's, but that's just peanuts to space...*



Artist's impression of Coney Island's trip to the moon.



Luna dwellers and a moon cave, from the Coney Island attraction "A Trip to the Moon" 1903. More in #123!

Слава Україні!