



The frequent (ha!) fanzine that never met Max Keasler, either. Published by Andy Hooper and Carrie Root, 4228 Francis Ave. N. #103, Seattle, WA 98103, members fwa. It's available for the usual. This is Drag Bunt Press Production #146, 12/22/92. Material this time comes from Andy, Jae Leslie Adams, and Terry Garey. Art is by Dan Steffan (Page 1 and logo), Don Helley (Pages 2 and 3). Formatted using Word for Windows Version 2.0.

I haven't had so much fun since Huey Long got shot.

R.I.P.: ANOTHER MADISON CLUBZINE by Andy



Well, I suppose it had to happen. We were having too much fun for it to last. After 49 issues and a brief career as a creative and energetic fanzine, albeit pretty poorly-reproed at times, *CUBE* is no more. The Madison clubzine had enjoyed a recent renaissance under the editorship of Steve Swartz, and had become among the best club-produced genzines around. Steve had begun to attract material from people outside the club, and from all appearances, *CUBE* appealed to people who knew nothing about Madison or its fandom. But now that nascent community has been stilled, with the termination of Steve's stewardship, and the club's retreat from *CUBE*'s increasing status.

The reasons for this are complex, and before people start writing in and demanding his reinstatement, it should be noted that it was Steve's decision to stop editing *CUBE*. But the root causes are the same as those which have assailed clubzines since their invention; having to be accountable to the desires of a whole club-full of publishers. People had different ideas about what ought to be done with the zine, and those ideas were conflicting enough to make Steve decide to start his own title instead. So, *CUBE* is dead; long live *WIDDERSHINS*, co-produced by Steve and Jeanne Gomoll, with a first issue due with the new year. I look forward to seeing what they can come up with without the apparatus of the club weighing him down. And if the projected new club genzine, *THE BADGER OCCASIONAL*, to be edited by Nevenah Smith, ever appears, so much the better. As a fan-writer, I suppose I can rejoice in the re-birth of two markets from the ashes of only one....

SADDER TIDINGS STILL: I'm sorry to report that much of my enthusiasm for the DUFF and TAFF races has been dampened by the untimely death of Roger Weddall, this year's garrulous DUFF delegate from down-under. Roger died a few weeks ago of pneumonia, a complication arising from his fight with Lymphoma. His doctors reportedly wanted to let him get over a cold before starting his chemotherapy, and Roger couldn't fight the infection in his condition. During his trip, Roger was an entertaining and energetic man, and seemed to promise good things for DUFF in the future. In the short time I knew him, I liked him very much. The fact that he had quit his job to travel to America might be a sign that he was sensing his own mortality, but more likely, it was just a measure of his dedication to having a good time with life. In that regard, I suspect the best memorial for Roger would be to contribute generously to DUFF, and to help foster contact between fans from different countries, which goal so clearly excited and enthused him. We'll miss him. -- aph

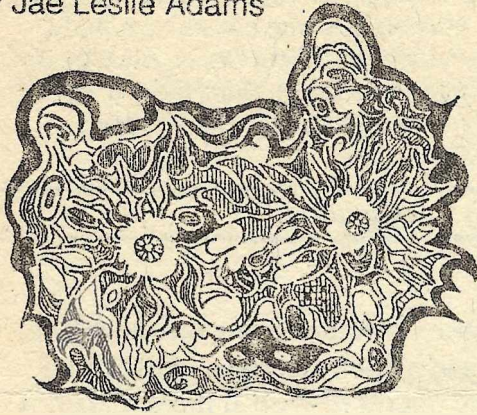
"It's terrible how, when one tries to do a zippy little sheet full of gossip and jokes, the forces of mediocrity close in from every side."

---- Dave Langford

She appealed to him for her way with cockatiels, dachshunds and neofans.

TURTLES ALL THE WAY DOWN

by Jae Leslie Adams



Last night at Brat'n'Brau I asked Dick Russell the good question my boy Matthew asked. **WHY DO THINGS THAT ARE FAR AWAY LOOK SMALL?** That's a good question, Dick said. Funny, I said, that's exactly what I told Matthew. It's a good question and I don't know. Dick suggested that it's the same reason why sounds that are far away seem quieter, but then we agreed, it's similar but not the same.

All I had been able to explain to Matthew was that it's called perspective. But the rules of perspective that were formulated in the Italian Renaissance may not be universal for other cultures, for all I know; the peculiar appearance of "primitive" artworks and oriental landscape painting suggest that eyes untutored in western perspective look at things and may see them differently.

I've heard of other languages that divide up the visible spectrum, for instance, into a different range of colors than our rainbow, and if you think about it our six colors (red-orange-yellow-green-blue-indigo) are arbitrary constructs. I'm not going to go over the art class debates about whether Black and White are colors or lack-of-colors. What color is flesh? How about Cool? The cultural aspects of what colors mean are almost more interesting than the scientific approach to color theory.

These questions have something to do with optics and physics which unfortunately for me

are not subjects required for all L & S students (Letters and Science, or as the engineering students say, Loaf & Smoke). Another question entirely is why physics is not part of an education such as mine that was meant for elementary school teachers -- other than the practical difficulty that the available candidates have to be led through a review of third-grade math concepts such as Associative Laws of Addition and Multiplication....I was a fine Physics for Poets, Chemistry for Mankind sort of student. But if someone could explain this clearly to me, I was thinking, I have confidence that I could find a way to explain it in terms a four-year-old can understand.

So I was thinking about it, as I drove past the park, glancing at the banks of Wingra, the willow drive across the water in the mist. Geometric diagrams of lines of sight flashed through my mind, angles of reflection hardly understood, a cone of light entering the eye. The world we see as we turn our eyes about is a great spherical surface, to the naive eye a flat tapestry. By learning to focus on objects near and at a distance, by examining the overlayment of nearer solids, we see how the sphere extending to the horizon is structured in depth. Worlds within worlds, spheres within spheres, wheels within wheels. Turtles all the way down (if you've head that old joke).

The world is very great, that's why it is:
because there are so very many things in the world,
in order to see them

at a distance
where there is room for them all,
they must look very small.

So I'm not a physicist. I tried it out on my test subject anyway, and he seemed to think it sounded plausible. This explanation is terribly ethnocentric, (androcentric? but not gynocentric? homocentric?) measuring all things by the observer. That's who is looking for the explanation, an observer whose eyes are less than a meter above the ground. Have a seat. --jla

Poetry, by Terry Garey

Walking to Tillamook

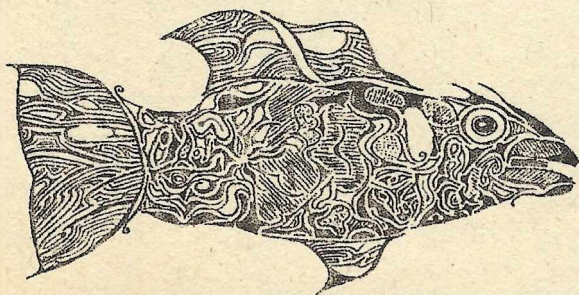
Ocean calls
says: you never write...you never phone
and I can hear the waves, screaming gulls
I can taste the salt, feel dead jelly fish under my toes
I shiver in the wind from off shore, smell kelp rotting in the sand
see anemones in their cold pools
guarded by rocks from the waves

Ocean calls me
I start walking
heading west out of Minneapolis
walking along I-94 to I-90, ignoring the cars
truckers who blast their horns
ignore the heat and humidity and fumes

Ocean calls me so I'm walking
past green fields and trees
piles of rocks farmers have dug up
the perfume of land growing, lakes
producing fish
past all this out into the plains I walk
past the Corn Palace
and up onto the hiways, past
fields of sunflowers and suicidal pheasants
fields of corn, soy, towns of prairie dogs
past the service stations
rest stops
yes even past Wall Drug

I'm walking
I thread up into the Black Hills, bewildered in the fog
as I pass by Rushmore
apologize for crossing sacred territory but I don't
know any other way

blackbirds chase me
hawks circle to see if I'll scare up rabbits
but I don't
because Ocean is calling me and I'm walking



I keep walking and it gets tougher
Wyoming -- Montana
goes on for a long time, that shallow high bowl between
the Black Hills and the Rockies

I keep going forward and up til I reach the back
door of Going to the Sun road and its long cold lake
go up into the peaks
look out west, since I'm so high, to see if I can see her

yet
but no
I switch my way down the WPA switch backs
wishing I had bear bells
moose bells
bug bells
walk past Missoula
then I'm walking through long narrow canyons bearing rivers,
following the Clearwater to the Snake
in Eastern Washington
eating berries but still walking
head south and follow the Columbia as much
as it lets me, say hi to Bonneville Dam and the sturgeon
nod to Multnomah Falls
turn
left at Portland, City of Roses
still walking, still walking

Germantown Road --
Tillamook Burn --
narrow pastures full of milk cows
tumbled barns
Douglasfirs
ferns, Western Hemlock, skunk cabbage, blue camas
I'm walking
I'm walking
through the forest at Neskowin
over dunes and finally
I sit my butt down in the cold wet sand
stare at the hard grey water in the soft grey air
gulls scream for tunafish and bread
anemones open close in the tide pools
sand lice scuttle
a crab edges by
dead seal smells terrible but I don't move
japanese float bobs up and pushes my toe
because a wave nudged it all this way
I sit now
I sit and say:
Mother, I'm home --

-- Terry Garey, 1992

Please don't send LoCs to Mark Manning...our address is in the colophon

CIVIL WAR FORUM by Andy

Been a while since we considered this topic, and I have to report another interesting coincidence.

Don Helley was here for a visit, on a whirlwind tour of the West. He happened to be here on a weekend I had scheduled a miniature wargame re-enacting the Battle of Iuka (September 17th, 1862). The game played to a historical conclusion: The rebels were on the verge of forcing the Union troops out of their line, when they ran out of ammunition, and the result was considered a draw.

The following day, Don and I took the long way down to the Amtrak depot, circling up Capitol Hill by bus, and dismounted to check out the view from Lakeview cemetery. And as we circled around, we ran across the Seattle Grand Army of the Republic memorial and cemetery. Always interested in paying my respects to those who served in the struggle, we stopped there for a while. The first marker I ran across belonged to a man name of Tobin, who had served in the 4th Minnesota Infantry, which regiment had formed the center of my line in miniature less than 24 hours before.

Well, I agree it isn't the virgin's face in a taco shell, but it's been a slow couple of weeks.

-- aph

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Kris Demien
5 SE 74th Ave.
Portland, OR 97215-1442

Stephen Dorneman
53 Hill Rd., Apt. #705
Belmont, MA 02178-4306

Janice M. Eisen
1186 Phoenix Ave.
Schenectady, NY 12308-2602

Mike Gunderloy
1800 Market St.
San Francisco, CA 94102-6227

Leland Sapiro
PO Box 958
Big Sandy, TX 75755-0958

Delphyne Woods
1557 W. Fargo Ave. #1
Chicago, IL 60626-1804

You're family now...and you've seen how I treat my family....

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C/O Mark Manning
1709 South Holgate
Seattle, WA 98144 USA

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Kate Schaefer & Glen Hackney
4012 Interlake N.
Seattle, WA 98103