

Now, because fanzine fandom smells what the Vegrants are cooking, this is... **crifanac #11**, 1/4/99. The Fanzine of Newtonian Insurgentism. This (supposedly) triweekly and romantically carnivorous fanzine is co-edited by the incurably romantic Ken Forman (7215 Nordic Lights Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89119) and the contentedly carnivorous Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). Superstar Helpers: Marcy Waldie, Ben Wilson, Cathi Wilson, Tom Springer, Joyce Katz. Director of Vegrant Affairs/Europe: Chuch Harris.

NewsSquint Rob Hansen, Robert Lichtman, Murray Moore, Ulrika O'Brien, Victor Gonzalez and Liz Copeland.

Columnists this issue: Ted White, Irwin Hish Andy Hooper, Greg Pickersgill, Rob Hansen and Steve Green.

Art: Craig Smith and Bill Rotsler.

Crifanac is available for news, art, a short article or a letter of comment. Artwork is also urgently desired. Perhaps your contribution of art can fill the spot where we were going to tell those lies about you.

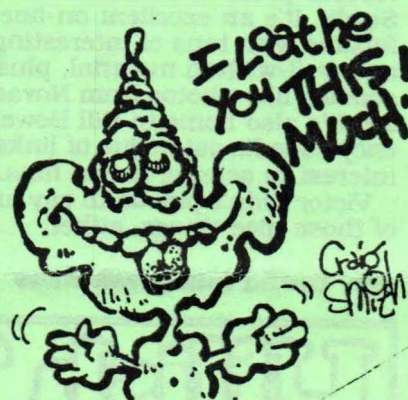
Send egoboo electronically: crifanac@aol.com.

Fanatical member of fwa; lukewarm support of AFAL.

Now is when we fan.

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January 4, 1999

crifanac



NewsSquint

What We Know, as soon as We Know It

Bowen Wins TAFF

Vijay Bowen has followed in the footsteps of her cousin Elliot Shorter by winning the Trans Atlantic Fan Fund. Vijay, whose campaign pledges included a promise to redeem the family honor by writing a TAFF Report, won easily.

The popular New York fan amassed 55 votes. "No Preference" was the second most popular choice with 16, followed by Sarah Prince (15) and Hold Over Funds 5.

Says Ulrika O'Brien: "Vijay will be traveling to Reconvene, the 50th Annual British National

Science Fiction Convention, in Liverpool, England, April 2-5, 1999.

"Further itinerary details will presumably be forthcoming from Vijay when and as she gets a chance to adjust to the news and make plans. Full voting lists will be available from me and Maureen Kincaid Speller in our next forthcoming newsletters."

Fanzine Auction Helps Corflu Money Crunch

Like Emperor Caligula himself, rich brown has discovered that he has a positive flair for auctioning. Rich has very kindly stepped forward to conduct a fanzine auction largely to support Corflu Sunsplash. (See *Uffish Thoughts on page 2 for Ted White's assessment of the current situation.*)

Among the choice items are:

[1] **Fantasy Magazine, No. 38**/Fourth Anniversary Issue, Sept. 1936, by Julius Schwartz (Ray Palmer, Literary Editor, Forry Ackerman, Scientifilm Editor, Clay Ferguson, Jr., Art Editor), printed, 60pp, half-sized. First Fandom's focal point. Bid: \$100.

[1] **Science Fiction Five Yearly #6**, November 1976, 32pp, by Lee Hoffman. Calvin Aaargh (Bob Silverberg) continues his serial; plus LeeH, Warner, Ted White, Terry Hughes and Bobs Tucker, Bloch and Toomey. Bid: \$30.

[1] **Mota #16** (May 1976), 20pp, and **#25** (May 1978), 22pp, by Terry Hughes. Bid: \$20.

[1] **Maya #15**, 1978, 24pp, UK "legal," two-column photo-offset,

by Rob Jackson. Bid: \$23.

[3] **Boonfark #6**, Spring 1982, 48pp, by Dan Steffan. Material by Dan, Steve Brown, rich brown, Rich Coad, Ted White, Walt Willis -- and the first four pages of a cartoon version of *The Enchanted Duplicator*. Bid: \$12.

[2] **Syndrome No. 3**, 44pp, undated, edited by Frank Lunney. Bid: \$10.

[3] **The Portable Carl Bandom**, by Terry Carr and Jerry Kaufman; 20pp of shorter parodies, illustrated by Stiles, Brad Foster, Steffan, Kinney, Stu Shiffman and Atom. Bid: \$35.

[2] Grab-bag of fmz. Includes **Quodlibit #18** (Jan. 31, 1983), by Bill Patterson; **Stiffing the Ferryman #1**, by Mark Richards; **68 #18**, rich brown (APA 69 Classic zine); **Gambit 39** c/w **This #10**, by Ted White; **First Draft #161 & 162**, by Dave Van Arnam (Apa-F) and **Pong #17**, by White & Steffan. Bid: \$10.

There is still time to donate items and/or bid on these (and other) choice items. Contact rich at: drgrafia@aol.com or

Hooper Sampler Goes On-Line

Victor Gonzalez, our brother in the Great Movement (Hooper for DUFF!) has digitally published "The Nearly Completely Incomplete Andy Hooper," a sampler of eight outstanding Hooper articles. Those with Internet access can enjoy this and much more by linking to **Squib** (<http://www.galaxy-7.net/squib>).

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NewsSquint

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(Those without Internet access will have to be contented with blissful memories.)

Although it is unimaginable that such fanzine fans could exist outside Croydon, fans who don't want to read a fine selection of Hooper prose should still link to **Squib**. It's an excellent on-line fanzine with tons of interesting and well-written material, plus goodies like photos from Novacon 28. It's also home to Bill Bower's encyclopedic catalogue of links of interest to science fiction fans.

Victor didn't pay us to say any of those nice things, either.

Corflu Sunsplash News

We're sure you've got no reservations about Corflu Sunsplash unless you're much less prone to procrastination than we slothful Vegrants. Corflu Sunsplash Chairman, Host and Whipping Boy Shelby Vick writes with details about how to reserve your room for fanzine fandom's premier event this Spring.

"Just today (the agent thought this was soon enuf to tell me!) I am informed that reservations are to be made through *me!*" ShelVv writes. "I'll need to know when you will be showing up, how many in your party, when you intend to depart and all the usual stuff."

Vince Clarke's Fanzines
Ace British Snooper Rob Hansen writes with information about the late Vincent Clarke's massive fanzine collection. "Caroline Mullan, Brian Ameringen, Pat McMurray, and I traveled over to Vince's to take possession of his fanzine collection (Bridget Wilkinson also showed up to copy some stuff from his computer).

"Brian, who trades in used SF, made a deal with Vince's daughter for all his non-magazine SF and his shelving units. Then we loaded the collection into two loads, each consisting of 12 plastic packing crates and several miscellaneous banana boxes.

"Shortly before Xmas, I'd taken delivery of an industrial racking unit complete with 25 archive

Continued on page 10

Uffish Thots

Ted White has an important message about NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD FEN TO COME TO THE AID OF CORFLU

A mistake was made, based on a series of misunderstandings, and the consequence is a crisis for Corflu Sunsplash, Shelby Vick's Panama City Corflu scheduled for April 30th - May 2nd.

The mistake was a simple one: No memberships were sold at the Leeds Corflu. Shelby couldn't be there himself, and while rich brown was willing to present the bid to the Assembled Masses for voting (pro forma — there were no opposing bids), he did not want to sell memberships or collect money. Neither rich nor Shelby thought much before agreeing on this; it did not occur to them that many people in Leeds would want to buy memberships, nor that someone else might be found to handle the task of selling them.

The direct result is that perhaps as many as thirty memberships were not sold while the iron was hot, enthusiasms were high, and the impulse was upon us to thrust our money upon the next Corflu. (Had thirty memberships been sold, Corflu Sunsplash would have had a starting-out nest-egg of \$1350.00.)

I'm a typical Corflu attendee: I like to buy my membership immediately at the current Corflu for the next Corflu. I do this for two reasons: First, because it requires the least effort on my part to fish the money out of my pocket and hand it to the representative of the new Corflu; and second, because I am well aware that the committee will need working funds in the coming months and I'd rather pony up my membership fee when it is most helpful. (Paying At The Door delays the money until it is least helpful for the committee, which by then has made most of its purchases and probably had to pay out a large deposit on the hotel facilities months earlier.)

And like most typical Corflu attendees, if I don't

buy that membership then and there, I tend to put it off, forget about it for months, and wait until someone jogs me with a wakeup call.

I know I'm typical in this respect because on Saturday, December 12th, Corflu Sunsplash had only *8* members, fairly well split between Attending (at \$45) and upporting (at \$15) — which is next to no advance funds for that convention.

That was the day Shelby made that wakeup call, an on-line appeal to Timebinders for help. He was fast approaching a deadline for putting a Large Deposit down on the hotel (The Sandpiper/Beacon Motel "on the sugar white sands of Panama City Beach ... right on the Gulf of Mexico!") and had just, with his daughter Cheryl's help, put up a website [www.angelfire.com/fl/corflusunsplash/].

When I checked it that day, the site had already had 37 hits. A half week later, the site was up to 81 hits, and the membership list was up to 11, of which only four were Attending members, while seven were Supporting. That adds up to a munificent \$285 received by Corflu.

I've mailed off my tardy \$45, and I want to urge you, if you plan on attending, to do the same, and do it now. Make that check or money order out to Shelby Vick and mail it to him at

627 Barton Ave.
Springfield, FL 32404

Although Shelby has had to deal with personal and family problems which would be dispiriting for anyone, he's not lost his enthusiasm for this Corflu, and his daughter Cheryl (who has had experience with catering and hotels) has come on board to help ensure its success.

What we need to do now is our part of the job: joining the convention as members.

Once we get Shelby over this financial hump Corflu Sunsplash looks to be one of the most enjoyable Corflu's yet, and one I anticipate with eagerness.

So act now! Do it without thinking! Join Corflu! Act now!
—Ted White

Critical Froth

Ken Forman tests Newton's Third Law of Motion

Earlier this year ('still '98 as I write...) an official missive came down from the upper reaches of our/my government. The edict stated, in appropriate governmentese, that despite recent court rulings overthrowing "affirmative action" cases, all federal agencies would "embrace" the concepts of diversity in the workplace."

Freely translated from the original legal jargon, the memo meant that preferential treatment will be given to minorities and women until the mix in the workplace more closely resembles the mix of races and sexes in this country. In a country where we are striving to demonstrate the equality of all people regardless of their race, sex or whatever, it seems to me that this type of quota system leads to racism and sexism of the highest order. In a time when everyone should be color (and gender) blind, the government is forcing hiring officials to categorize people into specific groups and select accordingly.

But such differences do exist. If they didn't, then this would truly be a monochrome world. *Viva la difference!* It is only the perception of inherent superiority (or inferiority) of various groups that causes racism and all the other "isms" associated with bigotry.

Normally I wouldn't spend time in this column expressing my views on government stupidity. There are other venues for such discussions. I wouldn't put this in *crifanac* if I didn't think this was of utmost importance, critical fan activity, as it were! (Or at least of passing interest to myself, and — I hope — to you.)

I see an amazing parallel in fanzine fandom these days. Discussions in person, online and in the lettercols of a number of zines have centered around the "Idea" of us versus them.

As in the real world, identifying differences in fandom are okay as long as there is no judgment of inherent superiority (or inferiority) in the various groups.

Please note, I am not suggesting that all members of all groups are equal. Heavens no! On the contrary, many members of some subgroups of fandom are certainly inferior, but they are not inferior because they are members of a

subgroup. Rather, the individuals are just plain inferior, either by their actions or their beliefs. My point here is that these individuals choose their own actions, consequently they choose their own inferiority. But they don't impart their own fuggheadedness to that subgroup.

After reading that last part, I realized that my point wasn't clear, and considering that my intent was to clarify things I've written in the past. I'd better go for more concrete examples.

A couple of letters and articles in recent fanzines have suggested that I view the world of fanzine fandom as my own little oyster, mine to pluck the pearl whenever I choose. Some have suggested that Arnie and I are seeking to make *crifanac* into the focal point fanzine of the late nineties.

Frankly, I wouldn't mind if future fan historians decided that is true. Still, that won't be determined for many years. It will require time and historical perspective before such a determination is possible.

But — and this is a big but — what's wrong with wanting to put the focal point fanzine? If Arnie and I want to put the effort into pubbing a frequent newzine, if we want to put the effort to collecting various articles, if we want to write juicy, insightful editorials that promote interesting debate, then what the hell is wrong with that?

Paul Kincaid's recent *Banana Wings* column cited *crifanac* — and specifically my editorial — as wanting to be the focal point fanzine of our times.

Paul indicated that somehow this is a bad thing. I've also read this in other zines, so I must assume the more than one person shares this opinion.

I take exception to this! I especially take exception since my editorial specifically wasn't about focal point fanzines; it attempted to categorize past fandoms by investigating who specifically participated in the hobby. I suggested that the best way to do this was to analyze (or at least guess at) the mailing lists of what we today accept as focal point fanzines of yesteryear. But nowhere in the article did I suggest that *crifanac*

was such a focal point. I didn't even attempt to list the focal points of old. I prefer to leave that discussion to others more knowledgeable of fanhistory.

Several times in the first few issues of *crifanac*, we published letters from fans (whose opinions I respect) suggesting that we could be putting out a focal point zine. Every time we pubbed such an opinion, either Arnie or I commented that it was too soon to make such a claim. Somehow some people have failed to read these statements and instead interpret our enthusiasm to mean we're seeking more than our share of egoboo.

This is sloppy research. Even now, after 10 issues, I still think it's too soon to validate such a claim. Perhaps after another decade or so, after a bunch more issues, some fan-historian will write that "in the last part of the twentieth century, *crifanac* filled a much needed role of 'focal point' fanzine."

I can't imagine why others would be offended by our efforts. Just like TV, if you don't like what you're seeing (or, in this case, reading), just put down the fanzine and back away. If I/we write something you disagree with, please feel free to write us and share your opinion. We print a lot of letters.

I spent several moments trying to figure out why anyone would find fault in what we are doing. I have concluded that the differences between the various subgroups of fandom (i.e., gaming, filking, con-running and attending, etc.) aren't enough to justify such opinions. Hell, I enjoy just about every aspect of this hobby, — including filking. I just happen to especially enjoy the camaraderie shared by fanzine fans. I like writing, publishing and distributing fanzines. Mostly though, I like the connections that fanzines engender among fans. I can only assume that those who see differences among the subgroups as a hierarchy to establish their own worth in some assumed pecking order are making up for personal deficiencies.

None of fandom's many facets is inherently superior to the others. Concepts such as superiority exist only in one's own mind. If you feel inferior because of your hobby and feel it necessary to denigrate others who do something else. You should look within yourself to find the answer. -- Ken

Timely Response

The Readers make themselves heard

Dale Speirs

The four Rs: "Next time... an idiot ... offers to fill you in on the mysteries of the fannish universe..." implies that there are still neofans coming in to the hobby (or way of life, if you prefer).

Meanwhile the moaning continues that fandom is graying, dying on the vine, and assorted metaphors. Rather than say, as was advised, "You... are full of enough fertilizer [etc.]," one might take the kinder route and casually mention that Walt Willis thought of it 40 years ago.

When the neofan asks who Walt Willis is, one can then politely slip in propaganda and possibly convert a newfan into a friend. It is always wise to remember what experienced Los Angeles freeway drivers say: "Always be polite to strangers. You never know when one of them might be carrying a handgun."

Rich brown on criticizing manuscripts: KTF reviews are great fun to read, assuming of course it wasn't you on the receiving end. Sometimes though, the recipient may not distinguish that it was all

in good humour.

Sotheby's is still in the process of sorting out the Moskowitz collection but it will be on sale in 1999. My concern is that they may not understand the idea of fanzines and lump them into a few job lots, which may make it difficult to bid if you really only needed a single item. Fanzines do not have an established secondary market like stamps or coins or even Lovecraft books, so auction houses don't know what to make of them.

Fan funds: CUFF (Canadian Unity Fan Fund) has been more of a leisurely amble rather than a race in the past few years, and candidates are acclaimed in the fine Canadian tradition of East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet.

However the successful candidates, some of whom had to campaign for as long as three days between start and finish, have turned out to be a good bunch. Graeme Cameron revitalized CUFF with his enthusiasm. As far as the Penneys are concerned, we all know that they are a reliable

pair of fans and when they set out to do a thing, the thing will be done. Although it is funny to have a fan fund paying for an inter-city commute.

Ken: I didn't mean to imply that neos are the one's I call "idiots." If you plumb the depths of the basket full of fruit we call fandom, you'll find idiots winging their way around left and right.

Robert Lichtman

Let me reassure youse guys that it's okay to slip a week now and then from your triweekly schedule. Terry & Ron did; Andy did.

Good that Toner is set, and I assume that's for the weekend of November 5,6, & 7, 1999 though you don't specifically say so. I've heard a little grumbling on the one hand how this is just a week after Ditto 12 in Minneapolis, but on the other hand at least one fan has told me it makes it possible that he might be able to swing through the upper midwest and west and make both of them. Another person grumbled that it's the same weekend as World Fantasy Con, but I really don't think there's much crossover.

I'm with you, Arnie, in supporting Andy Hooper for Duff, even though it means I can't vote with my gonads. As soon as a ballot shows up, I'll be taking a cold

Vincent Clarke

Greg Pickersgill pays tribute to a great fan

Vincent Clarke was a great fan and a lovely man, and it will be one of my greatest regrets that I have been so far away from him in all senses over the last year.

He genuinely made a contribution towards making the world a worthwhile place to live in, and I feel immediately that the world, and everything in it, is diminished by his passing.

However, I am sure that Vince would prefer us to be glad he had been here at all rather than be depressed by his leaving -- so let's all read some Vince Clarke fanwriting, look at his oddly underrated artwork, be glad for all he did. He was a real fan -- maybe one of the last.

I really think it's important to make clear that Vince Clarke is the great unsung hero of fandom - in any era other than that dominated by the genuine brilliance of Walt Willis he would long ago have been recognised as a brilliant fanwriter, clever and funny fanartist, excellent editor, and general motive force behind many of the good things that have happened in fandom.

In short one of a very few people who have made science fiction fandom - and made it a worthwhile

and satisfying and stimulating place to be.

What's also worth remembering about Vince is that he was a real fan in every sense - he took immense pleasure in his book and magazine collection, loved fanzines, was entertained by even the most hopeless sf films, and was endlessly entranced by science itself -- and did so every day until the worst of his illnesses took over. He was one of us writ large -- someone with every one of the characteristics of a fan, but, incredibly, only the good ones. I've often wished I would grow up to be like him, but I don't have that charm within me -- and it is no consolation to know that very few others do either. Few can carry the Shield of Umor with as much right as Vincent Clarke - and I hope it protects him wherever he goes.

I posted these two pieces on the Timebinders mailing list within minutes of hearing of Vince's death. They're my immediate reactions - anything rewritten after the fact might be too carefully considered to be true.

All I'd like to add is that I feel great regret that I did not ever know Vince well enough, and a deep sense of failure in that I was, because of problems in my own life, of little real help or comradeship to him in his last year. But I am very glad to have known him, however briefly. -- Greg Pickersgill

Missing Faces

Steve Green reprises this year's Novacon

Once renowned for the sheer number of familiar faces crammed between its four walls, Novacon's 28th instalment was perhaps more notable for those absent: Dave Langford was busy at Orycon, but it was strangely unsettling to wander around this mainstay of the British fan calendar without catching sight of Greg Pickersgill, Rob Hansen, Dave Sherwood, Avedon Carol or Dave Mooring, to name but five, even if the increased American contingent -- among them Victor Gonzalez and Jae Leslie Adams -- added extra spice to the seamless round of bar-room conversation.

Another pleasant surprise was the abundance of fresh fanzines, an echo of Novacon's heyday as the fannish alternative to the annual Easter gatherings. Though I've seen Alison Scott comment elsewhere that she was fairly unimpressed by the number she received, I counted 13 (which equates to more than five percent of the membership); either Alison has unusually high expectations given Novacon's shrinkable since its peak of 550+ in 1984, or she didn't hang around the bar enough.

shower and casting my vote. It was good of you to print the candidates' platforms.

Thanks also for printing the results of the 1999 FAPA officers' election, though I wish you might also have included some mention of how there are Instant Memberships still available. We've a few vacancies, although several people have recently made inquiries and I'm hoping we'll gain another few members soon.

Although the results of the fanzine (and other stuff) auction that rich brown ran recently are welcome and interesting, it might've made it even more interesting if you'd mentioned that these items were provided by one of Brooklyn's most charming gaffates, Les Gerber. Or would that have been gerberizing?

Ken's column was truly inspirational this time. Do you think, Arnie, that we ought to take him to heart and start all over again as neofans? I'll republish **Psi-Phi No. 1** with all its warts if you'll do the same with your own first effort, **Cursed No. 1**.

Maybe this time I'll print on both sides of the paper. Of course, we might both have difficulty persuading our coeditors to join in -- in my case, to locate him.

No, you say? Well, thank ghod! Or is it Foo-Foo? Or Ghu? Or Roscoe? Us neofans want to get this fan ghod stuff straight!

Although I'd already read rich's

"The Gift" electronically and, in fact, was too late requesting it for publication myself, it's a pleasure to get another opportunity to do so -- and I like the minor changes and additions he made to punch it up. This was one of those little gems that dot the Timebinders wasteland.

Guy Lillian's exposition comparing Southern Fandom and Fanzine Fandom is pretty much along the lines I would've done so myself, except we part company over the alleged exclusivity of Fanzine Fandom. Not that I haven't seen it, but I don't feel it's very widespread. It was my experience when a new fan that the way into the co-called "clique" was simply to participate, and that seems to be true today.

In recent weeks I've encountered a couple of new fanzine fans, Karen Johnson in Australia and Sherry Thompson in Delaware. Karen came to us via ANZAPA while Sherry Thompson entered via the Internet.

Sherry hasn't been present in paper fanzines as yet, while Karen has already published two issues of **Out of the Kaje**, an interesting and lively publication.

Loved Langford's riff!

Good to see another **crifanac** at last, despite all the news of deaths, strokes and funerals. I already know about the four who left us, but I hadn't previously heard about Chuch's stroke.

When did this happen? Leave it

The results of the Nova Awards -- a conversation topic the moment Andy Hooper's tipster column in the Gonzalez/Hooper oneshot **Skink** landed on Friday evening -- were widely second-guessed, though many (myself included) were disappointed Dave Hicks didn't beat D West in the "Best Fan Artist" category, for the superb back cover on Martin Tudor's TAFF memoir if nothing else. Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer's **Banana Wings** led by a wide margin for "Best Fanzine," whilst Maureen Kincaid Speller's touchingly tearful acceptance of the "Best Fanwriter" award merely proved she doesn't weigh her talents as highly as the rest of us do.

Much of any particular Novacon's appeal lies in its venue, and Martin Tudor's choice of Birmingham's Britannia Hotel was amply rewarded, with one minor irritant: the lower bar (which rapidly became the main "hang out") was six floors below the main program. That aside, the beer was excellent and plentiful (for once, a management listened to Martin when he stressed how much we'd get through), most of the staff bent over backwards to help and the scuttlebutt carried few ripples of discontent.

Novacon 29 returns there next November, as will Ann and I; I just hope a few of those missing faces are back to join us. -- Steve Green

to our Chuchy to make good sport of it all, but remembering that it was a series of episodes like this that over the long run did in Burbee puts me more in Sue's camp: worried that he "was never going to come back again." Take it good and easy, Chuch!

Reading Ken's review of the batch of **Motas**, I particularly agree with your observation that "The experience of reading most of a run of fanzines is quite different from receiving them at odd intervals." I, too, would recommend it whenever possible. As a neofan I got to do just that with runs of **Spacewarp** and **Quandry** lent me by Rick Sneary -- and although I was already firmly on the trufannish path, it certainly didn't hurt to have such concentrated reinforcement.

I agree with Arnie's comments on Jim Trash's mild trashing of those among us who still remember and occasionally invoke the Old Stories and Jokes. True, it would be a dull, dull fandom if all we did was stood around silping our nuclear fizzes in the Insurgent manner and tossing off hoary old one-liners at each other while our knuckles scraped the floorboards as we sawed Courtney's boat, but that's hardly all that happens even in the most B of BOF zines. Jim's take on fannish tradition demonstrates that while 7th Fandom may have died long ago, its essence lives on.

Buz may call the 1961 Seattle

Wing

Irwin Hirsh finds a use for co-editors

I was talking to my former LARRIKN co-editor and Aussiecon 3 committee chair Perry Middlemiss the other day and he asked if I'd heard that he and Robyn Mills are in the process of turning Catherine into a Big Sister.

"Yes, we've heard. Catherine told us. Months ago."
"Catherine! Months ago?"

"Well, sort-of. When you were at the Worldcon we went out for dinner and at one stage Catherine said 'Mummy, are we allowed to tell them about *whisper, whisper*?' Robyn felt she couldn't not tell us."

As we chatted away Perry told me that Robyn is coping well and that due to her advanced child-rearing age (I'm not sure how old Robyn is, but it is more than a decade since she turned 28-and-a-half) they've had a whole bevy of tests. These have indicated that baby is okay and that it's a boy.

"Yeah, Wendy and I knew that each of ours were going to be boys," I told Perry, "But our knowledge was based on less scientific, but as reliable, means."
"What was that?"

"Each time we'd come up with lists of girls names we liked, but would struggle to find boys names we liked. It stood to reason that we wouldn't have a girl.

When Kieran was born we still hadn't found a middle name for him."

As it happens Kieran got his middle name -- Alexander -- in a most unfortunate way. He is named after Wendy's father, who died when Kieran was four days old.

"Well, we've already decided on his names," I was told.

I'm not privy to what those names are and I suspect Catherine is similarly disposed.

"Is Lawrence one of his names?" I asked.

"No. Why?"

"Just wondering. A day or two after we gave Kieran his middle name it occurred to me that it could be said that I'd named my son after **Sikander**. My joke at the time was that as Wendy and I had decided not to have more children I'd have to look elsewhere for my other fanzines not to miss out. Isn't that what co-editors are for?"

"I'm sorry Irwin, but that won't be happening."

But I don't know about that. We don't have to accept the parents' wishes on the matter. What gives them the right.

We're fans, after all. Why shouldn't we insist that fans name their children after fanzines?

We'll start when the new Middlemiss comes into the world. When you see a newszine announcement of the birth, drop Perry and Robyn a note: "Congrats on the birth of Larry...."

-- Irwin Hirsh

Worldcon the Season, but for me it'll always be Pucon. May I offer up the Auld Lang' Fund as an example of a special fund "largely free of the angst-ridden soul-searching that now accompanies almost every TAFF race?" I made a painless contribution to it and got a copy of *Pieces of Langford* in return. So far as I know, these are still available to anyone contributing \$10 or more to the fund.

In Arnie's column this time, the most telling line is "There's no right answer." It sums up fandom over the ages: there's never been complete, unanimous agreement about much of anything. That's how it is in a functioning anarchy, right? As Arnie puts it in a few paragraphs further on, "Friendship is a delicate balance between similarities and differences" -- substitute "fandom" for "friendship" and you have it.

Andy's review of **Skug No. 14** caused me to exhume it from the midst of my unread fanzine pile. It had looked good to me when I leafed through it upon first receipt, but it came at a busy time. As soon as I finish this LoC and read the last five zines in the November FAPA mailing, it's on to **Skug No. 14**.

Arnie: Ken and I are little more than volunteer helpers for Toner

2. Like Toner 1, the hosts are the Wilsons and the Springers. So speaking only as a fan... proximity to other cons doesn't distress me. With several cons scheduled for almost every weekend, it's overlap that counts. I'm hoping that holding Toner 2 and Ditto 12 on successive weekends will encourage fans to attend both.

THIS FANZINE
HAS BEEN PRODUCED
UNDER PROVISION
101.3 OF THE ANTI-
FLUGHEAD STATUTE
OF 1958



Gregg Calkins

You know, Ken Forman's family tree project could be worked into something really interesting and important...perhaps as relevant as numbered fandoms, and that's a concept that never was expected to have the impact it had.

LeeH and Quandry were definitely my most important seminal contact with fandom. I know I had some earlier contact via my letterhacking with *FFM/FN* and, I believe, *The Burroughs Bulletin*--ERB was my route to discovery of sf and fantasy--but none had the impact of Q. Walt Willis and Shelby Vick immediately follow LeeH in terms of effect upon my fannish life.

I had openly and purposefully declared that I wanted my own fanzine, **Oops!**, to be just like Q, and when I got Willis to let "The Harp That Once Or Twice" become an **Oops!** column, ShelVy easily talked me into putting out a special issue for WAW With The Crew In '52! and that caused me to make the trip to the Chicon, followed by another week in Florida with ShelVy, and there I was, up to my hips in fandom. I could come up with some other important names, I'm sure, and probably should, but these three spring immediately to mind without conscious effort. Act without think-

ing: do it now! And I did.

Arnie: How someone contacts fandom appears second to how they react to the content and sub-cultural contexts the encounter. I was a neffer before the Fanoclasts took me in and civilized me.

Steve Jeffrey

I really am getting a little irritated when people bandy around the phrase "How it Should Be Done" in connection with fanzines. Is there a manual somewhere, or something like Fanzines For Dummies that set out the 'right' ratio of sercon to fannish, the length of the lettercol, the number of staples?

I have four or five boxes of fanzines. The only thing that holds them all in common is that they are written for personal interest or response rather than commercial gain. Perhaps that's what rich means. I hope so. Otherwise if somebody proposes a 'rule' for fanac, I shall feel obliged to break it.

Dave Langford's Beta Test is

very astute. I could almost take it for the real thing. Mind you, this is the man who (with Chris Priest) programmed his computer to generate bestseller epic fantasy titles (and quite possibly, synopses, if not entire trilogies) like Lepermage of Elfspasm, and can do quite a creditable (if that's the right word) Stephen Donaldson pastiche.

I've got a tick here against the start of Harry Warner's loc, in which he ponders the lack of coverage in fanzines of the Worldcon. Did anybody go? Or was (is?) there really nothing to write about the Worldcons as far as fandom goes? I remember Attitude devoted a whole issue of letters and comment to the aftermath of Intersection, the 1995 British Worldcon (a.k.a. "The Scottish Convention").

As far as I can recall, the only thing I've seen of Bucconeer is the report and photo spread in Locus.

Arnie, if your family/small town metaphors are so open to misinterpretation, as you suggest in Bonds of Unity, don't you think

the metaphor (attractive and cuddly as it is) might be inadequate to the task, rather than risk fandom trying to work out which side of the city limits they might be in? The trouble with convenient metaphors is that you can come to like them more than the messier real thing.

Arnie: Apply that to Gallileo's sol-centric theory of the solar system. The existence of scoffer didn't necessarily mean that Gallileo had the wrong idea. The various metaphors we're discussing may be flawed, they may not be properly communicated and/or they may not have been properly understood.

Bill Breiding

Arnie is right: My brother Sutton clued me in to fandom, but all he did was point in the direction and say "you might find this to be cool."

Otherwise, it pretty much worked the other way around. I inspired Sutton by my own enthusiasms to start publishing.

Fanzine Log

Arnie monitors current fanzines

I'd like to get through the rest of '98's fanzines, so I'll save the preamble and get to the fanzines.

Pulsar #242, Debra Stansbury (PO Box 4602, Portland, OR 97208). 12 pages. A mirthless "humor" article about how to sing the blues heads a strangely "down" issue of the Portland clubzine.

Ansible #137, Dave Langford (94 London Rd., Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU, UK). 2 pages. Langford, home again, comments on the Aldiss autobiography and sundry other topics in this popular newszine.

Vanamonde #283-#287, John Hertz (236 S. Coronado St., #409, Los Angeles, CA 90057). 2 pages each. The weekly apa L fanzine continues to be an enjoyable melange of esoteric knowledge.

Opuntia #40.5, Dale Speirs (Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7). 16 pages. The fanzine published on the Installment Plan continues with a robust letter column led off by Robert Lichtman.

Opuntia #41, Dale Speirs (Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7). 16 pages. Musings on the history of apas and the future of fanzines stand out in a generally interesting issue of Canadian's foremost current regular fanzine.

Weberwoman's Wrevenge #52, Jean Weber (PO Box 640, Arlie Beach QLD 4802 Australia). 16 pages. A scattershot editorial dominates this mostly editor-written genzine. Her travels, move and main interests are well showcased.

The IF File, Vol 2, 1998, Ken Cheslin (29 Kestrel Rd., Halesowen, West Midlands, N63 2PH). 74 pages. Here's

another five-buck bonanza filled with vintage John Berry from *Oops!*, *Grue*, *Triode* and other sources. The ATom illos are a wonderful bonus.

Glamour #9, Alleen Forman (7215 Nordic Lights Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89119). 12 pages. Leaving her job as a black-jack dealer and subsequent personal happens fill the final issue of this always welcome personalzine.

Mira #2, Michael Abbott (102 William Smith Close, Cambridge CB1 3QF). 6 pages. How sweetly naive that his fantasy of Las Vegas Fandom incorpriates mentions of science fiction and -- horror of horrors! -- its discussion.

Skink #1, Andy Hooper and Victor Gonzalez. 12 pages. This Novacon oneshot has some good items, including Victor's discussion of electronic fandom and Andy's plan to make football the con sport.

Balloons Over Bristol #13, Christina Lake (12 Hatherley Rd., Bishopston, Bristol BS7 8QA), 30 pages. Christine says *crifanac* reports deaths and ailments with a "relentless jolly tones" and finds British fanzines unworthy of her Novacon vote. Such hostility. Tsk.

Flokta #11, Steve Davie & Alison Scott (42 Tower Hamets Rd., Walthamstow, London E17 4RH). 14 pages. This is the Corflu issue, finally reaching Vegas. Good-humored editorializing in an uneven format.

Flokta #12, Steve Davie & Alison Scott (42 Tower Hamets Rd., Walthamstow, London E17 4RH). 14 pages. Behind the *Cosmopolitan* parody covers lies an Easteron report, some paper dolls and lots of great Foster artwork.

Did I Say That Out Loud? #3, Debbi Kerrt (38 Bankfield Terrace, Burley, Leeds, UK LS4 2RE). 18 pages. This personalzine exhibits a sunnier side of the traditional Leeds fanzine virtues of forceful and vivid expression combined with considerable candor and revelatory introspection.

I'll cover a few stragglers next time. -- Arnie

which he did from about 1975 through 1985 on a pretty consistent basis (while I only published, aside from apazines, from 1974-1977).

My Mom also pubbed an ish of a perzine and married a Seattle fan, so the inspiration traveled back through me, I think. It was probably a foregone conclusion that after I saw my first fanzine that I would publish one myself, but if Donn Brazier hadn't been so generous with his time and contributions I may have gone in another direction.

Those were interesting DUFF platforms. Sort of continues to make a joke out of TAFF, doesn't it? Or as Ted would have it, The Transatlantic Hard-On. The Pacific is much more sexy.

I'm not a big supporter of any type of fan award. Publishing, get-

ting published and the feed back has always seemed enough. Be that as it may, the Rotsler Award is a cool idea and Steve Stiles a deserving first; Steve is richly multi-talented. That the Rotsler is an award of money makes it more important than the Hugo, and way more meaningful than a popularity vote.

Murray Moore

Ken, I missed my subway stop, on my way to see the movie *Permanent Midnight*, because I was reading Critical Froth in **cri-fanac 10**.

Permanent Midnight was well done. But while movies about addicts, as well as movies about characters who have a disability, tend to win awards for actors, movies about addicts are difficult to enjoy. The movie *Clay Pigeons*,

which I saw two evenings later, was much better, a noir western equally well acted but with a plot, too).

All this loose talk about the growing irrelevance of TAFF. 1) Who are the fans, on either side of the Atlantic, who the fans on the opposite side so desperately want to bring to their country? 2) Wouldn't nominating these fans for TAFF be simpler than starting a special fund?

Arnie: Fanzine Fandom, which provided much of the impetus for TAFF, is now a shrinking segment of the TAFF electorate. The possibility increases that candidates approved by the full current TAFF electorate might not coincide with the desires of Fanzine Fans who might otherwise fund a trip for someone they did want.

Final Visit

Rob Hansen bids farewell to Vincent Clarke

It started when Vince Clarke's daughter, Nicky, contacted me at work on that Friday afternoon -- a *highly* unusual thing for her to do -- and told me Vince had taken a turn for the worse. Apparently, the medication he was taking for the condition that started all this off in the first place was beginning to fail -- something Nicky had been warned would happen eventually. She was ringing to tell me that if I was planning to visit Vince I should do it sooner rather than later because it didn't look as if there was going to be a later.

I visited him in hospital the next day, around 6pm, and was shocked at the deterioration in his condition since my visit the previous Saturday with Bill Burns, who was over from the US for an auction of clocks at Christie's. Jonathan Cowie was already there when we arrived, and we all chatted with Vince for a while. He looked pretty much the same as he had when I'd last visited him at home five-six weeks earlier (my long absence the result of a heavy bronchial cough I didn't want to pass on), though he was clearly happier in hospital than he'd been alone at home, where he was living in a single room and plugged into a feeding machine for 16 hours out of every 24, a situation that had finally proved too much for him to deal with. At long last, he was drinking and eating real, albeit pulped, food and this seemed to have lifted his spirits a little.

Over the months, Vince had made a number of small gains and suffered at least an equal number of setbacks, but with him eating real food again at long last, I began to hope Vince might actually be on the road to recovery. One week later, and it was all too clear this wasn't going to happen. He was barely able to move, kept drifting in and out of consciousness, and I found it almost impossible to understand what he was trying to say to me. I held his hand for a while and talked to him about friends in fandom, but I'm not sure how much he heard or understood. It was pretty obvious he was dying, and a half hour into 29th November 1998 he slipped away. His son-in-law, Alan, was with him at the end.

Monday 7th December was a bitterly cold day here in London, and there was a heavy frost on the ground. Avedon and I travelled by train to Falconwood with Nigel Rowe and, inevitably, encountered enough problems that we wondered if we'd get to Eltham Crematorium on time, despite having allowed almost two hours to get there,

though fortunately we did, unlike some others who faced the same tribulations.

This wasn't our first visit to Eltham Crematorium. Seven years earlier, we'd made the same journey to pay our last respects to Arthur 'ATom' Thomson.

We said our goodbyes to Vince alongside Dave Langford, John & Eve Harvey, Jonathan Cowie, Greg Pickersgill, Catherine McAuley, Geri Sullivan, Jim Linwood, Bridget Wilkinson, Terry & Margaret Hill, Sandra Bond, Pat McMurray, Mark Plummer, Claire Briarley, Maureen Kincaid Speller and, of course, Vince's family -- most notably his daughter Nicky, son-in-law Alan, and their two young daughters. Transport difficulties caused Tony Chester to miss the actual ceremony and only have time to drop off a wreath from the North West Kent SF Group before having to head off for work, and also prevented Chuck & Sue Harris from getting there in time, too, though they joined us in the pub - aptly named The Jolly Fenman -- afterwards.

I liked the Humanist ceremony rather more than I did my father's Catholic funeral in 1996, but then I generally approve of rites of passage that are devoid of superstition, anyway, as did Vince.

Later, in the pub, we were able to relax and celebrate our memories of Vincent. I was particularly pleased that the turnout and the distance that some had travelled to be there - Nigel and Geri had flown in from the US especially for the funeral and were flying back the very next day - gave Nicky some idea of how highly Vince was regarded in our community.

His fannish achievements are well known, but perhaps less widely known is just how kind and considerate he was. Vince Clarke was a lovely man, a gentleman of the old school for whom nothing was too much trouble if it meant helping out a fellow fan. He was as likely to strike up a conversation with a total newcomer as with an old friend at a convention and, despite subsisting on a small pension, he regularly sent boxes of books to fans in Eastern Europe, spreading the word of SF and of fandom as he had for decades.

My own fanhistory project, **Then**, would have been impossible without his tireless research and access to his fanzine library, which almost certainly contained the best collection of pre-1960 UK fanzines in existence.

His loss to fandom is a great blow, but it's a greater blow still to those of us who knew and admired him.

Goodbye Vincent, my dear comrade. It was a privilege to have been your friend over the past 17 years.

-- Rob Hansen

Talking Out Loud

Arnie Katz speaks through a hole in his head

Absent Friends

Vincent Clarke? Never met him.

Starting in '64, Friday became Fan Night. That's when I starting going to Fanoclasts at Ted White's Brooklyn brownstone and FISTFA at McInerney and brown's Lower East Side apartment.

Despite heavily overlapping memberships, Fanoclasts and FISTFA turned out to be vastly different experiences for me. One of the things that made FISTFA special, made it worth the two-hour trek from Nassau County, was the after-meeting reading and bull sessions.

Mostly I listened to rich and Mike's tales of fandom's past, glorious and otherwise. We'd sit there for hours as I plowed through all the old fanzines they put in front of me. It was in the pages of those fanzines and the digressive footnotes to their stories, that I first became acquainted with Vin€ Clarke.

The more I learned about him, the more I admired him. I discovered that Vin€ was intelligent and witty, yet unassuming and modestly self-deprecating. When I read *Aporrheta*, I glimpsed my own darker side in Sandy Sanderson, but I saw a person I'd like to become in Vin€. His sheer, undiluted class shone through like a beacon every time I encountered him in fanzines.

When I asked rich about what had happened to this paragon of fannish virtue, words didn't come easily to my usually loquacious mentor. He handed me a copy of *Ex-Inchmery Fan Diary* that recounting the sad story of friendship, generosity and marital break-up.

"He'll never be back," rich said, after I'd read Vin€'s story. "He gafiated, and he'll never come back." I understood his meaning. Vin€ had poured his heart onto those pages, perhaps the most intense pieces of personal fannish journalism this side of Ah, Sweet Idiocy!. He'd slammed the door and was gone into the outer darkness.

Besides, no one came back. Fans called lying low for six month "gafia," folks returned to full activity after such periods. But when a fan was five years gone, as Vin€ was, the prognosis was dim.

So I started collecting Vin€ Clarke fanzines. I had quite a few issues of *i, Ape* and other Clarke creations by the time I gafiated in '77.

I sense a spinning void, and somewhere a glowing hyphen and sparkling innuendo. Fandom is the furthest thing from my mind... except that I never sell my fanzine collection. I keep it, in a big filing cabinet and some boxes of files and some of unsorted fanzines.

*There's also a top shelf of one bookshelf, first in our Brooklyn Heights living room and then in my Las Vegas home-office, crammed with fannish treasures, including my *Warhoon 28*, my run of *Ape*, the *Atom Anthology*, *With Knife, Fork and Speer Through Darkest Ireland* and other fannish gold.*

And sometimes when there's nobody around, I take down *A Sense of FAPA* or *The Enchanted Duplicator* or one of Vin€'s zines and read them. They still speak to me, but I am gafia, so I do not let myself hear too much.

Joyce and I rode the digital tiger of ideo and computer games into careers that eventually brought us to Las Vegas. That's where I got Mark Blackman's post card inviting me to participate in TAPS' 25th anniversary.

I apprenticed for six months with the Terreans, grappling with the now unfamiliar rudiments of fanac. TAPS had its moments, and I liked most of the members.

TAPS reminded me that there was something more. I re-read the classics and started working on my memoirs. I re-learned fanhistory and became reacquainted with the fanzines and their creators.

Folly, my first fanzine in 13 years, announced my return. I was older, rusty and maybe disoriented, but I had slipped the shackles of gafia. Houdini and his submerged milk can had nothing on me.

I heard from my fans in those dizzying days of '90 and '91. Linda Bushyager and Walt Willis provided mailing lists that expanded the *Folly* mailing list to include most of active fanzine fandom.

Somewhat to my shock, one of the first to write was Vin€ Clarke. It turned out that I was only Marc Wilson to Vin€'s Houdini (and Art Widner's Mr. Miracle). Vin€ had shrugged off gafia a few years after my exit and had done quite a bit to distinguish himself in fandom during my absence.

The most amazing/amusing part of Vin€'s letter detailed his encounter

with Joyce and my fanzines. He confided that he'd become quite a fan and collected runs of all our major fanzines. The only shadow on his enjoyment of our fanac, he wrote, was that everyone said we were gone he'd never see us in fandom again.

I wrote back to him immediately, telling him about my Vin€ Clarke collection. We became instant fan friends and corresponded regularly for the next eight years or so. He helped me acclimate to fandom, offered extremely helpful advice and wrote for my various fanzines. We were even working on a small project together when his heartening recovery reversed into a quick slide into the infinite.

Getting to know Vincent Clarke, one of the idols of my fannish youth, is one of my most cherished fan experiences. He was a fine fan and a fine man.

Vin€ meant a lot to me, as he did to most of the fans his life touched. It would be a better fandom if we were all a little more like him, though he is the kind of golden original who helps make fandom a special and unique place.

I sat in the chapel, surrounded by the rest of Las Vegrants. I thought about sweet brave Allison Stazenski, but I also thought of Burb and Rotsler, of SaM and Redd, of Ian Gunn. I thought about Vin€, who died two days afer Allison. I don't cry too often.

Vincent Clarke? Never met him.

-- Arnie Katz

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Catch & Release

Andy Hooper reels in another whopper

During a recent visit to that apartment above the pet store, a colleague of mine commented that he was slightly torqued at another reviewer for having characterized his fanzine as a "perzine." Since all issues of the fanzine in question had featured the work of at least one other writer besides him, I thought my friend had a point. But it made me think again of the mildly pejorative tone which fandom seems to apply to the word "perzine," which most all readers of this column will recognize as a fannish abbreviation for "personal fanzine". As I have written here in the past, people simply don't think of perzines as being as intrinsically impressive as a big genzine, or a newszine with a long letter column, which leaves some very good fanzines with far less attention than they deserve.

In fact, it seems clear that a perzine is a superior vehicle for introducing yourself to fandom than, say, a series of articles in other people's genzines. One can't help but feel a certain admiration for a person who has both the industry to get their fanzine published and the courage to fill it exclusively with their own opinions and experiences. And digesting 10,000 words on a variety of subjects all at once will have a greater impact on the reader than seeing that work in segments over a period of months. One can be beguiled into a new friendship by a perzine, or receive fair warning of a dangerous fugghead, both valuable functions for fandom.

In the wake of the fanzine storm that is Novacon, one of my favorite new acquisitions has been the third issue of **Did I Say That Out Loud? #3**, a perzine by Leeds fan Debbi Kerr. Debbi has some tenure in fandom, which is clear from her list of correspondents — and I've learned my lesson when it

comes to characterizing fans new to publishing their own zines as plain "new fans" — but I think this is her first self-published title. And though I am told her work has appeared in previous fanzines, having a nice 16-page chunk of her writing has made much more of an impression on me, and left me feeling as though I'd quite like to meet her.

Most of the fanzine is concerned with a recent trip to Ireland with Linda Krawecke, a hypnotic succession of airplanes, bus rides, historic structures, drink and the low-life of Belfast. Debbi understands that the people are always more interesting than the places when it comes to fannish travelogue, and has a fine instinct for supplying salient details without appearing to sink to gossip. At the same time, the fanzine is shot through with illustrations by D. West (including a hand-colored cover on my copy!), far more sardonic than anything Debbi offers herself, and this reinforces the general impression of cheer in her prose. This may be the happiest fanzine I've ever received from someone living in Leeds

There are also some letters on previous issues, featuring comment by Joseph Nicholas on the political implications of having such great legs (his own, of course), Linda Krawecke on happy memories of first sighting a pair of hairy testicles, and Jim Trash, Mike Glicksohn and Victor Gonzalez react to a previous piece about stripping. Apparently, the subject matter of the first two issues was a good deal more sensational than this, so I have even higher hopes for issues to come. Fandom is still a place where the ability to tell an entertaining story is a highly prized talent, so I warmly welcome Debbi Kerr to the fanzine fold, whether she's new here, just new to me, or E. B. Frohvet in a floor-length evening gown.

Fanzine Reviewed: **Did I Say That Out Loud #3**, edited by Debbi Kerr, 38 Bankfield Terrace, Burley, Leeds, LS4 2RE, UK. -- Andy Hooper

Continued from page 2

boxes that I assembled and mounted on a concrete plinth in my cellar I'd cast to take this specific unit about 10 years ago.

"The unit took all Vince's sorted fanzines, but the eight-nine boxes of unsorted zines are going to be a problem as I'm running out of space. (They're currently stacked up in the hallway and dining room). Obviously, I need to junk some other stuff from my cellar to make room for them (I don't foresee having time to sort them anytime soon). As it is, Pat McMurray

took away all Vince's con-related stuff (as agreed with Vince) and also all the BSFA stuff and his files of **SFC** and **Locus**, none of which I had room for.

"So, all the important and irreplaceable old stuff — which was in the sorted and filed section — has been saved.

I'll be making one final sweep of the place, which I figure will yield another box or two of fan stuff, in the next week or so. There are two Gestetners, an electro-stenciller, and a xerox machine also in the place, but I have nowhere to put them."

SFPA Elects Weisskopf

SFPA (Southern Fandom Press Alliance) has picked Toni Weisskopf as its new Official Editor. The Alabama-based fan, who was active in the '80's NY Fanoclasts, is a prolific SFPA contributor. Her **Yngvi Is a Louse**, which just had its 55th issue, is one of SFPA's top publications.

SFPA is a bimonthly apa that has served as a focus of Southern Fandom for over 35 years. While its constitution gives preferential admission to fans residing in the South, the roster shows there is significant participation by fans from other places.

Although the group is very lively and active, with mailings running to 300-400 pages, the membership list is three short of the group's limit of 27.

Those interested in trying SFPA can contact Toni Weisskopf at: PO Box 130162, Birmingham, AL 34213. Her e-mail address is: tweisskopf@mindspring.com.

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