

Now, because mutant pariahs travel in packs... this is **crifanac #3**, 6/29/98. The Fanzine of Newtonian Insurgentism. This (allegedly) absurdly frequent and lovably feisty fanzine is co-edited by the somewhat lovable Ken Forman (7215 Nordic Lights Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89119) and the sporadically feisty Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). **NewsSquint** Snoopers: Ben Wilson, Joyce Katz, Ted White, Vincent Clarke, Murray Moore, Eric Lindsay, George Flynn, Gaye Haldeman, Tom Springer.

Columnists (this issue): Joyce Worley Katz, Andy Hooper, Gregory Benford.

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.

You can send egoboo electronically: Wildheirs@aol.com.

We're still pretty militant about being a member of fwa, though we wonder who got elected past president. We've still with AFAL, but we're shaky. Now is when we fan.

Number 3,
June 29, 1998

crifanac



NewsSquint

What We Know, as soon as We Know It

Wally Gonser Dead

Long-time, and extremely well-liked, Seattle fan Wally Gonser died of congestive heart failure on June 1. A printer by trade, his wide-ranging interests made him popular in fanzines and at his periodic appearances at conventions.

Although not a prolific writer, his activities in the 50's and '60's made him well-known throughout fandom. He was primarily identified with the now-defunct Nameless Ones club in Seattle and with the heyday of **Cry of the Nameless**

The Cycle Be Unbroken

Joe and Gaye Haldeman have finished their ambitious cycling project. The pair, attended by the ever-resourceful Rusty Hevelin, just finished bicycling across the United States. The three-year trip, a journey of 3,170 miles, ended in San Diego in early May.

The Haldemans crossed the conti-

nent in a series of three runs. Despite injuries to Joe (broken collar bone) and Gaye (contusions and assorted dings from sailing over the handlebars), their tenacity and determination brought the project to a successful conclusion.

Haldemans, Hevelin Visit Vegas

"We're less than a day away," Gaye

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Haldeman told me (Arnie) when she called Saturday. That meant they weren't quite close enough to make that evening's Las Vegrants meeting, but we arranged to get the local fanzine fans together on Monday to renew acquaintances with the trio. Joe was Pro (ptull) Guest of Honor at Silvercon IV, and the two others had also attended the regional con.

The relatively impromptu party, held at Toner Hall on Monday, June 8th, drew quite a few of the Vegrants. Besides Joyce and me (Arnie), attendees included Ben and Cathi Wilson, Tom Springer, Bill Kunkel, Ron Pehr, Raven, Sue Williams and Ken. Dinner included a pair of vegetarian stirfry

Continued on next page...

Ditto 11 Announces Details

Newport Beach, RI, will be the site of the next Ditto, billed as "a fun, friendly fanzine convention." The 10th anniversary event will be hosted by George Flynn, Mark Olson, Priscilla Olson and Bob Webber. The flyer suggests that the committee will celebrate Ditto's first decade by making some changes.

Fanzine fans will gather at the Newport Harbor Hotel & Marina in the resort town of Newport Beach, RI. November 6-8, 1998. Room rate is \$79 a night for a single or double. No word on slip fees for the yachts.

An explanatory paragraph strikes a somewhat odd note: "Ditto is 'the other' fanzine convention with its own traditions, a friendly atmosphere and an orientation that includes other aspects of written communication and

amateur publications as well as traditional fanzines."

Promised for the program are: "What's Worth Reading?" "Criticism and How to Survive It," "Legal Rights and Pitfalls for the Self-Publisher," "What is Usenet and Why Is It Saying These Terrible Things about Me?" "How to Know When Your 15 Minutes Are Up" and "Finding Your Audience." Wow. What can we say? You'd think it would take two committees to be this pretentious.

Membership in Ditto 11 is \$30. You can buy a supporting membership for \$10, which includes any Ditto 11 publications.

You can contact Ditto 11 for more details at PO Box 1010 Framingham, MA 01701-1010. Send E-mail to: <http://world.std.com/~sbarsky/ditto/htm>.

NewsSquint

Continued from previous page

dishes cooked by Joyce, a cake baked by Cathi Wilson, some pizzas and KFC brought by Ron & Raven.

Joe discussed his cycling and science fiction, Rusty led a pleasant ramble down Memory Lane and Gaye and Arnie reminisced about when they were sweet young fans in the mid-'60's. Joe also revealed that this was the day he turned 55, so there may have been a chorus of "Happy Birthday" in there somewhere.

Hope Stars in Toronto

Hope Leibowitz Fandom was thrilled to see Herself in a color photograph on the front of the People section of the June 7th Toronto Star. Hope was high above Toronto, in the restaurant near the top of the CN Tower. (Side note to Harry Warner: She was not taking hostages or, indeed, brandishing any sort of potentially lethal weapon.)

Explains Canadian NewsSquint Snooper Murray Moore: "Hope is a Serial Diner. The Dinners, weekly, have been eating at a different restaurant, since 1989. They are proceeding alphabetically through the Restaurants listing in the Toronto Yellow Pages. Nine years on, the Dinners are halfway through the restaurants with names which begin with the letter C."

Murray then tries to sneak in an outrageously puffy plug for the Torcon 3 bid for the science fiction

worldcon. We don't talk about stuff like that here, even when we like everybody on the committee. If **crifanac** knew what year they want to bite this poisoned apple, we wouldn't mention that, either. Besides, **crifanac** doesn't say that many kissy things about anybody, even if they're true, not without a suitable bribe.

Irrelevancies like who's going to put on a science fiction con distract us from the important questions. What **crifanac** wants to know is: How many weeks of fine dining will it take to work through the local McDonalds?

His Whole...Foot??

It takes a hard person to sell long distance telephone service for NOS. And the chairs in which they sit are as hard as the sales people who sit in them for eight hours a day.

Tom Springer discovered the truth of this during the first week in June. That's when he decided to rouse a goldbricking member of his sales team by kicking his chair.

Tom sustained a hairline fracture of his right big toe. This required no splints or casts, but did involve a lot of painkilling medication.

If Tom doesn't get his column in for this issue, you'll know that the prescription has not yet run out.

Falls Church Fandom Parties

Fabulous Falls Church Fandom got together over the Memorial Day week-

end. Ted White offers this account: "Lynda White had her first social since moving to Anne St. On May 30th (original Memorial Day) she threw her annual Memorial Day Picnic & Barbecue. It started around 4:00 pm and lasted until after midnight.

"Attendees included such hermits as Terry Hughes, the Gillilands, rich brown, Colleen & Leonard Stockman, Alicia Brown, Frank Lunney, Kit White, Dan & Lynn Steffan & Co., Steve Smolian, Sally Avadekian (Avedon's sister), Steve & Elaine Stiles and a number of Lynda's non-fan friends and co-workers. She has a large back yard and it was filled with people.

"The food was good (as always) and the company also. This has proven over the past few years to be a popular event in Fabulous Falls Church Fandom, and it has survived the transition to Anne St. nicely. We're all looking forward to next year's."

Eric & Jean: Behind the CoA

There's a fannish story behind every CoA on page 10. This is one of those stories...

Along with his (and Jean Weber's) CoA, Eric Lindsay provided a lot of information about their moves and surrounding circumstances. "Jean moved to Airlie Beach in May. I will be driving her car up there starting around 19th July," Eric says. "It is about 2300 kilometres, and I'll be checking all the scenery."

He warns that his current e-mail address "will start bouncing e-mail

Continued on page 10

Happy Benford Chatter

Greg Benford is Living Large

I got a VIP invitation to the 30th anniversary of 2001 and went, startled to find the first person in the reception to be Tom Hanks. And there were the cast of the film, who shared a panel with satellite-present Arthur Clarke. They showed a virgin print of the film afterward, too, and it was truly stunning to see it afresh.

As a fan, it makes me wonder why it has never been approached. Remember, I hail from the era in your Fandom Scheme which still thought our function was to expand sf into the general culture. I guess I still want to.

With the longest opening without dialog in film history, plus the huge conceptual jump conveyed by that tossed bone turning into a spaceship, it is still a film buff's dream, a landmark. It influenced both spaceship designers and actors, and astronauts made jokes about glimpsed monoliths from the moon itself. The acrobatic grace of zero-g motion sometimes looks like underwater ballet, and in the famous scene of returning through an

airlock without a helmet, Kubrick shot it that way. His was the first film to free us of straight walls, flat floors and rectangular rigidities, the first to realize fully that weightlessness allows the symmetries of cylinder and sphere. Many since have copied that expressive freedom, necessity dictating form.

I've always been mystified that this didn't win us a newfound artistic level; always the optimistic fan, I guess. The Star Wars generation returned to mock dogfights of roaring fighter craft, as if afraid to face the realities of real space. 2001's adversary is the unknown, not mock-Nazis, and even HAL is murderous from a fundamental programming error we made ourselves.

This elevates the film to a perspective few know how to follow. Its spectacularly metaphorical finish, leaping from scrupulous science to hard-edged but metaphorical images, no one has bettered. Alas, in the booming, zooming space of current films, there is no role for the eerie, thoughtful silences of high vacuum.

Let's hope we don't have to wait another 30 years for a film that can compare with it.

Me, I'm currently working on a film, scripting and executive-producing. At least I'll give high standards a try...

-- Greg Benford

Talking Out Loud

Arnie Katz speaks through a hole in his head

Ayjay and Fanzine Fandom

My piece about the Internet last issue touched on the relationship between Fanzine Fandom and Mundane Amateur Journalism. I'm revisiting the subject in more depth this time.

I'd like to say it was because I've gotten hundreds of anonymous (but beautifully printed) raging notes warning me that anti-Ayjay sentiments will not be tolerated. "We'll remember people like you who crossed us in the past when we're in charge," the notes say when I read them in my mind.

If I'd actually gotten such letters, I could appear before you as a heroic Defender of Fandom instead of a self-indulgent *tumbler*, which is what I am. The result is the same either way: this installment of "Talking Out Loud" about Ayjay.

Mundane Amateur Journalism (Ayjay) and Fanzine Fandoms have things in common, but also differences. Societal factors are forging a new relationship between Fanzine Fandom and Ayjay. We need to understand that relationship to insure that we preserve our identity as Fanzine Fandom. (If you don't care about that identity, we still love you, but feel free to skip to the next piece.)

Ayjay is not our enemy. They are folks who share some, but not all, of our interests. A freight train is not a Yugo's enemy, either, but the car does better not to park on the tracks.

Love of the written word is part of what unites Ayjay and Fanzine Fandom. There's also the desire to communicate.

Fanzine Fandom, unlike Ayjay, is a subculture. This is the singular, crucial difference between the two groups. It is the foundation of all the other differences.

Fanwriting is created within the context of fandom. The purest fanwriting partakes most fully of fandom's subcultural context.

Ayjay doesn't have a comparable subcultural context. There is no frame of reference that uniquely and solely belongs to all ayjayers everywhere. Or rather, the frame of reference is virtually the same as the society at large.

Fanzine fandom is a unique development, because it is the only fan-

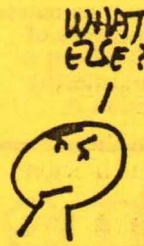
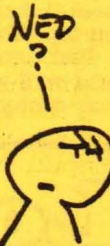
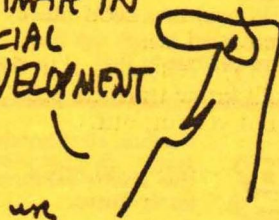
dom that has cast off the fetters of sercon. Many fandoms have fannish aspects, but they still center on a topic or area of interest.

We are the fandom with a concept — a complex mixture of personal expression and virtual community — at its center instead of a specific interest area. Comics fans never argue about what percentage of their zines should be devoted to comics. The answer would always be "about 100%," so there's no reason to have the discussion.

I realize that many fanzine fans have a sentimental attachment to science fiction and fantasy. This is wholly understandable, given the history of fanzine fandom and the individuals who participate in its activities.

Science fiction is definitely an interest most of us have in common. But how many current fanzines are 100% about science fiction? How many

FANDOM IS THE
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fanzines have more than 50% science fiction content?

Fanzine fandom no longer feels about science fiction the way electronic gaming fandom feels about video games or wrestling fandom does about the WWF. Our fanzines progressed from writing reviews, news and previews of SF to writing about the ideas in those stories to writing about any idea on the fanwriter's mind.

Fanzine fandom learned to write about itself during Sixth Fandom, and branched out to "jazz and sports cars" in Seventh Fandom, in the late '50's.

Fanzine fandom has even solved the prime paradox of fanwriting, at least to our own satisfaction. If the most important thing about fanzine fandom is its subcultural context, and if the best fanwriting is that which most embodies that unique context, then shouldn't all fanzines be 100% about fandom?

The answer has to be, "No!" Fannishness is like salt; a pinch gives

spice to the food, but a ton makes your individual cells explode killing you instantly. We didn't de-commission SF to set up another one-dimensional topic in its place.

Fanzine fandom transcends the prime paradox by treating Ayjay writing like fanwriting *if it's presented in a fanzine fan context*. My fanzine **Xtreme** is two-thirds articles totally devoid of fannish context. They have no reference to Fanzine Fandom nor even to its participants. Any literate person can understand them. They are fanzine articles, because they are written and published by a fan and sent to fans with the expectation of appropriately fannish response (letter of comment, contribution of art, trade fanzine). We define our own Ayjay material as fanwriting, because of our intent. We want to share it with our tribe, not declaim it to a vast, anonymous audience.

The prime paradox cuts both ways. If you don't use enough salt, the meal lacks flavor. There must be fanwriting as well as Ayjay writing in our fanzines or we become one large Ayjay-style apa instead of a subculture.

This wouldn't be important, except that Ayjay is booming. The Internet's websites, newsgroups and listservs are perfect for the practice of Ayjay. Hardcopy Ayjay lurks quietly in the shadows, but the electronic version already has up to a million participants.

From Fanzine

Fandom's perspective, Ayjay has been little more than a curiosity for the last half-century. The Internet has swept away the technological shackles and given people a way to express their enthusiasm for the Ayjay concept without getting bogged down with small printing presses.

We have already had defections, both complete and partial, from Fanzine Fandom to electronic Ayjay. That statement implies absolutely no hostility. Those who want to write amateur journalism, accessible writing for a large, indeterminate audience can and should do so.

Those who want to preserve Fanzine Fandom as a tribe, however, can't afford to let the electronic aspect of our group drift into Ayjay.

Fanzine fandom has never been about numbers. It has always championed quality over quantity. No one wants to abandon our mutation of Ayjay, but let's not abandon our fannishness in a misguided desire to "open up to a lot of people."

— Arnie

Timely Response

The Readers make themselves heard

rich brown

Reminds me that as I was sorting fanzines a few years back I came across a piece by Forry Ackerman "nominating" Burbee's coinage of the fan term "crifanac" as the best new fan word of the year.

I can't, naturally, recall which year that was meant to be... but the fact that it's Forry nominating Burbee should narrow it down a bit.

Arnie: What a wonderful factoid! Of course, Burb would also say that anyone who actually believes their fanac is critical is, to use another popular LA Insurgent term, a "fugghead."

Ken: Any chances you can find and photocopy that article?

Ted White

Thumbing through my copy of *crifanac* #1, I note that you're shooting for three-weekly publication. You dated #1 May 14th. That would make #2 due out on June 4th — almost a week ago. Can I hope this is crossing copies of #2 in the mails?

Well, I do hope so, because I'd like to see this smz establish itself as more than the sercon gleam in the eyes of you two. Since *APAK* folded (about a year ago) fandom has been suffering the absence of a frequent news &

views vehicle. It's time to reestablish the links.

I always found it annoying that Tom Reamy copped *Crifanac* as the first title for his pretentiously overblown crudzine. (Glossy paper and good printing do not a good fanzine make, at least not automatically and without good material.) The title belongs on a zine more like yours, and after nearly forty years of lying fallow I can't see its prior use being protested too vigorously by anyone. So take it and run with it.

There's not a lot in this issue which provokes comment (good thing this issue is FREE, eh?), although I will note that you (one of you) failed to close a parenthesis in the first paragraph of your *NewsSquint* (shouldn't that be "NewSquint" in this post-Ackerman era) item on me. Ahahaha.

But Ken's editorial is a solid piece and well-written, and sums up the way many of us probably feel. I'm not



and I'm flattered that you also recall it. Hmm, I wonder if Lenny was awake in the back seat?

Arnie: That's the ticket! We're not

unhappy with my family — what there is of it; I'm an only child — and I'm reasonably close to my less than half a dozen first-cousins (of whom I'm the oldest, and the first-divorced), all of whom I like. But my "real" family is within the community of fandom, where many friendships go back thirty, forty, almost fifty years, and within which I found three wives.

And it was a pleasure to add you, Ken, to that community of friends when you drove Lenny and me back to the airport that time.

Continuing to meet and make new friends in fandom is one of the best things about fandom for me. So keep on keepin' on, as they say.

And I hope you can develop this three-weekly dose of *CRIFANAC* into a regular habit.

Ken: Considering how few braincells we had operating, I'm surprised the either of us remembers that car ride, but I certainly do

Fanzine Log

Arnie monitors current fanzines

I love that annual box (with accompanying commentary) in *Trap Door*, the one *crifanac* reprinted last issue. You know, the one that shows the number of general circulation fanzine issues received for each of the last 10 years (with commentary).

That led to this department, which will record the general circulation fanzines we receive. In the ideal world, we'd have started this in January. But then, in an ideal world, someone else would be doing the work. So we'll have about a half-year log.

You know I'm not going to type all that dry data without sneaking in a comment, but Andy Hooper is our fanzine reviewer. If you want your fanzine covered, sending it to him is the only way to start the ball rolling. I'm just annotating a list. Andy's the only fanzine reviewer in the house. (This is metaphorical. He is not in my house, nor am I in his. Separate houses. Separate cities.)

Ansible #131, Dave Langford, (94 London Rd., Berkshire RG1 5AU UK.) 2 pages. Deft humor lifts this newszine well above the others that care who won what award at which science fiction convention.

Outworlds #69, Bill Bowers (4651 Glenway Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45238-4503). 84 pages. Eclectic with lots of short articles. Linda Michaels extends her range with a two-page strip about fan Hugos.

Zigzag #1, Jae Leslie Adams (621 Spruce St., Madison, WI 53215). 9 pages. A charmingly low key personalzine that recounts Jae's fannish life and times since her GOH speech at Corflu Madison sucked her into our cabal.

Squiggledy Hoy #3, Bridget Bradshaw (19 Wedgewood Rd.,

Hitchin, Hertfordshire SG4 0EX Great Britain.) 24 half-size pages. Bridget prepares for impending nuptials and CoA with this chatty solozine. Consider this an invitation to report on both for *crifanac*.

Stefantasy #122, W. Mildew Danner, (RD #1, Kennerdell, PA 16374.) 13 half-size pages. A recuperating Bill offers a 1930's memoir and reports his pacemaker operation. The letter column shows how effectively *Stef* straddles ayjay and fanzine fandom.

Gotterdammerung #11, Tommy Ferguson and Mark McCann, (40 Daramore Ave., Belfast BT7 3EE N. Ireland.) 28 half-size pages. The highlight of this eclectic genzine, for me, is Tommy's delving into the darkly complex and charismatic personalities of Hooper and Gonzalez.

Pulsar #237, Portland Science Fiction Society, (PO Box 4602, Portland, OR 97208.) A clubzine with book and movie reviews to go with the meeting notices and dues increase announcement.

Opuntia #38, Dale Speirs, (Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7.) 12 half-size pages. Most of this issue is devoted to the letter column and Dale's piece about the urban legend of a million stamps.

Hits, Cons and Errors, George Flynn, (PO Box 406069, Kendall Sq. Sta., Cambridge, MA 02142.) 6 pages. This letter-substitute recounts George's accident (hit by a car while walking to the bus), a con speech on "Editing 101" and miscellaneous tidbits.

Mimosa #22, Nikki and Dick Lynch, (PO Box 3120, Gaithersburg, MD 20885.) 52 pages. My favorites in this issue are Ron Bennett's piece on *Skyrack*, Greg Benford's look at Rotsler and Willis' memories of HL Gold and *Galaxy*.

DASFAX 30/6, Sourdough Jackson, (31 Rangeview Dr., Lakewood, CO 80215.) The Denver club's fanzine is very sercon, as many such publications are, but Sourdough Jackson demonstrates some editorial flair.

just gossip-mongers, we're redressing an error of fanhistory.

Steve Jeffery

Do you take your title from a contraction of 'critical-fanac' or Henry IV? Croydon (TM) fandom (and **Banana Wings**) would probably expand the latter as "Cri fanac, and let loose the dogs of Waaaaa!"

Has Walt written to you yet? Are you strutting like peacocks? And where do you stick those feathers?

Who's my fannish 'parent'? In fanzines, the dubious honour must I suppose go to Ken Cheslin, since it was a copy of his **A Child's Garden of Olaf**, picked up from a table at a 1990 Novacon that got me curious and prompted to respond.

Greg Pickersgill pointed us at our first convention, Mexican III; Maureen Kincaid Speller lured me into apas, and the BSFA. But really, when you try and work it out, there are just too many who helped and encouraged and prompted in those early days.

Rob Hansen

A small, zippy fanzine that has the potential to be a focal point, eh? Intriguing. Ghu knows we need one.

I'm as guilty as anyone in this regard, I freely confess, but with the increasing 'defection' of fanzine fans from print to the Internet - and I feel in my bones that that defection may be nearing some sort of critical mass - we may be about to see some sort of

fundamental paradigm shift occur.

It would be cool to see some sort of inventive integration of print and online fannish activity occur, something involving more than just putting a copy of new zines up on a website, but quite what this might look like I can't yet see. I think it's coming, though, and thinking and talking about may open up some possibilities.

Arnie: We're definitely losing some people to electronic ayjay, but there's also a growing awareness of what we lose if we give up fanzine fandom's specialness to merge into this larger and more diffuse interest group.

Guy Lillian

Hi Ken!

Arnie always gets mail from me so I thought I'd send my initial response to **crifanac #1** to you, which is delight at the initialization of such a worthy project, broad smiles at Arnie's editorial policies, and best wishes for luck with your own projects as announced in **Critical Froth**.

Arnie's note about Lilian Edwards' zine apparently dissing Rotsler and his mourners perplexes me, as my namesake doesn't choose to trade with me. Is there any chance I might borrow (or bum a xerox of) the offending piece? I'd like to respond in **Chall 8** - due after worldcon.

Ken: I'm not so sure I could pro-

with crass fan journalism.

Whatever the reason, Ken had no more news for **crifanac** than anyone else at the party. That added up to a grand total of zero news items. I added it up three times, but the result stayed the same. I was a wash-out as **crifanac's** top snooper.

Inwardly, I lamented the short career of Scoop Katz. In the days that followed, I waited for a sign that anyone cared about my plight. At first, it seemed that no one did. That made me even more miserable.

And then came the call from Tammy Funk. I could hear Tom woosily prompting her in the background as she told me of Tom's exploits leading to the hairline fracture in his foot.

Can you believe it? Springer realizes that the future of **crifanac** hangs in the balance and comes quickly to the aid of his beleaguered friend. At no small price to personal dignity and professional standing, Tom Springer gave himself up, kicked that employee and took one for the Vegrants.

What can I say about a man who would sacrifice his foot to help a friend's fledgling fanzine? It's inspirational.

-- Arnie

duce Ms Edwards' zine at this late date. It long ago fell victim to the whims of La Casa de Maelstrom (as I think of our home).

Basically she just didn't get why anyone would want to spend so much time and effort eulogizing someone who made all those little cartoons that just weren't funny. I thought about responding to her myself, but wiser heads persuaded me that my time would be better spent doing more positive fanac - hence **crifanac**.

Joseph Nicholas

Many thanks for **crifanac 1**. This will, I realize, sound like a pretty dumb question, but what is "crifanac?" "Fanac," I know, is an abbreviation for "fan activity" - but "crifanac?" Your enlightenment of this nagging conundrum would be welcome...

Incidentally either you or Arnie have misspelled Maureen Speller's middle name - it's not Kinkaid, but Kincaid.

Dale Speirs

Received **crifanac #1** and herewith let loose the locs of war. No, wait, that was Shakespeare. It will be interesting to see if you keep to a triweekly schedule. It seems the problem with that frequency, Kenneth, (sorry, couldn't resist) has an awkward cycle for response times.

A monthly allows for a more even response time. Even then, I get complaints from **Opuntia** readers that they barely have time to respond to it before another issue drops through the mail slot four weeks later.

Ken's thoughts about family made me think about my family re-unions. We have dozens at our turnouts, the Speirs' having bred like rabbits, but as against that, our get-togethers are rare, seldom more than once a year or so. Distance is the problem; you can't fly between rural towns in the Canadian prairies, and who can afford the time to travel 1500 km to frequent reunions.

Fandom, on the other hand, is disconnected in Canada, seldom traveling between cities, and usually only forming short-lived clans within a given municipality. All of my fannish connections reside outside Calgary, 95% outside the prairies, 80% outside Canada. My fannish family, I suppose, uses fanzines in lieu of Christmas cards.

The fannish tree of how we connected to fandom seemed like an easy idea to me until I tried to remember how I became aware of fandom in Calgary and from there to the wider world outside. I cannot for the life of me think how I did it. Reading SF, yes; that was courtesy of the Library of Red Deer, Alberta, who, back in the rural 1960s where I originated, stocked Asimov, Clarke, Heinlein, Le Engle, and the rest of the usual suspects.

But fandom, I didn't get into until

TOL Annex

Arnie takes care of his friend

What a Friend We Have in Springer!

Many wonderful friends have graced my life. Much can be said in praise of any of them, but I must single out one. For it is Tom Springer who risked life (figuratively) and limb (literally) on my behalf.

Tears well up in my eyes, even the bad one, when I think of it. If there are tearstains on your copy of **crifanac**... well, you'll know why once you read this. (Ah, you knew there's a catch, didn't you?)

"News, news, we've got to have fanews," I said, approximately. I didn't actually run two words together to produce "fanews," and it's possible that I phrased it more cleverly. Maybe not. In any case, I made my need for newsnewsnews plain to all of the Vegrants at the party for Joe and Gaye Haldeman and Rusty Hevelin on Monday, June 8th.

Ken ignored my pleas. I think he considers himself above the squalid scramble for news of fanzine fandom. Perhaps he feels that a future TAFF candidate shouldn't sully himself

the middle 1980s when I was in my thirties. I see by my bibliography that I began letterhacking in 1986, firstly to NOVOID, BSFAZINE, and NEOLOGY, then later others such as FOSFAX, picked up through the trades listings. I think it must have been that I saw an announcement for ConVersion, Calgary's gencon, at a local bookstore, went to it, picked up some zines at the freebie table, responded, and went from letterhack to publisher in 1991.

I have never been involved with the many local clubs and concons that have flared briefly across the Calgary skyline, as I get enough of that in my participation in the Calgary Aquarium Society and Calgary Philatelic Society.

Ken: You're not the only one having trouble pinpointing their fannish heritage. I expected something like that. Some of the branches will originate with certain prozines. Reading SF is certainly how most of us started. Still, that only makes you an SF fan, not a fanzine fan.'

That's what I'm trying to discover. Where do your fannish roots lie? For instance, how did you first receive **Novoid**, **BSFAzine** and **Neology**, so you could become a letterhack? And which was the first?

Steve Green

Crifanac is certainly shaping up, though a few tweaks occur to me which you might consider. Carrying addresses for contributors and correspondents is one: I've "met" quite a few fans over the years, just by noting their address and sending them a copy of my current fanzine. Also, a checklist of recent fanzines (just the title and contact details, maybe, rather than going down the **Apak** route) can be invaluable, both for present-day readers and future fanhistorians.

On the topic of fannish "parents," the blame for my involvement with sf fandom can largely be lain at the feet of Brum Group veterans Peter Weston and Roger Peyton, with Bob Shaw acting as midwife. Bet Pete and Rog are kept awake at night from the sheer guilt.

Ref.: MISCon, I wouldn't put it past Tony and Martin to aim for February, 1999, given that Martin will have had an entire three months to recover from chairing Novacon 28 and Tony has all this spare time now he's evicted the *Critical Wave* photocopier and doesn't spend his afternoons waiting for the engineer to arrive.

Arnie: Andy Hooper will review one fanzine in moderate depth per issue in "Catch & Release." I'll be doing the fanzine log. I can't resist making comments, but I'm planning to keep them 25 words or less.

Irwin Hirsh

Thanks for **crifanac** 1 & 2. It is always nice to get a new fanzine, especially one which shows signs of

ensuring that the personnel at the local Post Office have a reason to wander past my home on a regular and frequent basis.

In asking me to tell you "About the fanzine that's almost ready to distribute, visits from out of town BNFs and that new litter of kittens" you drive a hard bargain. Both Wendy and I are allergic to cats so our home is a cat free zone, I haven't pubbed a ish for nine years and won't be in the foreseeable future, and if any BNFs (or even SNFs) have been visiting Melbourne no one has told me about it.

On the other hand I have been fanning my ac in other ways. At this very moment I'm involved in writing a letter to the editors of **crifanac**. I've also been putting in some energy to writing further chapters of my GUFF Trip Report. The most recent bit has just been published in Jean Weber's **WeberWoman's Wrevenge**. When discussing details with Jean she mentioned that she'll be putting her fanzines on the Web, and would I like to have the other chapters from my Report also put on the Web. As it happened (inspired in equal measure by some fanfund research Perry Middlemiss and I two or three years ago and recent visits to the fanfund websites maintained by Dave Langford and Rozanne Smith-Graham) I'd been having similar thoughts but had no idea of how to go about it all. Jean's question to me was the answer to my problems.

Therefore I'm happy to say that Jean and I are going to get up a website to archive DUFF, FFANZ, and GUFF. We are looking at putting up trip reports, administrators reports, past ballots, write-up of winners (from convention booklets), brief bits published in newszines saying "I'm back and the trip was fantastic....", etc. My

job is to find out what's there to be archived, get permissions, and make sure things get typed up; Jean's job is to covert files to HTML, maintain the site and the links to related sites. I trust the webring fanmaster thinks of us.

At the moment Jean has files containing the various chapters from my (no-way complete) trip report. But given that she and Eric Lindsay have just moved from Sydney to mid-Queensland, it'll be a while till she uploads them onto the Web. In the meantime I'm going to be writing to people to get their permission to reprint (is that the correct word?) their fanfundery. However if any past DUFF, FFANZ, and GUFF winners and/or administrators reading this want to jump the gun, please drop me a note. If you have anything on an ASCII file, a copy would be appreciated.

The only point of policy difference Jean and I have is the idea of putting on the web completed reports which are still in-print. I think we shouldn't as it could limit sales of the reports and therefore fundraising for the Funds, while Jean thinks that those who want their own copy would still purchase a copy anyway. I'd appreciate comments on this issue.

Ken's question regarding who was responsible in bringing me into fanzine fandom is difficult to answer. Through Andrew Brown I was introduced to fandom and ANZAPA, while it was primarily John Foyster who suggested the world beyond the apa membership. However what made me part of the fanzine fandom is some of the better fanzines I was getting: Bruce Gillespie's SF Commentary (which I'd first picked up at Merv Binn's Space Age Books and had taken out a subscription without connecting that it was a fanzine), Terry

Fan Dance

Joyce Katz raises the curtain

When Arnie and Ken asked me if I'd do a column for **crifanac**, my inclination was to decline. But then Arnie threw out the hooker (I'd been trying to get rid of that broad for some time) and used the word 'en-smalled' so I took the bait.

I could see the image of Brenda Starr, or at least Murphy Brown, in his eyes as he imagined me sleuthing through fandom's trash, uncovering the mysteries of the past, delving into the promise of the future.

I bought him a new pair of sunglasses, and agreed to Fan Dance, promising only a few feathers of opinion, my bumps and grinds to fandom's rhythm.

Ken raised the question of fances-

tors recently, imagining a great family tree to show how each of us found fandom. I suspect that if such a tree were put together, the trunk would be the prozine letter columns. But surely Shelby Vick would own a big branch.

Ray "Duggie" Fisher and Max Keasler introduced me to fandom in the mid-50s. It was Duggie who brought in Max, so he was the root of Poplar Bluff's fandom. But Shelby was behind it. Duggie read the letter cols, sent away for a couple of zines, and decided to publish **Odd #1**. It was cruddy, and he got no response. Just as he was about to give it up, he received a note and a sticky dime from ShelVy. That's why he stayed, and what inspired him to keep publishing.

So I claim ShelVy as my fannish father. My guess is, a number of the rest of us also have him to thank.

-- Joyce Katz

Hughes' **Mota**, John Bangsund's fanzines (which I was getting as part of my ANZAPA membership), and the best ever single issue of an Australian fanzine published by someone not named Gillespie or Bangsund: Leigh Edmonds and Valma Brown's **Rataplan** 19/20. Each of these fanzines showed me something of the variety and interest and reward to be found in participating in fanzines.

The item in issue 1 about Robert Lichtman planning a volume reprinting Willis's *Nebula* columns prompts me to wonder what special publications are currently in-print and how do people go about purchasing copies. I'm sure there are Fanthologies and Best of/Incompletes and the like out there, waiting for me to purchase a copy, only I don't know about them. Perhaps **crifanac** can run a regular feature of what's around?

Arnie: **Crifanac** definitely wants to get out the word about any special publication, anthologies and compilation that may be available. Let us know what you have, and we'll tell the rest of the tribe.

Claire Brialey

As soon as the second issue of **crifanac** leapt out of the envelope and fluttered its eyelashes endearingly at me, I started planning on writing purely to grovel about not having responded to issue 1 yet. Then I saw the impressive-as-ever response from Maureen Kincaid Speller (three names, in that order: count 'em and check again in case she's changed any in the meantime) and that you'd elicited a response from Mark as well, and thought that I really shouldn't let this side down. And then I came across your snippet from Steve Green (which he assures us was heavily paraphrased), lurking on the back page.

Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer decided that **MiScon**, the British fanzine/fandom convention, should skip '99," you report. Not only that, but we viciously threatened every other fan in Britain that they weren't to even think about running something else instead, because we just wanted to spoil their fun. They do everything we tell them, you know.

I gather Mark's already written to explain the amazing depth of our influence on the British con-running scene, so I won't elaborate too much (you know, just in case our stories don't match). Much though we both support the idea of small fannish and fanzine-related relaxacons, and thoroughly enjoy participating in them—we don't think we've got anything new or exciting to offer at the moment. Part of the fun of this sort of thing is always the spontaneity, the original ideas, and the enthusiasm which an inspired committee can put into it; we've just run an Eastercon and aren't really up to properly organised spontaneity. So, despite the obvious attractions of using the name

Misbegotten (bastard child of the **MiScons**), we thought it better to let British fandom down by not running a relaxacon next year than to let them down by running something that didn't really cut the mustard. Especially since there seems to be no shortage of other British fans making enthusiastic noises about running small fannish cons next year, any or all of which we look forward to attending.

One of the other things I should have responded to before is Ken's article about fannish families which has already generated such a lot of comment. I don't think I have 'parents' in fandom either, for what's it worth (although my real father could have been a fan).

I'd cite **Attitude** as a particular influence on my participation in fanzine fandom, and certainly being involved with **Intersection** (the 1995 **Worldcon**, for those whose memories have mercifully clouded) both made me feel more involved with fandom as a whole and provided a significant number of reasons to gravitate further towards fanzines once it was over.

It was during **Intersection** that I decided I wanted to do a fanzine, at a point when I also realised I'd worked out a lot of what I felt about fandom in general; the revelation caused me to declare that I had finally laid the ghost of Greg Pickersgill, which in turn caused Mark to collapse on a trolley laughing (and, I think, trying to banish the mental image).

I consider myself quite fortunate not to have had a great deal of exposure to older fanzines until after I became more actively involved, since I suspect they would have inspired me rather less than they intimidated me into believing that if I couldn't produce something like that I probably shouldn't even try... In any case, there are too many good fanwriters to cite influences that way.

More general influences on my various activities in fandom have been Maureen Speller and Paul Kincaid, Greg Pickersgill (ghost notwithstanding), and, enduringly and inevitably, Mark himself. But no one in particular is to blame for me...

This time around, Ken set off on whence, whither and why fan history, to which I can add nothing other than the thought that, in several respects, it's why we're here, innit? It's part of the context.

Besides, I like old fanzines; well, OK, I like the good ones, and to be honest there are a considerable number which don't qualify. But I find that older fanzines can provide some truly impressive examples of good fanwriting as well as a fascinating sense of what it used to be like to be an sf fan. I appreciate the opportunity to be a part of that.

I can only admire Arnie's attempt this time to pin down different groups in fandom ("courageous", we'd call that in the British Civil Service); it seems plausible and reasonable from

where I'm standing but I have no idea how it strikes someone outside the bit that calls itself fanzine fandom. I might have suspected that the bits outside fanzine fandom didn't much care except that there do seem to be flurries of people from time to time feeling excluded from particular groups in fandom—not even groups that they'd want to be a part of, or anything—rather than feeling included in fandom as a whole.

Perhaps these non-concentric circles of Arnie's are more tangible than we suspect, and it's sometimes easier to see the one in front of you than the one around you; by the time you're in a group as compact and bijou as fanzine fandom, it's hard to subdivide much further and there aren't really any barriers left.

I think that British fandom is more like a Venn diagram than ever-decreasing circles, since a lot of us fall into a number of categories at once; I assume it's effectively the same in the US, and that mapping other categories of diminishing size into All Known Fandom (be it groups as apparently diverse as conrunners, costumers, filkers, gamers, Philip K Dick fans, *Babylon 5* fans, or people who attend conventions for the purposes of interfering with sheep) would lead to some interesting intersections between the smaller rings.

Arnie: To prove again that everyone reacts individually, old fanzines provided a lot of inspiration for me as a young publisher. The genzines of the Boondoggle period offered little worthy of emulation. Old fanzines filled the gap.

Eric Lindsay

One thing I forgot to mention, but **crifanac** #2 reminded me, is that I also got the eye operation Aileen had. Namely the "flap 'n zap" laser surgery (which Jean had about a year ago).

Results have been great! Walked in at 1 p.m. unable to see the doorway of a room without glasses (I had a -5.5 correction in both eyes). Bit uncomfortable overnight, but not terribly so. At 8:15 the next morning they told me I was legal to drive without glasses (which I admit isn't the same as good eyesight).

Things have improved greatly ever since, and I need glasses now only for reading in dim light (I wasn't given to expect I'd avoid reading glasses, due to my age, but I can read most print in good light). I think the whole thing was great (except for the cost).

Art Credits

Bill Rotsler 1, 3, 10

Lee Hoffman 4

Critical Froth

Ken Forman has been tripping

A couple weeks ago, my wife, local fan Su Williams and I took a cruise to Alaska aboard the Dawn Princess of Princess Cruise Lines. Anything two (or three) fans do together is fanatic, says rich brown, so here's part one of my account of the journey.

A Cheechako in Alyeska

"Check this out! I can't believe this offer." I sat down at the coffee table with Su Williams and Aileen; our lattes (theirs decaff, no-fat...mine full-caff, full-fat) steaming merrily. Their cautious looks bespoke pages, but the only page I needed to read was the introduction: "How much was this going to cost?"

But I was ready. Brandishing the envelope, I showed them the brochure. "An Alaskan cruise up the inside passage for half price." I looked deeply into my wife's eyes, "Wanna go?"

A little research and much discussion later, we decided to go. And since a third person could go for free, the price was right.

The ship set sail (okay, so it didn't really have any sails, but that's what it's called) early, not long after we embarked. Peter, our Cruise Director (his British accent insisted that it be pronounced 'Peetaah') announced that — keeping with tradition — a countdown was required. Vancouver's gray sky (and the fact that everyone onboard had just traveled many many hours that morning to get there) cast a dullness over what should have otherwise been a festive event.

Listlessly we all counted (except for Su, whose voice chose not to join us), "...Three...Two...One...Hurrah."

Immediately the air filled with the theme from TV's Love Boat. I'd forgotten that Princess Cruise Lines hosted the show and used it to promote their business. "The Love Boat, exciting and new. Come aboard, we're expecting you. The Love Boat..." wafted through the air as we slowly...slowly...slowly pulled away from the dock.

"Look down there," Su said, pointing from our perch on the top deck. "What's that lady doing?"

We watched as a cab pulled up to the dock, delivered a woman with a carry-on bag, and pulled away. Since the ship was about ten feet away from its mooring, I didn't expect it to stop for her.

I was right. We watched as she walked alongside the ship, looking longingly up at the other passengers. Curiously enough, she walked faster that we were moving, but there was no way she could get onboard. We

never did find out if she made it.

The beginning of the cruise didn't offer much in the way of scenery or events. This gave us a chance to explore a ship big enough to hold a small Westercon (now there's a thought). With 14 decks and multiple passageways and stairs, we certainly weren't bored. Around every corner we found a bar, or restaurant, or some kind of diversion offered to the passengers to 'make the cruise pleasant.' We were especially amused by the casino. "How quaint," went through my mind every time we passed it.

The Inside Passage to Alaska is unlike any other waterway in the world. Logically I knew we cruised the Pacific, albeit the far eastern edge. Unfortunately, it didn't look anything like an ocean; the surface remained still and flat, shore drifted by on either side, and except for the ever-present seagulls, the main avian wildlife was ravens and crows.

It felt like we sailed a huge, narrow lake with forested shores. The feeling wasn't unpleasant, on the contrary, the smoothness of the ride made it easier to scan the nearby shore with binoculars. It just felt odd, disconcerting, unexpected.

That night, at dinner, we met our table companions. Su's voice chose to continue it's absence, so we weren't sure what to expect. We arrived last at the table and five pairs of eyes greeted us expectantly. The first couple looked exactly like Thurstan Howell the Third (from *Gilligan's Island*), and Jessica Tandy (from *Driving Miss Datsy*).

Suppressing any comments, I introduced myself, my wife Aileen and explained that Su was our traveling companion. I further explained that Su's voice would not be joining us tonight, and that we were skeptical that it would return at all during the trip. "Just think of her as a woman of mystery," I offered. "Think of her as a foreign spy or some other exotic profession."

Su immediately put both fists to her forehead and extended her first fingers like horns. "What? You're some kind of devil?" Aileen asked. Su's head shook vigorously, and the charades game was on.

"You're a cowboy?" Thurston Howell the Third suggested. Again, a head shake no.

"You're horny?" I asked. No.

By this time, Su tired of the game and mouthed matador. Well, it's exotic.

The other three people at the table provided more mystery than Su's silence. The husband, perhaps in his early 50's rose and shook my hand. He introduced his wife (twenty years his junior) and his mother. After some chatting we discovered that they, too were from Las Vegas. He drove a tour bus (sometimes to Hoover Dam) and she was a change girl at New York, New York. At least they used to do those jobs. It appears they both retired recently and took this cruise to celebrate their third anniversary.

Curiously enough, they'd been aboard for nearly a month, having embarked in San Juan, Puerto Rico, sailed around the Caribbean, through the Panama Canal, up the Mexican-California coast, and on to Alaska. All throughout the trip, Aileen and I kept puzzling over their unusual situation. Neither change girls nor bus drivers make fantastic wages, and the cost of such a cruise, for three, could be astronomical.

The mystery continued to grow because this first meeting was almost the last. We didn't see them at dinner again until five days later. And that was it.

We ran down a list of possibilities from a large inheritance to successful embezzlement. Then Aileen remembered that a recent Megabucks (a very large statewide, progressive jackpot usually over \$8,000,000) winner was a change girl at the New York, New York Casino. They didn't seem bright enough pull off a big heist, and mom was much too happy to have just lost a husband, so I had to accept that explanation.

The second day at sea, we passed Alert Bay. The town and bay didn't seem to be very alert, looking much like a sleepy little burg on the shore of a quiet lake. We knew we passed Alert Bay not because it seemed particularly alert. Rather, our ship-board "Cultural Expert" made an announcement over the intercom.

She spoke verrrry slowly, carefully enunciating every word. It took a while, but over the next 45 minutes (as we slid past the bay) we learned that the natives of the area carved totem poles, including the world's tallest at 275 feet. Until recently it was the second tallest, but a taller pole in Vancouver was cut down when city officials decided it posed a danger to low flying aircraft.

We also learned that tomorrow would be our first stop: Ketchikan, the "Rain Capitol of North America." With 175 inches of rain annually, we

expected to get wet.

The next morning we awoke in the dark. Our inside stateroom (no windows or portholes) offered no clues for appropriate dress, but since we expected rain, we dressed accordingly. Once outside, we felt vindicated by the overcast sky. Su and I left Aileen to her shopping, and set off on a rainforest hike. A bus drove us along the edge of the city (actually, almost all cities in Southeast Alaska are only "the edge of the city" since flat ground is at a premium, and everyone builds right at the shore), past a now closed paper pulping plant. The bus driver, trying to play the part of tour guide, started grousing about how the government had limited the local timber industry to just 10% of the forest. It seems that with restricted resources, the pulp mill closed.

The driver couldn't understand why the industry couldn't remove more of the forest, and Su mumbled something about removing more than 10% of the driver's body to see how he liked it. Eventually we got to a small suburban (if you can call anything in the forests of Southeastern Alaskan 'suburban') fishing community.

"Look, look, look." Su whispered excitedly in my ear. A big black bird swooped a few feet over our heads, and with outstretched wings, glided to a perch atop a nearby tree. It's white head immediately identified it as an American Bald Eagle. (A bird that deserves to have its name capitalized.)

We soon realized that there were five or six others seated along the tops of the row of trees along the shore. Large eagles perched on top of tall trees resemble old, wizened men, patiently waiting for something interesting to happen; their arms clasped behind their backs, their heads cocked slightly to the side.

We transferred to a zodiac (read: inflatable powerboat that seats 20 — made popular by Jacques Cousteau), bundled against impending wind chill and zoomed out across the bay.

Living in Las Vegas, one doesn't fully appreciate the concept of wind chill. Sure, I've felt what it's like zipping down the freeway in the middle of winter, on my motorcycle, wind blowing past my arms and legs, and knowing that in just 48 more seconds, my skin will start peeling due to frostbite. Nevertheless, it just doesn't compare to skittering across an Alaskan bay at 50 MPH with salt spray blowing against your face. Definitely bracing.

After going around a couple islands, and through a few inlets, we reached a secluded bay, dotted with many

small islands, none larger than 60 or so feet, but all with tall trees and dense undergrowth.

"Look over there!" the pilot shouted above the roar of the motors. He throttled back, quite suddenly, and brought the boat around to show us — something — swimming in the water. Smaller than a beaver, but larger than a mouse, we couldn't tell what we shared the waterway with. It veered to avoid us, we maneuvered for a closer look.

It veered, we maneuvered. Obviously the critter wasn't about to cooperate with a bunch of greenhorn, touristy types from the lower forty-eight.

"Otter...no martin," announced the skipper.

"I think it's a fisher," I explained to Su "Look at the pointed nose."

"Mink," said Su, with enough confidence that all within earshot agreed. That decided it, whether it was otter, martin, fisher, beaver, or some weird mutated furry mini-dolphin, we would all tell our families we saw a mink swimming across the bay. Shortly enough, we grew tired of annoying the poor fellow, and allowed it to continue on its minky way. Besides, we had other things to see.

One of the small islands had a *very* large eagle's nest, with a sitting pair of eagles. Both sexes take turns incubating the eggs. (All comments about equal rights will kindly be addressed to the eagles.) The nest easily measured eight feet across and probably weighed several hundred pounds. All in all, it looked like an appropriate place to raise their young.

When we finally reached the island for our nature hike, we felt as if we'd already experienced 'nature,' but not so.

The hike wound through some of the densest trees I'd ever had the

pleasure of walking through. Because of the excessive rain and poor soil conditions, the ground remained much too soggy with undergrowth and mud to walk upon, consequently the trail had been elevated just a few feet above the forest floor. A boardwalk about eighteen inches wide meandered through the trees and over the crest above us. I kept waiting for wood sprites or water nymphs to leap out at us from behind every tree.

One particularly long expanse of boardwalk across a several feet deep ravine looked like it should harbor a troll. While no unearthly creatures made themselves known to us, the reality of it all was sufficiently exotic. At one stop, the guide reached down and picked up a short, fat snake-like thing. Its green and off-yellow camouflaged skin looked leathery and moist. "This is a banana slug," our guide told us, putting the eight inch slug back down. "Don't step on one, they're kind of messy."

We also saw a delicate, but wild lady's slipper orchid which the native Indians eat to enhance breast size. Don't ask me how, I'm just reporting what I learned.

Strange and unusual mosses and fungus intermingled with more common and obvious kinds. Sphagnum moss (used in WWII as a wound dressing because of its absorption ability and its natural iodine) covered most of the ground, but sometimes we'd find step moss, frog's pelt, old man's beard, and bear bread. Truly the stuff of (a naturalist's) dreams. The trip back included snacks of smoked salmon and crackers, time for skipping perfectly shaped rocks across still water and a look at tidal pool critters like starfish and urchins.

Back in Ketchikan, we joined up with Aileen and went shopping through some of the small stores that line streets around the harbor. One of the avenues, Creek Street — so named because it's actually built on pilings over one of the many streams that flow from the mountains, was famous for its rows of brothels and readily available sex for anyone with a little gold.

"Where the men and the salmon go to spawn," proclaims a sign over the entrance to the area. We didn't see any men spawning, but we did see salmon migrating up the creek below the street. We also saw small, silver dollar sized, jellyfish swimming against the current. Alaska has a strange mix of wildlife.

-- Ken Forman

Juneau what's next?
Part Two

NewsSquint Needs Snoopers

Got news?
Please write
with details...

Mail: See colophon

E-mail: Wildheirs@aol.com

Fax: 702-648-5365

Phone: 702-648-5677

Catch & Release

Andy Hooper fishes for Fanzines

Another frequent fanzine, another fanzine review column. To start out, it seems instructive to find a title which exemplifies some of the things which I find most admirable in a fanzine. Happily, one of my favorites has just made it's more-or-less annual appearance. **Trap Door #18**, edited as ever by Robert Lichtman, has the curious and paradoxical property of inspiring confidence in the future survival of fandom, while consisting largely of obituaries and memorials for various departed fan. Robert himself is an inspiration in this regard, someone who has found a way to integrate fandom into the various stages of his life. While it's natural to feel saddened by the passage of all the fannish luminaries covered in **TD #18**, I think we only hope to have such appreciative and loving things written about us when we go.

Bill Rotsler rightly comes in for the most attention here, with tributes from Marta Randall, John Hertz, F.M. Busby, and several others. The healthy application of Rotsler's art throughout the issue is a testament to how his presence will endure in fandom. Carol Carr's account of a struggle to bring Bill matzoh ball soup during his illness was both touching and funny. There's a nice letter from Rotsler himself to Burbee's grand-daughter which leads neatly into a piece of Burbee's. "The Baxter Street

Irregular" is a reprint from a 1958 FAPA mailing, a profile of the late Elmer Purdue, which is — well, it's almost better than having access to Elmer himself. Every fanzine ought to have a piece this good in it, and if an editor has to resort to reprinting something from 1958 to do so, they should not hesitate.

I was also quite entertained by Ron Bennett's comic account of a trip to the grave of Jules Verne, and Bill Donaho's memories of the late Dan Curran. Robert presses a wealth of such elegiac writing into almost every issue of **TD**, yet deftly maintains a cheerful note in his "Doorway" editorials, and commissions and selects material with humor that overwhelms any sense of loss, and makes bygone fan live again. Certainly part of the trick is performed by the wealth of art specially drawn for this issue by Steve Stiles.

I'm always inspired by the *intentional* quality of the things which appear in **Trap Door**, as if everything has exactly the place Robert wanted it to have. And he consistently receives some of the better letters of comment in fandom, some from fans seldom published elsewhere. The fanzine which results is not flashy, or controversial. What it does is reinforce the connections between the fans who read and contribute to it, and I feel this is a fine thing — perhaps the very best thing — for any fanzine to aspire to.

Fanzine reviewed: **Trap Door**, edited by Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442. Available by editorial whim or for \$4.00 per issue.

-- Andy Hooper

around 13 July when I leave my job (no-one else will be maintaining the e-mail system when I leave)."

Presumably, Eric is still reachable at Jean's e-address:

Jean_Weber@Compuserve.com.

Eric also provides this update on his heart attack rehab: "I had a relapse at Easter (couldn't walk home from the station without tablets), but have since had an angiogram and an angioplasty, and have a 23mm metal stent in a coronary artery.

"So far it seems to be working (although I'm not yet back to walking up the 12 flights of stairs to my office). About 85% chance of it being a long-term fix, or so I'm told. Mind you, I'm getting real tired of rabbit food."

Calkins to Costa Rica

The Promised Land for Vesco and

Lansky will soon be home to the significantly more benign Gregg Calkins. The long-time FAPA member and editor of the all-time great fanzine **Oops!**, has retired and will shortly relocate to the Central America.

Spencer Plans Comeback

A note from Vancouver's Garth Spencer informs that he's planning to do some more fanzine publishing in the near future. **The Royal Swiss Navy Gazette #3** is slated to be his next pub.

If you haven't seen the first two issues of **RSNG**, Garth has them posted on his website, along with the last issue of **SPLF**. You can hook up at: <http://www.vcn.bc.ca/sig/rsn> - Canadian Fandom

Mike Horvat Surfaces

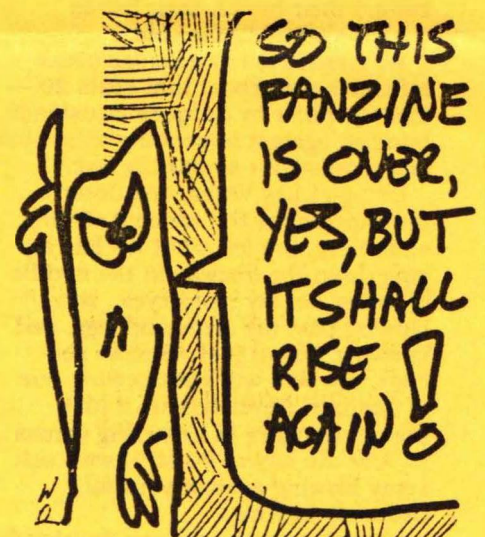
One of the Pacific Northwest's more

entertaining fans of the '70's has surfaced. Mike Horvat, now 52, has broken from the cover of the Glades of Gafsa. Chalk up another one for the Internet. Mike's now a member of the Timebinders listserv and has expressed some interest in getting back into contact with his many old friends in fanzine fandom.

You can find his current address among the CoAs.

Yes, we know it is not a genuine Change of Address, but damn the rules! The awesome struggle for Mike Horvat's fannish soul has begun!

Let's get him some zines quickly, before he thinks better of it.



Changes of Address

Aussiecon 3: www.aussiecon3.worldcon.org

Gary Farber, c/o Zev Sero, Apt. 1L, 396 - 12th Street,
Brooklyn, NY 11215-5017

Victor Gonzales, 905 NE 45th St., Apt #106, Seattle, WA 98105

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