

Now, because we have exactly two reams of paper, this is... **crifanac #5**, 8/10/98, The Fanzine of Newtonian Insurgentism. This (allegedly) triweekly and lovably feisty fanzine is co-edited by the essentially lovable Ken Forman (7215 Nordic Lights Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89119) and the amiably feisty Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). Superstar Helpers: Marcy Waldie, Ben Wilson, Cathi Wilson, Joyce Katz. Director of Vegrant Affairs/Europe: Chuch Harris.

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NewsSquint Snoopers: Rob Hansen, Vincent Clarke, Chuch Harris, Bruce Gillespie, JoAnn Montalbano, Robert Lichtman, Bill Bowers, rich brown, Gary Farber and Murray Moore..

crifanac

Columnists this issue: Andy Hooper, Chuch Harris, Rob Hansen, Bill Donaho, Ben Wilson and Joyce Katz

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: crifanac@aol.com
Fanatical member of fwa; lukewarm support of AFAL.
Now is when we fan.

NewsSquint

What We Know, as soon as We Know It

Lowndes Was Consummate Fan/Pro

Robert AW "Doc" Lowndes, dead of renal cancer at 81, was one of the few to combine long careers as a fanzine fan and professional science fiction editor.

The impressively erudite Lowndes first came to fandom's notice in 1935, when he organized a Science Fiction League chapter in Stamford, CT. He was a key member of the New York Futurian from the late '30's to the mid-40's, his fan publishing peak.

A charter FAPA member, Lowndes founded the second fan apa, the Vanguard Amateur Press Association in '45 and was one of its guiding lights. His stylish column ran in **Warhoon** for a decade and then wrote 20 "Understandings" columns for **Outworlds**, starting in '71. "He humored me," recalls Bill Bowers. "put up with my delays and detours, was always supportive — and was always there when I came back.

Doc saw fandom as more than a stepping stone to a pro career. Although respected as a prozine editor who performed low-budget miracles, Lowndes continued to write, often brilliantly, for fanzines through out his richly creative life.

Baltadonis Was Early Artist, FAPAN

John V. Baltadonis' activity didn't amount to much after the end of World War II, but he is a seminal figure in the rise of Philadelphia fandom and also served as a FAPA officer during one of the group's stormiest early periods.

Milton Rothman's first attempt to organize a Science Fiction League Chapter, in January, '35, petered out

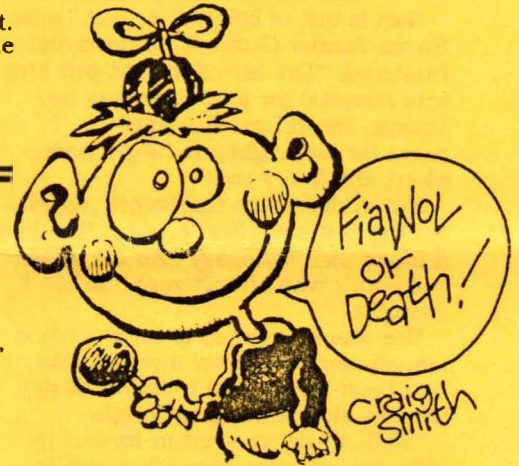
by mid-year. Merger with Baltadonis' Boys Science Fiction Club got it rolling again in October — and later evolved into PSFS. (The BSFC also included Robert A. Madle and Jack Agnew.)

Baltadonis was a fanartist, published numerous fanzines (including PSFS' **The Science Fiction Telegram**), started the Comet Publishing fanzine cartel which included the **Science Fiction Collector** and served as secretary-treasurer of FAPA, in which he was a charter member.

Ardis Waters is Well-Remembered

One of the fabulous personalities of '60's fandom, Ardis Waters [Evans] has died of liver disease. Numerous fans, including **NewsSquint** snooper Bill Donaho, attended a wake for her in mid-July. (See Bill's account elsewhere in this issue.)

Never much of a fanziner herself, Ardis will be forever remembered for her generosity, charm and beauty. She was the friend, companion and lover of many leading fanzine fans.



Her vibrant personality and startling "big beautiful woman" good looks make her forever part of our tribe's folklore.

The Linda Krawecka Fund

Southern Fandom has initiated a special fund to bring British fan Linda Krawecka to DeepSouthCon the last weekend in July, 1999, in New Orleans. The goal is to collect \$1,000, enough to pay for her round trip plane ticket.

DSC chairman Robert Neagle has offered to comp her at the con, and other fans are already queuing up to host the hugely popular Krawecka during her visit.

Offers of help and financial assistance should go to JoAnne Montalbano, 81318 Darby Dr., Folsom, LA 70437. E-mail: anniejm@communique.net

Over the years, Linda has become the Unofficial British Fandom envoy to Southern Fandom.

Suzanne Vick Is Feeling Good

Suzanne Vick, long-time fan and the co-host of the forthcoming Corflu Sunsplash, suffered what was reportedly a small stroke or seizure on Saturday, July 25th. Suzanne appears to have made a complete recover from the episode, which may have partially resulted from Internet-induced stress.

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NewsSquint

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In phone conversations with several Vegrants, Suzanne amply demonstrated her usual charm, wit and imagination. She expects to be back on line and talking to all her many friends once the Vicks get their new modem installed.

Ian Gunn Fights Back

"Ian is out of hospital at last," says Karen Pender Gunn of her fanartist husband. "The infection that put him into hospital for four days was unknown. He did get a private room for two nights so he got some sleep, the lucky sod!"

Karen describes the events which led up to the medical crisis... "Ian had a blood test yesterday and his white cell count was almost zero. Oh oh, I thought.

"He was scheduled to have a blood transfusion tomorrow morning. He had been sleepy and irritable all day. He was also starting to cough.

"Well, when we went in for Ian to have his injection this afternoon (a daily ritual) the nurses said, 'Watch his temperature'.

"So up it shot tonight to 39 degrees C. We have to ring the hospital when it hits 38 degrees C.

"So at nine last night, in we went. Thankfully, this time, he was admitted straight to the oncology ward and he went straight to sleep. The doctor turned up at 1 this morning and gave him an injection of antibiotics."

After the scheduled blood transfusion, Ian's condition improved enough for him to go home.

TAFF Race Extended

US TAFF Administrator Ulrika O'Brien announced an extension of the TAFF nominations deadline. "Nominations for the 1999 North America-to-Europe TAFF race have been extended to August 15, 1998," she writes. "The selected candidate will travel from North America to the UK to attend Reconvene, the 50th British National Science Fiction Convention (Eastercon), held April 2-5, 1999, at the Britannia Adelphi, in Liverpool England."

She had more to say, but why bother? You may not even get this **cf** before the new deadline. Ulrika, a **cri-fanac** recipient, made the announcement on Rec.Arts.SF.Fandom. We found out, second hand, the day after **cf #4** went into the mail.

Fanzine Fandom is not the totality

of TAFF, especially these days. But Fanzine Fandom helped start it and has supported it generously and consistently. Ulrika knows our schedule, yet she couldn't spare a call or e-mail to insure that fanzine fans knew of the change. (The deadline probably should've been extended to September 15 to give fans time to act.)

If you'd like to tell Ulrika what you think, her address is: Ulrika O'Brien, 123 Melody Lane, #C, Costa Mesa, CA 92627

Rich brown buys TED Heirloom

Copy #1 of the first edition of *The Enchanted Duplicator*, the touchstone saga of fanzine fanzine, now belongs to rich brown. He came out on top in the recent TAFF auction with a bid of \$250 for the unique fannish collectible.

"... if I ever meet Galahad, I'll be able to tell him, 'Nope, sorry, that's not a unique experience any more'," rich wrote of his acquisition. "You know, the holy grail thing."

Eighth Edition TED Available

The eighth edition of *The Enchanted Duplicator*, the one illustrated by Dan Steffan, is still available from SCIFI, informs **NewsSquint** snooper Bruce Pelz (bep@DELTANET.COM). It's available from Bruce at \$4 per, while they

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Charrisma

Chuch Harris writes in a Petomantic Mood

A newsy bit in *The Times*: When the Colchester police stopped a motorist during a routine check and found he was wearing wellington boots filled with baked beans in tomato sauce. The police have no idea about why he was doing such an odd thing, but it is, of course, an offence not to be in control of a car and obviously wellington boots full of beans could cause the driver to become distracted and cause an accident.

I've been holding on for a follow up, — was it delicious Heinz Baked Beans as favoured and endorsed by our petomantic Rob, or some inferior own brand type from Safeway or suchlike? — and wondering if wellington boots would be known to people in the Las Vegas desert as opposed to Mother Geri who knew all about them without any prompting whatsoever when we were discussing kinky sex a short while ago — evidently you can buy them with six-inch spiky heels in the U.S. (a development which would surely astonish the Grand Old Duke if he was still with us). (And especially so, if — Ghod forbid! — Mrs Fitzherbert trod on his particulars during foreplay.) (The "Iron Duke" was a horrible misnomer — he was, of course, just as vulnerable as the rest of us when it came to the crunch.)

I'm not too sure that "Petomantic" will appear in your *Funk and Wagnalls*. I think it is an okay word that has been floating around for some time in the sewer of my

mind and has only just surfaced again.

It comes from "Le Petomane" which was a Frenchman who appeared at music halls (for you, burlesque/variety shows) just before the First World War. He had incredible control of his sphincter muscle and — how can I phrase it? — he could control and expel wind from his anus and produce a simple and recognisable musical tune whilst his wife played a soft accompaniment on the piano.

He would appear on the stage in full evening dress, place one foot on a chair, and with a sort of dry ice machine placed strategically behind him, run through his repertoire. But this was his Artform, and he took it very seriously indeed and expected his audience to do the same. If anyone dared laugh or snigger he would stop immediately and storm off the stage in disgust. By all accounts his rendition of *La Marseillaise* was a true masterpiece, although it was seldom that he was able to complete it before some philistine in the audience burst into guffaws and brought the act to a close.

"*Allons enfants de la Patrie, le jour de glorie est arrive...*" and the sniggers turned to laughter and the act was immediately terminated as he switched off the dry ice machine and stormed off the stage.

I want to make it quite plain that Rob, of course, does nothing like this at all. He has "perfect pitch" and a good ear for music, (although of course his ear would play only a minor part in this), and if only he would buckle down and practice enough I am sure he could command star billing at Caesar's Palace in no time at all, and probably enroll the Spice Girls as a close harmony backup group too.

-- Chuch Harris

Critical Froth

Ken Forman has been tripping

Crifanac seems to be chugging along, full steam ahead. The locs are rolling in as fans continue to do what fans do best — express their opinion.

As such, I think I'll take this time to express mine. Or rather, to clarify an opinion I've already expressed here.

That Fandom is a family, there is no argument. I think Arnie and I have stoked those fires a-plenty. My concern is whom we include in that family. Or more to the point, whom we consider to be friends, but not family members.

Most people agree with the idea of Fandom as a family. It doesn't really matter if they agree because it gives them the feeling of "belonging to a group," or if they actually get that feeling of "family" from their association with fandom. What I'm addressing here is whom do we choose to include in that family.

I've never been an exclusionist when it comes to my hobbies (any of them). On the contrary, I firmly believe that anyone with the inclination should be allowed to participate in any hobby they choose. However, I reserve the right to associate with, or ignore, anyone I choose, for whatever reasons I choose.

It seems pretty obvious that indiscriminately ignoring interesting individuals is tantamount to shooting yourself in the foot. It serves no sane purpose and ends up hurting you in the long run. It's the boorish, megalomaniacs who feel the world (fannish or otherwise) revolves around them that I want to ignore.

I'm reminded of a recent Corflu where I met — for the first time — a WKF. After introducing myself, he held out his hand to shake mine and gave me his name, followed with, "I'm a disgruntled government worker." I won't provide his name since I'm a trufan at heart, but most people know who I mean. If he had been joking, I'd have appreciated the irony (being a government worker, too), but he delivered the line with a straight face and proceeded to grumble about the con committee's disorganization.

I have no time for such people. There are too many interesting people out there (friends, acquaintances, and future friends) for me to waste my time with schmucks. Needless to say, I avoided him for the rest of the con, removed his name from my mailing list and (thankfully) receive no more dittoed fanzines from him. Good

riddance. I'm willing to give anyone a second chance, but his gauche writing in the past (which consisted mainly of grumbling about his crappy job) didn't speak well for his chances in the future.

When I discussed some of my ideas with fans at this year's Westercon in San Diego, they encouraged me to include "all" fans in my fannish family, especially convention fans. "There are some perfectly wonderful people in con-fandom," I was informed.

"True enough, but con-fans aren't doing the same hobby as I," I countered.

"Many of them produce fanzines," they said. I couldn't disagree with that fact, but participants in other hobbies publish, too, but I don't include them in my family, either. I know that model railroad hobbyists publish newsletters, so do kite flyers. I enjoy both pastimes, but I don't include them in the hobby labeled "Fanzine Fandom."

I think the biggest problem plaguing fandom as a whole is a lack of proper labeling. Too many subgroups use the label "fandom" to describe what they do. As my co-editor has said, there is a difference between a "Fan of Science Fiction" and a "Science Fiction Fan." There is an even larger distinction between them and "Science Fiction Fanzine Fans."

I consider myself a member of each of these classifications. Ghod how I love a good SF movie (*Deep Impact* was a good remake of *When Worlds Collide*, but somehow the promoters forgot to include that when they advertised the show). Also, I enjoy reading SF and Fantasy. (Greg Benford's *Cosm* is a fantastic book that delves into the mysteries of high energy physics, and I love Tad Williams' stuff.)

I also enjoy the act of creating fanzines — fanning. I love the give and take between the editors and readers. I relish receiving something from Lichtman or White or Sullivan.

Sometimes I'll open my mailbox and be surprised by a fanzine from someone I don't know. While I read their work, I get a mental picture of who they are, what they're like, what they like, etc. I'm sure I'm not unique in this. I note the fans who strike me as interesting, hoping for further interaction in the future.

A good example is Ian Sorensen and his fanzine **Bob**. Sure, I met Ian at Corflu Wave (very briefly, his hasty

exit to catch his plane caused a weird Doppler effect when he said "Hel-lo-o-o-o-o-o"), but I had no time to get to know him. To me, he was nothing more than the promoter for Corflu UK: tall, thin and quick.

When I got Bob in the mail, another side of him opened up to me. His light-hearted humor surprised me in a pleasant sort of way. I'll probably never get a chance to spend much time with Ian in person, but every time I read one of his zines, he'll be there in my mind.

It can be argued that similar relationships can be formed within other subgroups of fans, but since I'm not really interested in their subject (nor are they interested in mine), they'll never share the same relationship with me that I feel for fanzine fans.

I love conventions! "Any excuse for a party," I always say. What better way to party than to spend three (or four, or five) days in the company of people with skewed world views? Einstein once quipped that "Imagination is more important than intellect." Convention goers seem to embody the best of both sides.

Frequently conversations run from politics to science to literature. Granted, fuggheadedness all too often raises its ugly head, but most often the discussions are delicious mind candy.

I have many friends that I see only at conventions. They don't do fanzines, and we don't interact in any other way. But I don't consider strictly con-goers as part of my fannish family; even though (and this is the important part) they may do fannish activities.

As I said previously, we need a different nomenclature to distinguish between what *we* call fannish and what *they* call fannish. Personally I prefer the double-a in "faan" to distinguish between fanzine faans and SF fans. Ergo, I am a faan.

I don't consider online fans to be faans. "What! How can that be?" the internet cries in unison. "How can he be so exclusionary?" they'll post. My response is easy... "Who sawed Courtney's Boat?"

Faandom *isn't* the act of producing fanzines. It *isn't* doing faanac, either. Faandom is the shared community of fanzine fans. Our faanac is the creation of faan myths, legends and stories. The sharing of these stories. We stay associated by the sharing of fanzines, but there's more.

Whenever faans get together (at a con, party, whatever) the social interaction strengthens the connection. On-line fans seem to have missed that all-important social interaction

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A Wake for Ardis

Bill Donaho remembers Ardis Waters

Ardis Waters died this June of Hepatitis C. She had cirrhosis of the liver for some years, so her death, though quite saddening, was not unexpected.

For many years Ardis had been trying to get on Medical which she and her family and friends thought would pay for a liver transplant for her. And shortly before her death she made it. She got on. And people cursed because it was "too late". But Dr. Steve Davis--Grania Davidson's present husband--said that Medical has never paid for a transplant and in the foreseeable future they never will. The bureaucracy asks for more and more paper work until it is too late. So there were many curses about the heartless system at Ardis' wake.

Ardis referred to herself as a magnet. And she was indeed. She quite easily—and often—formed close ties with people after just a brief contact.

She was able to attend this year's Baycon—though I understand in a wheelchair—and see many of her friends for the last time.

Her memorial service was held this past Sunday, July 26th in Mount Diablo State Park. (Mt. Diablo is the highest "mountain" in the area.)

Bob Chazen and I went together. Some time back Bob lived with Ardis for two years and was extremely unhappy about her death. "I knew it was going to happen, but I didn't really believe it."

Miriam had very bad luck. She came with her children, Jenny and Eric, only to find the park closed, even though it was only the middle of the afternoon, and the park was supposed to stay open until 8:30 PM. Miriam was very upset, since she regarded Ardis as a foster sister and is quite broken up by her death. She very much wanted to be at the wake. And although she is very short of cash, she had contributed \$50.00 towards refreshments for the occasion.

It was a blistering hot day, well into the 90's, and we arrived at the park only to be confronted by the sign: BEWARE of mountain lions and rattlesnakes. The wake was scheduled for 1:00 PM and we arrived about 1:15. But when we got to the designated location, there was no one there but Michael Kurland and woman friend -- not his current girl friend -- who for some reason or other we never got introduced to.

It didn't take long for us to figure out that the location had been changed, so we scouted around and finally found the new one. It was very crowded. People had flown in from all over and there were, of course, lots of local fans. The food and drink were very good and the memorial service

was emotional and touching. Many nice things were said about Ardis and many amusing anecdotes told.

Ardis's car was once out of order and a mechanic friend looked at it. "How often do you change your oil?" he asked. "Change the oil?????" Ardis replied.

The mechanic finally decided that the problem was the voltage regulator, but he didn't have the time then to fix it. Ardis then went to Dick Ellington and asked him what to do about it. "Any man with a screwdriver can fix it," he said. Ardis batted her eyes at him and said, "Tell me, Dick. Just where does one put the penis?"

When Ardis was living with Danny Curran they had both a dog and a cat. One time they ran out of cat food and gave the cat a can of dog food. The cat took one horrified sniff of it and dragged the bowl over to the kitty litter tray and scratched kitty litter onto it.

Ardis had her second son, Aaron, at home. At the time she was living with Ron Hoffman, who was not the father. The father, Mike Wallace, had in the meantime married Melissa Michaels, Ardis's sister. But Mike and Ardis nevertheless remained friends. Ron lived with Ardis for some years and he and Aaron still have a father/son relationship.

Anyhow, Ardis had Aaron at home. And there was naturally—a placenta. They considered how to dispose of it. In the animal kingdom the mother usually eats it, but Ardis didn't feel quite up to this. However, she decided that the natural thing was for it to be eaten, so it should be given to the pets and thus save a couple of cans of pet food. They had to braise it before the pets would touch it.

The woman telling this story said that it was a litmus test of people. When one told it, people tended to either not want to have anything more to do with you or to become your fast friend for life.

Another woman said that Ardis was staying with her in LA just before the '80's LA Worldcon. The woman was worried about a temporary shortage of money, and how was she going to pay her rent and utilities and all her other bills. Ardis showed her what to do. She made out all the checks and addressed all the envelopes. Then she put the checks in the wrong envelopes and mailed them. A week later she called each company and apologized and asked that her check be returned. No checks were deposited. All were returned and there were no late charges. But it took six weeks for everything to straighten out and by then the friend was solvent again. She said that in the years since then she has done this two

times more, and both times it worked like a charm.

But someone said that this no longer works. What with computer scanning, no one really looks at checks any more, and if you send a check made out to Pacific Bell to PG&E, PG&E will deposit it, and the bank will take it.

Sharon Karpinski — who flew in from Albuquerque -- said that when she arrived in the Bay Area she had \$200 she had painfully saved up as a college student. She stayed with Ardis and found out that Ardis was the sole support of some 14 people, some-homeless, some who had just been laid off, etc.

Dumpster raiding helped a lot. They learned when and where the supermarkets discarded frozen food that was beyond the pull date and scooped it up. But that still left a gap. And Ardis and Sharon figured out that if they took Sharon's \$200.00 and both got jobs picking pears in the local orchards, they could pull everyone thru all right. And they did.

When Ardis married Dave Thewlis one of her wedding gifts was a live guinea pig. No cage. She took it to her reception. She and Dave were very late getting home and, since the household had five cats and a dog, she shut the guinea pig up in the dining room, and made signs saying that under no circumstances were the doors to be opened. But naturally she and Dave slept late, so the kids were up well before them and Aaron was only four or so and couldn't read yet, so the doors got opened.

When the adults got up and found this out they naturally expected to find blood on the floor and the guinea pig eaten. But instead they found five cats cowering in the corner while the guinea pig squeaked at them. The still cageless guinea pig finally died of old age.

People said that Ardis loved most everyone and that she loved them all the time. Being human, at moments she might be very wroth with them—and she spoke her mind freely—but she still loved them.

I have never known anyone who had more lovers than Ardis—not just sexual partners, real lovers—and they were lovers to whom she was still important after the breakup.

And she was a damn good mother. All three of her sons, Chris, Aaron and Justin, turned out very well. At present they are all very well paid computer programmers. All are highly intelligent. Chris, the oldest, taught himself Boolean Algebra at the age of ten. (I haven't the vaguest idea what Boolean Algebra is, but I gather that this was a very big deal.)

Ardis is —and will continue to be — very much missed. —Bill Donaho

Art Credits
Craig Smith -- Page 1

Timely Response

The Readers make themselves heard

Dale Speirs

"...we are rapidly losing those founding fathers..." Perhaps so, but there are still lots of others around from the subsequent generations of fandom, numbered or otherwise. Since I joined active fandom in the middle '80's, I've seen a constant moaning about how the end is nigh, where will the next generation come from, and so forth. Yet we still seem to get new recruits trickling in as the old ones trickle off this mortal coil.

One thing about fanhistory that is much the same as mundane history is that if it wasn't put on paper, then it never happened. Canada had a vigorous fandom in the late '70's and early '80's, most of whom were seldom written up in fanzines. This creates a false impression that the hobby was worse off than it really was.

Legend-making was never that popular in Canada; the closest we ever got was The Secret Life of Robert Runte. Actually that was a bit redundant, as RuntE's real life was legendary enough, such as being a student at the University of Alberta for 22 years before graduating. (And only because the University got fed up and changed the rules to force him to finish his Ph.D.).

Arnie: A subculture's founders are especially significant. New generations rise, but we can never have our founders back again once they depart for the enchanted convention.

Mark Plummer

Damn, now Steve Green's gone and given the game away. "Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer decided that MiSCon, the British fanzine/fandom convention, should skip '99," he says.

Well, we'd been trying to keep it under wraps — you know, trying to give the impression that we were just sitting quietly in the corner, rambling incoherently about otters — but Steve has seen through our illusion and now you've printed the truth so I guess we'd better come clean. Yes, we have in fact been making decisions on behalf of fandom for the last three years now.

Why, only last weekend we decided that the 2007 Worldcon will be in Azerbaijan, that Greg Pickersgill will be the new mayor of London and scotch whisky will be free within the confines of the M25 motorway. Next weekend we'll be deciding the results of the '99 Hugos — we decided the results of the '98 awards months ago — so I think you'd better be nice to us.

OK? I mean, we could decide that **crifanac** is going to be a *daily* fanzine... Of course, what Steve should have said is that "Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer have

decided that they will not be running a MiSCon-type convention in '99." After the third MiSCon in 1996, the group that had been involved up to then passed the baton to Claire, which she took with a view to running something in '98 given that Attitude: The Convention was already planning to colonise the same timeslot in '97.

"Then Corflu came along for '98 and it seemed clear that an attempt to stage two conventions at roughly the same time would be damaging to both (and our involvement in the Eastercon meant that it probably would have been a bad idea for us to try to do something anyway) so we slipped our tentative plans back a year.

"However, post-Eastercon we felt that we didn't really have the creative energy to embark on something like this right now and that it was better not to do it at all than to do it half-heartedly. The rumours we hear are that there is no shortage of people who are interested in running a small fannish relaxacon in early '99. Keep your ear to the ground..."

Back on fannish family trees, I do see where you're coming from, Ken, but I really don't think there is any specific "who" or "what" that gave me "that extra oomph."

I know there's one school of thought that puts an awful lot of recent British fanzine activity down to Intersection, and it's certainly true that the Novacon less than three months after the 1995 Worldcon was flooded by more fanzines than you could shake a stick at. It may be that in some way it was the event that prodded me and Claire out of what Arnie terms "Fandom" and into "Fanzine Fandom" (although I suppose we were both already within the ranks of the 800 or so 'dabblers'). Personally, I still lean towards the notion that it was actually a gradual drift over the best part of a decade.

If you manage to find a spare Arnie,

please feel free to air-freight him over to Croydon. We can use him to taunt Jim de Liscard.

Interesting typo you've introduced into my letter, by the way. I'm pretty sure that the phrase I used was "Grown men quake in fear..." rather than "Brown men quake in fear..."

Maureen Speller reveals that she thought Croydon Fandom had invented Vegaszines. However, please be assured that we're fully aware that there's no way we make you guys up. Hell, we have enough difficulty maintaining the illusion of Jim's existence...

Arnie: Your "fannish father" isn't necessarily the first fanzine fan you met or someone who brought you into Fanzine Fandom. My first contact with fanzine fandom was a letter from Judi Sephton. Judi had little effect on my activities and attitudes as a Fanzine Fan. Ted White is my fannish father in the way that Ken means it, though I have always thought of him more as an older brother.

Jack Speer

One of my steffnistic parents was Donald Wollheim. At the same time he opened correspondence with me, I independently ordered a free copy of **Fantasy Magazine**, so there were two doors through which I entered fandom. But I had already engaged in some amateur journalism in my home town, and believe I didn't publish something for fen at large until I joined FAPA three years later.

"Timely Response": You ought to edit letters to shorten them, and consign some to the WAHFile. Remember that a fanzine is in trouble when its letter department overshadows the rest of its contents.

Fen have a mistaken impression of Aileen's seeing me at the LV Hilton. I stood for some time watching her deal before she noticed me, and then we talked a little, but I didn't want to interfere with her work.

Arnie: I agree about the need for editing, but not the danger of a long letter column. As long as we get so many good ones, we'll print 'em.

Toner Talk

Ben Wilson talks a new Toner

Ok, folks. We've kicked it around amongst Las Vegrants long enough. Now I'm kicking it your way.

Through long talks with my wife and the Katzes, we thought it might be time to start planning for a party. Yep, we are thinking of holding another Toner.

We want to throw our friends a party, we really do. Cathi's ready to do some cooking, and I hope we can talk Tammy into doing a bit, too. We'll recruit Tom for another epic pub crawl, the Katzes will throw one of those humongous parties and all

the other Vegrants will dispense the customary hospitality.

Our theme, as always, is Over-Indulgence. Maybe you were expecting "Electronic SCF: Salvation of Mankind"?

There's one thing we need, and we need to acquire it from **crifanac** readers: information.

What we need to know is: Do you want to come? Would you like to stay downtown, where rooms are reasonably priced -- or swank it up a little at a strip hotel? (Rates in the \$60-\$90 range).

We'd like to hold Toner 2 the first weekend in November '99. What do you folks think?

-- Ben Wilson

Visiting Vincent

Rob Hansen has upbeat news

Visited Vince Clarke at the hospital in Sidcup today for what I hope will be the final time, particularly as getting there without a car took me almost two hours, since they apparently plan on sending him home next Tuesday. (The plan to send him home two weeks ago fell through when he developed a chest infection.)

I'm still not convinced he's entirely ready yet, as he's still very frail and his head is still lolling to one side, but I've offered to go over an help with any moving of stuff and general work as has Pat McMurray, who kindly gave me a lift to the hospital from Sidcup station, and Bridget Wilkinson (who will also be going into hospital soon) one from Bromley. Still 'Nil By Mouth', Vince 's going to have

to take one of those feeding machines home with him, which doesn't thrill him too much, but at least he's finally going home, which does. Social Services will be looking in on him, and he's apparently getting some sort of emergency signaller, just in case.

Well, Vince Clarke is finally back home at 16 WWW!! He's forgotten how to use his computer, however, and had to phone Avedon for a refresher. He also needs to resign from Usenet so he can pull down any waiting e-mail without also having to download a shitload of messages (his software advised him the download would take 45 minutes!!), then resubscribe from, say, the last 200 messages. Unfortunately, Vince still uses AMEOL v.1 and, though Avedon and I have both used it in the past, neither of us can any longer recall how to do this....

-- Ron Hansen

Robert Lichtman

You may have to send a second copy of **crifanac #3** — I'm well on my way to wearing out this copy with constant rereading of Andy Hooper's perceptive review of the latest **Trap Door**.

He's so right on with his observation of **Trap Door's** intentional nature — "as if everything has exactly the place Robert wanted it to have." This is worked out to the nth degree, particularly in the letter column, where what finally appears represents considerable attention given to just how one letter flows into another.

Beyond that, however, is the underlying vision of the fanzine itself, which Andy touches on by observing that it's "not flashy, or controversial." On the first point, I maintain a fairly standard layout; even though I admire the visual pyrotechnics of zines like **Blatt!**, I don't choose to emulate it.

Regarding controversy, I skirt its edges, because of a decision I made before I started the zine back in 1983. At that time I was just three years removed from having lived close to a decade on The Farm, an intentional community in Tennessee, where one of the tenets we tried to observe regarding communication was not to fan the flames. We were encouraged to examine our thoughts and ask ourselves, before blurting out hurtful words: Is it positive? Is it kind? Is it necessary? Will it help the situation?

I've tried as best I can to apply this to my participation in fandom, and this is one of the ways that — as Andy observes — I've "found a way to integrate fandom into the various stages of [my] life." Though a lot of The Farm's influence on me has been cast off over the years, this is one thing I still find valuable, not only in fandom but elsewhere.

In your piece, "Ayjay and Fanzine Fandom," while agreeing with the basic thrust of your argument, I'm a little confused as to which ayjay you're referring to. Until I got nearly to the end, I assumed you were writing about what I think of as the Zeen Scene — the publications reviewed in Factsheet Five and other places. So

when I came to your reference to the Internet allowing ayjay to blossom "without getting bogged down with small printing presses," I did a mild double-take. To me, ayjay refers to that group of writers and printers that clusters around apas like the National, United, American — and their equivalent of First Fandom, the Fossils. Would you please clarify "ayjay" in the context of your article?

Arnie's "Fanzine Log" is a good checklist — another point of reference as to whether or not I'm getting all the fanzines I want to be getting and no more — and I enjoyed his restrained comments. For the first half of 1998, I received 91 fanzines, down from 101 in the same period last year.

Claire Brialey clearly "gets it" regarding the desirability of reading at least some old fanzines: that they "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." The latter is particularly important; the feel of today's fanzine fandom is nothing like it was years ago when we were smaller and it was more possible for everyone to know nearly everyone, when there was more of a group mind. These days, one gets that feeling only in a few of the fanzines coming in.

Arnie: In my view, Ayjay encompasses everyone whose hobby is writing and publishing. *Mundane* ayjay has three branches — mundane apas, Zeens and on-line. I've exceeded my BS allotment for this cf, so a fuller explanation will have to wait for #6.

Walt Willis

The latest **crifanac** proved quite important to me. First, it showed me the nature of all my fan writing to date, and second, it showed me where my attempts at professional writing had gone wrong.

I hadn't quite realized that all my writing in sixth fandom had been so clearly differentiated towards my readership in Sixth Fandom. But this should have become clear in my attempts to adapt to a nonfan audience. Here I would like to quote a let-

ter I have received from Algis Budrys:

"Dear Walter,

I saw your address in the latest **Challenger**. I have been mortified for a year at how I treated you. It was a species of brain cramp of an intensity that I had never known before or (thank God) since. There is no explaining it, or excusing it. I just wanted to write this letter."

I think this must relate to an attempt I made at his suggestion to produce a version of *The Harp Stateside* for a mundane audience. I did produce a version of the first part, covering most of the Chicon, and sent it off to Larry Shaw, as Algis had requested.

I never got so much as an acknowledgment from Larry, and after some months I wrote to inquire, again without result. Eventually I got an apology from Larry, from which it was clear he had serious doubts about the viability of the enterprise. He sent back the draft and I put it away and forgot it.

It's clear to me now that the difficulty was the lack of common ground between author and reader which you identify as its subcultural context. I had tried to introduce this as my own subcultural background, evidently without success. I don't remember Budrys himself being involved, apart from the conversation at which he made the original suggestion, described on p. 368 of **Warhoon 28**, in my report of the '62 World Convention. Isn't it handy to have all your memories set out clearly like that? I wish there were more of them.

Ken: Yes, Fanzines allow fans to record our memories in such a way that not only can they be shared by future generations, but they also serve to record our memories for our own use. While it's true that "fanzine memories" are usually anecdotal and incomplete, and often exaggerated (or downright wrong), but so are actual memories. Besides I usually write about interesting things happening in my life, and these events are usually the ones I wish to remember.

Harry Warner, Jr.

I'm sorry to hear about the passing of another fan. Wally Gonser. I believe he had been doing the duplicating for a number of the Seattle area members of SAPS in recent years, even though he was officially gafflated.

You could also convey my condolences to Tom Springer. Maybe he should confine himself in the future to kicking butt, since that is normally a less solid substance than a wooden chair leg.

I have a probably irrational hope that something approaching the quality of 2001: A Space Odyssey might possibly result from the projected film version of *Rendezvous with Rama*.

Maybe I don't have sufficient imagination, but I can't see how Hollywood could turn the Clarke book into another movie about murderous BEMs invading Earth or a giant asteroid aiming for this planet or a rude but honest man trying to survive among the crime-ridden city streets of the near future.

Meanwhile, I wonder if television stations and cable executives have already penciled in a showing of 2001 for the final two hours of the year 2000. Maybe they'll get together and decide to show it simultaneously as the first worldwide all-encompassing telecast.

All *Our Yesterdays* puts the invention of "crifanac" in the year 1946. If I didn't feel this way, I would go up to the room where I keep my fan history notebooks and dig out the identity of the fanzine in which I found Ackerman's praise of the term.

Nor do I feel I have the desire and energy to write anything more about the question of how much computer fanac is harming traditional fanzine fandom. All I know is that I still can't keep up with the fanzines that reach my house despite its lack of a computer, even though I dropped out of SFFA partly because I hoped it might give me more time to keep up.

I believe Mike Horvat has not been entirely petrified as far as fanzine fandom is concerned. Unless I'm mixing him up with someone else, he has been building a large collection of fanzines and other amateur publications for archival purposes.

You do get a lot of words into comparatively few pages. You can congratulate yourself for not causing additional damage to those Alaskan forests.

Arnie: Robert Lichtman kindly sent a copy of Ackerman's article. We'll try to reprint it within the next couple of issues.

Vincent Clarke

Crifanac received OK, and read with much interest. And yet — I feel a newszine, a potential focal point and a trufan zine of special interest, shouldn't have 2 pages, 20%, devoted to a travelogue. Something on duplicating, electronic fanzines, even historical stuff, yes, but not an extract

from the *National Geographic!*

I understand there's been a helluva lot of fan history on e-mail lately which might have been interesting. There's also a bit somewhere in **cf 3** about enduring fan classics and how to get hold of them (without going to the web), which I was writing about in FHAPA 18 months ago — that could be a continuing column.

Surprised there was no mention of Wm. Danner and his fanzine **Stefantasy**. The last issue went out in a hurry as he was ill, and he says in a letter he's been sick. I would be utterly incapable of doing the handset type stuff that he does. But then I am his junior at 76 by 15 years!

Finally, that's a terrific review by Andy Hooper of **Trap Door** and excellent minor review by yourself. And a first class letter column — the making of a good fanzine when the family gets together and gossips.

Ken: When I first read your letter, I got a little miffed. But on second thought, I have to agree. A travelogue has no place in a newszine such as **crifanac**. And I appreciate the notion that it is good enough to appear in *National Geographic*.

Arnie OK. Ken, apology accepted. You don't have to wear the Dunce Beanie at Vegrants meetings any more, either.

Buck Coulson

Unlike Dale [Speirs], I'm pretty clear on my entrance to fandom. After discovering science fiction through Heinlein and the Saturday Evening Post, I bought some stf magazines, and back then they listed the bigger stf conventions, including the Chicago Worldcon in 1952. Great! Chicago wasn't that far off, I owned a car, and could get time off from work, so

I went. Didn't meet any fans, didn't really meet any pros, though I sat at the same table with Howard Browne and Ray Palmer; I was too awed to say anything. (I got over that, though.) Some of the promags also reviewed fanzines, so I got a few, the most impressive being **Spaceship** from Bob Silverberg. Then a Florida fan, Dave Jenrette, mentioned that there was a fan club in Indianapolis.

Marvelous! Only a hundred-mile drive and I could stay overnight with relatives. So I went, and met various people including Juanita, who was publishing a newsletter for the Muncie, Indiana, club. So I contributed.

In my case, the hook was set very gradually, over a few months' time. Or maybe not so gradually, since Juanita and I got married in 1953, and had a neofan in 1957. (Bruce has deserted fanzines, though; he's a club fan and wargamer, and prefers cons.)

Joseph Nicholas

"If any BNFs (or even SNFs) have been visiting Melbourne, no one has told me about it," says Irwin Hirsch.

Well, excuse me, Irwin, but didn't Judith and I sort of *drop by* Melbourne for a weekend in February? And didn't you, like, *show up in person* at the barbecue hosted for us by Lucy Susse and Julian Warner? And didn't we discuss what a hoot Paul Verhoeven's *Starship Troopers* was? (Even if by that stage I'd probably drunk slightly more wine than I perhaps should have done.)

On the other hand, perhaps this just proves that Judith and I aren't BNFs (or even SNFs) after all. Poot poot poot, as the Ratsfans used to say.

I was one of a group of fans who entered British fandom in the mid-seventies by way of the short-lived New English Library magazine *Science Fiction Monthly*, so don't really have an identifiable "fannish parent."

Dale Speirs

I don't believe there is anything unique about fanzine fandom. Ayjay zines such as **Fossilbed** are no more likely to comment on their source hobby than a fannish zine. I know aquarium keepers who meet regularly, never discuss the topic, often don't even keep fish anymore, yet still consider themselves an aquarium group. Granted that most of them are from Toronto, but can 2003 people be wrong?

Lots of non-SF zines veer off their supposed origins and concentrate on social gatherings and goings-on of their subcultures. I am sure that there are at least 2003 of them, with a focal point in Toronto but strong support elsewhere.

I am in the process of compiling an index to modern Canadian zines (I don't have any olde ones). First I page through each issue and jot down the details on index cards. This is the permanent record, which I know will always be compatible with the future, as opposed to computer files dependent on specific software and hardware. I'll be putting all these on WordPerfect 7 on a borrowed computer and will issue updates from time to time, most probably through FAPA.

The friendship and goodwill generated by fandom is not unique. There are 2003 philatelists in Toronto who consider that their hobby is unique in establishing long-distance relationships. They consider that nothing can beat a stamp show when it comes to friends meeting and greeting, and that no other hobby comes close to the uniqueness.

I was interested to read the Alaskan trip report. Bruce Pelz has been sending postcards from his trip that away. Going 2003 km on a cruise up there and back is almost as exciting as visiting Toronto 5 years from now.

I note your remark to Murray Moore that you won't stoop to publicize the Toronto in 2003 bid. This is to be regretted.

Arnie & Ken: We've read your letter a couple of times, and frankly, we

both think you have some sort of Hidden Agenda. We have about 2003 reasons not to worry much about science fiction worldcons, so don't think you can put one over on us. Ha!

Bob Tucker

Good afternoon gentlemen of the mighty crisfnac presses. Read number 4 this afternoon and was struck by a haunting similarity of names, so I turned to the Evans-Pavlat Fanzine Index and found a near-match.

Dave Ish published one issue of **Crifapac**, dated Fall 1952. It was mimeoed, half-size and had 12 pages. There is no further record of the fanzine. Isn't that amazing?

I vote with Joyce on disliking the size of the worldcons. I stopped going several years ago for two reasons -- their growing size and the apparent desire of the con committees to host the biggest, gaudiest circus ever.

Mike Glicksohn

Thought you might like to know that one of the greatest gatherings of international letterhacks in the history of fanzine fandom took place recently when Paul Skelton and I visited Harry Warner Jr for a delightful ninety minutes of fanzine chitchat. (Also present was Lloyd Penney's copy of *All Our Yesterdays* if that adds anything to the weight of the gathering.)

I'm glad to report that Harry seemed to be in good health and spirits, and despite the fact that Skel and Harry are very shy, the time passed easily and quickly in steady conversation. (I believe Dick Lynch is taking one or two fan-fund winners for a

visit with Harry shortly, so his licence as "The Hermit of Hagerstown" is in serious danger of being revoked!)

Skel and I (and our spouses) also made a very brief call on George "Lan" Laskowski whose battle with cancer is not going well.

I delivered a giant "Best Wishes" card signed by just about every attendee at this year's MidWesCon and was glad to see that George had recovered enough from the ill effects of his latest bout of chemo-therapy to have visitors. His spirits are good, his farewell hug was robust and he talked about going back to teaching in the fall, so all we can do is hope for the best for one of our own.

Oddly enough, my wife and I first encountered the British term for "sexy young thing (male or female)" when Skel applied it to some incredibly under-dressed and sexy young black girls wandering Baltimore's HarborPlace just before the Fourth of July fireworks. But he said "totty", not "toddy" - which is a hot spiced rum or whiskey drink - as Chuch used (or as someone typed?) So which is it? Chuch? Skel? Rob?

Arnie: Chuch also wrote, more in sorrow than in anger, about my mangling of his joke. Now I know how UK fans feel when confronted with some essays I've done which had lots of esoteric US pop cultural allusions.

That's it for letters for this issue. Our apologies to those whose letters didn't quite fit inside the allotted space. Their deferred justice is coming. -- Arnie & Ken

Fan Dance

Joyce Katz raises the curtain

Fandom is in process of redefining itself. You may say that fandom has always been in that process. It's true that change is always with us. But now fandom is on the way to abandoning the mails in favor of electronic communications...a large step for a group that was built around interaction through the posts.

The reasons are obvious. The speed and convenience of email make correspondence more lively and exciting. Send a hasty note this morning and you may get an answer by noon. Add the fact that both notes can be sent to scores of your friends simultaneously, and a very dynamic correspondence group is established.

The most dramatic reason for abandoning the mails for Internet distribution, both mail and fanzines, is the postage saving it represents.

So far, fanzines on line haven't hit the spot, because of the problems of equipment and software compatibility. I can't paste a picture in the middle of text with much hope that you'll see it in the same way. Ezines (that is, zines mailed like email) are

still scarce, yet they show a great deal of promise. On the other hand, Web zines (such as Victor Gonzales' Squib) which stay on the Internet waiting for fans to read them, have the benefit of more sophisticated layout than that available to ezines.

Fandom will change drastically because of the Internet. It's so easy to respond using email that often those responses are ill-considered. Where once an angry fan may have slept on it before replying, now haste often takes the place of care. Thus, we move into a more volatile fandom. On the plus side, it will bring us closer together because of more frequent contact.

Also new will be our definitions of fanzine fanac. Where once a fanzine fan was one who published and/or responded to fanzines, now we are spawning a new fan, who may have never seen a traditional zine, whose activity is entirely online.

Brave New Fandom, indeed. I regret the passing of the old ways, yet I can't decry the new. It seems to me that this evolution is inevitable, and may well keep fandom alive for yet another generation. Even if it does mutate into something barely recognizable by us old timers.

-- Joyce Katz

Critical Froth

Continued from page 3

part of faanac. They seem to feel that discussing fannish stuff through their posts suffices. To be honest, I have to assume that for them that's enough.

Understand that I'm not specifically referring to any particular on-line discussion. Timebinders was started to share stories and information about our faanish past and to gather together anecdotes before they might be lost. However, there seem to be many people who have lost the focus. The tool has outgrown its original design. Consequently a whole new fandom exists that considers itself to be fannish in nature, without recognizing the true nature of faandom. I certainly don't begrudge them practicing their hobby. Many faans are on-line, and they do both activities, but assuming that they are both part of the same hobby is wrong. It can only lead to confusion and hurt feelings.

Perhaps another way of considering the family nature of Fandom is to ponder the differences between biological nuclear families and extended families. Most people with large extended families feel an affinity for their kinfolk, even though the actual relationship may be tenuous. The folks within their nuclear group have closer biological ties and consequently feel closer emotionally to that group.

Fandom as a whole represents a large extended family. The ties that connect the group are real, but mostly superficial. Frankly, I count myself fortunate to be part of such a diverse and inspired group. However, except at reunions (conventions), I don't expect to spend much brain activity thinking about them. I'll reserve those neurons for my nuclear family.

I consider Uncle Robert, Sister Geri, Cousin Chuch and Grandpa Walt (and the rest of 'em) to be my nuclear faanish family. Since you're receiving this zine, you too can consider yourself part of that same clan.

Crifanac's mailing list isn't a list of this family, but I like to think that eventually it will.-- Ken

NewsSquint

Needs Snoopers
Please write
with details...

E-mail: Crifanac@aol.com
Fax: 702-648-5365
Phone: 702-648-5677

Talking Out Loud

Arnie Katz speaks through a hole in his head

What's This 'Tribe' Stuff?

Last column I wrote, "**Crifanac** is for Fanzine Fandom." I meant it in the most sweeping sense. Ken and I want **crifanac** to be accessible and inviting to all fanzine fans, not just our closest friends. We don't want to exclude anyone with an interest in fanzines.

Crifanac is geared to news, timely information and timely discussions of interest to fanzine fans. Sometimes one of us does a two-part travelogue of Alaska, but mostly it's news, info and discussion about Fanzine Fandom. (Say... have I told you about my baseball simulation team?)

That isn't the full extent of our interest in Fandom. **Crifanac** isn't the chain, it's just one link. We're just playing a part in the rich mosaic of contemporary Fanzine Fandom.

Ken and I are the frequent fanzine and news guys, for now, like Terry and Ron were in the '50's and Mike and Rich were in the '60's. (If only we could be as good!)

Fanzine Fandom, as Gregg Benford said in his pro GoH speech at Silvercon III, is a tribe. That's "tribe," not "army" or "cult." The essence of the Fanzine Fandom tribe is diversity of thought and the ability to express those opinions through written communication.

Dynamic Agreement is fun for about 10 minutes. It's differences in perception that make things interesting. Other subcultures may esteem conformity, but it's anathema to ours.

Our fandom -- formed when a bunch of pariahs were so starved for conversation that they tacitly agreed to put up with each other's quirks.

Safe at Home

Recent discussions in **crifanac** and on Timbinders divide participants between those who want to write for, and interact with, the tribe of fanzine fandom, and those who feel the more the merrier. Particularly on line, there's a split between those who claim their only interest is "the in group" or "the tribe" or "the subculture" and fans who want to capitalize on the Internet's personal publishing power.

This perplexed me for some time, because I noticed that many of those who want to reach out to thousands, even millions, profess bewilderment at my preference for a small community.

I was also bewildered, because these aren't stupid people. They may not agree with me about much, but they're as smart as I am, maybe

smarter in some cases.

Their view will never reconcile with mine on this point. Unfortunately, some of them think those who share my belief are nuts. That's not a good sign for inter-subfandom relations.

My search for a way to accommodate this irritating difference of opinion has convinced me that we haven't sufficiently explored this tribal metaphor. Maybe it's not quite as simple as several, me included, have portrayed it.

If Fandom -- everyone who is active in one or more modes of fan activity -- is a nation without territory, then each of the subfandoms is a town without real estate. Some are cities, while others can be walked in a couple of hours.

Fanzine Fandom is a small town. It has always been a small town, it's a small town now, and it will be a small town in the future. The residency requirements insure it.

Fanzine Town is populated by folks who would rather live in a close-knit community than in a large city. They like walking down the street and recognizing every face they see. They enjoy having people respond when they say something, not just listen mutely. They like the feeling of continuity.

As long as we don't succumb to the solipsistic delusion that the Fanzine Town is *better* than the Big City, what's the harm? We're not stopping people from living in other places where they can do as they please.

Small towns can get pretty claustrophobic. They can close in on themselves and spiral down to a one-pump gas station and a stop sign jammed between a couple of rocks. They can become static and boring as people

run out of things to say. Fanzine Town copes with this in two ways.

Most fanzine fans enjoy traveling to other parts of Fandom. As we all know, Travel Is Broadening. Fanzine fans have always participated in many other forms of fanac. So we zoom over to Conopolis to see a show, we visit Masquerade Village where it's always Halloween and we slum in Simulationburg, where it's always just a little gamey.

Fanzine Town is also a small-scale Tourist Attraction. About 150 people live in Fanzine Town year-'round, but about six times that many visit. Many come back frequently. It's quaint and clever and out of the ordinary, like Saratoga during the racing season (or Amish-town in Pennsylvania).

The character of Fanzine Town comes from its residents. They are the most active participants in town affairs, and they establish the community's values.

The visitors bring excitement, color and fresh voices to Fanzine Town. They greatly enrich the residents' lives with their support and active contributions. Often, they bring needed skills to Fanzine Town that improve things for the whole community.

Fanzine Town needs its visitors. They may not always understand our odd customs, but they inevitably mean well. They are fellow fans, even though they chose to live in other parts of the country. We should always treat them as we want to be treated when we go traveling.

Crifanac, Fanzine Town's local newspaper, is a way for residents and visitors alike to keep up with what's happening in our village. I enjoy reading **File 770**, **Ansible** and similar newspapers from other fan communities, and we hope we can be as useful and interesting to those who don't consider Fanzine Town their home. -- Arnie

Fanzine Log

Arnie monitors current fanzines

Welcome to another installment of **crifanac**'s annotated list of fanzines received. All comments are 25 words or less.

Andy Hooper is our fanzine critic and does all the full-length reviews. I'm just the guy who tidies up the Zine Pile.

Right now, probably because people are saving new issues until the worldcon (or after it), it's a small pile.

Monstrous Crow #2, Tracy Benton (315 Island Dr., #4, Madison, WI 53716-4530). 12 pages. The Madison fanzine boom continues with this

light personalzine. Tracy is discovering the futility of sending a fanzine to nonfans. That's why I don't.

DASFax 39/7, Sourdough Jackson (31 Rangeview Dr., Lakewood, CO 80215). 10 pages. This is sometimes a bit too earnest, but it sounds like they're having fun. Lots of excitement over an impending trip to an amusement park.

Opuntia #39, Dale Speirs (Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7). Featured is a bit from Dale's book on invisible postal history. Like a chain letter, if you don't read it Bad Things Will Happen.

-- Arnie

Catch & Release

Andy Hooper fishes for Fanzines

I'm having a very difficult week with fandom. Some fan will say or do something really annoying to me, and just as I'm getting wound up to let them have it, some other fan comes along and does something incredibly nice for me, without any solicitation on my part. Half the time I'm desperately sorry that I can't make it to Worldcon, and the other half I'm wishing for a small comet to strike the city of Baltimore and wipe much of the tide of human offal which is fandom from the face of the Earth.

How appropriate, then, to choose a fanzine which elicits similarly mixed reactions from me. **The Reluctant Famulus #52** is the latest issue from recent TAFF candidate Tom Sadler. I must have read a good 30 of the 52 issues to date, but I can't think of anything in them which grabbed my attention as much as Tom's opening editorial, in which he describes some of the traumas of the past ten years as an intro to his fight with depression. Here's hoping he succeeds in moving into a more satisfying job and a better quality of life.

It's unusual to read something so — *dissatisfied* — in **TRF**. Much more typical are pieces like Ben Indick's memoirs of the New York subway of his youth. Ben takes pains to state that he is not overly sentimental about his past, then proceeds to paint a picture of an almost entirely benign world-gone-by — if this is not sentimentality, what would be? Terry Jeeves' experience of being demobilized from the RAF also seems to have taken place in a more ideal world, but has a few sparks of wicked humor to help it along, and Terry's little illustrations are priceless as usual. But I was very impressed with "Battle in the Darkness" by Lorie Schultz, which details some harrowing experiences as a rookie firefighter and some of the issues she faced entering a male-dominated profession.

I'm also very impressed with the physical attributes of this issue, with colored titles and scanned photo portraits of the contributors next to their bylines. This allows one to grasp that while Peggy Ranson's art (somewhat ill-served by being shot down to 2 inches in height) may be fairly impressive, she herself is even more so. The cover by Fred Karno, which explores alternate casting choices in *Fantasia*, made me laugh out loud.

Unfortunately, there is also a lot of material here that simply isn't very good. Much of the commentary on science fiction, by Robert Sabella, Buck Coulson and others, is not particularly illuminating and seldom manages to advance beyond vague statements of personal taste. (Honestly, this is a problem all over fandom. So many fanzines seem to feature work by "Unfrozen Caveman Critic": *I'm just a simple caveman, folks, and your modern world of Iain Banks and Nicola Griffith frightens and confuses me. The new Tad Williams book is good because I can brain an antelope with it. But mostly, Ke-ra misses Cyril Kornbluth*). And then there is the letter column, which is so lightly-edited that Tom includes the subject line from e-locs. If one is so concerned with passing every tiny morsel of egoboo on to one's contributors, it would be better to do so privately.

And finally, there is the fact that a certain number of Tom's correspondents are not people I'm eager to read, or perhaps have read *enough* of . . . although I guess I'm not *quite* ready to start hoping that a large falling object will kill all life on Earth, just so I don't have to hear from them anymore. In this regard, I'm grateful to Tom for providing these writers with a forum for their work; should I change my mind and have a sudden desire to know Rodney Leighton's attitude toward Traci Lord's singing career, or Joseph T. Major's opinion on the capabilities of the Prince of Orange, I'll know exactly where to look.

Reviewed: *The Reluctant Famulus*, Tom Sadler, 422 W. Maple Ave., Adrian, MI 49221-1627

-- Andy Hooper

Continued from page 2

last. His address: 15931 Kalisher St., Granada Hills, CA 91344

Bowers Doing On Line Reference

With so many fanzine fans starting to utilize the Internet, a particularly timely project is Bill Bowers' On-Line Reference List. Bill started compiling it about a month or so ago, when his hard drive crashed. The reconstruction process led him to undertake doing the guide to fan-oriented sites and other resources on the Net.

"What I'm slowly building is a list of fannish 'reference' sites, primarily for my own use," Bill explains. "But for eventual passing-on to anyone interested, via e-mail, or attachment."

Those wishing to help, or anxious for the work-in-progress, can find Bill at xenolith@tritium.net.

FHAPA Still Foundering

Trouble continues to plague the FanHistory Apa (FHAPA). Begun with more enthusiasm than apa know-

how, FHAPA has struggled since its inception. Nigel Rowe, who took over the OEsip from Lindsay Crawford, says: "I hang my head in embarrassment. FHAPA #4 sits on my floor all copied, but not collated and the official roster only half done. It's been that way unfortunately since December."

Nigel blames the delay on mundane factors, most prominently his marital break-up and condo purchase. "I would have to say that it is unlikely that I will get it completed in time to send out before I move (or the Worldcon) despite my best intentions."

"Rest assured FHAPA is still at the top of my list of priorities, and I hope that early August will see it in the mail to everyone."

Willis Book Update

Fannish procrastination is endangering one of this year's most appealing projects of the year, Robert Lichtman's collection of Walt Willis' fanzine columns done in the British

prozine *Nebula*.

"As of today [7/17], I've had only 15 paid orders... and two who want to wait until it's out but let me know of their interest," Lichtman advises. Since he needs 50 advance orders for the 100-page book, at \$8 (postpaid), the conclusion is obvious: We don't get this collection unless more of us send orders.

Let's not lose this great anthology. Send your \$8 to Robert Lichtman, PO Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442

Tucker Collection Still Available

Bill Bowers reports he's found a cache of **The Really Incomplete Bob Tucker**, a 60-page collection issued in October, 1974, to aid the fund sending Bob to Aussiecon I.

Copies are US\$10.00 each, postage included, worldwide, from: Bill Bowers, 4651 Glenway Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45238-4503. Per arrangement with Tucker, all monies received (minus actual postage), will be donated to The Science Fiction Oral History Association.

Changes of Address

Gary Farber, c/o Zev Sero, 396 12th St., Apt. 11, Brooklyn, NY 11215-5917m
Joseph T. Major, 1409 Christy Ave., Louisville, KY 40204-2040
Nigel Rowe, 431 S. Dearborn, #402, Chicago, IL 60605

Fanzine Fans at the World SF Con?

That's the rumor. Be sure to let us know what our bunch did at the sci fi worldcon.