

Now, because nothing, no nothing, can stop the Duke of Earl, this is... **crifanac #8**, 10/12/98. 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 Waldle, Ben Wilson, Cathi Wilson, Tom Springer, Joyce Katz. Director of Vegrant Affairs/Europe: Chuch Harris.

Number 8
October 12, 1998

NewsSquint Snoopers: Joyce Katz, Rob Hansen, Vincent Clarke, Roger Sims, Yvonne Penney, Joyce Scrivner, Robert Lichtman, Bill Bowers, Karen Pender-Gunn, Andy Hooper and Liz Copeland.

crifanac

Columnists: Joyce Katz, Bill Bowers, Dave Langford, Shelby Vick and Karen Pender-Gunn. Art: Ross Chamberlain, David Haugh, Craig Smith. **Crifanac** is available for news, art, a short article or a letter of comment. Artwork is also urgently desired. Perhaps your contribution of art can fill the spot where we were going to tell those lies about you. Send egoboo electronically: crifanac@aol.com. Fanatical member of fwa; lukewarm support of AFAL.



NewsSquint

What We Know, as soon as We Know It

Springer Gets the Funk

Well-known Las Vegas fanzine fans Tom Springer and Tammy Funk tied the knot on October 3rd in San Diego, where both have family.

The beautiful ceremony took place onboard a triple-decker paddle wheel-er as it cruised nearby Mission Bay. This not only provided a lovely setting, but it also thwarted any last-minute escape plans.

Representing fandom were Ken and Aileen Forman, Ben and Cathi Wilson, Robert Lichtman and Carol Carr. The rest of the Vegrants toasted the couple at the group's mid-month meeting, held simultaneously with the wedding.

During the congratulatory speeches, the best man quipped, "When I heard Tom was getting married, I breathed a sigh of relief that I'd never have to share a bathroom with him ever again."

Carol Carr, during a laughing fit choked out, "Does anyone here know

the Heinlein Maneuver?"

Old fannish habits die hard.
(See page 15 for photos and accounts of the wedding night.)

Artist James M. Rogers Dead

James Rogers, a notable artist for both fanzines and the professional science fiction magazines, died of a stroke on September 11.

Introduced to fandom through the prozine letter columns, Rogers soon began corresponding with fellow Oklahomans Dan McPhail and Jack Speer.

He soon became a prolific contributor to '30's fanzines, most notably Olon F. Wiggins' **The Science Fiction Fan**. He often collaborated with his sister Mary Rogers, a fine illustrator in her own right.

After World War II, he fell away from fandom, though he continued to read SF and supernatural stories with a passion. Gradually, he read less and less SF though he remained

addicted to supernatural stories right up to his death

When his son James became active in fandom in the late '70's, some of his interest in fandom revived. He drew for Dan McPhail's **FAPAZine** and his son's **Thrilling Crudzine**.

Eleen Tackett Dead of Cancer

Eleen Tackett, whose cancer came out of remission a few short weeks ago, died in the hospital on September 21.

Church services for Eleen, wife of Ray Tackett, took place the following Friday.

Nancy Tucker Doing Better

There's some good news about Nancy Tucker Shaw, widow of Bob Shaw, who suffered a massive stroke

Continued on next page...

Vicks Escape Hurricane; Vegrants Issue Mini-Golf Challenge

"A big, wet blowhard, "is how Shelby Vick describes much-hyped hurricane Georges. "Not even a lot of rain for us. Just steady, light rain." Though the storm temporarily drove many Gulf Coast residents from their homes, Panama City, FL largely escaped the effects.

ShelVv also had some good news about the Corflu Sunsplash hotel. "Went out to the Gulf today to see the surf and, while out there, went on to the Sandpiper/Beacon. They now have a crosswalk traffic light to simplify crossing to the Convention Center. Also an outdoor Jacuzzi,

mini-golf, and something they call a River Ride.

"But there's still no elevator in the Convention Center," Shelby adds. "We'll have to lug ice, soda pop and beer up the stairs," he adds.

Did he say... *mint-golf*? Las Vegrants herewith challenge those Falls Church oldsters, effete New Yorkers and rain-splattered Seattle fans: we'll kick your butts in the Corflu Sunsplash Mini-Golf Championship! The three losing teams lug the soft drinks.

We've laid down the gauntlet. Pick it up if you've got the guts.

In This Issue...

NewsSquint	1
Oops!	2
Talking Out Loud	3
Timely Response	4
Fanzine Log	4
Fannish Moments	5
OUTburst	6
GUNNpoint	7
Sunsplashes	10
Fan Dance	11
On Our Holidays	12
Critical Froth	13
Catch & Release	14

NewsSquint

Continued from previous page

on Sunday, September 20.

She's currently in the Intensive care Unit of Saint Joseph Mercy Hospital of Ann Arbor, MI. She can't receive flowers in the ICU but e-mail messages (via her daughter-in-law Misti Tucker at mta@cyberspace.org), cards and letters are fine. If and when she can receive flowers, we'll inform anyone who has inquired.

The initial bulletin was extremely grave. Nancy was completely paralyzed on the left side of her body and was suffering "dissociation." She was also said to be very confused and dis-oriented.

While Nancy is still suffering the paralysis on her left side, she's beginning to get a little better response than she's had, Misti informs, and she's pretty much always lucid and very much herself again. (She has the nurses commenting on her sense of humour to anyone who'll listen...)

"It looks like she's in for a long haul of physical therapy, but her prognosis is much, much better," says Misti. "The condition that predisposed her to a stroke in the first place (atrial fibrillation) is still a factor, so she's not completely

out of the woods yet -- but her doctors are much more optimistic."

Chuch Harris Suffers Mild Stroke

Charles R. Harris, perhaps best known as **cf's** Director of Vagrant Affairs/Europe, had what doctors describe as a mild stroke. According to the medicos, the stroke has not caused any appreciable damage that they can detect, and Chuch is expected to make a fine recovery.

Mr. Harris, resting comfortably at his Palatial Daventry manse, has not yet indicated when he will feel up to resuming his duties as a **crifanac** executive and columnist, though the editors wish him a speedy recuperation and hope that it will be soon.

In a tangentially related story, **crifanac** issues the following Media Alert: The forthcoming move *Bride of Chucky* has no connection whatsoever with Susan Harris. It is also believed, though as yet unconfirmed, that Chuch Harris does not, repeat *not*, make a cameo appearance. Disappointed movie-goers are requested to apply the money they save by not going to see *Bride of Chucky* to postage for get-well cards

and letters to the Genuine and Only Chuchy.

Vincent Gets an Owie

"I visited Vince mere hours ago, as I do most Sundays," reports Rob Hansen. "He didn't have a good week, what with pulling a muscle in his back and falling out of bed at one point. On both occasions his personal alarm summoned help from the nearby hospital within minutes.

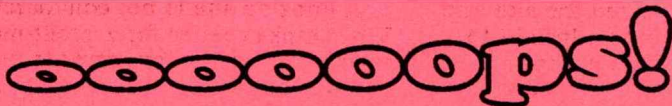
"The bed is pretty high, and Vince bruised his arm, but it could have been much worse." Ace **NewsSquint** snooper Hansen adds: "Other than that, he seems much as he has the past few weeks. He remains frustrated by his physical limitations. But all things considered he's doing about as well as could be expected in the circumstances."

Hooper and Root Visit Vegas

Computer maven Carrie Root got an assignment with Las Vegas' electric company, which resulted in a visit to Las Vegas Fandom by her and Andy Hooper starting Sunday, October 4. The Seattle fan couple spent Sunday evening with the Katzes and returned to Toner Hall on Tuesday for a Vegrants bash in their honor.

The fatted calf became Andy's notorious chili and Joyce's somewhat

Continued on page 14



Arnie shuffles his feet

Department of Corrections

"There's a problem with **crifanac**," Ken Forman said. He said it solemnly, awed by the enormity of his own words.

"I've already apologized for calling you Las Vegas Fandom's aging prettyboy," I said.

"No, it's not that," he said. "Well, not just that."

"What's wrong, Ken?"

"There's something....missing," he looked at me hopefully. "You see it, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, my voice barely above a whisper. "I know."

"Well, what is it?" he demanded.

"We're too..." I could hardly bring myself to form the words, "...We're just too perfect!"

He looked shocked. "Perfect?"

"Perfect," I insisted.

"And that's a problem?" he asked.

"The worst, Ken, the absolute worst."

"You mean the planning, the copyediting, the proofreading... it's all for nothing?"

"Oh, no, we *must* catch typos and craft the taut prose that Tommy Ferguson and other widely read fanzine critics adore." I explained. "But we have gone too far, flown too high."

"We have?" Ken marveled.

"**Crifanac** is too finely groomed, too seamless," I continued. "Fans don't like that, because then they don't have fuel for bitching in their letters of comment."

"You know, the letters *have* been a little slower since we went to double and triple proofreading," said Ken, understanding dawning in his eyes.

"Exactly. If we keep up the perfection, they'll stop writing altogether!" I predicted. "When was the last time we heard from Jack Speer?" I added rhetorically.

"This is terrible! Our fannish glory is heading down the rat hole of perfection!" He looked at me searchingly, a lost soul hunting for a lifeline. "Isn't there *anything* we can do?"

"We've got to take action, swift and decisive action, and take it now," I replied. "Ken, are you ready to make sacrifices?"

"I'm ready, Arnie," he said without hesitation. "How do we head off disaster?"

"We've got to make **crifanac #7** a lot less perfect," I stated. "We can start with the date. A flick of the mouse and a keystroke.... and 'September 21' becomes 'September 11'."

"I see, I see!" Ken shouted. "And we can reprint letters from last issue right in the middle of the new ones!"

"That's the spirit!" encouraged. Nothing gladdens a teacher's heart like an apt pupil.

"And to cap it off, we can leave in the blurb on 'Catch and Release' about Andy being chafed!"

"That's a masterful touch," I acknowledged.

"Say, do you think it would help if we ran 'Talking Out Loud' in mirror image?" he asked, warming to the new goal of imperfection.

"No, that might be going too far," I said. It's up to me to be the Voice of Reason around here.

So we executed those "mistakes" and went into the living room to celebrate our accomplishment. We had rescued **crifanac** from pernicious, insidious quality.

"Let the letters of comment flow again!" Ken declaimed as he raised his Pepsi high in a toast.

"So it is written, let it be so," we chorused.

-- Arnie

Talking Out Loud

Arnie Katz speaks through a hole in his head

As everyone knows, Victor Gonzalez and I are like Damon and Pythias. Well, ok, there was a little friction a year or so back, but basically, we're Damon and Pythias. Well, maybe Moose and Squirrel.

When I see my friend Victor on the hotseat, my first impulse is *not* to rush to his aid. I'd line up with him eventually, but no need to hurry into battle. I admit, with some shame, that my first impulse would be to sit back and "observe."

Ted White once rhapsodized to Joyce and me for several minutes about the entertainment value of feuding. He was eloquent on the subject, a belief close to his heart.

I argued mildly. "Fandom would be a better place without feuds," I said, my upturned nose scraping the ceiling. Getting fun out of feuds is Wrong.

Yet when I look deep into my tiny fannish heart, I know that Ted is right and I am wrong. This is my public confession, my *mia culpa*, that I find Victor's skirmishes immensely entertaining.

Mostly, you understand, I root for the Seattle Gamecock to wipe the floor with his adversaries. Victor is the Naseem Hamed of Fanzine Fandom — passionate and unorthodox, able to take tons of punishment and a heavy puncher in his own right (and left).

I can enjoy Victor's feuds -- as long as they're not with me -- because I have faith that no foe can truly harm him. He's savvy -- and a fine feud strategist.

Victor also has excellent timing. He's not against recycling former opponents, but Victor knows when to quit. One of the great things about a Gonzalez feud is that it almost always leaves you wanting more. I can listen to Victor insult other people (other than me, I mean) all day long, but the SG doesn't milk it.

So imagine my surprise when, upon reading several responses to Victor's Timebinders post about updating **Squib** on-line, my indignation rose to critical mass.

Victor has been wronged, cruelly wronged, I declared, no longer the aloof observer. Then I wrote to Victor, telling him essentially the same thing but in somewhat more detail.

I conceived this article in that white heat of righteous anger. Victor's gracious step backward only fanned my ire. So for this moment, at least, I

repay Victor's past entertainment value with a skirmish of my own.

It started much more innocently than most of Victor's clashes. That should've tipped me off that this wasn't simple recreational antagonism. Victor informed Timebinders that he'd upgraded and refreshed the **Squib** site. Had I not been already in the midst of reading the paper version, I would've shouted for joy and linked immediately.



I'm sure the respondents meant only the best. It was clear to me that they only wanted to guide Victor toward a Better Path. They had, as I had not yet done, visited the site and returned with a Valuable Insight to assist their fellow Timebinder.

Those who posted in response to Victor, and in response to the responses to Victor, all hated a sound bite Victor had associated with one of the site's features. That was their right, and even Victor freely admitted that it wasn't really a good fix.

Every fan has the right to judge, so I have no quarrel with a negative assessment of the *quality* of the sound. What wound me up was that most of the writers objected to the sound's *presence*.

You shouldn't add a sound to your site, several stated, it's against the Rules. Others couched their opposition in terms of protecting the rights of those who might chance to read **Squib** in a Library or possibly during Church services. Joyce actually lauded Victor's willingness to experiment, but she was a fanority of one.

Against the Rules? I thundered to the heavens in insurgent wrath. Who wrote these rules? We're fanzine fans and bow to no authoritarian set of stinkin' rules!

After I calmed down — reading five pages of **Fosfax** nearly put me in a coma — I considered these alleged rules more systematically. My conclu-

sion is that they are pseudo-Campbellistic bullshit that needs to be forcefully rejected.

My points are only meant to apply to the online manifestation of Fanzine Fandom. We share the cyberverses with other subfandoms, including SF Net Fandom, Con Fandom and Gaming Fandom. I won't presume to instruct those other groups. They subscribe to a different consensus than the one which binds Fanzine Fandom. In fact, I am writing in the hope that it will help them better understand our consensus and treat it with somewhat more respect.

The Internet is a wonderful mechanism for inter-subfandom cooperation. Timebinders itself is such a joint venture. But that cooperation can flourish only in a climate of mutual respect and understanding.

I'm one of the few fans who earns a living running a website. I freely admit that I wouldn't put a sound, or even an overly large picture, on PureBaseball.com because that might deter surfers. Part of my job is to maximize user hits.

Anything that slows data loading can cut into total hits. At this stage of telecommunications technology, sounds and large pictures are roadblocks to casual browsing. Technology will obliterate the problem in the next few years, but it is commercially unwise to ignore it now.

A Fanzine site is not commercial. What makes sense for a profit-motivated site may be irrelevant to one put up for the entertainment of, and response from, Fanzine Fandom.

When fanzines unnecessarily ape the prozines, we call it pseudo-Campbellism (in honor of the legendary editor John W. Campbell). A professional magazine puts a price on the cover because a newsstand buyer and the register clerk need to know the cost. Fanzines don't put prices on the cover, because they are distributed through the mail or handed to friends.

Professional magazines put preferred ad positions and major features on right-hand pages (unless they are two-page spreads). When people thumb a magazine at the newsstand, they see the right-hand page more fully than the left one. A big ad or a story start is more likely to grab the casual browsers' attention. Fanzines are usually oblivious to this concept, because it just doesn't matter.

A professional site wouldn't tie sounds to features, but there's no reason to hold an electronic fanzine to that "rule." I write fanzines for fanzine fans, not anonymous readers who might get hold of a copy.

Continued on page 8

Timely Response

The Readers make themselves heard

Steve Jeffrey

Like Joyce (in "Fan Dance") I do worry about the perils of on-line fanac. Not so much that I might dash off an angry email in the white heat of the moment (I type far too slowly for that and current circumstances mean that it may be anything from a day or so to more than a week between receiving a fanzine and being able to loc it, even on email), but that it might be seen that e-locs are somehow less in the spirit of the thing than a Real LoC on paper.

But for an overseas fanzine, and especially one with a rapid and regular schedule, the sheer convenience and instant delivery of email, not to mention the cheapness, is an immense boon. But I hope that, because I don't write on-line, there isn't a big difference in tone or content between what I'd write in a letter, and in an email, of comment.

On the other hand, I find ezines trying to read on screen and much easier and more convenient in a printed version. Being a wordy bugger, I wonder if the same applies at the other end to my LoCs.

Chuch's Le Petomane has missed an obvious trick. Spike Milligan relates how bored servicemen in barracks would ignite their farts and

scorch their signatures on the wall. With an assistant holding a lighted taper, Le Petomane could have his own "son et lumiere."

Ken: I'm sorry, but while I may be a fan (and both a science fiction fan and a fanzine fan), I don't consider myself in either as particularly "fan-ish" and certainly not "faanish" and definitely not a "faan."

I loathe the double a in faan as much as I do the silly fannish h. (Yes I know Walt Willis invented it, but even gods have their off-days and apart from the inspired coinage 'ghoodminton' this was one of his). This is not an Obvious Resentment of Tradition (™ Andy Hooper); I know where I'm coming from. I just don't see the reason to slavishly follow the sillier aspects of it, especially when the joke is 40 years out of date. There are more solid foundations to fanzine fandom than this.

If the criterion for "faanishness" lies in knowing (or much caring) who sawed Courtney's Boat, then I'm happy to admit that if someone once told me (it may even have been one of you), I have completely forgotten it. It was diverting in its day (it may even have been hilarious), but to insist on it, and use it to build exclusionary walls, strikes me as worrying. Walls

enclose. Uniforms are... uniform. It's not what fandom is about. I hope it's not, or I'm in the wrong hobby.

Arnie: "Who Sawed Courtney's Boat?" is still a charming sidelight, but it's hardly a fannish litmus test. A fan should know the subculture the way an informed citizen knows his nation's culture, but trivia is trivia, in or out of fandom. A fanzine fan needs to understand the hobby's context and old fanzines are often entertaining, but minor details are best left to fanhistorians and fan quizzes.

"I think the biggest problem plaguing fandom as a whole is a lack of proper labeling." Now surely I can't have read that right. This isn't Safeway, where we all have our correct little boxes and shelf space. Heaven help we should mix up the fans with the faans, or confuse the organic fanzine fans with the gene-mod electronic and media fans. The customers will complain.

The problem with fandom is too much labeling, putting people in Procrustean boxes and lopping off the bits that don't seem to fit. The label becomes more important than the fan, and this is not what it's about. I am a fan like I am a cook: a pinch of this, a dash of that, a bit of something else, according to mood and flavour and taste and whim of the moment. A fanzine fan, an apa fan, a science fiction fan, a fantasy fan, a BSFA member and committee officer. I treat fan-

Fanzine Log

Arnie monitors current fanzines

This is cf'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. **Crifanac** makes no pretense that 25 words are enough to fully describe and critique a fanzine. That's just a self-imposed limitation to help maintain my interest in doing this.

Opuntia #40. Dale Speirs (Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7). 16 pages. Canada's most prolific faned offers a brief editorial, letters and an article about chain letters. Dale, would improve with a less formal style.

Snuffkin Goes West #3, Maureen Kincaid Speller (60 Bournemouth Rd., Folkestone, Kent CT19 5AZ, UK). 2 pages. More travel notes from recent immigrant Maureen Speller. Oh, you say she's going home eventually? Her accounts are so charming I miss her already.

Kerles #1. Tommy Ferguson (40 Deramore Ave., Belfast, BT7 3ER, Belfast, Northern Ireland). 10 pages. This new fanzine reviewzine shows great promise. Tommy doesn't seem entirely comfortable yet, but practice will bring more insights and fewer commonplaces.

Ansible #134, Dave Langford (94 London Rd., Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU, UK). 2 pages. A Rotsler-ish D West cartoon heads this issue in which the main story is a recap of world SF con happenings.

Starfire #9, Wm Breiding (PO Box 2322 Tucson, AZ 85702). 30 pages. The engagingly personable editorial suggests that Bill's return is a significant gain for fandom. **Folly #1** had a similar backdated feel, but you gotta start somewhere.

Bento #9, Kate Yule & David Levine (1905 SE 43rd Ave., Portland, OR 97215). 36 pages. This easy-going person-alzine features mildly funny mainstream material such as a fictional Microsoft Barney help line call done as a Newhart-type monolog.

File 770 #126, Mike Glycer (PO Box 1056, Sierra Madre, CA 91025). 20 pages. Mike announces a new house and offers the most favorable worldcon report I have seen so far.

Vanamonde #273-277, John Hertz (236 S. Coronado St., #409, Los Angeles, CA 90057). 2 pages each. John, you forgot to send #272. A pot pourri of Apa L mcs, letters and short essays of great diversity.

A question for the tribe.... Should "Fanzine Log" cover electronic fanzines? I have no strong feeling either way, so I'll be guided by your response to the question. E-zines don't have the look of a paper fanzine, of course, but content and approach overlap to a considerable extent.

In a similar vein, how interested would you folks be in a small, regular column that reviewed fan-oriented web-sites, much the way Andy Hooper covers hard copy fanzines? There's been almost no attempt to put sites on the critical griddle to this point, but there's no reason we couldn't start. -- Arnie

history as a cookbook. Other people like to collect recipes and write them down. I like to browse them, but I never follow recipes exactly. I go for the feel of how things are used in a particular style or meal, and then I make it up. No two meals ever have exactly the same ingredients; no two meals ever come out exactly alike.

Or think of music as an analogy, jazz, or folk, or blues. There's the solidity of tradition behind it, be it 50 years or 500.

There are the collectors, the transcribers. Then there's the performers, who take that as a bedrock to improvise on and around. And just very occasionally, there will be a Coltrane, a Thelonius Monk, a Clapton, a Sandy Denny or June Tabor who will take an old standard and do something extraordinary with it. But without them, it's cocktail lounge and lift music, and without the collectors and transcribers of traditional standards, it's often an unstructured aimless doodling.

Gosh. I hadn't meant to say all that, but I'm glad I have. I've felt uncomfortable between the purists and the advocates of free improvisation and the art of noise, and I've used the music analogy before about writing in *apas* (but not specifically fanwriting).

I'm still not quite sure where your article was going Ken. The problem is I'm stuck with my immediate, biological family, whether or not I have anything in common with them, but I can choose my friends, even if I've never seen them, or they live thousands of miles away.

Arnie: While fanzine fandom has many pseudo-familial relationships, I don't think fanzine fandom as a whole has the characteristics of a family. Personally, I like the tribe and small town analogies better.

Eric Lindsay

Took me a week to drive due North (sort of) from Sydney, with Jean's little Ford Festiva totally packed with

stuff we forgot to send with the removalists. I've built 11 bookcases, and unpacked all but eight of the 157 boxes. And I can still see the floor!

After a mere three weeks of bookcase building and loafing around on the beach I even got around to unpacking the computer, and its new motherboard and hard drive. Real soon now I'll get around to reinstalling all the software.

Despite finding numerous restaurants and bars here, photocopy facilities are scarce, and both stores with a copier seem to want 15c to 20c a copy. This would put a real crimp in my publishing plans, if I'd gotten around to writing anything. The local internet provider is asking \$6 an hour as well, so I've been in no rush to get back online.

We are planning another trip to the USA in December and maybe in February. We think we will reach Seattle on Monday 23rd November, stay in the area to visit with Jean's parents and have a family reunion until Monday 7th December. Then to Las Vegas on Monday 7th December, leaving Las Vegas on Sunday 13th December, arriving back in Australia on 15th December. The dates for the international flights are fairly firm now (unless something goes wrong with the bookings).

The February one is much more nebulous, but we found this deal of a US return flight for 75,000 frequent flyer points each.

While I was mucking around, not emailing stuff, **crifanac 5** arrived. The trouble is that the Craig Smith "Flawol or Death" cartoon is getting a little close to the bone, with so many fan obituaries appearing.

I enjoyed Ken's musing on the family of fan. However a rigorous classification scheme simply ends up splitting people up (and fans are just so easy to classify as well). Did like the throwaway line about "Deep Impact" (which I enjoyed) being a good remake of "When Worlds Collide" (which I also enjoyed).

I'm not sure that the change from letter writing to email (if in fact it really does happen, and really is complete, and I happen to doubt both) is really all that different to an alteration of the delivery medium. The real problem seems to me that email responses are so often ill considered, as Joyce points out. A considered response can be made by email; we perhaps need to do more to encourage it, perhaps by editing and traditional methods of (dare I say it) social control. This has worked in the electronic media, where many groups have the same problem.

Check out the signal to noise ratio of a moderated news group vs a standard unmoderated one. The difference is editorial control. We need to go back to being good editors, and perhaps even avoiding the ease of the "instant reply to everyone".

Regarding fannish memories, Walt Willis and Ken make some neat points, but I believe the very best thing about fannish memories is not that they are accurate, but that they are sometimes much better than reality. Why, I've now been to conventions in countries I've not even visited, thanks to fannish memories. And I can tell you they were damn good conventions, because someone remembered it for me.

Arnie: Labels are valuable where they illuminate, but as you (and Steve Jeffrey) note, they're detrimental when they merely divide. **Crifanac** covers fanzine fandom because we'd rather do a small job well than a big one badly, but we welcome all readers who are willing to lay on the egoboo with a trowel.

Lee Hoffman:

A few years ago, I visited Savannah and the house where I grew up and began my fanac. All was familiar, yet strange, and not exactly comfortable. **Crifanac** on the other hand, feels a lot like the place where I spent my early years as a fan. Very familiar and

Fannish Moments

Ken navigates strange channels

The afternoon after my eye surgery found me sitting in my hotel room, trying to watch television without much success. The operation seemed successful, but my vision was still blurry. I wasn't too concerned, I was bored. Besides, much of the blurriness came from the clear plastic shields on my face, covering my newly altered eyes.

Aileen was off shopping, and I was bored. I couldn't read; I didn't see the words. I couldn't do anything but nap or watch TV. And I was tired of both of those activities.

I decided to try my hand at fanac. I could touch-type, but with my altered eyes, I couldn't see the screen very well, so I set the font at 60 points and proceeded to write an editorial for **crifanac**.

While squinting at the over-large words, I experienced an Arnie Katz moment...much like the Andy Hooper moment I enjoyed a few weeks ago.

Just then, the phone rang, but it was a wrong number; somebody wanted to speak to Wilson Tucker. I told him there was no one by that name at this number.

A few days later, on the way home from San Diego, we decided to side-track through Los Angeles and take the advice of Robert Lichtman to try the pastrami sandwiches at (the much written about) Canters Bros Deli of downtown LA. Aileen even threw a couple "Oy"s into the fray, so I had a Robert Lichtman moment.

When I got home to Las Vegas, I made it a point to enjoy a Pez from my favorite "Death's Head" Pez dispenser. So I had a Geri Sullivan moment.

I tried to have Walt Willis moment, but I think my punning ability is brogue-en. -- Ken

Co-editor's Note: It shoe was! -- Arnie

very comfortable.

I like Arnie's metaphor of fanzine fandom as a close-knit community within a nation full of other towns and cities. When I moved in, almost half a century ago (!), the original settlement had already split into different communities and there was plenty of squabbling about which was the best place to live. Lots of complaints about the new town over yonder ruining the country. And lots of people at home in more than one community.

As I said, very familiar...

I may be that reclusive old lady living on the outskirts of town these days, but I still feel like it's my community, and I've got family living there.

I wonder if Joyce is right that paper fandom will eventually wither away, now that there's such an active internet fandom. If it does, I think it will take a very long time. I like to think that as long as there are suitable means of reproduction and circulation and people who can read the

printed word, there'll be some kind of fanzine publishing. The Industrial Revolution didn't wipe out all the kinds of hand crafting that machines were able to emulate because there were people who loved those crafts. I should be the same way with the printed word. (I hope.)

Arnie: when you do your fuller explanation of Ayjay, don't forget that there were a bunch of people who weren't so much interested in "writing and publishing" per se as in the art of letterpress printing. Writing and publishing were just part of the process of getting their art work into the hands of an audience.

Of course there was amateur journalism long before there was a fandom, but were there other hobby groups similar to fandom, with the kind of zines and friendship Dale Speers mentions, in the '30's and '40's? I don't know. I ask because I'm curious.

Like Arnie, I disagree with Jack Speer that "a fanzine is in trouble

when its letter department overshadows the rest of the contents." Don't forget **VOM**. Good letters are well worth the ink.

I like the remembrances of how various people discovered and entered fandom. I found out about it all when Walt Kessel loaned me a copy of the fanzine he'd published some years earlier, and then loaned me the first edition Fancyclopedia.

Remember, anything two or more consenting fans do together is fanac.

Robert Lichtman

I had only brief contact with John Baltadonis in 1987 when he responded to a letter I sent to the charter members of FAPA I'd located in order to verify their addresses (obtained from third parties, mainly SaM and Forry) before sending them copies of the fiftieth anniversary (200th) mailing that year.

He responded: "Thank you for the notice that I will be receiving the 200th mailing on the occasion of the

OUTburst

Bill Bowers Names Names

Many Threads Ago*, in Timebinders, one Joyce Katz expressed a certain amount of pique at a Certain Convention, aka "Potlatch" for not having properly acknowledged its prior fannish roots, in name, if not in deed.

A Number of Discerning Fanzine Fans, myself among that Select Number, rushed to assure Joyce that, indeed, we recalled with fondness, A Most Excellent Fanzine having been titled "Potlatch." Even if we couldn't quite get a handle on just who the Editor had been.... Others posted-in with the names of additional fanzines whose titles had been summarily usurped by Eviol Conventions, but it was relatively a short-lived topic, in terms of Timebinder Eons... [Insert here Your Favorite - I have mine - Thread ever so lovingly prolonged....]

And so it was until a short while back, when Jerry Kaufman revisited the scene of the crime, (aka "Conventions with the same name as fanzines"), informing us of an upcoming Seattle convention (June, 1999) to be called "Foolsap." In conclusion Jerry wondered: "Should I tell them about John Berry's old fanzine?"

Gary Farber posted in: "I pointed out a few years ago to the people who run the "OUTWORLD" con that there was a very famous fanzine whose name was singularly close to their chosen name, but they didn't give a damn."

And, in the natural progression of things, I responded to Gary, thusly: "Thanks, Gary. I'll be sure to mention this to Robert Lichtman, next time I talk to him."

...at which point, to my innocent surprise, Much Confusion ensued.

You see, when I responded to Gary's response to Jerry's initial post, I did so with no sinister intent. I simply wanted to have a bit of fun with the fact that, as I read it, Gary half expected me to react with dismay to the apparent appropriation of "my" fanzine title by a convention that, no, I'd never heard of.

After much gashing of electrons, wondering "What the ... is Bowers talking about this time?" — I felt compelled to supply —

The Back Story:

At Richard Brandt's delightful Corflu Ocho in El Paso,

1991, there was convened a Fan Trivia Game, featuring a huge roulette wheel turned vertical to determine the points. (I'm pretty sure that Leah provided the Questions.) I don't recall all the participants, but I know that many of them were FanHistory "heavyweights," such as Moshe, all of whom had a vastly superior data base, or so it seemed to me. I was reluctantly "persuaded" to play to fill out the quota.

Naturally I ended up "winning" the Whole Blasted Thing, on the basis of a point total generated by one turn of the wheel. Much to the chagrin of All Concerned. [Except, I suspect, Leah.]

The question I was asked (and I hereby swear there was no fix!)? "-What is the name of the first fan editor to publish a fanzine titled 'Outworlds'?"

The answer I gave was, of course, "Robert Lichtman."

The Story Behind the Back Story: The first "real" **Outworlds I** was published was in January, 1970. (The ShadowFAPA version of **Outworlds #1** was published in 1966.)

Well, in 1959, Robert Lichtman had published his **Outworlds No. 1**. And no, I wasn't aware of this until Robert re-entered fandom (in the early '80's?). At which time, he (gently) pointed it out to me.

And now you all know the rest of the Story: A bit of Fanzine History. Even a Touch of Corflu History.

Oh, all right, so I am, in reality, just the slightest bit possessive of my fanzine's title: But it was only after several of the multitude of web-based free e-mail services refused, citing prior "use," my request to take the "outworlds@mymail.net" moniker that, in more affluent times, I paid the Big Bucks, and Officially Registered "www.outworlds.net." [Coming Soon, to an ISP near you!]

[The writing was on the net: After all, "www.xenolith.com" had already been registered, and not by me, but by someone in LA who didn't answer my polite, "So what is your rock about?" e-mail.]

But I do want to go on record that I'm really a tolerant kinda fella: I'll gladly sub-let the esteemed Mr. Lichtman space on My Web Site.

In return for a modest fee. And the guaranteed destruction of all photo-copies of that 1959 aberration.

—Bill Bowers (who'd been giving Lin Carter undeserved credit all these years).

*Not a McCaffrey reference

GUNNpoint

Karen Pender-Gunn survive a family visit

Dear Friends,

The reason you have not heard from us for a while was a vast invasion of my family. Firstly, my sister and her fiance (my sister is pregnant so the Pender clan will continue) then my father and stepmother (a very unusual woman). Dad picked Ian up from hospital as he has had 4 units of blood overnight, it was their first meeting ever and went well. When my father left my mother arrived and had some time with my sister. Then my sister went home to Airlie Beach in Queensland and my mother

stayed till last night. She made us new coach covers, did all our ironing and made new curtains for the bathroom, got the stove fixed, helped me mow the lawns, and generally was all round great and spent lots of money on us.

Ian had chemotherapy on Friday though the day surgery. He has mostly slept since then and has not eaten solid food yet but we are keeping a sharp eye on the kidney functioning as we don't want a repeat of what happened after the last chemo. He is back on the pump again. We have had two nights of the Living with Cancer course being run through the hospital and there are many more people worse off than Ian (including some in fandom) who are also fighting to give themselves the best of life.

Life will now resume it usual course and I hope to see some of you soon.

-- Karen Pender-Gunn

50th anniversary of the FAPA. I look forward to the receipt of this memorable mailing."

I had rather more contact with Lowndes. He responded to that same letter: "I'd like to participate in the 200th mailing of FAPA, but my writing schedule is on the heavy side and for some reason I don't seem to have the time and energy that I used to; perhaps I haven't lived right." He was wrong on the latter point, of course.

Ken really gives away the identity of the mystery "disgruntled government worker" he encountered at Corflu Wave by saying he would no longer be receiving "dittoed fanzines" from him. I won't name him, either, but I cut him off my mailing list a few years ago after reading a letter from him in some fanzine where he loudly proclaimed that he despised "fannish fanzines." I guessed he'd been too polite to tell me directly.

Unlike Ken, I do consider some people who I know as "strictly con-goers" as part of my faanish family. I mean, for instance, how could I ignore such a stellar personality as Tami Vining? At Pottatch last January, she gave me a short tape she'd done with former **Apparatchik** coeditor Carl Juarez called *Chibavision*, which is also the title of one of the three songs on it. From my point of view, it's actually the weakest track; I much preferred "Black Leather Jacket" and "Wild Child." Frank Lunney is another person who's pretty strictly a con-goer these days, though he did the wonderful *Syndrome* in the distant past, and I consider him most definitely part of my faanish family, too. I could go on.

Ken's comment in reply to WAW, that fanzines "serve to record our memories for our own use," is definitely true. I value my early fanzines, particularly my apa publications, for the direct connection with my earlier self. Although occasionally a little embarrassing, it's great to see what I was thinking and doing as far back as my 16th year.

Joyce's column, about "abandoning the mails for Internet distribution,



both mail and fanzines," is disconcerting. In a phone conversation with Lenny Bailes, he noted that there are close to 100 people involved in Timebinders, and in his latest Lilapa publication Donaho mentions the same thing, quoting Ted White in saying on-line that "the only principal faanish fan not in is Robert Lichtman." But Lenny also mentioned that on some days there are over a hundred posts, and I don't know if there'd be time in my life to keep up with the print fanzines that come in and that much additional input. So it's a mixed bag. Meanwhile, while I continue to be happy to live in the good old days of mail fandom I increasingly find myself thinking I'm probably missing a lot.

Andy's review of **The Reluctant Famulous** is accurate and even-handed. Like him, I thought Sadler's editorial in the issue under review was one of the best things ever to appear in the zine, while lamenting the pain Tom's been undergoing that led him to have to write it. But I also agree that it's a remarkably uneven publication, and that there are certain of Tom's correspondents I'd just as soon not get my own personal ration of words from and so they are not on my mailing list. This sort of ties back in with Ken's and Arnie's columns this time, but I think I've already said plenty in past letters about fandom as a family and all the contradictions and caveats that

involves, and won't get into repeating myself tonight.

Ken: I do consider many strictly con-goers as good friends... Frank Lunney among them. However, even though I share interests with them, unless they share Fanzine Fandom with me, I can't consider them part of the "faanish family."

Gordon Eklund

Many thanks for the various issues of **crifanac** that have been winding their way my way the last several weeks. I think I

missed the original incarnation of the title — Tom Reamy you say, whom I recall only as a moderately pleasant writer of fantasy stories who dropped dead right after winning a Nebula Award, which apparently had nothing to do with any kind of ancient blood curse working itself relentlessly out in modern times like a badger in the boy scouts, though you never can tell, you really never can. (Just a thought.)

Anyway, it's a good clean virgin title as far as I'm concerned, ready for blood and sacrifice. Fandom could use a fine tri-weekly, which this **crifanac** surely appears to be, though I've got to wonder how come tri-weekly and why not just plain ordinary monthly when nobody could tell if you were a few days (or even a week) off your established deadline? On second thought, never mind that I asked. You fellows, living as you do in the new family-oriented Las Vegas of Mickey the Mouse and Donald the Duck, are probably heavily into stuff like honesty and integrity. So good on you, sez I.

I almost never read criticism of any kind anymore but Hooper's fanzine reviews are of interest. I like his approach, the attempt at uncovering the peculiar essence of each item he reviews. It's sort of like seeing an aardvark chasing after the modern equivalent of the Holy Grail. I'm not entirely sure why but as for me I'm betting on the aardvark. Tell him not to cast aspersions on C.M Kornbluth

though. There was a writer who dropped dead without ever having even heard of a Nebula Award. We should feel his pain.

Ian Sorensen

I rarely loc fanzines, especially tri-weekly ones, but felt a need to comment on Ken's piece in #5 about the families of Fandom. (And this is not just because he mentioned me in it, though I have copied, enlarged and framed his description of me as "tall, thin and quick." If only...)

I went to my first con in 1980 and three weeks later was treasurer for the next con, so I was a conrunner from day one. I knew about fanzines, even did one, but was definitely not a fanzine fan.

Lilian Edwards and Christina Lake were part of the same group in Glasgow about then, and they equally definitely *were* fanzine fans. While I was concerned with organisational matters, they were discussing who was sleeping with whom and how many staples made five. After a decade of organising cons I decided to retire and take up a hobby, which I call **Bob**. In it, I attempt to entertain and amuse my readers, but to do that I have had to think about who they are.

My first zine was done because I thought I should do something to trade for real zines and gave it out to anyone who asked, with a very low response rate as a result.

My next zine was called **Conrunner** and was targeted at - well, I'll leave that to your imagination. **Bob** is aimed at precisely the audience Ken says he belongs to: the fanzine fan family. I assume that the readership knows as much about fanhistory as I do, that they are familiar with the WKF's and BNF's and won't be offended by my ramblings. I have the advantage of having D West contributing cartoons and endless encouragement ("Your copying is crap. All your articles are pointless and too short. Why don't you write something with a bit of bite?") But I continue to publish because I couldn't feel part of the family if I didn't.

Arnie: I envy your D. West cartoons. Since I'm American *and* he dislikes me, they remain tantalizing beyond my grasp.

Harry Warner, Jr.

I thought Bob Lowndes was probably the best of the Futurians in many ways; he probably did the best job with available budget among those who became prozine editors, he had the ability to get along with those who didn't share his views and he expressed differences in a civilized manner, and as you note in issue 5, he alone continued to contribute regularly to fanzines after he'd dropped most of his other participation in fandom. If I remember correctly, he was a triple threat contributor to my old fanzine, **Spaceways**, where I think he

was represented as artist, poet and prose writer.

If there's anything unique about fanzine fandom it's this: it seems to be the only literary fandom that has become both large in numbers and not obsessed with the type of writing that spawned it.

Western pulp magazines had in many cases loc sections and there have been a few western fandom publications, but they have stuck closely to their origins and don't spend much time chatting about the Far East.

I believe the largest other fiction-sourced fandom is mystery fandom. It, too, has had its fanzines and conventions but here too the concentration is on mystery fiction, not related and unrelated subjects. There are one-author organizations made up of fans of Kipling, Dickens, and more recent writers, but they seem interested mainly in collections and analysis of their particular favorite.

Then there are what might qualify as semi-pro periodicals that aren't given away and have comparatively small circulations, mostly among university professors. They show some slight hints of fannishness in the sense that much of their material consists in taking potshots at criticism rather than at literature. But there is nothing like fanzine fandom in the number of publications, the creation of conventions everywhere almost every weekend, collecting, and allied activities.

I can't bring myself to feel buddy-buddy with everyone in fandom, even if it's supposed to be all one big family as you and Ken Forman have been explaining. There are probably a half-dozen fanzine fans whom I actively dislike for a variety of reasons: one because he published a violently racist outburst in an apa which had a black woman as a member, another because he joked in print about the discovery of cancerous cells in Ronald Reagan's lower intestinal tract, the others for reasons that seem good to me but might strike others as inconsequential. I suppose I have the same attitude toward most fans who do nothing but attend conventions or watch Star Trek on television as I do toward some second and third cousins: I feel I have nothing in common with them and so don't make efforts to get acquainted with them.

Ken: While you don't offer an explanation of why fanzine fandom is different, I think you perfectly pegged that difference.

Arnie: As D West pointed out in an excellent piece (reprinted in the '93 **Fanthology**, semi-professional and "little" magazines lack the essential motivation of fanzines. I'd say we publish within a subcultural context and want quality response from known recipients. Most semi-prozines want an audience. The communication is between reader and editor, not fan to fan as in our little pastime.

George Flynn

Ken, I think you're too rigid in your quest for "proper labeling." To take just one example, Timebinders sure looks to me as if it's — not 100% but overwhelmingly — part of the "Shared community of fanzine fans," and the conversation that goes on there seems like much the same conversation that goes on there. Note that I am *not* talking about the hordes of online fans in general, nor yet the "thousands, even millions" that Arnie seems to think some people want to "reach out to"; I don't know who these people are. I *am* talking simply a different way of doing what you call faanac; Joyce seems to recognize this: "Also new will be our definitions of fanzine fanac." On the larger question, I still have (futile) aspirations toward omnifandom...

Toner "the first weekend in November '99"? Some problems with that. For one thing, that weekend is the World Fantasy Con, and I'm on the committee; but that would probably matter to very few other people.

Continued on next page

Talking Out Loud

Continued from page 3

Will it hurt **Squib** if it loses 100 otherwise-unresponsive hits? Not really. There is nothing wrong with non-fan readers, but few of us are Fanzine Fans to court an unknown, amorphous audience.

So if Victor decides to add a welcoming audio clip with a message in his own voice, that's part of creating his fanzine. Those linking from graveside ceremonies or the back rows of movie theaters are advised to turn down the volume, on their machines.

The essence of fanzine publishing is that each fanned makes their own rules. If you want to print on small paper or in an unusual font, that's your choice. We may roast you in reviews and letters if we don't think it works, but we won't seek refuge in rules, especially those conceived by other people for other reasons.

-- Arnie

NewsSquint

Needs Snoopers
If something's happening,
Please write
with details...

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

More significantly, though, that would likely be very close to the date of Ditto, which is most often at the end of October. As far as I know, nobody is bidding for the '99 Ditto yet, but this is certainly something you should take into consideration. There aren't so many fanzine cons around that they should start bumping into each other.

Ken: Okay, I'm confused...you think I'm too rigid, but your example seems to support my contentions.

Arnie: As a Timebusters participant, I'd say it was a fusion effort between the on-line component of fanzine fandom and the emerging SF Net Fandom. As such, it shows that when subfandoms cooperate, the result is often beneficial to all.

John Berry

Thank you very much for **crifanac**, which of course performs the admirable duty of permitting fans to be aware of activities, publications, personalities, etc, which otherwise would not be broadcast.

Bill Donaho's epistle re: Ardis Waters is most poignant. I've passed the litmus paper test, albeit somewhat bewildered.

Liked Ken's *Critical Froth*. How true is his statement... 'Our fanac is the creation of fan myths, legends and stories.'

Please continue your remarkable news agency..

Arnie: How appropriate to have your first loc to **crifanac** in the same issue as Andy Hooper's laudatory review of Ken Cheslin's reprint of your Irish Fandom Stories. Got any Untold Tales?

Lloyd Penney

Another Toner? Oh, don't tempt me... There always seems to be relatively cheap flights from Toronto to Las Vegas, and Yvonne seems interested. I would hate to say "yes," and then "no" shortly before the event...we are interested, and that's about all we can say right now. Make it inexpensive so more people can attend.

Great letter from Dale Speirs, and great response from you two. The fact that Toronto is about 2003 km away from Las Vegas shouldn't have anything to do with my opinions.

I know, Joyce, the old ways are changing, but I have learned to reject what I don't like and adapt what I do. I may not like e-zines or webzines (although *Adobe Acrobat* .pdf files recreate a fairly nice zine), but I do like the immediacy of e-mail. That is why I will compose a letter of comment as always, but make it an attachment to the original e-mail, or in some cases where the ISP cannot support attachments, I simply cut and paste into the body of the e-mail message. That way, I try to compose something of value, but get it to you in hours.

Arnie: You should definitely give in to temptation and come to the Second Toner. We'll kill the fatted calf (and give you the chance to ogle some exceptionally toned and shapely ones).

Ian Sorensen (again)

Gary Farber ("Fan Lounge Lizard") fails to mention the greatest disincentive to finding the fan lounge, namely the clammy heat to be endured moving through the streets of Baltimore. I first stumbled on it by accident when I was dying from heat and went into the Hilton just to suck up some air conditioning.

There were a dozen or so fans sitting round chatting whom I largely ignored in favour of the bins of cold drinks. Pity, as that was the only time I saw Teresa Neilson-Hayden throughout the con but never chatted. Once the fan lounge was located, my convention oscillated between the pub opposite the convention centre and the Hilton for the remaining three days.

Ted's comments on the TAFF race coincide with mine. I was there as Sarah Prince was being promised that she would not win if she stood. Never a great supporter of TAFF, I saw this as the final proof that it has become a "buggin's turn" sham. I get the impression that, just as all worldcons now share a common staff of "fixers" that there is a cabal of past TAFF administrators who will ensure that races will be run whether there is demand for them or not.

As for Ted's suggestion of Bob Tucker for TAFF, while not for a moment disagreeing that he deserves the trip, I think that if TAFF is to have any viability then the winners should be fans vitally engaged in the fanac of today, not merely worthy veterans. So, the publishers of the current focal point zine should be prime candidates.

Arnie: I've been an active TAFF supporter, but I agree with your assessment. When having a TAFF race becomes more important than who we send, it's time to re-evaluate.

Christina Lake

On the subject of the proposed Toner, I have to say that early November is an exceedingly good time for a convention. Indeed this can be proved by the enduring success of Novacon. By early November, dammit, I always need a convention.

So, the only drawback I can see to Toner taking up that slot is that British fans will have a tough decision to make. And it's not unknown for US fans to make it across to Birmingham for Novacon either. I remember that Geri Sullivan did it one year. And Victor Gonzalez and Sheila Lightsey are planning to do so this year. Well, it's just a thought. Otherwise, I can only applaud the idea of another Toner. I certainly enjoyed the last one. And I can confirm for all those who

weren't there that Ben Wilson's wines are certainly memorable.

I agree with Ted's thoughts on TAFF. Personally, I think that it's too soon for another TAFF race. We've had two in the last year, both of them highly contested with excellent candidates. Wouldn't it have been much better to wait a year to recoup our energies and give people time to consider running?

I was approached at Bucconeer to nominate Sarah Prince and refused on the grounds that I don't know Sarah, and more importantly, don't feel that she has done enough in fandom to merit the award. I'm not sure about Joyce's Special Project idea. It sounds a bit too much like hard work to me, but I do feel that if TAFF is to mean anything then we should not just be running races for the sake of a timetable.

Now, Bob Tucker is an interesting idea. I'm not quite sure what British fandom would make of him, but I imagine he could do more for our understanding of the myths of American fandom than any number of fanzine articles. And he, at least, would have no trouble with Harry Warner's nightmare, the late-night drinking British fans.

The personality of Ardis Waters came over very vividly in Bill Donaho's in article in **cf5**. People were talking about Ardis at Dan Steffan's surprise birthday party the weekend after the Worldcon. I was sitting out on his back deck, in the kind of pleasant haze you get from hanging out with the Steffans and their crowd, when Ted and Steve Stiles began telling Ardis stories. The stories were so lively and, well, sexual, that it never occurred to me till I saw **crifanac** that the person they were talking about was dead. Seems like she was one remarkable woman!

Arnie: It's a fact that you can't build interest in fanhistory or old fanzines by telling fans it's good for them. A few evenings of Tucker spinning his fascinating, well-told stories would make the point much more effectively.

Steve Jeffrey

Arnie, you're going to have to start running a hospital bulletin column (but hopefully struggling to fill it). I noticed, also, the worrying incidence of heart attacks and strokes among fans of around my age, in their early/mid forties, in Bruce Gillespie's last two issues of **The Metaphysical Review**. Worrying.

As to Andy Hooper's review of those issues: What he said. Definitely. In spades. Despite a wariness for long lists, these are exemplary in all departments: writing, layout, presentation. Although it will be a long while before we allow him to forget the unfortunate phrasing of "notable for the average quality of the writing of its members" re. the Acnestis apa.

The phrase "if an old institution has

become wearisome" in Joyce's *Fan Dance* piece on Special Funds suggests it is linked to Ted's piece of the current TAFF nominations. You would hope, though, that if there was a strong collective desire to see an overseas fan come across on a visit then they ought to be the favoured TAFF candidate. However, some fans may not be able to take the full trip because of timing and job or other pressures.

Several very popular fans have been put in this position of having to refuse or stand down, although they would probably have been clear winners, so a special fund, with more flexibility, makes sense. The last time this was done, I think, was for Gary Farber.

My first reaction to both the front page TAFF Race Begins and Ted's piece is that I have never heard of Sarah Prince at all, and wondering why someone who admits their fanac nearly all spanned 1976-82, and whose platform is that it might be "interesting" is actually standing. But -- from reading Ted's *Uffish Thots* -- even more confusing as she seems to be there merely to give it the appearance of a race for Vijay (who I don't really know either). If I was inclined to be cruel I might be tempted to think of it as the Dan Quayle platform. (Maybe now Sarah will want to fight a campaign on the basis she can come over and biff me one for saying that.)

And I can't see that this does much for the reputation or idea of TAFF, or what seems the apparent lack of interest in standing by many other well known fans.

Is it that the British Eastercon is not considered much of a draw, or was there something about CorflUK that either decided other US fans

against (re)visiting or engendered a feeling of "been there, done that"?

Agree, Arnie, 'Talking out Loud' was pretty lightweight, even lame, stuff this issue. When you start getting distracted by the toolbar on the word processor, then it suggests it's time to go off and do something else. Or maybe Ken's statistical tendencies have infected the **crifanac** computer (check for counting viruses).

I loved Ken's "Don't ask me...I could tell you, but then I'd have to count you," although I'm less convinced that the idea of cross-correlating mailing lists (or article and loccol citations, which might be better) would tell you enough to mark distinct phases or ages of fandom. But it might be intriguing.

An alternative way might be to do a name check through electronic or downloadable on-line versions of fan history resources, such as those from Richard Lynch or (for the UK) Rob Hansen. Unfortunately Hansen stops (so far) at the end of the 70s, and I think Lynch's Proposed Fan History only spans the 60s as an on-line text. I'm not sure whether Warner's *A Wealth of Fable* or Moscovitz's histories are available in searchable electronic versions or you'd have to do it from the printed versions.

I think, though, that the idea of numbered fandoms is also more based on subjective perception or key events (either inside fandom or wider social forces) than might be shown by changes in the activity of names of active fans. There will always be a historical lag effect (unless you can run some fancy time-series analyses) where former well-known, but less active fans are retained (either out of hope, goodwill or fannish credentials) on the mailing lists of newer fanzines.

Sunsplashes

Shelby Vick talks about Corflu

Over the past decades, there has been a lot of discussion/disagreement/dispute over numbered fandoms. I doubt if Robert Silverberg ever suspected what he was starting when he revised and extended Speer's ...theory?... thesis? ...theme? -- whatever! -- in **Quandry Way Back When**.

I never discussed it with him, but I feel certain he had no intention of getting such a ball rolling; I think he was just trying to lend a certain amount of substance and organization to fandom's history.

The biggest furor seems to have been over Sixth Fandom -- or is it just that Sixth Fandom was my main concern? (Plus the fact that I gaffiated thru most of the following fandoms...)

When did Sixth Fandom begin? When did it end? What was the Focal Point? What fans were Sixth Fandomites, in any case? On and on

and on.

I could go on and on, too, as is my usual wont, but I'm doing a sidebar, not an exhaustive essay, so let me cut to the quick.

I have the answer.

...Well, >an< answer; one that I like. Sixth Fandom is a state of mind. Sixth Fandom was characterized by humor, lack of feuds, not taking things too seriously -- a celebration of the lighter side of life.

Sixth Fandom was not adverse to laughing at itself as well as at (and with) others. To me, its motto was "Don't take things so seriously!"

There are many good examples, epitomized by the way Walt Willis laughed at us and himself in his satirization of his trip to America in '52, before it happened.

So Corflu Sunsplash is to be a celebration of Sixth Fandom. The *spirit* of Sixth Fandom, that is. Seems perfect, as Corflu is, traditionally, light-hearted and fun and a good-humored celebration of life.

Come and enjoy!

-- Shelby Vick

Arnie: Not only does TAFF impose a heavy administrative burden on the winner, but its current electorate might not agree with fanzine fandom about the worthiness of a particular candidate. If there is someone fanzine fandom wants to send on a trip, why not escape the TAFF bureaucracy by mounting a special fund?

Lloyd Penney

I agree with Gary Farber about the fanzine lounge at BucConeer, but I can't see any fault going to Kip Williams and Cathy Doyle. According to Cathy, the con didn't cooperate with them to set up a decent lounge at the convention centre.

The room at the Hilton was very nice, if a little crowded and cluttered, and as Gary said, a good distance away from the convention. Unfortunately, the convention centre's lower level shut down each night for art show and dealers' room security, so the fan lounge would have been moved to the Hilton each night.

The Magicon room proved that you can do wonders with pipe and drape or even just an open area. However, the lounge at BucConeer was almost an afterthought on the part of the con.

Looks like Kip and Cathy did very well at the Hilton; because of my commitments to the Toronto Worldcon bid, I only got to the lounge once, but once I did get there, I found a wide selection to buy and pick up, and a great display to faunch for. Fan faces I ran into included Martin Morse Wooster who called me famous because I was Tuckerized, Mike Glycer, Rich Dengrove and the folks who produce *Probe for Science Fiction South Africa*.

As I read more and more about TAFF, I see the politics, the personal insults, the bickering... it reminds me more and more of my experience in costuming fandom many years ago. It also reminds me of the controversies over CUFF. I guess I'll never be worthy enough to be a TAFF candidate, which is just fine, as I have more than enough fannish projects to keep me busy.

Special funds for special people is a great idea. Who decides who's special? The current format for fan funds produces people who are willing to undergo the fund politics as well as take the trip.

Pronouncing a person special and deserving is noble, but I can see sour grapes and resentment on the horizon. Only a few choices would have unanimous appeal, like Ackerman, Tucker or Willis.

Arnie: Your worry about special funds seems unduly pessimistic. We've had such funds in the past without much furor.

William Breiding

I realized while reading Ken's column in #6 that he was probably looking at my name as addressed and

asking Arnie: "Why?" Indeed, why?

I responded strongly to **cf#5**. It was extremely pithy, interesting and opinionated. I liked it very much, though I disagreed with plenty that was said. Not one who comes easily to arguing, either in mundane life or in fandom, I let it slide, rather guiltily, because you *are* doing a fantastic job of a difficult task.

So when I picked up #6 at the PO over the holiday weekend, it was with a sense that I needed to Do Something that I read and enjoyed the issue, although I wasn't sure what that something was.

Then my fannish older (and wiser) brother, Bill Bowers, emailed me to ask if I'd noticed the receipt of the latest **crifanac**, between issuances of **OW** and **The Metaphysical Review** and advised me that if I was a fan worth his ac I would do "whatever it takes" to stay on your mailing list, as he has insisted heretofore, **crifanac** is doing important things.

Arnie: Us important? Surely not as important as (gasp) Allison Scott. **Crifanac** — a little song, a little dance, a little toner down our pants.

Richard Brandt

I see Ken has joined our little eye surgery club. Welcome, and here's looking at you, kid.

How nice to be an **Outworlds** contributor so I can get my name mentioned this issue... But how nicer to run across Larry Downes' name in a recent issue of *Infoworld* (well, June 1, which is as recent as I've caught up with). One of their columnists talked with Larry in San Francisco about his book, *Unleashing the Killer App*. Fans continue to infiltrate the computer biz...

Bill Donaho

Arnie, your account of Southern Fandom was interesting. But while I have seen relatively few Southern Fanzines I didn't find the ones I have seen all that different. They are full of local references of course, but most fanzines are like that. For instance, Bay Area fanzines— even in their heyday — were full of local goings-on and references to local fans, many of who were not well known outside of the Bay Area.

I was somewhat amazed at Bill Bowers outburst about Scithers. Scithers acted like an asshole of course, and I can understand Bill's being very upset about it at the time, and still not having any positive emotions about George. But that was 34 years ago! And it seems strange to me that he is still upset enough that he'd want to turn in his "membership in that particular club." After all, whoever is FGOH is not a very big deal. Or was he talking about the worldcon? If not, what?

Ken, the picture of the "venerable Andy Hooper" holding a pitchfork, just like the man in "American Gothic" is a *compelling* one. It sort of

takes over. But I just don't see him just standing there, holding it. He is jabbing it and just about to run Full Tilt at some unfortunate fan. And since he really doesn't do that sort of thing I wonder why the picture is taking over. I just can't get it out of my mind.

Arnie: The fundamental difference is that Southern Fandom fanzines aren't talking about "local gossip" — well, no more than ours do — but rather about fannish traditions, personalities and events that are as much a part of their subfandom's history as Willis and 7th Fandom are part of ours.

Tommy Ferguson

First off, Bob Lichtman's letter. I do intend to put **Kerles** on-line, but not for a while yet. My on-line activity has been somnolent of late.

TommyWorld has recently folded its weekly run and the next incarnation will be a web-based zine.

This will happen in my new domain as I have just taken on an ISP subscription with a number of new email accounts and web space. When all is ready I shall be updating my web site and Email addresses and scaling down my current site to make it more accessible and less likely to be buggy. I'm not reminded of a **Plokta** review of my web site...

As I stated in my editorial to **Kerles 1** - I'm fully aware this project is nothing new, nor indeed unique in the history of fandom. Not much is these days. I'm not trying to be unique or original (!), just doing

something that I want to do and I think there is room for in fandom. Next issue will be out in November, UK issues for Novacon, US/Canadian and the rest of the world by end of November. **Outworlds 70** and **Apazines** will be the main focus - yes, yours and Joyce's will feature.

Arnie: I'm looking forward to the review, but I consider **Xtreme** zine, a one-fan show that spotlights aspects of my personality and writing not ordinarily on view in **crifanac** (or **Wild Heirs**). More than half th circulation is outside FAPA. My FAPazine is **Plasma**, which doesn't circulate outside the group.

Richard Brandt

Lloyd mentions Douglas Rain, the Canadian actor who provided the voice of HAL. (Sometimes I wonder what it's like if, after 30 years, you're still best-known for dubbing the voice of a dull red light.) But you know he wasn't the original choice for the role. Kubrick brought him in to replace Martin Balsam, deciding that the latter's voice carried too much emotion.

Re **Charrisma**: If you put a cat in a box and drop it off the roof, is the cat on its feet or on its back?

Mike Glicksohn

First, I applaud Andy Hooper's review of **Outworlds #70** and hope that people take what he says to heart. I've been nominating **Outworlds** for a "Best Fanzine" Hugo for many years, and it strikes me as a travesty that it has never won that

Fan Dance

Joyce Katz defends Timebinding

We reach out to fandom across the ocean, with letters, fanzines and on-line communications. The more we contact each other, the more the Spirit of Fandom binds us together in a great kinship. I may argue with Cousin Lil, or I might even feud with Uncle Dave. But, we're Blood, and our similarities outweigh our differences.

Yet there's one trait that doesn't breed true in the family. On this side of the ocean, we pay great service to our own history and the fans that made this hobby of ours. Many of our kin across the sea are less afflicted by our affection for the past.

Usually, we smile and give them their way, as you might skip serving vegetables to a cranky child. But I think we're doing them no favor when we bypass our own preferences to satisfy theirs.

Fan history is the backbone of TimeBinding. To my way of thinking, TimeBinding is not only enjoyable, but an essential part of Fandom. It's what makes it all work for me.

I like to know that I can enter a room and sit down beside a friend I

haven't seen for a quarter of a century, and yet the warmth will be the same as before. I like to know I can enter a conversation about people and things that went before, and those events and times will be as alive today as they were when they first occurred.

I know in my own heart that TimeBinding and the common knowledge of our history is what makes Fandom so unique. Backbone? It's the very lifeblood of trufandom; it's what makes us cling together instead of becoming a scattered group of dissimilar egos. TimeBinding and Fan History increase, immeasurably, my enjoyment of Fandom.

There's great argument about the type of fan we should send on future TAFF trips. I think it's not enough to simply choose a likable person to represent us in the hope it will inspire them to great fanac in the future. I want to send a significant face, a link to history, someone who has already made a mark.

I refute the notion that we should accommodate ourselves to fans who dislike old fanzines, old fans, old stories. For myself, I have to be true to my conception of Fandom, which is rooted in its own past.

-- Joyce Katz

award and is rarely nominated. (The same could be said of **Trap Door** and **Idea**, but they haven't been overlooked for as long as Bill has.) One well-known problem, of course, is that Fanzine Fans are often too broke to become members of worldcons so they frequently don't get to nominate them but there were certainly enough Fanzine Fans at **Bucconeer** for Bill to have made the ballot if they'd nominated him, so I'm left to wonder if (a) some Fanzine Fans don't think **Outworlds** is very good, or (b) some Fanzine Fans don't consider Bill "fannish" enough? Personally I cannot fathom either attitude but I don't see too many other explanations.

Having said that and acknowledging that Bill is one of my closest friends, I have to say I don't agree with his comments about Scithers. What Scithers did to Bill was the act of an asshole. No question. But if someone *deserves* the honour, one asshole act shouldn't be enough to make them a bad choice. (Hell, Ellison has committed *hundreds* of asshole acts but I acknowledge that his contribution to science fiction made him an appropriate worldcon GoH.)

My own gut feeling is that Scithers is an odd choice for GoH. I admired **Amra** but I never had any personal dealing with Scithers and I'm not fully aware of what other contributions he may have made to fandom. What I saw of him at cons led me to think he was a pompous and rather self-important type who certainly never made me feel I wanted to know him better.

I'm sure he has many friends who could tell me it was unfortunate. I never got to know what he was really like but so it goes. Maybe I'll find out in #8 whether or

not Scithers is an asshole who nevertheless deserves to be a worldcon GoH...

"Deserves" is a powerful word. I used to associate it with TAFF. Andy Hooper is right (what? Again!) that TAFF needs to be re-evaluated/rethought. With no disrespect meant to Velma and Sarah (two human beings I know and like), I find it hard to imagine that there are large numbers of British fans who've always wanted to know what these people were like in person. TAFF no longer bears much resemblance to what it was created to be. It should be acknowledged for what it is: a way for some nice person to have a free holiday with overseas fans.

Arnie: In your discussion of the Fanzine Hugo, I think you've omitted Reason C: Some of us think that the Fanzine Hugo is not particularly representative of fanzine fandom's opinion and thus not worth the bother. I'd expect **Outworlds** to be highly ranked in the Fan Achievement Awards, which I consider the greater honor.

Bill Breiding

Ken's backyard buggery was a good piece. We had that coastal weather down here in Tucson as well. I felt

right at home, having lived in San Francisco for over 25 years.

This year was my first summer in the desert—the monsoon season was much worse than I expected. I moved here from Iowa hoping to get rid of the humidity, but as it turned out, I suffered a far worse summer than anything I'd ever experienced back in the midwest or on the east coast. My question is, though, does Mr. Hooper garden, and if so, does he wear his fez while puttering?

Arnie's bit on Southern Fandom was most welcome. I have occasionally run across anti-southern fandom pieces in fanzines. (Ted White's KTF review of Guy Lillian's **Challenger** comes to mind.)

Curt Phillips made an appearance in **Mimosa**, and is becoming better known to general fandom. He's a great writer.

I think the first question that entered my mind was, "How many southern fans are on the **crifanac** mailing list?" I guess it's not that important, since you are preaching tolerance to the Yanks, but I was curious about it. The hole in Arnie's head is leaking wise.

I've been enjoying Andy Hooper's fanzine reviews. This piece on **Outworlds** is about the biggest slab of egoboo I've ever seen in a review. It was a hoot having myself listed among the contributors.

Arnie: There are quite a few Southern Fandom fanzine fans on the cf mailing list, and we're receptive to adding more. And, yes, we wish Curt would write something for us.

WAHF: Steve Jeffrey, George Flynn, Eric Lindsay, Michael Waite



*I'm fannish.
Fly me!*

On Our Holidays

Dave Langford tells what he did

It's all routine now. Another brief escape from traffic-cursed Reading to scenic Snowdonia, whenever the Civil Service permits (Hazel theoretically gets copious holidays, but is usually too overworked to take even a week all at once). Another Harlech sojourn (a word which Stephen Donaldson, to John Clute's eternal delight, believes to be a verb meaning "travel" — day after day the fellowship sojourns from place to place, etc). Another round of postcards like the usual one to **SFX** magazine:

"We have taken your columnist Langford hostage. Send Uma Thurman gift-wrapped in gold lamé, or we will give Langford back."

While wandering the beach we invented a new game called bard-flinging. As any fule kno, the name comes from our natural habit of calling any washed-up mass of flotsam and jetsam a bard, based on Edward Young's dramatic poetic outbreak: "... What wrecks abound! / Dead bards stench every coast." — duly indexed in *The*

Stuffed Owl under "Bards, dead, common objects of the sea-shore." Hazel wanted a bit of strong nylon cord for some domestic purpose, and brightly coloured remnants of fishing-lines and ships' ropes are a major eyesore on Harlech beach ... so an expedition to look for some usable bits turned into a major and exhaustive bard-hunting crusade, hauling stringy nylon fragments from bardic masses of seaweed containing the occasional decayed gannet. You never know whether a tug at a half-inch stub will disclose a vast coiled entanglement or, well, a one-inch stub.

Bard-flinging, soon to take its rightful place in the annals of sportsmanship between caber-tossing and dwarf-throwing, is the art of detaching great slimy fly-bedizened lumps of maritime glop from the current bit of rope by whirling it sling-fashion around one's head. Points are scored for distance covered by the hurled detritus, for spectacular impacts on innocent bystanders, and for not (a common beginner's problem) having the whole lot go down the back of one's neck.

As soon as I've devised further unnecessarily complex rules and caught the attention of a future Olympic committee, bard-flinging will be the sport that makes Britain great again. It should be good for an OBE.--Dave Langford

Critical Froth

Ken Forman fertilizes the family tree

The fannish family tree project is growing nicely. Without a doubt, many fans have shown interest in my modest proposal. However, based on some of the responses we've received, I think further explanation is necessary.

When I first suggested that we develop a fannish family tree, I thought that everyone would instinctively know their own story. More importantly, I thought everyone would remember when that spark happened: the spark that inspired him or her to take hold of the handle of the enchanted duplicator.

To be honest, I don't recall the exact moment when the spirit of Roscoe descended upon me, but I remember the circumstances. I remember who was involved (John Hardin, Tom Springer, and of course, Arnie Katz). I don't expect everyone to have a similar group of degenerates, er, cohorts. This would be a pretty boring hobby if every subgroup were the same.

Nevertheless, it must be true that in many cases, fannish origins are similar; only the specifics are different from group to group.

I've always believed this to be true and the initial response to the FFT Project indicates that that my intuition is accurate.

However, intuition aside, it seems that many fans either were confused by what I was looking for, or hazy on their own beginnings. Many respondents felt I was asking how they got involved in SF in the first place, and provided **crifanac** with details of their introduction to the literature that (loosely) ties us all together into a tribe. Although these stories are certainly interesting, and we'll continue to run those letters, that's not exactly what I was looking for.

A couple of issues ago, I wrote an editorial trying to explain the differences between us and them. And while I will never, never, never suggest that we practice any sort of exclusionism or separation (it is the diversity of minds and interests that makes this tribe such a desirable group to belong to), there needs to be some kind of definition determining who belongs to this fannish family, and who might belong to some other group. True, other groups may have many of the same members as ours; I expect a lot of overlap. I figure there's no way around it.

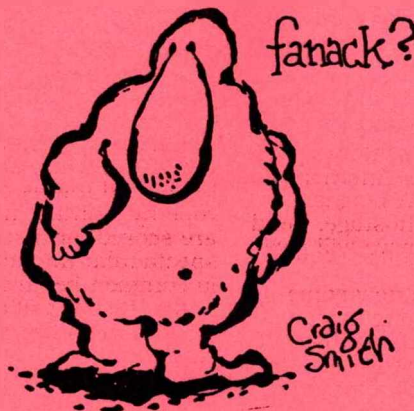
However, unlike constructing a genetic family tree where it's (usually)

easy to tell who is related to whom, our fannish 'gene' is a little more tenuous. That's why I seek to delineate between whomever they are and whomever we are.

I'll make it easy for you to determine if you're part of this family; if you're receiving (or have received) any one of a number of recent fanzines, then the editor feels you're part of what I'm loosely calling the Fannish Family. These zines might include (but are not limited to) **Trap Door**, **Idea**, **Apparatchik**, **Mimosa**, **crifanac**, **Banana Wings**, **Wild Heirs**,

I just know there's going to be some fan editor out there who's zine I didn't list, and that he'll think to himself "Hey, why didn't he list my zine, too?" Well, Meyer, I can't list 'em all, I'm just trying for a representative roster to make my point; which is: if you think you're part of this fannish family, you are and you belong in the tree. Now on to the second point of confusion, that of your fannish father/mother. I'm looking for your progenitor, the fan who passed the spark of trufandom to you, not necessarily the person who introduced you to the hobby, but the one who influenced you enough to start participating on your own. Did you start by writing a letter of comment? If so, then who's zine did you see? Did you start by jumping in with both feet and producing your own fanzine? Well then, who (or which fanzine) provided you with that drive to do the effort yourself? Did you start by writing an article that someone published? Who was that someone?

While it is true that many fans (at least many of our loccers) gradually came into fandom, reading a number of pulps or fanzines, doing the proverbial dipping of the toe to test the



water. But at some time, they were influenced to dunk their head and swim on their own. That's the moment I seek to chronicle. That's the name I seek. That's your fannish father/mother.

Our current list is short, but growing. However, we need more response to fill in many of the blanks. I anticipate having to directly ask many people when I see them at cons, Corflu Sunsplash perhaps.

These are the responses so far:

Maureen Speller -- Dave Langford, Greg & Linda Pickersgill, Peter Thompson, Christina Lake, Mark Plummer, Clair Brialey

George Flynn -- Charlie Brown (Locus).

Mark Plummer -- (recalls the first person to hand him a zine, but never names that person).

Harry Warner, Jr. -- Prozines, but started with Jim Avery.

Steve Jeffery -- Ken Cheslin.

Dale Speirs -- Novoid, BSFAzine, Neology (authors?).

Steve Green -- Peter Weston, Roger Peyton.

Irwin Hirsh -- Andrew Brown (but also mentions John Foyster, Bruce Gillespie, Terry Hughes, John Bangsund, Leigh Edmonds, Valma Brown).

Mike Glicksohn -- Vera Heminger.

Gregg Calkins -- Lee Hoffman.

Arnie Katz -- Ted White, rich brown, Mike McInerney.

Bill Donaho - Dick Ellington.

Jim Trash -- Jenny Glover.

I suspect that many fans will have been influenced by a group rather than an individual (like Andrew Brown or Maureen Speller). I imagine when the tree is more fully constructed, these groups will form nodes from which several fannish limbs will branch.

Also, I expect that many of the old pharts will trace their origins to prozines of the '30's. Some of that information is mentioned in SaM's *Immortal Storm*. That will work just fine; all trees need deep roots, .

So what do you say, folks? Give it a shot? Let **crifanac** know where you got your start.

-- Ken

Catch & Release

Andy Hooper bows toward Belfast

I'm feeling powerfully disoriented as I begin this review. I spent the morning preparing packages for mailing, writing checks, paying bills, pushing boxes into new configurations around the apartment, all on too few hours of sleep. Returning from the post office, I sat down on the couch with a copy of **Fables of Irish Fandom #1: A Time Regained**. . . . written by John Berry and published by Ken Cheslin. The combination of exertion, a bowl of soup, and lack of sleep, left me drowsy as I studied the intricate ATom cover illustration, a study from his "Allen Legionaries and Potentates" series. Putative Impeachment Proceedings blithered in the background as I nodded off. . . . and as I rose back toward consciousness, I thought heard someone declaiming, "Furthermore, the project cost 200 Terabucks over a 40-year period and will ultimately lead to the extinction of all life on Earth. You can't expect the American People to believe this is not a partisan process!"

Regardless of its ability to induce technocratic nightmares, it's a great pleasure to receive this volume of John Berry's writings about Irish Fandom. It appears to be the first in a projected series of anthologies, to run at least three volumes, the second of which should be out by January of 1999.

This comes on the heels of three previous volumes of Berry's "Goon Bleary" stories, which Ken Cheslin also published between 1993 and 1995. While the "Goon" stories were entertaining, they were also rife with contextual humor that required annotation to be understood by the contemporary reader.

These stories about Berry's companions in Irish Fandom — Walt Willis, Bob Shaw, George Charters, and James White — do not require a great deal of background. Even in the caricatured image of them which arises from Berry's humorous excesses, the glamour, the attractiveness of their great friendship comes shining through, and it is easy to see why Berry felt such an attachment to them as subjects for his writing. It even

begins to become clear why Ghoddminton was such a popular pastime

It's interesting to note that not all of them always appreciated Berry's depiction of them. Even when the writer's objectives are entirely comical, it's hard not feel some small sense of resentment when the fictional version of oneself has greater impact than the real article ever did.

But there are also undeniable benefits to achieving the status of mythic figure. The happy result of all that mythologizing is a literary model which many fans have used to excellent effect — not least by the more senior editor of **crifanac**, whose style of fannish fabulation owes a great deal to John Berry.

I feel some small frustration at not having a slightly higher degree of documentation of the origin and history of these pieces — all we're offered is the name of the fanzine in which it first appeared, and the year. It's nice just to have access to these pieces at all, but future readers will probably appreciate whatever supplemental material we send them. Since Ken is actively soliciting financial support for future volumes, perhaps one could send such suggestions along with a check?

Some of the headings were drawn by Berry for the collection, while at least one piece, "Monroe Doctorin," from an unspecified issue of Paul Enever's **Orion**, appears to be a photocopy or other facsimile — all cut to stencil and printed on mimeo, of course. Ken Cheslin appears to be single-handedly keeping the art of mimeography alive in the West Midlands and has the good sense to use both a typewriter and a style of layout well-suited to his medium of reproduction.

With the millennium rushing inexorably toward us, I find it comforting to know that generations to come will still be able to smile at silly gags about Bob Shaw's bike and the Marilyn Monroe calendar at Oblique House, even though Bob and Marilyn and George Charters' powerful forehead lob have all entered the realm of memory together. What more can a fan aspire to?

Fanzine Reviewed: **Fables of Irish Fandom #1: A Time Regained**. . . . by John Berry, published by Ken Cheslin, 29 Kestrel Road, Halesowen, West Midlands, B63 2PH UK.

-- Andy Hooper

Continued from page 2

more discreet pot roast as about a dozen fans gabbed the evening away most pleasantly.

Ken and Aileen returned from their already described trip, bringing with them some nice items for Andy's vintage game auctioning business and a large carton of fanzines from Robert Lichtman for Arnie, Joyce and the other Vegrants.

Andy flew home on Thursday morning, but Carrie's business kept her here long enough to go dancing with the Vegrants' answer to Fred and Ginger, the Fabulous Formans.

Lan Returns to Teaching

George "Lan" Laskowski's heartening rebound from cancer continues strong, reports nouveau **NewsSquint** snooper Roger Sims. Reportedly, Lan was scheduled for exploratory

surgery, but his overall health at that time prevented it.

Lan has now returned to teaching, perhaps a sign that he is winning his battle.

Formans Two, Tijuana Nothing

"Ain't technology wonderful?" were the first words out of Ken Forman's mouth after LASIK surgery to correct his long-time poor eyesight.

Crifanac's more lovable editor stopped by the world-famous medical metropolis of Tijuana, Mexico, on the way to the Springer-Funk wedding for the procedure, which wife Aileen also had several months ago.

Although the operation wasn't immediately 100% perfect, his eyes are much improved. "It'll take a couple of months before doctors can determine if additional fine-tuning will be necessary. "But," says Ken,

"the present looks brighter and clearer."

Joyce Recovering from Eye Surgery

There's still some inflammation, but Joyce Katz is otherwise recuperating well from cataract surgery on her right eye.

At a post-op check-up, two weeks after the surgery, her doctor put her back on an impressive array of eye drops. The overall prognosis is good.

Joyce also got her first new pair of glasses and is seeing much better than she has in several years. She has returned to work and her **crifanac** column.

SFPA Mailing 205: 351 Pages

The August-September mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance (SFPA) contains 32 items totaling 351 pages. Steve Hughes' 48-page **Spider Pie** is the largest single contribution this time.

This lively group currently has 24 members and no waitlist. To apply, send \$5 to OE Liz Copeland1085 Albion Way, Boulder, CO 80303.

Changes of Address

Bridget Bradshaw, 19 Wedgewood Rd., Hitchin, Herts SG4 OEX, UK
Mike & Diana Glycer, 705 Valley View, Monrovia, CA 91016

Bjo Trimble email address: Bjot@usa.net