

Now, because there really isn't any reasonable alternative, this is **Crifanac #1**, 5/18/98, The Fanzine of Newtonian Insurgentism. This (allegedly) absurdly frequent and lovably feisty fanzine is co-edited by the generally lovable Ken Forman (7215 Nordic Lights Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89119) and the sporadically feisty Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107).

NewsSquint Snoopers: Ben Wilson, Joyce Katz, Gary Farber, rich brown, Ted White, Richard Brandt.

Our high-minded editorial policy: If at first you don't succeed, ignore the previous failure, pick a new name and try something different.

Crifanac is available for news, art, a short article or a letter of comment. You can send egoboo electronically: Wildheirs@aol.com.

Here is where we say nice things about being members of fwa and supporting afal. Now is when we fan.

Number 1,
May 14, 1998

crifanac



NewsSquint

What We Know, as soon as We Know It

1999 Corflu Stuff

It's still nearly a year away, but things are starting to come together for Corflu Sunsplash, the 1999 fanzine fandom worldcon. Shelby and Suzanne Vick will host the fanzine nation in Panama City, FL, during the first weekend in May.

A loosely knit advisory committee, led by rich brown, has volunteered to help the Vicks with the work. If you'd like to lend a hand with anything more strenuous than the usual free-form bitching about minutiae, contact Shelby at: shelvy@beaches.net.

Finding the right dates proved a little harder than expected. The Vicks wisely wanted to avoid both virtual and real stormy weather -- and the youth culture chaos of Spring Break.

The chosen weekend is a holiday in the UK, which may make it easier for fans to come over here for the Corflu Sunsplash. A few Brits have grumbled about PC's lack of international airline connections, so **Crifanac** will act as a clearing house for any fans who want to set up carpools or charter bus transportation from Orlando and/or Atlanta.

The hotel, another minor problem, is also settled. The original choice tried to play hardball during negotiations. To avoid unrealistic room rates, Corflu Sunsplash has selected a hotel which seems much friendlier to the concept. (Of course, they've only met the Vicks, so that may change when they get a load of the rest of us.)

The Sandpiper-Beacon's room

rates are \$72.50 for rooms facing away from the Gulf, \$96.50 for rooms that look out on the water.

Crifanac will provide more details about the hotel and the convention itself as they become available, or we invent it to fill awkward spaces.

Fandom's Champion Speller

It's Maureen Kirkald Speller, of course! She just won the 1998 Europe-to-US TAFF race. The British fan scored a first-round victory, with clear preference on both sides of the Atlantic.

Congratulations to the winner, and consolation to those who won't be visiting US fandom on the cuff. It's quite likely than one or both of the runners-up will have another chance in the near future.

This also seems an appropriate place to extend an invitation to Maureen to visit Las Vegas fandom before or after the worldcon

1998 TAFF Race Results

	1st Place	US	UK	Other
Chris Bell	53	(12)	(41)	
Bridget Hardcastle	41	(14)	(27)	
Maureen Speller	121	(44)	(74)	(3)
No Preference	8	(7)	(1)	
Total ballots	223	77	144	3

Continued on Page 7

Thinking Out Loud

Arnie Katz speaks through a hole in his head

A Night to Remember. It's my mother's fault, really.

The April 4th Vegrants meeting was going strong, with about 14 fans pontificating at once, when I somehow got transported to the faan fiction universe. You know, the one in which everyone runs around saying sensationally fannish things like, "All truth is contained in fanzines," "Are you going to the big sci fi convention?" and "Indeed, Fandom is a Way of Life!"

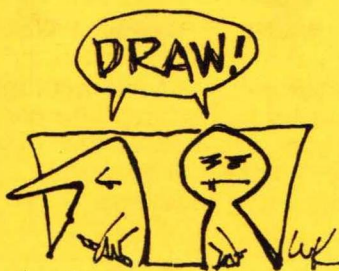
The transition was imperceptible. One minute, I was sprawled in my big leather office chair, talking with Ben and Cathi Wilson and Derek Stazenski. Then, without warning, Ken Forman appeared among us.

This wasn't the phlegmatic, unfocused Forman who has been lurching around here for the past few months. No, this was a Forman reborn.... re-invigorated... re-invented... -- and quite possibly possessed.

Excitement bulged his eyes, twin burning coals in the dimly lit office. Delight suffused his face. (Okay, his face actually *did* look kind of sensitive and fannish, but I didn't want to pile it on too thick.)

That's where I feel my mother must accept blame. Her advice got me into trouble, where my instincts would've delivered me. If she hadn't told me to always humor crazy people, I might've fled to the comparative safety of the living room. ("Comparative" because they were shouting about religion and female problems in there, which is why we'd moved to my office in the first place.)

Ken's unusual animation was like earth tremors before a volcanic eruption. Without further preamble, he began to burble about a new fanzine. Imagine my surprise when I perceived, through his haze of nebulous



enthusiasm, that I was to be its co-editor.

The news stunned me. Maybe Laney was right. Maybe there was a danger in total fannish immersion. I have no conscious memory of co-founding any such publication!

Horrified, I wondered if I'd sleep-fanned. As I sat there mutely, pondering this surprising evidence of my mental malaise, I attempted not to make any sudden movement that might further disturb Ken's delicate equilibrium.

I began to calm down as he explained various aspects of the fanzine. I had not succumbed to nocturnal fanzine emissions. Really, it was almost a relief to discover that I was simply roadkill in the path of the mighty Forman Fanac Steamroller.

Taking my silence for acquiescence — which of course it was — Ken explained that neither of us would feel right about reviving our one-issue **Sidebar**. We had to start with a fresh title, and let the single, orphan issue become a fanhistorical footnote..

I next learned that we'd named our co-venture **Crifanac**. I mumbled something about Tom Reamy, but he waved me off.

I suppose it was my fault for planting the seed of the idea with a short bit in FAPA about how I'd always wanted to publish a fanzine called **Crifanac**. The problem is that Tom Reamy published a few issues of **Crifanac**

before a eventual, greater success with **Trumpet**.

My piece wistfully wondered if there might be a fannish statute of limitations on great titles expended on less-than-great fanzines.

"Robert Lichtman said it was all right," Ken informed me. That settled it. The citation of Robert Lichtman ends any Las Vegas fan debate. What higher authority could be brought to bear against him?

"So we're going to do a fanzine called **Crifanac**," I said cautiously. "What's it going to be like?"

Ken rattled off the general specifications: "8-1/2 x 11, simple layout, fannish and funny," he said. "Well, I'm not sure how funny it will actually be," he added. Why did he have to look at me like that when he said it?

What's the Frequency, Kenneth? One thing Ken hadn't thought through was how often we'll produce **Crifanac**. When I asked him about it, all he could manage was a wimpy, "Every six weeks." He couldn't even look at me when he said it.

"That will never do," I said shaking my head. "I don't think this fanzine can succeed with that schedule."

"Well, we could do it monthly," he offered, hopefully. I averted my eyes so as not to add to his embarrassment.

"Ok, ok," he said when he could no longer endure the weight of my disapproval. "Those two guys in Seattle did that fanzine every three weeks, we can do it, too!"

"Every three weeks it is!" I said, hiding my discouragement that he hadn't said "biweekly." If Las Vegas drums one lesson into us, it's "know when to quit while you're ahead."

So you can expect **Crifanac** every three weeks, and we can expect you to drop whatever else you're doing to read it immediately. We'd appreciate it if you'd find room among your many signifi-

cant priorities, to send us an occasional letter of comment.

Some of you may be skeptical. It wasn't so long ago that Ken and I sent most of you a fanzine that also purported to be the first of many.

That's why, right here and now, I'm declaring this a *free fanzine!* You don't have to volunteer to be an occasional columnist or draw us illos or send your fanzine in trade or even write an egoboo-drenched letter of comment.

This one's on us. Just read laugh uproariously at my stuff and then do with **Crifanac #1** whatever you normally do with fanzines after you've read them. Don't give it another guilty thought, No need to ponder your inadequacy as a human being or toss and turn through the night awash in self-recriminations. Time enough for such things if you don't respond to our second issue.

Of course, if you want to do any or all of these things, we won't stop you. Fandom is an arena of free and unfettered expression (unless you step on someone's over-sensitive toes). It would be against our principles to stem the spontaneous rush of gratitude many of you undoubtedly feel for receipt of **Crifanac #1**.

We won't force you to bottle up these feelings. Psychologists warn that harboring instead of venting could cause these natural, noble feelings to fester and turn ugly. Nobody wants that. So even though we aren't expecting anything, we will allow you to express that overwhelming feeling of gratitude.

Our feelings won't be hurt, honest.

Whole Lotta Fanac Goin' On!

Some of you may be wondering why Forman and Katz are suddenly so lively on the fan publishing scene. Why, a week doesn't pass without one of us starting some magnificent new fanzine or projects, some of which may eventually come out.

I don't think I can accurately number Ken's projects, but I can guarantee that my hands aren't the workshop for some fannish devil. Besides working on **Wild Heirs #21** and regular contributions for a monthly (Apa V) and a quarterly (FAPA), I'm doing **Xtreme** and now **Crifanac**. There's also an anthology of pieces about *Ah, sweet Idiocy!* and several lesser projects that conveniently slip my mind.

I can't speak for Ken — he's barely equal to the task himself — but I can reveal the scientific method behind the seeming madness of my recent surge of fanac.

I owe it all to multiple personalities. Some people are alarmed by personality disintegration, but that strikes me as a hasty judgement. Everything has an upside, perhaps psychosis does, too.

I've been a fan since high school, which is to say that I've been crazy for a very long time. What's changed is that I've discovered a way to make it work for me, at least in fandom.

When a new persona splits off from the roiling tumult that is the Katz psyche, I don't do what an ordinary person would do. No shrink's couch or shock treatments or Inca power crystals for me. No sirree Ghu. I welcome the new arrival to the club — and start a fanzine for it.

If you are familiar with *The Three Faces of Eve* or *Sybil* (not the one with Cybil Shepherd), it always seemed like the various personalities constantly jockeyed for the chance to come out, to express themselves. Those were people in torment.

Thanks to Fandom, that's not the case with me. My various personas co-exist amicably, because each has a fanzine in which to parade their egos.

I imagine Andy Hooper is preparing a learned, insightful monograph, but you don't have to wait. I'll give you the brief version right here.

The trufannish, fanhistorical, personality is the one most com-

monly on view in **Wild Heirs**. When encountered in the pages of Las Vegrants' clubzine, I'm the cheerful and ebullient ringmaster, working with the whole troupe to put on a sprightly show.

Xtreme, soon to have its 7th quarterly issue, bears only slight similarity to the gaudy **Wild Heirs**. It's mostly light essays on the passing scene, with little connection to fandom.. The art, layout and typography are all different than **Wild Heirs** (or **Folly** or even **Crifanac**). It's almost as though **Xtreme** is being done by *another person*.

Or *another personality!* Could be? Could be!

Now comes **Crifanac**.

What kind of fan co-edits **Crifanac**?

The kind who goes on to his next bit, secure in the knowledge that letter writers will rush to contradict any definition he might offer.

What's This Crazy Little Thing Called Crifanac? That's what I wondered after my initial enthusiasm for the notion receded a little. If Andy Hooper wants to know why **Crifanac** exists, what can we tell him?

Ken and I plan to do regular columns, alternating position each issue. We hope you think that's a Good Thing, but it didn't seem quite enough to justify all this effort.

"What purposes are suitable for a fanzine that comes out every three weeks?" I asked myself.

My first thought was changes of address. Whenever a Vagrant starts a fanzine, Robert Lichtman writes a letter pleading for timely publication of address changes.

He is always eloquent on the subject. By printing CoAs in our first issue, **Crifanac** heads off that part of his letter*. His mission is accomplished before it begins! Robert may rechannel the saved energy into something that

* A letter, I must acknowledge, that he is not actually compelled to write, as previously explained.

benefits all fankind, or an extra paragraph of egoboo for Ken and me. (Preferable me.)

The CoA is a humble beast. They fill the awkward hole when a writer's powers fail at the bottom of a page.

Yet Robert is right. Fanzine fandom needs changes of address.

Still, CoAs don't add up to a fanzine. If the next **Trap Door** has nothing behind its impeccably clever cover but page after page of address changes, I'm going to be pretty disappointed.

So our search for **Crifanac's** purpose needed to continue beyond CoAs. Our commitment to this lowly service feature led inexorably to the decision to print fan news.

The focus of coverage is narrow, if hazy around the edges. Our beat is the news of fanzine fandom. We'll leave science fiction to **Locus**, con fandom to **File 770** and literacy to **Ansible**.

Crifanac is devoted to the doings, projects and lives of members of our subculture. In other words, we're going to write about the fans on our mailing list, plus a few hundred others of possible interest to them.

To do this, **NewsSquint**, needs your help. We want to know what's happening with you and your fanzine fan buddies. Tell us about the fanzine that's almost ready to distribute, visits from out of town BNFs and that new litter of kittens. We're looking for the stuff you'd tell your fannish friends, if you could take time off from work on an AIDS cure to write all those letters.

The contact information is on the front page. We'll hope you'll use it.

Guaranteed Not to Happen. Over the last few years, you could pretty much count on the kind of material you'd find in my fanzines. As previously noted, however, things are different now.

Some of you, including Ken, may be wracked by uncertainty, unsure of **Crifanac's** editorial

mission and future direction.

I distinctly remember asking Ken about this when he anointed me co-editor, but he didn't have a clue. I dunno, either. I'm sure we'll think of something. While we're all waiting for that to happen, let's start the ball rolling with a few of the things we *won't* have in **Crifanac**.

We won't print imitation Letterman "Top Ten" lists. Like the amps in *Spinal Tap*, my list goes all the way to 11.

We won't take ourselves too seriously. Unless we get an ego-boo-packed letter from Walt Willis, Ted White or anyone else reading these words. Then we'll strut around like peacocks.

We won't cry. Well, I won't cry. Not even when you break my heart or use **Crifanac** as a coaster. But do you really want to hurt Ken that much?

We won't electioneer for ourselves for TAFF. Unless Ken runs next time. If he does, we'll probably run it into the ground.

We won't return to the theme of my Sidebar pastiche comedy routine. Allison Freebairn showed brains and class by not overreacting to what was meant as a mild tease. Shame on some of the rest of you. Come visit Las Vegrants, Allison; we're even more fun in person.

We won't lose TAFF and then attack the winner. We'd only be copying one of this year's candidates. And **Crifanac** doesn't copy anyone. We're 100 per cent original from our title right on down the line.

We don't plan to attack Ulrika O'Brien. Winning TAFF is not actually a criminal offense, even if she wasn't my choice.

We will not beg and wheedle for a Hugo. We don't want no stinkin' rocketship. The Hugo means nothing to us as fans.

We won't go on and on about how we don't care about the Hugos. Twenty-three words, that's not too many.

We won't review that fanzine

from fandom's international goodwill ambassador Lillian Edwards. Even though it made Ken Very Sad. In light of her disparagement of Rotsler and our attempts to mark his passing, I wonder what fans will write about her in Lillian's memorial fanzine. In fact, I've developed a lot of enthusiasm for the project.

We won't make incessant allusions to Andy Hooper. Although I'm sure he relishes every mention in Las Vegas fanzines, I vow that we won't be working Andy Hooper's name into **Crifanac**.

Now that I think of it, I've already mentioned Andy Hooper a couple of times. His name may even appear in Ken's section, too. And he's pretty likely to work his way into my future **Crifanac** contributions.

I need to figure this out. I'll be back in three weeks with something completely different.

The Hand of William Rotsler

I instantly recognized the distinctive white envelope with its large, hand-lettered "Vegrants" above the address plate.

I noticed it the first time I passed the dining room table, where Marcy Waldie lays out the day's business and personal mail.

I stopped. I could not believe it. The envelope could only have come from one fan, but that was flatly impossible.

So I stopped and picked up the envelope. I held it a little closer to the light, because surely this was impossible.

And yet incontrovertibly, there it was. It was a packet of fan art from William Rotsler!

Inside was a thick sheaf of Rotsler cartoons and science fictional illustrations, accompanied by the usual note. It's the little rectangular one that says to pass the unwanted stuff along.

A couple of days later, Ben Wilson slid the contents onto Toner Hall's coffee table. He, Tom Springer, Tammy Funk, Cathi

Continued on Page 8

Critical Froth

Ken Forman ponders the imponderables of fandom

The other day, a thought occurred to me: Who is my family? Which individuals would I consider to be my 'family'? For me, these weren't easy questions. It required some soul-searching before the answer satisfied me.

This search began at a recent 'family' outing. Actually, it was more than an outing, not quite a reunion, per se, but a gathering. My mother died last year after suffering severe heart problems. When the doctors discovered that she also had systemic cancer that included many of her internal organs, they gave her weeks to live.

It turned out to be much quicker than that. Within 48 hours of the diagnosis, she died. Quicker than anyone of my relatives expected, quicker than even she expected, her death was both merciful and cruel. She died before she could suffer the ill effects of the disease so she was spared the decision of whether to attempt a cure. However, the suddenness kept any of the family (except my father) from being there for her death.

There was little love lost between my mother and me. We didn't really get along, but we shared a mutual, albeit somewhat grudgingly given, respect for each other. I don't find that I regret not being able to visit with my mother one last time before she died. Such is life — and death.

My mother was a Registered Nurse and supported science and the acquisition of knowledge.

When her doctor informed us that her case (cardiac problems, artificial heart valves and body-wide cancer) would prove valuable to medical students, all members of her immediate family agreed that her body would be used for scientific research. Consequently



WHEN DIGNITY FAILS

there was no formal funeral.

As a memorial for her, though, my father decided to plant a grove of ash trees in a recently created park, Red Rocks State Park, in central Arizona. It was/is a fitting memorial for her since she was born and grew up just south of the area, she loved nature and trees, and she would have appreciated the benefit to her native state. The family, such as it is, planned a reunion in the spring. "Just as the leaves are budding," explained my father.

Family reunions require two basic elements to exist. First there must be enough people in the family for a party, and second, these people must want to have a reunion. I have a very small immediate family. Counting everyone from my parents' generation down, the entire family is fifteen individuals.

This count includes my newly born grand-niece, my father's great-grand daughter. By adding various spouses and ex-spouses, the count goes up to a whopping twenty people. Not much of a reunion, eh? (In contrast, my lovely wife has 48 first cousins, and countless other relatives.)

Most of my family live away from each other, our lives have scattered us across the west. Only about half of the twenty kin could attend the memorial, the other half are so out of touch that they

are almost never heard from, and only barely aware that someone they're related to died. Obviously not fertile ground for this kind of event.

In an attempt to bolster attendance, my father invited all their friends (all two or three of 'em), some of his co-workers (vague acquaintances of my mother) and members of the Phoenix chapter of Clan McDonald (my parents were semi-active in the clan, and technically, they are distantly related). To be honest, I didn't really care who showed up for the memorial. It served as some kind of closure for my father.

Aileen and I drove to Arizona to attend the reunion/picnic. "Everyone's bringing something, I'll bring the burgers and hot-dogs," my dad told us.

We opted to bring soda and water for the expected 50 guests. We got to the park about 30 minutes after my father — his directions were unclear and we got lost along the way. The Red Rocks State Park is obviously new, the roads look unused and the buildings all freshly built. Groves of saplings (including my mother's) dotted the picnic area. We unloaded the cooler with the drinks, and settled down to watch what would transpire.

Over the next two hours, about thirty-five people wandered into the area, made themselves at home, and relaxed in a picnic-sort of way. The grill breathed forth fire and I started the traditional searing of meat that accompanies many such events.

After everyone was suitably fed, I sat down to enjoy my own lunch. Sipping my cola and munching my burger, I had a moment to look around and realize that I knew almost no one in the group.

Who were these people who came to memorialize my mother? Sure, I knew my brother, and his family — over there was my Uncle Ron, my mother's older brother. A couple other (distantly) related cousins were there, too, but al-

most everybody there was a stranger to me. Was this my family? That was when I experienced a moment of clarity — an epiphany, if you will. The social group I considered my family did not include these relatives! My family consists mainly of friends (mainly fannish) whom I associated with.

A couple of years ago at a convention banquet, Greg Benford identified fandom [and by the term fandom, I mean specifically fanzine fandom and the fans of fanzine fandom — you can assume if you're receiving Crifanac that I include you in that term] as a tribe. And that within that tribe, there are smaller units called communities or families. Like most family units, there are squabbles between some of the members. Uncle Ted has problems with Cousin Dave, etc. That is only to be expected. I also expect some members to be less savory than others.

Doesn't everyone have an Auntie Abi who abused trust in some way? Some of the connection felt between these kith & kin goes beyond that felt by ordinary relatives. When I greet my Cousin Geri, I do so with more in mind than just hugging a long lost friend. And the thoughts on my mind are much less pure than if I were hugging the daughter of a blood-aunt.

Fannish brothers and sisters, fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts, abound throughout fandom. A common tradition is claiming a younger fan as a daughter or son; or calling an older, revered fan 'grandpa'. I think the connections go much farther than tongue-in-cheek labeling. These people/friends are mentors, confidants, critics and cohorts. I just can't imagine producing a multi-page letter to be distributed among my various blood relatives. Instead, I spend time and effort writing ditties and anecdotes for my fan friends/family. I care about what they think of me and my work. I look forward to hearing about their exploits,

tribulations and triumphs.

Most fanzine fans (at least I hope it's most) can recite some part of the 'family' background. The fannish lineage is documented and recorded by levels of activity unknown in the mundane world, except perhaps for royal families. But I can tell you more about the lives of my fannish ancestors than I can about my own ancestors — and I've followed my family tree back to Scotland, 1632. (Hell, if you look through the Mormon registries, I supposedly can follow my tree back to Adam & Eve...and I thought they were Jewish.)

Speaking of family trees, I'd like to propose a project. I'd like to construct a fannish family tree — one which traces the 'spark' of fandom through time. So I ask you this...Who is/was your fannish 'father/mother'? Who is responsible for bringing you into fanzine fandom?

If I can gather enough information, I will prepare a fannish tree showing fandom moving from one person to the next, over the years. I think this could produce some interesting results. Will it turn out that just a few people carried that fannish ember and infected the majority of active fans, causing the tree to have many branches leading to just a few nodes? Or will we discover that it tends to be

more linear, with each fan influencing just a few others?

I'll be honest, there's more to my project than just curiosity. I expect that with each response we get about fannish mentors, we'll also get a few words explaining the hows and wherefores of the contact. So tell us Cousin Andy, how did you get your start? Grandpa Harry, what about you?

And don't forget Uncle Robert; we'd like to hear your story, too.

By way of beginning, I'll start by mentioning that my fannish father is Arnie Katz. He was the one who pressed an obviously home-made magazine, brightly colored and prominently illustrated, into my hands. I think it was called "Glitz" or some other appropriately Katzian one-word title.

It had a story about their move to Las Vegas and some other typically fannish stuff. I was busily involved in hosting a semi-monthly gaming party at my house for about 25 die hard gamers, so I didn't spend much time perusing it that night.

It seemed an odd introduction, but there were orcs in my bedroom, and Jedi Knights down the hall. Some BNF (I instinctively knew he was a BNF even before I knew the meaning of the acronym) shoving a collection of personal yarns didn't seem all that life changing. Little did I know the gift he gave me, the world he shared.

When I had time to read it, I began to understand that there was a world worthy of my exploration, if only I'd spend the time paying my dues; cutting my fannish teeth.

I can't begin to count the ways my life has been enriched because of this hobby. I can't count the friends I've made...and will continue to make. That is not my purpose here. I only seek knowledge, perhaps some diversion that will amuse and entertain my fannish family. Share your stories, brag about who introduced to this world; who gave you the gift of fandom. -- Ken

NewsSquint

Needs Snoopers

Got news?
Maybe something
you'd like to tell your friends?
Contact us at...

Mail: See colophon

E Mail:

KForman@Wizard.com

AKatz@aol.com

Fax: 702-648-5365

Phone: 702-648-5677

NewsSquint

Continued from Page 1

if her her US trip schedule permits.

Lichtman Plans Willis Volume

Despite the mammoth **Warhoon #28**, there's still at least one major hunk of Willis brilliance that has not yet been anthologized. Robert Lichtman hopes to fill the gap with approximately 100 pages of WAW's wonderful fan column originally published in the '50's prozine *Nebula*.

Robert, in his latest **Trap Door** editorial, says that the only hitch is that he needs enough advance orders to insure a print run of 100 copies. The pre-publication price is \$8, postpaid. (It'll be 10 bucks if you wait.)

Help get this off the ground by sending your order to Robert at PO Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442.

Burbee Volume to Go On-Line

Gary Farber is spearheading a project to put *The Incomplete Burbee* on line. The idea came up in Timebinders, the fanhistory listserv.

The Vegrants are providing digital copies of the needed manuscripts, saved from the edition we did a couple of years ago.

No plans are set, but wouldn't it be nice if the same project also

put the sequel collection, produced by Jeff Schalles, on line, too?

That's Terry, not Abi...

The results of the voting for the 1998 DUFF race have been finalized, says DUFF Administrator (and **NewsSquint** Snoop) Perry Middlemiss. "This race will send a fan from Australasia to North America to attend Bucconeer, the 1998 World Science Fiction Convention to be held from August 5th to August 9th.

Terry Frost received an absolute majority of the votes cast, so it's a first-round victory. Congratulations to the DUFF winner!

"Australian votes include a number of ballots received from the UK," says Perry. "one of which was unsigned and therefore technically illegal.

"The vote was for 'no preference'," he notes. "so it had no bearing on the final figures. It's included, because the ballot was accompanied by money. Who says we're just mercenaries at heart?"

"In the near future Janice Murray and [Perry] will be publishing administrators' newsletters detailing the current finances of the fund as well as lists of voters.

"Given the fact that next year's worldcon will be held in Melbourne, Janice and I are anticipating a sizeable field of candidates from North America. In order to give everyone plenty of time to nominate, campaign and vote we will be announcing the dates for the 1999 race in the next few months."

Crifanac adds our congratulations -- and an invitation for Terry to stop off in Las Vegas on the way to that science fiction convention.

Eyesight to the Sighted

Aileen Forman is back in Las Vegas, sans spectacles, after undergoing elective eye surgery in the medical metropolis of Tijuana, Mexico. The operation appears to have been complete successful, which will enable her to read **Ansible**, **Trap Door** and other "tiny type" fanzines without spectacles.

Ted White, Nonpareil Netizen

Is this the end of an era? After flirting with on-line fanac for awhile, Ted White now has his very own e-address. (He had been hitchhiking on his daughter's AOL account prior to taking the plunge.

Ted is reachable electronically at: TedWhite@compusnet.com. He's already being erudite about fanhistory on Time-binders, so it looks like this is for real.

Not that Ted has entirely forsaken the print world. He's almost ready with the first issue of a new fanzine, **SPAM**. He plans to distribute it both electronically and in hardcopy form. And it will also be available on his new website.

FAPA: Small Roster Hot Mailing

The May FAPA mailing is out, says Official Editor Ken Forman, and it looks like a good one.

A big issue of **Fantasy Commentator** leads an array of 36 contributions which total 401 pages. **FC** again features numerous reminiscences of Sam Moskowitz, the zine's most prolific

1998 DUFF Race Results

Candidate	Aust	NA	Total
Susan Clarke	14	15	29
Terry Frost	26	46	72
No preference	2	17	19
Hold Over Funds	-	1	1
Write-In	-	1	1
Total	42	80	122

TAFF Race Begins

Nominations are open as of May 1, 1998 for the 1999 North America to Europe TAFF race. The winner will attend Reconvene, the 50th British National Science Fiction Convention (Eastercon), April 2-5, 1999 at the Britannia Adelphi, Liverpool, England.

Prospective North American candidates should ensure that signed nominations (two from Europe and three from North America) reach the Administrators by midnight on July 25, 1998, along with their 100-word platform and £10/\$20 bond. Bond checks should be made out in the name of the administrator they are sent to.

TAFF also very gratefully accepts freely given donations of money or auction goods -- such donations are the sole support the Fund has, and have sustained it for over 40 years.

European Administrator: Maureen Kincaid Speller, 60 Bournemouth Rd., Folkestone, Kent, CT19 5AZ GREAT BRITAIN

North American Administrator: Ulrika O'Brien, 123 Melody Ln., #C, Costa Mesa, CA 92627, USA

contributor right up to his death last winter.

The mailings are healthy, but the roster is a bit anemic. The group currently has no waitlist, so anyone who wants to get into fandom's oldest, and most distinguished, amateur press association should contact Secretary-Treasurer Robert Lichtman (PO Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442).

Alan White Bounces Back

Long-time fan and artist Alan White has emerged from a brief stay in the hospital after what is being called a "small stroke."

NewsSquint snooper Joyce Katz reports that Alan is feeling good and is well on the way to making a complete recovery. Alan's most recent

fanwork has appeared in **QUANT Suff #7**, which has feature several back covers and a small art folio by him in recent issues.

Paging Nurse Lyons...

Michelle Lyons is preparing to enter a program that will qualify her as a nurse's aide.

What a great idea! Not only does her nurturing personality seem well-suited to this career, but it could be a very positive step for fandom. As the huge fanzine fan population of the '50's moves further into its Golden Years, there'll be plenty of employment for health care workers, especially ones who can also collate.

Nine Lines Has Two Lives

Against prevailing odds and perhaps sanity, the four original perpetrators of **Nine Lines Each** are

Changes of Address

Bill Bowers, 4651 Glenway Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45238--4503
Socorro Burbee, 12723 S. Gabbett Dr., La Mirada, CA 90638-2109
Woody Bernardi, 164 Prince St., 4th F, Boston, MA 02113-1034
Grant Canfield, 307 Lee St., #1, Oakland, CA 94619
JoHn & Karla Hardin, 540 Waterbury, Gahanna, OH 43230
John Hertz, 236 S. Coronado St., #409, Los Angeles, CA 90057
David Haugh, 473 Carol Dr., Salinas, CA 93905-3309
Lucy Huntzinger, 4102 Thain Way, Palo Alto, CA 94306
Lloyd Penney, 1706-24 Eva Rd., Etobicoke, Ontario M9C 2B6, Canada
Eric Lindsay/Jean Webber, 43 Chapman Parade, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia
Dick & Nicki Lynch, POB 3120, Faithersburg, MD 20885
Dan & Lynn Steffan, 800 S. Ivy St., Arlington, VA 22204

reportedly reayding the first of a new series of weekly cardzines. We say "reportedly," because this report may not be enough to shame them into actually publishing.

Now we wait.... and hope.

A Kat for the Katzes

After an interval of mourning the demise of the infamous Slugger -- known as "Darth Kitty" to his many victims in local fandom -- there's a new cat in residence at Toner Hall.

Foggy is very handsome, mostly white and as mild-mannered as Slugger and the legendary Foo Manchu were feisty and aggressive. Foggy has even been sighted sitting on laps!

Las Vegrants' new unofficial mascot, approximately two years old, was rescued from the local animal shelter.

Although he's shown some interest in the computer keyboard, his real enthusiasm is for fanzines. He likes to sleep on top of them, though he sometimes flips through the pages of his favorites (currently, the brand new issue of **Trap Door**.)

Thinking Out Loud

Continued from Page 4

Wilson, Joyce and I went through them

It's a remarkably batch of material. The presence of my name on the inside envelop flap suggests that Rotsler dumped illos into it as he produced items he thought Vegan fandom would like. Ben's minute analysis of the illos themselves concluded that at least some were among the very last illos Rotsler ever did.

We're trying to figure out the best way to present this stuff. A couple of larger pieces are slated for Joyce's next **Quant Suff**, and you can expect a portfolio of some kind with **Wild Heirs #21**, which is expected to mail during the third week of May -- or maybe the third week in June. -- Arnie.