

Now, because anything worth doing once is worth doing nine more times, this is... **crifanac #10**, 12/7/98. The Fanzine of Newtonian Insurgentism. This (allegedly) triweekly and lovably feisty fanzine is co-edited by the essentially lovable Ken Forman (7215 Nordic Lights Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89119) and the amiably feisty Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). Superstar Helpers: Marcy Waldie, Ben Wilson, Cathi Wilson, Tom Springer, Joyce Katz. Director of Vegrant Affairs/Europe: Chuch Harris.

NewsSquint Snoopers: Vincent Clarke, Chuch Harris, Bruce Pelz, Robert Lichtman, Murray Moore, Tommy Ferguson and Ben Wilson

Columnists this issue: Chuch Harris, Bruce Gillespie/Elaine Cochrane, Andy Hooper and Dave Langford. Art: Ross Chamberlain, Bill Rotzler, Bill Kunkel and Dvid Haugh..

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; lukewarin support of AFAL.
Now is when we fan.

Number 10
December 7, 1998

crifanac

FAN ATTIC



NewsSquint

What We Know, as soon as We Know It

Belfast Wants Corflu 2001

Belfast fans Tommy Ferguson, Eugene Doherty and Mark McCann have put forward a bid to host Corflu in 2001. Nothing will be definite until fanzine fandom has its say at the Seattle Corflu in 2000, but Corflu tradition and widespread enthusiasm virtually guarantee we'll be carousing in Belfast the year after next.

"Our view is that Belfast, being the

spiritual home of Irish Fandom for over 50 years, has much to offer a small, friendly, fanzine convention," writes Tommy Ferguson. "The aim of our con is to reflect the enthusiasm that the likes of Walt Willis, James White and Bob Shaw generated in the Fifties.

"We want to put on a convention where fans can relax and enjoy fandom and, taking our lead from the

past, move fanzine fandom into the new millennium.

"We are currently inviting feedback and comment on the bid at any of the contacts given below. Alternatively you can meet Mark and Tommy at Novacon in Birmingham, England 13-15 November 1998, or you can talk to Tommy Ferguson at next year's Corflu in Florida.

"All views are welcome."

If you smell what TFerg and friends are cooking, you can send them all sorts of wonderfully helpful suggestions, or even be the first with complaints, at: Corflu 2001 Bid, 40 Deramore Ave., Belfast, BT7 3ER UK. Phone: (01232) 293275. E-mail: corflu2001bid@net.ntl.com.

Some may be unhappy about another overseas Corflu so soon after Corflu UK, it won't be much more expensive to get to Belfast than to

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Visitors to a Small Planet

One of the special joys of Las Vegas Fandom is that we usually get a lot of fannish visitors. It dies down in the summer, when tales of 120-degree heat send fandom racing toward cooler climes, but Labor Day signals the start of Guest Season.

More visitors than usual made November especially joyous. It also gave us the excuse for a lot of parties. (We don't really need an excuse, but it does give a certain focus to the revelry.)

Andy Hooper and Carrie Root led the parade, finally making a previously planned trip to Glitter City. Carrie had a consulting gig here, and Andy got a free trip.

Free travel definitely agrees with Andy, who was in top form through his stay. So if you have the chance to send him somewhere on a free trip, it's a really good idea.

We celebrated with what turned out to be fall's liveliest Vegrants get-togethers. Andy made his special chili, Joyce whipped up beef barbecue and other members contributed to the menu.

Richard Brandt and Michelle Lyons stayed with us prior to the COMDEX computer show. This fell between the first and second November Vegrants

meetings, so we threw a Saturday night Toner Hall party to fete our Texas friends.

Richard is thriving on a new fannish regimen of not running, or running for, anything. Michelle continues to fascinate and occasionally perplex all who meet her.

COMDEX also drew Billy and Rosemary Pettit toward a first visit to Las Vegrants. Billy and I (Arnie) were SPFPAnS together back to '64, but we'd never met.

The Pettits' VegasOpening was a rousing success. We're looking forward to their speedy return.

The Prodigal returned at the month's second meeting. Woody Bernardi, now of Boston, returned to the spangled bosom of the fandom he helped found.

Woody seems the same ebullient *naif*, if a bit more centered and on top of things. Though our attempts to get him to move back here failed, he's at least talks about a new issue of **Marquee** and returning to FAPA.

Jack and Ruth Speer's whirlwind visit to Las Vegas didn't coincide with any fan functions. They did see Hoover Dam and stopped off to say "hello" to Joyce, Marcy Waldie and me (Arnie).

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NewsSquint

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several recent Corflu destinations. **Crifanac** wishes Corflu Jophan (Corflu IF? CorfluBel?) every success - and we all expect to be there in 2001.

Ditto 11 Notes

Murray Moore was among the 33 fans who gathered in Newport, RI for Ditto 11 and sends news of this gathering. "An unofficial, unalphabetized, list of attendees, compiled by Murray Moore, assisted by Hope Leibowitz: George Flynn, Mark Olson, Priscilla Olson, Bob Webber (the hosts); Dick

Smith & Leah Smith, John Boardman & Perdita Boardman, Ed Meskys & Sandy Meskys; Judy Bemis & Tony Parker; Leslie Turek, Sarah Prince, Bob Devney, Tony Lewis & Suford Lewis, Seth Breidbart, Gary Hunnewell, Linda Bushyager, Hope Leibowitz, Murray Moore, Don D'Amassa, Deb Geisler, Lis Carey, Alex ?, Sharon Sbarsky, Mike Blake, Carol Springs, Sue Anderson, Mark Keller.

"Program items on Saturday afternoon were, The First Amendment and Fan Writing; Proud and Lonely (Can

fanzine fandom survive in its current form? Should it try?); Fandom and Ed Meskys; Something by Bob Webber."

Ditto 12 Set Date

Another thing that happened at Ditto 11, says Murray Moore, is that attendees picked a city, a committee and a date for next year's event.

Ditto 12 will unfold in Minneapolis, MN, Oct. 29-31, 1999. The committee consists of Karen Cooper, Bruce Schneider, Martin Schafer, David Emerson, Dean Gahlon and Jeff Schalles.

Here's the contact information: Ditto 12 c/o Karen Cooper, 101 E. Minnehaha Parkway, Minneapolis, MN 55419; karen@counterpane.com;

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Charrisma

Chuch Harris tells about an unexpected incident

Well now, we've had a little excitement here at Chez Chuque -- about 0.1 on the Richter Scale -- such panics, such moist gusssets, darlings.

I know you don't get the same cultural TV programmes that we are blessed with... I was sitting there watching *The Vicar of Dibley* re-run for about the 99th time and laughing at Jack in his sequined cache sexe doing the full monty in the village hall when I sort of spasmed and choked and couldn't catch my breath. I fell out of the chair onto the floor. Sue screamed for Sean to come and help, they pounded my back and shook me around and after 3 or 4 minutes I started to breathe again.

This sounds flippant but to tell the truth I was as scared as hell... and so was Sue who thought I was cashing in my chips. I'd had one spell like this a couple of years ago but this one was far worse.

As I fell to the floor, I twisted my knee ligaments and sprained my ankle. I went to the doc the next morning. I didn't have any chest pains, but he reckoned that from all the signs I'd had a small stroke... a transitory ischaemic trauma... he called it a TI..... a sort of medical euphemism to save Susan having a fit of the vapours if he'd shocked her by saying TIT... and thought I was very lucky and the aspirin had saved me!!!!"

Bloody Hell dearies, I've only been on the aspirin treatment for 6 months since I changed doctors after Dr John Justice left. (I told you about JJ before? He would never accept that I was totally deaf and would holler intimate details like "And when did you last have normal sexual Bbringing a liNle educational entertainment to folk in the waiting room and, on occasion, to those walking on the sidewalk in the nearby High Street.)

Anyway, the doc thought there was little he could do except suggest a bag of Birdseye frozen peas applied frequently to the ankle and the knee, and that if it happens again I must try to stay calm and not get hysterical and panic stricken.

This is easily said but it's a bit different when you are lying on the carpet turning blue..and then sliding down this tunnel towards this character in a red jump suit holding a horrible great trident and yes! Yes! YES! it's D (for Devil) West and you wish -- Ghod! How You Wish-- that you hadn't made stupid jokes about the Pope's bol-

locks being the most useless things in all creation, and will they remember that you signed a pledge against intoxicating liquors when you were a 10-year-old Methodist -- and will they hold it against you 60 years later

And then you get a second chance and another sweet breath of air and Sue -- damn near tears -- is stroking your face and shaking all to hell and gone, because she really really thought I was never going to come back again.

So there you are. I have to take things easy for a bit. And keep on taking the aspirins; they really work. There will be more Charrismas (DG) but you might have to be patient.

And, before we go, let's reassure lovely old Harry Warner that Britdom is not really a dipsomaniac heaven. The only drinking problem we have is that we can't afford it. Our fan groups invariably meet in pubs, but to my knowledge people seldom drink to excess. Most people will have a couple of pints in the evening, but police target pubs at closing time and you can kiss your driving licence goodbye if you are breathalysed in the car and found to be over the two pint limit.

Leeds fandom are probably the heaviest drinkers we have, and tend to drink "heavy" beers like Guinness (whch tastes like oatmeal soup) and put away a damn sight more than a couple of pints each session, but they are acclimatized to it. They don't sing or fall over or suffer fools gladly.

I offer this as a reassurance to Harry. I told him long ago that if only he would run for TAFF we would not only vote en masse for him but will meet him at the airport, carry him home in triumph and a motor car and give him the time of his life with never a sip of alcohol passing his ruby lips to lead him astray. I promise you he has absolutely nothing to worry about on that account.

I have to say, though, that it's our, well, friendly female fandom that might worry Harry and help provide an interesting sequel to *All Our Yesterdays*. All that clean-living asceticism and austerity could only be seen as a challenge for the Old World to overcome the New... and, believe me, Harry wouldn't stand a chance. In fact the only thing that concerns me is how we would ever persuade him back on the plane, a broken but deliciously happy man, and eventually send him home to Hagerstown.

Remember. Vote Harry for TAFF

-- Chuch Harris

Critical Froth

Ken Forman enjoys a bunch of Mota

Last month when I saw Robert Lichtman and Carol Carr in San Diego (we were celebrating Tom and Tammy Springer's wedding, and truthfully it wasn't just me, Aileen was there, as well as Ben and Cathi Wilson), he presented me with a medium sized cardboard box. Tape kept the contents within the box — or perhaps it kept prying eyes out. Nevertheless, he gave me a box; filled (he said) with fanzines. Not just any fanzines, but older fanzines.

"Distribute these among the Vegrants," says he. "Arnie Katz will probably want some of these to fill holes in his collection, but you and Ben should find a few treasures, too."

"What about Tom?" Ben and I chimed together. We care deeply about our fannish brother and fellow Vegrant.

His answer reassured us, "Don't worry about him, I gave him a care package for a wedding gift."

Robert then handed me a thick padded envelope. I immediately recognized it as one used to distribute FAPA mailings.

I smiled appreciating Robert's nod to my environmental beliefs. "This is for you, Meyer." His grin revealed a row of white teeth. I think one of them actually gleamed.

I reached inside the package and withdrew a stack of fanzines with slightly tattered edges. The light brown twiltone and mimeography indicated something created in the sixties or seventies. The cover of the first one had a Dan Steffan illo of a large broken stone nose being inspected by two aliens -- at least I assumed Dan intended them to be aliens -- they had cryptic writing on their shirts and both had tails). The one word title explained the picture on the cover...**Mota**.

Although it wasn't a full run — issues 11 through 30 (sans number 12) — the stack made an impressive bundle in my hand. The weight, the heft, the soft velvety feel of the twiltone, all added to the overall sensory experience. I immediately sat down and started thumbing through them. The company and conversation of the room partly drew my attention away from the the Terry Hughes zines, but over the next few weeks, I read continuously until I'd finished the run.

First of all, I'd like to say that Terry is the kind of guy I'd like to sit down with and share a beer and a pipe. At least that's how he came across in the pages of his zine.

I'm impressed as hell at who he got to write for him: James White, BoSh, Bob Tucker, Harry Warner, Jr., LeeH, Dan Steffan, Grant Canfield (yes, articles from Dan and Grant). Although

curiously enough, Terry himself didn't write too much, usually contributing a half-page editorial and a few replies to the locs.

I'm not intending this to be a review of a fanzine done twenty years ago; reviews are Hooper's department. Instead, I'd like to share some of my feelings upon reading the various issues.

Right off the bat with #11, Terry writes about how this issue (dated July, 1975) is "something of an annish," since **Mota** #1 was pubbed July, 1971.

In other words, it took him four years to do ten issues despite an "every-six-weeks schedule." I can imagine his frustration at not meeting his self-imposed agenda. Apparently he entered an era of renewed vigor since he published the next 20 issues in about the same length of time.

Bob Shaw contributed an amusing article comparing a typical neofan (Seymour McVittie) with an oyster. He tests each at their ability to do specific fannish tasks like Stapling (Seymour: 82, oyster: 0) or Avoidance of distractions like booze, women and conventions (Seymour: 6, oyster: 97).

Number 13 includes my favorite article of the entire bunch, "The Exorcists of IF" by James White, illustrated by ATom. This walk down memory lane and through Oblique House touched me in a way I've rarely felt. I've read the articles and heard the stories about Ireland's most famous fannish house, but when



James shares memories of that happier time (especially when examined against the backdrop of the civil unrest infesting the country then... and now), the house comes alive. I felt as if WAW (and George Charters, and White) were escorting me through their most cherished memories.

Several fine issues (and only a few months later), Terry pubbed a fantas-

tic convention report from Tom Perry. I don't usually like con reports. All too often they include a list of things the attendee/author saw and did without much personal interjection (aside from the usual 'I like this, didn't like that'). On the other hand, Tom's "Mein Con" focuses mainly on two points, his anticipation of meeting Walt Willis for the first time (after publishing "The Harp That Once or Twice" in **Quark**), and Tom's difficulties breaking through the cliquishness of '70's British Fandom. I certainly don't know if Britfans behave similarly today (although I hope to see for myself before too long), but anyone interested in attending a British convention for the first time would be wise to read Perry's article first.

Several things set **Mota** apart from modern fanzines (aside from the reproduction technique). In most of his colophons, Terry notes that **Mota** is "available for the usual or fannish fanzines." In this era of political correctness, it seems an awkward statement, although I absolutely agree with his discrimination. Other differences include active TAFF races. I suppose this is just a sign of the times, but Terry pubbed a full-page article promoting Peters for TAFF, and conducts his own TAFF candidacy in later issues. It culminates in a Harry Bell cover for number 28 that shows a newspaper headlined "Hughes Wins TAFF."

Where did those days go? I can only hope contemporary TAFF candidates will follow suit.

Mota also saw fit to run fan fiction on a regular basis. Perhaps I've been hanging around Arnie, but that's the kind of stuff I like to find between the covers of zines I read. Issue twenty presents an absolutely hilarious fan fiction piece by Gary Deindorfer called "All the Serconist's Fen", a pastiche of "All the President's Men." I hope this will be included if someday someone does a fan fiction collection.

The experience of reading most of a run of fanzines is quite different from receiving them at odd intervals. I would recommend it to anyone who has the chance.

I also got a stack of John D. Berry's **Wing Window** published in the early '80's. John mentions reading a stack of older zines and getting that same strange feeling I got from **Mota**. (and **Wing Window**, too).

A special nod goes to Gary Deindorfer, the original owner of these zines. While I don't understand why you'd want to divest yourself of such treasures, I'm glad you did, and I'd like to reassure you that they have fallen into loving fannish hands and will be well cared for and appreciated.

And if anyone wants to give up some of their old fannish fanzines, I'll give them a good home, although I'm not a collector, I only like to read the words so photocopies work just fine.

-- Ken

Timely Response

The Readers make themselves heard

Jim Trash

We reach out to fandom across the ocean with letters, fanzines and on-line communications to establish an on-going party situation involving a lively interchange of fun, frivolity, ideas and general chit-chat.

Every so often though the people from over the ocean get strange urges and go off to huddle in a corner. They whip out their ouija boards, mutter strange incantations to revive long dead cliches and 'jokes' which should perhaps have been left to fade peacefully into obscurity.

It's a most disconcerting habit which seems to occur with alarming regularity. Occasionally an intrepid fan will venture across the room to offer them a plate of biscuits. They turn around as one to inquire of the biscuit carrier 'who sawed Courtney's boat' and cackle for a while at this hilarious exchange.

The fan forces a smile. "I'm 92 you know," yells one of the Timebound types. "Yes, yes, I'm sure," smiles our intrepid fan "You're looking very well, I said *You're looking very well* More inane cackles follow and the fan retreats leaving the plate of biscuits in the hope that they'll eventually manage to detach themselves from the bout of necromancy.

He returns shaking head looking dispirited. "They seem to be getting worse I'm afraid. Isn't there anything we can do?"

"No, just leave them alone. They seem to be enjoying themselves the poor dears. They do occasionally find something interesting during these episodes. It's just a shame that you have to sift through the mountains of *dröss* to discover it."

This isn't to say that I'm wholly opposed to fannish tradition type stuff, but I do feel it can so often drag us down rather than lift us higher. To take a slightly altered version of Joyce's closing words from *Fan Dance*: I refute the notion that we should accommodate ourselves to fans who are obsessed with old fanzines, old fans, old stories.

For myself I have to be true to my conception of Fandom which roots in the now and even more so in the future. Fandom is personal and its vitality lies within the personal interactions not the sharing of someone else's cliches.

Arnie: Stating it that way makes a difference of opinion appear to be an unbridgable gulf. Yet you aren't entirely opposed to tradition, and Joyce doesn't live in the past. Some Americans do hold a different view of fandom than some British fans, but there's still much common ground.

Tommy Ferguson

My fannish family tree is two people primarily. In 1986 I attended my first, mainland UK, convention - the 1986 Eastercon in Glasgow (Albacon III) where I was bowled over with enthusiasm for all things conventional.

It was one Mr. Ian Sorensen who put me onto organizing my own SF Con in Belfast, and made me get up at a public meeting and announce details of the convention. I was spattered with many questions about the organization, guests, costs, etc. to which I had no answers. I had only decided to do this thing two hours beforehand, and had Peter Morrrows as GOH because he lived in the next town. Finally, tiring of my mumbled half-coherent answers, someone asked me exactly when the convention to be held? The answer to that started a long standing tradition of cons in Belfast:

"When can you come?"

My trufannish roots came about a year later when Walt Willis, of all people, came to visit me one Sunday to watch a television program that had been made about that year's world-con.

Throughout the program he kept pointing out famous fannish faces, names and places all of which, to someone who had just got involved in fandom outside his own city, was completely irrelevant.

After taking this poor impoverished student out for lunch, he dropped me off again at my rented accommodation with some light reading to educate me: back issues of *Hyphen*, his own copy of *Warhoon 28*, *A Wealth of Fable* and a bunch of the current crop of fanzines. I believe *Pulp* was the one that really got me going.

A couple of weeks later he collected the zines again but by that time I was already hooked. A week later I was getting Belfast fandom organized.

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DESTINED FOR
FAME AND GLORY!



going to more conventions on the mainland and in the midst of organizing my second Belfast con, NIcon 87, with a few of the helpful locals - Eugene Doherty (Belfast SF Group superino) needs singled out here - I issued my first zine. Yeah, it was truly horrible.

Of course there have been aunts and uncles along the way: Atom sent me a four-page, closely typed letter in response to my first zine telling me exactly what I had done wrong and how to correct it - invaluable advice, and a letter I treasure.

Vince Clarke ran off many electro stencils for me when I couldn't get proper access and again wrote many long and extremely helpful letters on my frequent poor attempts at zine production.

I'm surprised that the Organisation and Knew Mutants turned out to be my siblings - people who grew up in fandom with me: Sandra Bond, Jenny & Steve Glover and a few others who have passed by the way side (anyone know where Pete 'The Cardinal' Cox is these days?).

As I said in my *Kerles* review though, these are people in my life and the analogy to family is a good one for the purposes of fannish discussion. But when it comes down to the real thing fandom will never even get a look in with me. And I like it that way.

Ken: We should all be so fortunate to have such auspicious beginnings. Good to hear you're coming to Corflu Sunsplash. I'm looking forward to meeting you, can I buy you a beer?

Arnie: Ah, another perfect illustration of the Katz Neofan Theory. It says that: "If you treat a neofan well, he or she will always think well of you for the rest of their time in fandom."

Ian Sorensen

I notice that the latest *Ansible* has Langford refuting Ted's assertions on gender voting in TAFF by the use of mere facts. About time Langford stopped being a scientist and learned that Fandom likes nothing better than a contentious assertion backed by nothing more than gut feeling.

Arnie: I don't know whether Ted's theory about the TAFF-voting proclivities of male fans is true or not, but I do know that the attempts at factual refutation fall short of the mark. The problem is that, since TAFF is a secret ballot we don't have the demographic breakdowns that would establish the truth or falsity of Ted's conjecture. I hope he's wrong, I feel he's wrong, but without gender-specific breakdowns, I don't see how anyone can prove it either way.

Joseph Nicholas

Although I haven't yet seen *Squib 4*, I'm familiar with Julian Headlong's previously expressed view that TAFF has perhaps outlived its usefulness.

As he pointed out over the Sunday banquet at Corflu, only one of the four candidates in that year's race from North America to the UK failed to make the trip. This rather suggested that the actual cost of a trans-Atlantic air ticket was no longer the insuperable financial barrier that it was formerly perceived as.

Following a period of agnosticism on my part, I am tending to agree with it, not least because abolishing TAFF would help concentrate attention on DUFF and GUFF (particularly GUFF, which is very much the poorer relation). Ted doesn't, labeling himself "a stubborn traditionalist" and presumably wishing to keep TAFF alive on the grounds that it is a fine old fannish tradition.

But to call it that betrays a misunderstanding of what a tradition actually is. As any student of anthropology quickly learns, traditions survive "only so long as they are useful." The apparent fact that TAFF administrators are beginning to have trouble finding suitable candidates, on either side of the Atlantic, may be a sign that the TAFF tradition is beginning to be perceived as less useful than it once was — in which case, efforts to keep it alive will ultimately fail, since a tradition which becomes irrelevant also becomes beyond rescue. It's dying, therefore, it should be allowed to die.

Arnie: Abolition of TAFF is not the question as long as people are willing to support it. What fans are doing is making that decision on an individual basis. It may be a long time before TAFF ceases to have a following in fandom, but it is plain that many fans already feel that their money can be put to better use, including on other funds.

Claire Brialey

I'm just about awake enough to whine about missing me out of Ken's round-up of contributions to this fannish family tree thing. Back in **cri-fanac #3** you printed my comments that: "I'd cite **Attitude** [i.e. Pam Wells, Michael Abbott, John Dallman]

as a particular influence on my participation in fanzine fandom, and certainly being involved with *Intersection* both made me feel more involved with fandom as a whole and provided a significant number of reasons to gravitate further towards fanzines once it was over [so maybe I should cite Martin Easterbrook too.

"More general influences ... have been Maureen Speller and Paul Kincaid, Greg Pickersgill ... Mark [Plummer, obviously]."

Maybe that wasn't specific enough and maybe the new square-bracketed comments help; I am "hazy on my own beginnings" as Ken suggests, since I was certainly knocking around in fandom for a few years before I started to feel fannish and before I felt engaged enough by fanzines to realize that I wanted to participate actively in all this—and as a result there were quite a lot of influences in play and I have to go with the group approach. I note that Ken talks about family, Arnie about tribes.

I suppose I'd look at fandom more as an extended family in the sociological sense, which I guess is somewhere between the two. Anyway, as I said before, when I felt the time was right to produce a fanzine is easy to pin down: it was one evening during *Intersection* in 1995, sitting in the Central Hotel in Glasgow where the evening fan program took place. I was certainly with Mark at the time, and we were talking to Pam Wells and Martin Tudor among others. I won't mention laying the ghost of Greg Pickersgill again.

All that said, mind you, I'm still not sure of the real point of trying to build up this particular picture. It may be interesting to know about old associations and influences which aren't as apparent now, but I think a lot of fannish links are pretty clear already -- and if you're trying to trace the ultimate influences,

I'd not be at all surprised if they simply turn out to be the earliest outstanding fanwriters, who (given our general interest in what's gone before us) are likely to exert a significant influence on fannish generations

other than the one which came next. Maybe I'm missing your point again.

Incidentally, Mark's 'How I Got Where I Am Today' piece in **Banana Wings #11** is sub-titled 'A Misplaced Letter to Bridget and Ken' — I know you've read it; you mentioned it in the fanzine log — and he notes there that the first person to give him a fanzine was in fact Mike Christie. He cites other influences as well; but I refer you back to the article rather than reiterating it, since it's much better written than my hasty summary could be.

Ken: When I mentioned that you were "hazy" on your origins, I was quoting your letter, but thanks for the story and the further information.

Buck Coulson

Juanita's and my trip to England came a long time ago and wasn't connected with TAFF, but there was a lot of drinking talk in British fanzines (and American ones) at the time. I'm not a teetotaler, but I can say I've never been drunk enough to not know exactly what I — and the fans around me — were doing.

There were a few drunken fans at the Brighton Worldcon (though not nearly as many as there were drunken civilians outside the con on Saturday night) but no more than one would find at a big American con at the same period, and there were far more sober ones to talk to.

The drunks mostly talked to each other and didn't bother the rest of the con, and I had no trouble in avoiding them. There was more writing about drinking in both US and British fanzines than there were drunks. Don't worry about it, Harry. (To read Tucker some 20 years ago you might think he spent his convention time nursing a bottle; he didn't. And mostly the British didn't.) You're just looking for an excuse, Harry...

FM Busby

The 1964 Bowers/Scithers incident puzzles me. By some fluke of circumstance I've had very little communication with Bill, but I've known George

Necropolitan Lifer

Dave Langford fulfills a monumental ambition

One small achievement crossed off Hazel's list of things to do in London: we finally got her to Highgate Cemetery (the west side, where admission is restricted) at the right time for a tour. Fine gloomy fun: vaults! catacombs! pyramids! columbaria! Victorian excess and Lovecraftian decay!

Not many literary moments (Mrs Henry Wood of *East Lynne* fame did not excite us, and the promising Charles Kingsley tomb proved to belong to a mere relative of the *Water Babies* man), but in the weird Egyptian catacomb circle we suddenly noticed a plaque by one of the iron vault doors: "Radclyffe Hall 1943." The tour guide had passed on. Could it be that the author of *The Well of Loneliness* was still in disgrace? No; just then our guide

backtracked and duly said a bit about Hall and the banning of her book for daring to include lesbian naughtiness in 1928.

Sir Rowland Hill's introduction of the penny post is blazoned on his monument, which inexplicably says nothing about his having made fanzines possible; Faraday's grave is lost in one of the jungle areas.

The whole dilapidated necropolis, it seems, is slipping very slowly down the hill towards Hampstead. If you walk in that direction across the Heath, you pass Robert Powell's posh house at the Highgate edge (Hazel swoons; he's her favourite actor) and then George Orwell's lodgings at 77 Parliament Hill in Hampstead (we both salute). A little further brings you to the discovery that admission to John Keats's still-preserved house is free; after which, if you time it just right, you can stroll on to Gollancz editor Jo Fletcher's 40th birthday spree at the Flask pub. Next day we stayed home and made quince jam.

-- Dave Langford

Farewell to Friends

Bound for the Enchanted Convention

"April is the cruelest month" wrote TS Elliot. In fandom, at least, November '98 gave it a run for the distinction. **Crifanac** joins with the rest of fandom to express our sympathy at this time of bereavement.

As we go to press, we learned of the death of a great friend, valued contributor and one of the greatest fans of all time, Vincent Clarke. He was a giant, he was kind, he was talented and he meant so much to us. **Crifanac #11** will celebrate his life and fanac.

Ian Gunn died of cancer and complications after a long

and heroic fight against his illness. The popular writer and fan cartoonist faced his ordeal in a way that inspired all who knew him. (See Bruce Bruce Gillespie and Elaine Cochrane's moving description of the funeral on page 8.)

Allison Stazenski, an active member of Las Vegrants, died of cancer on Thanksgiving night. Though virtually unknown outside Vegas Fan, she was an integral part of the local fan scene for over two years despite a string of medical problems that would have crushed a less indomitable spirit. (For more on Alison, see this issue's "Talking Out Loud" on page 9.)

Highly respected Canadian fan John Millard, 82, died Saturday, November 28 after a two-week hospital stay. Well-liked and greatly respected, Millard served as chairman of Torcon II and was honorary chair emeritus of the Toronto in 2002 bidding committee.

-- Ken & Arnie

since South Gate and this bit does not seem typical of him. I mean, Dirce Archer and I chewed him out ferociously one 4 am at ChiCon3 (on behalf of some Conbidding snagle or other) and he held no grudge.

Then, shortly before IASF had its first issue I inadvertently lost him his lead novella for that issue, so that he had to rework the whole layout. (Fella asked me to look at Davis Corp contract and advise. I did so, finding the document as issued to be a license to steal, but emphasized "Call George up and argue. Do NOT change the contract on your own hook." So he marked it up and sent it in.) George called me. Furious. I tried to explain but did not succeed in unpissing him. Yet shortly thereafter we were on good terms again and he bought several of my stories. No grudge.

But 1964 was the year of unreason. Both sides of the Breenigan had some Take No Prisoners warriors and George may well have been one. I have no recall of which side Double-Bill took if at all, but if the zine and/or its editors came on sounding at all pro-Breen, that could well have triggered Scitharian wrath in full force. The business of amputating subscribers seems more Boardman than Scithers, but those were woeful times.

On the other hand, this brilliant hypothesis may be total bilge.

It's not only zine titles that sometimes get misappropriated. Cons are subject, too. Back when Greg Bennett and the NWSFS (nuss-fuss) were planning their first regional, I pointed out that Portland's 1950 Worldcon was Norwestcon I. Bennett could not have cared less. It hadn't happened On His Watch; and nothing before that time could possibly hold any importance. This is the same guy who sold multitrack programming to regional Cons with two-track attendance figures. (Yes I know — he meant well.)

The next year Brighton UK produced Seacon with no tip of the bowler to our 1961 Seattle Worldcon of the same name. Oh well.

If TAFF has indeed lost its true function (as was first proclaimed a mere forty-one years ago when Bob

Madle won), special funds are always a good alternative. Or even if it hasn't.

But Arnie, such Funds were not always "without much fuss." TAFF enthusiasts yelled bloody murder when Nick and Noreen Falasca spear-headed the Berry Fund to bring John of Belfast to Detention. Two years later, though, the Parker Pen Fund to bring Ella right here to Seacon caused barely a ripple. Maybe the trick is to keep doing one's thing until they get used to it.

Arnie: I was talking about current events, not fanhistory. It is a rare fan activity -- even publishing this innocuous newzine -- that doesn't incite opposition from someone, but a contemporary special fund would be largely free of the angst-ridden soul-searching that now accompanies almost every TAFF race.

Michael Waite

Thanks for the clarification regarding "the fannish family tree project" (**crifanac #8**). I was about to



expound on my "discovery" of science fiction in the late '40's.

In the late '80's I purchased several dozen fanzines from a fan that had come upon hard times and needed to sell off part of his extensive collection. I had no idea what I was buying and I'm sure I passed up some great fanzines.

Some of the fanzines I purchased were: **Algol** (Andy Porter), **Alien Critic** (Richard E. Geis), **Chat** (Dick and Nicki Lynch), **Discord** (Redd Boggs), **Don-o-Saur** (Don C. Thompson), **Double: Bill** (Bill Bowers and Bill Mallardi), **Holier Than Thou** (Marty and Robbie Cantor), **Outworlds** (Bill Bowers), **Science Fiction Review** (Richard E. Geis), **Thrust** (D. Douglas Fratz), **Trumpet** (Tom Reamy), **Warhoon** (Richard Bergeron), **Xenolith** (Bill Bowers) and **Yandro** (Robert and Juanita Coulson).

The fanzine that captured my imagination was Bill Bowers' **Outworlds**. The quality and variety of writing in **Outworlds**, then and now, is stellar. There were about 30 issues of **Outworlds** included in my purchase. It took a while but I read all of them. I finally contacted Bill in an effort to track down missing issues of **Outworlds** for my collection. (If I'm not mistaken, Bill was taking a hiatus at that time.) He encouraged/inspired me to "read on" and thus I become a serious reader, collector and "mild-mannered" letter hack.

Someday I may "pub my ish" and make it to my first con.

Arnie: That's an intriguing list, to say the least. While **Outworlds** is my favorite among those titles, I imagine most of them could have sparked something in a protofan with somewhat different tastes and interests.

Dale Speirs

Ken Forman writes about statistically analyzing fanzine mailing lists, starting with selected focal point fanzines. I suggest that better results would be obtained by analyzing all available fanzine mailing lists regardless of whether they were focal point zines. One staggers back from the thought of doing the actual work, of course. Perhaps it might be easier to take snapshots at selected times. Say,

for example, analyze all the lists from May 1958 or November 1972. As to how to sort the whole tangle out, it would have to be done on a computer but what kind of software? A database analyzer perhaps, or maybe genealogical software could be adapted. Working backwards in this manner might more objectively isolate the real focal point fanzines, which would be the ones that consistently have the greatest number of connections to other nodes in the Papernet.

Anyone into S&M wouldn't do zine tradés, loccers, and zine reviews, but might also measure column-inches

per author or reviewed zine. This might not be as much work as it may seem if one has a good handheld computer scanner. As Arnie Katz mentions on page 9 about an unrelated issue, the spell checker could be used to count appearances of a name or zine title in the text.

Robert Runte, a Canadian BNF, likes to use the term avocational subcultures when discussing fandom sociology. As he is a professor at the University of Lethbridge, one can see how this phrase might make the study of fandom more acceptable to the ivory tower crowd. It is not

acceptable to study fandom for a post-graduate degree in sociology or comparative literature, but a clever graduate student might be able to rake in some grant money and have the thesis topic approved by calling it a study of a selected speculative-science avocational subculture. (Add extra buzzwords to suit known biases of the selection committee.) Since sociologists like to dress up their studies with statistics to prove that they are doing real science, one could then carry out a fanzine study as mentioned above.

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 udiés up the Zine Pile. **Crifanac** makes no pretense that 25 words are enough to fully describe and critique a fanzine. That's just our estimate of what you can stand.

Thyme #123. Alan Stewart (PO Box 222, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Victoria 9005 Australia). 36 pages. Alan's David Gemmell interview is the centerpiece of an issue stuffed with news, reviews and opinions. My favorite is the Earle K. Bergey appreciation.

Pulsar #240. Debra Stansbury (PO Box 4602, Portland, OR 97208). 12 pages. The obituary for Stanley Wells stands out from the usual club chitchat and alleged humor.

Four Eyes #1. Jon Diefenbach (317 W. 7th St., Hermann, MO 65041). 10 pages. This promising first issue needs more writing by its 14-year-old editor, though his grand aunt and uncle aren't too shabby.

SFSFS Shuttle #136. Shirlene Ananayo-Rawlik (PO Box 70143, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307). 26 pages. Though **Shuttle** may be the best club newsletter, but past editors should help current editors more, and current editors should try to learn by observation.

FOSFAX #193. Tim Lane (PO Box 37281, Louisville, KY 40233-7281). 84 pages. Sturgeon said 90 per cent of everything is crud. This fanzine proves it, with plenty to spare.

Pulsar #241. Debra Stansbury (PO Box 4602, Portland, OR 97208). 10 pages. A fine SF news round-up is the highlight. Computer nerd humor about Wife 1.0 is embarrassingly awful.

Ansible #135. Dave Langford (94 London Rd., Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU, UK). 2 pages. The Post Office somehow put a one-eighth-inch hole in my copy, which wiped out 17 wry Langford news bits.

Ansible #136. Dave Langford (94 London Rd., Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU, UK). 2 pages. Intriguing items include a surprise birthday party for Gollancz editor Jo Fletcher and a Marvel Comics recall.

Ansible #136. Dave Langford (94 London Rd., Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU, UK). 2 pages. This Ory-con issue continues to proselytize for bard flinging as the next major sport and partially reprints a '72 computer-generated SF story.

File 770 #127. Mike Glycer (PO Box 1056, Sierra Madre, CA 91025). 20 pages. Very interesting material about dying clubs, most of which seem to be rather formal and pretentious organizations. Viva Las Vegrants!

Opuntia #40.1. Dale Speirs (Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7). 16 pages. Canada's best frequent fanzine offers an editorial, locs and capsule fanzine reviews. Dale includes many zines outside All Known Fandom.

Opuntia #40.2. Dale Speirs (Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7). 12 pages. The cumulative subject index to **Opuntia** continues to devour forests and deplete our precious supply of toner.

Vanamonde #278-#282. John Hertz (236 S. Coronado St., #409, Los Angeles, CA 90057). 2 pages each. These weekly issues have Apa L mailing comments, letters and brief essays suffused with the editor's likable personality.

Fables of Irish Fandom, Vol 1, 1998. Ken Cheslin (29 Kestrel Rd., Halesowen, West Midlands, N63 2PH). 72 pages. Send Ken \$5 for this superlative John Berry anthology. It's a great read and a must for your fanzine collection.

Challenger #8. Guy Lillian III (PO Box 53092, New Orleans, LA 70153-3092). 108 pages. Southern Fandom's foremost genzine offers a worldcon report, Harry Warner on memory, extensive fanzine briefs and more in a wide-ranging mix.

Stefantasy #123. William Danner (RD 1, Kennerdell, PA 16374). 14 pages. Bill deplores kids just watching sex and violence on TV. Would he rather have them participate? Bill is funny, but sometimes hard to please.

Situation Normal, Vol 9 No 11. Aileen Forman (PO Box 95941, Las Vegas, NV 89193-5941). 4 pages. SNAFFU's newsletter doesn't benefit much from Aileen's experience or talent. My review of the restaurant Su Williams lauds would be less favorable on the food.

Skug #14. Gary S. Mattingly (7501 Honey Ct., Dublin, CA 84568). 62 pages. This unusual perzine/genzine is a pleasant change-of-pace from heavy *shtick* fanzines. Contributors include Kinney, Strelkov, Townley and Wolfenbarger.

As you can see, I still haven't completely caught up from last issue's re-emption of this report. I ought to pull even in **crifanac #11**, though it'll take another listing as long as this one if the present publishing boom continues.

The consensus, at least among those who bothered to voice an opinion, is that a fan website review would be a good thing. This is where I put on th co-editorial hat (which looks more like a dunce cap than a beanie every day) and entreat one of our readers to volunteer for this duty. Anyone want to give it a shot? -- Arnie

Ken: Your suggestions advance my study idea very nicely. Although I imagine just investigating lettercol responses would probably be enough. And I like the idea that grant money could be had. It's nice when the government allows itself to be had.

Joseph T. Major

"Is there any necessary or desirable mission for TAFF in 1998?" The origin was when fen were poor and scattered, when a journey across the continent was an epic saga, worthy of immortalization in twiltone as a thing of historical record, let alone a voyage of exploration across the Big Pond to the undiscovered country.

Nowadays TAFF seems to be considered a prize of fate or even a cash reserve for emergencies. While falling prices and rising affluence have made overseas trips if not exactly commonplace at least customary. Perhaps all this bickering is a sign that TAFF needs at least a serious restructuring, if not more.

I wonder about those 500 people of Tommy Ferguson's. Might they not be just Zine fans in general? Looking at **Factsheet Five**, which as you will recall, very quickly spread to encompass just about any publication that was not distributed through newsstands, it became pretty obvious why most of these marginalized ideas were marginalized. And unless a pretty strong editorial hand is applied — a thing not much done in the Net/ Zine community — this will probably go the same way.

Ken: Or perhaps the bickering is a sign that it's time to give up TAFF and let people who care about it

administer it as they wish. Maureen and (I assume) Vijay will administer it next year, and if no one wishes to stand, the funds will roll over to 2000. If no one stands then either, there will be no administrator, ergo, no TAFF. QED.

Bridget Bradshaw

I've heard good things about **crifanac**, and now here you are in FAPA exhorting us to ask for copies of it. This has spurred me into action, and I enclose a green fanzine token as proof of my good intentions (or doesn't financial bribery work? I could promise to loc instead...)

Squiggledy Hoy 4 will follow when we move house again, probably November sometime (but we are at the whim of several bureaucracies here).

Is it just me, or does Lincoln on the \$5 look like ATom's pictures of Shelby Vick? And if I looked carefully at his drawings of other US fans, would they also look like Presidents?

Ken: Actually any kind of bribery works for us, but locs work best. I've never noticed the similarity between Lincoln and Shelby before, but now that you mentioned it... And on your side of the Atlantic, how about Pete Weston and Prince Charles?

Guy Lillian III

You're absolutely right about Linda Krawecka. I welcomed her to one of her first cons, the incredibly in-groupish Halfacon in '75 (which centered on a roast of Hank Reinhardt, the preminent Southern fan personality), and still miss the way she wore

her hair: long and flowing and golden as a comet's tale. Ah, me.

George Flynn

Bill Bowers' comments on George Scithers were enlightening. Scithers had been on my list of potential GoH candidates, basically on pure credentials (won both fan and pro Hugos, chaired a worldcon, etc.) rather than personality. Hmm.

Irwin Hirsh, quoting Cheryl Morgan, describes the motion to allow Westercons in Australia after "such time as Australia has been annexed by the US." The way I heard the story, the motion contained the additional important words "or vice versa".

I see Woody Bernardi moderately often, but hadn't heard about his changing his name. I shall have to look into this.

Gary Deindorfer

What I like the most about **crifanac** is that it is not "merely" news. It has right features from all kinds of people, snappy myth making and time-binding editorials from its coeditors and a meaty letter column. It has what it takes to make it in today's fiercely competitive fanzine market. It has...spunk. (No, let's not start...that again. It's wearing thin with you, I fear.)

Ken, I forgot in a previous letter to name my fannish parents: Buck & Juanita Coulson, Lee Hoffman, Larry & Noreen Shaw, Ted White, and Terry Carr. Oh yes, and Walter Breen.

Ken: That's an impressive set of fannish parents.

That's letters for now -- Arnie & Ken.

No One Should Wear Black

Bruce Gillespie & Elaine Cochrane report Ian Gunn's funeral

Today, Monday 16 November, at 2.15 p.m., more than 200 friends and family of Ian Gunn gathered to celebrate his life and work. We worked hard at celebrating the fun and delight and friendship that this extraordinary man gave to us all, but somehow the sadness kept breaking through.

Jan Tully is a friend of Ian and Karen's. I had met her at one of Gunny's birthday celebrations. She's the same age as me, looks twenty years younger, and is the mother Beky Tully, one of the most active members of the Melbourne SF Club and also a good friend of Ian and Karen's for many years.

It also turns out she is a civil celebrant. During the week she had sent out an email to all the people likely to attend the funeral, and told them to dress brightly and bring photos and other memorabilia of Ian's life. Ian had specified that no one was to wear black, and that he wanted a celebration, not a funeral. When we arrived with Geoff Roderick (partner of Roger Weddall, who died nearly six years ago), we found balloons covering the front of the chapel, display panels being put up, and rock music being played: it was Ian's choice of absurd pop of his generation. Indeed, the whole form and tone of the funeral/celebration had been decided by Ian shortly before he died.

People who arrived in suits and ties were a bit put out, but soon got into the swing of things. At all times Jan Tully kept control of proceedings and kept calm, despite

her own closeness to Ian and Karen. She introduced friends of Ian and asked them to speak. A whole lot of stories I'd never heard were told. (That's because I've been

at very few conventions at which Gunny has done his thing.) These also included some stories of his activities in the Scouts. Ian's parents did not tell Ian stories, and did not appear to take much part in the ceremony, but it was obvious from various comments that Jan made that everything had been worked out with them as well as with Karen. One of their neighbours stood up and said he remembered Ian as a child splashing in their wading pool. E-mails from overseas were read. At the end, various people spontaneously told their Gunny stories. Lots of laughter, lots of memories.

It was a bit more difficult later at the committal service at the Springvale Crematorium. Jan was still in control, but she must have found the whole afternoon very hard. There's something awfully final about that coffin sinking from sight as the last words are said. He really was gone at last. I don't think we'd really believed that it was possible until then. I still don't believe it, but I've now seen the photos taken at his and Karen's wedding, on his second last day, and I realise it's an awful long time since he's been well.

Some people not only have massive amounts of talent but also the wit and wisdom and sense of humour to share those talents with everybody. Gunny's gone, and I don't believe it, but if he had always known that he would die at the age of forty of cancer, I doubt if he would have led his life any differently.

-- Bruce Gillespie and Elaine Cochrane

Talking Out Loud

Arnie Katz speaks through a hole in his head

Vive La Difference!

Some fans are nervous about, or even hostile to, discussions of the varieties of fannish experience. Any attempt to perceive and categorize differences among fan subcultures upsets them.

Many try to blot out the differences with denial. All fans are brothers, they say, all fans share the same essential values, interests and concerns.

That's beautiful. Perhaps it was even true to some degree when fandom had a more cohesive social structure, when it involved maybe 1,000 people instead of 100,000. Such a belief bespeaks a generous loving nature, but I don't think the facts support it.

People can believe whatever they want. I've got the right to believe that observation, logic and analysis lead to a different conclusion.

Fandom's growth has led to specialized subfandom. Once, the average fan saw the hobby as a smorgasbord - a table laden with goodies to be sampled in any desired combination. Today's typical fan treats fandom as an a la carte menu: pick exactly what you want and ignore the rest.

People's choice of pastimes reflects their needs. Someone who makes and presents costumes as their primary fanac is satisfying different needs than someone who mostly writes and publishes fanzines. Different needs implies different personalities and opens the possibility of differences in attitude and philosophy.

Outlook differences between fannish subcultures is also observable. A recent Timebinders discussion about the availability of fanzines offered an innocuous, but telling, example. Fanzine fans considered limiting circulation and turning down new trades reasonable measure, which flabbergasted SF netfans and confans.

There's no right answer. Fanzine fans are following a subcultural norm if they limit circulation, but confans who advocate unlimited circulation publication are also in line with their subculture's norms.

Some fear that discussing the differences among fans is bad because it draws divisive lines. I feel that the better we understand those differences, the more we can transcend them. We are merely drawing a map, organizing data and trying to make sense of our environment.

My only other quarrel with those

who say that all fans are the same is that their position seems to embody fear of difference. It's tantamount to saying that fandom would be better, without differences among fans.

I completely reject that idea. I won't waste 10 minutes on a fandom in which everyone marches in compulsive lockstep conformity.

Variety is one of fandom's greatest virtues. It connects people who otherwise would never have met.

Friendship is a delicate balance between similarities and differences. We need common ground, but a friendship with too much overlap grows stale. We may love the similarities, but ultimately, it is the differences that enliven a relationship.

My friends aren't all just like me. Tom Springer, Ben Wilson and Ken Forman are close buddies, but none of them is similar to me in age, ethnic background or life experience. We have common ground, including fanzine fandom, but we've also introduced each other to new interests and pursuits.

Most **crifanac** recipients are connected to the subculture known as fanzine fandom. That figures, given **cf's** content. Fanzine fans are the most likely to want a fanzine about fanzines.

Yet many others on the mailing list are fans with some interest in fanzines (and the fans who produce them) who are primarily active in other spheres of All Known Fandom.

We send **crifanac**, for free, to fans whom we know and like. Sociological distinctions are irrelevant. There are plenty of **cf** readers.

Ken and I assume that many disagree with us about such diverse fannish topics as the worth of TAFF, the value of fan Hugos and the importance of *Star Trek* in the history of western civilization.

It doesn't matter. In the broad scheme of things, it's all ephemeral

trivia. If there is a basic affection, an essential sympathetic resonance, there's room for such disagreements.

That's one of the great things about fandom. You don't have to be just like everyone else, or even rebel against convention in some pre-planned conventional way.

To paraphrase Mungo Jerry, "We love everybody, but we do what we please."

A Brave Woman

Alison Stazenski died on Thanksgiving, after spending the day with her husband Derek and her family. Cancer came suddenly, inexorably, when we hoped her trials might be over. In a just world her perseverance and fortitude would have been justly rewarded with years of carefree ease and personal growth.

Alison and Derek joined Las Veg-rants over two years ago. You may not even have heard of them. Alison wanted to be a professional writer, and she produced a sporadic series of steadily improving contributions to *Apa V*, but fanzines lagged behind gaming, the club and fantasy among her interests.

She always took the new fanzines, whether **Wild Heirs** or **Glamour** or **QUANT Suff** or **crifanac**, with great eagerness and appreciation. She read them avidly, because they came from her friends.

Yet she was a Vegrant. We cared for her and she for us. She became a Vegrants fixture, a delightfully optimistic young woman who battled dire health problems with indomitable spirit.

We showed her our fanzines. We introduced her to our out of town friends, those mysterious visitors to our fandom in the desert. We had hoped to introduce her to many others of you at Toner, to share her sweetness and vivacity with the rest of you.

Now you'll never meet her. Now we'll never see her at a Vegrants meeting again. To you she may be an unknown; to us she is a friend we have lost.

-- Arnie

CorFLAid

Arnie passes the beanie

Corflu Sunsplash has run into a little problem. Fortunately, it's easily fixed with your help.

When Corflu Sunsplash received the right to host at Corflu UK, no one took advance memberships. No one realized what a difference it would make.

Fannish procrastination did the rest. Now pre-con bills and deposits

are coming due without the usual advance registrations to offset them.

The solution is simple: those who plan to attend Corflu Sunsplash (Panama City, FL, 4/30-5/2) need to buy their full (\$45) and Supporting (\$15) as quickly as possible.

We're all going to have to pay eventually. Sending membership money now will help the convention, and its hosts, out of a hole.

Send that money to Shelby and Suzanne Vick, 627 Barton Ave., Springfield, FL 32404.

Catch & Release

Andy Hooper reels in another whopper

I'm staring out the window of course, what else does one do when one is trying to come up with a lead? Fog flowers up out of the ship canal, reminds me of San Francisco, and thus helps me to decide what fanzine to cover this time out. It's a demanding decision. I've decided to discuss Gary Mattingly's **Skug #14**, a very good fanzine, instead of another fanzine, one that sucks, that came out around the same time. In general, I always prefer to choose to suggest a Good Example to the aspiring fanzine editors out there, unless the Bad Examples available to me are so toweringly dreadful that they provide an even more valuable lesson in What Not To Do.

Gary Mattingly here provides an excellent example of how to be a useful and happy fan editor, while the other fanzine I had in mind just doesn't quite suck enough to warrant detailed discussion here. First, although it has been 18 months since his last issue, Gary manages to summarize his life in a just a few pages of editorial, and bristles at the suggestion that his zine is, or indeed could be, late. The fanzine is wrapped in a marvelous full-color cover created by Bruce Townley, that vaguely evokes Marc Schirmeister for me, and leads us to Gary's next great editorial coup; he has apparently chosen to associate himself almost exclusively with people with one or more interesting talents applicable to fanzine production. His partner in home-brewing is Jay Kinney, who happens to have a little talent for spot illustration. Bruce Townley, William Breiding, Billy Wolfenbarger -- these are not names one sees emblazoned on the workaday crudzine. All three are in incandescent form here, contributing some of the best pieces I've seen from them anywhere. Townley's travelogue through the San Francisco street-level Cineaste's milieu

makes me want to quit a day job I don't even have. Wolfenbarger's poetry and his sing-song evocation of a trip to World Horror after a convention drought spanning nearly two decades slide seamlessly into one another, a brief history of ideas about people and landscapes. William Breiding's column "Lost Empires of the Soul" is even more evocative than usual here; he writes about two early sexual experiences with perspective only slightly compressed by the awful pressure of passing years, and resurrects my own youth by noting that the first event took place in Morgantown, West Virginia, at a time when I lived there too, also the son of a WVU instructor, also watching the green sway of summer pull down like the long, wet hair of a swimmer. I can smell it, right now, on my hands.

But more sublime still is Mae Strelkov's extended meditation on ritual origins of geometry, their role in the etiology of Chinese characters, and the shared mythological origins of human culture implied by the two. This is like something a character in a John Crowley novel would write, kabbalistic and just and occasionally terrible. It transforms **Skug** into a fanzine that invokes the simplest and most profound of formal relationships, a ditch, a dike, a henge, straight roads and true, ideas waiting asleep under the long grass until invention requires them once more. Not many fanzines can make you see "the dimpled track that runs all hollow through the wheat", as brother Kipling once put it. Good lettercol, too, a fine cap to a powerhouse issue. Every issue of **Skug** has had something good in it, but no previous issue has ever sustained this level of work throughout.

In contrast, the Fanzine That Doesn't Suck Enough primarily features columnists whose talents seem expressed in right-wing political theory and threatening to narc on people at conventions. Suck Big, or Don't Suck at All, America.

Fanzine Reviewed: **Skug 14**, edited by Gary Mattingly, 7501 Honey Ct., Dublin, CA 94568

Continued from page 2

(612) 823-1497 voice; (612) 823-1590 fax.

Ditto 12 membership, \$25 until Dec. 31, 1998.

With Ditto 12 now scheduled for the weekend before Toner 2, Ben & Cathy Wilson and Tom & Tammy Springer, hosts of Vegas' informal fanzine fan convention expressed the hope that some fans will make the grand tour of these two fan centers and attend both Ditto and Toner in '99.

Southeby to Sell SaM's Collection

Sotheby's auction house will begin selling the incredible science fiction and fan collection of Sam Moskowitz some time in June, '99. High Class **NewsSquint** snooper Robert Lichtman tracked down a Sotheby representative to get the information.

Says Sotheby's Dana Hawkes: "Sotheby's will be selling the Moskowitz collection sometime in

June 1999. A date has not been determined. The catalogue for the auction will be ready by the end of May. If you wish to order a catalogue the Subscription Dept. number is 1-800 444-3709.

"If you have any further questions concerning the auction, you can either call Jerry Weist or Dana Hawkes at (212) 606-7910." Dana can also be reached via e-mail at: Dana.Hawkes@sothebys.com

Meskys Gets His Hugo

Ed Meskys has his very own Hugo rocket, thanks to the Ditto 11 committee. According to Maple Leaf **NewsSquint** snooper Murray Moorem Meskys, guest of honour during Ditto 11, received the silver metal rocket from Ditto 11 committee member Mark Olson.

"Meskys and co-editor Felice Rolfe have had to share a Hugo rocket since 1967," Murray reminds, "the

year that their **Niekas** was voted the Hugo for Best Fanzine."

Bruce Pelz supplied the rocket. The plaque on the base to which the rocket is attached identifies it as a replacement Hugo.

Our correspondent also notes that, "**Niekas 45**, an Essays on Dark Fantasy issue, edited by Joe Christopher, was distributed at the '98 worldcon and Ditto 11. The 120-page issue is square-bound. Niekas Publications, RR #2, Box 63, 322 Whittier Hwy., Center Harbor NH 03226-9708; (603) 253-6207; edmund.meskys@gsel.org."

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NewsSquint

We need Snoopers
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