

Hey Yol Las Vegrants in the house. Listen to us trufen, **crifanac #12** is your hook-up. Holler if you hear us! The Fanzine of Newtonian Insurgentism is co-edited by the sagacious Wile E. Commode (7215 Nordic Lights Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89119) and scabrous Half-Blind Boy Blunt (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 Rob Hansen, rich brown, Janice Murray, Robert Lichtman, Murray Moore, Ulrika O'Brien, Victor Gonzalez, Lenny Balles, Irwin Hirsh and Liz Copeland.

Columnists this issue: Andy Hooper, Chuch Harris Art: Ray Nelson, Bill Kunkel and Bill Rotsler.

Crifanac is available for news, art, a short article or a letter of comment. Artwork is also urgently desired. Perhaps your contribution of art can fill the spot where we were going to tell those lies about you.

Send egoboo electronically: crifanac@aol.com.

Fanatical member of fwa; lukewarm support of AFAL.

Excuses in the next issue; Now is when we fan.

Number 12
March 1, 1999

crifanac



NewsSquint

What We Know, as soon as We Know It

Seattle Wants Corflatch 2000

"If Seattle also wins the Corflu bid for 2000 (which Andy Hooper and I will cheerfully co-chair)," writes Victor Gonzalez, "fandom will have the chance to experience its first 'Corflatch.' Or 'Potflu.'"

Whichever you prefer.

"There's no doubt that Corflu and Potlatch have different goals and a different ambience," Victor continues, "but there are also similarities and connections. Held in combination this way, the

events might strengthen those connections. And, it just might make a fine vacation week for those with the inclination, with four days between conventions to explore Seattle or any of the Pacific Northwest features and cities that can be reached easily by car, bus, plane or ferry."

The cons, scheduled for consecutive weekends, are offering an introductory combined rate of \$60. The offer is good through the end of Corflu Sunsplash.

Corflu 2000 will be held at the University Plaza Inn, March 3-5, 2000. (That's a week after Potlatch 8.) Membership in Corflu 2000 alone is \$40 through the end of Corflu Sunsplash.

A week of fun and fanac in Seattle sounds very intriguing. Given the numbr of fans in the

Continued on next page...

Timebinder: Schism, Diversity and Renewal

Timebinders hopes to rebuild after a venomous quarrel caused defections and drastic cutbacks in activity. Fandom's most popular listserv has had fight, most notably the Great Drug Debate, but this one burned deeper.

It started as a discussion of Timebinders' purpose, whether it should discuss fanhistory exclusively or be broadened into a less structured forum. In essence, the same question that surfaced when then-head Laurie Mann vented her dissatisfaction. The group bounced back during the reign of Joyce Scrivner, but the issue smoldered.

It reached flashpoint in record time, even for on-line fandom. The contention brought to the surface a fundamental difference in attitude. Some, mostly experienced fanzine fans, resent people quoting rules to them about "How It Must Be Done." The opposing point of view stressed abiding by group norms and doing things the way everyone thinks they should be done. I

In other words, the old Inner Directed vs. Other Directed conflict.

Timebinders, once 150 posts a

day, is getting a 10th of that number now. A number of members have quit outright, and many others have sudden found other things they'd rather do.

Two new listservs have started operation, intending to widen fanflesh on-line options. Greg Pickersgill has started Memory Hole (Memoryhole@egroups.com) for fanhistorical discussion.

Memory Hole had a wobbly first month as the group continues to search for topics. That's to be expected of any such new venture, and Memory Hole may yet become the center of fanhistorical analysis and discussion.

Founded about the same time, Trufen (Trufen@egroup.com) as an alternative discussion arena. It's an invitational group, but founder Victor Gonzalez is pretty open-handed about invitation with one singular exception. So far, participation is a little lukewarm, but the high concentration of US and UK fanzine fans bodes well for its future.

Timebinders is depleted, but not dead. If track record is a criterion, TB will soon be filling members' mailboxes with screens of feckless chatter. -- Arnie

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NewsSquint

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area, it could be quite a landmark event.

For more information about Corflu 2000, contacts: Andy Hooper <fanmailaph@aol.com> and Victor Gonzalez <scuib@galaxy-7.net>

Bill Donaho Recovering

Bill Donaho is home from the hospital to begin his recuperation from a New Years accident, reports **NewsSquint** Snooper Lenny Bailes. The long-time BNF and **crifanac** contributor took a

bad fall that hospitalized him and led to surgery.

We haven't had a chance to communicate with Bill yet -- Lenny just heard from him -- but his return home rates as major good news.

Jim Turner Dead

Frank Denton, via Loren McGregor sends the news that

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Bangsund Fanz Auction

Page Through Irwin Hirsh's Catalog

Here are a few highlights of the fanzine auction which Irwin Hirsh is now conducting. There are too many choice items to list, but Irwin Hirsh can provide a fully annotated and complete catalog. (See **NewsSquint** story on page 14.)

John Bangsund

Programme for the Melbourne University SF Assn Symposium on John Campbell (16 September 1971) 14 pages. Includes eulogies of Campbell reprinted from **Locus**. Minimum bid: \$4.00.

Scythrop 22 (April '71, 48pp). Contributors include Ursula K. Le Guin and A. Bertram Chandler. Min. bid: \$5.00.

Scythrop 28 (Summer '73/4, 31 pp). Three George Turner articles and a LeGuin letter are among the highlights. Min bid: \$5.00.

Stunned Mullet 1 (May '75, 8pp). This is a different #1 than Irwin is offering through the Bangsund Fanzine Sale. Min bid: \$3.00.

Philosophical Gas 69 (June '86, 8pp). Min bid: \$3.00.

Philosophical Gas 76/77, Spring '86, 12pp). Min bid: \$3.00.

Philosophical Gas 81 (February '91, 2pp). Min bid: \$1.00.

John D. Berry

Wing Window #1-12. A run of John's '80s personalzine. The issues are up for bid on an individual basis.

Hot Shit #18 (May '72, 4 pp). Typically fine issue of the weekly John co-edited with the master of the snapzines alvin W. *Biff* Demmon.

Redd Boggs

Spirochete 22-46. Outstanding apazine with lots of material by one of fandom's finest essayists. Offered for separate bid.

Bill Bowers:

Outworlds #17 (August '73, 38 pp). Articles by Robert A.W. Lowndes, Poul Anderson and Ted White head a solid contents list.

Outworlds #19 ('74, 44 pp). Susan Glicksohn (Wood), Poul Anderson, Robert A.W. Lowndes and Ted White contribute articles, accompanied by art by Dan Steffanm, Grat Canfield, Mike Gilbert and many others.

Outworlds #20 ('74, 38 pp). Articles by Greg Benford, Ted White, Poul Anderson and Dave Locke are notable in another strong issue.

John Brosna:

Scab and its successors are full of gossi -- bitchy, and very funny.

Scab #5 ('74?, 2 pp). Bruce Gillespie is voted House Guest of the Year by a select section of UK fandom.

Big Scab #2 ('74, 17 pp).

Big Scab #3 ('74, 12 pp).

Scabby Tales #2 ('76, 12 pp).

Son of Why Bother #1 (May '78, 6 pp). John's Anzapa zine reintroduces him to the group's other members.

Charles Burbee

The Main from FAPA #1 (May '77, 5 pp). Vintage. ;pw-circulation Burb.

Burblings #1 "New Series" (November '76, 4 pp). Burbee tell Elmer Perdue stories.

Burblings (for "February 1892 or 1982, whichever is later" 4 pp) Tales of Laney and a letter column encounter with Harry Andruschak

Burblings (for February '84, 8 pp). Burbee writes at length on bullfighting.

Burblings (for February '86, 10 pp). Burbee writes about the '85 Loscon Roetsler panel on flirting-----

Socorro Burbee

Coat Tails #3 (May '77, 2 pp). Cora writes about being in jail for drunk driving.

Allyn Cadogan

Genre Plat #1,2,3, 5. William Gibson and doug Barbour are among the contributors to this SF-oriented fanzine. Issues are up for separate bif.

Avedon Carol & Rob Hansen

CHUCH ('86, 20 pp). Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Dave Langford, Chris Priest and Jeanne Gomoll are the main writers.

Ross Chamberlain

Fangle #2 (April '74, 43 pp). Ross shows his skill as a fanwriter and artist, backed by a mob of letter-writers.

Leigh Edmonds & Valma Brown

Giant Wombo #1 ('78?, 22 pp). David Grigg has an walks through the Tazmanian bush in the lead article

Giant Wombo #2 ('79?, 20 pp). Articles are by Jean Weber, David Grigg, Caroline Strong and Christine Ashby.

Bruce Gillespie:

SF Comenntary #3 ('69, 48 pp). Bruce reports briefly on the '68 Melbourne SF Conference and prints transcripts of the GoH speech and a panel.

SF Comenntary #58 (Feb '80, 16 pp). Two reviews of David Ireland's "Woman of the Future" lead a arade of good sf pieces.

The Metaphysical Review #2 (Nov '84, 18 pp). Bruce's long chatty editorial/letter column is the centerpiece

The Metaphysical Review #18 (March '93, 40 pp). This is the Travel & Leisure Issue.

Bob Tucker:

Le Zombie #67 (December '75, 24 pp). Grandfather Tucker's Aussiecon report is a treat.

Ted White:

Gambit #55 (March 82, 24 pp). This genzine has excellent material by Ted, Lee Hoffman, Avedon Carol and Malcolm Edwards. Cover by Dan Steffan.

Critical Froth

Ken Forman fulminates about fan funds

Lately, I've been pondering Fan Funds, and I thought I'd stretch a few of my fannish synapses (as opposed to Jack Speer Synapses).

Of the main funds — TAFF, DUFF, GUFF, CUFF, FFANZ, MAFF, etc. — only the first two have any real significance to me and my fanac. I mean, frankly I'd like to concern myself with Canadian fans traveling back and forth across North America, but I can't seem to work up any enthusiasm for it. I suppose, though, that no body would really expect me to, either.

With the TAFF race behind us now, it's kind of pointless to campaign for the candidates; or even to express preferences either for or against.

That's not to say I don't have opinions on the subject. On the contrary, it seems to me that if we (read "Fandom-at-large") needed to actively recruit someone who isn't interested in winning just to have a race, then our priorities were skewed.

I mean no offense to Sara Prince, but I'm disappointed that she chose this method to introduce (or re-introduce) herself to fandom. This shows lack of class, and — more importantly — lack of understanding the concept of trufannishness. My respect for Sara greatly diminished when she agreed to oppose Vijay Bowen just so Vijay could ~~win~~ get a trip across the Atlantic, a trip that she has made in recent years.

While my opinion of Ms Prince remains only that — *my* opinion — it would be much easier to feel a fannish kinship with her had she politely declined, explaining that "considering the circumstances perhaps waiting until next year would be the prudent thing to do."

I can just imagine all the letters we'll receive defending Sara and her intentions or decrying my use of "trufannish." Perhaps if potential nay-sayers take a moment to

reflect on my meaning, their fingers won't fly so quickly to their keyboards to craft a scathing reply. Such quick, unconsidered responses are common to net-fandom, but I expect better from paper-fandom. (Although we'll print any reply worth printing.)

I certainly don't blame Sara for trying to help out in a seemingly difficult situation.

She said she wasn't well-connected to fandom. I imagine she saw this as a way to reconnect to the hobby while helping a friend and fellow fan. No, I blame the administrators and others who sought to "make" a race for Vijay.

Obviously, if a race *had* to be made, there was no real race to begin with. Surely this flies in the face of the Democratic Meritocracy that fandom should be. I am a fanzine fan for many reasons, but primarily because I cherish the concept of belonging to a group of thinking individuals who collectively acknowledge merit. This recognition comes not only from awarding trips and statues to our favorites, but in the very act of presenting a fanzine to a reader. I assume I receive most fanzines because the author believes I *merit* reading his material. You can assume that Arnie and I feel the same way about you.

But we're getting off the topic, and I'd like to drag myself back to the subject of fan funds. Why would anyone vote for a particular candidate to receive the honor of the fund? I see two reasons for my particular vote depending on whether the nominee is coming here or going there.

If the person is coming here,

the answer is easy: I want to meet him or her. It's convenient that I live in Las Vegas. Many visitors to the United States at least pass through the city, so I get to meet lots of foreign fans, and with the exception of one frosty Brit, I've enjoyed every meeting. I truly regret not getting to meet Maureen Speller on her trip, but I plan on eventually traveling overseas to see her part of the world, and I'd like to visit Croydon.

If he/she is on the way there, I obviously won't receive any direct benefit from the trip — except, of course, for the much anticipated but rarely delivered trip report. Rather, I see the winner as representing me to the hosting country and its fandoms. It's not that I expect the trip winner to share all my opinions and attitudes, no one could. However I'd like to think that the representative would leave a favorable impression of my/our part of fandom. I'm quite sure Vijay Bowen will do just that.

So let's consider the upcoming DUFF race. Three very fine and deserving fen stand, asking that we vote with our dollars to select one of them for an Australasian trip. I would feel comfortable having any of the three representing me to fandoms down-under, but which one most closely represents my personal bent on this hobby?

I'm pretty sure that frequent readers of my fanzines will find no mystery in the above question. Although I've dined with Lise Eisenberg (a finer dinner companion could not be found), and Lindy Hopped with Janice Gelb (a swingin' hep chick with great gams), I've fanned with Andy Hooper. And after all, isn't that what the Down Under Fan Fund is all about, fan activity?

Andy gets my vote, and my endorsement. I encourage all **cri-fanac** readers to vote for him. He embodies the very essence of fandom's ideals and hopes. Vote Andy Hooper for DUFF. Besides, ~~when~~ if he *does* write a trip report, it's unlikely to have a Russian title. That alone should be worth a couple bucks.

-- Ken

I MADE THIS
OUT OF FREEZE
DRIED OLD
CRUDZINES



Boston Boogie

Rob Hansen writes about Fanhistoricon and Boskone '97

Thursday 13th February 1997 - the Big Day, the day I set off on my first visit to the US in two years - had arrived. I kissed Avedon goodbye and set off for Heathrow Airport. I also kissed her goodbye two hours later, as she gave me a baleful look for making her rush across London with the credit card I'd forgotten. (No-one does baleful like Avedon)

My trip had come about as the result of email I'd received from Joe Siclari on 20th December:

"Fanhistoricon is being held this year at Boskone, Feb 14-16, '97. This year we expect to have some excellent space for meetings and programs. And with Boskone's help, a little something extra that we hope to be able to continue.

"On behalf of Fanhistoricon and Boskone, I'd like to ask you to come over as the first recipient of the Fanhistoricon Fan Fund.

"I know it's only a couple of months notice, but NESFA has agreed to cover the airfare portion and I will lead to raise about \$400 more to cover your room at the hotel and some miscellaneous expenses.

"Your British history, the new Who's Who and your general fan-historical interests make you a perfect choice. This will also give us an opportunity to broaden the view to focus on fandom internationally.

"What do you say?"

This was all incredibly flattering, and it had taken me all of half a second to decide to accept.

The British Airways plane I flew out on was a brand-new Boeing 777 with all manner of spiffy passenger accessories. Even though I was as usual flying Cattle Class, there was a TV screen in the back

of every seat, controlled by a unit in the armrest. If you flipped the armrest cover open, the unit could be lifted out, flipped over, and used as a phone - complete with a slot for your credit card. According to the label this amazing device was a "Tethered Digital Passenger Control Unit."

Well, I was certainly a passenger, but hardly digital, nor tethered (not my particular kink), but it was still impressive. Not being obscenely wealthy, I refrained from trying the phone. When we landed in Boston, I got to see First Class, which was incredible. First class passengers didn't have seats as such, but opulent passenger-pampering units. Bath-shaped affairs, these were angled so as to allow the stewards to pop grapes into your mouth as you luxuriated in the unit, amusing yourself with an improbably diverse array of built-in electronic entertainments including hi-fi, TV, video games, and vibro-vagina. Truly, if they'd fitted a Gestetner to the unit I could happily have spent my entire vacation in First Class without ever leaving the plane.

Taking the shuttle bus from Logan Airport to Framingham, I got finally got to see a little of Boston from the ground - I've flown into and out of Logan any number of times, but always on my way elsewhere. In many ways the most interesting sight was the con hotel itself. The ads for the Sheraton Tara say: "Not just a hotel. Stay in a castle".

Despite the quality of the materials used in its construction, I'm afraid the main effect of the Tara's fake castellations was to make it look tacky. It actually is

Two Years in the Making (Sort of)

The alert will notice that this report of Rob Hansen's trip to Boskone and Fanhistoricon is being published on the second anniversary of the actual event.

This is entirely due to the current cessation of **Wild Heirs**, not

any lack of industry on the part of the esteemed author.

We beg Rob's forgiveness for the delay in presenting this excellent piece. We hope that our tardiness won't lessen your enjoyment.

-- Arnie & Ken

just a hotel, though a perfectly adequate one. I could've done without the ersatz Irish (or "Oirish," as it's dismissively known on this side of the Atlantic) decor of some of the internal areas, and am certainly glad I never got to see the befeater costumes the staff were obliged to dress in in years past (a practice I assume they eventually rebelled against, probably saying the pay was bad enough and this was just adding insult to injury), but it was a fine convention venue.

The first person I encountered in the reception area was that ubiquitous nethead, Richard Dreyfuss lookalike, and famous typo, Gary Farber. This was the first time I'd seen Gary since he'd stayed with Avedon and I during his 1996 UK trip, where he demonstrated his impressive mastery of kitchen equipment by brewing a pot of coffee in our kettle. Gary had travelled up from New York with Vijay Bowen and Ben Yalow in Ben's car, a somewhat strained trip since he and Vijay haven't really been on speaking terms for several years. I hadn't seen Vijay since my last US trip so, after locating my room and dumping my bags, I set off to find her. She was sitting in the bar, having a snack, updating her journal, and looking wonderful. We hugged, kissed and got down to the serious business of catching up on gossip. Gary joined us, as did Judy Bemis and - later - Chip Hitchcock and Mike Ford. Mike was pro writer GoH and Chip's partner, Davey Snyder, was the con chair. Several hours of enjoyable conversation followed, after which I found myself in what would be the Art Show, where I finally made contact with Joe Siclari and with most of the rest of the BOSKONE 34 committee. This was where I'd spend the rest of Thursday.

Because Thursday was actually a 'set-up' day rather than a con-day proper, we got to hang around with those hardy souls who'd turned up early and to help out with the art-show set-up. This was an operation of almost military precision, hordes of NESFans unloading all the components for the art show (and all the other con equipment) from a hire truck,

laying out the colour-coded tubes and clamps and assembling them under the foremanship of Chip Hitchcock. Vijay and I pitched in and, since I quite enjoy this sort of handymanery, the hours flew by. NESFA put on a large buffet for those helping out, cooked by various members of the group (primarily the women, so far as I could tell) that was absurdly delicious and included chicken curry, spicy shredded beef, garlic chicken, cheese, ham, chicken teryaki, cheesecake, pitta bread, brownies, dips, etc. etc. It was easily the best food I ate on my whole trip. (In fact, I've noticed a gradual deterioration in the quality of food in the US over the course of my visits, one that's paralleled a gradual improvement in the quality of food over here, to the point that I'd have to say that I now generally enjoy eating out in the UK more than I do in the US, something which would have been inconceivable a few years ago.)

I awoke at 3.30am the next morning, and again at 6am. Bowing to the inevitable, I got up, took a long, leisurely shower, and updated my diary. Later, I wandered down to breakfast where I discovered that Australian Eric Lindsay was the only other fan up and about.

Obviously, we were the only two suffering from jet-lag. After breakfast, we made our way to the Fanhistoricon lounge to help Joe set up. I wasn't entirely clear on just how Fanhistoricon worked within the context of other conventions, but Joe explained that, essentially, it was an extra stream of programming within the parent con, the lounge being provided as both a social focus and programmeroom for it.

Since Friday was the first real day of the con, people were arriving all through the day, and I was delighted to see so many familiar faces. I had a couple of panel items, the first of which, at 6pm was 'The Age of the Apa' with Elise Mattheson and Priscilla Olsen.

Gary was in the audience, as was Patrick Nielsen Hayden - my first sight of him during the weekend. The panel went OK,

though I'm afraid I didn't make any particularly profound observations. I'm in a couple of apas, but have no Deep Insights about them.

Actually, with the number of panels I was on I'm afraid they're going to take up a large part of this report. The next one, at 8pm, I was on 'Forgotten Fans', with Peggy Rae Pavlat, Joe Siclari, and Rusty Hevelin (who shot into the meeting halfway through, having only just arrived. According to the programme listing: "Forry Ackerman, Claude Degler, Bob Tucker and Walt Willis are virtually household names to most fen. But who are John V. Baltadonis, Walt Liebscher, Jeffrey Smith, Francis Towner Laney, Sandy Sanderson, J. Michael Rosenblum, Maurice Hanson, and Joan Carr? Each of these fen had a major influence on the fandom of their time - find out why." I explained who the last four were, though I never actually met any of them. In contrast, Rusty was able to tell of his personal experiences with those 'forgotten' fen he covered. Needless to say, this was much more successful. So it goes.

My first panel on Saturday, at 10am, was "Fan Funds: What are they? Who are they for? What's wrong with them now?" with Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Jerry Kaufman, Joyce Scrivner and Ben Yalow. This proved rather livelier than I'd anticipated, and there wasn't the concentration on the recent TAFF scandal involving Abi Frost and the missing funds that

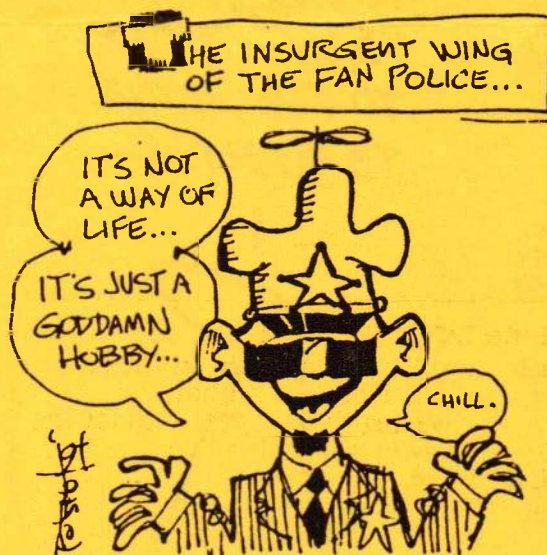
I'd expected.

Instead, Ben complained about how TAFF doesn't do enough outreach to conventions and the con-running community, about how - unlike the administrators of the other funds - TAFF administrators are even non-communicative when it comes to asking for free memberships or free rooms for the TAFF winner. There's an expectation that these things will automatically be provided, argued Ben, and they usually are, but TAFF was doing itself no favours among conrunners. Goodwill requires maintenance. Ben is an intelligent and reasonable man, and his comments gave me a lot to think about. Mind you, the revelation this weekend that Ben's a Deadhead also gave me a lot to think about, much of it concerning tie-dyed bowties.

Following on immediately in the Fanhistoricon lounge was a round-table discussion on *Fancyclopedia III* and how to kick-start it. This is a project that has been stalled since at least 1984, when LASFS announced they were going to tackle it. Mark Olson and Joe Siclari led the discussion and a lot of positive ideas emerged. It was unanimously agreed that the best way to tackle the project was as a web-site with items being added as they came in and the whole thing constantly evolving, with a print version possibly being published at some indeterminate later date. Needless to say, I volunteered to provide lots of entries on UK fandom. (And I'll start actually providing them RSN, Joe, honest!)

At 4pm, I was on a panel about the Legion of Super-Heroes (don't ask), which was followed immediately by the fan funds auction. I'd brought over my last full set of issues of *Then*, a copy of *The Story So Far* (my first, single volume attempt at a history of UK fandom and the direct precursor to *Then*), and a copy of Dave Langford's TAFF report *The Transatlantic Hearing Aid*.

Since US TAFF and US fans in general had helped out so much in the effort to replace the missing UK TAFF funds, I insisted that any pro-



ceeds from their sale go to US TAFF. I hoped to raise maybe \$20-\$30 for the lot and was stunned by how much they actually raised. *The Story So Far* went for \$10, the Langford report for \$20, and Seth Breidbart bought the set of *Then*, after some spirited bidding, for \$50!!

Great Ghul! While I was in the auction, Nigel Rowe was in the Fanhistoricon Lounge, conducting the IRC link-up with Attitude, which was being held in the UK the same weekend.

In principle, this was a great idea, but when I saw the transcript later it all just seemed to be waffle, most of it techie waffle about changing names and the like at that. Oh well....

Saturday was the night of the banquet, and Vijay and I shared a table with Jerry and Suzle, Leslie Turek, Mark and Priscilla Olsen and several other people whose names I failed to record.

Vijay looked stunning in a golden, Indian (Asian, not NA)-style gown (not a description that really does it justice or is even adequate, but like most non-TV straight guys I'm hopeless when it comes to describing stuff like this). We were stopped any number of times on our way to the buffet by people who wanted to ooh and ahh and tell her how great she looked.

After we'd all eaten, there was a humorous musical written and narrated by Mike Ford (looking splendid in conical wizard's hat and gown a la Micky Mouse in *Fantasia*) and performed by the Sudbury Savoyards, called "Another Part of the Trilogy" which spoofed fantasy and drew heavily on Gilbert and Sullivan - to the delight of Vijay who, unlike me, recognised most of the original source material.

When this was over, the committee got the various guests (ie, Mike Ford, our table-mates Jerry & Suzle, Ron Walotsky etc) up on the stage where they thanked everyone in uniformly witty and entertaining fashion. Though not a guest of BOSKONE proper, I'd been asked to get up, too, and I was dreading it. I'm OK on a panel in front of small numbers of people, but I always freeze when up there by myself in front of

large groups of people. Fortunately Mark Olson, who told me this, had somewhat garbled the message, and all I was actually required to do was stand up and nod appreciatively. I like to think I managed this adequately.

Saturday was party night, Vijay and I eventually settling in at the Tor party where I got into a long conversation with Gary and Patrick about fan politics, fan history, computers, and the Nordic biker wars.

Back in the 1980s, US and UK fans had watched in stunned amazement as the feuds in Swedish fandom escalated to unheard-of levels, the participants seeming to have no sense of proportion whatsoever. Now, Nordic biker gangs were having rumbles where they were attacking each other with anti-tank missiles and other military ordnance. Seems that not only the fans over there are lacking in that sense of proportion

My first panel on Sunday -- at 11am with Joe Siclari and Fred Lerner -- was "Fan Stuff: Where is it? How can we use it?" Fred was visiting the UK with his family in the next few weeks and had emailed me asking for tourist info. I handed over a stack of stuff I'd brought with me to him before the panel, and he rewarded me with a copy of a SaM autobiography and a book he'd written -- "Modern

Science Fiction and the American Literary Community" - both of which were fascinating. Joe was videotaping the panel, and so captured me expounding at length on the methodology I employ when researching and writing fanhistory.

Since I was for once reasonably confident and articulate, this was A Good Thing. I expect it to become required viewing when society is eventually reorganised along proper fannish lines. (I will, of course, be played by Brad Pitt in the movie, Avedon will be played by Cher and Martin Smith will be played by Pee Wee Herman). Our audience was small, but involved.

At 1pm, I found myself on 'Web Writing' with Kathryn Cramer, Daniel P.Dern, Don Sakers and Sharon Sbarsky. Since I've put together my own website (which you should all visit at <http://www.flawol.co.uk/>), I suppose I was an obvious choice for this one (though at the rate that fans are taking to the web, half the convention will be able to discourse on this by the time Boskone rolls around again). This went pretty well for the most part, and was by far the best-attended panel I was on, though it got a little bogged down in how to make money from content on the web. The final point raised was about how easy it would be to set things up so that you could assemble your own SF anthology from a catalogue of short stories on the web, a sort of jukebox approach. Those professionally involved in the assembling and selling of anthologies weren't too keen on for some reason.

"Fanhistory on the Internet" was a panel comprising me, Patrick, Gary, Ben Yalow and Evelyn Leeper. I was moderator and had expressed my reservations about the panel to Joe beforehand. I was convinced that, despite any efforts I might make to shepherd the discussion, fanhistory would inevitably fall by the wayside as everyone focussed on online fandom in general.

In the event the exact opposite happened, and in discussing fanhistory we all but forgot about the Internet, a strange and even heartening development in an era

THERE'S A TIME
TO LIVE, A TIME
TO DIE - A TIME
TO KILL, A TIME
TO PUBLISH..



where the Internet often seems to sweep all other topics aside whenever fans gather. At one point, Ben was explaining about some web-resource or other that Evelyn had never encountered.

"That's OK," he said, "I've got a hardcopy of it in my room which I can show you later."

Patrick had been whispering something to me and missed this exchange. "What was that?" he asked.

"That was Ben," I explained, "inviting a woman back to his room to see his hardcopy." Collapse of audience.

One useful bit of fall-out from the panel was that Patrick ended up agreeing to write the Terry Carr entry for *Fancy III*.

Afterwards, I hung out in the Fanhistoricon lounge for a while and got chatting to Edie Stern, who revealed that she and Joe had been planning to put out some even more special exhibits than those already on display.

"We were going to include things like an actual photo of Carl Brandon, a pair of Joan Carr's army knickers -- stuff like that," she said.

"Good idea," I chuckled. "You could even have brought along the collar worn by the mad dog that kneed Harlan Ellison in the groin."

(And I wonder how many readers will know *all* the above references?)

Sunday was officially the last day of Boskone, and the day on which most people departed. In the evening, the committee and pretty much everyone who was still around went out to John Harvard's Brew House, a pub-/restaurant near the shuttle terminal at Framingham Mall.

Everyone had been telling me how good the local microbrews were but, not being familiar with them, I decided to order the five beer sampler. The first beer I tried was raspberry-flavoured.

"What do you think of it?" asked Chip hopefully, as I rolled it around my mouth.

"We don't have a beer like this back home," I said, smiling. "Anyone who brewed one would be taken out and horse-whipped."

None of the five were that im-

pressive, the least offensive being a rather watery version of Irish stout. I've had the occasional half-decent microbrewery beer in the US over the years, but overall I'd say they still have a ways to go yet. I didn't fare much better with the food, choosing what turned out to be a very mediocre pizza from a menu which, to judge from the tasty-looking dishes my companions were tucking into, was actually quite good. Still, the company was excellent and that, ultimately, was what the whole trip was about. At one point, Mike Ford mentioned that his new book was called "Aspects." I quipped that 'aspect' is what you get if you bend over in an aviary. I don't think he can have heard me properly, since he apologised for the title. Oh well.

Later, as we were leaving the place, artist GoH Ron Walotsky stopped to congratulate me.

"You were terrific!" he enthused.

"I was?" I replied, pleased but puzzled.

"Weren't you the lead singer in the play last night?"

"Afraid not," I laughed. "It's always nice to be told you were terrific. It sounds better coming from a woman, though."

Back at the Tara, the Fanhistoricon and committee lounges were pressed into service for the dead dog party, with left over food and drink available in abundance. I tried to stay awake for this, I really did, but I nodded off during a reading by Mike Ford (no reflection on your performance, Mike) and so, when I eventually came to, bowed to the inevitable and groggily made my way back to my room.

Monday morning, around 10am, Vijay and I breakfasted with Ron and Gail Walotsky.

"How are you?" asked Ron by way of greeting.

"Still terrific," I replied. He laughed, then had to explain why to Gail.

Boskone was now well and truly over, but my trip still held one final fannish delight. Vijay and I were eating with various committee members prior to them finally getting back to Real Life, when someone asked if we'd be interested in seeing the NESFA clubhouse. I immediately said yes.

(For those who may wonder at my eagerness, I should point out that we don't have SF clubhouses in the UK and I've always wanted to see one of the US ones.) Sharon Sbarsky drove us there, through the snow-covered suburbs.

The NESFA clubhouse is owned by the club and is a large and spacious property that was once two separate stores that have since been knocked into one. It was very impressive, and everything that a clubhouse should be (other than looking like an upturned rocketship with its nose buried in the ground, of course). I took a whole roll of film trying to record it all. There were floor to ceiling bookshelves lining almost every wall, net-connected computers, lots of comfortable chairs, printing facilities and in what would have been the storage areas of the original stores, metal racking holding the stock of the mighty NESFA Press publishing empire.

This area was also where Boskone equipment was stored from one year to the next and, when Chip Hitchcock arrived with the truck containing this equipment -- all neatly packed in numbered containers, of course -- I helped with the unloading, which was conducted with the military precision I was coming to expect of the group. When this was done, the group ordered in pizza, cheese cake, and ice-cream to reward those who had laboured so hard. Talking with Davey Snyder later, I told her how impressed I'd been by Boskone, the clubhouse and NESFA in general, and disappointed to hear that they weren't very successful in recruiting younger members.

"We're all getting older," She said, "and the club may have no more than another 15 years at the outside unless we do start pulling in fresh blood." I hope they do. It would be a real shame if they faded away.

I flew back to the UK the next day, after a trip that had been, in it's way, every bit as memorable and enjoyable as my TAFF trip. My deepest thanks and appreciation to everyone who chipped in, and particularly to Joe Siclari for setting the whole thing up in the first place. I had a ball.

-- Rob Hansen

Timely Response

The Readers make themselves heard

Harry Warner, Jr.

I must express sorrow over the loss of more good fans. Probably not more than one-third of **crifanac's** readership can remember Inchmery and the glory that its fandom exuded back in the middle years of the century, so Vin's passing will probably seem to these younger fans a less severe tragedy than it really is.

But I imagine Ian was known by sight or by fanac to almost everyone in today's fanzine fandom and all the good things that will be said about him by all his friends will be true, sight unseen.

Meanwhile, I feel better now that Chuch has reassured me that United Kingdom fans don't drink all the time, even though

they write about that activity most of the time. I wish he'd gone on and explained what these fans do in the time they allegedly are drinking, which must represent several hours every day. As for his picture of how I would fare in England or Ireland or both.

I'm afraid he overlooks the nasty publicity that would accompany my encounters with the female fans. Some zealous researcher would undoubtedly have me assassinated in order to examine my body and try to locate the irregularity that made it possible for a person of my age to have such experiences. Besides, I had a British female fan in my home for an evening this year and she evidenced not the slightest resem-

blance to the behavior Chuch imagines me inspiring over there, so maybe this aspect of a visit to the British Isles is as exaggerated as my concept of the imbibing by fannish throats.

I was glad to read Ken's elegy for **Mota**. This was a good fanzine, and it hasn't been among the dozen fanzines from the past that are usually the subject matter when fans write nostalgia pieces on that topic.

Now, if someone will please do the same service for about fifty other neglected splendid fanzines of yesteryear, maybe young fans will understand that there are more items worth collecting than the few everyone raves about.

It's curious that Dave Langford mentioned the Keats Cottage in his narrative of the exploration of the Highgate Cemetery area. This structure figured in the only movie known to me that has a science fiction fan as the hero. It

Charrisma

Chuch Harris slag typos and supports TAFF

Things have come to a pretty pass when, instead of checking my column for the usual crop of typos..(did I really say "And when did you last have normal sexual Bbringing a liNle ..." and did you not pause in awe or wonder at such arcane Brit shenanigans?) I turn to the **crifanac** letter pages to see whose turn it is this time to take potshots at TAFF.

This month's special is Joseph T Major Himself and lovable old Ken Forman. Apparently, after forty years or more spent ferrying fans too and fro across the Atlantic they think TAFF is old hat. Fans aren't poor folks anymore. We have rising affluence and overseas trips are "at least customary."

Wow! In your dreams, brother. None of these hordes of customary affluent Americas have arrived in Lake Crescent just recently. We've seen Patrick and Teresa, Robert Lichtman, Geri Sullivan, Vicki Rosensweig, Gary Farber, Moshe Feder, Jerry Kaufman, Suzle, and a couple more but that's about all. So why am I being shunned by all these legendary customary affluents? Should we lay on caviar instead of roast lamb, fancydan wine bottles with dates on them instead of Oz plonk, and — gasp — maybe a four poster bed in the front room?

And sure, we've had a good time with the current system, but nothing lasts forever. We loved flaunting Coventry Cathedral, Warwick Castle, Stratford on Avon and the Canal Museum, but maybe we should get upmarket and substitute Blenheim Palace — flash your Gold Card and shake hands with a real Duke — or Longleat where the wife (He's not interested in chaps), can be painted in the nude by a genuine Marquess, but all this is only minor tampering, and without exception TAFF winners are a damn sight more interested in meeting the natives than they are in viewing the monuments. None of these

people are customary affluents on a private holiday. They are invited and welcomed because we —and Ghod! this sounds so pretentious —we share a common heritage, this is a family reunion.

And that, of course, is the whole point of TAFF. It's a lot more than just an ego trip or a popularity contest. It's a constant strengthening of the bond between my place and your place.. If you come here you might even get introduced to a Brussels Sprout or a Spotted Dick and you'll most certainly help to clean up and wipe the dishes afterwards. We both know that if you stay at the Hilton the food might be better, the beds might be softer, but the company won't be nearly as much fun and no matter how much you spend you won't be able to buy the same ambiance, the same feeling of belonging as you would in Lake Crescent, or Plashet Grove, or Bournemouth Road in Folkstone.

So, don't try to assassinate us until you know us a bit better. Most of the money in the pot doesn't come from your two dollar voting fee. It comes from donations from Convention Committee profits, from material donated for auction, and from the \$200 donated by SCIFFI for any published TAFF trip report. They put up the bulk of the money but it's you and your \$2 voting fee that decides who will make the trip.

It could well be the best investment you'll ever make. Do you honestly know of a better bargain for two dollars, where nobody has a hand in the till, where every cent goes to the fund for the winner to spend how he wishes, and you can even help the next winner on his way by writing a trip report and collecting the \$200 from SCIFFI?

TAFF has worked well for almost half a century. We've put a lot of work into it. If you can think of a better system, a better home for your two bucks, don't stand on the sidelines bitching and whining, tell us all about it and we'll consider it. And in the meantime.. Vote! -- Chuch Harris

showed how a teacher who was such a fan that he was trying to write science fiction was taking his class on a field trip to the same area, and skipped the scheduled stop at the Keats landmark so he could get a close-up look at the nearby home of a science fiction author. I think it was a British movie-for-TV and I no longer am sure about the title, maybe something like "Shannara and Beyond."

Am I so distanced from fanzine fandom these days that I fail to recognize some names and am unaware of the activities of other individuals? Or is it really the fact that about half of the individuals who attended Ditto have not been active in fanzine fandom for a dozen years or so or haven't yet published their first generally distributed fanzine?

I would have been terribly out of place if I had gone to Ian's funeral. I wouldn't have worn black, because I own no garments of that hue other than a pair of shoes and a few socks. But I wouldn't have been able to join in the cheerfulness that Bruce and Elaine describe. I would have been thinking about the fact that Ian had been cheated out of at least three or four more decades of living, hadn't enjoyed the quick and merciful death that a massive stroke or heart attack can provide but had suffered all those months and would no longer be among us to provide the fine writing and artwork and editing that all of us had enjoyed from him for years.

Ken: When you had that Brit Femmfan in your home, did you offer her a drink? Hmmm?

I agree there must be many unsung faneds from the past. Do you have any specific ones in mind?

No, I don't think you're out of touch; rather I think the Ditto people have forgotten their roots.

Arnie: I think it would be fairer to say that the last Ditto appeals to a social group within fanzine fandom that is not much known to Harry, you [Ken] or me. They may be publishing giants for all we know.

Dale Speirs

Dave Langford mentions "Sir Rowland Hill's introduction of the penny post... made fanzines possible." Very true indeed, and it isn't just philatelists who should be celebrating May 6, 1840, the

day the first postage stamp was placed on sale.

Even more important is William Mulock, the Canadian Postmaster General who campaigned for the Imperial Penny Postage rate. This rate was finally brought in on Christmas Day, 1898 and dropped international postage from dollars or pounds down to one pence sterling (2 cents Canadian). Canada Post issued a stamp earlier this year honouring the centenary of cheap international postage.

And before anyone makes the obligatory remark about high postage rates today, it should be considered that they are far lower today than a century ago relative to average hourly wages. It was standard practice a century ago to mail two or three duplicates of a letter in the hopes that one copy might get through.

Sir Rowland can fairly be said to be the founder of the Papernet, for while his Penny Black gets the lion's share of fame, he also reformed post office procedures to improve reliability of mail service. Cheap newspaper and magazine rates, combined with greater literacy, touched off a revolution in communications of which the Internet is the modern imitator.

When the home-sized printing press was marketed not long after the Penny Black, young lads and lassies got the idea of printing their own magazines. Zines date back to the middle-late 1800s, apas to the late 1800s and fan conventions to the late 1890s.

Anyone who thinks fan feuds were invented by Sam Moskowitz et al should read some of the stories of what went on at the turn of the last century. Today's TAFF wars are mild kerfluffles compared to what went on a century ago.

Strangely enough, one of the biggest feuds back then was about neos and whether they had a place in zinedom.

Arnie: That stuff about the low cost and high reliability of postal delivery may fly in Canada, but I fear it would be a tough sell here in the US. Mailing cost has driven more than one American fanzine fan to the sidelines, and I am sure it reduces the size and frequency of zines.

I believe the combination of high speed Internet data transfer and software that handles format-correct eFanzines will lead to a new golden age within the next

five or 10 years.

Wm. Breiding

Down with TAFF!

No more Hugos!

Kill the FAAN Awards!

There, I got that out of my system. Whew. The most interesting bit of info [from cf#10] was finding out about Michael Waite's (approximate) age. I always assumed he was about my age (or younger; I was born in 1956) and here he is perusing pulps in the 1940s! Wow!

Andy Hooper's zine reviews remain an outstanding feature that I always look forward to. His review of **Skug #14** had an uncomfortable edge to it that left me wondering who doesn't suck enough.

And Andy is a fellow hillbilly! Awright!

Arnie: Oh, Wm, you're such an extremist. I can't chant any of those slogans. Those who care about TAFF, the Hugos or the FAAN awards are entitled to their preference, even if I don't share the enthusiasm.

Harry Warner, Jr.

Would you believe that this is the 31st consecutive day on which I've written a loc? Or would you believe that the backlog of unlogged fanzines hasn't diminished in bulk to the naked eye in that month of conscientious responding?

I won't be able to keep this every-day nonsense up much longer. There is an apa deadline coming up soon and I haven't even opened the mailing on which I must make comments. When I was a sprat, I could write a loc and type two or three pages of an apazine and not even perspire from the effort, but no more.

Has Dave Langford considered a more sophisticated method of keeping fanzine fans producing after death slows them down somewhat? I refer to cloning. I have a probably erroneous notion that this depends to some extent upon DNA material which seems to be recoverable from deceased individuals who lived even longer ago than members of urfandom.

It would be a lot of hard work and somewhat illegal to go around to graves and try to obtain the needed DNA from the contents. So it occurred to me that correspondence might be helpful. Is it possible to start the cloning procedure from dried sali-

Sunsplashes

Shelby Vick Has Lots of Corflu News

Like the phoenix, pipples -- "New and Improved!" Metamorphosis "Better than ever!" "We has met the enemy and he is us!" - Oooops! How did that slip in there??? Mostly, I suppose, because it fits. I done brung this trubble on m'self by lack of experience, lack of farsightedness, lack of reading everything I sign.

Our original con motel and an...inept? Greedy? Maybe just bound too tightly by her own agency's rules?...anyway, definitely unsatisfactory travel agent...all combined caused me to cancel both of them. Thanks to guidance by Joe Siclari and a lot of footwork by my daughter, Cheryl, my chesnuts were pulled out of the fire before everything turned to ashes. Now follows necessary details. A soon-to-be-released PR will embellish and spread the word to many more.

Bestwestern Bayside Inn, 711 W. Beach Drive, Panama City, FL 32401. Reservations number 1-800-900-7047 or email Cheryl Chandler at <http://www.chimes@interoz.com>. (That's the Marketing Manager's personal email address; they are in the process of putting on their own webpage

and own email address, but are running into the usual electronic/technical delays.

When you reserve your room it's the usual routine; they'll hold your room if you give them a credit card number or mail them a check/money order for one night. None of these will be activated until you arrive.

Of course, mention Corflu when you make your reservations. They're flexible' arrive Thursday? Leave Monday? That's okay, so long as you make those specifications when you call.

Checkout? Basically, whatever time you're ready to leave.

Two double beds, private balcony or patio on the bay -- \$65 1-4 people. (Hurry, only five of these left!) Request DDB -- Two Double beds on the Bay.

Two double beds with a view of the bay -- \$55 1-4 -- people, that is.

There's a restaurant, bar/lounge, tiki bar, banquet facilities, lots of coffee, and on and on.

They are working to arrange transportation for us for a cookout at a nearby state park which is on a spur of land with the Gulf on one side and a lagoon on the other.

There will soon be a PR with much, much more.

-- Shelby Vick

va? In that case, it would be necessary to find fannish correspondence in the original envelopes, except in the rare instance in which fans licked a name sticker and put it at the top of a letter in the old days when those stickers weren't the self-adhesive type. Of course, a fan who used both the new non-licked postage stamps and the self-sealing envelopes would be a special problem.

Perhaps it would be possible to find an occasional fragment of DNA substance from a fanzine if its editor suffered occasional accidents with staples that scraped bits of skin from his fingers.

I've done some conservation in my fanac from time to time through the years. For instance, while I was in my early years as a reporter, NBC sent out almost daily press releases to the local newspaper, stuffed with a dozen or more pages of information about what was coming on that network in the next day or two. They were mimeographed on only one side of the paper. For years, I saved these and used them for making carbon copies of my locs and fanzine articles. It probably saved a couple of reams of unused paper for this purpose before I stopped getting access to these press releases. I used the empty portions of pages on which I wrote news stories for typing notes during my research for fan history. (Unfortunately, our copy

paper was the cheapest grade of paper available and it has yellowed seriously in my fan history notebooks over the years.) During my mimeographing, I sometimes used the same crud sheet three or four times for running through the machine just after reinking when there was too much squeezing through the stencil or I was trying to determine if I'd solved the mystery of a blot on the other side of a page being mimeoed.

The prices some of the bidders paid for fan publications in the auction are somewhat staggering. I'm tempted to drop a line to Les Gerber, who would undoubtedly be elated to know someone was willing to pay \$25 from the fanzine production of his youth.

Like Guy Lillian, I've seen no recent fanzine evidence of racism or bigotry on the part of fans identified with the South or living there. The last time such a nasty thing appeared in a fanzine that reached me, it came from Michigan.

The labor that Irwin Hirsh much have expended on his DUFF and GUFF research is so immense that I'm gladder than ever that I retired many years ago as a fan historian. It wasn't nearly as hard to find out who won FAPA elections in the 1940s. As a result of my cowardly and timid nature, I've always declined to support publicly any worldcon bids or fan fund trip candidates, so I'll have

to do without a couple of paragraphs on who should win the new DUFF elections.

Joseph Nicholas

I suggested that the TAFF "tradition" had begun to be perceived as outliving its usefulness and was in consequence being abandoned as irrelevant and no longer worthy of support. To which Arnie replies: "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." So where, I wonder, does he consider that he's disagreeing with me?

Arnie: I was not disagreeing. I was supportively amplifying your point.

George Flynn

The only omissions from Murry Moore's list of Ditto attendees are Lisa and Mark Hertel (accompanied by baby Liana); "Alex?" is Alex Layton, and Don D'Ammassa's name has two "m" s. Arnie, I really think that when you talk about "those who say that all fans are the same," you're mostly creating a straw man. Of course fans are different. But the problem, it seems to me, is that the wild variety of actual fans (or at least those who are worth knowing) fits very poorly into the rigid boxes of prepackaged "subfandoms." And

that talking in terms of such sub-fandoms makes it too easy to dismiss the worth of those whose fanac tends to differ from one's own.

Ken: Even tho "fans vary wildly making them fit" poorly into the rigid boxes of prepackaged "sub-fandoms," that doesn't preclude the concept of categorizing people who participate in fanzine fan activity (reading, writing, and pubbing fanzines) into a subfandom. There certainly are other fandoms, too; with lots of overlap between groups. These subfandoms are not mutually exclusive.]

Gary Deindorfer

I am in active fanac mode. This is where I am writing a loc to a fanzine, or writing a personal letter, or writing a fanzine article. At other times I am in passive fanac mode. This is where I am reading a fanzine or a personal letter from a fan. There is the inactive fanac mode, where I am not thinking of fans or fanning in particular. That should cover all the modes. This is my **crifanac**-type contribution to faanish theorizing such as you and Arnie demonstrate in your editorial pages. I'm not as good at it as you guys are, though — that much be admitted.

Ditto sounds like fun. I notice that recently Murray Moore is becoming quite visible in fanzines. maybe he is on his way towards becoming a Superfan, too.

Can you imagine the mouth watering items soon to be up for bid in SaM's collection? The mind reels.

It has been said that art is a way of transcending the suffering and pain of life — of transcending

it. This is what Chuch Harris has done in his column this issue [c9]. He takes a serious health crisis and with guts and grace finds humor in it. I wouldn't be brave enough to do that. More power to Chuch! Also, he conjures up a most amusing image in the second part of his column: Harry Warner returning from a fannish visit to England, sexually satiated. And why not? I'll bet there are plenty of Brit femmes who would like to get their hands on Harry.

I'm pleased to read that you enjoyed the run of **Motas**, Ken. One of my favorite fanzines of all time. Yes, Terry Hughes kept his editorial presence light and minimal. One of the charms of the zine: it was so unpretentious. Yes, Terry is a great guy — you would like him. Very laid back, mellow, easy going, and dryly witty. Yes, a good person to toke up with, too. His brother Craig is just as nice a guy.

I personally think that "The Exorcists of IF" is one of the greatest, most touching pieces of faan fiction ever written. And I am duly ego boosted that you consider my "All the Serconist's Fen" "absolutely hilarious." I must admit, I have always been rather proud of that piece. And weren't the Dan Steffan illos for it rather great?

As for how I could bring myself to get rid of "such treasures," I must explain something: I am a divester from way back. I'm continually ridding myself of books, fanzines, records, tapes, old clothes, bric-a-brac, you name it.

I like to travel light. I am the opposite of a packrat like some fans, most notably my old friend Mike McInerney, who never used

to throw away anything. Also, once I have read a fanzine, I rarely have the desire to reread it, and I especially don't like to reread my old fan pieces and locs — all I do is find things wrong with them. So I am more than happy to pass along old fanzines to deserving fans, and who could be more deserving than the Vegas Crew?

Jim Trash's anecdotal letter makes some telling points. Sometimes hyperfaanish insularity and in-groupism can be off-putting, especially to the neo. Admit it.

Farewell to Vin* Clarke and Ian Gunn. I had more contact through the mails years ago with Vin* than Ian. That is, I knew Vin* on paper; Ian, not at all. But they were both good men and will be missed. This aging of fandom is reaching epidemic proportions.

"No One Should Wear Black" is touching. Would that we all had the sense of humor and courage to stipulate such a funeral for ourselves.

By all means, Arnie, let's celebrate the diversity in all of the fandoms and subfandoms. There has never been a Dictator of Fandom (though I think Degler tried to be), and may there never be.

God bless Alison Stazenski.

Andy Hooper does such a good job conveying the flavor of a fanzine. His "Catch and Release" is a delight and a work of art.

Arnie: I'm sure many of readers start from the back page. so let me say again: Hooper for DUFF!

Corflu Auction

rich brown reports on his Corflu Auction

The rich brown Corflu Sunsplash auction has ended on a triumphant note. Besides putting a lot of excellent fanzines into appreciative hands, rich's effort produced total sales of \$433.79, of which \$262.98 will go to benefit Corflu Sunsplash.

Inside and Science Fiction advertiser #7, 10 (Richard Brandt). \$10.

"TEFF" Tearaw Tales Number "Three" (Richard Brandt) \$5

Various program and memory books (Richard Brandt) \$25/.

Focal Point 12.5 (Ben Zuhl) \$25.

YHOS 52 (Ben Zuhl) \$2.

Science Fiction Five Yearly #4 (Ben Zuhl) \$30.

Mota #16 and #25 (Ben Zuhl) \$20.

The Portable Carol Brandon (Ben Zuhl) \$35.

Boonfark #6 (Ben Zuhl) \$17.

Famous Fantastic Mysteries (Shelby Vick) \$15.

The Gafiate's Intelligencer (Ken Forman) \$8.79.

Maya #15 (Vijay Bowen) \$23.

Science Fiction Five Yearly No. 6 (Craig Smith) \$30

Syndrome #3 (Craig Smith) \$23.

Fanzine Grab Bag -- **Quodlibit #18, Stiffing the Ferryman #1, 68 #18, Gambit #39 c/w This #10, First Draft #161 & #162 and Pong #17** (Billy Pettit) 413.

Amazing Stories quarterly, Vol. 1 Number 3 (Nigel Rowe) \$27.

Fanhistorica #3 (Robert Lichtman) \$3.

Focal Point ((four issues) Robert Lichtman) \$15.

Fantasy Magazine #38 (Michael Waite) \$100.

—rich brown

Talking Out Loud

Arnie Katz: The Celebrated Collating Cat

Some call it the greatest fannish headline of this epoch. Others claim it's the very definition of a 90-day wonder. A few even suggest it was nothing more than a flight of fancy or even a hoax.

Whatever fanhistory's ultimate verdict, it's certainly was a remarkable thing. The Celebrated Collating Cat of Clark County deserves its entry in the still-mythic Fancyclopedia III.

But you know fandom. Something new always comes along. It's only a few months and already fans are forgetting it. That's why I'm setting my personal account down on paper, so future fanzine fans will have the facts. This is the truth, the way it really happened, to the best of my ability to recollect.

A new cat is not quite a once-in-a-lifetime event, but it's pretty close. Foggy is my third cat, the successor to Slugger. Though he has inherited Darth Kitty's domain, Toner Hall, he's nothing like his predecessor. Mostly white with black patches, the two-year-old cat is meek and mild. He never bites or scratches and will put up with an amazing amount of handling.

We named him "Foggy" after Joyce vetoed my first suggestion, Flash. It was a somewhat desperate try for an animal who demonstrated little personality. The closest thing to a distinguishing trait was his lightning speed. He had the young cat's ability to run so swiftly and silently that he seemed to move via matter transference.

But Joyce rejected "Flash," so I tried a bunch of others without success. Finally I suggested "Foggy," a reference to his nebulous mental facilities and guileless Blank Look. She still sometimes calls him "Flash Foggy," but more often than not he's just "Foggy."

So Foggy established himself at Toner Hall. We found he likes the window and that he occasionally watches TV. He communicated his food preferences, staked out sleeping spots and picked a favorite brand of cat litter. Being Sometimes Foggy didn't seem sure whether I lived there, too, but I figured he would eventually get used to me. Joyce has.

Like many fanzine writers, I've come to depend on my cat as the source of a certain amount of material. A humorous cat is far less important than an amusing wife or sidekick, but

fandom's feline friends serve it, too.

In this regard only, Foggy's seemed like a dud. He just didn't seem like a cat who would ever do anything interesting enough to mention in a fan article. Ever optimistic, I continued to watch expectantly as Foggy waddled his happy, befuddled way through life.

One day, abruptly, we discovered a ray of individual singularity in his phlegmatic nature.

I'd just run off the non-FAPA copies of Joyce's genzine **QUANT Suff**, stacking each page on the bay window in my office. Then I started on the print run of my **Xtreme**. Although **QUANT Suff** didn't fill the whole ledge, I knew I'd never have room for all of **Xtreme** on the bay window, so I carried five criss-cross stacks of **QUANT Suff** to the battered, dining room table visitors to Toner Hall (and 59 Livingston in Brooklyn) may recall.

I lined up the pages and went back for the rest. When I returned with the other five, Foggy was exploring the table. That wasn't unusual, per se. He'd already shown a fondness for dozing on the table, which is ideally placed for a cat who must monitor many distant locations.

"Good Foggy," I said, by way of conversation. I pulled the top sheet off the first pile with my left hand while I grabbed the top sheet off the second one with my right. I transferred the second sheet to my left hand and reached out with my right hand for sheet #4 as my left hand took sheet #3. This is the ambidextrous collating style that has assembled so many fanzines.

Collating is fanzine fandom's wordless mantra I had not yet settled into the hypnotic rhythm as I reached for the fifth page with my right hand to complete the first sweep. That's when everything changed.

Foggy's left paw shot out like a piston, accompanied by something that sounded like a snarl. Foggy doesn't snarl. He batted at my hastily withdrawn hand and then plopped his paw squarely down on the sheet I'd tried to take.

It may sound like a small thing, especially to the chronically cat-less, but it was momentous. The same cat who stoically endures our friends' attempts to exact revenge for the sins of Slugger had become territorial... and militant.

I was glad to see this partiality toward fanzines. Foo Manchu had a

similar affinity for fanzine pages, so he had enjoyed the almost weekly publishing sessions back in Brooklyn. Maybe Foggy's unexpected vehemence heralded a similar frenzy of publishing.

How little we knew! How innocent we were!

We battled Foggy for control of the collating table for several days. I finally finished and put the remnants into the recycling bin.

Things returned to normal. Foggy still visited the table regularly, but he again became the lovable, if passive, cat he had been prior to the fanzine page incident.

A couple of days later, though, I noticed he had taken charge of a fanzine that Marcy Waldie tossed on the table along with the rest of the day's mail. Foggy had pulled it from the stack and was sleeping on it when I came upon him. I noticed the title. "Must be nap **Thyme**," I said to my most appreciative audience, me.

When I told Joyce about this, she wasn't surprised. "Now that you mention it, he always curls up with a fanzine when he finds one," she commented. "He sometimes turns the pages, but then he falls asleep."

"I know how he feels," I replied.

We congratulated each other on having a fanzine fan cat. We were so glad he didn't turn out to be one of those convention kitties. "Thank Ghu he's not one of those geeky cats who wears funny costumes 24 hours a day," Joyce sad. "He won't even wear a collar."

There was one anxious weekend when Foggy had a brief infatuation with a computer keyboard. We feared he was the feline Farber, kitty king of the Internet. Then he got bored with the computer after a day or two and went back to hard copy zines.

Foggy's fanzine mania didn't always go smoothly.

"Foggy had an accident," Joyce told me one afternoon.

"He did?" This was bad news, indeed. An indoor cat who doesn't use his box is a disaster. "What did he do?"

"He peed on **Mira #2!**" First an enthusiastic reader and now a savvy critic! "What are we going to do?"

"Relax, it's not really that bad," she went on. "It was already lining the cat box when he did it!"

We produce a lot of fanzines around here, including copying for other Vegrants. So it wasn't long before stacks of fanzine pages again covered the dining room table.

Joyce and I set up the pages for assembling **crifanac**, noticed the time and decided to go get some lunch.

I'll never forget the sight when we returned. I opened the door between the garage and the dining room and scurried to the alarm control box to de-activate the system.

I stopped dead in my tracks.

Foggy was on the table with the five piles of **crifanac** sheets. He had dragged pages off each of the piles. I was just about to give him a stinging, "Bad kitty! Bad Foggy!" when I noticed that the sheets he'd pulled were in the right order! In fact, each group of four were sort of criss-crossed.

I hardly noticed the alarm which I had neglected to shut off in time. "Joyce, come here!" I called to her. When she saw what Foggy was doing, she clutched her heart. I led her to a chair.

"I can't believe it," she said. "I just can't believe it."

"I know, I know," I soothed. We watched Foggy drag himself back and forth across the table. Finally, Joyce regained her equilibrium and her color improved. "This is remarkable," she said.

"Yes, it certainly is a wonderful thing," I murmured. Then louder: "We have a collating cat!"

Despite Las Vegas Fandom's isolation from the rest of fandom, the news spread rapidly. Soon fandom was awash in reactions as the stunning news of the Celebrated Collating Cat of Clark County reached even the hermit-like Jim Trash.

Characteristically for fandom, comments on the phenomenon run the gamut. Each of the many comments reflecting the unique perspective of the particular fan.

Robert Lichtman saluted the collating cat's achievement, but in a DNO in the same letter, wondered if Foggy could jog the paper evenly enough to collate the next **Trap Door**...

Gary Farber didn't have any comments, but he did forward the story about Foggy to everyone on the Internet...

Harry Warner said that he thought it was probably a good thing, but he hoped it wouldn't bring too much notoriety to fandom. Then he told a long anecdote about a neighborhood cat...

Ken Forman wrote of it enthusiastically, though he mourned that he hadn't constructed his giant FAPA mailing collator so Foggy could work it....

Greg Pickersgill was not very impressed. "It's just those Americans strutting their egos again about something stupid."

Jack Speer noticed two typos and a comma fault in the **crifanac** write-up.

Andy Hooper rhapsodized about the little miracle of Toner Hall in an entertaining essay that somehow cast Foggy as John the Baptist or maybe Hunter S. Thompson.

John Hardin said he had a lot of comments, but he never got around to writing them.

Rob Hansen wrote (in part): "Very interesting report, but it completely ignores the collating cow owned by Manchester Fandom in 1953 and most of 1954."

John D. Berry did a whole fanzine about the Celebrated Collating Cat of Clark County. Unfortunately, he never got around to describing his impression of Foggy, because he devoted all eight pages to an account of his pilgrimage to Las Vegas...

Christina Lake said that maybe she'd been hanging around Americans too much, but this collating cat proved that Americans had better cats. She added that she hated to read about Foggy's fannish feats, because she didn't like cats in the first place.

Victor Gonzalez viewed the whole cat collating phenomenon cynically in **Squib**. "This obsessive pre-occupation with the collating cat — collates, mind you, not writes or draws — diverts attention from important things like this fanzine."

Dave Langford wrote something witty about it. Unfortunately, since it appeared in **Ansible**, only 14 fans had sufficiently acute sight to actually read it. They were quick to assure the rest, however, that it was quite witty and well up to the Langford standard. The rest of fandom accepted this judgment and sat back to wait for the next Langfordian gem...

Steve Stiles wrote, in a letter of comment "I am truly amazed by your collating cat. This shows what benefits even a pet animal can get from a solid Jewish home."

The excitement ended as quickly as it began. Even as the fame of the Celebrated Collating Cat of Clark County reached into every corner of fandom, it was poised on the brink of oblivion. It traveled the distance from front-page mentions in **Ansible** and **The Jaziel** to a future stumper in a Corflu trivia game in record time.

I knew that the whole Foggy phenomenon had reached its ultimate when I got the e-mail from Ted White announcing his impending visit to inspect our fannish feline.

A week later, I opened Toner Hall's front door to fandom's foremost Insurgent. Before I could say anything, Tom Springer and Ben Wilson

darted forward and snatched up his bags.

"Hi Arnie," he said. "What's new in fandom?"

"Well, Ted, there's the cat."

"I rather thought you'd mention it."

"That's why you're here," I said. "Isn't it?"

"That's true," he said.

I dumped Stan the Inferno out of a table-side seat. Joyce thrust a diet coke into his hand. The buzz muted, as fans pondered whether to watch Foggy collate, or watch Ted White watch Foggy collate.

With no such distractions, Ted focused his entire attention on Foggy. Our little white-and-black buddy didn't disappoint, either. Arrayed on the table were five stacks, pages enough for 150 copies of **crifanac**. Most of it was about Foggy, as usual.

Even the penetrating gaze of Ted White didn't ruffle Foggy. He'd gotten used to an audience. Since he still couldn't recognize me, it might've been asking too much for him to spot Ted among the onlookers. Besides, Foggy hadn't met Ted.

Foggy dragged a sheet off the first pile and used his paw to flip up the corner, to check the other side I heard a gasp of admiration.

"Was that Ted?" I wondered, but I couldn't bring myself to look. By the time my attention returned to Foggy, he'd piled a sheet from the second pile onto the first and was in process of getting the third. Number four came after number three, as Foggy pushed the page onto the little pile.

Then it was time for the fifth and final sheet. When the last page had joined its predecessors, Foggy stood triumphantly on the collated copy. He turned slowly, looking at all the fans there to see this miraculous event. He offered a victory howl to the heavens.

Ted White watched for awhile as Foggy assembled a second copy. Foggy was engaged in his celebration ritual, when Ted White nodded his head slightly and pushed back from his BNF table-side seat.

"What do you think, Ted?" I blurted when I couldn't stand the waiting. "What about Foggy, the Celebrated Collating Cat of Clark County?"

"Geez, Arnie," Ted said. "He collates, but he's so damn slow."

The crowds dispersed, grumbling. We trashed that issue of **crifanac** and did a hurried four-page replacement. The lead story involved a well known fan with back problems.

Foggy stopped collating altogether after that. He still occasionally bats at a sheet of paper, but his heart isn't in it. I'm going to have to collate this myself. -- Arnie

Catch & Release

Andy Hooper reels in another whopper

January is a problematic month for fanzine collectors. Most of the fanzines which arrive during January bear a date from the previous year, and it is difficult to know whether one ought to count them in creating tallies and lists of the previous year's fanzines (assuming one is prone to such fanboy archivist geekery).

Some of them should be counted as being (say) 1998 fanzines, because the editor genuinely finished the fanzine in December but various agencies conspired to delay its delivery (to you?) until January 24th or so. Other fanzines will arrive with a date of December 28th, and talk about things that happened on New Year's Day in the editorial. I find myself wondering how anyone, even Robert Lichtman, the Denver Atomic Clock of fanzine fandom, can be expected to arrive at a definition that is satisfying to everyone, including the editor whose fanzine is metaphorically red-shirted.

But such a judgment is ephemeral, and difficult to pass on to future fans who will take a fanzine's date at face value. And sometimes aesthetic symmetries argue strongly in favor of an editorial fiction.

In the case of **Mainstream #17**, edited and published by Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins, it seems appropriate that this final issue completes a twenty-year arc, and takes every advantage of the continuity and sense of connection that two decades of editorial guidance can provide. (One might have a sense that this is the final issue even without being told; it's gorgeous work, but it's all photocopied, due to continuing difficulty with their mimeo.)

The fanzine may have been stapled and distributed on the 1st of January, but the colophon suggests it should be considered as one of the last fanzines of 1998, and the quality of the material demands that we it count as one of the best.

Probably the sexiest piece here is Stu Shiffman's "Adventure of the Danzig Mien," which is a radio play that combines elements of the Sherlock Holmes canon and The Goon Show, with results which I

found mostly hysterical and very occasionally puzzling (but happily, 32 footnotes explain a healthy proportion of the jokes and references). Shiffman's deft hand at illustration, and his unique sense of history and humor made him one of my first favorite fanzine contributors, and it is a great treat to see a major piece from him here. Ironically, his is one of the more minimally illustrated sections of the fanzine; work by Steve Stiles, Craig Smith, Bill Rotsler and Jeanne Gomoll (!) decorates the rest of the fanzine, and the striking wraparound cover by Teddy Harvia is unquestionably one of his best published works.

Many of **Mainstream's** other "regular" contributors are here too, like Gary Farber, Terry Garey, and Eileen Gunn. Luke McGuff's excellent article "2 Months and 2 Days in the life of the Fuzzy-Wuzzy Rug Company", first appeared in his own fanzine "Project Z" and is well worth reprinting. "A Funeral, Some Anniversaries and a Wedding" is an amusing slice-of-life from Allen Baum, who raises the spectre that perhaps Jon Singer is "related" to everyone in the world, as well as acquainted with them. And Jerry and Suzle both contribute very strong editorials, which give the impression that they've been delighted with the two-decade run of the fanzine, and equally happy to see it come to an end.

Mainstream has never been a controversial title; its hard to pursue a feud in a fanzine which often goes three or four years between issues. But to me, it has been a consistent hallmark of friendly, intelligent fanac. I can hardly be considered an impartial observer; Jerry and Suzle have been kind enough to publish my work on several occasions, and my stuff always looked better in such company. Sometimes, critical opinion is redundant to the measure of something that has meaning greater than the sum of its parts, and I think perhaps this is one of those occasions. Jerry and Suzle, thank you for sharing seventeen excellent issues with us, and congratulations for closing on such a bright note.

Fanzine Reviewed: **Mainstream #17**, edited by Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins, 3522 NE 123rd St, Seattle, WA 98125. -- Andy Hooper

Continued from page 2

Jim Turner died recently. Frank saw the obituary ran in a Seattle newspaper.

Jim Turner came to fandom's notice as part of Columbia, MO, fandom, a college-oriented group that flourished in the early '70s. He maintain contact through par-

ticipation in Terry Hughes' fanzines and was an early participant in Seattle's Vanguard club from its '89 inception.

Jim was famous more for his larger-than-life personality than any fanzine productions. Prodigious in both physical size and appetites, Jim Turner provided a lot of the charmingly rebellious

spirit that made the Columbia group so endearing.

Hirsh Starts Fanzine Auction

Irwin Hirsh (26 Jessamine Ave, Prahran East VIC 3181, Australia. Email: irwin@start.com.au) has announced a fanzine auction that features a number of tempting items.

The auction, which has a March 12 deadline, offers material from John Bansung's fanzine collection. Half the proceeds go to the great, and presently needy, Australian fan, with the other half divided between DUFF and GUFF. (See box on page 2 for details of some of the items up for bid.)

Changes of Address

Bridget Bradshaw, 46 The Oval, Henlow, Beds, SG16 6EU, UK

Shelby Vick, shelvy@springfieldcable.net

See you all nextish! -- K&A