

Now... for the fans at Toner Hall and the dozens around the world, this is.. **crifanac #4**, 7/20/98, The Fanzine of Newtonian Insurgentism. This (allegedly) triweekly and lovably feisty fanzine is co-edited by the somewhat lovable Ken Forman (7215 Nordic Lights Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89119) and the sporadically feisty Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). Superstar Helpers: Marcy Waldie, Ben Wilson, Cathi Wilson, Joyce Katz, Aileen Forman.

**NewsSquint** Snoopers: Rob Hansen, Vincent Clarke, Chuch Harris, Victor Gonzalez, Jack Speer, Laurie Mann, Robert Lichtman, Steve Green, Bill Bowers and Tommy Ferguson.

Columnists this issue: Joyce Katz, Andy Hooper, Chuch Harris, Rob Hansen.

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

You can send egoboo electronically: [crifanac@aol.com](mailto:crifanac@aol.com)

We're still pretty militant about being a member of fwa, though we wonder who got elected past president. We're still with AFAL, but we're shaky.

Now is when we fan.

Number 4,  
July 20, 1998

# crifanac



## NewsSquint

What We Know, as soon as We Know It

### Crifanac Gets New Address

To bring order out of cyber chaos, **crifanac** has acquired a new address. From now on, you can send news, letters of comment, and other **crifanac**-connected correspondence to: [crifanac@aol.com](mailto:crifanac@aol.com). The other addresses previously mentioned in (and used by) **crifanac** are still in force, so nothing will be lost.

We're sure you're just as thrilled about the new address as we are. Why not give it a try... today!

### Ferguson Plans FMZ Reviewzine

Tommy Ferguson (e-mail address: [tferg@dial.pipex.com](mailto:tferg@dial.pipex.com)) plans to mail the first issue of a brand-new fanzine at the end of July. "For the past couple of months (ever since I got my wonderful new job) I've been putting together a new fanzine project which is finally just about to come off, he tells cf. "Basically it is an ensmallzine, definitely not as frequent as **crifanac** and with one idea at its root: to review fanzines. Yep, a fanzine reviewing fanzine.

"The first issue will be mailed at the end of July (Civil unrest notwithstanding) with an initial mail out of 500 copies or thereabouts," he says. "This will hold true for issue two as well, which I hope to get out for Novacon and after that the list will come down."

"In issue one, title to remain a secret until publishing (hey, gotta keep something back), reviews of your first three issues and **Trap Door** to lead off with," says our newest, bestest fan friend in the world. (Someone who would never hurt our tender feelings or make us Very Sad.) "A few pages of mini reviews and possibly a short article on fanzine reviewing. Very little editorial presence. Development will include lettercol and possible contributions (ideas and sug-

gestions always welcome)."

Our first instinct is to say that this is a great idea. On second thought, though, we've decided to withhold judgment until we see if **crifanac** survives its turn on the griddle. (Have we poured on enough syrup yet?)

### Bowers Plans Largest OW

Bill Bowers is playing coy about the fine details, but he says **Outworlds** readers should prepare to receive the largest issue in the fanzine's long history. There's still a couple of weeks before publication, but Bill's got about 80,000 words of material between the covers. "This total does not, repeat not, include a couple of multi-page pre-formatted contributions," the shell-shocked editor observes. "Nor does it include the LoCs, editorial matter/natter and an excess of photos, art and covers."

**OW #70** is Bill's 200th fanzine. "Not an impressive number, since 1961, to multi-apans, I suppose," admits Bill, "but a sufficient excuse for me to bug, cajole, threaten, coerce, bribe, plead, er, solicit a wide variety of folks for contributions. I suspect I may have, for once, overdone it."

Among the issue's many attractions

### In This Issue...

NewsSquint...	1
Charrisma	2
Talking Out Loud	3
Timely Response	4
Fanzine Spotlight	4
Visiting Vincent	5
Critical Froth	8
Fan Dance	9
Catch & Release	10
CoAs	10

is one sure to grab the attention of fanzine fandom's fanhistorians: rich brown's fascinating re-examination of the 7th Fandom movement and the legendary Midwestcon Door Incident involving Harlan Ellison and Jim Harmon. Rich gave **cf** an advance look, and it's going to be one of the year's most important fanhistorical essays.

The page-count isn't completely settled at **cf** press time, but Bill says **OW #70** will surpass the 120-page **OW #62**. "...and then I'm looking forward to giving new credence to the term 'ensmall,' vows Ohio's top fanzine publisher.

### Tami Vining Escapes Accident

Long-time Seattle fan Tami Vining escaped a nasty construction accident without lasting harm. While working on the foundation of Kate Shaefer and Glenn Hackney's house when a secondary wall collapsed, trapping her.

Somebody called 911, and Tami was extricated — but not before her story made the local TV news. She spent one night in the hospital.

### Las Vegrants Get Cookin'

About a dozen members of Las Vegrants celebrated Independence Day with a barbecue meeting, jointly sponsored by the Chicago Science Fiction League. Everyone had a good time, plus hot dogs, chicken and deviled eggs.

Present were Arnie and Joyce Katz, Ben and Cathi Wilson, Ron Pehr and Raven, Don Miller, Ray and Marcy

Continued on next page...

# NewsSquint

Continued from previous page

Waldie, Alan and DeeDee White and Lori Forbes. Among the missing were Ken and Aileen Forman and Su Williams, the Vegrants' contingent at the Westercon, and Derek and Allison Strazenski, who were celebrating their anniversary.

## Life on the CUFF

Lloyd and Yvonne Penney won't be detouring to Las Vegas during their forthcoming CUFF trip, but it won't be a total loss for those unable to join them in their triumphant return to Montreal. The popular Canadian couple plan to write a CUFF Trip Report.

"I'm already planning the publication," Lloyd claims. "in an effort to describe the fun state of CUFF politics, and to raise funds for future CUFF winners."

"Hey, we'd love to come to Las Vegas, no lie there. Invest in your CUFF winners, and perhaps we could make a slight detour..." Lloyd didn't mention the cost of this travelogue,

but \$100 should cover it. Or you can try a ten-spot and see if he bites.

## More on the MiScon Mishmash

"Having discovered the Clarence Hotel (venue of the first three MiScons) is no longer a family-owned business, Martin [Tudor] and Tony [Berry] have deep-sixed any thoughts of running a MiScon there next year or in the foreseeable future," reports Steve Green. "In any case, Martin's chairing Novacon 28 and Tony's been approached ref N30, so they're both busy.

"Pity: it was a charming venue, and MiScon won't be the same without it," he adds wistfully. "There's always the Bestwood Lodge, site of minicon Year of the Wombat and Simo's wedding, I suppose..."

**Crifanac** mourns the death, or at least coma, of this event, and of the seemingly endless stories it has generated until this point. We were really counting on them for those inevitable

slack periods ahead. Won't someone please revive talk of this con? You can always back out before you have to do anything, and it does so much toward filling our pages.

## Up to Now Up for Auction

If you don't have A Sense of FAPA, the 1994 Arcturus Press edition of Jack Speer's *Up to Now* is the only other source for this must-read fan-history treatise. Jack is entertaining and informative about fandom's early years and introduces the still-controversial Theory of Numbered Fandoms.

According to Dave Truesdale, this 1994 printing numbered just 100 copies, so it's already something of a rarity. Dave ran into someone at a con recently who sold him five. He kept one, naturally, and sold two to people who wrote to him in response to on-line posts. The fourth copy went to Laurie Mann for the FanHistoriCon Exhibit at this year's science fiction world convention.

But ah, the fifth! That was donated for actual for the benefit of TAFF/DUFF. Bombard your local administrators with requests, besiege

Continued on page 10

# Charrisma

## Chuch Harris has his Eye on the Prize

As usual **crifanac** arrived at a supremely opportune moment so let's talk about this free lifetime subscription for the full story of how I got back on the loop.

It's not that I don't trust you but I haven't forgotten how I was pedaling away on my bicycle as **Wild Heirs'** big European Supremo and High Honcho for Europe and All the Other Bits whilst everyone at Home Office was zooming around in Cadillacs with nubile hot toddy on the back seat, pockets full of skimmed subscription money and a gold embossed card for the Sinatra funeral.

I told you of my transportation problems and you oozed sympathy. "Leave it with me, dear Chuchypal. I will take care of everything and ensure you get a square deal."

And so you did. You sent me a new bell to fix on the handlebars and another feeble excuse about the sole autographed copy of *The Incomplete Burbee* which was mysteriously lost in the mail somewhere. Big deal.

Sometimes Arnie I worry about you. How come, after I told you in strict confidence about my childhood trauma involving the mad rabbi and his horrid pencil sharpener, every damn Vegabond was making sly illusions about how Chuchy got the point?

I guess though that I shall have to trust you with this worldwide scoop. Don't forget to tell me about there is no crass cash alternative to the free lifetime subscription and apologise for the sad demise of **Crifanac** as of this issue.....

Now, once upon a time in the village of Prosaic in the country of Mundane the computer was taking four hours to warm up before I got a solitary e-mail on the screen, and I needed to mortgage the house to raise money for the phone bill. Rasff was full of vile hucksters trying to corrupt me with full frontal photographs of their aged grandmas -- all sags and wrinkles in desperate need of a full face lift from the ankles upward.

(Don't misunderstand me... I am all in favour of a little corruption (or even a big corruption come to that), but there are limits and anyway my dear wife gets angry and

suspects they are pin ups from my fan group at the Daventry Darby and Joan Social Club.)

Anyway, there didn't seem to be much future in the Net so I opted out, used the rig as a glorified typewriter and skipped the four hour warm up time and the elderly ladies. It did seem pretty pointless though and I missed the friends and the chat.

So yesterday a brand new two week old Saab coupe, all shiny and sparkling with the showroom gloss, pulled into the drive and there was John Harvey and his trusty screwdriver. His wife Eve, as usual, was far away, --- I think she was at Oman in the Persian Gulf ----last time it was either Peru or India----teaching the locals the joys of computer accounting. That's her dream job and she's been just everywhere in the world except China and the icecaps..and as soon as Bill Gates opens his offices there I expect Eve will be right behind him.

I admired the car, (somehow John didn't seem to hear me when I offered to road test it for him), and asked when the next thrilling issue of the *Harvey Wallbanger* was coming out. (I think he mumbled something about joining the Hyphen example for an irregular schedule), and I sobbed out the whole sad story of my rig..

"No problem," said John. "I've got a spare box in the car that you can have. We'll refit it with the modern Patrick gave you and the hard disk and the whozis and see how it goes."

There's a sort of blur as the screwdriver whisks round and bits are shifted around and tightened up and plugged in and suddenly the whole new thing is working just fine. Much of it is still a mystery-----there is even a grille on one side that is probably a speaker and a green display "40" on the front that must have some significance, but it's ready for use 8 minutes after I've switched on which is the main thing.

But not the best thing of all..."Er, how much do I owe you for the box and all the new stuff, John?"

"Nothing at all," he said, "It's just bits and pieces that I had lying around and you're more than welcome to them. Just phone me up if you get anymore problems or if everything slows up again."

So there you are -- the whole story and a happy ending.

What more do you want for a lifetime subscription.

-- Chuch Harris

# Talking Out Loud

Arnie Katz speaks through a hole in his head

## It's Me, Again

Ken and I alternate positions in **crifanac**. This would normally be his turn, yet here I am in his Spot.

I wrested it from him in an editorial *coup d'etat* because of Flow. I conceive **crifanac #4** as gradually building to the dramatic crescendo that is part two of Ken's trip to Alaska.

It's only logical. If "Critical Froth" is first, the flow is All Wrong, You'd run smack into this must-read immediately after a two-page **NewsQuint** appetizer. Senses enflamed by our reportage, you encounter the literary thrill ride that is "Critical Froth." Everything after that, including my column, would be anti-climactic.

We can't have that. It contravenes the Natural Order. That's the way I'll explain it to Ken when I hand him this **cf** and he sees that my column precedes his..

Actually, optimal Flow requires 12 pages, not 10.

The Post Office killed the 12-page fanzine. The envelope requirement for foreign-bound fanzines makes it impractical to do a 12-pager. The US copies of a 12-page **crifanac** would squeak through, but the Canadian and overseas copies would slop over into the next postage category. Since we're already paying a buck a copy, Ken and I avoid this extra expense by observing the 10-page limit.

Ah, what might have been if **crifanac** could attain its proper 12-page size. Think of the delights that might fill those two never-to-be-published pages! Articles, stories and sumptuous illustrations, diverting to even the most blase fanzine fan, are destined to stay forever unseen. One might well weep for the loss of those two pages of *Fanthology*-bait.

You may want to write the Post Office an angry letter.

## Call Me 'Scoop'

As most know, this isn't the first time I've carted my fannish coals to this particular Newcastle. Perhaps it's not so unusual that someone whose career is finding interesting info about games spends spare time trying to find interesting info about fanzine fandom. (Remind me to speak to you about being more interesting.)

Rich brown was my mentor in this, as in so much else. He and Mike McInerney co-edited **Focal Point** in the mid-'60's. Mike's semi-gafla put "30" to that chapter.

I don't recall the details of rich and my decision to revive **Focal Point**,

but that's what we did in the late '60's. He led the way, and I learned the ropes as we maintained a more-or-less biweekly schedule. Rich, one of the great fan journalists, taught me how to gather and write the news.

Whereas rich and Mike produced a **Fanac**-sized zine, our **FP** filled 12 pages with columns, articles and even faan fiction. It wasn't quite a brand new format, since Greg Shaw's **Microcosm** had already pioneered the ensmallled fanzine, but it was novel for a newszine. (Another non-newszine, Ted White and Les Gerber's **Minac** was also influential.) After the 1971 Bob Shaw Fund, **Focal Point** became a frequent genzine.

I wasn't done with newszines, though. I returned to the field, with Joyce as co-editor, with the four-page biweekly **FIAWOL**. I wish I could tell you fascinating stories about it, but I didn't even know we'd done two, three-issue runs until Robert Lichtman proved it to me.

**FIAWOL** must've been some kind of Major Trauma at the Katz home, because Joyce doesn't recall a single thing about it, either. Maybe they were published by pod people. Maybe the shock of our 1977 gafla blotted out the period which preceded it.

Whatever their genesis, the roots are fairly obvious. **FIAWOL** is Arnie and Joyce doing their version of a **Fanac** revival. I view it as a competent failure, doomed by its editors' growing detachment from fandom.

And now there's **crifanac**. I wouldn't have returned to newszines yet again without a few new ideas, and Ken has contributed quite a few of his. We hope you like what we're doing and we'll try to do it better as we get more in the groove.

Scope is the main difference. **Focal Point** reported all of Fandom and lots of pro stuff, too. Fandom was less atomized, less segmented into subfandoms, in the '60's.

**Crifanac** is solely and purely about fanzine fandom and the members of our curious tribe. We don't care about cons, except as they relate to fanzines and fanzine fans. We'll let you know when one of our bunch sells something professionally, but we're just as excited by someone selling an article as a piece of science fiction.

**Crifanac** must be open to all aspects of fanzine fandom, not just the parts that most interest its editors. We want every fanzine fan to feel welcome. (Well, I do.... but Ken is

weakening.) I don't claim to love you all, but family is family. Of course, we'll cover the things that mean most to us, just like every other fanzine, but there's room for everyone who wants to participate.

Well, 10 pages, anyway....

## Toward Pan Fandomism

Only one of the many loc-writers misconstrued my article in **crifanac #2** as an attack on fans who favor other forms of fanac. It was definitely not my intention to denigrate any fan or subfandom.

I described fandom as a series of non-concentric circles. Interest Group Sci Fi includes everyone who likes science fiction and fantasy. All Known Fandom is a subset of Interest Group Sci Fi that includes everyone who enjoys SF and fantasy sources as well as the primary ones. Somewhere within All Known Fandom lies the circle of Fandom, composed of people who actively participate in *any* type of fanac.

And somewhere within the circle of Fandom lies our circle, Fanzine Fandom. I didn't mention the other circles which also lie within Fandom, nor that they overlap ours, because it wasn't relevant to the points I was trying to make.

Those circles do exist. Confandom, costume fandom, fantasy gaming, filkdom, digital fandom and all the other subfandoms are also within the circle of Fandom. To switch metaphors in mid circumference, it's like each subfandom is a state, but all the states are part of the same country. On matters which affect the totality of Fandom, we should stand together with our fellow Fandomites.

Without down-playing these Larger Issues, most of what we do as fans is closer to home. We need to stop fretting about fans in other subfandoms and their fanac and concentrate on our own tribe. When we take our fanac beyond fanzines, we greatly benefit from those for whom it is a main interest, just as those who aren't primarily fanzine fans benefit from our experience and expertise when they encounter our type of activity.

I don't advocate turning our backs on Fandom. Fanzine fans helped build it and are responsible for many of its traditions and achievements.

But we *do* need to maintain consciousness of fanzine fandom as our unique subculture. It doesn't matter if other subfandoms neglect aspects of Fandom that we hold dear, as long as we uphold them.

**Crifanac** isn't against any subfandom. We're *for* Fanzine Fandom.

-- Arnie

# Timely Response

The Readers make themselves heard

## Robert Lichtman

The most amazing bit of fannish junk mail hit my mailbox a week or two ago: the first Progress Report for the 1998 DragonCon. Despite the presence of guests like Ray Bradbury, Harlan Ellison, Ray Harryhausen and Forrest J Ackerman, you know you're not dealing with Our Fandom when you read statements such as (in the brief bio of Ackerman), "He even coined the very term 'Sci-Fi.'"

Ken wonders when a neo becomes a BNF. The answer is sometimes never. There's the rare phenomenon of the Perpetual Neo, another subject I'm not going to get into this evening, but there's always been a point past which most fans are no longer referred to as neos, and he's right that activity has something to do with it.

But apparently lost in his thinking on this subject is the fact that BNFdom is something that's given you by your peers, not a passing of so many years and so much fanac under one's belt. It seems to have disappeared from today's fandom, but there used to be the concept of the WKF, or Well-Known Fan. Not a BNF, but not a neo either. Ken probably falls into that rather wide category.

Regarding Maureen Speller's letter, fandom as family really does work out, even with her example of a fan who likes most other fans but happens to dislike Fans X, Y and Z. This certainly directly relates to blood families, where there's always a Crazy Uncle or Mad Aunt or Depraved Cousin to deal with.

I really have mixed feelings about Fanzine Fandom and the Web. On the one hand, your description of a "webring" that ties on-line fanzine fandom together is compelling from the standpoint of this possibly replacing the prozine lettercols and fan columns as a means of entry into fanzine fandom. However, from my point of view the problem with the Web is the lack of true privacy in such a forum. It's one thing to send e-mails back and forth — then you're just subject to the possibility of being copied to others, and hopefully with great discretion—but from my point of view as a fanzine editor I'm only interested in reaching who I'm interested in reaching.

If I'm just a click away from over 50,000 people (All Known Fandom, as you put it), I feel that my forum is instantly less intimate -- and I'm not sure I like the idea of a bunch of strangers looking over my shoulder. I think it would change the character of my fanzine forever. Because of these concerns, for now and the foreseeable future, even when I do finally break down and replace my 11-year-old computer, I'm sticking to paper fanzines. It's already a little weird to

find myself (and other Robert Lichtmans) just a search away from anyone.

Regarding the trivia question, who are the four UK TAFF winners who've visited Las Vegas, I think I know at least three of them: Abi Frost, Martin Tudor and Christina Lake. My memory may be incorrect on this, but it seems to me y'all had a visit from Peter Weston. As for "which past U.K. TAFF winner will never be invited to visit," there are three obvious answers: Eric Bentcliffe, Ethel Lindsay, and Arthur Thomson. Unfortunately they've all passed away. (But I think your actual answer might have been Abi.)

**Arnie:** My only disagreement with your BNF explanation is that I'm not ready to consign "well-known fan" to the scrap heap. A "neofan" becomes a "fan" after about a year of activity. I like "actifan" or "well known fan" for someone who participates at a high level or is widely known to the tribe.

## Claire Brialey

As for the Internet: I've seen some enjoyable fannish websites, and I think the Internet offers quite a lot of ways to enhance what we get out of fandom. Being able to send you this by e-mail, for example, means that I have a chance to read **crifanac** and respond before you close down the next issue, keeping the discussion alive.

I agree with Maureen Speller that it's good to get real post, but I don't really trust our postal system these days and I've not heard great things about yours.

Of course, you could make life even easier by sending the fanzine out electronically, but this is where I feel that convenience outstrips other considerations like aesthetics. Personally, if I get a fanzine by e-mail I have to print it off and format it before I want to read it; and I'd still rather read a

fanzine than browse a website.

Maybe I'll feel differently if I check out Joe Siclari's website, which Ken recommended — although I suspect it will just make me want to see and read the actual old fanzines.

This is why, on the whole, I prefer the approach of something like Greg Pickersgill's Memory Hole, which is collecting and redistributing copies of real fanzines on paper; but that's only a personal preference, and there's no reason why these various efforts to enable as many interested fans as possible to get access to old fanzines and to worthwhile bits of fanhistory can't continue to complement one another.

Then again, I appreciate the opportunity to look up convention details, book travel tickets, check out decent quality photos of fannish events on the Internet. Consequently, I don't begrudge anyone the chance to be fannish all over it, but it's still the case that not everyone does have easy net access and it's not yet a universal medium. Just because we have the Internet doesn't mean we have to use it for everything. I've never seen the point in throwing out a lot of good stuff just because there's a new way to do things; it's as bad as refusing to change at all no matter what. This will, of course, be what Andy Hooper once referred to as our "obvious resentment of tradition" and which we will never give him the chance to forget. But I was forgetting; you make the Andy Hooper jokes around here. The Jim de Liscard jokes, however, are ours.

I note that Maureen Speller once thought that Croydon had imagined Las Vegas. It's just as well she won her well-deserved TAFF trip; I think she needs to see it for herself... We've been accused of making up Jim de Liscard and Tobes Valois, but I suspect that inventing Las Vegas, its fan community or its fanzine output is more than we could manage.

**Arnie:** I'd distinguish between the uses of the Internet for Fanzine Fandom and Internet Fandom. The latter is rapidly assuming the character of a subfandom. Fanzine Fandom

## Fanzine Log

### Arnie monitors current fanzines

Welcome to another installment of **crifanac's** annotated list of fanzines received. All comments are 25 words or less. Andy Hooper is the our fanzine critic and does all the full-length reviews.

**Vanamonde #258-#262**, John Hertz (236 S. Coronado St., #409, Los Angeles, CA 90057). 2 pages. This onesheet weekly arrives in bunches, like a bag of Skittles and is always welcome. Musings, letters and apa-1 comments fill the issues.

**Thyme #121**, Alan Stewart (PO Box 222, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Victoria 8005, AUSTRALIA). 32 pages. This page-count includes the 12-page, bound-in

**Australian News**. Full of stuff like Hugo nominations, of interest to most science fiction fans.

**Raw Goof #2**, Bill Bodden (PO Box 762, Madison, WI 53701-0762). 10 pages. Military miniatures, hats and Bill's health are the main topics of this somewhat delayed personalzine. It's pleasant, even if those aren't normally your interests.

**The Reluctant Famulus #52**, Tom Sadler (422 N. Maple Ave., Adrian, MI 49221-1616). 68 pages. Tom's moving account of his fight against depression adds depth to this general fanzine.

**Jackie Causgrove**, Tom, Sadler (see **TRF #52**). 4 pages. Rider with **The Reluctant Famulus** has tributes by Tom, Jodie Offutt and D. Gary Grady -- Arnie

# Visiting Vincent

Rob Hansen checks in with an update

Visited Vince Clarke this afternoon, who's been moved back to Gillies Ward and, in fact, back into the very bed he was last in a couple of months ago. The incremental progress continues and in fact Vince was sitting in a chair when I got there (his daughter and family were visiting).

Generally, though, the prognosis seems pretty good and they're even talking about maybe sending him home the Tuesday after next. Vince's daughter and the social services people are worried that the downstairs room he'd be sleeping and mostly living in is too cluttered and con-

tains too many opportunities for being tripped. I've offered to help rearrange this when he gets out

Encouragingly, Vince was talking about some of the things he wants to do when he gets out, one of which is to get web-access.

Since he'll probably be pretty housebound, this is a good idea. He seemed to think he'd need to get a new computer, but I disagree. He has a 386 PC with 4MB RAM and a modem whose speed I don't know. I'd have thought the most he'd need to do was maybe get more RAM and a faster modem, mainly to speed up downloading and keep his phone bills low. The main problem is that he has one of those 'vanilla' CIX accounts that doesn't include web-access so either he'd need to get a full CIX account or switch to Demon. Anyone know the relative costs? With Vince living on a small pension, keeping costs down is a major consideration. -- Rob Hansen

interacts and overlaps with it, but our agenda is somewhat different.

## Mike Glicksohn

Yes, believe it or not, it is indeed me, dragged kicking and screaming into The New Fandom by the sadistic ploy of being gifted with a pre-paid e-mail address for a year. Mostly this will give me yet-another way of ignoring the fanzines a few die-hards still kindly send me, but since I'd been experiencing a few twinges of renewed guilt at the increased flow of (unread and unresponded to but not yet filed away) Vegas fanzines, I've gotten lately, it seems only appropriate that my very first, very short, and possibly only emoc should be to you.

The person most responsible for my career as a fanzine fan was probably Vera Heminger who got me involved as a letterhack to the late-60's revival of Seattle's **Cry of the Nameless**. The heady thrill of seeing my thoughts in print was enough to set me along the path to moderate fannish fame over the next quarter of a century.

The two people responsible for my efforts as a fanzine editor and publisher will remain nameless, as will their fanzines that I picked up at a freebie table at Tricon, the 1966 World Science Fiction Convention in Cleveland. But history eventually proved me right when I looked at their efforts and said to myself, "Gee, publishing your own magazine: what a neat idea! But I could do better than these!"

**Arnie:** But, Mike, until we know the name of that catalytic fanzine, we can't authenticate your claim!

## Lloyd Penney

**Crifanac 2...** For heaven's sake, there we are on the cover. The past year has been a steady flow of egoboo for us, and thankfully, it's not stopping. After our CUFF win, and my second-place finish behind Harry Warner, Jr. for Best Letterhack in the FAAn Awards, I've just been notified that I have been nominated for the same Aurora Award I won last year, Fan Achievement (Other) for fanwriting. Can I stand it? Let's follow through with it and find out...

Ah, fans after my own heart... Yes,

Maureen Speller, I prefer the slipping of the physical letter into the postbox to the clicking of the send icon in the e-mail program. And yes, Arnie, we must bend the Internet to our own uses. To paraphrase a certain Vulcan, "Computers are a useful tool, but I would not want to serve under one." Let's use the Net wisely, and preserve the character of fanzine fandom that attracts so many, and keeps one for so many years.

**Arnie:** And I happen to know that there's yet more egoboo. I happen to know you've received a letter saying that you may have already won a multi-million-dollar sweepstakes.

## Gregg Calkins

Okay, okay, I'm *impressed!*

In today's mail, before I opened the enveloped containing **cf #3**, I got a letter from the august OE of FAPA (he was also the february and the may OE -- and presumably will be for november, but who's counting?) saying that he had read about my upcoming move to Costa Rica in your 3rd issue!

Whoa, talk about covering all of fandom, even the obscure fringes... After what you said about **Oopsala!** (even down to remembering the all-important "!", no less) I am reluctant to pose even the slightest hint of correction, but... The truth is that I am not retired, as your suggest. I have been a real estate broker for the past quarter of a century and we have no retirement plan, we just keep on going until we do, in fact, get broker.

After struggling to make a marginal living for the past half-dozen years, I finally became old enough for some sociable security, and it is enough to qualify us for residency in Costa Rica plus also being enough for their economy to afford the basic cost of living.

I may be a slow learner, but I do eventually learn, so we are in the process of moving. The process is a slow one, thus far. I put the house and our land on the market for sale last fall and have been waiting for a sucker to come along.

In the meantime we have made a couple more trips down to Costa Rica, and on the latest one we finally found a piece of property that we want to

buy. Now our motivation to sell and move has just moved up a notch, but we are far from moved yet and far from retired.

Plans at the moment are still to keep on selling real estate, only in Costa Rica. Our anticipated parcel is 7.5 acres of beautiful view land of a gorgeous lake and active volcano, and I intend to subdivide it into about five roughly equal parcels, four of which are going to be available for sale. In addition, I am getting involved with two joint-venture partners for a time-share condominium project, and we also put some money on another property, an equally wonderful 16 acres with possibly a better lake view but a lesser volcano view, and my job will be marketing and sales. Hopefully these will lead to a lot more income than I have been making lately, but it looks like I will be working at it for the next several years, at least.

Great fun seeing my name in print, though, especially considering how you have been treating Burbee and Rotsler and Elmer and SaM and all. I never expected to be old enough to collect sociable security, but then I never expected to read their obits, either.

I'm still in shock from my friends Ron Ellik and Lee Jacobs, and quite unprepared for my contemporaries.

My fannish "father" was Lee Hoffman, back in the days before we had learned the Awful Truth that girls could be the editor of the best fannish fanzine, but close behind her was her good friend Shelby Vick, who soon became my good friend as well. He involved me deeply in his plan to bring Walt Willis to the Chicon in 1952m and we became very close. While I was there in fannish heaven meeting WAW and LeeH and Bea Mahaffey and all, Shelby invited me to come back to Florida with him and visit for a spell after the con was over.

Now I was only 17 years old and had stretched my limits considerably to even be allowed to attend a convention for what my mother regarded as stupid stuff at her most charitable. I had taken the Greydoggy bus from Salt Lake City, which fortuitously happened to contain Forry Ackerman and his wife on their way through town, and traveled with fellow SLC

fan Jim Webbert, who gained some measure of fame at the con.

I was on a very tight leash, but I had obtained permission from my mother to invite Shelby back to my house after the con for a visit, so when he explained that he had a job he had to get back to and why didn't I come to Florida with him, instead, I decided that was a fine alternative. I mailed my folks a post card (long distance calls were considered very expensive in those days) and climbed into a car with Shelby and Joe Green and Henry Burwell, among others, and headed south from Chicago for Florida.

I was having a fine time a week or so later when reality crashed back into existence in the form of a phone call from my mother, who had tracked me down somehow. Apparently she had become concerned when I didn't not arrive on my bus according to my return ticket, and the post card did not arrive for several days after that while she had not the slightest notion of what had happened to me. She had been frantic (and I would have killed any of my kids if they had done that to me in later years), but at that time I was a bit taken back by how upset she was...well, and scared shitless, too, once I realized the position I was in. Just the same, I had a fine time with ShelVY, culminating a couple of absolutely fantastic years, and he likewise owns a very big branch of my own fannish family tree.

**Arnie:** You've taken quite a risk, mentioning those Costa Rican lots. What if **crifanac** readers, frustrated at not obtaining those five precious copies of *Up to Now* bite -- and become your neighbors?

#### Steve Green

I certainly second Rob Hansen's support for "a small, zippy fanzine that has the potential to be a focal point," though there's little chance of one emerging on this side of the Big Pond unless the UK's mail services dramatically reduce airmail costs.

Ensmallled US zines ship for around a dollar, whilst it would cost twice the UK equivalent to make the return journey. Factor in the production costs and the UK's lower average salary (you should hear industry complaining about the prospect of a minimum hourly wage of less than six bucks - and that's if you're aged over 18), and even a modest regular distribution soon becomes a financial nightmare.

Meantime, **crifanac** continues to evolve in the right direction. Unsurprisingly, given my comments elsewhere in that issue, I heartily approve of the fanzine reviews/listings. As Jae Leslie Adams stresses in **Zighn #1**, such self-referencing is crucial to maintaining our sense of community.

**Arnie** On the other hand, Steve, you and our other UK readers can take some comfort in the fact that

your copies arrive before most of the East Coast fans get theirs, even though the domestic ones get a few hours' head start.

#### Harry Warner, Jr.

The second **crifanac** contains many more words than I expected when I received it. I'm not quite sure how you got so much information and opinion into a mere ten pages. You apparently got the number of United States fanzines in 1995 wrong in the Robert Lichtman summary of fanzines received. I suppose the figure should be somewhere from 140 to 149. The results of his calculations are encouraging to those of us who are worried about the health of fanzine fandom. However, the annual total for each year can be quite severely affected by the existence or non-existence of small, frequently published fanzines during those 12 months.

My addiction to FAPA publishing is even more serious than Ken Forman realizes. For perhaps half of its total existence, **Horizons** was 24 pages in size each issue. It began smaller than that and I cut it back to present bulk perhaps a dozen years ago. Why do I do it (a new issue published each quarter since I had a severe case of intestinal flu in the winter of 1943-44)?

Why have I taped every World Series game since the early 1960s? Why do I save every published item about Julie Andrews I come across and meanwhile search endlessly for the one LP I need to complete my collection of her recordings released in the United States (the soundtrack of a musical version of *High Tor* which she and Bing Crosby did for television)? It would take a small army of psychologists, psychiatrists, and anthropologists to make a reasoned guess, but it's just barely possible that I do it because I enjoy it.

And just recently I've done something just as heretical as a neofan putting #56 on the first issue of his first fanzine. For my last publication for SFFA, I dated *The Jewel of the*

Senile January, 2001, and announced that these were advance copies for SFFA members, while the remainder of the edition would be distributed upon arrival of the publication date, assuming I'm in a position to do so at that time. I'm pretty sure this makes me the first science fiction fan to publish an issue of a regularly appearing fanzine dated in the next century and next millennium. It's possible that someone in the past put out a fanzine pretending to come from the distant future as a oneshot, although I can't remember an example.

I feel kinship with Murray Moore because of the tornado that hit his home town. No fewer than four energetic windstorms came through Hagerstown during a two-day period last week and three of them were officially classified as tornadoes after a study by visitors from the National Weather Service. One came within four blocks of my home, and two others were less than two miles from here on their closest approach.

Trees dropped dead, tombstones toppled, the mall suffered partial loss of its roof and one wall, throughout about half of Hagerstown, and at my home there was nothing worse than a couple of downpours of rain and brief moderate spells of wind. Missed me by that much, as Maxwell Smart said several times in different circumstances.

I think George Flynn was a fan before he considered himself to have reached that elevated condition. When he collected science fiction, that made him a fan by my criterion. A fan to me is someone who does something more than just read or watch science fiction, whether it's collecting or writing amateur science fiction or having long talks with individuals who have similar interest or whatever.

It is probably no surprise to you that I am skeptical about fanzine fandom on the internet. There are potential problems. You never know who might happen onto fanzines distributed that way. An ambitious attorney might hunt through them for statements about which he could persuade someone to file a libel suit. Fanzine writings about one's job or job training could be ruinous if someone higher up in the employer's work force found them. A parody on some television series might bring down the wrath of the producers onto all fanzine fandom, not just the writer, for copyright violation.

I should point out before I conclude that to this moment, I haven't detected any evidence of the clap that Ken says I richly deserve. This may not be too bad, because I might have a problem convincing a physician that I just received it at my age, having become 75 1/2 years old just the other day.

#### Gary Deindorfer

Please accept this laboriously hand written Luddite letter, oh avatars of

## NewsSquint Needs Snoopers

Got news?  
Please write  
with details...

**Mail:** See colophon

**E-mail:** Crifanac@aol.com

**Fax:** 702-648-5365

**Phone:** 702-648-5677

computerized electronica? Makes me feel like a gorilla writing a letter to the Queen of England.

I like **crifanac**. It is...snappy. I am sufficiently conversant with fan history that I am aware that crifanac was a title used by Tom Reamy. I see no reason why you can't reuse it. It isn't as though you're reusing such a well established fanzine title in fannish iconography as **Lighthouse**, **Hyphen**, **Void**, or **Quandry**. Those titles have too much fannish weight to them to be reused, I would think.

I have been getting Maureen Speller's **Snuffkin's Bum** and have been vaguely impressed with it, so I guess I am pleased she has won TAFF.

Fanzine fans can only be grateful that you and Ken have escaped from the clutches of inertia long enough to publish what promised to be an energetic ensembled fanzine. It should create "quite a splash" in the microcosm. It promises to raise the energy level of the generalized hobby group; the neurons in the "Fan Brain" should be firing faster because of crifanac...the "snappy" fanzine.

When it comes to my family, I like some members of it, dislike certain members of it, and am actively indifferent to the rest of the members of it. I feel pretty much the same about fandom. For instance, I like Steve Stiles, don't like John Thiel (a real asshole) and am indifferent to Ulrika O'Brien.

I am not a social fan. Haven't been for a long time. I'm kind of a fan hermit. But I guess I regard fandom as my alternative family, or my "tribe," as John D. Berry calls it. There's a lot of water under the bridge there.

### George Flynn

Robert Lichtman's point about the revival of old titles doesn't apply only to fanzines. When we asked for suggestions for a name for the Orlando in 2001 Worldcon bid, about half of the names that came in turned out to have been used by someone, somewhere, sometime for a con name (and most of the others were really bad). As I commented in the committee apa, trying to outdo the collective imagination of all fandom over a couple generations isn't easy. (So we settled for **Magicon 2**.)

Arnie's taxonomy of fandoms is interesting, but I think there's another significant level, somewhere between "Fandom" and "Fanzine Fandom," and much more cohesive than the former. It consists of the people who know the history and respect the traditions inherited from Classic Fandom, whether or not they're actively engaged in our particular sub-fandom.

I don't have a good name for this group ("Traditional Fandom," maybe?), but I'd guess it's about 2000-3000 people. It includes the people who may have been fanzine fans once, but now just hang out with

them; it includes, I think, most of the Permanent Floating Worldcon Committee. What cohesion it has is mostly inherited from Classic Fandom and I don't know if it can maintain itself indefinitely (though online Fandom \*may\* help); but it's there now.

My niece just went to Alaska on her honeymoon. But she's not a fan.

### Vincent Clarke

What a superlative copy of **crifanac 2**! Four mentions of my name. Gee, I never thought signing on as a humble snooper, less than the dung beneath a herd of buffalo, that I'd be smothered in egoboo so quickly.

Yes, **crifanac** is being moulded by the mighty forces of time and newtonian insurgentism (whatever \*that\* is) into the sort of fanzine we all want. I particularly like Arnie's article in which he comes down to Earth and gives possible figures for various sets of fandom.

Two hundred for fanzine fandom sounds about right — Hyphen, if I remember correctly, had about 250 copies — and when a luminary like Redd Boggs leaves us there's a Mark Plummer to step in.

But I must confess that I'm a bit worried about the latest technological advances. Sure, there's good fanzine fans around who are deep in the quicksand of computerism — a gate unknown to the authors of 'Enchanted Duplicator' — but there's a qualitative difference now.

Up to now, a fan with a humble hektograph and one even with an antique computer could each produce paper fanzines, enjoying the mutual family gossip. But, now we have the web, only accessible if you have the right equipment.

Fans who for some reason haven't the cash to get the web sites are disenfranchised. I'd love to get and contribute if possible to the fanac/fan history archive at <http://www.fanac.org> that Ken mentions. But how? For the first time, a small amount (10%?) of us are cut in the cold. Do we form another subset? Up to now, fanzine fans have had an anarchic view of money — some even printed their own — but now it counts.

I shall have to sell off some of the collection, I suppose. Oh well, these last few months have taught me that it's not quite as important as I once thought. Chuch Harris sent me a copy of his letter to you this morning. Glad John Harvey fixed it [Chuch's computer] but there's not a single solitary clue as to what was wrong. Typical. I'll have to ask John. Anyway, he's the guy who fixed it.

Don't take notice of the stuff Chuch was burbling on about 'lupus.'

This, I believe, is an old word for a bug which infects one in hospitals, otherwise known as 'MRSA' or some such. It's true I've got it, but it'll soon clear. It's got nothing to do with 'mixed connective tissue disease'

which is a sort of overall name for what I had — almost complete muscular failure.

The hole in the tum is just for a feeding tube — I can't get food or drink down my throat — only one of the muscles that failed. Okay? I've already sent a slightly peeved letter to Chuch! And, incidentally, it's 'there is progress,' not 'process' when mentioning my health. Makes me sound like a piece of spam!

Anyway, going on with **crifanac**. Fannish family? I got into fandom all on my own. But shortly after was greatly helped by the example of Walt Willis. He was so much better at everything than I was, and a lot of energy was put into staving off fits of jealousy! So I suppose you could call him a bright cousin. (I don't think mother or father ever read a book, tho' they were quite literate.)

### Buck Couison

For most people, reading is work. Either they're required to read business proposals, sales brochures, etc. or they don't read. So they're curious about reading for pleasure — but not very curious.

You mention the dedication, the toil, the egoboo of fanzine production; you forgot the time. Takes awhile to produce one, even with modern equipment. As for why; the only publisher I know intimately is Juanita, and she enjoyed operating the equipment. When she quit enjoying it, she quit doing it.

BNFs are in the eye of the beholder. You don't become one on your own efforts, but are awarded the title. Therefore there is no set time limit or particular type of effort, or even criteria, except the judgment of other fans.

I don't believe in fandom as a whole as a family. Fannish families are smaller units, made up of compatible individuals. They collect (agglomerate?) gradually over time and are subject to change without much notice, though many endure for as good many years. Agreed with Arnie that websites are a valid form of fanac, though it's a form that doesn't interest me personally, any more than groups like First Fandom do. To each his or her own.

I see nothing wrong with "personalzine" (though all fanzines are that, to some extent.) Why does everything have to have an abbreviation? What's your rush? Fandom is supposed to be a leisure activity, so be leisurely.

**Arnie:** Fanzine publishing certainly does take time, though I must admit that computers and DTP have made doing a newszine somewhat less of a grind.

WAHF Irwin Hirsh, Rob Hansen, Steve Green, Bill Bowers

### Art Credits

Bill Kunkel 1

# Critical Froth

Ken Forman has been tripping

*And now... Part II of the intrepid trio's cruise to the frozen North.*

After sailing from Vancouver, British Columbia, up the inside passage, into Ketchikan, our next landfall: Juneau — capitol city of the 49th state.

Juneau has a unique distinction of being the only state capitol without easy access to the rest of the state. No roads travel the coastal mountains into the interior, no roads follow the shore.

The only way into or out of Juneau is by sea or air. Considering we were traveling by cruise ship, this afforded no special difficulty to our visit.

The day dawned bright...very bright. Considering the beautiful rain-free day we spent in Ketchikan, the \*supposed\* rain capitol of North America, we were beginning to suspect everything we'd heard about Alaska.

"It's not cold! It's not raining! There are no mosquitoes! I think they lied to us," cried Aileen as we stepped off the ship.

"Shhh, I don't want the local chamber of commerce to hear you," I tried to shush her. "Maybe the mosquitoes are on strike and I don't want to find out the city hired something nastier to work as scabs." We both decided to relax and enjoy what the locals continued to insist was very unusual weather, although the forecast suspiciously mirrored our native Nevadan forecasts.

Our plans for the day included kayaking in Auk Bay, a first for both of us since neither of us have ever had the opportunity to try that particular mode of human-powered boat. A bus drove us from the port, through the city, to our waiting tour. Along the way, the driver kept up a running commentary of the local sights and trivia.

"Did you know," he spoke into the rearview mirror, not really watching the road, "that Juneau is the largest city in America? Yup, that's right...the largest city. It's over 270 miles long, but no more than six miles wide, but that makes it the largest. We also are the only city in America with a glacier within the city limits." He went on to share other tidbits of knowledge about his adopted city (originally he came from Boston). Many of the facts sounded questionable, but he kept us entertained during the 30 minute drive to the waiting kayaks.

Once at the beach, we could see the glacier which the driver referred to. The Mendenhall Glacier was sixteen miles away from us, across Auk Bay, but it's six mile length (most of which we could see clearly) wasn't ensmallled by the distance. The deep blue color of the ice is quite unlike anything I've

ever seen. Since the ice is compacted by so much weight, it is six times denser than ordinary water ice. The density only allows the most energetic light (blues, indigos, and violets) to pass, hence the unusual color. But I knew there were more glaciers to be seen in the coming days so I turned my attention to the safety talk from our guide, and the instructions of proper sea kayaking.

Unlike canoes (which I'm familiar with), kayaks have a rudder, and the paddler uses a double bladed paddle, so all upper arm effort is put into forward motion, and all turning is done by the feet. Also, the boat is narrower than most canoes, being slightly wider than my hips. These particular kayaks seated two people, completely enclosing our legs in a fiberglass shell, much like the white water kayaks used in the Olympics, but these were much longer and more stable.

Aileen opted for the front. "I've never paddled before," she explained. "This way I only have to concentrate on paddling and sight-seeing." We successfully got into the boat (more like wearing it, rather than riding in it) and attached the spray skirts (water resistant fabric cinched around our waists and completely covering the opening our feet fit through). With paddles in hand, we started moving across the bay.

"Hey, this is pretty fun," my wife called back, between strokes. I was about to agree when the immensity of the situation struck me like a shark attack. Here we were, in a relatively small boat, paddling around a glacier fed bay, gliding over very cold water, and the only thing separating me from the ocean was a fractions-of-an-inch thick fiberglass shell wrapped around my body. High mountains and a glacier filled the horizon, and who knows what kind of exotic cetaceans cruised underneath.

The excitement filled me with a sense-of-wonder I'll never forget. Curiously enough, dipping the paddle into the water, continuously every few seconds for forty minutes tends to wear that sense-of-wonder a little thin. We worked our way across an open bay, against a strong current. Paddle, paddle, paddle. We kept working against the sea. Checking our progress by glancing to the shore, we became discouraged.

If I told you we were creeping, you'd get the wrong idea...we weren't moving that fast. However, the shore moved further away, if not further along, so we made some progress. Aileen pointed out that the ocean current favored our return trip. The aching in my arms asked why we weren't returning immediately. I

ignored the ache and concentrated on other things instead. Flocks of Arctic turns flew in the distance. Their distinct black heads and tails made them easy to distinguish from the more common seagulls.

Small fishing boats in the distance plied their nets seeking salmon and other bounty from the sea. Every now and then, the black head of a harbor seal bobbed above the calm water.

Eventually we made it across the bay to a bird sanctuary on an island. We didn't need to get out of the kayak to see wildlife, the birds came to us. Actually, they spent most of their time in the trees on the shore, but it felt as if they came out to display their beautiful plumage.

"Keep an eye out for golf balls," our guide hollered from his own kayak.

"Golf balls?" I thought.

"Golf balls?" someone else echoed my thoughts.

"Look for golf balls in the trees," he explained. "The white heads of bald eagles look like golf balls against the dark trees. You can't easily see their dark feathers, but their heads really show up."

Sure enough, after a few moments of scanning the trees, I started noticing the white heads of a number of eagles sitting on branches. They didn't seem to be doing anything other than just sitting there, posing.

"Look!" Aileen pointed up in the sky. Following her direction, I saw two eagles flying overhead toward each other — circling and gaining elevation. Even though I'm not a bird specialist, I recognized what we were about to witness: a bald eagle mating flight! These birds have one of the most spectacular mating flights.

The couple flew ever tightening circles around each other, all the while gaining height. Higher and closer they flew until they finally clasped talons. Since there's no way they could fly like this, they tumbled out of the sky. The goal is for them to finish their copulation \*before\* they hit the ground or the sea. Sometimes they don't make it. Our pair finished fifty or so feet above the water, parted ways and flew off into the distance.

Both of us blew out a sigh of relief, releasing breaths we didn't know we were holding. Without saying a word, Aileen and I took up our paddles and started back across the bay. The return trip and the bus ride back was more subdued.

Back at the ship, we took time to shower and change into more summer-like clothes. The weather continued to heat up until it approached desert-like conditions. "I thought we took a vacation to Alaska to avoid the desert heat?" Aileen didn't have anything to add.

High above Juneau is Mount Roberts. The local Indians have built a tram system to carry passengers from the seaport to near the top of the mountain, some 3000 feet above the city. We bought our tickets, and stood in line with 30 other people for



the ride up the mountain.

Ten minutes later, we stood on a precipice overlooking Juneau harbor. The "toy" cruise ships below shined in the sun. After taking in the breathtaking beauty of the scene, we opted for the shorter/easier trail across\* a plateau below the peak of Mt. Roberts. The summit trail looked a little difficult in the heat and sun. Along the way we glimpsed, in the distance, Glacier Bay shining like liquid silver. The sheer number of waterfalls practically overwhelmed us. Water melting out of the snow fields above the timber line ran down every hillside. Distance did nothing to diminish the grandeur.

Back in town, we wandered and shopped through the shopping district near the port. With the heat, and the hike, I heard a beer calling my name from somewhere in the middle of the shops.

Then, there it was — The Red Dog Saloon. Famous in local legend, the Red Dog moved locations three times. The first was when the original building (the location of the bar since 1799) burned down. The second proved too small for their growing business, so in the middle 1800's it moved to its present spot — right next to the police station. Rumor has it that the police station is moving because the neighborhood has gotten too rough.

The Red Dog is filled, floor to ceiling, with hunting and fishing trophies. Not the kind with brass cups on them, this was a taxidermist's dream. It seemed as if there were at least one of every type of game animal in the area. Normally I'm not really happy about hunting, although I don't mind other people doing it. But these animals fit with the decor. All native wood, smoke, beer, and a blues song playing on the jukebox made it work.

The animals weren't the only thing on the walls, flags from hundreds of ships decorated the spaces between the critters. Above the bar, an old gun

and a sign proclaiming that Wyatt Earp left this property with the town's sheriff, but forgot to reclaim it rushing for his ship. Thirty-two ounces of a tasty local lager later, we walked back to the ship.

The next morning we pulled into Skagway, gateway to the Klondike gold fields.

Back in 1897, several prospectors pulled into Seattle, brandishing bags of gold from the "richest gold field in the world." Tens of thousands of people set off to the great white (and gold) north.

The furthest north a boat could reliably travel is Skagway, or her sister town Dyea on a nearby inlet. Canada's border followed the tops of the surrounding mountains. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police require *everyone* going into the Yukon have enough provisions to last one full year without further supplies. This amounted to about a ton of stuff. If you didn't have your ton, you couldn't cross into Canada. No exceptions. To add injury to insult, no one else was about to carry your stuff up 3000 feet and over 30 miles to the pass and beyond.

There are two routes over the mountains, the Chilkoot out of Dyea, or White Pass out of Skagway. A poetic prospector penned, "No matter which route ye goes, ye'll wish ye'd taken the other." Chilkoot was faster, but steeper. The White Pass, while less steep, was longer. Thousands of horses, and hundreds of men died the winter of 1898-99. Many thousands more went over the passes, and up the rivers into the Yukon, only to find that \*all\* of the claims had been staked the previous winter. Only a handful of people made any money from mining.

Six months later, in the summer of '99, a train line up the White Pass made the trek easier. In later years, a few remaining dreamers sought their fortune, but to no avail. The narrow gauge line now serves as a scenic trip up the steep slopes to the pass.

## Fan Dance

Joyce Katz raises the curtain

A lot of my fannish contact is via email these days, through a list-serve called 'TimeBinders' dedicated to fan history. As in discussion groups, the subject matter moves far off target at times. Recently, we've been going round and round about the size of worldcons.

The only thing about the conversations that surprised me is the people who actually like the multi-thousand person worldcons. One fan said she'd like to see more advertising, to bring in even more of the science fiction reading/watching population. Two or three people spoke of familial feelings for the entire con membership. Six thousand... eight thousand... that's not too many. These

big-hearted fen claimed they had room in their hearts to love 'em all. Not me.

I can enjoy being part of big groups. It's fun to thrill with the masses over big time movies, sporting events, patriotic displays and rock festivals. But that's a far cry from attending a family reunion.

Yet I can't enter too eagerly into the threads of conversation that debate cutting back; banning this special interest group; eliminating that people-attracting event.

Perhaps the modern worldcon, with its overblown programs, huge crowds and impersonal atmosphere, is desirable. It's the party Rotsler always said was needed to occupy the masses, while the cool guys (us) go off and have our smaller gatherings for ourselves.

-- Joyce Katz

Aileen knows how much I like trains, so we booked the afternoon excursion. The weather remained beautiful, and the train was practically empty, so I spent much of the three hour trip standing on the landing between cars. I snapped photos like crazy while Aileen videotaped the whole trip.

The next two days we sailed through inlets surrounded by gigantic rivers of ice. Both Glacier Bay National Park and College Fjord provided us with spectacular and exciting views of humongous walls of deep blue ice. Sheer faces of ice towered hundreds of feet over our fourteen story ship. Several times we drifted past glaciers several miles wide. Ice falling from the face of calving glaciers caused loud explosive-like splashes in the water. Tremendous waves fanned out from the impact, some rocking our floating hotel. However, there is almost no way to know when a calving event will happen. Pops or loud creaks may herald a fall, or maybe not. When confronted with three miles of ice cliff covering 270 degrees of our field of view, we didn't know where to look.

"This is like watching a meteor shower, I know that anywhere I look is just as likely to be good, yet I never seem to be looking the right direction," observed Aileen.

I also sunburned the top of my head. Who said Alaska was rainy and cold?

Two exceptional things stand out from the rest of the journey. One of the nights near the end of the cruise, the dining hall maitre' d' did a champagne glass pyramid with thirteen levels, a total of 741 glasses. It required over a hundred bottles of champagne to fill, and the passengers got to take turns pouring. I emptied half a bottle into the top glass and watched it flow down the sides to fill a level near the top. Too keen!

The other incident happened on the bus ride over the Kenei Peninsula, from Seward to Anchorage. We skirted Turnagin Bay (so named because Captain Vancouver had to keep turning his ships back out of dead-end coves he mistook for exits) while the tide receded.

The fast-moving tide often strands small fish on the mud flats. The area bald eagles know about this event, so they stand, ankle deep in the ebbing water, waiting for a convenient dinner. With their white heads down, looking for fish, and their black wings folded on their back, they look like old men casually inspecting their shoes.

Cruising the inside passage may not have shown us any of the interior of the huge state, there's no way I'd want to try to visit it all in one trip. But seven days cruising up the panhandle gave me the bug. I'll have to return, to spend more time hiking, walking, experiencing the wonder of it all.

-- Ken

# Catch & Release

## Andy Hooper fishes for Fanzines

We ought to admit it: most Americans are puzzled by British fanzines. And should be. American fan writers, generally, write about things they think admirable. British fans, generally, find positive comment redundant, and take comfort in the dependability of disaster, incompetence and malevolence. Americans value qualities like capability, invention and cheerfulness; many British fans consider them evidence of idiocy. American fans feel any subject that reflects the passions and interests of a good writer is worth covering; to many British fans, anyone who speaks knowledgeably on a subject is a disgusting little swot or a great windy boffin.

**Banana Wings** and **Attitude** made points with American readers by publishing tortured confessionals from fans still interested in science fiction, but these are too sunny to be considered fair examples of British fan writing ethos. For a more illuminating archetype, I commend the reader to **Sailromania #12**, by Michael Ashley. All elements of latter-day British fan writing are here; whingeing at the writer's life and British society, contempt for fans and fandom, and descriptions of the pleasures and terrors of clinical alcoholism. American readers recoil in horror; a shame, because beneath the caustic smoke screen is a very funny and sometimes almost admirable writer.

In this issue, the second from him in under a year (!), Ashley details his experiences at the Leeds Corflu, or what brief snatches still reside in his memory. If it had been me, I'd have spent as much time at the convention as possible. The local council were remodeling Ashley's flat, moving him to comment: "It's like living in a skip, breathing in plaster, waking to find myself covered in a thin layer of dust every morning." Still, he found it necessary to imbibe large amounts of alcohol *before* reaching the convention, so that he could face fandom without succumbing to the quivering horrors. Nothing which occurred outside the hotel bar was of interest to him, and he can't remember anything that happened "in it", either. Except that the fans were, "on the whole, ugly, hairy and fat."

A trip to watch Bradford Park Avenue thump Flixton FC 3 to 1 was the highlight of the weekend, followed by bits of gossip from Linda Krawecka, which could not see print because Ashley was, quite rightly, afraid that Lillian Edwards would mangle him for

it. In the end, he emerges from Corflu weekend shaken, but actually rather happy, walking a path in the woodland near his home, at the end of which is a little village, and coincidentally, a little pub . . .

Oddly, this is the first Corflu report I've read this year that made me wish I had been there.

It's easy to take the view that Ashley is scum, a hateful alcoholic failure tooling away at his broken life in a dying society, wanting only forgetful unconsciousness as often as possible. Certainly that's the interpretation Ashley seems comfortable with. But it's instructive to consider differences between our cultures before judging Ashley, or British fan writing, too harshly. Even in this era of "New Labour," Britain is still defined by differences in social class which cling indelibly to a person no matter what they achieve. In this country, we regard class as a motile attribute. It is central to our self-concept that we define our origins and not the other way around. Reverse that equation, and comical contempt and disgust can be a palatable alternative to rage.

Michael Ashley lives in a difficult place. We'd call him a social worker here. He works in an "Advice Centre," in a rough Bradford neighborhood called Delph Hill Estates (having stopped in Bradford one afternoon in 1995, the idea that there are parts of it that are considered "bad" is slightly chilling). "Smackheads" and "Speedfreaks" come to him for help in getting medical benefits, the dole, legal assistance, etc. It sounds like hard work. But think of doing it in a society where your clients feel poverty is their only birthright, and that trying to rise above it is a quixotic fantasy that buys into the values of a draconian establishment and marks them as class traitors; then Ashley's job begins to emerge as the Sisyphian task it really is. Plus, at any moment, some friendly Bradford folk might physically attack him for the sheer drunken fun of it. Dipsomania seems like a benign reaction. It certainly puts silly insults about fat American fans into a less threatening context.

As an American, my effort to understand this is doomed to failure. I lost my chance when my Grandfather left Devonshire for Ontario. To get the right rebuttal, a toweringly drunk Alun Harries should lurch into your home about now and begin shouting that I know "fuck-all" about British fandom. He'd probably be right. My advice is to get drunk and forget this whole dismal affair; it's what Michael Ashley would appreciate, and an effective way to grasp the context of his work. -- Andy Hooper

**Sailromania #12**, written and edited by Michael Ashley, 15 Howgill Green, Woodside Walk, Bradford BD6 2SE U.K.

Continued from page 2

them with clamor for this fanhistorical work. Bid fabulous sums.

If someone volunteers to type, and if Jack has no objection, Las Vegrants would be delighted to turn out a 1998 edition to be sold at nominal cost or for fannish charity.

### T'binders to Merge with Fanac.Org?

The most respected fannish website ([www.fanac.org](http://www.fanac.org)) and the most visible listserv (Timebinders) are talking merger. According to Laurie Mann, who runs Timebinders. Says Laurie, "There's an offer from FANAC, which is a 501C3 organization, to formally merge. The informal TB board (Joe [Siclari], Peggy Rae [Pavlat], Bruce [Pelz] and I) likes the idea.

The matter isn't settled yet, though. "Other folks would rather see Timebinders raise the money, create the by-laws and go through the legal issues on our own," she adds.

### Book Marks 50th MidWestCon

A lot of fanzine fans, including me [Arnie], have treasured memories of

Midwestcons, so **cf** thought you'd want to know that next year is the 50th one. Hosted as always, by the Cincinnati Fantasy Group, it is scheduled for its traditional weekend, the last one in June.

Reports super snooper Bill Bowers, "At my instigation — but I've volunteered" Joel Zakem & Frank Johnson to do the work — the CFG will be publishing a combination Memory Book/History of, not only Cinvention & MidWestCon, but the CFG, which goes back to the '30's. I hope to persuade the Cavin One to distribute this 50 page fanzine as a perk of attending memberships, but this is not a guarantee. But I can be persuasive."

Information on this project, as it develops, will be right here in **cf** as well as on the club website ([www.cfg.org](http://www.cfg.org)). And who will write the story of Harriet Kolchak?

### Timebinders Archive Available

Modem-enabled fans can check out the Timebinders before signing up for the listserv's usual torrent of posts. The whole thing is archived at:

<http://sflovers.rutgers.edu/list-archives/timebinders.html> (Those without modems will just have to go on missing those interminable nit-picking discussions awhile longer.)

### Sam's Zines to Sotherby?

Much of Sam Moskowitz's fabulous collection may be headed to Sotherby's, informs Jack Speer. Although best-known for its many runs of obscure 19th Century British fiction magazines and rare SF publications, Sam's fanzine collection is one of the largest in the world.

Unfortunately, **crifanac** was unable to verify an auction at Sotherby's, so we don't know if the fanzines will go under the hammer there or be dispersed in some other way. We're checking, we're checking...

### Fan Finders: George W. Fields

Linda (Burbee) Markstrom, Charlie's daughter, is trying to locate '50's Los Angeles fan George W. Fields. Linda wants to deliver some sincere, belated egoboo. It seems that one of George's paintings hung on Burb's wall right to the end, and Linda would like to let George know how much pleasure it brought her father over so many years.

You can contact Linda at: 10433 Messina Dr., Whittier, CA 90603.

### Changes of Address

Tommy Ferguson, 40 Daramore Ave., Belfast BT7 3EE N. Ireland  
Jim Trash, 16 Harlington Court, Morley, Leeds, LS27 0RT, United Kingdom.