

Now, because you're too cheap to pay for a porn web site, this is... **crifanac #7**, 9/21/98. The Fanzine of Newtonian Insurgentism. This (allegedly) triweekly and lovingly feisty fanzine is co-edited by the essentially lovable Ken Forman (7215 Nordic Lights Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89119) and the amiably feisty Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). Superstar Helpers: Marcy Waldie, Ben Wilson, Cathi Wilson, Tom Springer, Joyce Katz, Director of Vagrant Affairs/Europe: Chuch Harris.

NewsSquint Snoopers: Rob Hansen, Vincent Clarke, Chuch Harris, Bruce Gillespie, Joyce Scrivner, Robert Lichtman, Bill Bowers, rich brown, Gary Farber and Geri Sullivan.

Columnists this issue: Chuch Harris, Irwin Hirsh, Andy Hooper, Bill Bowers, Rob Hansen and Gordon Eklund.

Art: David Haugh, 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.

Number 7
September 11, 1998

crifanac



NewsSquint

What We Know, as soon as We Know It

Leigh Couch Dead

A newspaper clipping brought the sad news of the death of well known St. Louis fan Leigh Couch. The funeral was held September 12, at the New Kutis South County Chapel in Missouri.

Leigh published fanzines, including **Sirruish**, participated in OSFA as a member and officer and was a member of the '69 St. Louiscon worldcon committee. Although not very active on the national fan scene in recent years, Leigh maintained her connection to First Fandom and many of her

numerous old fan friends.

Leigh is most fondly remembered as the matriarch of one of fanzine fandom's most prominent families.

Although husband Norbert, who died a few years ago, was not especially active, the three Couch siblings all contributed to fanzine fandom.

Our condolences to old friends Chris and Lesleigh.

Good News for Suzanne Vick

Suzanne and Shelby Vick got unexpected good news when they arrived at the Alabama hospital for a

September 8th operation to unblock the last remaining unclogged artery in her neck. After a few preliminary tests, doctors told the surprised couple that there didn't appear to be any blockage!

With this medical crisis out of the way, the Vicks will now be able to focus on next spring's Corflu Sunsplash without this worry hanging over their heads.

Joyce's Surgery Postponed

The medical express derailed, without casualties, enroute to Joyce's scheduled cataract operation on September 8th. When Joyce went for a second opinion, per her insurance company, the doctor felt that there might be complications. A subsequent

Continued on next page...

GUNNpoint

Karen Pender-Gunn updates us

Would you like to take a guess at where Ian is sleeping tonight?

Well, if you guessed right, you would say the hospital!

Damn, damn, damn, swear, curse, lots of rude words strung together.

Ian went to have the dressing on his Hickman's catheter checked on Thursday afternoon (that is nice and clean, no infection, thank you very much). At the time they took blood for a blood test. No need to wait they said. So we came home and Ian took a nap. Got a phone call from the hospital at 5.30 pm. Could please come in as his kidney function was way down. (Could someone in the medical profession tell me how they tell you kidney function is down from a blood test?). So off we went. Had to go onto a general ward as no room in oncology. At 11 at night the doctor came to see him. I went home.

Apparently, the chemotherapy he had last week - the cysplatten mucks

up kidney function. His kidneys are enlarged but no real danger, he just needs to be rehydrated. They won't let him home till he is eating, drinking and peeing a certain amount. Guess whose being a stubben bugger and doesn't want to eat and drink? So I have no idea when he will be home.

My sister is coming from Queensland next Wednesday with her fiance happily nicknamed Monster. They are not staying with us. My father is turning up the next weekend, he has never met Ian in the whole nine years we have been engaged, it is also the weekend of a very big engagement party -- champagne cocktails here we come! -- then my mother turns up the next week. Before all this happens I have to clean the top layer of dirt of this house and clean up the garden (I went out and bought the new plants for the garden yesterday afternoon before we went to the hospital didn't I). Anyone want to volunteer to come and clean our gutters? -- Karen Pender-Gunn (8/28/98)

In This Issue...

NewsSquint	1
GUNNpoint	1
Fanzine Spotlight	2
Talking Out Loud	3
Visiting Vincent	3
Timely Response	4
Charrisma	5
OUTburst	6
Vug	7
So It Began	8
Critical Froth	9
Catch & Release	10

NewsSquint

Continued from previous page

visit to a retina specialist and a battery of 10 tests indicated otherwise.

By that time, however, it was too late to go ahead on the 8th as originally planned. The first of her two surgeries is set for September 22, with the second to follow as soon as healing from the first permits.

Corflu Sunsplash Update

See, we told you Corflu Sunsplash would now move forward. From Shelby, via **NewsSquint** Snooper rich brown, comes up-to-date information about Corflu Sunsplash.

"Corflu Sunsplash is April 30-May 2, Panama City Beach, Fl. Sandpiper/Beacon Motel. Membership \$45, Supporting \$15. Courtyard rooms \$72.50, Gulfside rooms \$93.50.

"Three swimming pools, one inside and heated. Send money [for memberships] to Suzanne/Shelby Vick, 627 Barton Avenue, Springfield, FL 32404."

Timebinders Gets New Host

Laurie Mann has given up hosting fandom's most popular Internet list-serv, Timebinders. Joyce Scrivner has

assumed hosting duties without missing a beat, and discussions continue to rage. The group, which now numbers over 100 participants, includes such familiar fanzine fan names as Ted White, rich brown, Bill Donaho, Rob Hansen, Joyce Katz, Lenny Bailes and Jerry Kaufman.

Laurie Mann's resignation followed a protracted debate about the list-serv's content. One faction wanted to bring Timebinders back to its original stated purpose, discussion of fanhistory. The others supported letting Timebinders continue to evolve without constraints

When a suggestion for splitting Timebinders between fanhistory and general fannish discussion didn't gain wide enough support, Laurie stepped down as host. I've turned this over solely to Joyce Scrivner as of now," Laurie says in her last official post. "I'll probably still be a member, and I'll probably be doing some Web site work for Timebinders in the future."

Green Light for Willis Book

Once again, Trufandom triumphs over sloth, parsimony and possibly

other, more interesting sins! Robert Lichtman jubilantly announces that his latest appeal has gotten enough fans to cough up \$8 that he can go to press with his reprint of Walt Willis' *Nebula* columns. An order of seven copies of the projected 100-page collection from Las Vegas put advance orders over the top.

With fundraising done, Robert says of the work-in-progress: "I made a few calls late last week after someone (Bowers, I think) commented that he'd found Office Depot NOT to be the cheapest in his area. I checked with a place that did the last two 36-page issues of **Trap Door** (13 & 14) and they quoted a much cheaper price.

"I'm going to begin getting the 'camera ready' together soon, and I'm glad that a sizable portion of the 100-copy run will be sold already."

Cheslin Plans More Berry

One of **crifanac's** favorite classic fanwriters, John Berry, is slated for another round of reprint volumes. Ken Cheslin, who previously published five volumes of **The Bleary Eyes**, will produce four volumes of Berry's Irish Fandom Stories.

The four hefty volumes — Berry was the most prolific fanwriter of the late '50's and early '60's — will be lib-

Continued on page 10

Fanzine Log

Arnie monitors current fanzines

This is **cf's** annotated list of fanzines received. All comments are 25 words or less. Andy Hooper is our fanzine critic and does all the full-length reviews. I'm just the guy who tidies up the Zine Pile. **Crifanac** makes no pretense that 25 words are enough to fully describe and critique a fanzine. That's just the limit of what we think you can stand from me.

Banana Wings #11, Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer (26 Northampton Rd., Croydon, Surrey, CR0 7HA, UK). 68 pages. Croydon fandom continues to re-invent the British genzine. Paul Kincaid's fanzine column and Mark Plummer's "open letter" to Ken lead an enjoyably diverse issue.

TAFFkin's Bum #1, Maureen Kincaid Speller (60 Bournemouth Rd., Folkestone, Kent CT19 5AZ, UK). 2 pages. An excited Maureen prepares for her TAFF trip and describes her itinerary.

Snuffkin Goes West #1, Maureen Kincaid Speller (60 Bournemouth Rd., Folkestone, Kent CT19 5AZ, UK). 2 pages. Maureen works off more pre-trip jitters with another quickzine. Let's hope actually meeting us won't quench that effervescence.

Olaf #1, Ken Cheslin (29 Kestrel Rd., Halesowen, West Midlands, B63 2PH, UK). 82 pages. This is yet another self-published anthology of cartoons of variable amusement featuring Ken's "Olaf" character.

The Metaphysical Review #26/27, Bruce Gillespie (59

Keele St., Collingwood, VIC 3066 Australia). 96 pages. Travelogues, including a chapter of Irwin Hirsh's GUFF report, fill the rather spartan two-column pages in what may be today's best "serious" fanzine.

The Metaphysical Review #28/29, Bruce Gillespie (59 Keele St., Collingwood, VIC 3066 Australia). 72 pages. Lists, letters and Martin James Ditmar's autobiography are among the highlights of Bruce's second superb double issue.

Pulsar #239, Debra Stansbury (PO Box 4602, Portland, OR 97208). 12 pages. The Portland has short articles as well as news of a trip to see a movie it pans a few pages later.

Snuffkin Goes West #2, Maureen Kincaid Speller (60 Bournemouth Rd., Folkestone, Kent CT19 5AZ, UK). 2 pages. Stop-by-stop, step-by-step coverage of the early part of Maureen's TAFF trip. Brief, but delightful notes.

Situation Normal Vol 9 Num 9, Aileen Forman (PO Box 95941, Las Vegas, NV 89193-5941). 4 pages. Aileen returns as editor of SNAFFU's newsletter. Perhaps she will re-establish links between the club and the rest of fandom in future issues.

OutWorlds #70, Bill Bowers (4651 Glenway Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45238-4503). 150 pages. Rich brown's 7th fandom article is this year's best fanhistory piece so far, and **OW #70** is crammed with fine stuff.

SFSFS Shuttle #135, Mal Barker (PO Box 70143, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307-0143). 22 pages. This is a model for all club newsletters. Plenty of local coverage and general-interest fanwriting. -- Arnie

Talking Out Loud

Arnie Katz speaks through a hole in his head

The story about Curt Phillips in **cri-fanac #6** may have inspired more than one "who's he?" from our readers. He's come into closer contact with many fanzine fans recently through participation in Timebinders, so his doings have become germane to our editorial mission.

While our subfandom (Fanzine Fandom) is just becoming aware of Curt, he's a well known publishing fan in a different subfandom. Curt Phillips is an active participant in Southern Fandom.

You know about Southern Fandom. You know about how Lee Hoffman fooled the boys, and how Shelby Vick got Willis to Chicon II in '52 and the Nolacon's room 770. You may still have your Pogo books and can quote snappy sayings like "Who sawed Courtney's Boat?" and "Yeast is yeast is yeast," until even Andy Hooper runs out of trivia questions.

As the Firesign Theatre once proclaimed, "Everything you know is wrong". Apparently, there are times when yeast is *not* actually yeast.

The glorious tradition of Fanzine Fans from the southern US is largely irrelevant to the present-day entity known as "Southern Fandom." In fact, the lack of connection between what Southern Fandom is, and what Fanzine Fans *think* it is, causes a lot of unnecessary friction.

Of all Science Fiction Fandom's subfandoms, the most oppressed and misunderstood is Southern Fandom. Even some Fanzine Fans have helped perpetuate that misunderstanding.

I, too, tossed a log on that fire, as a neo in the mid-'60's. I saw my error and recalibrated my frame of reference. Few Fanzine Fans who have never lived in the South (as defined by the SFFPA constitution) have more cordial connections with Southern Fandom.

That doesn't necessarily validate this essay, but my track record suggests I might be onto something. I'll be especially interested in the reac-

tions of the Southern Fans on the **cf** list. (I also beg them to have pity on a well-meaning outsider...)

The central misperception, the one that has caused all subsequent problems, is that few realize that Southern Fandom is a subfandom. We are used to subfandoms based on a shared interest. There's Fanzine Fandom, Con-running Fandom, Media Fandom and so forth.

Southern Fandom is different. The best comparison is '40's SF Fandom. Like Fandom back then, Southern Fandom includes all the elements — fanzines, cons, clubs and so forth — but none are large or developed enough to be a subfandom. Like the fancestors of all current subfandoms, Southern fans may gravitate to specifics types of fanac, but they are essentially all-arounders.

The name, though descriptive, increases misunderstanding. Fanzine Fandom is a subculture, and in my opinion a tribe or town, without geographic cohesion. You can be a fanzine fan anywhere in the world, if you interact with fanzines and fanzine fans.

Despite its name, Southern Fandom also shares this characteristic. Most participants live within the geographic South (as defined by the expansionist SFFPA constitution), but some don't. Linda Krawecka proves you can be a Southern Fan anywhere in the world, too. The opposite is also true. Many Fanzine Fans reside in the geographic South with little or no participation in Southern Fandom.

Southern Fandom appears to have begun in the early '60's. It may've been a byproduct of heightened southern regional consciousness during that period.

Important note: I'm *not* alleging that Southern Fandom is based on bigotry or that prejudice is more common in Southern Fandom than in other subfandoms. I *am* saying that I think the increased identification as

Southerners in mainstream society in the late '50's and early '60's, triggered its formation.)

Southern Fandom coalesced around a set of institutions largely directed at the region. The most important were the Southern Fan Press Alliance, the Southern Fandom Confederation and the newszine **Rally**. The DeepSouthCon and a second apa, Myriad, eventually provided additional focus for Southern Fan activity.

Fanzine Fans sometimes get impatient with Southern Fandom's fanzine fans. They don't know the zines, they worship false ghods, they don't want to embrace Fanzine Fandom's myths and traditions, etc.

Southern Fandom's fanzine fans aren't Bad Fanzine Fans, they're part of a different subfandom! There's overlap, as with virtually all subfandoms, but they should no more be expected to subscribe to our Fanzine Fandom consensus than members of Con Fandom or Games Fandom.

There are, obviously, many points of agreement between our tribe and Southern Fandom's fanzine fans. We share a love of communication and personal journalism that often transcends the differences between the subfandoms.

In other words, Southern Fandom's fanzine fans are our cousins not our brothers, to warp Ken's "fan family" concept. If we approach them in a sneering, belittling way, they'll react precisely as we do when someone impugns the worth of *our* favorite form of fanac.

If we understand that Southern Fandom is a separate, but friendly, subfandom, then it offers a wonderful opportunity.

Don't expect Southern Fandom's fanzine fans to abandon their home town for ours. Not many of us will do the reverse, either. But we might enjoy those "out-of-town" fanzines if we understood their subculture better. They may even come to enjoy excursions to Fanzine Fantown, too.

Timebinders and the Langdon Sex Chain show the potential for fun when subfandoms interact. Maybe if we accord Southern Fans the same respect we want for our own subculture, Fanzine Fans can enjoy the benefit of our common ground. — Arnie

Visiting Vincent

Rob Hansen sees Vincent at home again

Since leaving hospital, Vince Clarke has mostly been living in the front room of his house. This has a bed in it but, because he was unable to lift himself from it, he's been sleeping in a chair, which is neither the most comfortable nor most restful of alternatives.

After months without a single full night of sleep, Vince was exhausted and so, on 1 Sept 98, checked himself into a nursing home.

Unfortunately, this didn't help. He couldn't fault the staff, but he found it just as hard to sleep in the bed he was given and driven to distraction by how little there was

to do there. He returned home Friday and I visited him today, Sunday 19 Sept 98. Sometime in there, Social Services had finally got round to installing a pneumatic device that raises and lowers the back of his own bed, making it possible for him to use it again. On Friday and Saturday he had his first two solid night's sleep in months.

The change this made is remarkable. I suffer from bouts of insomnia myself and know how drained and wasted they can leave you, and I haven't had Vince's recent health problems to contend with.

Vince was like a new man, calmer, happier and more alert than I've seen him since he was first released from hospital. Now, if only they can get him off that damn feeding machine and start building up those wasted muscles....

-- Rob Hansen

Timely Response

The Readers make themselves heard

Andy Hooper

In regard to Ted White's comments on female TAFF candidates, I think he reveals more about his personal interest in, and attitudes toward, women than he does the fan-fund preferences of fandom as a whole. Fandom has spent a long time recovering from the novelty of having women appear in larger numbers at conventions and in fanzines, and part of this struggle has probably been manifested in the tendency to choose female TAFF candidates when presented with them in the past. But I think that time is largely past, and that a default policy of voting for female candidates exists only in the absence of more useful knowledge about the relative qualities of the candidates in the race.

TAFF has a critical need to redefine its mission, to determine what it is supposed to accomplish in an era of more affordable and convenient overseas travel, and I think this a far more critical issue than the supposed lack of qualified candidates. Do we want to regard winning TAFF as a reward for service to fandom or as an act of service in itself, which can confer the so-called "qualification" essential to a winning candidate? Is it counter-productive for TAFF to remain lashed to the Worldcon and the British Eastercon, and would it be better to allow candidates the freedom to choose where they would like to go? I can't say that I think commending the qualities of octogenarian potential candidates to fandom is a very useful way of addressing any of the real problems which the fund faces, although that was probably not the objective behind Ted's comments in the first place.

My only real wish in regard to the current TAFF race is that Ulrika O'Brien had extended the deadline to September 15th instead of Aug 1st. Had there been time for people to return to their constituent fandoms with the news that there was a desperate demand for TAFF candidates, I doubt there would have been need to draft an opponent to face Velma Bowen. The media used by Ulrika to spread the news of the extension does not strike me as important, as long as she had allowed other parties, like the editors of this fanzine, to find the information "somewhere", and allowed the time for information to flow out through normal fannish channels. This, I think, is the first sign of difficulty brought on by having an administrator most active in Online circles; the pace of life Online is fast enough that Ulrika might be excused for thinking that there was both a need and a capability for instant communication among the TAFF electorate. Alas, far too many of

us are too Old and Tired for a three- or four-week extension on a deadline to really be of use to us.

Arnie: In defining TAFF's mission, three questions occur to me. Is there any necessary or desirable mission for TAFF in 1998? Is there a mission for TAFF that is relevant to fanzine fandom? Is there any reason for fanzine fandom to look to TAFF for trans-oceanic travel when special funds have less bureaucracy and administrative burden?

Steve Jeffrey

Something's wrong. You're on Issue 3 and you've still got only 2 editors. Mind you, you have co-opted most of the rest as Snooper and (flth?) columnists.

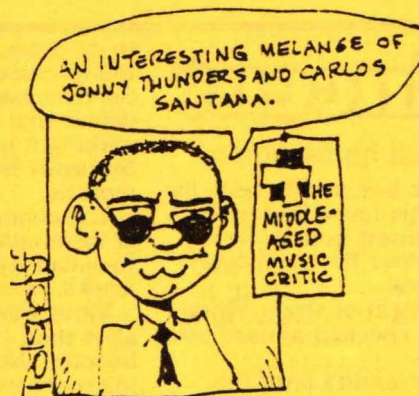
"Newtonian Insurgentism?" Is that the one you have to wind up?

No, (semi) seriously - was intrigued by "Talking Out Loud" and the musings on fanzine fandom compared with amateur journalism. Would you think it fair comment that ayjay (is this esjay's long lost brother. I wonder?) is written to an audience where as fanzine fandom is mainly written for response?

Most of the other fandoms you talk about (wrestling, gaming, comics) are still fairly 'young' fandoms, where the core interest is still central to both the writers and readers. SF fanzine fandom is, what, 60 years old and almost eligible for its free bus pass. Very few fanzine are about -- even at the 50% mark -- science fiction, apart from a relative few allied to reviews, book collecting as a major hobby or mixed fanzine mail order catalogues like Dreamberry Wine.

Enjoyed Ken's report of his Alaskan Cruise trip, though a bit stunned by the idea that Alert Bay would cut the top of the world's tallest totem pole as a hazard to aircraft rather than making them fly a bit higher.

M'sieur, this Eiffel Tower in the



middle of Paris. It'll have to come down you know."

Is it true that there is a magazine called 'Alaskan Men' which is basically what it says it is? The women in the office have heard of this somewhere, and are dead intrigued...

As I am (for hopefully different reasons) by mention of a thing called banana slug. Didn't think bananas grew that well up there.

One of my rare memories of school zoology is that there is an unprepossessing critter with the taxonomical (I hope that's right, it took a long time to try and spell it) name of 'Doris', aka Sea Lemon.

Arnie: That's an intriguing distinction you propose. I think of it as a know, limited interactive audience versus a theoretically infinite, anonymous audience.

Lloyd Penney

My, the Toronto news in this fanzine continues...Hope has become one of the top sales people for the Toronto in 2003 bid. She's really gotten involved with this project, and she's a pretty happy person for it.

I think this kind of involvement is what she needed. Many local fans are involved with the Serial Diners, although it's not really a fannish organization. And to end this paragraph on a high note, I simply won't include any cheap plugs for the Toronto in 2003 Worldcon bid. That's right, no plugs for Toronto in 2003. I wouldn't stoop so low.

2001: A Space Odyssey wasn't re-released up here, but I'd certainly go if it ever was. Canadian Shakespearean actor Douglas Rain still gets called upon by fans to say something computerish...this veteran actor was called upon to provide the voice of the HAL 9000 computer.

Dale Speirs sums up one of Canadian fandom's problems... we're suffering from a surfeit of geography. The closest Canadian fannish cities to me in Toronto are in Ottawa and Montreal in the east. West? The closest is Winnipeg, and that's quite a trip. For Calgary, the closest is Edmonton. I have contacts in most Canadian fan communities, but zines and letters are often the only way to keep in touch.

Arnie: I don't think we're gonna accept that geography alibi, Lloyd. I remember some pretty good fanzines like A Bas, Honque, Wendigo, Energumen and the Queebshots from up your way. Unless you're saying that, while no one is watching, Canada is creeping beyond its borders to swallow more and more territory.

Robert Lichtman

It's really great news that Tommy Ferguson is going to start up a fanzine devoted to reviewing fanzines — and not just because he's going to feature Trap Door #18 (and the first three issues of crifanac) in the first

issue, though of course I look forward to what he says about it. No, it's my memories of the yeowomanly work of the late Ethel Lindsay and her many years of publishing **Haverings**, which had the same mission (she later folded Haverings into her other fanzine, **Scottishe**, when doing both became too much work). He reports that he plans an initial circulation of nearly 500 copies, but I wonder if he'll also be putting it online.

To do so could possibly lead to the same sort of influx of potential new fanzine fans that the fan columns in the prozines created in their day. But even if he doesn't go that route, a circulation of 500 will spread information about fanzines to a pretty wide audience.

Joyce's column: I don't share "familial feelings" with the multi-thousands who've been at the three Worldcons I've attended since coming back into fandom, but I don't have any particular objection to their being there.

Their presence helps subsidize the "smaller gathering for ourselves" — i.e., the fan room. Regarding Andy Hooper's review of the latest **Saliro-mania**, I can only suggest that Andy regard Ashley's world as somewhat akin to a stfnal universe — stretch your mind a litter further, Andy, to accommodate its internal logic. Count me as someone not "puzzled by British fanzines."

Ken: I think you're right, Robert. We might pick up one or two other fanzine fans as a result of Tommy's efforts, but I can't help but wonder how he got a mailing list of nearly 500 people who he thinks would be interested in reading reviews of

fanzines. I certainly applaud his efforts, though.

Arnie: The Internet probably represents fanzine fandom's greatest exposure to non fanzine fans since the heyday of fanzine review columns in the prozines. The Internet also offers the possibility of losing our little community in a swamp of ajjay interest. Like all powerful tools, the cyberverspace is hard to control.

Dale Speirs

"The envelope requirement for foreign-bound fanzines makes it impractical to do a 12-pager." Canada Post sets domestic and USA rate increments at 30 grammes, but international mail at 20 grammes. As a result, my zine **Opuntia** is no more than 16 pages (4 sheets) which allows it to be mailed monthly at the first increment of postage. But because of the different increment for international mail, it actually costs the same to mail two copies overseas as it does one copy. Hence my overseas readers get two **Opuntias** at once. I was talking to an expert on postal rates who told me that Canada Post now has 1,800 different rates, some of which vary only by one cent.

Recruiting new people to fanzine fandom seems a lost cause at conventions. I tried once again at ConVersion 15, the Calgary gencon this past July, by setting out back issues of **Opuntia**, doing an unofficial one-shot convention newsletter, and talking it up amongst the few remaining Trekkies and the more common **Babylon 5** fans. Results so far seem to be the usual. Zero. The freebie table was overloaded with posters plugging Hubbard books,

\$10/copy media fiction "fanzine," and chapbooks by authors campaigning for the Aurora Awards. I squeezed in a few copies of my zines but also tried handing them out at the consuite and the writers' workshops.

I think that paperzines will ultimately survive if they become the journals of record and sober second thought. Leave the newsflashes to Usenet and listservers. After all the shouting is over, say, for example, Sir Arthur Clarke's recent embarrassment (and won't a lot of graduate students be re-reading his books to put a new twist on them!), a zine can summarize the whole thing with the benefit of hindsight.

The events can be sorted out, the 99.9% of chaff winnowed out from the Internet postings, and the big picture seen more calmly. Paper newszines just won't do anymore, but by Ghod do we need a calmer and more solid look at life in Sfdom. The Papernet can do this; that is its strength, and playing up that strength will ensure its survival.

Ken: I don't agree that "paper newszines just won't do anymore." I see the internet, paperzines, word-of-mouth, flyers, and all that jazz as different sources of information. Often one source will have a different slant on the news, but the more sources, the more credible the story. Imagine people saying the *National Enquirer* going out of business just because the *Wall Street Journal* is publishing news.

Arnie: I'm sure you must be right that newszines are dead. Thanks for giving us the chance to announce it right here in **crifanac**.

Charrisma

Chuch Harris makes his preferences known

Well now, I was lying in bed this morning thinking about the Great Unsolved Mysteries of Fandom, (which is certainly a change from the things I usually think about in bed) and wondering if the fine intellectual **crifanac** audience could help clear some of them up.

For instance, what exactly does Geronimo himself scream when it's his turn to jump out of the aeroplane, and why isn't phonetics spelt the way that it sounds and why was Mr Nixon called "the Gipper" and what happens when Cap'n Kirk can't see a thing when he is travelling at a faster-than-light speed down the Black Hole and turns his headlights on?

And most of all, the problem that has haunted me for 50 years and more. First, turn to your copy of **Slant 3** for *The Willis Law of Psycho Dynamics 1946*.

All the Oblique Angles were gathered together in the attic fanroom of Walter's house when he offered the buttered toast theory for the very first time -- that in our present space-time continuum a slice of buttered toast when dropped will always land upon its buttered side.

This, of course, was generally accepted as one of the cornerstones of modern physics along with the observation that a thrown domestic cat, will always land upon its feet.

But these are diametrically opposing theorems. They can't both be true. So why did we not investigate further? We should have ignored all Madeleine's protests, taped a slice of toast to the back of .cat Lucifer and hurled him from the attic window to observe trajectory and landing.

We definitely missed our chance there. We could have been as famous as Fleming and his mouldy saucer, or Professor Challenger's pterodactyl zooming around the Albert Hall.

Sadly, Lucifer is long gone and Walter Himself no longer has an attic or even an upstairs, so I don't suppose we ever will find out now... unless... unless some lovely Crifanac reader has a second storey, a cat, some toast and a burning urge for the truth.

I guess though that perhaps I live in the past a little too much. I was talking to Sue about how, soon after we married, we were working through the *Kama Sutra* pocket-book that Arfer gave us as a wedding gift. She was so lovely, so unblemished and untainted in her innocence, and so very much in love.

We were only up to Method 6. This was the Wheelbarrow Position where the woman lies on her front with her legs wide apart whilst the man grasps her ankles moves forward and er, carries on from there.

She thought about this for a moment and then, full of trust, agreed to try with just a couple of conditions. First, if I hurt her we would stop immediately. (I agreed of course, I wouldn't hurt her for the worlds), and secondly we would definitely not go down the road and past her mother's house.

-- Chuch Harris

Harry Warner, Jr.

It was good to find someone, Andy Hooper, coming out in print with commentary on the prevalence of drinking accounts in British fanzines. This has bothered me for a long time, but I've never written much about my reaction to it.

For one thing, I have no way of knowing if the fans who refer to drinking on every page are indulging in hyperbole instead of being so addicted to alcohol that they can't stop referring to it. For another, it seems cruel to criticize any of those British fans who may be genuine alcoholics but are sensitive about their addiction. I can't imagine how a teetotaler like me would get along if he or she won a TAFF trip to England.

Once there was a term in fandom, *voldesfan*, referring to someone who was volatile and occasionally destructive to someone's feelings or possessions. Maybe we should revive it just for Gregg Calkins if he actually goes ahead and moves to Costa Rica and begins to colonize the nation in the shadow of an active volcano. The vol could stand for volcano and the des for what might happen if the thing begins to behave like Mount St. Helens.

Is there any list maintained in paper or electronic fandom that contains all the nicknames of all the cons from the first to the present day? If someone took the trouble to compile such a list, it would save a lot of the

time that George Flynn indicates was spent deciding if proposed new names for the Orlando 2001 bid were actually secondhand.

I enjoyed very much this latest part of Ken's account of the trip to Alaska. But while I read about the glaciers he met, I couldn't help worrying about the possibility that these wonders won't be there in that particular part of the world very many more years.

From time to time I have been reading about the global warming's effect on glaciers everywhere. There is supposed to be some sort of crack widening in the Antarctic that might send an enormous mass of ice free from its surroundings and out into the oceans. Glaciers are supposed to be receding here and there in the eternal ice areas of the Arctic. Rain was recorded several months ago in the Antarctic for the first time in many years.

If glaciers become an endangered species, it will be harder to protect them than it is to preserve a kind of bird or animal or plant that has become scarce, and the effects on the environment will be much worse, in the form of a raising of the water level in oceans everywhere.

Ken: Gee, Harry, I thought you were maintaining the list of convention nicknames (or maybe that would be Bruce Pelz). Nevertheless, a daunting job it would be!

That glaciers are receding, there is no question. In Glacier Bay N.P.

alone, the first recorded explorer was Vancouver himself, in 1799. That year the glacier (and there was only one glacier) extended to and out of the mouth of the bay. Since then, almost all Alaskan glaciers have been receding, but not because of global warming. It just seems to be something they do periodically.

Buck Coulson

The one checkmark I made was on Vincent Clarke's letter, specifically the comment that "Fans who for some reason haven't the cash to get to the web sites are disenfranchised." Technically true, perhaps, but the opposing view is that nobody has either the cash or time to cover all fanac. I'm retired; I have more time than most, and I certainly don't have the time to cover everything. (Or the inclination, of course, but the time problem would prevent me even if inclination didn't.) Fans make choices all the time; spend money on a convention so they can talk to Tucker or use it for their fanzine or try to emulate Harry Warner and spend the money on postage and the time on trying to avoid asinine comments. Fandom has become too big; nobody can have it all, any more.

So I don't have computer access and so what? A good share of my life is centered around fandom as it is; I don't need any more access to it. I wouldn't be as enthusiastic as Gregg over the prospect of living within sight of an active volcano...

OUTburst

Bill Bowers is running at Scithers

I was slightly bemused to read, in *crifanac 6*, that George Scithers has been deemed the fan guest of honor, for the 2001 Worldcon.

"Bemused." Not exactly the word I want. We'll work toward that.

I'm really a rather easy-going fellow, subscribing to Robert Lichtman (as I believe it has recently been dubbed) School of Non-Confrontational Fanac. It has served me well, over the course of nearly 40 years (gad) in fandom.

But there are a few things that still rankle. Damned few, considering that length of time, but a few: I recently vented on why I chose not to contribute to TAFF during Dan Steffan's tenure. (I will not give money to someone who has lied to me, since 1973.) But that's Minor Stuff.

Let me take you back a little further: Labor Day weekend, 1964. *Pacificon II*. Known fandom-wide for *Other Reasons*. I recall it well for a number of, to me, memorable incidents: Meeting ATom. Balcony fandom. Present-ing, for an autograph, a "Norman Edwards" novel to the authors... neither of whom had realized that it had actually been published. (Still have that autographed book, too.)

But the most memorable incident — well, I didn't even realize it was an "incident" until after we had returned to the wilds of Ohio.

I don't recall the specific night, probably that Friday, but Bill Mallardi and I threw a party. A couple of months earlier, in June, we'd published *Double:Bill 8*, containing the third, and final, installment of "The Double:Bill Symposium." We'd decided to throw a thank you party for those contributors who were attending *Pacificon*. I don't recall a lot about the party itself — except that I was gosh-

wow enough at the experience of being in a room with all those *gasp* pros. A very small, very crowded room.

A week or so after the con, I received a note, and a check. The note (which I probably still have) said, in effect "You are no longer welcome on my mailing list." The check returned the balance of my *Amra* subscription.

I wasn't a die-hard Conan fan, but even then a bit obsessed with graphics-over-content. I thought *Amra* was the neatest thing this side of a real prozine. All that Krenkle art. The multi-colors!

I was crushed. Chronologically I wasn't, but emotionally and in terms of world-wiseness, I was hopelessly naive. A kid. I not only couldn't believe this was happening to me — I had no clue as to *why*.

Later I established that (Mallardi says a drunken...) Scithers had tried to crash the party — the invitations were very specific that it was for contributors only — and Mallardi had refused him entrance. Not me; Mallardi.

But Mallardi was that most fortunate of individuals; he didn't have an *Amra* subscription. I suppose, intellectually, I can understand someone who considers himself important, expressing a certain pique at being denied access to a party filled with people who were important. But I still can't understand the precept of when your primary target (in this case Mallardi) is unreachable, you lash out at someone else, who just happens to be associated with him.

So, yeah, if they don't offer Ted White the opportunity to write that Intro, I'd love a shot at it. It would go something like this: George Scithers is an asshole. ...and, IMHO, not worthy of being a Worldcon fan guest of honor.

[In fact, right about now — if I could — I'd turn in my membership in that particular club.]

—Bill Bowers

WUG

Irwin Hirsch makes his preferences known

Some years ago, when sending me a postcard, Dave Langford made a mistake in the address part of the card. He meant to write 'AUSTRALIA' but for some reason the word came out as 'USA'.

Three days after Dave popped it into a Reading, Berkshire postbox the card arrived at my home. Three days. In my hands was evidence that Australia is the 51st United State. I mean, if Her Maj's Post Office knows so, it must be true.

I mention this because Cheryl Morgan recently described Terry Frost's attendance at the Business Meeting of the 1998 Westercon, where he moved that the convention's Bylaws be amended so that the con can be held in Australia. Ms Morgan notes that "the motion was passed subject to a proviso of Mr Yalow's that it not take effect until such time as Australia has been annexed by the U.S."

I reckon the whole debate was a waste of time and the Westercon SMOF's better be prepared to consider Terry Frost's Australian-based bid. If not, they'll have to pass a motion that Dave Langford, a multiple Best Fanwriter Hugo winner, be told that he can't write.

Joyce Scrivner also makes mention of Terry's Westercon business meeting appearance in her electronic fanzine *Intermittent Roaming 1*.

It is a measure of the way the Internet works that I read Joyce's four-page description of Terry's Minneapolis stay less than a week after it happened. I'm not sure, though, when I'm going to read Terry's description of the same events. Joyce writes about a conversation that she and Terry had about fanfunders who haven't published their trip reports: "I'm working on it!" I say, and he replies, 'but they all say that!'"

Terry knows first-hand what he is talking about, in a way that Joyce doesn't allow. Earlier in the fanzine Joyce mentions Terry's promise that his trip report will be published by New Years 1999. She doesn't say which report he is referring to: his 1988 FFANZ report or his 1998 DUFF report. Perhaps Terry intends to publish the two of them, Ace Double style?

-- Irwin Hirsch

Ken: You make a very strong case for limiting your personal definition of 'fandom' to just interesting fanzine fans. Otherwise, there just too much to follow.

Gary Deindorfer

Crifanac has become a fanzine that I look forward to with much forwardness and lookingness. As I said in my handwritten epic, it is... snappy. It is also... perky. And surely it is... indispensable.

What is the reason for...these? I figure that is my current stylistic quirk. I always have one. Years ago, I wrote a humor article for *Mota*

that used a lot of "these." It was entitled "Fan Nostalgia Strikes Again" and was a take-off on all those nostalgia articles fans like to regale us with. I was egoboosted when in the letter column of the next issue none other than Bob Tucker used "these" a "lot". So you see that I always have some stylistic quirk I am working out, the latest being...this.

Reading *crifanac*, I feel fully informed. You give us the latest news of fanzine fandom, and not all that boring pro news that *Locus* specializes in.

One thing I notice about the editorship of your fanzine: You, Arnie, have an... icy intelligence. And you, Ken, on the other hand have an... icy intelligence, as icy as Alaska in the winter time. This makes for an icily intelligent publication, a bit forbidding to those of us dolts who, like me, do not possess an...icy intelligence. Merely an observation which I felt impelled to make.

Two fanzines I will never get: Tommy Ferguson's fanzine review zine and Bill Bowers' huge planned *Outworlds*. I have never been on the



mailing list of either one of these people. And I do want to read rich brown's article, since he is certainly one of the finest writers in fandom.

Arnie, I just hope the Internet doesn't absorb core fandom into the vast maw of Creeping Ayyajism and obliterate its unique qualities. I see this as something to be guarded against. As for the letter column, Lichtman and Warner are appropriately cautionary on the lack of privacy of the Net. It's something to think about, having all those strangers looking over your shoulder.

Who knows? *crifanac* might yet become the next focal point.

Arnie: It's inevitable that some fanzine fans will discover that electronic ayyaj has what they want in a hobby. Hopefully, they'll at least maintain some contact with those who prefer the fanzine fandom paradigm, including the editors of this fanzine..

Joseph T. Major

Talking Out Loud: Ten pages. Tell me about it. Even in the U.S. often 12 pages has problems. I used to send out my family newsletter without

envelopes, but after a few people's copies turned up fatally mangled, I had to spring for, ah, coverage.

But think of it this way, you can make up by publishing more often. Just think, the reaction at being euhred out of those two pages per ish can transmute into redirection of effort, a vigor that creates desire to restore those two pages and 19 more, quickly... which will, in turn, stimulate the production of the next ish. In this era of Instant Gratification the energy generated out of the repression from losing those two pages is an ignored but valuable

resource.

Timely Response: The loss of "WKF" — the trend of language evolution is away from fine discriminations of meaning. It is a loss in that we thereby lose the ability to express those minor but significant differences. And, as Arnie points out, a neo who gets active is more than a neo, but not quite a BNF. And then there is the question of "SMOF".

Fan Dance: But the megaworldcon is the price we pay for having all those specialized items appealing to our other interests. And everyone having a different set of other interests means that everyone has a different selection to be appealed to. That grew from the differing, diverse interests of the "family". The cures I have seen proposed are worse than the disease.

Ken: As Arnie pointed out, we haven't exactly "lost" WKF. It seems to me that it's just a matter of using often enough to reintroduce it into the language stream. And I don't see any "question" of "SMOF". The initial concept was supposed to be a joke, but somehow people have taken the idea far beyond the joke.

So far beyond, in fact, that the spoof has spawned a spoof — the SCOfFs or the Secret Clueless Ones of Fandom. Sheesh.

Arnie: The meaning of "smof" varies, depending on the subculture. Conrunners use it in a similar sense as we do the term "BNF," with perhaps a tinge of "elder ghod." To fanzine fans, it still mostly means a self-aggrandizing fathead who actually thinks they run fandom.

Steve Jeffrey

Not sure how seriously to take Andy's comments on Brit fanwriting in his fanzine review, but deeply suspect it's a wind-up, in which case it's very funny (and if not, it's worrying). And besides it's not that we distrust Americans for their cheerful and capable inventiveness (Brits have invented a few things since the Industrial Revolution and steam engine: the railway, television, the jet engine, asphalt roads, the Sinclair C5 (we'll allow that a good proportion of them have been Scots); in fact this area where I am at the moment, between Newcastle and Tynemouth, is George Stephenson country, with a working museum just up the road.)

And anyway, **Saliromania** is (I presume - I've never seen a copy) exceptionally dour among Brit fanzines, at least compared to current ones like **Banana Wings**, **Plokta**, even **International Revolutionary Gardener**. In fact, by Andy's standards, 95% of my collection of UK fanzines, from **Cyber Bunny** to **The**

Olaf Alternative, are untypical. The remaining 5%, oddly, all appear to originate from around W. Yorks and Leeds. Perhaps that's the secret; Leeds and Bradford are the last remaining outposts of real Britain, still unscathed by a creeping wave of 'have a nice day' American cheerfulness that closes inexorably inland from the shores on all sides. I think it's something they put in the beer. Alcohol, perhaps.

Teddy Harvia

Another **crifanac** has arrived before I've laced the last. I'm cartooning comments as fast as I can and still falling behind!

Having WorldCon the first of August has thrown my schedule completely off. Years of tradition make me feel that it should be later than I think.

Andy Hooper's acerbic commentary was missed in Baltimore, although because the con was so scattered I doubt a single comet would have destroyed it all as he was wishing. Despite the impressive 4500 supposedly there, it seemed lightly attended.

Surgery to open up my nasal passage from the nose break of almost 2 years ago left me a little light-headed after WorldCon. I will breathe easier when the post-anesthetic congestion clears up.

Lindsay Crawford (again)

Jack Speer says: "You ought to edit letters to shorten them, and consign some to the WAHFile." You ought to take advice like this with a grain of salt, and in fact you were very diplo-

by then I seemed not quite to care as much and from there it was into the N3F and from there gradually into mainstream fanzines and local fandom.

I attended my first Nameless meeting in Seattle in October of 1960 and published my first fanzine — in N'APA — the following spring. After that it just went on and from '61 through most of '65, fanzine fandom was my main interest in life. But Seth Johnson, my fannish father? That seems way to silly even to contemplate.

There were always certain fans around — FM Busby, Bill Donaho, Ted White, Terry Carr — who were either friends or whose quality and level of fanac I especially admired. But I don't think I ever did anything that was much like what any of them ever did. I pretty much went my own way. Largely because I was never much more than a fannish dilettante anyway.

The only genzine I ever published lasted just two irregular, largely unwritten issues. I liked writing but the rest of it — the pubbing, the stenciling, the cranking of the mimeo — struck me as drudge work and a shade too mechanical for my skills and abilities anyway.

-- Gordon Eklund

matic about it. "...a fanzine is in trouble when its letter dept. overshadows the rest of its contents." I'm thinking you welcome the letters and being overshadowed is not a concern.

If Toner 2 is scheduled for the first weekend in November 1999, I would dearly love to be there with my dear. It would mean saving up six or seven hundred dollars at the very least, getting time off from work, and only possible if my mother manages to install herself locally (she's moved her stuff into storage and will be here to scout a house Monday). With my mother to watch our kids, we'll gain that little bit of freedom.

Now if only time and money will bend to my will. Just to be clear, I'm willing to give up all thought of attending any other con between now and T2 and for some time after. Clear? Better be as good as I hope. Much more to say about this in future.

In Joyce's Fan Dance (p8), says "fandom is on the way to abandoning the mails in favor of electronic communications..." which is one way of looking at it. Some people are swapping digital for paper but this only means the print niche is redefined; some will persist in using paper because it has unique valuable properties.

Can we use the net and not be corrupted? Only time will tell. The balance between on and off line fandom is still in flux, but is this so different from the integration of other forms of communication? One thing I'm sure of is the knowledge of printing paper zines will never be equaled by and electronic approximation.

Bill Donaho

Dave Rike complained that there was one thing missing from "A Wake for Ardis". The original **Boondoggle** was dittoed and Ardis ran it off on his ditto machine.

I meant my comment about Ardis' large number of lovers as complimentary, but upon reading it Jeanne Bowman sniffed and said, "But what about Bill's large number of lovers."

WAHF: Jay Kinney, Joseph T. Major, Steve Jeffrey.

NewsSquint

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

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

So It Began

Gordon Eklund on his fannish roots

On fannish fathers I've never made much of an issue out of my origins, though in point of fact they were frighteningly similar to Arnie's, though I guess a few years earlier down the road.

I started reading sf when I was in the 7th grade and quickly became Obsessed, wanting and needing more and more, like an oatmeal junkie on a Cheerios jag.

Pretty soon I spied a meagerly lined classified in the back pages of a late 1958 *Fantastic* (with a half-naked woman and an all-naked monster on the cover) that said something about fandom or fanzines, I forget the exact context, so I sent away for more info, thinking hey, maybe I'm not all alone after all.

What I got back was this pile of impenetrable purple crap that seemed to have nothing to do with science or fiction. A year and a half later, still Obsessed and as lonely as ever, I remembered the ad and for some reason dared to write again.

This time, May of 1960 it would have been, Seth Johnson wrote back. He seemed to have little or nothing to do with science or fiction either but

Critical Froth

Ken Forman rhapsodizes over backyard buggery

Aileen and I practice a strange custom. I say strange since I've never heard of anyone else celebrating holidays in our particular fashion.

Let me explain.

About a decade ago, on the Friday after Thanksgiving, we were enjoying each other's company and congratulating ourselves on a fantastic feast, and on the fact that we had the day off from work.

"So, what do you want to do today?" I asked my spouse. "Do you want to get mixed up in the early Christmas shopping at the mall?"

Her answer indicated that she wasn't predisposed to spending several hours fighting through the most crowded shopping day of the year, buffeted by poorly rendered, but too loud holiday season music.

Eventually, after much hemming and hawing, we started cleaning the living room. Not just the usual tidying and vacuuming, mind you. We started to extensively dust all the ledges and under the pictures. (Here in the desert, dusting can often be a way of life.) We started moving furniture and the next thing I knew, we were in the process of re-arranging the room completely.

"I can see it now," I said to Aileen. "Our grand nieces and nephews will ask us, Uncle Ken, Aunt Leen...how did you used to celebrate Thanksgiving back in the old days?"

"Well kids, I'll say in an appropriately aged voice, "Your Aunt and I used to get a hair up our butts and re-arrange the furniture."

When I made that statement, I was joking. However, due to circumstances and our lifestyle, we usually end up drastically shuffling something around the house every holiday we spend together. This Labor Day we celebrated by doing major renovations to our back yard. We removed much of the debris and all the weeds that have accumulated in the various corners of our own little wilderness area.

We removed bugs and spiders. We mowed grass and pruned trees. We did it all. The yard now looks fantastic.

Now what, you may ask, does any of this have to do with fandom or fanac? Nothing specifically except that anything two fans do together *is* fanac. But read on, dear reader.

Curiously enough, Las Vegas' weather took a turn for the weird over the three-day weekend. The remnants of Hurricane Isis moved up the

Gulf of California and blew right into the Vegas Valley. This, coupled with our most impressive annual monsoon season in recent history, gave us several days of rain and overcast conditions. Such weather wouldn't be considered unusual in most parts of the world, but here in sunny southern Nevada where we normally get 360 sunny days a year (and the other five aren't typically sequential) it was damn odd.

However, unlike other rainy days, this storm system didn't just dump a bunch of precipitation and move on. Instead, it was several days of light drizzle, mostly in the mornings and early afternoons. Since the air temperature made the light rain quite pleasant, we decided to work in the yard despite the liquid sunshine falling from the clouds.

We donned our hats and gloves and started into the main job of removing a truckload of not quite decomposed compost, grass clippings, tree trimmings and other vegetative remains from our various gardening efforts.

Oh, the ecosystems we disturbed when we exposed the center of the pile. Stuff from an entomologist's dream (or an arachnaphobe's nightmare) crawled, scuttled and otherwise moved from newly exposed positions to more secluded locations under some neighboring weeds. Considering that those weeds were next to be removed, they were perhaps not the best choice of hide-outs. But we're talking about bugs and spiders, critters not exactly known for their ability to anticipate human intentions.

Actually, I'm pretty proud of my wife. She normally has lots of problems with creepy-crawly things. But apparently her resolve to tidy the yard overcame her squeamishness. Besides, I think I noticed a slightly sinister smile when she watched a particularly large beetle crawl into a group of weeds slated to be viciously hacked and splintered into bits by our newly acquired, environmentally conscious, electric lawn mower.

Our more impatient readers might be wondering what any of this has to do with fannish (or, as I wrote in an earlier issue, "faannish") activity.

Patience, Oh Best Beloved, patience. I'm trying to set the proper scene and develop the proper mood for the finale.

So re-focus your mind's eye on the panorama unfolding before you.

Aileen and I are standing ankle

deep in weeds and old grass clippings, wielding pitchforks and shovels while all sorts of bugs, spiders, caterpillars and millipedes scamper about our feet. The sky overhead is a solid grey, the color of a television tuned to a non-broadcasting channel. A light drizzle is seeping down our necks and backs. The only bright color is the yellow bandana tied around my forehead to keep sweat/rain out of my eyes. Do you have the picture?

Good.

Then, taking a break and looking skyward, Aileen said to me, "Did you know, this is exactly like the weather in Seattle."

With a flash of insight as bright as lightning a fantastically fannish thought occurred to me. "This must be exactly how the venerable Andy Hooper feels when he's outside working in his yard."

Wow. I can't fully explain what it's like to know, with complete certainty, with utmost clarity *exactly* how another feels. It was as if the Spirit of Roscoe had descended upon me like the rain (only drier) and filled me with an incredible sense of Hooper-ness.

The vision of Andy holding a pitchfork, just like the painting "American Gothic," filled my mind's eye with a clarity I've seldom felt. Before the feeling vanished, I set out to explore my new-found understanding.

I puffed out my chest, carried myself more regally and pretended that pressure from the bandana around my forehead came from a bright red, be-tasseled fez. I actually developed a proper swagger as I set about removing the various detritus from my compound.

While wielding my shovel, in my most Andy-like fashion, I imagined that these exact circumstances just might be perfect for the consummate Seattle fan to allow his mind to wander, through fertile fannish fields, plucking a variety of wildflower thoughts and constructing a beautiful article/bouquet.

My mind began churning out synonyms for thesaurus and antonyms for opposite. I suddenly wanted to do a frequent fanzine with a one-word title, perhaps something in incomprehensible Russian. I visualized the cognomen in shining Cyrillic letters...Tanstaaf!. Immediately I discarded the idea; too obvious, not obscure enough.

Unfortunately, when I dismissed the thought, the entire mood vanished like blue water down a toilet bowl. The Andy-ness was gone. An empty shell of a fan, I returned to my forking task and wondered if Arnie ever felt like Victor Gonzalez.

-- Ken

Catch & Release

Andy Hooper is chafed

Three-quarters of the way through 1998, I'm pawing through the box of This Year's Fanzines, trying to guess what I'm going to pick for the FAAn and Hugo awards next January. It's not a very long list, so far. First of all, I'm taking both the excellent **Ansible** and **Mimosa** off, because they've won the Hugo several times recently, and I feel like recognizing some other titles. Also, a number of my favorites, like **Attitude** and **Idea** have either stopped publication or failed to appear this year. So the short-list so far contains: Robert Lichtman's **Trap Door** (although I'd love to publicly challenge Robert to publish an issue without any dead people in it), Bruce Gillespie's **The Metaphysical Review** (previously reviewed in this column), Brailey and Plummer's **Banana Wings** (mostly on the strength of their reprint fanthology in issue #10), and a bitter scrum between Victor Gonzalez' **Squib** and the Belfast Boys' **Gottedermerung** (Victor has nosed ahead with his coverage of Corflu UK in issue #4, the best published account so far). If it was a science fiction fanzine, Paul Williams' consistently brilliant **Crawdaddy!** would shoot to the top of this list. And I hear there was a new issue of **Bento** out at Bucconeer, but I haven't seen it yet.

Unfortunately for these editors, there is one fanzine that looms so large over the whole field that I am afraid they are all fighting for second place. Bill Bowers has published two issues of **Outworlds** so far this year, each of which ought to be impressive enough to get him on to the ballot. Issue #69, the "Twenty-Eighth Annish," was highly impressive, but it's dwarfed by the 150-page issue #70. Reading through it, I had a flash of realization: the potential for creating a work like this is why editors are willing

to do the work required for the creation of a Great Big Genzine in the first place.

Now, I admit that not everything in this vast tome is entirely riveting material; the lists of the books Bill has read, the movies he has seen, and the fanzines he has published, are mostly remarkable for their length. But these seem like brief interludes between a long series of excellent articles, essays and reviews.

The pieces by Greg Benford, Taral, Ted White, Skel, Bill Breiding and Roger Sims are some of the strongest things I've seen by any of them in a contemporary fanzine, and rich brown's Midwescon-related research in "A Phone Call from Harlan Ellison" is one of the best pieces published in any fanzine this year. The list of contributors is almost obscene; I haven't yet mentioned Dave Langford, Billy Wofenbarger, Lloyd Arthur Eshbach, Larry Downes, Mike Glicksohn, Patty Peters, Joe Haldeman, Bob Tucker or Richard Brandt, have I? Even I have a piece in here, but I was so impressed with the issue as a whole that I never even thought to look for it until I stumbled across it by accident.

It's also an absolutely gorgeous fanzine, heavily illustrated, with a three-column layout that keeps the eye moving at a sprightly clip across the page, but which admits intrusions like sidebars, illos and titles without complaint. It looks "better" than most professional magazines, fluidly moving from poetry to humor to personal and fanhistorical essays and features a big, black font that's easy on the eyes. I guess that 28 years in the field teaches an editor something after all, but it's worth noting that no amount of experience can confer the sort of instinct for design and composition which Bowers has shown here. In a nutshell, this comes closer to being the perfect fanzine than anything I've encountered in recent memory, and I dearly hope that it will appear on the final Hugo ballot next spring. -- Andy Hooper

Continued from page 2

erally illustrated with ATom illos. Write to Ken Cheslin (29, Kestrel Road, Halesowen, West Midlands, B63 2PH) soon to get on the list for the first volume, due this fall.

Brian Jordan Takes Over

Brian Jordan — the former OMPA OE and recent de-gafiate, not the St. Louis Cardinals outfielder — has taken over editorship of "The Organisation," a smallish British apa with a history going back to the mid-'80's. **NewsSquint** snooper Vincent Clarke never actually mentioned *omerta*, though he declined to furnish further details. Fortunately, there's every reason to think Brian Jordan will squeal if you write to him at 57 Moorlands Crescent, Huddersfield, HD3 3UF, UK.

Six Fans Get Stamped Out

Fanzine fandom may be unappreciated in All Known Fandom, but don't speak against it in San Marino. We're Big Stuff in San Marino. The tiny country has issued a sixteen-set philatelic miniature sheet, *A Century of Science Fiction*. Immortalized in postage are one-time fanzine fans Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, Fred Pohl & Cyril Kornbluth, Clifford Simak and Arthur C. Clarke.

Also included were a number of science fiction and fantasy writers: Jules Verne, Herbert Wells, Aldous Huxley, George Orwell, Robert Sheckley, Roberto Vacca, Robert Heinlein and Philip Dick. (Several of these may have dabbled in fanzines, too.)

The handstamp canceling the stamps as *First Day of Issue* is the Arthur C. Clarke design. Say philatelic snooper John Berry: "Fans wishing to purchase a *First Day Cover* and miniature sheet should contact Azienda Autonoma di Stato Filatelica E Numismatica, Casella Postale 1, San Marino, 47031, Repubblica di San Marino. I sent ten pounds sterling, which equates roughly with sixteen dollars and fifty cents.

"I am *not* their agent..," John adds "but bequeath this information as my duty to sf fans."

Vanity Conquers Forman!

All right, so that's *not* exactly a scoop. Still, this is, at least, a new instance of it.

Las Vegas Fandom's aging pretty boy will be returning to "quaint" Tijuana for an eye operation.

Ken (The Profile) Forman offers this explanation: "After 30 years of glasses, contacts and impaired vision, I'll go under the laser for eye surgery to correct my vision.

"This is a similar operation that Aileen underwent in March of this year. The operation is scheduled for October 2nd.

"It's better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick," he concludes.

Frenzel Sees the Light

Legendary fan Marlin Frenzel recently sent Gary Deindorfer a letter in which he announced in ecstatic terms his conversion to Born Again Christianity.

"He ended the letter, 'I am going to Heaven!' informs first-time snooper Gary Deindorfer. "He enclosed inspirational literature."

Woody Takes Manhattan

Woody Bernardi — we hear he is 'Anthony' again, but we persist — recently visited New York. He stayed with Moshe Feder, with whom he had renewed acquaintances at the world science fiction convention.

We've got no details of Woody's Grand Tour, so feel free to invent any stories that strike your fancy. A lifetime sub goes to the most fanciful effort.

Nobody Move!

There's no room for COAs this time. That's okay, though, since no one claims to have moved. -- Arnie & Ken