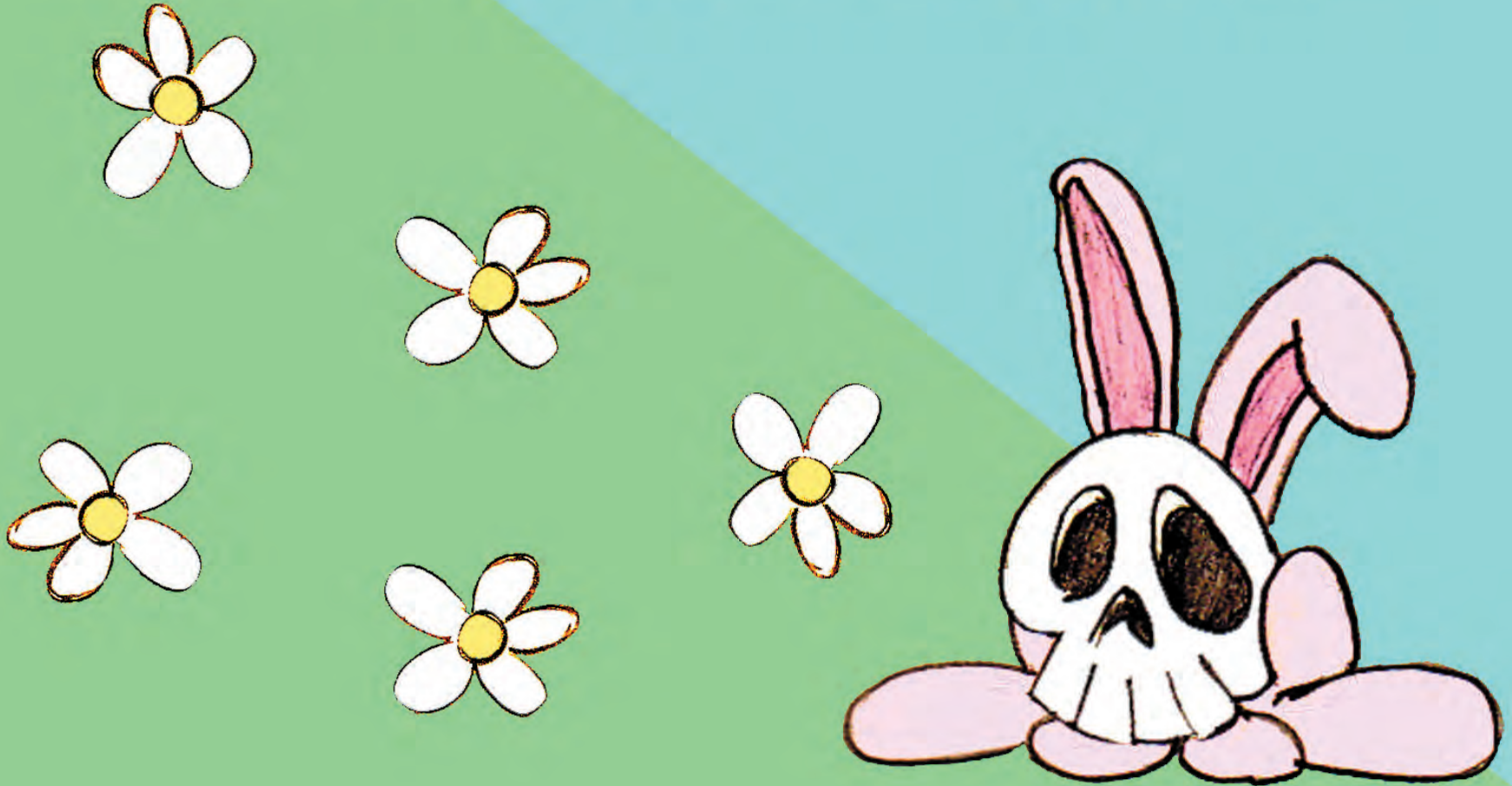


Kevin's Pants

The Wester Con 61 Fanzine In An Hour



Fred Moulten

After one has been to the Gallery of Fine Art at the Belagio to see the exhibition of American Modernist painters and then walked over a mile of the Strip in the mid-afternoon heat to get the Wynn to eat and then see Le Reve and then going to see the lights of the Fremont Street Experience and then getting back to the con for some parties after 10PM then one might be amenable to a unplanned unusual food experience.

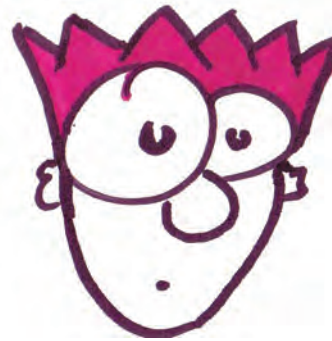
At the Seattle party I was served a libation which seems to provide the right amount of refreshment and mental relaxation to give a most peculiar (but not intoxicated) state of mind which continued as I sojourned to the Reno party. There at the Reno party were many fine people and some interesting foodstuffs including a veggie tray with some raw broccoli. Raw broccoli is a fine and wonderful thing both healthy and chewy. So I munched some broccoli I noticed a bowl of potato chips and abandoning my normal healthy eating habits I grabbed a few chips. These turned out lime flavored chips. Mmmmm; raw broccoli and lime flavored potato chips. It was most interesting both in flavor and texture. But not quite complete. But it was compelling enough that I continued consuming the combination until the broccoli was gone.

And then my cohort Nancy pointed out that there was another veggie tray across the room and it still contained broccoli. So as I strolled over I noticed some squares of Ghardelli dark chocolate on a table. So I picked up some chocolate as I acquired more broccoli.

And all of this resulted in a mouthful

of raw broccoli, lime flavored potato chips and dark chocolate. The different flavors and textures bounced around my mouth and it all seemed strangely appropriate. Probably will not occur again. At least not for a few more hours.

CONDENSED VERSION: After imbibing, broccoli + lime chips + dark chocolate in one mouthful taste good. What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas.



Malfunctioning Soda Machine Ruins Bachelorette Party by Ace Cub Reporter Jason Schachat

Following a night of heavy drinking and light filking, fans timidly crossing the casino floor this morning came across a distraught group of women gathered around one of the Nectar of the Gods machines decorating the room.

“I keep trying to get a Cherry Coke,” said soon-to-be wed Kaitlyn Alger, “but it just keeps giving me my money back!”

Passing fans were disturbed to learn that Ms. Alger and her party had been camped by the ‘vending machine’ in question for no less than four hours, repeatedly attempting to deposit coin, only to have the spiteful box spit money back at them.

“Its not even the ones I put in,” the bride claimed. “And sometimes it gave me more than I put in, so I tried to give it back. But then sometimes it gives less.”

When asked why she and her party didn’t simply leave the casino floor and try a different soda vendor, the fatigued woman admitted, “It’s a challenge, but I can make this work.”

To date, the hotel staff has comped Ms. Alger a membership to the casino club, a full set of towels, free maid service, and as many Marriot pens as she can fit in her fanny pack.





Christian B. McGuire Zine in an Hour Panel: Cloistered in the Fanzine Lounge

Mike Glycer & Andrew Trembley smofing the Reno Seattle question. Up from the middle. With a smile. Irony, but not New York. Columbus should also run for 2011. The Minnesota Vikings of Susan Lucci of Worldcon bids.

The Australian bheer will be better, but stop by anyway. Pay royalties to Levi's for using the name. There's no schism here, except in how to spell extreme.

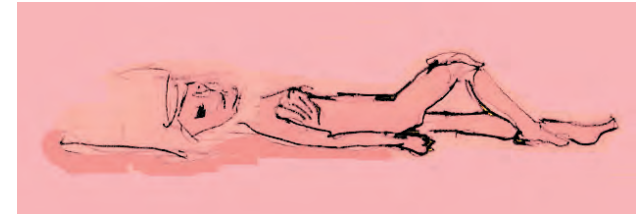
Fanzine in an hour is a sacred trust. It makes Chris Garcia look brilliant as people write for an hour to give him the articles to put the fanzine in a hour together in a day, or longer. I think Chris Garcia looks good in every light. Reading his livejournal, watching him sway on stage, listening to his radio program about wrestling and the Big

Bopper. I think there's no doubt that Hard Core Fandom will prevail under his leadership. Who else but Chris Garcia can draw out newbies to write like headless chickens.

Below the line I think there needs to be more of a synergy between the elements of fandom under the Big Tent. It requires work that many people don't think worth the effort. Take fanzines and anime. If there was anime at Corflu, it would have to be Read or Die or Deathnote. No dubs of course, only sub-titles. This is subtle, but there can be a myriad of these little jestures to draw the disparate elements into each others range.

Westercon 61 represents the best of Las Vegas fandom. Woody Bernardi, Ty Pennington, Catherine and James. Who cares about some old pharts who can't even bother acting like TruFans and participating in making fandom a better place for everyone who self-identifies as a fan, however they define their fannishness. I identify as a fan, and I accept people who identify as fan who share no common interests. Among these different people are many who accept my definition and work with me to create the environment of the fannish culture. This is a no brainer. If you don't get this, who cares, go away. If you declare yourself a fan and are willing to be in the same room with me (ok the same hotel, I'm in the Fanzine Lounge right now & you are in the art show or dealers room,

or a panel, or well gambling) then we have no problem. If not, once again, go away. Live under your rock and die for lack of sunshine. Love, Namaste, Ya'll have a good day now. Be-Bye.



When you think about it, you never can tell who you're talking to until you've been talking to them over and over and over through the passing of the years. Take Leigh Ann. She's the kind of girl you would expect to be far too classy to be involved with anything crunchy, but then she starts talking about things like working the Spiral Dance and you start to see that maybe she's a little different than you thought. Then she goes and mentions that she had to get married on the solstice and I started thinking that maybe she is some sort of peacelovelight ladies. And then, when you mention that she's more crunchy than you thought, she goes and tells you that she started the first Pagan group at the University of Georgia and she wonders why no one believes that she like that. And you go and think that maybe you've got your own baggage that keep you from realizing what's going on.

Or maybe it's the distinct patchouli smell that you notice isn't emanating from her.

Match Game Wreaks Havoc

15 fans trampled during commercial break
by Ace Cub Reporter Jason
Schachat.

On the afternoon celebrating the 232nd year of our nation's statement of "Hey, waitaminute...", WesterCon 61 bore witness to the most despicable display of naughty talk and unpatriotic activity to sully Las Vegas in more than forty-seven seconds. And then everyone walked out in fear, loathing, and disgust.

"All I did was push buttons!" says Robert "Bob" Hole, technical stooge and probable communist, in defense of his actions on the afternoon in question. The lack of responsibility Mr. Hole takes belies the extreme seriousness of the situation.

As ambassadors of the fan community, we need to set forth an example for Las Vegas and, to be sure, Nevada as a whole. How will they remember us the next time we grace their fair city? Will they not comp us? Shall they mock our weak eyesight and oily complexions?

"I accept responsibility for the events of July 4th," flip-flopping Spend-O-Crat Hole says, "But I wasn't following orders. I was placing them."

I'm sure the Nazis said the same thing, as they stormed through China, ordering stomach-filling takeout at reasonable prices. What will future generations think of this glib attitude that is so blithely glib in its over-reaching glibness?

"I believe future generations will say 'Glorp'." Hole states.

Glorp indeed, sir. Glorp indeed...



ELVISH May have left the state.
Newsflash from JW Marriott, Summerland, NV:
Sublime: Westercon.

New laws in the state of CA state that one needs hands free cellular accessory while driving. And more new new laws. But lest we should not forget older more steadfast laws.

Opening ceremonies heralded the return of the King.. no not that one. The one in the jumpsuit carrying a deep fried PB&Bannana Sandwich with Mustard. The performance was as can

be expected from an Elvish singing impersonation of a impersonation. Spectacular were the acrobatics of the hips and swaying of the hands. And the hair.. Oh the Hair.

So convinceing was the performance. Hotel security confering with Convention Ops. were allegedly heard on saying.. "Hey we heard you have an Elvish Performer.... Does he have his Licence??"... Pandemonium ensued. The Japanese Ripoff of Elvish.. was quickly and quietly smuggled out... the usual way before the Elvis 34th Tactical was called....

Interview with The Rabbit

A WesterCon 61 exclusive

For those following the Con newsletter, the rabbit residing outside the hotel has become a quite familiar and emotionally-charged saga.

Only we didn't know the full story until now.

Finally, in a WesterCon 61 Newsletter exclusive, we sit down with the infamous The Rabbit and learn what really makes him tick.

WC61: Thank you for agreeing to talk with us.

TR: *blinks, twitches nose repeatedly, looks away*

WC61: Now, we have noticed you are a black rabbit. Doesn't that make it hard for you in Vegas, what with the heat?

TR: *stares at interviewer, ears fold back*

WC61: Well, I think you misunderstand me, sir.

TR: *continues staring*

WC61: No, I don't think the question was racist at all! I merely wanted to know how you cope with the high temperatures. There isn't a lot of shade here.

TR: *nose stops twitching*

WC61: I didn't say you were avoiding the

police.

TR: *blinks*

WC61: I didn't imply it, either! You are taking me way out of context, sir. All I want to know is how you manage to get by when there are so few of you people here.

TR: *ears perk up, nose starts twitching again*

WC61: That came out wrong...

TR: *blinks*

WC61: I didn't mean "you people" like I was lumping all black rabbits in together. I just wanted to differentiate you--

TR: *turns head, licks shoulder*

WC61: You have to admit there are a lot of white rabbits in Vegas. I mean, they've been a standard of stage magic for more than a century.

TR: *lays down, closes eyes*

WC61: Is violence really the only option?

TR: *nose continues to twitch*

WC61: I just think there's a lot more you can do to argue the case for your... people like... uh... darker... rabbits. Look at the strides you've made in recent decades. You've come a long way from where you started. Back when I was a kid, the only rabbits you ever saw on TV were that TRIX one and the Cadbury Bunny.

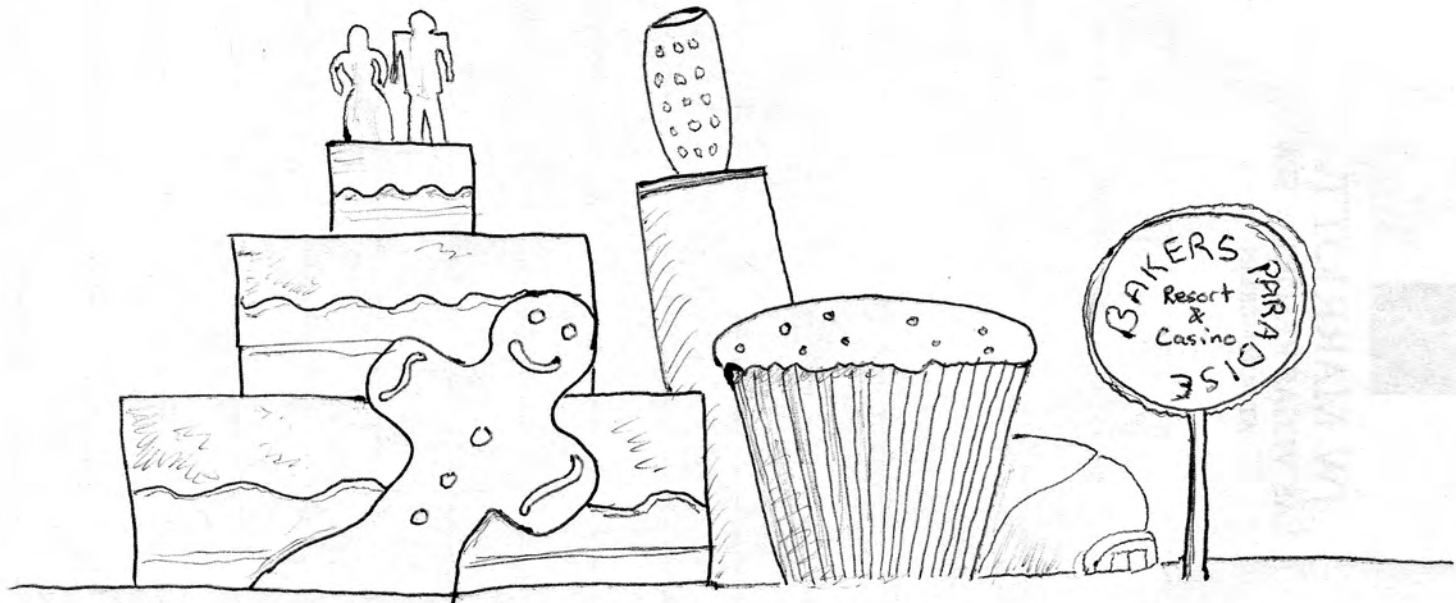
These days, I hear your fur coats are priced twice as high as a white rabbit's.

TR: *nose stops twitching*

WC61: Where did... Chris, where did he get the gun? No, stop the recording! This interview is—

This newsletter is dedicated to the memory of Jack Kerfuffle, beloved uncle and racist fool.





Fanzine in an Hour from Westercon 62 in Las Vegas writtern by Chris Garcia, Tadao Tomomatsu, Ace Cub Reporter Jason Schachat, Bob Hole, and Fred Moulton. Art from Espana Sheriff and Jason Schachat. Chris Garcia slapped it together from there.