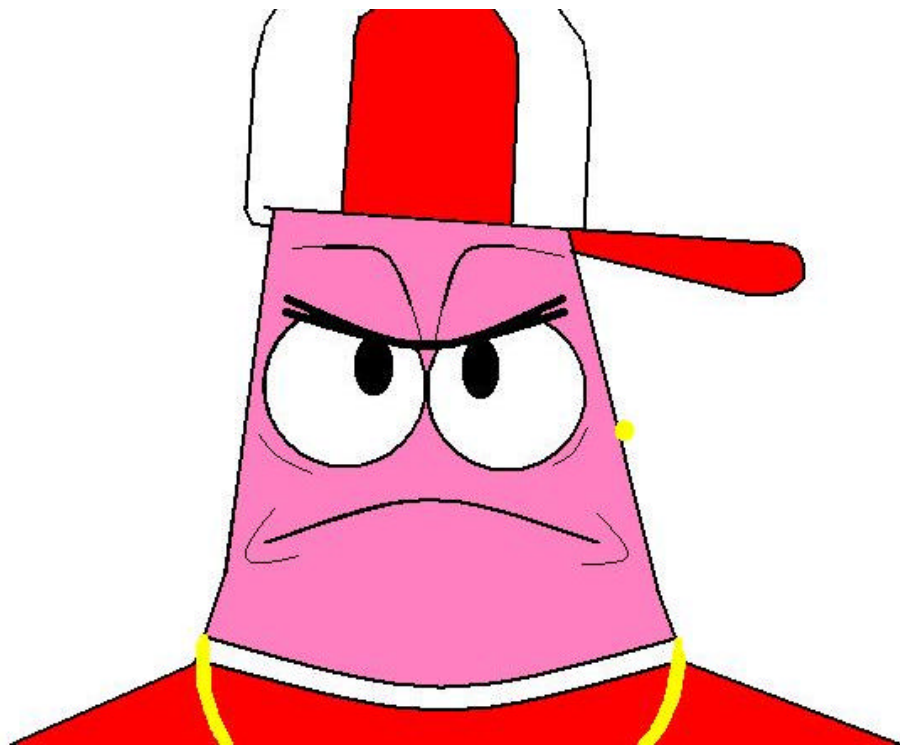


THE Glitter City Gangstas

January 2006 Issue #1



Arnie Katz

Welcome to the first Las Vegas oneshot in many years. We used to do them all the time – there were 60 monthly issues of *The Vegas All-Stars* in the early and mid-1990’s. I can’t guarantee that this is the first of 60 issues, or even the first of two, but we’re all revved up and ready to give it a try.

A lot of stalwarts are missing, gaffiated, gone to Flippin, AR, and other similarly grisly fates, but this issue will be the baptism of fire for a number of members of Las Vegas Fandom’s New Generation.

And yet my role, to be the first to stick out my neck while simultaneously taking care of the nuts and bolts, has not appreciably changed. Just when I got Ken Forman trained – we will turn a discreet eye away from his “without further ado” gaffe in *Crazy from the Heat #2* – he relocated to the Ozarks where his newfound ability to lead off oneshots and round robins is going to waste.

It’s hard not to do the *Auld Lange Syne* bit on New Year’s Eve and I have many terrific fannish New Years Eve’s to remember. With news of the New York City Subway strike so prominent in the last couple of weeks, it put me in mind of one particularly New Years Eve.

It was memorable for many reasons, but one of the most lasting is that it gave me my first inkling that I might have an aptitude for explaining Fandom. Who knows how much time the rest of you might have saved, had I not experienced this epiphany?

I was still living at home in suburban New Hyde

Park. That meant I’d have to walk to the last stop of the Q-44A bus, ride it down pothole-ridden Union Turnpike to an outlying station of the IND Subway line. I then took that into mid-town Manhattan, where I

changed for the IRT RR, a local subway train that made every possible stop in Manhattan and then went down into Brooklyn for 40 minutes or so until it reached 45th Street. Exiting the station, I walked down Brooklyn’s Third Avenue to 49th Street, where Ted White’s apartment was located.

This impressively large place – Ted even had a full basement and a little patch of garden in the back – was home to the Fanoclasts, New York’s invitational fanzine fan club, and to the annual Fanoclasts New Year’s Eve Bash. Fanoclast meetings were just for members, of which I had become one maybe a year earlier, but New Year’s always saw dozens and dozens of New York fans make the trek to deepest Brooklyn to see the group in its native habitat.

There was talk of an imminent transit strike, which meant both subways and busses, but I didn’t care. I was going to spend the big night with my Fanoclast friends and watch all of New York Fandom parade through Ted’s apartment.

The New Year’s Eve Party was a rager, with a full turn-out by the current Fanoclasts, visits from such prominent alumni as Robert Silverberg and Les Gerber and just about every New York fan you might possible expect to see. Conversations roared inside and outside the apartment.

I fell into conversation with Les Gerber. When he

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The Glitter City Gangstas #1, January 2006, was written and produced by Arnie Katz (909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas 89145; crossfire4@cox.net) and the unruly mob known as the Vegants (and several fellow travelers).

This oneshot was written at the 2005 Las Vegas Fandom New Year’s Eve Open House, though a few participants emailed in their contributions.

TGCCG is available on local listservs and at efanzines.com. Letters of comment would be a wonderful way to show that you’ve enjoyed our efforts.

Member: fwa Supporter AFAL Toner 2 in ‘06! Westercon in ‘08!

and Ted's former mistress got together, he'd put a little distance between himself and the club, but he was still a major fan at the time (circa 1964). We talked about a lot of things, but eventually, Les mentioned that he had a box of fanzines for sale.

I looked around and didn't see it. I was ready to go into Full Disappointment mode when Les corrected my misapprehension. He didn't have the box at the party; they were in his living room in Park Slope. Les thought he might want to go home, about 30-40 minutes toward Manhattan from our south Brooklyn location and I, ever keen to acquire old fanzines, decided to go with him.

The subway service was already getting spotty as the time for the strike, 5 AM, approached, but we got a train that took us to Les' stop and we were soon poring over vintage fanzines in his living room.

I think he mostly wanted to see them have a good home. He saw my undisguised enthusiasm and sold me the whole batch for a fairly paltry sum.

When I looked at my watch, I was shocked to see how much time had passed. Les' storytelling and hospitality had taken us past 1 AM!

I thanked Les, hoisted the large carton and lit out for the subway. As I covered the blocks, I heard the sound of distant thunder and felt a stray drop or two hit my head.

I waited on the drafty platform and, eventually, was rewarded with a Manhattan-bound subway train. It took me underneath the East River into the Wall Street area of lower Manhattan, under Sixth Avenue to 34th Street, the station beneath the Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal. I changed for the IND, which took me out to Queens, where I caught what turned out to be the very last Q-44A bus before the strike went into effect.

I would've breathed a sign of relief, if the trip down Union Turnpike wasn't shaking me like an electric mixer. They periodically put new busses on the route, but the pock-marked surface of Union Turnpike destroyed the shock-absorbers within the first two weeks. Union Turnpike was a greater impediment to surface transit than the craters of the Moon.

I was a little wet from the rain that had fallen on me while I waited for the bus, but I was very, very happy. I had acquired a carton of top-quality classic fanzines for a bargain price, I had attended the New York fan party of the year and I had frustrated the vile designs of the Transit Workers Union, whose labor negotiation strategy schemed to leave me stranded somewhere in Brooklyn.

Finally, the bus jolted to the very end of the line. I was the only passenger as I staggered out onto the corner of Union Turnpike and Lakeville Road.

It was still raining. The intersection was beginning to look like the impromptu lake that the city's TV stations often showed on the news when New York had a severe rainstorm. Fortunately, the lake was not yet more than a large puddle, so I quickly crossed the streets to the diagonally opposite corner, the one closest to my home. I didn't even need a rowboat to navigate it, a good thing because I didn't have a rowboat.

My parents' home was about three blocks from where I stood. I wasn't worried about the carton, because I'd covered the fanzines with my jacket, and I figured I could survive the drizzle in the name of keeping my recently acquired trophies pristine.

I started toward home, which first took me past a small strip shopping area – too small to call it a shopping center – that offered a little temporary protection from the sharply slanting rain that had suddenly started to fall a little harder.

That's when I heard a voice call me from under the eaves of the Five & Ten Cent Store. I was startled at first, and then instantly on the alert for a possible drunk or other time-waster. (There had never been much crime in my neighborhood, if you don't count adultery and related activities, so I wasn't actually afraid of a mugging.)

Then I saw that I was being hailed by a police officer. Naturally, I walked over to him, still holding the carton on my shoulder. He looked at me suspiciously and shined his flashlight at me.

"Good evening, Officer," I said brightly. I had long hair and a moustache and wore a cowboy hat. This didn't ordinarily arouse sympathy among the uniformed constabulary in 1965, so I made sure to be extra respectful. Eddie Haskell would've been proud.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Home, Sir."

"Where do you live?" he asked with the air of a man hoping to find a hole in my story. I told him my address and where I expected to walk to get there. Since I seemed to know my way around the neighborhood, the patrolman started to relax a little.

Until he remembered why he'd stopped me in the first place.

"Put the carton down." He ordered.

"Yes, Officer," I said as I quickly complied.

"What do you have in there?" he asked. "Open it up."

"It's a box of old magazines, Officer Sir," I told him.

"What kind of magazines?" he asked, suddenly suspicious. The word "porn" was never used, but it floated in the air between us.

"They are amateur, small circulation magazines," I

explained. "People who like to discuss books and such write about them in their little magazines and then trade them with each other." I opened the carton and showed him the closely packed fanzine. His flashlight put a circle of light on the fanzines. I lifted some from each pile to show him that there were no magazines with salacious naked women lurking beneath the copies of *Oops!* and *Hyphen*.

I droned on about Fandom, keeping up the explanatory patter as I showed him the fanzines. I kept at it until his eyes glazed, the sign that boredom had won out over curiosity.

He bid me good night, I picked up the box of fanzines and headed toward home.

My ability to explain Fandom had completely cooled out the situation. I thought maybe I'd try writing about it some time, too.

Joyce Katz

There's a mystique about New Years Eve parties – a great expectation of astounding events, glamour and excitement.

Melancholia grabbed me one New Years Eve in St. Louis, because I knew a bunch of my friends in New

York were having a fabulous fannish party. Now, I'd never been to a fabulous fannish party. And, my imagination was filled with images of fancy people in fine clothes, exotic drinks, stuffed mushroom caps on little silver trays... Like David Gordon hankering for skinny dipping fans, always at the convention he just missed, I peopled my dream party with scenes of mirth, and perhaps even a little debauchery.

It was cold – it reached 18 below that night. The fans gathered in the Fisher walk-up listened to music, talked about science fiction, discussed infinity, and gulped down mugs of steaming hot tea. After midnight, the gang trooped over to Mickey & Diana Rhodes' place for more of the same. But the wind had risen, and I decided to avoid the cold drive in our ragtop with the holes in the floorboard and windows that didn't close. Instead I spent the rest of the night drawing a picture of the party that never happened.

Years later in Brooklyn, another New Years Eve fan party – by this time I was old enough to realize it was the people that made it fabulous, not the mushrooms on silver trays. It was a different bunch of fairly scruffy fans in sweaters and flannel shirts, but the conversation still ran to music, science fiction and the infi-



nite, with cups of something hot to ward off the chill. Then Eric Mayer and his wife Kathy came in, with her dressed in a silver lame', bare back, off-shoulder creation that would have been more appropriate at the Playboy Mansion in Sunny Cal than a frigid Brooklyn apartment.

But I didn't laugh; I understood. Her silver lame' was just stuffed mushrooms to me.

There's something about New Years Eve that makes us dream of glamour and excitement.

Ross Chamberlain

I've had any number of faanish new years' celebrations, few of which include more than a few seconds (well, okay, maybe a half hour, grudgingly) of the nationally distributed breads and circuses ... ah, no, that's something else isn't it?

TV coverage of the important things like the dropping of the ball on New Years' Eve, perhaps with the now perennial vocals of Dick Rogers... (uh, mental juxtapositions that I perceive as hilarious at the moment...)[*thatph's desphicable*] No, not Duck Rodgers nor Mr. Rogers, it's *Clark*, you fool! Okay, Dick Clark, whose participation is promised if he's sufficiently recovered from his stroke...

Now, you see, nobody cares about that stuff, here, right? Other than that, they've been more-than-usually-participated-in parties that I remember having enjoyed, sometime for atmospheric reasons other than the champagne at midnight.

Of course, I try to watch for the 9-o'clock hour on these nights, since I was raised mostly on the east coast, and spent some years subsequently in New York, it's the Dropping Ball that says it's real, and you can't fool me with these delayed telecasts... [Oops, but I missed the nitching hour (that's the nine PM-version) as I was typing this. Foof.]

I was in Times Square the night the lighted ball didn't fall. Or—wasn't lighted when it fell. Whatever. I think it was the Only Time. I think it had to be 1963's merge into 1964, but I could be wrong. I was in town from home in New England's Berkshires, it was the school holiday break, and I was with a girl I was taken with in the way of otherwise intelligent males have done for recorded time (Sampson comes to mind).

She was pretty and mindblowingly innocent of mind; she was going to be an actress, you understand, and she demonstrated this for me at her home when we had dinner (plank steak, oh, yes I remember). Her performance was all gasps of an awkwardly dying swan, and I felt trapped... But I was the only guy who'd pay more attention to her after first earful.

We were both innocent. They served us Tom Col-

linses at a table far away from the regular seating area. This was at that famous hotel on the Square, and they took pity on us though they knew we were underage --- it's gotta be past the time anyone can hold it over them, now, if there's anyone to hold it over--- There probably wasn't a lot of gin in there anyway, but what the heck.

More importantly, Teddy (oh, yeah) and I didn't know what the crowd at Times Square on New Years' Eve was really like.

I'd been jostled and packed in a crowd at a circus in College Station, TX, some (not that many) years earlier and got sick; I didn't do that this time, but the surges and eddies of movement in a crowd like that in the Big Apple Pit are more like river currents. It was all we could do to hang on to each other, and in fact we didn't for a terrible minute or so, during which she was groped and lost a necklace she should've known not to wear, but who knew?

I didn't, or I might've said something. I got her back, and I think now it was damned lucky but I'm looking back from a distance at that youthful arrogance that is the other side of the coin of innocence. If I did give more than cursory cognizance of the real danger she was in, not to mention mine by extension, I don't remember mulling it.

We got home to her folks okay, but needless to say everyone was unhappy, but they sped me on my way home whenever that was an option - I don't remember more details of the following days now - but once back at school I think we got along okay in our dumbass sort of way for a while.

My brother and I went to Times Square on a couple of other clicks in the Big Clock, but only stayed for the ball drop on one of them, and I don't remember much otherwise, mostly due to the vodka. That's another story for another time.

Stuffed mushrooms indeed...

Lori Forbes

Since I've been an adult, New Year's Eve hasn't been that big a deal to me. I'm either at home or at Joyce & Arnie's. I'm ashamed to admit that in the last few years, I've actually been in bed (alone, damn it!) before the fireworks were set off. However, there was one year that was fabulous. A bunch of girlfriends and I all went out for the evening. It was the 4 of us (Jolene, Carla, Yolie and myself) and we were all dressed to the nines.

Back in the day, we were all hotties. We ended up at "Play it again Sams," a great little piano bar with a postage stamp dance floor and a jazz trio.

It's sad how things change, it's now a topless bar and not someplace I'd want to go. But then, we danced

all night, drank champagne and kissed strangers at midnight. Wonderful times and great girlfriends.

James Stanley Daugherty

Ah, New Years, the change from one arbitrary time unit to another. All I can say is that if the purpose of time is to keep everything from happening at once, we seem to have been undergoing a slight malfunction.

James M. Taylor

This year it's the future I'm looking to. There's Corflu in Toronto, Toner II and of course LACon IV. Looking forward to them all and the related development of my Fannish self. I will work on Burning Fan for James Stanley Daugherty. Maybe on Arnie's new electronic apae, when it gets started. And most importantly seeing where Teresa and I take our relationship.

Kathryn Daugherty

I, too, am looking forward this year. In fact I have been looking forward to this year for three years now, ever since I joined the LAconIV bidding committee.

Now that the Worldcon in Glasgow is over, Los Angeles is the next one. I knew I would help somewhere in Programming with Craig Miller, but I am thrilled to be in charge of the Hugo Ceremonies.

Although I will be Boskone in February and Baycon in May and Midwestcon in June and Westercon in July, it is all just a warmup for LAconIV, which happens to have the best venue for a worldcon that I have ever been in—lots of hotel rooms all in close proximity to the programming rooms and exhibits. Can you tell that I am excited? After this Japan in 2007 will just be a vacation.

Jolie LaChance

I don't know how active a fan I am was or will be, but my New Years resolution is to help get the bookshelves up in the Katzes' garage.

And I think I probably need to pay my dues by now. It's a pity I missed Westercon at the Wigwam, I always wanted to go back there as a grownup but Las Vegas is overdue for a con.

Marcy Waldie

Memories of most New Year Eves escape me for some unknown reason. There is one, however, that I recall clearly. I was about ten years old. Dad drove my mom, sister and me to a family gathering south of the border into Illinois then west. Rockford was the largest city I'd ever been in, and it was to Rockford we were headed. Being in a metropolis on New Year's Eve made

me feel soooo grown up and sophisticated.

Trips to my aunt's home was always cause for excitement. The large Victorian-style house held me in awe. The majestic stairway just inside the foyer, the heavy drapes in the sitting room, the comfortable overstuffed chairs, the huge bedrooms were just a tease. It was the first time I had seen or heard a coo-coo clock. The back yard housed a fishpond with live fish! Wow, my aunt and uncle must have been rich.

The most exciting aspect of the entire visit was the rear staircase. It was always off limits to anyone who was not in the immediate family. The reason being that it was narrow and circular. We might fall. Well, I didn't buy that for a minute.

That afternoon while all of the ladies in the family prepared a feast in the enormous kitchen, and the men shot the breeze in the sitting room, I crept up the front stairs, unnoticed, reached the top landing and stared down the longest hallway I'd ever seen. At the end, to the left, was The Door. The Door opened to The Forbidden Staircase.

Convinced that this was my chance for a titillating taste of taboo, I moved silently along on the thick carpet until I reached The Door. Confident that it was only a staircase, I turned the doorknob and stepped onto the landing. I descended the first few steep, wooden steps gingerly. Yes, it was circular. Yes, it was narrow. Yes, it was only a staircase.

With mixed feelings of disappointment and triumph, I reached the main floor and opened the door into the kitchen. Everyone was so busy that they did not notice me. I strolled straight through with a smirk on my face. So much for The Forbidden Staircase.

The rest of the evening went smoothly, with a grand dinner, fireworks and a lot of noisemaking at midnight. We spent the night in that house. I fell asleep seeing myself creeping down the rear staircase and feeling quite smug, thank you.

Forty-some years later I was talking by phone with my cousin, who lived in the Rockford house at the time of my great expedition. As we reminisced about the grand house on Grant Avenue in Rockford, Illinois, I casually mentioned that I had, indeed, descended the rear staircase after being told repeatedly for years that being on them for any reason was prohibited. My cousin screamed, "You went down the back stairs?!"

"Yes," I replied. Nothing more was said about it. Ever.

So, what was the big deal was about those stairs? I think of that episode often. There must have been something I missed, although I don't know what I expected, really. There were no evil spirits; no flitting fairies or dancing elves. No poisonous snakes or deadly

spiders. No damsel in distress or dried bones lying around.

Once in a while it's neat to have an experience for the experience. There was no great revelation. There was no paranormal phenomenon. And I don't even care anymore about why the staircase was verboten.

Teresa Cochran

It seems the weather is a major factor in testing our fannish dedication. I'm thinking of Jophan on his journey to find true fandom, carrying his cardboard box of fanzines in blustery weather.

Oh, wait, that's Arnie.

I feel as if I've made a long journey thus far in my short year in fandom, and I have a long and glorious adventure ahead of me, interspersed with more warm fannish parties, (or is that meetings?) including the New Year's ones, with steaming or foaming cups of the beverage of my choice. I've made this journey on all sorts of levels, personal and literary.

I'm hoping to share more adventures with other fans on my way. I certainly have plenty of guides, and I'm sure I'll have a chance to be a guide, too. I don't want this tale to end.

Arnie Katz (again)

For the Vegants, the distinction between a meeting and a party is largely of academic interest. As long as there's no business, no voting and no agenda, I don't care whether it's technically a meeting or a party. For instance, this New Year's Eve Open House looks suspiciously like a Vegants meeting, including the presence of two guests — Jack Delval and Jolie LaChance.

Ken Forman

Speaking (so to speak) from the perspective of 2006+72 hrs, I have to say how pleased I am to see that Vegas Fandom revisited an old tradition. The oneshots at the Katzes NYE Open House soirees were always a dilemma. I'm sure the merry funsters at this year's bash experienced a similar choice: do I dedicate twenty to forty-five minutes away from this fantastic party to contribute to the oneshot? Or do I blow it off and hope that some other poor schlub takes the time to write up his feelings and grand thoughts. Sometimes I chose to be that schlub, sometimes I went to the party instead.

Arnie's suggestion of writing something ahead of time is useful, but not really in the spirit of a *one-shot*. (The exception would be a one shot where everybody knew ahead of time to bring a short piece. The whole 'zine would then be pubbed in "one shot." The Ve-

grants played around with that style for a few issues, but they tended to be less cohesive and not representative of the occasion. I've always liked the notion that the 'zine was done during some event or party.)

One solution, of course is to prepare something quick and short, but that would allow you to expand and add more topical comments.

So, to be more topical...hard as it is to believe, I've only once been at the Katzes' house for the dropping of the ball at midnight. Most of their other famous parties saw me there from beginning to end, but not the NYE Open Houses.

The reasons are pretty simple; for much of my life in Vegas, I worked in the service industry. Casinos and restaurants in Vegas are notorious for needing all hands working on one of the busiest nights of the year. For those years when Aileen (another casino worker) got the rare NYE off together, we headed for the Strip (or downtown before they built the "Experience.")

We'd usually start out visiting Arnie and Joyce, but around nine o'clock, we'd head off to wherever the largest crowd was gathering. It was much like Ross' description of Times Square. Ross didn't say how big his crowds were, but the Strip regularly gathers a quarter of a million partiers.

The crowd acts like a living, surging river with currents and eddies. Peoples' behavior changes in such crowds, too. One becomes more intimate with the people around you. If you're lucky, one of those around you is your spouse. "What's the purpose of being in a crowd like that?" people have asked. The purpose is simply to be in a crowd that size. The feeling of being in a mass of humanity that immense is difficult to describe...but it's certainly unique. One particularly memorable NYE in such a throng was early in the 90s, the early years of SNAFFU. A group of us that included Karl Kreder, Lee Langston, Chris Devine, Chris Rathjin, and assundry other friends spent the evening wandering up and down the Downtown area. One of the casinos there offers a special jackpot every fifteen minutes. To announce the imminent jackpot, its marquee would count down from about five minutes out. Of course the drunken revelers didn't pay careful attention to the *actual* time.

Someone would notice that there was "**three minutes left to midnight!**" Then the crowd would begin the count-down to the zero moment; shout "Happy New Year;" rounds of kisses would be handed out, and the party would continue on. This started around half-past ten o'clock and continued on the quarter hour for the next hour and a quarter.

There was one particular NYE when Aileen was working, but I wasn't. It was the one time I spent the

magic moment with Joyce and Arnie. I'm not going to try to dredge the year out of my faulty memory. What I do recall, though, is that I needed to leave soon after midnight. For some reason the department of transportation decreed that the stretch of I-215 between I-15 and Warm Springs Rd. be opened at precisely at the stroke of midnight. Since I was on two wheels that night (those of you don't know me, I usually drive a motorcycle), I made the trip from Toner Hall to the new stretch of highway in about 15 minutes; the freeway was practically empty. I assumed it was just that people were still whooping it up.

Swooping around the unfamiliar flyover that connects the southbound I-15 lane to the eastbound I-215 my bike and I shot out onto the newest piece of Eisenhower's great dream. The exchange and lanes ahead were completely empty of other traffic. If there had been a few pieces of newspaper blowing across the lanes, we could have recreated the opening sequence of Omega Man. It struck me that I was one of the first people to actually use that strip of concrete for the purpose for which it was intended. It made me feel all tingly inside.

Like James, I'm looking forward to Corflu. I've never been to Toronto.

Oddly enough, I spent a couple of NYEs at Play It Again, Sams myself. For a couple of years I was the assistant manager there. Lori's right, it was a happenin' place. It's a shame the owner decided to fulfill a life-long dream of owning a topless bar. I've eaten there since they changed. The food's just as good, but the dancers are bare-breasted.

Aileen Forman

The six-year-old in our household recently asked why we celebrate the new year. I didn't take part in the conversation that followed, but it did make me think. It is a strange thing to do, isn't it – to stay up late on an arbitrarily decided date in order to make a lot of noise and kiss people? Nevertheless, I've had my share of very memorable New Year's Eves.

The first time I remember staying up until midnight was when I was 14 or so years old. I went with a girlfriend to her grandmother's house to spend the night. We played card games and felt like grownups as we watched television and counted down the minutes with Dick Clark.

When I was 19, I spent New Year's Eve again with that same girlfriend. By this time, she had moved to Chicago in an attempt to become a "real live" actress. Her father and I drove in a snowstorm from Des Moines to Chicago in order to celebrate the event with her. (I imagine she wasn't too thrilled to have her dad

come along, but she never said anything about it.) We dined at Benihana's and when the moment arrived, I kissed her dad.

This was the first of several unsatisfactory New Year's Eve kisses that I've experienced over the decades. Thankfully, I've had Ken to kiss for the last 20 years and that's always a good kiss.

The most elegant New Year's Eve we've had in the last decade was on Dec. 31, 1999. We'd decided to take a cruise to celebrate the momentous occasion (and miss any Y2K snafus that might happen). As the fireworks shot up from the nearby island, the entire ship cheered and toasted the new millennium. (Yes, I know that the actual millennium was the following year. Nerds!) I wore a beautiful gown and danced the night away under a Caribbean sky. Joyce, it was everything that you dreamed of when you were a teen. Heck, it was everything I'd dreamed of too!

Ken's description of the Vegas New Year's Eve parties is accurate. We did end up in the middle of a half of a million people, elbow to elbow and hip to hip.

What amazed me was the drunken camaraderie that everyone seemed to feel. I'm sure there were pickpockets galore and numerous other villainous people about us, but I never had a problem – other than mild claustrophobia.

Now we're not really in a position to celebrate in a grand manner. Not to mention that there's not a whole hell of a lot of places to go celebrate in Flippin. Maybe I should have gone out and shot off my gun! No, sorry, I haven't gone *that* native yet.

Arnie (Yet Again!)

The Open House was a success in every respect, including size. We had 19 fans, including two first-timers. One of them (Jolie LaChance) made her first fanzine appearance in this Awesome Publication. Several others — James Daugherty, Kathryn Daugherty, Teresa Cochran and (I think) James Taylor — are participating in a oneshot for the very first time.

I think it's important, at this point, to state clearly and unambiguously, that Jolie LaChance and John DeChancie are Two Completely Separate People. Pictures in *VFW* will prove it beyond a shadow of a doubt.

I think it is also opportune to mention that we will publish letters of comment, if received, in future issues. And that the probability of such future issues is greater if we get some email.

Happy New Year from all of Las Vegas Fandom!
— Arnie & Joyce Katz, James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, James & Kathryn Daugherty, Lori Forbes, Marcy Waldie, Ross Chamberlain, Jolie LaChance and (direct from Flippin, AR) Ken & Aileen Forman.