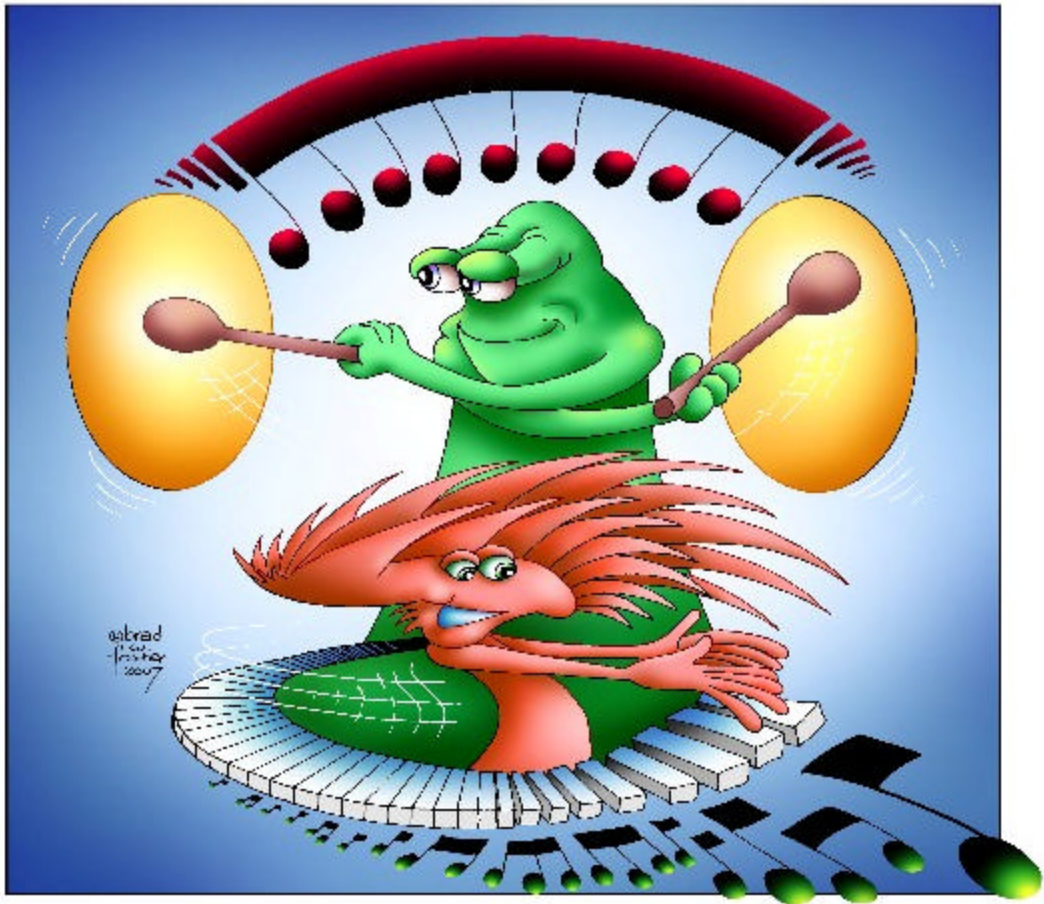


VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY



**Celebrating
100 Issues!**



Invitation to a Celebration

This is the 100th *Vegas Fandom Weekly*. That surprises me even more than it does you. I've never done 100 of any fanzine. Whim has often ruled my fanac and once I feel I've met the challenge of one project, I begin to divert energy to the next one. Almost before I notice, I've stopped one fanzine and started another.

Yet here I am, ready to follow Brad Foster's front-cover injunction to celebrate 100 issues. Actually, I might have been willing to make an optimistic prediction about continuing *VFW* into 2007 or even beyond, but I didn't expect it to mutate from a two-to-four page local newszine into a full-fledged genzine with a huge worldwide readership. That weekly schedule — The zine's slogan called it "sorta weekly" even when it came out weekly for well over a year — is just a memory, but the average issue is now 28 pages.

Truthfully, it's more like a powerful drug. Right now, I simply can't imagine not producing more issues. I have ideas for other fanzines I'd like to try, but *VFW* shows no sign of loosening its grip on my fanpublishing. Frankly, I can't even bring myself to change the zine's name. I have this waking nightmare that world climate change will one day force me to move somewhere else and that I will leave Core Fandom for an obsession with metal detecting or something else of that ilk — but I'll still be producing regular issues of something that isn't "Vegas," "Fandom" or "Weekly" under the same old logo.

Eventually, I see myself clawing my way out of the grave to do "just one more issue" — and then doing it again a couple of weeks later. It's not just the initials, either; I can't bring myself to change the name to *Virtual Fandom World*. Some day, perhaps before it comes to posthumous publishing, I will, but until then, I'm stuck with it and you are stuck with me. Lackadaisical posturing aside, that makes me happy and I hope it makes you happy, too.

Two things are responsible for *VFW*'s longevity: Electronic publishing and your support. I wouldn't have had the energy to produce so much without the former nor the motivation to do so without the latter.

Since I've talked about electronic publishing at such length, I'd rather use this space to thank Joyce, Bill Mills, James Taylor, Alan White, Linda Bushyager, Roxanne Gibbs and Teresa Cochran (the Vegrants *VFW* Support Group). I am sincerely grateful to those who helped with posting and distribution: Bill Burns (efanzines.com), plus Joyce, Bill Mills (LasVegrants.com) and Roxanne Gibbs (SNAFFU.org).

And where'd *VFW* be without the regular contributors? So, bouquets of appreciation go to Shelby Vick, Dick Lupoff, the late rich brown, John DeChancie, Bill Mills, Bill Wright, John Purcell, Chris Garcia, Bruce Gillespie, Joyce, Greg Benford, Terry Kemp, Rob Hansen, Lloyd Penney, Kent Hastings — and all the fine folks who've appeared less frequently, such as Bill Kunkel, Peter Sullivan, Earl Kemp, David Bratman, Richard Coad, Rob Jackson, Ted White, James Taylor, Linda Bushyager, Teresa Cochran and the late Bob Tucker.

I owe a deep debt to the artists who embellish *VFW*'s page, including the late Bill Rotsler, Ross Chamberlain, Alan White, Bill Kunkel, Steve Stiles, Brad Foster, Frank Wu, Taral Wayne, Bhob Stewart, Harry Bell, David Russell and ace photographers Bill Mills, Alan White, Linda Bushyager and David Gordon.

And a special "thank you" also goes to the fabulous letter writers of "ChatBack," led by Robert Lichtman and Lloyd Penney — and including too many to possibly list.

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you all. — Arnie

Vegas Fandom Weekly #100A, Volume 3 Number 12, Sept. 4, 2007, is written and produced by Arnie Katz (909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145; Email: crossfire4@cox.net; phone: 702-648-5677).

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at efanazines.com and LasVegrants.com. No harmful drugs were consumed during the production of this fanzine.

Member: fwa

Supporter: AFAL

Corflu Silver in 2008!

Great Moments in FANHISTORY **KATZENHAMMER**

The History Channel recently ran a documentary, the first episode of a new season of *Lost Worlds*, about the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. Fandom doesn't really have a comparable group of physical constructions, but the hobby has certainly had its share of landmark events that are indelibly written in the pages of fanhistory.

Besides, only one of the seven Wonders actually exists today and there's little solid evidence that the Hanging Gardens of Babylon existed at *any* time. At least we're pretty sure of most of Fandom's landmark events.

So with apologies to the chroniclers of the Alexandra Lighthouse and the Temple of Artemis, I thought I'd look at some of Fandom's most significant events.

A little self-limitation is good for the fanzine, like pushing back from the dinner table is good for the waistline. I'm exempting certain types of occurrences from consideration. Some of them would swamp the list, others would duplicate the discussion of great fans and great fanzines and still others are more important on a personal level than to Core Fandom as a whole, like the first time you got laid at a con.

Somewhat arbitrarily, I'll disallow the death of any fans for this compendium. Otherwise, they'd dominate the list. In the same way, I'm omitting "When [insert BNF name here] first discovered Fandom" (or first read science fiction or something of that sort). Again, that could fill out this article – and duplicate the "All-Time Greatest Fans" list, too.

I'm also going to depart from my previous practice and put things in more-or-less chronological order. That'll make it even easier for you to spot events you think should be included.



Forry Ackerman writes to Jack Darrow. Although Fandom-like entities, such as the Lovecraft Circle, trace to earlier dates, this was the single act that launched our Fandom. It is interesting to ponder what would've happened if prozines didn't print the addresses of contributors to their letter columns back then – or if Darrow had been as bad a correspondent as some of us (including me).

Ray Palmer edits the first fanzine. The Cosmos Science Fiction Society produced an official club fanzine, *Cosmology*. It wasn't much like today's fanzines, being very serious and scientific, but it led to the print and electronic fanzines that have contributed so much to the hobby in the ensuing (nearly) eight decades.

Wonder Stories sponsors the Science Fiction League. There were clubs before the SFL and after its demise, too, but none rivaled the impact of this prozine-sponsored group that brought *hundreds* of fans into contact with Fandom

Leeds fans put on a gathering. There are fans, both in the US and the UK, who will argue interminably about whether this or the somewhat more formal and larger Newark convention was the first SF convention, but both are milestones.

Continued on next page

US fans meet for their first convention. Some folks from Philadelphia and another group from New York got together to hear some speakers and talk to each other shortly after the Leeds event. Whether this was the first con is not as significant as the fact that the people who attended described it as a convention and made plans to hold more of them.

The Great Staple War plunges All Fandom into... laughter. The mock battle between supporters and opponents of the use of metallic fasteners in science fiction magazines introduced fannishness. Bob Tucker and Jack Speer showed marvelous inventiveness in fighting this sham struggle.

Jack Speer invents "John Bristol." Fans were pleased when a major new participant, John A Bristol, began writing and publishing. And then, a little later, they were startled and impressed when Bristol turned out to be a hoax perpetrated by John Bristol Speer.

Don Wolheim founds FAPA. In the wake of the collapse of the letter press fanzine field, Don Wolheim adapted the rules of the National Amateur Press Association to fannish purposes, threw in some excellent new wrinkles to birth Fandom's first amateur press association. Worth a mention is the invention of the Mailing Comment by Dan McPhail and Jack Speer.

The first World Science Fiction Convention held. The New York World's Fair of 1939 had everyone Thinking Big. A faction called New Fandom, led by Sam Moskowitz, Will Sykora and Jimmy Taurasi organized and ran what proved to be the first World Science Fiction Convention. Another major event, closely related to this one, was the Exclusion Act, in which Taurasi and Sykora prevented Don Wolheim and his friends from entering the con. The decision by other fans to hold a Rump Banquet the next day for the outcasts showed Fandom's ability to stand up for embattled fellow fans.



Francis Towner Laney, Walter Daugherty and other LASFS luminaries of the 1940's.



Forrest J Ackerman was one of the notable fans who traveled across country to attend the first worldcon in New York.

GhuGhu is revealed. Very few fans professed a strong interest in religion until GhuGhu was revealed to Fandom just before World War II. This led to the introduction of a rival ghod, FooFoo, and eventually, to the maze of deities and demi-ghods that populates fannish myth. A decade or so later, Lee Hoffman refined the original premise into the Ghuisms we know in Fandom today.

The National Fantasy Fan Federation opens. The N3F may have failed to provide its members with a worthwhile organization or implement its oft-stated goal of "helping neofan," but it sure has inspired a lot of very funny fanwriting. The NFFF has served Fandom for almost 70 years as a catch-basin for the Mundane-minded who somehow encounter Fandom, provided busy work for bureaucrats and convinced most of Fandom, by its example, that Byzantine, bureaucratic national fan organizations are more trouble than they are worth.

Claude Degler's Cosmic Circle stalks Fandom. Don Rogers, under his "Degler" nom de fanac, criss-crossed North America leaving chaos, allegations of theft and bogus fan organizations in his wake. His

weird philosophy identified fans as members of a star-begotten race. Among his many unfulfilled plans was a free love camp in the Ozarks where fans could propagate the Race of Tomorrow. Speer debunked many of Degler's more outrageous fantasies in *Investigation in Newcastle*. Fan reaction may have strengthened the then-new Insurgent movement.

Speer writes the first fanhistory. The publication of *Up to Now* was a defining moment for the hobby. For the first time, a writer tried to organize the history of the hobby into some kind of coherent structure. In the process, he also crafted the first unified theory of fanhistory, Numbered Fandoms.

Jack Speer compiles *Fancylopedia*. This compendium of entertainingly presented facts was, literally, a defining moment for Fandom. Speer did an admirable job as our Samuel Johnson with his lucid and informative definitions and explanations. Forry Ackerman was the angel/publisher, though he generously gave the N3F credit for his time, money and effort.

The Beanie becomes the visual symbol of Fandom. Ray Nelson began drawing cartoons in which fans were identified by propeller beanies. Detroit fan Ben Singer is reputed to be the first fan to actually wear one.

Rick Sneary proclaims "Southgate in '58!" It's hard to know exactly what fans of the late 1950's thought when Rick Sneary began campaigning for a worldcon in his hometown of Southgate, CA, for 1958. By the mid-1950's, Sneary had become something of a legend and fans caught the spirit of his Quixotic quest. It helped Fandom rebound from several years in the doldrums, paving the way for the 1958-1963 boom. The Solacon, actually held in Los Angeles, was technically in Southgate, because LA's Mayor temporarily ceded the land on which the hotel stood to Southgate.

Sam Moskowitz writes *The Immortal Storm*. First serialized in *Fantasy Commentator* and then published in hardback by the Atlanta SF Organization, *The Immortal Storm* is the first full-length fannish memoirs. It recounts the early years of Fandom through the first worldcon from the admittedly subjective viewpoint of one of its most active fans. Despite a tendency to wax grandiloquent, SaM provides a wealth of information about the period and even more about his own views, opinions and motivations concerning the tumultuous events.

WAW with the Crew brings Willis to America. Shelby Vick conceived and ran the first successful fund to bring a UK fan to an American worldcon. Walt Willis came to the Chicon II in 1952, which led to the creation of TAFF. WAW wrote two fannish classics in conjunction with the trip: *Willis Discovers America*,





Leeh 'n' Me, '88 Tropicon -- photo Geri Sullivan

Lee Hoffman (who revamped *GhuGhu8ism*) and Shelby Vick (who ran the first successful fan fund) share a fan panel.

and a series of imaginary stories about what the trip might be like, and *The Harp Stateside*, the first full-length fannish trip report.

***The Enchanted Duplicator* becomes Fandom's epic.** Walt Willis and Bob Shaw distilled the essence of Trufannishness into this witty and charming allegorical story about Jophan's journey to the Enchanted Duplicator. Its portrayal of a new fans progress to full understanding of Fandom is no longer an accurate depiction of contemporary Fandom, but it retains its emotional resonance for Core Fandomites.

Bob Tucker publishes *The Neofan's Guide*. A lot of fans, including the NFFF crowd, talk about helping new fans, but Bob Tucker actually did something about it by writing and publishing this guide. Tucker's wit makes the lessons easy to absorb and Tucker's wisdom and perceptiveness make the lessons worth learning. Despite several revisions which extended its useful

life, *The Neofan's Guide* is no longer an accurate road-map, but it served its intended purpose admirably for about 35 years.

Loncon I takes the worldcon to the UK. American xenophobia often equates the United States with "the world" in the naming of things. This was certainly true of the World Science Fiction Convention. Only one of the first 13 cons crossed the US borders – and that was only to Toronto in 1948. That changed in 1957 when London hosted the first worldcon outside North America. Some attribute this to a desire to make SoCal line up in 1958 and others claim it resulted from increased maturity in US Fandom. Whatever the reason, it was the biggest single step toward making the con a worldwide event.

Carl Brandon is a hoax! John Bristol was the first hoax fan and there have been some good ones like Joan W. Carr, but none rivaled Carl Joshua Brandon. By the

time Terry Carr, Dave Rike and Pete Graham let Fandom in on the joke at Solacon, Carl had become a major BNF, arguably more renowned than the fans that created him. Faan fiction pieces that take mainstream literature and bend them to fannish purposes are called “Brandonizations” in his honor.

The Breen Boondoggle divides Fandom. When the Pacificon II committee barred Walter Breen from the worldcon, the struggle to prevent Breen from being railroaded out of the con, out of FAPA and perhaps even out of Fandom saw many illustrious fans line up to battle against these arbitrary and mean-spirited actions. The nebulous charges were never substantiated and Boondoggle prime mover Bill Donaho eventually apologized for his part in this shameful witch hunt.

Harry Warner writes the first comprehensive fanhistory. The publication of *All Our Yesterdays* gave Fandom a reasonably objective and complete history of Fandom during the first half of the 20th Century. Other fanhistorians have differed with some of Warner’s perceptions and facts, but only the Hagerstown Hermit has actually produced a work of this type.

Rob Hansen writes *Then*. Although not the first to write about UK Fandom’s history, Rob Hansen was

Walt Willis did not actually work his way across the US in 1952, as this photo by Shelby Vick suggests, but he did motor across a good deal of it.



the first (and so far only) fanhistorian to pull together a complete history. *Then* recounted the long and fascinating history of British Fandom in detail. Other historians quibble, but *Then* remains the “go to” source for information about that segment of the microcosm.

The Bergeron Wars/TAFF Wars/Topic A burn through Fandom. In some ways the Bergeron Wars had a more devastating effect on Fanzine Fandom than even the Breen Boondoggle. Although the majority of fanzine fans lined up with Rob Hansen, Avedon Carol and other targets, there were enough voices on Bergeron’s side to keep this cauldron boiling until the heat sapped everyone’s strength.

John Foyster produces the first successful electronic fanzine. The Australian fan, now sadly attending the Enchanted Convention, wasn’t the first to publish electronically, but his *eFnac* was the first regularly appearing fanzine that distributed virtually all copies electronically. We who have followed in his footsteps salute him as the pioneer who opened this exciting new territory.

BArea fans start Corflu. As Las Vegas prepares for Corflu Silver, it is impossible not to think fondly of the trio of BArea fans who concocted this annual event, which has become the world convention for Core Fandom. Corflu has become the rallying point for fans who want to maintain the hobby’s classic strengths in the face of mounting commercialism and bureaucracy in All Known Fandom.

Bill Burns establishes efanzines.com Bill Burns didn’t create the boom in electronic fanzine publishing, but he made it possible when he started the site that dispenses free downloads of digital fanzines. To the fanzine editors (and readers) he has aided so outstandingly, there is no honor that could adequately reward this singular service to Fandom.

David Burton organizes eAPA. The estimable Indianapolis fan had barely returned to the fold after a lengthy hiatus when he birthed Fandom’s first electronic amateur press association. With the traditional hardcopy apas suffering diminished rosters, smaller mailings and generally harder times, Dave pointed the way to the future with this smoothly run digital apa.

TheVoicesOfFandom.com speaks. Bill Mills helped usher in a new era of audio (and video) fanac when he opened TheVoicesofFandom.com. The site presents clips and full podcasts on many aspects of Fandom, from history to filking. Bill displays great inventiveness, both in the production of original segments and tracking down rarities.

OK, now it’s your turn. Let’s hear about it.
— Arnie

NOW & AGAIN

Number ONE HUNDRED

“It’s Number One Hundred!”

In the future, there is a world-shaking event!
(Well, at least a *fandom*-shaking event!)

Most fanzines make mention of it. Even *trufen* has a small item about it.
Everyone is invited to Shelby Vick’s 100th Birthday Party!

Admittedly, there are some there who have never heard of Shelby, or only have a vague recollection of the name – but it was accepted that a One Hundredth Birthday Party was, even these days, a markable event. (‘Markable’, as in something to make a mark concerning; *not* ‘re’markable’, as they were becoming more and more common.) After all, for the last twenty years, his only fanac was his column in Vegas Fandom Weekly which was, appropriately, titled ‘Now and Again’. There would sometimes be months between columns. But all of Core Fandom knew who he was.

It is held, of course, in Las Vegas at the Plaza. Arnie Katz is the Master of Ceremonies. Other celebrities include Joyce Worley, Robert Lichtman, Chris Garcia, Ted White, and on and on and on.

(The motorized wheelchair supplier has to order an extra backup supply.)

Arnie, wearing a white teeshirt with a red puffin drawn on it, taps on his microphone. “Please; will everybody try to hold down the wheezing, so we can get things started?”

There is some muffled coughing, some spraying of throats, and then silence in the room. Everyone is seated at round dining tables; round, because that makes it easier to maneuver around with wheelchairs or walkers. “Shelby has requested that I make a short introduction,” Arnie announces. To cheers from the audience, he drops about a ream of notes into the wastebasket. “So, here he is! Shelby Vick! Happy One Hundredth, ShelVy!”



With the help of his cane, ShelVy rises from his chair and approaches the podium, smiling. His teeshirt reads, on the front, “I Am Shelby Vick”. On the back it says, “You Are Behind Shelby Vick”. The teeshirt is an attempt to duplicate the one he wore to the 1951 Nolacon in New Orleans. The shirt is reasonably the same; Shelby, on the other hand, has a white beard hanging down to his chest.

“Thankee kindly, everybody!” he says, waving his cane to take in the attendees. (Arnie just manages to duck in time.) “I’d first like to thank all the advancements in medical science that have made our presence possible!” There is a chuckle, starting another round of wheezing. “They say we can remember things from ‘way back easier than yesterday; well, they’re right! I remember, for instance, when Arnie published his one hundredth issue of VFW. Could even tell you which page my column was on, or where Robert Lichtman’s LoC was located. Now, THAT was an important One Hundred! His upcoming One Thousandth Issue is. . .well, just another VFW.

“Oh, I shouldn’t belittle it; Arnie really had to labor to pick what to put in his One Hundredth Issue; on the Thousandth, think of the research it musta taken.” Shelby looked at Arnie. “Isn’t it due out now, Arnie?”

Arnie ducked his head. “As soon as the nanobots get thru repairing my computer,” he said.

Bill Kunkel piped up, “I keep telling you, you’ve gotta buy a new one!”

Shelby nodded and went on, “I really wanted to thank you, Arnie, for digging out Bob Tucker’s ‘How Dull

Continued on next page



Was My Weekend' and running it when you spoke of my birthday."

"It's a classic!" Arnie said, glad to have the subject changed. "It tells about Tucker finding out, for the first time, that Lee Hoffman was a girl!"

"HoffWoman," Shelby said. "I created that new name for her. But I wanta straighten something out," Shelby went on. "Funny as it was, Paul Cox and I were NOT so stunned that we passed out for three days at his reaction!"

"Anywee," Shelby continued, "I really think your One Hundredth Issue was a landmine. . .oops, land-MARK, I mean! And it's only proper that you still call it 'Weekly', even tho ANYone knows that there are

more than one thousand weeks in the twenty-three, twenty-four years you've been doing it!" Shelby looked at Arnie. "By the way; I still have the computer I printed *Planetary Stories* (<http://www.planetarystories.com>) on. You get attached to the dang things!"

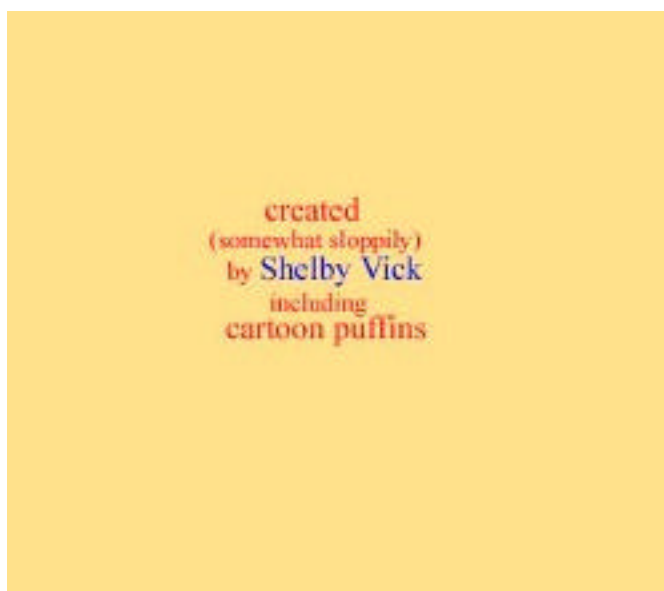
Shelby looked out at the audience. "Speaking of remembering things: I remember writing letters to the pulps in the 1940s and discovering fandom. I was really excited to make contact with others who enjoyed the field. I remember Lee Hoffman. Of course, I remember the Nolacon. And, later, there was that skinny teenager named rich brown. Then there was Walt Willis and my fanzine *confusion* and another teenager named Arnie Katz who came to visit us in Lynn Haven.

"It really strained my memory to help create program 493 in the holosuite – 493 for the Post Office box I had in Lynn Haven so many years. In 493 you'll find a reproduction of The Maelstrom, the room in the shed behind my folks' house where I did so much fanning. It has appleboxes stacked with pulps and fanzines. It has a duplicate of the metal war surplus desk on which stood AB Dick, the mimeo on which *confusion* was produced. It even has a half-full box of Masterweave, the cheap paper I ordered from Chicago. Realistic."

Shelby took a sip of water and looked around. "Well, since I asked Arnie for a short introduction, I don't think I should drag this out. Thanks for coming. Eat up!"

He took the loud applause as a compliment, not as the audience's relief that he was thru.

— Shelby Vick



MESSAGES My Year as N3F PRESIDENT

New Forms of Failure

I'd been warned. Folks had told me that the N3F, the National Fantasy Fan Federation, was an irreversible ship heading ever-so-slowly to disaster. I was told that the Bureaucracy would beat me down, make it impossible for me to do any good. Folks piped up that no matter how good my ideas were, I'd never see them implemented.

They were right about the outcome, but wrong about the reasons why. It turns out that I wasn't a very good president at all and it wasn't the fault of the N3F: it was actually because I wasn't the right guy.

Let's start with why I ran in the first place. I had a lot of good ideas on how the N3F could go forward, fill in gaps in the needs of the Big Tent Fandom. There were a lot of things that the N3F could do with the website that would invite members and non-members alike to participate. I thought that we could run convention listings and come up with listings of fannish sites and so on. We could have become a repository of fannish information. Sadly it didn't happen, but the reason wasn't because I met any opposition, in fact everyone who gave an opinion pointed out that it was a great idea, but I just didn't know how to properly get the ball rolling. There was talk about it for more than a month, but I couldn't drive it to the point where we could actually do something. These things happen, and it was clearly my fault. In fact, I had folks who were very interested in making it happen. But it didn't. This was a recurring theme for the Garcia Year.

I'm not adverse to Bureaucracy at all. In fact, a well-run bureaucracy can be a good thing, making things happen and not taxing too many people for energy. The N3F's version works at times and breaks down at times, but mostly it runs silent and deep. I had trouble filling positions. The first problem was I had only been an N3F member for a year before I put myself up for the position and I hadn't built the network of people that I knew and who I could count on. That meant that I had no idea who to put into the head of the various bureaus. This was troubling because many of them needed direction and I couldn't think of who to have help out. Luckily some folks came forward themselves, including Lee and J.J. McFadden, two very talented artist-types who stepped up and did great things towards the end of my term.

Membership slipped slightly, though not too much. My predecessor, Ruth Davidson, did a good job of bringing in new members and retaining old members. I wasn't so lucky. I was glad to see some folks coming up and increasing their level of activity, which is a plus. Sadly, we slipped on deadlines for three of the four issues of *The Fan* published during my term. Even my issue, the December one, slipped due to software issues and trouble with election results. These things happen, but it was another sign of my lack of leadership.

One of my big problems was timing. My Dad died, which took me out of things for about a month. Still not a good excuse for letting things slip, but it happened. I ran for TAFF, which was a terrible idea considering, and that slid things further down the slope. Email problems, timing issues, all of these things just compounded to make my Presidency more of a placeholder for real Presidents. *Mea Culpa*.

I wasn't all bad. Ruth and John Swartz had been working on a history of the N3F that got published on the web early in my term. I thought this was a great idea and it gave us more historical material for *The Fan*. We posted knowing that it was incomplete and in spots in incorrect, but the reason we put it up was so folks could send corrections. We got some, which was nice, and it was even updated to reflect them. Sadly, some of the worst entries were for people like Bruce Pelz, which saddened me personally.

I am also a fairly good judge. I try to be fair as best I can to as many people as I can, and this was tested towards the end of my term when I personally invited a Neffer friend of mine to put some work in *The Drink Tank*. This led him to another mailing list which I wasn't on, and that led to varying degrees of nastiness involving several of my favourite people in fandom. I became personally involved after a while and that was rougher, but I had to figure out how to deal with it in the club. That's a tough one, but we worked it out by finding a proper line between the extreme (*Get a Rope!*) and the lackluster (*Let's ignore it and see if it goes*

Continued on next page



away). Luckily, the nastiness stopped within a brief period and while some serious anger remains (I discovered at CorFlu), things improved. It was still an ugly incident that I hope no other N3F President has to go through.

The N3F is a great group. I still believe that. With proper leadership (and current President Janine Stinson is as good a Pres as we'll ever find) it can do wonderful things. I'm expecting an N3F Renaissance to come galloping out of the mists anytime now. I know others have said that, but having seen how I retarded things and that the club managed to keep on going, and some of the bureaus even managed to step up their activity,

which is a good thing, though it had nothing to do with me.

The question is what could I have done differently? I'm not sure, but I know one thing is I could have dropped everything and become a Neffer. That's a weird thing to say, but in many ways I never drank the Kool-Aid. I'm a fan who happens to be a member of the N3F and not a Neffer who happens to do a fanzine, go to cons, etc. The difference is subtle but significant. To place the N3F above the rest of fandom is something I could never do, which is dismaying to Neffers, but I could also never put the N3F below Fandom at Large, which is much to the chagrin of those that fill The Big Tent and the various little tents around it. My interests are all over the place and that makes it hard to devote myself to one thing. Sadly, that's not what makes for a good President. To paraphrase Nixon (and the Rocky Horror Picture Show) 'The N3F needs a Full-Time President' and I sadly was not that. Maybe in the future I could be that guy, but not now and certainly not in the near-term. I love the Big Tent too much to devote myself as fully as the N3F deserves.

So, I failed as President. It happens. Maybe someday I'll do it again when I have the right amount of time and energy to devote to the process. The N3F membership rose above its President, which is the best thing that can happen in the circumstances of having a bad Pres, but still, they deserved better and I failed them.

These things happen.

— Chris Garcia



Corflu Silver Info

Corflu Silver will be held April 25, 26 and 27, 2008, at the Plaza Hotel, One Main Street, Las Vegas, NV 89101. Room rates are \$35 per midweek night (Monday-Thursday) and \$72 per Friday, Saturday & Sunday. Reservations must be made prior to **March 22, 2008** in order to obtain the special Corflu rate; after that date, the regular room rates will apply.

Membership is \$60 attending (£35). Send checks payable to Joyce Katz to 909 EUGENE CERNAN ST., Las Vegas, NV, 89145, USA.

You can also submit funds via Paypal. It's a good idea to send me (Joyce) an email to let me know that you've done this.

The name of the account is Joyce Marie Katz. Email for the account is JoyceWorley1@cox.net.

TERRY TALES

Unsung Heroes of Fandom: KENNETH KRUEGER

Recently I've seen a lot of discussion about a Hall of Fame for fandom. Included at times are both qualifications for being included and lists of names suggested for inclusion. There is only one name I would like to offer up: Kenneth J. Krueger.

What follows here, in this article, are my reasons, by way of a short history which must pass for a short biography of the man.

I remember Ken. I first met him sometime in early 1969. It was the occasion of the first San Diego Comic Convention, held in the basement of the U.S. Grant Hotel.

The Con, for its day, was a rousing success. The U.S. Grant Hotel was not the snazziest of venues, but it was the only one in town willing to risk hosting an event that would garner such a low bar-attendance. Ken Krueger was instrumental with founding the event. He invited my father to speak at the event, and my father followed San Diego *Evening Tribune* editorial cartoonist Bob Stevens onto the podium.

My father gave a long, rambling speech that apparently did not hold the interest of the small group of twenty or so listeners. But there was a reason for this, my father was not at his best, we had spent the day before staying up all night and partying with friends. It had been an especially psychedelic event, even the hosts' cat had participated, jumping onto the record player repeatedly, enjoying the ride of its life, twirling on the spinning disc.



Over the next few years, Ken would come over to our house to pick up boxes of paperbacks from Surrey Distributors, my fathers' porn company. Quickly filling the trunk of his car, and leaving as furtively. One time he brought over his cigar smoking pal, John Hull, a local San Diego book dealer. Starting then and for the next few years, Hull would come over to see me regularly, hounding after my extensive comic book collection, offering all sorts of incentives to sell it to him.

As I recollect Hull and Krueger were loosely in business together, running a seedy bookstore in the nearby city of Ocean Beach. John Hull was a neighbor of the young Greg Bear and once told me that he brought Greg into science fiction, often letting the young kid have the run of his garage-stored collection. I do not know if it was a true story, but it sounded great. Greg, along with Scott Shaw, the comic artist, and other friends, formed their own sci-fi fan club, "The ProFanests" and hung out at Ken's flyblown establishment, discussing the latest batch of "Ace Doubles" with the walk-in locals who frequented the place.

I never did sell my comic books to John Hull.

Instead, I sold them at the 1975 San Diego Comic Con to a dealer in the Hucksters Room recommended to me by Ken. I did not make much money, but it was enough to return to UC Berkeley and get me started on my final year there.

The year 1975 was an eventful one. But 1976 surpassed it; I finally graduated, my father went to prison with Bill Hamling, and for Christmas that year I sold John Hull my collection of Regency Corinth Phantom Detective reprints, for \$90. Once again, it was barely enough to get me back to Berkeley. But it was enough. That following year I paid off all my student loans working my butt off seven-days-a-week.

I didn't see Ken Krueger again for several years.

In 1984, I returned to San Diego and began to frequent the Comic Cons once again. And there was Ken, busy as always. At every Comic Con I attended the high point was when I looked up Ken and we would sit and

Continued on next page



Julius Schwartz, Mr. Superman, at the July 1995 San Diego Comic Con.

chat. Several times he even got me in for free. For years I would spend my time at the conventions catching up with Ken, circling around Julius Schwartz and running with George Clayton Johnson.

Much too late I began to realize that Ken was more than just an old porn acquaintance. It was not until I moved to Los Angeles in 1987 that I came to a fuller understanding and appreciation of the man and his works.

As I became a full-fledged collector, taking the bus and frequenting The Change of Hobbit, I relented and rented a car, and made the long trip to Azusa. Ken moved frequently, and in 1988 he was living with his family in the outskirts of LA, still running a bookstore. And I can still remember his store; it was filled with wonderful books, many that I wanted, shelves of first edition Burroughs intermixed with the Heinlein Shasta books. I talked him into selling me a hardcopy of his Shroud publication of *The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath*, cheap. Barry Levin is now offering a copy for \$1,200.

Lloyd Arthur Eshbach in his semi-autobiographical account, as given in *Over My Shoulder*, stated that he could not get a clear picture of Ken's contributions to the publishing field and did not find anything of importance that Ken contributed to the genre. So...Eshbach thought Ken was not worthy of detailed consideration in his account. In fact, throughout his account of the era, Eshbach, during the few times he mentions Krueger at all, has nothing good to say about the man, and instead appears to demean any and all of his contributions as of no worth at all.

Eshbach was wrong! The publication of *The Dream Quest* alone has secured Ken a place high in the pantheon of specialty publishers. But *The Dream Quest* was not the only contribution Ken made in his long life full of fannish activity.

Ken Krueger has been around for a long, long time. And in those long years he has filled them with many

high points that make him one of fandom's Unsung Heroes.

Ken had begun writing letters to science fiction magazines in 1938, at the age of eleven, and was an attendee of the very first "scientifiction" convention held in 1939, officially making him a member of the elite-if-obscure group known as "First Fandom."

Yet, over these same decades, where more has been written about obscure figures such as Claude Degler, little has been written about Ken.

In 1969 Advent:Publishers released *All Our Yesterdays* by Harry Warner, Jr. I could only find a few paragraphs about Ken in it, and one absolutely fabulous photograph. It was an image of a very young, adolescent Ken (next to an equally young Frank Robinson), visiting the Slan Shack, probably taken in June of 1944. "'Slan Shack,' where a batch of active Battle Creek, Michigan fans lived for nearly two years, was the most famous example of a fannish island in the sea of mundania during the forties. Slan Center was conceived by Battle Creek fans early in 1943, when civilians suddenly were earning salaries of previously unimagined proportions, the advertisements told how wonderful everything would be after the war. Slan Center was to consist of an entire city block on the outskirts of Battle Creek, available for something less than \$5,000. Al Ashley got the thing started.

"Meanwhile, Slan Shack came into reality at the end of October 1943, when the Ashleys bought the eight-room house at 25 Popular Street. Slan Shack instantly became a mecca for every fan who could surmount wartime travel problems to make a pilgrimage. The great experiment ended on September 7, 1945.

"The fourth Michicon was held at Slan Shack from June 17th to 19th, 1944. It had a candlelight auction when a thunderstorm disrupted Battle Creek's electric-

Ken's wife — I regret that I didn't note her name at the time — tends the Azusa store, circa June 1988.





Slan Shack scene—sitting, left to right: Thelma Morgan, E. E. Evans, Elsie Janda, Ken Krueger, Frank Robinson; standing, l. to r.: Al Ashley, Abby Lu Ashley, Delvin Coger, Jack Wiedenbeck, Mari Beth Wheeler.

ity supply while Liebscher was disposing of a hundred original items donated by prozines. There was a swim on Sunday afternoon. Frank Robinson showed extreme valor by publishing two issues of *Fanewscard* during the con. Some 23 fans were there, including travelers Lynn Bridges, of Florida and Ken Krueger of Buffalo.”

In *The Immortal Storm* by Sam Moskowitz there is nothing about Ken, but that seems reasonable. *Storm* covered an earlier period, and ended when Ken and Frank first appeared on the fandom scene.

Surfing on the internet I found the following mention in “The Legendary Slan Shack” by Delvin Coger as published in *Mimosa* 22.

“Slan Center had become Slan Shack and fans from far and wide came by to enjoy the Ashley’s hospitality. Frequent visitors were Bob Tucker and his girl friend, Mary Beth Wheeler, and an older fan from Cincinnati, Charles Tanner. Other guests included Oliver Saari of Flint, Michigan, a mechanical engineer working for GM, and the young office boy at Ziff Davis, Frankie Robinson. I was immensely unhappy that I couldn’t share in this. In the fall of 1944, when I came home on my last leave before shipping overseas, we all went to Buffalo to visit another fan, Ken Krueger, who hadn’t mentioned to his mother that he had invited us. We were joined there by Don Wollheim and Elsie Balter (later Mrs. Wollheim), Damon Knight, and Larry Shaw. Ollie Saari was there, as was Frank Robinson, all the way from Chicago. We promptly called it ‘BuffaloCon,’ and I do believe it was over Labor Day. I promptly fell head over heels in love with Ken’s sister,

Gladys. Ah, sweet idiocy of youth!”

Now we have a picture of Ken Krueger as a teenager, the same kind of teenager he inspired and helped to found the San Diego Comic Con. We can see Ken, sitting next to a very young Frank Robinson. They were both there at the very beginning of the explosion of science fiction into the mainstream. Everyone knows about Frank; he is a great success. But what about Ken, clearly his impact was not as creative, but it was there. Everyone who has ever met the man has walked away changed.

After World War II, Ken had an impact on publishing that is still echoing today.

In 1946 the Buffalo Book Company was formed by Donald M. Grant, Thomas G. Hadley, of Providence, Rhode Island, and Kenneth J. Krueger, who lived in Buffalo (hence the name).

Together they achieved a true first with the first book publication of E.E. Smith’s *The Skylark of Space*. It can be argued that Ken Krueger single-handedly started the post-war specialty publishing field. Stemming from his activity as the youngest member of First Fandom he subsequently created the first major mailing list from his mail order book business during WWII which became the foundation of many enterprises which followed. Thomas Hadley, Don Grant and Lloyd Eshbach all used this list to begin their own independent operations, although I think that each would ardently deny the value of this contribution. Nonetheless they did use it, and it started each on their own way. About this mailing list and Ken’s initial contributions kicking off the early specialty publishing craze, Chalker and Owings in their monumental third edition of *The Science-Fantasy Publishers*, have nothing good to say about Ken, and clearly diminish all his contributions to the sidelines. However, they have pieced together an interesting idiosyncratic version of Krueger’s life, which I will not repeat as I find some of it dubious, especially after sharing some insights with Ken into the porn business, San Diego during this period, and a better knowledge of Ken’s life than either Chalker or Owings appear to have. Of passing interest, this is not the only time that I have found Chalker and Owings’ account of the specialty presses to be in error. In particular their version of the Shasta and Advent: Publishers story, while anecdotal, is also terribly flawed.

Krueger’s persistence of vision is truly amazing; he never licked the publishing bug, and after the Buffalo Book Company he started Shroud, then Kenneth J. Krueger: Publisher.

However, professional publishing was not the only area that Ken excelled in and had his contribution recognized. Rog Phillips, my godfather, writing in his col-



Kelly Freas signs at the 1995 San Diego Comic Con. I brought several sets of his artwork, from my father's Hugo-winning *Who Killed Science Fiction?* Kelly obligingly signed all of them and I gave him a set.

umn, The Club House, in the March 1952 issue of *Amazing Stories*, offered some favorable commentary on a new fanzine published by Ken Krueger of Buffalo, New York. As usual with Ken, he had a great hook; he had boldly attached the incendiary designation *Abortions* to his fan publication.

Shroud: Publishers was founded in 1954 and financed, in the beginning at least, by one Robert J. Fritz. Kenneth J. Krueger was editor-in-chief, and became so identified with Shroud that few people even remember R.J. Fritz. The press also was associated with a paperback publisher, SSR Publications (including early works by Advent:Publishers partner Robert Briney writing as Don Duane). All of it—Shroud and SSR—passed finally to Ken Krueger, who retained the back stock, the copyrights and the Shroud name as a series title.

In 1958, the Kenneth J. Krueger publishing company was founded when Ken used his own name for his next publishing operation after Shroud had lapsed;

Krueger kept selling his left over copies as well as being a general dealer. After a time he decided to publish again, retaining the Shroud name as a series title. I won't list all of the various company names that Ken used, and I won't try to list all of the books, articles, comics, and fanzines that Ken produced. It is a respectable list...anyone would be proud to do as well.

It was at the San Diego Comic Cons that I'll always remember Ken at his very best and most entertaining.

There was the time he told me how he designed the logo for the Buffalo Book Company, drawing it on a piece of scratch paper for me. And there was the time that Frank Robinson bumped into me at a Con and

asked me if I had Ken's number (which I had just gotten—it made me feel like a player handing it to Frank). Then there were sad times, like when Ken lamented having to give up cigars after his heart by-pass operation, and discussed the painful details of his carotid by-pass surgery with me.

Those were the days. I will always remember that Ken never hesitated to help a friend, whether it was me or Frank or the time Walt Liebscher was selling his Mickey Mouse silk shirts at a Comic Con (I bought one, the Sorcerers Apprentice, and I still have it). Ken was not only a fan, he was a friend.

The only regret that I have left is that over the years I have lost contact with Ken. There are still a few questions left that I would love to ask him...or, at the very least, extend one more howdy before the curtain falls.

Ken was a true first, a true original. A member of First Fandom, attending the first conventions, and inevitably helping to produce the first major mainstream science fiction novel, *The Skylark of Space*, which launched the genre into the worldwide enterprise it has become.

The Shroud publication of *The Dream Quest* by itself would qualify as an enormous contribution to the field, one that many of us can only envy. And Ken made so many, countless, others.

Ken Krueger is one of the unsung heroes of Science Fiction and Fandom. And yet, he is not even mentioned in Advent:Publishers *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction and Fantasy* (1974). His involvement in the field can not be fully measured. He truly deserves recognition for his life-long involvement (How about a Hugo?), if not solely for his publication of the *Skylark*. So, here it is Ken, my friend, kudos.

— Terry Kemp

Ken Krueger, as I will always remember him, at the July 1995 San Diego Comic Con.



Thots on Reaching PERCOLATIONS 100 ISSUES

Last year I wrote a brief congratulatory article for Chris Garcia when his fanzine, *Drink Tank*, hit the magical 100-issue plateau. At the time I thought that that was one heckuva milestone to reach, but since then I have noticed that there are a good number of zines currently being pubbed that are well over the century mark. Yet this is still a significant amount, one that makes me stop and think about how I would feel about publishing one hundred issues of a fanzine.

Personally, I would be very tired. That phrase “old, tired and fanned” would be so very true, and I believe this is exactly how Arnie Katz must be feeling right now. And he’s been at this fan-editing gig for many more years than I have! Face it: compared to him, I’m a young pup of 53 compared to his 61 years of age (by the way - **happy birthday, Arnie!**), and he has at least a decade more of fannish experience than me under his belt. Yeah, he’s getting up there...

Thinking about publishing 100 issues of a single fanzine definitely croggles my mind. In fact, all of the fanzines that I have produced in my fannish career total up to a mere 75 issues. That’s not titles, but actual number of issues. From what I hear, Arnie has done at least that many different *titles*, which is probably another millstone milestone to hang around his neck. Not only that, but if I added in all of my apa-zines, the grand total would then be over 110 issues. But to do this with just **ONE** generally circulated fanzine, electronic or otherwise... I can’t imagine it. Case in point: My newest zine, *Askance*, has only seen three issues thus far, and being a bimonthly, it would take me 16 years and 9 months to get to *Askance* #100. That would make me 70 years old. *shudder* No, I really don’t see that happening at all. Maybe it is really a good thing I’m not Arnie Katz. I know for a fact that it’s a good thing I’m not Chris Garcia (that’s another fan article). But man - a century’s worth of a fanzine. That is a lot of zining.

Maybe if I broke it down into mathematical expressions it wouldn’t sound so daunting. Let’s see how this works out:

- Essentially, 100 issues of a supposed weekly fanzine can be accomplished in just under two year’s time. That’s not too many...
- The first issue of *Vegas Fandom Weekly* appeared on November 23, 2004, and was a whopping two pages long! From such humble beginnings do great feats spring. Or is that folly? I forget exactly how that expression goes...
- For quite a while Arnie Katz maintained this eponymous schedule, but he wisely left himself an out with the zine’s subheading, “Las Vegas Fandom’s Sorta Weekly Newsletter.” That was both wise and prescient.
- Given a weekly schedule, the projected date of the 100th issue should have appeared during the first week of November, 2006. As I write this article in advance of the actual 100th issue, it is almost the end of July, 2007. I **told** you Arnie was smart to slap that disclaimer heading on each issue! That is the mark of a veteran fan editor who knows how These Things really work.
- To whit, note that in 2005, Arnie maintained that aforementioned weekly schedule, pubbing 53 issues of *VFW*. That’s impressive. Unfortunately, the pace began to take its toll on the health of both Arnie and his computer; 31 issues of *VFW* appeared during calendar year 2006, and in 2007, only 10 have thus far been pubbed. Admittedly, the Katz Komputer Komplex has suffered numerous krashes - er,

Continued on next page

crashes - since late last year, which has obviously had an adverse effect on the zine's publication schedule. So much so, in fact, that said veteran fan editor publicly mulled over the possibility of changing the name of the zine while still maintaining the well-known VFW acronym.

- Since its inception, the size, scope, and quality of this fanzine has grown remarkably. After all, its name implies that it deals solely with the fannish activities of the fanacking denizens of Las Vegas, Nevada. Fast-forwarding up to the 99th issue of *Vegas Fandom Whenever*, for example, it contained 28 pages of microscopic font relaying oodles of information not only about Las Vegas Fandom, but also news of events elsewhere in fandom at large, plus a lengthy editorial listing some of the greatest fanzines ever published. Plus the graphics, layout, con reports, "ChatBack" (its wonderful letter column), and more fun stuff all display the incredible growth of VFW. A far cry from that initial 2-page issue, isn't it? Who'd a thunk it would come to this?

How much longer this fanzine will continue is anybody's guess. There would be little argument, I am sure, if I said that VFW has achieved a special place in Grand Scheme of Things, and is yet another feather for Arnie to stick in his fannish quiver of achievement arrows. For many years we have enjoyed Katz zines, and the service that he has rendered here - keeping fandom-at-large abreast of things fannish in Las Vegas, which



he and Joyce helped to jump-start back to very active status - is appreciated, and we thank Arnie for making his fanzine such an indispensable part of this decade. The connectivity of VFW is a testament to Arnie Katz's love of fandom and all things fannish, and I definitely look forward to many more wonderful issues.

However, I believe it helps to keep things like this in perspective. Keep in mind that Mark and Evelyn Leeper have to date published 1451 issues of *MT Void*, and should produce issue #1500 next June. Given the current erratic publishing schedule of *Vegas Fandom Whenever*, it is highly unlikely that Arnie would reach that figure in this lifetime. Or the next VFW editor's lifetime, for that matter. Do the math: 1500 issues divided by 52 weeks equals 28.85 years of consecutive weekly publication. Yowch!

If I were you, Arnie, I'd cash in my chips now while I still had my sanity. Remember, you *are* a veteran fan editor, and I did say you were both wise and prescient. Don't make me look bad.

Anyway. Here is a hearty congratulations on reaching 100 issues of a wonderful, informative, and delightful fanzine, Mr. Katz. So what's up next for you? Hosting a major convention, I suppose?

For criminey's sake, man, take a friggin' break!

— John Purcell

BULLSEYE

A Cinematic Quest: WHAT MOVIE?

I had been intending to post this essay in the next issue of SNAPS, but then two things happened. One was that my time got a lot more limited the past few weeks, and the other was that Arnie invited me to contribute something to the 100th issue of VFW.

For decades there has been a film I have wanted to see. Or, if I can't actually view the film, I would at least like to know the title.

Back circa 1964 or so there used to be two program titles under which Science Fiction films ran on Saturday in the Los Angeles area. Chiller was on Channel 11, and Science Fiction Theater was on Channel 9. Chiller tended to be more in the daytime, Theater tended to be more in the evening.

Well, one evening my uncle Kenny was babysitting my brother and I. We started watching a film on what I tend to think was SF Theater when my parents got home a bit early and off to bed we had to go.

I only saw the first few minutes of the movie, likely no more than ten.

In the roughly forty-three years since, I've never seen the rest of the film.

Like I said in the intro, I'd like to.

To the best of my recall the film starts with a view of picturesque countryside and a narration. The narration is by the local doctor who talks about the generations he has seen the birth and death of in the area.

The next scene I recall was the doctor visiting the laboratory of some scientists / inventors. They demonstrate their new invention.

My image of the machine is of an aquarium turned upside down.

The scientist / inventors want something, an object, to demonstrate the machine. I believe but am not certain that they asked for something unique.

The doctor offers them his pocket watch. He adds the caution, something to the effect of not wanting to see it damaged, since he'd had it for a long time.

They put the watch in the machine and after a brief dramatic interlude of mild effects, the watch is duplicated.

The scientist / inventors extract the two watches and hand them to the doctor. The doctor comments that the two watches are the same, right down to a bent link on the chain.

And that's all I got to see.

Several years ago I asked this same question and wrote up this same description for a chat room. A film was suggested to me as being the one. Unfortunately, when I looked up that film I found that the date noted for when it was made was 1967. It could not have been the same film, though some details of the description of the introductory sequence were similar.

The 1967 date was not possible, unless of course the 1967 film was a remake. I say this because of two time references that put it back further in time.

One time datum was that I know what house I was in when I saw the bit of the film. We moved out of that house in the summer of 1966.

Putting the time even further back, was the fact that my uncle was baby-sitting us. 1964 was about the tag end of when my parents arranged for babysitting for us. Certainly within the year after that we were allowed to be home alone in the evening.

I consulted my friend Harold on the matter. He too watched Chiller and Science Fiction Theater. He recalled the film, so he had seen it, but did not remember the title.

So, anybody out there in VFW that can help me on this?

— Charles Fuller

Double Shot Of INSURGENTISM



Teresa Cochran and James Taylor arrived first for the 7/21 Las Vegrants meeting, as is their custom. James is always a great help to Joyce; he does a lot of the final set-up. While they labored, Tee told me about her latest musical adventure, learning to play the fiddle.

I was a little taken aback when she first told me, because I'd had a dream in which she played the fiddle only a couple of nights earlier, but I don't impute it to any form of telepathic ability. The way Tee hops from instrument to instrument, a veritable musical mayfly, she was bound to play a violin or viola at some point.

She confessed that her fiddling career had started somewhat inauspiciously. Just about as soon as she attacked the thing with a bow, two strings broke. She has now surmounted this bad beginning and has already learned to play *Shortenin' Bread*. Can *Blue Moon of Kentucky* be far behind?

I told Tee a little about my mother's funeral and the trip to Phoenix, AZ. My nephew Micah officiated at the graveside ceremony and, in telling her a little about it, I mentioned that I now have a nephew who is a rabbi and one who is a Baptist minister. I added that my brother-in-law Earl is a minister in the Four-Square Gospel Church. Tee had never heard the lurid story of Amie Semple McPhearson, which I recounted with some glee.

Bill Mills came in alone, an extreme rarity. Roxanne felt too ill to leave home, but had encouraged Bill to go to the Launch Pad. Striking another musical note, Bill brought his guitar and, later in the evening, strummed out a few tunes for an attentive audience in the dining room – and an equally pleased, if slightly more distant group gathered in my office.

Having successfully negotiated discussions of politics and religion, the Vegrants risked a new level of threat by venturing into an area more sensitive than either – major league baseball fan loyalties. Tee revealed, with understandable hesitancy, that she is a supporter of the Oakland A's.

I, of course, root for the Los Angeles Dodgers. Well, actually, I root for the Brooklyn Dodgers, but the transplanted team in SoCal is what survives. Now I know how Ben Franklin felt when his adopted son stayed loyal to the British.

Derek Stanzenski, Tee and I got into a discussion of steroids, much in the news thanks to Barry Bonds and Chris Benoit. The anti-steroid campaign has done a pretty good job of convincing me that a high percentage of baseball players (and pro wrestlers) have used steroids and other performance-enhancing substances like Human Growth Hormone. What that says to me is that what Barry Bonds and others did was wrong under the rules of baseball, but it remained a level playing field. If roided-up Barry bats against a similarly fortified pitcher, neither would seem to have an advantage.

Something a lot of baseball pundits say that seems less certain is that the "Age of Steroids" is in the past due to the new, stringent testing policy. Since the chemists can come up with new compounds quicker than others can formulate tests and since some (like HGH) can't be detected by any test, the likelihood is that players will continue to use performance enhancements for the same reason they did before: to do better, help their team win and earn a higher salary.

No, it's not Martha and the Vandellas on a break. From right to left: Bryan Follins, Derek Stanzenski, Merric Anderson and Lubov.



Continued on next page



It's me and I am apparently pondering my Idea of the Week.

The news that Robert and Carol Lichtman had just experienced an earthquake prompted several Vegrants to describe their own experiences with ground-shakers. I'd never experienced anything of the kind as a long-time New Yorker, but we got some small tremors that shook us awake in the middle of the night shortly after we moved to Ls Vegas. Thankfully, Glitter City itself has never had an earthquake in close proximity. Not that I feel deprived; I like my terra firma as firm as possible.

Attending were: James Taylor; Teresa Cochran; Ross Chamberlain; Lubov; Merric Anderson; Bill Mills; Alan White; Derek Stazenski; Ray & Marcy Waldie; Don Miller; Joyce Katz and me (Arnie).

August 4, 2007

When James Taylor and Teresa Cochran arrived, fashionably early to help with the set-up, the first and most important topic of conversation was their just-announced decision to get married. They are two of my favorite people, so it's wonderful to see them find such happiness with each other.

After Bill & Roxanne Mills and Derek Stazenski joined the four of us, talk turned to the Minnesota bridge disaster. Joyce was able to allay fears for the safety of Minneapolis fans with the news that all of

them have checked in and are reportedly unharmed.

Derek recounted an interview he'd seen with a survivor. The collapse threw her car into the water. Before she could do anything, a big hunk of concrete slammed through the driver's side window and she blacked out. When she regained consciousness, she was underwater in utter darkness. She admitted that she didn't know how she escaped and came to the surface where a small boat rescued her.

Bill Mills revealed that his mother's home was virtually at ground-zero during the 1971 California earthquake. My own experience with earthquakes consists of a couple of minor aftershocks since Joyce and I moved to Las Vegas. They jolted us around a little in the middle of the night, but we didn't lose so much as a glass.

Again proving that *anything* is grist for Vegrants conversation, we somehow got only the subject of a set of orthographic quirks, specifically that we write that a man is "blond," but a woman is "blonde." Bill Mills felt there was some gender bias buried in there and it's hard to say he's wrong, but I don't see any malice.

"It's like 'fiancée' and 'fiancé,'" I said. "It's one of those little distinctions that creep into language."

"You can say that," Bill said.

"Yes, I can," I agreed. "I studied French in high school and college." Having made this claim, I felt obliged to add that my 12th grade French teacher had given me a passing grade on the promise that I would never again study French.

I broke that promise and suffered the karmic retribution that comes to those who go back on their word. When I got to the University of Buffalo, I found that I would have to take a foreign language. Since the only language I speak and write halfway well is English, I decided to take French 101. I got a B, not surprising in light of my four years of previous study. I took French 102 in the next semester and that turned out well, too.

Then, like all prideful fools, I reached a little too far, tried to soar too high. My faculty advisor suggested that, for my first sophomore semester, I should sign up for French 301. On the first day of the class, the teacher asked (in French), "How many of you plan to be French teachers?" I looked around the room and, to my horror, found that every hand except mine was raised!

Talk about agony! I sat there, watching the clock, and praying that the hour would end before the teacher put me on the spot. This was pretty extreme for me, since I profess agnosticism, but they say there are no atheists in foxholes and live ammo could not have seemed more lethal to me than Incoming Questions from the French Teacher (in French).

Movie chat is always on the menu. Merric Anderson made an impassioned plea to correct a criminal

oversight in the awarding of Oscars. Write to him and let him know if you agree that Val Kilmer deserved an Oscar for his portrayal of Doc Holliday in *Tombstone*.

Joyce mentioned listening to some old radio shows featuring Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, which lead to some chatter about the *Road* pictures the duo made with Dorothy Lamour.

John Purcell called. I spoke briefly and then began passing the cordless phone around my office, where about seven fans had gathered in mid-evening. It wasn't until John had chatted with several people that I realized that he hadn't known it was Vegrants night. I felt kind of bad about spending so little time on the phone with him, but I'd just assumed he was calling to get a little vicarious Vegrants on a Saturday night.

Roxanne Mills gave me perhaps the greatest excuse I've ever heard for why she hasn't written that much-promised article for *VFW*. "I can't do it," she protested. "I'm building a cage for my Iguana." It was a very complicated alibi and I did feel a pang for the homeless Iguana, until I remembered Iguanas, but I'm going to get suspicious if I hear the same excuse at the *next* Vegrants meeting.

A spirited discussion of public education erupted in the living room with Lori Forbes, Luba and Bryan Follins all giving good accounts of themselves. I disagreed with Luba and Lori about one point, though. They were in favor of school uniforms, an idea I hate. I told them that I'd have been protesting if my school had forced uniforms upon us, though I do understand the feeling that uniforms have a leveling effect that makes economically deprived students feel less conspicuous.

The Vegrants continue to collect money at each meeting for the Vegrants Corflu Party, scheduled for Thursday, April 24th at the Plaza, the night before the official opening. We've got \$140 or so now, which is a



Joyce Katz, the Sweetheart of Fanac Falls and the co-host of Las Vegrants, ponders one of Fandom's Burning Issues — or maybe what to eat from the Vegrants buffet.

good sign that the group will be able to do a very nice job of hosting.

The night's Insurgent revelers included: James Taylor; Teresa Cochran; Ross Chamberlain; Lubov; Merric Anderson; Bill & Roc Mills; Alan & Dedee White; Derek Stazenski; Don Miller; Lori Forbes; Bryan Follins; Joyce Katz and me -- Arnie Katz

August SNAFFood: EMPEROR'S GARDEN SNAFFU Central

The monthly SNAFFU Dinner Meeting (SNAFFood) returned to the Emperor's Garden, one of the most popular restaurants in Las Vegas' burgeoning Chinatown. The August 10 get-together wasn't very well attended, owing to two last-minute cancellations and two straight no-shows, but the Andersons, the Bushyagers and the Katzes enjoyed the lively conversation and the excellent, and varied, cuisine. Joyce and I favor Szechuan and picked a couple of spicy dishes while, at the opposite end of the spectrum, Ron surrendered his soup to Joyce because it was too spicy for his stomach.

It was a nice, leisurely dinner that gave the six of us ample time to formulate solutions to a good many Questions of the Universe., but not so long that we felt moved to act upon them.

— Arnie

Las Vegas Fan Events Calendar

Las Vegrants Meeting Saturday, August 18 7:30 PM

The informal invitational Core Fandom club meets on the first and third Saturdays at the Launch Pad.

SNAPS Deadline Sunday, August 19

Contributions should be sent to Official Editor Arnie Katz (crossfire4@cox.net). Everyone is invited to participate in this popular and enjoyable fan activity.

SNAFFU Discussion Meeting Sunday, August 26 2:00 PM

Vegas' formal science fiction club meets for a lively discussion meeting once a month at the Clark County public library on Flamingo (near Maryland.)

VSFA Monthly Meeting Saturday, September 1 11:00 AM

The small, but active formal club meets at Dead Poet Books (937 South Rainbow Blvd.). The meeting usually focuses on club business, followed by a socially oriented after-meeting meal or snack.

Las Vegrants Meeting Saturday, September 1 7:30 PM

The informal invitational Core Fandom club meets on the first and third Saturdays at the Launch Pad.

SNAFFood Sept. Dinner Friday, September 7 7:00 PM

The dinner meeting will take place at Hofbrauhaus. Contact LindaBushyager@aol.com for details.

Contact! Las Vegas Club Directory

Looking for a local group? These are the major ones.

Las Vegrants

Arnie & Joyce Katz,
909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145
Email: JoyceWorley1@cox.net
Phone: 702-648-5677

SNAFFU:

James Taylor
Email: dfh1@cox.net
Phone: 702-434-5784

Kingfish says You Ain't Seen NOTHING YET!

That's the end of *VFW #100* (Part A), but it's far from the end of this celebratory issue. In deference to Beloved Readers cursed with a pokey Internet connection and/or a slow CPU, I'm going to send it out in stages, spaced every third day, so that it won't either blow up their inboxes or tie up their computers too long at any one time. When it's all done, the full issue will be posted as a download at efanazines.com and at LasVegrants.com.

What lies ahead? I'd rather have you see it all at once, but there are a number of excellent articles, more special art, a cumulative index to the first 100 issues and a star-studded edition of *ChatBack*. And speaking of Locs, you can either respond to each section or wait until you have the whole package. I hope you will respond, though, because this is one heck of a fannish marathon I'm running. — Arnie.

FANDOM NEWSBREAKS

Tee & James Name the Day!

Teresa Cochran and James Taylor, who met and fell in love at the Vegrants, have set their wedding for September 8. It will be a small, family-oriented ceremony with a large fan party reception. Invitations will go out in the next week.

TAFF Race Begins!

Chris Garcia, who couldn't find an opponent for the current TAFF race, suddenly has three of them according to administrators Suzle Tompkins and Bridget Bradshaw. Four people have agreed to stand for the trip to the '08 Eastercon in the UK.

On the ballot with Chris Garcia (the Trufan's Choice!) are Christian McGuire, Chris Barkley

Continued on next page



Corflu Silver Breaking News

- Steve Stiles has asked that his name be removed from consideration for the "Best Fan Artist" category of the 2008 Fan Achievement Awards. This is the second year in a row that Steve has made this gesture.
- Las Vegrants has collected \$141 towards the Thursday Night Party scheduled for the Plaza on the night before the start of Corflu Silver in Las Vegas on April 25, 2008.
- The Astral League will be conducting its arcane fannish rituals at a special get-together at Corflu Silver.
- Ken "The American Hope" Forman will not challenge Pete Weston for the World Armed Combat crown at Corflu Silver. According to medical experts, his hand injury makes it impossible for him to compete for the coveted title.

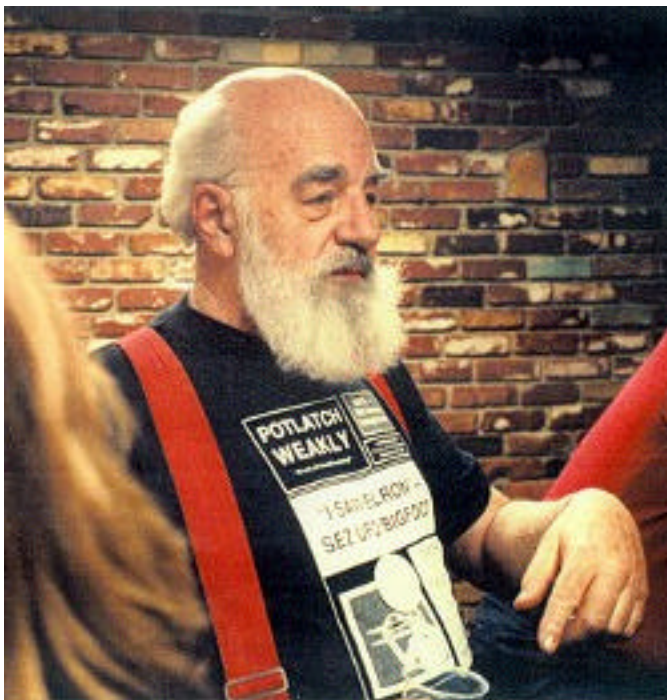


and Linda Beneroff. The deadline for voting is Saturday, November 17, Midnight PST. A voter must contribute at least \$3 (£2) when they submit their ballot. There are voting credentials, but if the nominees of at least two candidates qualify, chances are good that you do, too.

VFW will distribute ballots with #101.

Revived Ditto to Fete Widner!

Art Widner, a fannish pioneer who made de-gafiation fashionable, will be 90 this September. A bunch of fans have decided to do something about it. Rather than go-



ing *Logan's Run* on his ass, a group of inspired fans have decided to revive Ditto and combine it with a big celebration of Art's birthday.

Here's what Alan Rosenthal had to say about the event:

"The rumors of a Ditto revival are true. We will be combining Ditto with ArtCon this year in order to celebrate Art Widner's 90th birthday in grand style.

"Ditto / ArtCon will be held in Gualala, CA, the weekend of October, 26-28, 2007. Memberships will be \$30 before September 30th and \$40 at the door. Checks should be made out to Alan Rosenthal and sent to P.O. Box 75684, Seattle, WA 98175-0684. We can also accept payment via PayPal; please contact me directly for more information. Supporting memberships are available for \$10.

"Our hotels are the Breakers Inn, the Sea Cliff Motel, and the Surf Motel. As there is a dearth of rooms in Gualala, we had to use three locations (separated by less than two blocks) in order to block a sufficient number of rooms. The main hotel (and the location of the hospitality suite) is the Breakers Inn; the Sea Cliff Motel and the Surf Motel are our overflow, and somewhat less expensive, hotels.

"Room rates at the Breakers Inn range from \$108 - \$204 per night, and include a continental breakfast. These rates, although expensive, actually represent a substantial discount from the regular winter rates. To read more about the Breakers Inn, please visit their Web site at <http://www.breakersinn.com> <<http://www.breakersinn.com/>> .

"Room rates at the Sea Cliff are \$140 per night for a downstairs room and \$160 per night for an upstairs room. These rates do not include breakfast. To read more about the Sea Cliff Motel, please visit their Web site at <http://www.seacliffmotel.com> <<http://www.seacliffmotel.com/>>.

"Room rates at the Surf Motel are \$105 per night for a room with one queen bed, and \$130 per night for a room with two double beds and a full kitchen. Pets are welcome at the Surf Motel for \$10 for each pet.

"When making a reservation, please mention "Art Widner's Birthday Party" as the name of our group.

"Our room block at the Breakers Inn has been expanded to twelve rooms (including two rooms with two beds that can accommodate up to four people) and has been extended to the end of August. Our room blocks at the Sea Cliff Motel and the Surf Motel expire on September 26th, so please reserve your rooms as soon as possible.

"We realize that these room rates are fairly steep, and the accommodations are high end. We also have the lower cost option of renting a vacation house about



four miles up the road from the convention (and just down the hill from Art's house). The rate for the house would be \$150 per night, and the vacation house could sleep up to six people.

"If enough people are interested, we could also use this house as the location for a BBQ or the dead-dog party, and as a base for excursions to Art's house.

"Additional information will follow over the next few weeks; in the meanwhile, please feel free to contact me directly via e-mail at jophan@msn.com

Aug. SNAFFU Discussion Meeting To Debate Science in Science Fiction

Joyce Katz, SNAFFU's recently ailing vice president, hopes to recapture some positive momentum for the club's monthly discussion meetings at the Library.

At the august meeting, scheduled for 2 PM on Sunday, Aug. 26, the main topic will be: "How Important to you is the science in science fiction?" Naturally, there'll be plenty of other stuff like media reports and the news of Fandom as SNAFFU tries to take advantage of its excellent new venue.

Pickersgill Plans Wood Memorial

Greg Pickersgill (gregory@gostak.demon.co.uk) has started a fund to erect a plaque in memory of popular British fan Dave Wood, who succumbed to cancer earlier this year.

The plaque will be put on Clevedon Pier, a place said to be especially dear to Dave.



SNAFFood Sets September Dinner!

Hofbrauhaus (4510 Paradise Rd., across from Hard Rock Hotel) is the chosen restaurant for the September SNAFFU Dinner Meeting (SNAFFood). The original date conflicted with the marriage of Teresa Cochran to SNAFFU President James Taylor, so it will now take place on Friday, September 7 at 6:30 PM. RSVP to Linda (LindaBushyager@aol.com).

Part of the evening's festivities will include the celebration of Linda's birthday. She is admitting to 35, but she is also a professional writer of fiction.

The October SNAFFood is, tentatively, a return to Cool Cuba. Joyce suggested this one, with my endorsement. Love those sandwiches.

Westercon Extends Official Greeting!

Westercon 61, scheduled for the Independence Day weekend (July 3-6) of 2008 in Las Vegas, has extended its official greeting to All Known Fandom. The con will take place at the JW Marriott Hotel ([JW Marriott Las Vegas Resort and Spa](http://www.marriott.com/lasvegas)).

Kage Baker is Writer Guest of Honor, Lubov is Artist Guest of Honor and Milt Stevens is Fan Guest of Honor.

Roy Lavender Dead

Long-time fan Roy Lavender died on June 17th. One of the organizers of the Cinvention (1948 Worldcon,) he had a long and varied fan career. One of the most likable and popular fans of his era, Roy was noted for sending birthday cards to an astounding number of fans.

(See elsewhere in this issue for Roy's fannish autobiography, originally posted on his now-defunct website.)

DeChancie Is a Grandpop!

John DeChancie, fan, pro and Vegrant-in-exile has become a grandfather! In John's own words:

"Introducing Neo-fan Jack C. DeChancie, born July 20, 2007 at UCLA Medical Center.

"Weighing in at a feisty 4 lbs. 6 oz., completely viable. No incubator time necessary.

"Mother and child at home now."

Official Hugo Site Launched!

The Science Fiction Achievement Awards, best-known as the Hugos, now have an Official Site (<http://www.thehugoawards.org>), put together under the auspices of one of those polysyllabic subcommittees that are now part of the vast world SF convention bureaucracy.

In this case, though, the subcommittee has produced a large and worthwhile source of information about the

Hugos, including past winners and how to vote. A lot of fans will also find the photo gallery of past Hugo awards of interest.

A very commendable job and highly recommended.

SNAFFU Sets Future Topics!

SNAFFU has released information about the main discussion topics for the next few meetings. Joyce Katz provided these descriptions:

September: Capitolism, Commerce & The Class Struggle in Science Fiction

- Does SF accurately depict societal changes?
- Do you think SF offers any useful alternatives?
- Are SF's utopian futures possible?
- Is commerce among worlds even possible?

October: What was the Scariest Story You Ever Read?

- Why did it scare you?
- What does frighten you?
- Why do people like to read scary stories?

November: Is Science Fiction Subversive?

- Does SF sabotage mainstream society?
- Is this a good thing?
- What social changes has SF predicted?

Heard Around Fandom...

Tips & Tricks magazine is no more, reports Bill Kunkel. The magazine simply couldn't buck the trend, saddled by its title and tip-oriented content, though Bill did an amazing job in breathing life into a publication that looked like the walking dead before he took over the project at LFP Publications....

Condolences to James Taylor on the death of his beloved aunt. James and Teresa attended the funeral out of town last weekend...

David Gordon, Vegas Fandom's designated Fan of Mystery, reports that he has been captured by an online game, Amnesias Flight SimX Paperplane (<http://flightsimx.archive.amnesia.com.au/>). Is this some echo of Laney's departure from Fandom in favor of stamp collecting? — Arnie

Want More News?

Of course you do. I'm going to take care of it, too, but not in this part of the issue.

I figured you might, so you'll find another serving of the latest info in section C.

— Arnie



VFW by the NUMBERS KJ ANNEX

One Hundred Issues... that's not too many. In fact, I don't think it's enough issues and plan to produce quite a few more of them before the wheels fall off this particular little red wagon. To mark the occasion, the only fanzine I've published to reach the century mark, I'm going to take a cue from Lloyd Penney and comment on several issues at once.

Except that in this case, "several" means "100."

1. I used an issue of the *Bring Bruce Bayside Bulletin* as the starting point to create the first *Microsoft Publisher* file for *VFW*. My copy of the file actually contains elements from an issue of *4B* on pages 3 and 4, which I eliminated when I created the .PDF. The main story in the all-news issue beat the drums for the impending Christmas tree trim party at the Launch Pad. Joyce's infirmities have prevented us from continuing the tradition the last couple of years, but we're planning on it for this fall.

2. Since *VFW*'s main purpose was to stir up the local fan scene, the lead news item was another blurb for the tree trim party. Other big stories of another all-news issue were the visit of Ben and Cathi Wilson to Las Vegas and the news that a newly arrived couple, James & Kathryn Daugherty, planned to bid for Westercon. I add a box with contact information to the event calendar I started in the first issue.

**VEGAS FANDOM
WEEKLY**
Las Vegas Fandom's Sorta Weekly Newszine

3. The first four-page issue also featured the first outside contributions, Woody Bernardi and Teresa Cochran's Loscon notes. A story about preparations for the Vegrants/SNAFFU Christmas Party at the Launch Pad took a big chunk of the news section. It was the last Christmas Party in that series we've hosted. James and Kathryn Daugherty have hosted the last two under the United Fans of Vegas umbrella.

4. The most important news item in the issue wasn't the first or second story, but rather a small piece about SNAFFU starting a listserv. Although it has had its ups and downs, it has also drawn a number of potential fans into the club's orbit, a welcome side-effect.

5. My first article in *VFW* was a report on the Christmas Party, which filled most of the issue. I also tendered the invitation to Joyce's and my annual New Year's Eve Open House. These had always been small and very low-key. Little did we know that this was about to begin to change.

6. Some organisms must die so that others may flourish. SNACCOA (Southern Nevada Alliance of Clubs, Organizations and Associations), was a somewhat transparent attempt to create a mega-bureaucracy that would've put all Las Vegas fan activities under the supervision of a Vegas neofan named Joshua Andrews.

7. In my extensive report on the Open House, the most interesting thing may be the photo of Woody Bernardi embracing a Vegrants' Legend –Robbie the Chair. Although all efforts to glue its struts and braces back into position have failed, Robbie the Chair continues to occupy its living room corner, daring the gravitationally challenged to sit.

8. *VFW* entered a new phase with the first of many articles aimed at educating local fans about what lurked beyond the Clark County line. My piece focused on Internet sites that might interest, entertain and inform fans. Fanac.org was still probably the top fannish site as 2005 opened, but efanazines.com was gathering strength.

9. My "Exploring Fandom" series of short articles went in a somewhat different direction with a short introduction to *The Enchanted Duplicator*. I've always considered it a touchstone of fannishness – and a fairly good predictor of whether someone will eventually make a good fan. I monitored the reactions to it by a number of locals and was gratified that Teresa Cochran sparked to it quite strongly. On the other hand, some of the folks in VSFA, reacted to it badly – and, sure enough, none of them has done anything appreciable in Fandom.

Continued on next page

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

Las Vegas Fandom's Sorta Weekly Newszine

10. An outing to see “The *Star Trek* Experience” at the Hilton Hotel/Casino proved two things: Fans will spend money if it’s something they want to do; and that creating a bridge between the local sf/fnal and trek communities wasn’t going to be easy. Quite a few local *ST* fans said they’d be there, but zero actually did. The eight-page issue also had a short piece about significant fannish numbers by me and a tongue-in-cheek article about fannish divination by Joyce.

11. One story of note in this news-dominated issue was SNAFFU’s decision to conduct its election via email as well as permitting in-person votes. During this period, the club had two monthly discussion meetings, one on each side of town, and quite a few members attended one or the other but not both. Email voting was an attempt to unify the group a little by giving everyone a chance to participate in key decisions such as who was going to run it. This issue is also notable for the first mention of an impending letter column. A note says that the news crowded it out.

12. The 2/9 *VFW* reflects a turning point in Las Vegas Fandom. It carries the announcement of the Science Fiction & Fantasy one-day event, scheduled for April 30. Not only did it represent all three local clubs – SNAFFU, Las Vegrants and VSFA – working together, but the same weekend was planned to feature a SNAFFU meeting the night before and a Vegrants Party after the formal convention ended. An “Exploring Fandom” piece by me explained apas. This wasn’t an idle choice; Joyce, JoHn Hardin and I were planning to start a local apa and wanted to build some interest. The issue also has the first installment of “Katzenjammer” in *VFW*, a short essay about the shame of being unable to contain the fanzine’s page count.

13. The largest *VFW* to that point carried the first installment of “ChatBack.” Robert Lichtman and Lloyd Penney led off the first letter column.

14. In an issue full of meeting reports and anticipation over the Bruce Gillespie visit, my choice for the most important story is easy: the news about Joyce’s upcoming foot surgery. The road back to health turned out not to be nearly that straight-forward.

15. The Sunday Socials, created by Woody Bernardi and me under the aegis of VSFA, joined the list of local Las Vegas fan activities with a front-page announcement in this issue. The idea of a simple, fairly inexpensive lunch built around a program item worked very well for the first few months, until Woody’s departure to Boston. The remaining members of VSFA said they couldn’t think of a topic so they eliminated the program – and that soon did the same to the Sunday Socials. I still think it’s a good idea; the Vegrants may try it next winter.

16. The Gillespie Gala had special guests Earl Kemp and Billy Petit in addition to our visiting Australian. It proved to be the largest and most successful party of the Vegas Revival era. For the first time, the local neofan got to meet some prominent fans from outside the area. The popularity of these three guests did a lot to awaken interest in Core Fandom.

17. The first Sunday Social got a lot of space for three good reasons: I wanted to push the idea, the first one was wildly successful and it honored Joyce for her outstanding fan career. Reportage also included a written version of Aileen Forman’s very good, emotional speech. Long-term, the full-page explanation of SNAPS probably rates as the most significant story in #17. At its inception, SNAPS was a monthly, hardcopy apa that had its mailings assembled during SNAFFU Discussion Meetings on the West Side,

18. Bruce Gillespie’s fine letter to Vegas Fandom put a satisfying bow on

the whole BBB package. I announced the first details about the one-day convention, including a slight name change to the Las Vegas Fantasy & Science Fiction Day. Woody Bernardi, thought it was appropriate because our guest of honor was Steve Brust, better known for fantasy than SF.

19. The main story in the April 1 *VFW* was my account of a visit by aliens to a SNAFFU meeting. I attributed this to Woody Bernardi's penchant for recruiting new fans. He just reached out a little farther than usual. Evidence includes a "picture" of the flying saucer and an "artist's rendering" of the alien, who looked like a bikini-clad babe.

20. Even successful fanzines have setbacks and "The Trivia Challenge" was about *VFW*'s worst flop. My aim was to increase Vegas fans' knowledge of local fanhistory. It may or may not have achieved that purpose, but I quickly discovered that very few Vegas fans could answer even the simplest questions. It was one of the really obvious signs that Vegas Fandom had turned over its population pretty thoroughly.

21. One reason I've been able to do so many issues of *VFW* is that I've kept redefining it, setting fresh goals and taking new challenges. With this issue, I started the practice of making changes every 10 issues. The overall look was still somewhat derivative of both *4B* and *Crifanac*, but it was also developing its distinctive presentation. The space now occupied by "Inside Story" on page 2 had a short piece about the issue, and an article by me filled page three, which would shortly become the page for "Katzenjammer."

22. This issue, dominated by my long report on the Big Weekend, gave me hope that *VFW* was helping to regenerate local activity. The Daugherty's gave a pool party, the Vegrants staged an Open Meeting and VSFA put on the Sunday Social. It showed what could be done with a little cooperation and led to many similar weekends over the next two years.

23. This one came out on the eve of the Las Vegas Fantasy & Science Fiction Day (4/30/05), so it focused on the event and local Fandom very heavily. Kent Hastings actually had some copies printed at a copy shop and, with Michael Bernstein's help, distributed them at the con.

24. Very few of the newer Vegas fans had ever seen a con report like the one that filled almost all of the issue's 12 pages. The Las Vegas Fantasy & Science Fiction Day was a tremendous success, even if a couple of the speakers had less-than-brilliant moments. I hoped that this would lead to more one-day cons or even something larger. There hasn't been another F&SF Day, perhaps something we should fix, but Corflu Silver and Westercon '98 are both on tap.

25. I billed it as the "Back to Abnormal" issue, signifying at least a pause in the drum-beating for various events. My "page three" article revealed some of the highlights of the history of Las Vegrants. The club had suffered some shrinkage during Vegas' early "00's" decline. Explanations of what makes the club special and different from the others paved the way for bringing in a bunch of new members.

26. I was actually a little proud of myself for cutting back to eight pages for this issue, but that didn't last very long as the index information that follows this article attests. Joyce's scheduled angiogram also encouraged me to keep the issue small for once.

27. Rich brown started his series of fanhistory articles with a playful one about The Bheercan Tower to the Moon, a subject dear to both our hearts. The Sunday Social, devoted to pro and fan art, proved to be the best-attended one of the series with nearly two-dozen fans chowing down, listening to panels and looking at the pictures. My essay tied in with that theme by taking fans on a "virtual artwalk" through various sites of interest on the Internet.

28. While I waited anxiously to see how Joyce's angiogram turned out, I wrote about the Chicago Science Fiction League, one of Vegas' oldest fannish traditions. It began when some of the fans, including Joyce and me, began occasionally eating at Chicago Hotdog before a Vegrants meeting. We started the Chicago SFL, ultimately sanctioned by the real group's survivor officer (Bob Tucker), to force cons that have been held in Chicago since 1940 to pay reparations for operating in CSFL territory.

29. The 14-page issue had a couple of SNAFFU-related reports by Kent Hastings and Michael Bernstein, but Bob Tucker took over my usual "page three" spot to write a remembrance of Al Ashley. My main essay this time concerned something that has held a unique fascination for me since I returned to Fandom: Gafia. My piece talked about the reasons why I gafiated and why I returned after so long an absence. I'm always a little shocked when I realize I have been active in Fandom much longer this second time than in my original stint.

30. A small piece with a couple of photos told fans about the Formans and the Wilsons "flipping for Flippen, AR." I miss them a lot and have been especially sad to see Ben and Cathi go silent. Maybe that'll turn around in a year or three; I'd certainly welcome them back with open arms.

31. Two mildly Insurgent articles were the main attraction of the 14-page issue. Rich brown explained the intricacies of fannish religion and I tried to quell rampant gloom among local neofan about those who

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

came, saw and left SNAFFU. Core Fandom exists because most people see things differently than we do and, many times, aren't happy about those differences. If everyone subscribed to Core Fandom's ethos, there wouldn't need to be a Core Fandom. Except that there'll always be a dissenting group, no matter what constitutes the mainstream.

Suddenly, I'm imagining an alternate universe in which everyday American life was like Core Fandom and a clique of wheeler-dealer plutocrats built an alternative subculture. I guess it'd be a lot like con-running fandom, come to think of it.

This issue introduced a new, horizontal logo, a new style for column headings.

32. "London Calling," by Rob Hansen appeared for the second time with a story about the London Circle's new home. This was a sequel of sorts to his first installment, which details the group's history.

Bill Kunkel's weekly cartoons began appearing as "Potshot's Carton Theater. As befits his blithe Insurgent spirit, Bill seldom trains his creative impulses on Fandom for an extended period. This lack of consistency tends to earn him less egoboo than is merited or than he would like, so I hit on this scheme to make his cartoons more of an event. I'd restart the series in a minute if Bill expressed interest.

33. Because SNAFFU picked *The Enchanted Duplicator* as a discussion topic, this issue included a photo of Joe Siclari's Tower of Trufandom and a painting of Jophan by Dan Steffan on the front page, and another article by me about Fandom's prose epic that greatly expanded and elaborated my original remarks.

34. Not many local fans went to Westercon, so everyone cooperated to hold the four-event NonCon II over the July 4th weekend. This issue gave a full report, including the Vegrants' Open Party to celebrate my birthday.

35. Steve Brust's dog bit Joyce when we knocked on the door for the filk/folk gathering he was hosting. It was a very big dog and gave Joyce a very big bite on her thigh. Brust never even called to ask how she was.

The departure of Woody Bernardi for Boston had a more lasting effect. It was the lead news item and I also wrote an article about the big good-bye party.

36. SNAPS went electronic with its 3rd monthly mailing, as announced in this issue, to become the second such group (after eAPA). Assembling the hard-copy mailings had disrupted the SNAFFU meetings a little, the people doing the fanzines liked the idea, and I wanted to see if we could break some new ground.

37. This issue answered the question of what I would do with *VFW* if Las Vegas Fandom had a weekend when nothing happened. It was one of those "fifth weekends," so none of the clubs had scheduled meeting and I think some of us wanted a little respite from Fandom En Masse.

After much discussion, including a forum in *VFW*, SNAFFU accepted the donation of the bulk of our science fiction and fantasy collection and the use of our garage to erect the library. The Library Committee, under Lori Forbes' direction, began work and got big space in the news column as a result.

38. "Katzenjammer" described a very pleasant fanish dinner. What made it significant is that it was hosted by recently arrived Merric & Luba Anderson. They were mulling the idea of putting on a Toner II, with help from James Taylor and Teresa Cochran, but that plan was stillborn when Merric's job changed into one that required travel all week, every week.

39. This issue is remarkably unremarkable. It's got some very good articles, including rich brown's essay on Francis Towner Laney, but it was one of the more ephemeral issues, I guess.

40. My motives for pouring so much energy into a local-level fanzine were fairly pure, but not too pure for me to write an installment of "Katzenjammer" called: "How to Write a LoC." It's hard to believe how much better response to electronic fanzines is now than it was in 2005.

41. I didn't exactly draft Dick Lupoff as a columnist, as I did Chuch Harris in the early 1990's, but I did sort of pull him in when least expected. I was so delighted by his letter of comment, our first extensive communication in some years, that I ran it as a column called "The Daze." That became "Dem Daze" a little later.

The graphic overhaul included a new logo that I also moved from the middle to the top of the front

page. I also replaced the squared-off boxes of early issues with ones that had overly rounded corners.

42. “Katzenjammer” took a personal look at one of the major trends in Core Fandom: Old fans returning to the hobby after a long hiatus. One of the things I enjoy most about *VFW* is the wait has helped me reconnect with some old friends like Dick Lupoff and Hal Hughes.

43. This issue ran a robust 16 pages primarily because I had more time than usual on my hands. Joyce’s operation left me jumpy and unable to sleep – and that gave me extra time to pound away at the keyboard. A box on the front page brought fans up to date about Joyce’s ankle fusion. Ever optimistic, we had no idea of the complications and extended rehab in store for her.

44. It’s not hard to tell where my mind was when I did this issue. The front page has a lengthy story about Joyce’s return home after the ankle fusion, “Inside Story” was about a conversation with her, and “Katzenjammer” harked back to earlier days, including the period when Joyce and I got together. Fortunately, the other writers added a lot of topics to the mix. I didn’t care; everything else receded into the background as I tried to make her comfortable, see to her needs and help her onto the road of recovery.

45. “The Four Kinds of Activity,” my Katzenjammer for the week, tried to explain the difference between fanac and simply taking up a seat in the audience for someone else. I saw VSFA slipping out of Fandom and even some of the Vegrants were just too passive. The article didn’t cure the problem, but I hope it made a few folks think. Fandom is a great participation hobby, but a lousy one to watch from the sidelines.

Shelby Vick returned to my fanzines with an article about bringing Willis to America in 1952. It was well-written and entertaining and, I think, gave newer fans some insight into the Fan Fund concept.

46. *VFW* doesn’t run fanzine reviews, but I did write a “Katzenjammer” column in this issue that recommended several electronic fanzines. I’d also have mentioned hardcopy fanzines, but the aim was to get Vegas’ neofan to check out the zines and that’s a whole lot easier when all you have to do is download them.

47. The front page carried a letter from Chris Garcia to Vegas Fandom, thanking them for hosting his visit and for the gala Vegrants Open House that marked his stay in Glitter City. The same issue has my report on the party and surrounding events. Chris’ visit had a tremendously positive effect on the locals. Most other recent visits were more like Patriarchs, but Chris is actually younger than our neofan. His exuberance and energy set a very good example. He immediately became one of the Vegrants’ best out-of-town friends.

48. “Inside Story” veered from its usual range of topics to a short essay about the corrosive effect of fan politics and petty power-seeking called “The Law of the Sandbox.” The people who remained in VSFA didn’t seem to like fans very much and, as a result, had a hard time cooperating on things like not scheduling events that conflict with other, open events. Las Vegas is a smallish Fandom and it simply isn’t possible for two competing “open” events to do very well if they are held opposite each other.

49. An especially large, 18-page issue celebrated a couple of pieces of good news for local Fandom. First, Joyce had her cast removed and, second, Lori Forbes directed a successful effort to scavenge bookshelves from a store that was redecorating, saving SNAFFU hundreds of dollars in the process. James Taylor also did a column that celebrated Lori’s heroic efforts.

50. Halloween dominated the news in an issue that also featured columns by Vick and Lupoff and a “Katzenjammer” about how to write for fanzines. I wasn’t just drumming up contributors; Las Vegas fans seem afflicted with a painful reticence when it comes to expressing themselves in print. They are, by and large, not as open to trying new things as one might wish. This, like SNAPS and the fanzine *Implications*, was meant as helpful nudges in the right direction. It worked pretty well in some cases – and the verdict is still out on others.

51. The lead story was about the non-arrival of Art Widner who was expected to visit. He has remained every bit as popular with Vegas Fandom’s “New Generation” as he was with the 1990’s gang, so it was all meant in fun. We love it when Art drives that imaginatively decorated car onto the Launch Pad’s driveway.



I had lots of covering of the '05 Las Vegas Halloween Party. The event was only mildly successful, despite a lot of work and planning by the VSFA people. Honestly, I don't know why this didn't go better, unless it's that local fans don't feel close to the VSFans

52. John DeChancie made his debut as a *VFW* columnist in this issue. Luba and Merric Anderson brought him to a Las Vegrants meeting and I've seldom seen anyone fit in better, faster. I'd heard John described as "difficult" and even "confrontational," based on his time in LASFS, but he is a sweet-natured guy with a sharp mind who is, by Vegrants standards, maybe just a little shy about expressing his opinions. We're working on getting him to really cut loose.

53. Art Widner finally reached Las Vegas and our joy was Unalloyed, as reflected in this issue of *VFW*. He's the main news story on the front page and I also wrote an extensive report of the Vegrants meeting he attended.

"The Golden Age" installment of "Katzenjammer" begins with the first filk song I'd written in several years and the first I'd actually published in well over a decade. I thought the parody of the "All in the Family" theme was fairly cute, but I must've been in the minority.

54. I wrapped up the fanzine's first year with a 40-page Annish that reprinted some of the best material from the first 53 issues.

Volume 2

55. One of the things I like best about *VFW* is that it blends fans from just about all eras. I really enjoy putting together an issue with (in order of fannish seniority): Shelby Vick, Dick Lupoff, James Taylor and Chris Garcia.

This issue of *Vegas Fandom Weekly* introduced The Vegan Fan Awards, a poll I took a few weeks later at the end of the calendar year. We didn't do it again in 2007, but maybe it's an idea worth resurrecting in 2008.

56. The Daugherty's volunteered to host the '05

Las Vegas Fandom Christmas Party for the second year, so I gave it a strong push in the news – and wrote an "Inside Story" about being a little blue, because Joyce and I wouldn't be able to attend.

57. Lloyd Penney, besides being the inspiration for this ramble through 100 issues, is one of *VFW*'s most loyal letter-writers. This issue carried the first of his "Canadian" columns, about pubnight in Toronto. I'd like to have a lot more of these local Fandom reports in *VFW*. I think they strike a chord, reminding fans of the similarities and connections that bind us together.

"Inside Story" again turned to a subject of somewhat larger import than the issue itself: the nature of Fandom. I likened it to a parade. You can ignore the parade, watch the parade from the curb or march along in it. A neofan can find a place in the parade, but the parade doesn't change completely to suit the neofan's needs, desires and perceptions. The neofan affects the parade as a result of the process of marching along in it, but it is unrealistic for a newcomer to expect to be anointed Grand Marshal.

58. Two notable fan artists showed their writing skills in what turned out to be the largest regular issue of *VFW* to that point. Bill Kunkel wrote a letter so good I turned it into a column and Bbob Stewart made his *VFW* debut with an article about Dick Clarkson.

59. Bill Kunkel has a constitutional need to, every few years, rake me over the coals in a semi-good-natured way. As part of my Christmas present to one of my oldest and best friends, I published without comment "Arnie Katz: Artist of Persuasion." I thought it was pretty funny.

60. One of my best-received "Katzenjammer" columns appeared in this issue: "She Hit Me!" Joyce, who is a compulsive eavesdropper, overheard part of a conversation, misunderstood it completely and gave me an unexpected zetz. My only available avenue of retaliation was to write a Funny Little Article – and I think I did pretty well.

61. The New Years Party got a lot of coverage, especially because it was our most successful one since we started throwing them in the 1990's.

62. As editor of *VFW*, I've stretched the truth a



VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

time or two and mangled it on more than one occasion, but this issue presented “The Mystery of David M. Gordon.” David, one of the “New Generation” Vegas fans and a multiple contributor to *VFW*, is a most singular individual with a Past Shrouded in Mystery. He announced himself a complete neofan when he first showed up, but he has gradually revealed contacts and experiences that suggest a far longer association with the hobby. Accordingly, I fashioned a story in which David, as Laney’s adopted son, goes forth to right the wrong of Fandom.

63. Ironically, this issue reports the gala pizza party at Metro Pizza that Roxanne Gibbs and Michael Bernstein organized to salute *VFW*’s year of weekly publication. Ironically, because this issue also reports that, for the first time, I’d fallen off the weekly schedule. This just reinforces my personal philosophy: celebrate now, before something kills the party.

64. Signs of both progress and regression abounded in this issue. The saddest news was the cancellation of Toner II. The good news included a shelf-building session for the SNAFFU Library, the first SNAFFood Dinner Meeting and a good session for the LV Filksong Circle. The latter has not lasted as an organization, but music-making has become part of the local scene.

65. “The *Star Wars* Wealth-Building System,” by Kent Hastings, is one of my favorite articles from this period. It purports to evaluate various *SW*-themed gambling machines as part of one of those get-rich schemes you see on TV infomercials.

66. The lead story touts the second *TGCG* oneshot the Vegrants produced around this time. The publication came out pretty well, but it fell short of my objective, which was to involve the newer Vegrants in something more creative than drinking and yakking. We’ll try again soon, I’m sure.

67. The news that Chris Garcia had gone and gotten himself elected president of the National Fantasy Fan Federation shocked me so thoroughly that I devoted an “Inside Story” to it. Check back a few pages in this issue for Chris’ article about how it all came out.

68. The March 11 edition, trumpeted a new meeting set-up for SNAFFU. It was designed to eliminate the internal geographical split within the club by cutting back to one Discussion Meeting and substituting a Dinner Meeting for the Discussion Meeting formerly held on the East side of town.

It helped, but the real problem was the meeting location. Borders Bookstore was very generous in allowing us to meet there, but the facilities were not really equal to the task. The club collected in a slightly wider space among the shelves and had to set up a temporary circle of seats among semi-dosing customers.

69. The big topic in “ChatBack” around this time was frequently misnamed: digital versus paper fanzines,” when that is definitely *not* the issue. If this was merely a choice between hard copy and electronic fanzines, most fans would pick hard copy and that would be the end of it. Unfortunately, it is coming to be more a case of “Digital versus Nothing.” There are already far more digital fanzines published each year than traditional paper-and-ink ones – and the gap is widening. *Banana Wings* may and *Chunga* are just about the only notable regularly appearing genzines that are primarily distributed in hard copy, while many of today’s leading titles are electronic.

70. I congratulated the nominees for the Fan Hugos, and I meant it sincerely, but the FAAn Awards have a lot more importance in my mind. I also like the idea that, though someone places first in each category, all top finishers get a nice packet of egoboo. Even though they publish Hugo nominations, the spotlight really only falls on the winners in each of the three categories. I also profoundly distrust the knowledge, if not the taste, of those voting for the fan Hugos. The FAAn Awards standings diverge significantly from my ballot, but I can respect that difference because I respect the voters.

71. “The End of Vegas Fandom” and “The Return of Vegas Fandom” in #71, form a longish, slightly wacky story about the demise and resurrection of Las Vegrants. They all took the mild kidding with good grace and, I think, mostly loved being the subject of

such an outrageous piece of fiction.

72. Bill Mills came up with the idea of a Vegrants audio oneshot, which he and I explained on the back page of this smaller-than-usual 16-page issue. This led to the creation of TheVoicesOfFandom.com, LasVegrants.com and Bill's entertaining series of podcasts.

73. Peter Sullivan, in the letter column, proposes that we jettison the Fan Hugos or just leave them to the people who campaign so hard to win them. I believe that the fan Hugos are well-intentioned, but the results aren't very inspiring. It might be better to leave the Hugos for the professional science fiction and fantasy folks and reward fannish excellence with the FAAn Awards.

Chris Garcia's visit resulted in an unusually lively Vegrants meeting and a lengthy report in *VFW*. Chris' meteoric rise to fannish prominence – Garcia for TAFF! – proves how frequent, regular fanpublishing accelerates movement along the learning curb.

74. In my feckless (yet appealing) innocence, I used "Inside Story" in the May 8th issue to recount a conversation with Joyce in which she first manifested her desire to put on another Corflu. I took it as a joke and reported it that way, but Pat Virzi's noble bid only quelled that desire for about 10 months.

Much praise is due to Dick Lupoff, whose series of "Them Daze" (eventually renamed "Dem Daze") columns treated a wide range of topics in exemplary, entertaining fashion. I'm very proud of my role in bringing him back to fanwriting.

75. "Katzenjammer" contained a fairly extensive report on the 2007 FAAn Achievement Awards announced at Corflu Titanium in Toronto. One tradition I would like to see restored is full write-ups of the annual awards. This was standard back in the day, but no one has done it in a while. I like it, because it gives proper egoboo and acknowledgement to all the top finishers, not just the person who places first.

76. I finally got around to tabulating and annotating the 2006 Las Vegas Fan Awards. More than a year removed, the most intriguing aspect is what happened to the new editions that placed prominently in the two applicable categories: "Best New Las Vegas Fan" and "Best Addition to Las Vegas Fandom." The former group has proven much more ephemeral than the later.

The "Best New LV Fans" in order were:

* (1) Ayesha Ashley. She's still a member of the Vegrants, but we don't see much of her these days and she has not developed as a fan.

* (2) James Willey and (3) Mindy Hutchings have been minimally active, but this may be due to the fact that the fell in love and set up

housekeeping together. They haven't developed much contact with Fandom, but they may be more receptive once they've settled into their new life together.

* (4) Joelle Barnes shocked us with her naiveté and presumption, not to mention an unforgettably horrendous rendering – that is the word, believe me – of "Stairway to Heaven." She quit Fandom for the Methodist Church, leaving behind a lot of in-group references to Barry Manilow.

* (5) Sandra Bean is a nice woman and, in an alternate universe, may well be a Vegrants and an active fan. In this one, she looked like a casual visitor when she first showed up at SNAFFU and that's what she turned out to be. Sandra would certainly be welcome to participate in Las Vegas Fandom, but I don't see it happening.

The "Best Addition to Las Vegas Fandom" in order was:

* (1) Teresa Cochran went on to be selected as "Best New Fan" in the 2007 FAAn Achievement Awards. She is a little less active than usual, due to her impending nuptials and a mission to learn to play every instrument that comes within reach.

* (2) Lubov/Luba Anderson certainly was no stranger to the science fiction community, since she is a popular fantasy artist, but Las Vegrants is her first exposure to Core Fandom. She's one of the most liked and respected members of Las Vegrants. She hasn't really found a way to be active yet, but we are all hoping that she will.

* (3) David Gordon is one of the smartest and most perceptive people to wander into Las Vegas Fandom. He has some competing interests and is also a Financial Wizard (as reported in *The Wall Street Journal*), so he hasn't put a lot of energy into fannish writing, but he is a fine contributor to *VFW* and always a welcome sight on Vegrants Saturday nights.

* (4) Merric Anderson breaks my heart whenever he goes into his "I won't write" (or do anything else) shtick. He's actually a pretty good writer with some interesting opinions and experiences, but the coward won't put his butt on the line. He's one of my best friends and I will not give up.

* (5) John DeChancie was already a good

fan before he hit Vegas and he continues to be one during his (temporarily) exile in Los Angeles. His only defect is that he is not here so that we can enjoy his wit and intelligence on a regular basis.

77. Bridget Bradshaw's decision to visit Las Vegas during her TAFF trip was a major event for Glitter City Fandom. For various reasons, it had been some years since a TAFF delegate visited and Bridget did a wonderful job of repairing the damage Abi Frost caused some years earlier.

78. My report on the SNAFFU meeting introduced a new approach. I captured individual comments on the main discussion topic "Why a Fan?" and wrote them up as windowed sidebars. I liked the effect and have done it when the topic seemed to justify the space in *VFW*,

"They Shall Return" is one of my most experimental "Katzenjammer" columns. It starts as an essay about the causes of gafia and the reasons why some fans return. It then eases into an imaginary dialog between Robert Lichtman and Dick Lupoff and then to an out-and-out faan fiction section in which *all* fans return to activity, culminating in my receipt of a new issue of *Hyphen*. I even worked over the cover of an existing *Hyphen* to give it a credible number and date.

79. The July 7, 2006, issue was the smallest in a long time, just four pages. The reason was the subject matter, the announcement of the death of rich brown and fans' reaction to the devastating news. I published, because I knew that rich would expect me to get out the news; I published so little because I was grief-stricken about the death of someone who'd been like a brother.

80. The new version of "The Fannish Worry Book" was distributed as *VFW #80*. I think the new version is superior to the old one in every way, except that the

one I did way back when had a batch of fine illustrations by Jay Kinney.

81. I didn't intend this issue to have a convention theme, but it sort of turned out that way. Ted White's fine report on Corflu Titanium, Dick Lupoff's account of two conventions and Chris Garcia's "Baycon Encounter" showed a range of events from small and intimate to big and commercial.

The lead news story also involved cons: The Daugherty's won the bid for Westercon '08. I was amazed that it was even possible to put on a con like that over the July 4th weekend in Las Vegas – and less impressed by the lack of real connection to Las Vegas Fandom.

82. The rich brown Memorial Issue came together very well, thanks to outstanding cooperation from all the contributors. And they also turned out some tremendous pieces that did great credit to rich and to themselves. Some fans' reputations wane with the dimming passage of time, but I think rich brown will be rated more and more highly as the extent of his contributions to Fandom is more widely understood.

For a few issues, I used a logo that had "Focal Point" underneath the familiar "Vegas Fandom Weekly." It was a salute to rich brown, but I did briefly toy with the idea of changing the name to *Focal Point*. I dunno, it just didn't feel right, so I dropped the idea almost as fast as it occurred to me.

83. Bridget and Simon Bradshaw's visit sparked a round of local events, highlighted by the Vegrants Open House on Saturday evening and inspired this 12-page issue about the visit and the weekend.

The Open House was also notable as the Vegrants debut of Terry Kemp, who came with his dad Earl. We're trying to lure them back for another visit.

84. John DeChancie did a great job of honoring Bob Leman. Although I never had direct contact with



VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

Leman, I very much enjoyed his fanwriting and fanzines. I'd have liked to have a companion piece to John's that delved more deeply into Leman the fan, but alas, the man who would have wanted to write it and who would've done it well was... rich brown.

85. One development that I covered in several issues, including this one, was the decision to open SNAPS to membership outside southern Nevada. The group has four such members, who are all terrific contributors, and we would like more to join the electronic monthly apa.

86. Teresa Cochran and James Taylor provided his-and-hers worldcon reports in a 30-page that also had my tongue-in-cheek predictive article in which I postulated that all fans could move to a small town and take it over. I've been mulling further use of the idea, but haven't done anything material with it, yet.

87. The Death of Bob Tucker, announced with a last-minute bulletin on the front page of #86, moved me to put together this memorial issue. Again, great cooperation led to a collection of very appropriate essays about the man who did as much as anyone to bring the Core Fandom we enjoy today into existence.

88. The postponement of the TAFF race certainly led to a lot of thinking about the need for such a fund. I've heard some say we ought to kill the thing, but it would be better to simply turn loose of our attachment to it and let it fly or die on the basis of the support of people who seem to regard it as a lottery with a free trip as prize.

89. Except for the "Inside Story" installment "Fandom "Is Our Middle Name," the second annish devoted its 44 pages to reprints of some of the best of Volume Two. It was harder to pick the selections than the first Annish; I'd published a lot more pages and the quality was higher on average than in the fanzine's first year.

90. "TVoFacts" is a column by Bill Mills (with occasional help from me) to keep fans up-to-date on what's happening on the audio-video site. I'd like to think that this column is gradually enticing fans to check out what is a very entertaining and worthwhile piece of fanac, TheVoicesOfFandom.com.

91. I called this 28-page *VFW* "The Arnish," because I wrote all of it except the letter column. I enjoy editing a fanzine with a lot of different contributors, but sometimes it's fun to demonstrate my prolificness (if not my prolixity), by producing a lot of creative work in a short period of time.

My favorite item in the issue is "One Pacificon Night." I think I evoked a somewhat different feeling than in a lot of my stories with this somewhat touching tale of a fan who meets a movie star (Betty Boop) at the Pacificon.

92. The lead news story announced what I felt was the year's most outstanding fan publication: *Ah! Sweet Laney!* From Robert Lichtman (editor) and Pat Virzi (publisher). For the first time, latter-day fans can read the essays of one of Fandom's best and most forceful writers.

The same issue touts the imminent appearance of another valuable fan publication, a CD with a complete file of Mike & Susan Wood Glicksohn's *Energumen*.

93. Talk about schizophrenic! This issue carried the heart-breaking news of the death of Lee Hoffman – and the incredible news that Las Vegas will be the site of Corflu in 2008 with Joyce as chairman. Computer and other technical problems have delayed my LeeH Memorial Issue, but I now expect that will come together in the next month or so.

We didn't go to Corflu Quire, but somehow Joyce's yearning to Do It Again translated into a groundswell in Austin. So far, at least, she hasn't regretted her decision.

94. The 30-page “Corflu Special” is one of my favorite issues. It featured four articles about Corflu Quire by Randy Byers, David Bratman, James Taylor and Teresa Cochran, a rundown of the FAAn Awards – VFW was third behind *Banana Wings* and *Pixel* in the “Best Fanzine” category, and I came in third, behind Claire Brialey and Ted White, in the balloting for “Best Fanwriter.”

I wrote “My World Turned Upside Down,” in which I recounted in detail the events surrounding our acquisition of Corflu 2008, which we named Corflu Silver. It was meant to suggest both the number (25) in the series and an association with Nevada (“the Silver State”) and with Las Vegas’ fannish past (“Silvercon”).

Teresa Cochran’s selection as “Best New Fan” gladdened my heart as much as the egoboo cast in my direction. She is a remarkable woman and I am eager to see what she will write and publish when she really applies her Fine Mind.

95. Two fannish websites debuted as of this issue: LasVegrants.com and TheFaanStore.com, both thanks to Bill Mills. The former has flourished, presenting a mix of content about the Vegrants and the coming Corflu.

The Faan Store, which Joyce and I own, is another story. The idea is to make great fan writing, art and fanzines of the past available to fans of the present. We want to post electronic versions, sell them for enough to run the site and keep our hobby from losing its birthright just because we’re transitioning from mimeo to digital.

I’m hoping that fans will come to see how wide distribution of great fanstuff benefits all of us. If you have an idea for an electronic anthology – please, please write for details.

96. This issue’s “Katzenjammer,” “Who Are Fandom’s All-Time Greats?” was the first of three survey articles that will soon lead to a poll. My hope, largely fulfilled, was that others would fill in my numerous omissions.

I thought a lot about what distinguishes a great fan from a good fan or even a great person before I wrote the article. I tried to limit my annotated list to fans that made major contributions to Fandom. I gave the most weight to pioneers who invented types of fanac or fannish institutions that had a major impact on the hobby and, secondarily, to those who displayed excellence in writing, drawing and publishing over an extended period. I also considered things like hosting well-known clubs, running Corflus, worldcons and other conventions. I also looked for fans that embodied the ideals that Core Fandom esteems.

What didn’t count with me at all were things like attending clubs or cons, clerical work and watching movies or TV shows. I think raising these very ordinary activities to the same level as highly creative fanac is like those television commercials that portray people as bold adventurers because they pig out on snack foods.

97. The TAFF race restart led off the news in this issue, so I started campaigning for Chris Garcia again, while also saying nice things about Curt Phillips, who was also expected to run. When Curt decided not to stand for the honor, the administrators extended the nominations period and came up with three candidates to stand with the BAarea Publishing Jiant.

“Katzenjammer” contained a mock expose of Corflu Silver. I especially liked the part about Human Meltdown Syndrome and the photo of the chorus girls identified as the local constabulary.

98. One of the neatest ideas to come along in a while is The Corflu Fifty, a charitable organization that will help fans without sufficient means come to Corflu. Steve and Elaine Stiles, the first recipients, will be coming to Corflu Silver, a fact that pleases me immensely.

99. My mother suddenly died while I was working on this issue. I finished it, welcoming the distraction. I wrote a short piece about her as an “Inside Story.”

100. You Are Here.

**VIRTUAL
FANDOM
WORLD**

Index

ISSUE BY ISSUE

Basic Issue Information

1.	11/23/04	2 pages	29.	6/1/05	8 pages
2.	12/1/04	2 pages	30.	6/9/05	14 pages
3.	12/8/04	4 pages	31.	6/15/05	14 pages
4.	12/16/04	4 pages	32.	6/22/05	14 pages
5.	12/22/04	4 pages	33.	6/29/05	12 pages
6.	12/18/04	4 pages	34.	7/10/05	12 pages
7.	1/5/05	4 pages	35.	7/15/05	12 pages
8.	1/13/05	4 pages	36.	7/20/05	14 pages
9.	1/19/05	4 pages	37.	7/29/05	14 pages
10.	1/28/05	8 pages	38.	8/4/05	10 pages
11.	2/2/05	4 pages	39.	8/10/05	12 pages
12.	2/8/05	8 pages	40.	8/18/05	12 pages
13.	2/16/05	10 pages	41.	8/23/05	18 pages
14.	2/22/05	8 pages	42.	8/31/05	12 pages
15.	3/2/05	10 pages	43.	9/9/05	16 pages
16.	3/9/05	16 pages	44.	9/15/05	14 pages
17.	3/16/05	10 pages	45.	9/22/05	14 pages
18.	3/23/05	10 pages	46.	9/29/05	16 pages
19.	4/1/05	10 pages	47.	10/6/05	14 pages
20.	4/8/05	10 pages	48.	10/14/05	14 pages
21.	4/13/05	14 pages	49.	10/22/05	18 pages
22.	4/20/05	12 pages	50.	10/29/05	18 pages
23.	4/28/05	10 pages	51.	11/4/05	18 pages
24.	5/4/05	12 pages	52.	11/12/05	16 pages
25.	5/6/05	10 pages	53.	11/20/05	18 pages
26.	3/11/05	8 pages	Total for Volume One: 584 pages		
27.	3/18/05	14 pages	54.	11/26/05	40 pages
28.	5/25/05	14 pages			



55.	12/2/05	22 pages	84	9/7/06	30 pages
56.	12/10/05	16 pages	85.	9/20/06	26 pages
57.	12/17/05	18 pages	86.	10/6/06	30 pages
58.	12/23/05	24 pages	87.	10/28/06	18 pages
59.	12/31/05	20 pages	88.	11/10/06	24 pages
60.	1/7/06	14 pages			

Total for Volume Two: 758

61.	1/14/06	22 pages	89.	12/2/06	40 pages
62.	1/22/06	22 pages	90.	12/29/06	22 pages
63.	2/1/06	18 pages	91.	1/12/07	28 [ages
64.	2/9/06	18 pages	92.	2/3/07	22 pages
65.	2/17/06	24 pages	93.	2/15/7	20 pages
66.	2/25/06	24 pages	94.	3/4/07	30 pages
67.	3/3/06	20 pages	95.	3/28/07	26 pages
68.	3/9/06	20 pages	96.	4/24	28 pages
69.	3/17/06	20 pages	97.	6/3/07	26 pages
70.	3/25/06	22 pages	98.	7/6/07	28 pages
71.	4/4/06	22 pages	99	7/22/07	28 pages
72.	4/14/06	16 pages	100.	8/18/07	
73.	4/28/06	24 pages			
74.	5/10/06	22 pages			
75.	5/19/06	24 pages			
76.	5/28/06	22 pages			
77.	6/10/06	22 pages			
78.	6/26/06	22 pages			
79.	7/8/06	4 pages			
80.	7/1/06	22 pages			

Total for Vol. Three (to Date): 288 pages

81.	7/21/06	30 pages
82.	8/12/06	24 pages
83	8/25/06	12 pages

Content

ISSUE BY ISSUE

Issue by Issue Contents

#3

Woody Bernardi's LosCon Report ::: Woody Bernardi
Teresa Cochran's LosCon Report ::: Teresa Cochran

#4

Recruit... Who? ::: Arnie Katz
All Around Vegas with... ::: Roxanne Gibbs

#5

Vegas Fandom Celebrate (Christmas Party '04)
::: Arnie Katz

#6

Ross Chamberlain Holliday Card ::: Ross Chamberlain

#7

Vegas Fanzine Scene (The Gay Blade) :: Arnie Katz
VSFA 1/3 Meeting Report ::: Woody Bernardi
And in the Rest of Fandom... ::: Arnie Katz

#8

Exploring Fandom on the Internet ::: Arnie Katz
Walk Around Fandom with... ::: Roxanne Gibbs

#9

Exploring Fandom: The Enchanted Duplicator ::: Arnie Katz

#10

Meet the Trufan: Joyce Katz ::: Arnie Katz
Fannish Numerology (not really) ::: Arnie Katz
Divination of Vegas Fandom ::: Joyce Katz

#12

Exploring Fandom: What's an Apa? ::: Arnie Katz
Fannish Nicknames – Vegas and Beyond ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: Ashamed ::: Arnie Katz

#13

Library Proposal ::: Arnie Katz
Introduction to the Futurists ::: Gilda Cabral
SNAFFU 2/11 Meeting Report ::: Michael Bernstein
Chat Back: The VFW Letter Column

#14

Vegrants Spend a Rainy Night ::: Arnie Katz
A Moving Story about Woody ::: Arnie Katz
Futurists 2/11 Meeting Report ::: David Gordon
VSFA 2/7 Meeting Report ::: Woody Bernardi
Vegas Fandom Trivia Challenge ::: Arnie Katz

#15

Exploring Fandom: What are FWA & AFAL? ::: Arnie Katz
SNAFFU 2/24 Meeting Report ::: Michael Bernstein
Chat Back: The VFW Letter Column
Vegas Fandom Trivia Challenge ::: Arnie Katz
One Fan's Corflu Titanium ::: Randy Byers

#16

The SNAFFU Library Today and Tomorrow ::: Arnie Katz
Las Vegrants 3/5 Meeting Report – Arnie Katz
Chat Back: The VFW Letter Column
Vegas Fandom Trivia Challenge ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: FM Busby: The 'Beat' Goes On ::: Arnie Katz
Party Time in Vegas (Bruce Gillespie visit) ::: Arnie Katz
Corflu Sends Its wishes ::: Various Fans

#17

Introducing SNAPS ::: Arnie Katz
SNAFFU 3/11 Meeting Report ::: Arnie Katz
Vegas Fandom Trivia Challenge ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: Life with Joyce ::: Arnie Katz
Futurists 3/11 Meeting Report ::: David Gordon
A Salute to Joyce Katz ::: Aileen Forman

- #18
A Letter from Australia ::: Bruce Gillespie
Vegrants 3/19 Meeting Report ::: Arnie Katz
Vegas Fandom Trivia Challenge ::: Arnie Katz
Chat Back: The *VFW* Letter Column
- #19
Woody Saves Vegas Fandom (hoax news) ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: Life Among the Neffers ::: Arnie Katz
SNAFFU 3/25 Meeting Report – Kent Hastings
- #20
Hoaxed! – Arnie Katz
The Vegas Fandom Trivia Challenge ::: Arnie Katz
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
David Brin in Las Vegas ::: Woody Bernardi
Heard Around Fandom – oxanne Gibbs
- #21
Small Changes... No Worries ::: Arnie Katz
Fannish Religions ::: Arnie Katz
Daugherty Pool Party Preview ::: Kathryn Daugherty
SNAFFU 4/8 Meeting Report ::: Arnie Katz
SNAFFU Members – Air Your Beefs ::: Arnie Katz
Futurists 4/8 Meeting Report ::: David Gordon
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
- #22
The Big Weekend (event report) ::: Arnie Katz
The Sunday Social Trivia Challenge ::: Arnie Katz
At the Daugherty's Pool Party ::: Linda Bushyager
Support Plans Jelling for Fantast & Science Fiction Day
::: Arnie Katz
- #23
Welcome to the Even Bigger Weekend ::: Arnie Katz
Fannish Nicknames ::: Arnie Katz
SNAFFU 4/22 Meeting Report ::: Kent Hastings
The Vegas Fandom Ear ::: Roxanne Gibbs
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
- #24
Fantasy & Science Fiction Day (Con Report) ::: Arnie Katz
Inside Story: Welcome to the Special Issue ::: Arnie Katz
- #25
Inside Story: Back to Abnormal ::: Arnie Katz
The Secret History of Las Vegrants ::: Arnie Katz
London Calling ::: Saying Good-Bye to John Brosnan
::: Rob Hansen
The Las Vegas Fantasy & Science Fiction Day
::: Woody Bernardi
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
VSFA 5/2 Meeting ::: Mindy Hutchings
- #26
Inside Story ::: The Con Games ::: Arnie Katz
What Are All Those Initials? ::: Arnie Katz
- A Night with the Vegrants ::: 5/7 Meeting Report ::: Arnie
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
- #27
Inside Story ::: What's New? ::: Arnie Katz
A Virtual Artwalk ::: Arnie Katz
The Wright Stuff ::: Seeing *Hitchhiker* ::: Bill Wright
Futurists 5/13 Meeting Report ::: David Gordon
Melbourne SF Invests Life Members ::: Ditmar
Fanhistory Corner ::: A Tower to the Moon ::: rich brown
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
VSFA's Dinner & a Movie ::: Mindy Hutchings
- #28
Inside Story: Thank You... Very Much ::: Arnie Katz
CSFL Makes Bold Move ::: Arnie Katz
Fanhistory Corner ::: A Fannish Staple ::: rich brown
Nightlife of the Vegrants ::: Vegrants 5/21 Meeting ::: Arnie
Fannish Connections ::: as Vegas & Melbourne ::: Arnie
Everything for Art ::: June (6/22) Sunday Social ::: Arnie
- #29
Inside Story ::: All Quiet on the Fanac Front ::: Arnie Katz
Remembering Al Ashley ::: Bob Tucker
SNAFFU Meets the Singularity :: SNAFFU 5/13
::: Kent Hastings
Gafia – There and Back Again ::: Arnie Katz
Red Rock Ramble ::: David Gordon & Arnie Katz
London Calling ::: Rob Hansen
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
SNAFFU Rises in the East ::: SNAFFU 5/17 Meetinh
::: Michael Bernstein
- #30
Inside Story ::: The Con Game ::: Arnie Katz
A Twisty Toner Tale ::: Arnie Katz
Tiny Fingers & a Good Imagination ::: Vegrants 8/4
::: Arnie Katz
Another Fannish Monday ::: VSFA (8/6) Meeting Report :::
Mindy Hutchings
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
Formans & Wilsons Flip for Flippin ::: Arnie Katz
- #31
Inside Story ::: United We Fan ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: The Dear Departed ::: Arnie Katz
Fanhistory Corner ::: Old Tyme Religion :: rich brown
Six Fans in Search of a Club ::: SNAFFU 6/10 Meeting
::: Arnie Katz
LV Futurists ::: 6/10 Meeting Report ::: Gilda Vabral
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
Town Meeting ::: The Local Listservs ::: Various
- #32
Inside Story ::: A Couple of Apologies ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: Numbered Fandoms ::: Arnie Katz
London Calling ::: London Fandom's New Home
::: Rob Hansen

Sing! Sing! Sing! ::: Vegrants 8/18 Meeting ::: Arnie Katz
Blue Jaunt ::: Vegrants Sing Out! ::: Joyce Katz
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
Recalling the Fancestors ::: Jume (6/19) Sunday Social
::: Arnie Katz
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#33
Inside Story ::: For the Fun of It ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: The Enchanted Duplicator ::: Arnie Katz
Fanhistor Corner ::: Getting All Steamed Up ::: rich brown
Brunchcon I ::: Arnie Katz
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel
You Got STF in My Fantasy ::: SNAFFU 6/26 Meeting
::: Kent Hastings

#34
Vegas NonCon II Report ::: Arnie Katz
Inside Story ::: Can't Wait Till Friday ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: The Philosophies of Fandom ::: Arnie Katz
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#35
Inside Story ::: Help Wanted ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: Amateur SF – No! ::: Arnie Katz
In Search of... *TED* ::: Vegrants (7/8) Meeting ::: Arnie Katz
Bye-Bye Bernardi ::: Various
A Letter from Woody ::: Woody Bernardi
The Circle Is Unbroken ::: Vegas Music Circle (7/10) Meeting Report ::: Joyce Katz
You Got STF... Part Two ::: Kent Hastings
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#36
Inside Sotry ::: Save the Sermons ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: Meet the Vegrants ::: Arnie
The Vegrants at Play ::: Vegrants (7/16) Meeting ::: Arnie
The Cosmic One ::: Dick Eney
The Seattle Tun ::: Randy Byers
VSFA Report ::: The July Social ::: Arnie Katz
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#37
Inside Story ::: The Blank Calendar ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: Faan Fiction... Yes! ::: Arnie Katz
Fanhistor Corner ::: The Removable Feast ::: rich brown
The Chicago Science Fiction League ::: Arnie Katz
Robot's Rules ::: SNAFFU (7/22 SNAFFU Report
::: Kent Hastings
Joshings ::: Hearts of Fire ::: Josh Andrews
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#38
Inside Story ::: Two Cons Are Better ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: Dinner a la Russe ::: Arnie Katz

Fanhistor Corner ::: A Tale of the Outlands ::: rich brown
Joshings ::: Time to Party! ::: Joshua Andrews
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#39
Inside Story ::: Through Tick and Thin ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Why a Vegrant? ::: Arnie Katz
Fanhistor Corner ::: The Laney Laugh ::: rich brown
Bye-Bye Bernardi ::: Arnie Katz
VSFA Views ::: Aug. Sunday Social Preview
::: Mindy Hutchings
Vegas Fans Say, 'Good-bye Bernardi!' ::: Various
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#40
Inside Story ::: An Intriguing Project ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: How to Write a LoC ::: Arnie Katz
The Wright Stuff ::: A Legend of Aussiecon ::: Bill Wright
Joshings ::: What's in a Re-name? ::: Joshua Andrews
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#41
Inside Story ::: VFW at 40 Weeks ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: The First Vegas Apa ::: Arnie Katz
Fanhistor Corner ::: Fandom by the Numbers ::: rich brown
Book Shnooks ::: Order from Chaos ::: Arnie Katz
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
Social at the Crossroads ::: Arnie Katz
The Daze ::: A Big Hand for the Little Lady ::: Dick Lupoff
Las Vegrants ::: Who's That Girl? ::: Arnie Katz
Bill Burns – An Appreciation ::: Peter Sullican
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#42
Inside Sotry ::: Rise & Fall of Elk City Fandom ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: The Fandom Connection ::: Arnie Katz
London Calling ::: Worldcon & More ::: Rob Hansen
SNAFFU ::: Hugo Winners Reconsidered ::: Charles Fuller
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#43
Inside Story ::: Mostly, It's Lonely ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: Abnormality Forever! ::: Arnie Katz
CSFL ::: The Pleasure Principle ::: Arnie Katz
Nova Mob Special ::: Supernatural Being ::: Bruce Gillespie
Las Vegrants ::: The Labor Day Weekend Party ::: Arnie
VSFA Views ::: The Lunch Bunch ::: Arnie Katz
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#44
Inside Story ::: The Fan Family ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: My Fannish Odyssey ::: Arnie Katz
Fanhistor Corner ::: Who's on First? ::: rich brown
SNAFFU ::: Fanac or Fight? ::: Charles Fuller
The Daze ::: Out of the Past ::: Dick Lupoff

ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#45

Inside Story ::: Holidays in Vegas ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: Four Kinds of Fanac ::: Arnie Katz
The Memory Bank ::: Bringing Willis to America
::: Shelby Vick
Return of the High Priestess ::: Arnie Katz
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#46

Inside Story ::: A Creditable Effort ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: Check 'em Out, Gentlefen ::: Arnie Katz
Fanac by the Tun ::: Randy Byers
Who Is This Peter Sullivan, Anyway? ::: Peter Sullivan
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
About Calendar Conflicts ::: Arnie Katz
SNAFFU Central ::: Changes in the Wind
::: Mivhael Bernstein
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#47

A Letter to Vegas Fandom ::: Chris Garcia
Inside Story ::: A Little Too Much ::: Arnie Katz
Katzenjammer ::: Ages of Fan ::: Arnie Katz
Stairway to Heaven ::: Vegrants (10/1) Meeting Arnie Katz
Apocalypse at the Bookstore ::: Michael Bernstein
Futuristics ::: Futurists 10/14 Meeting ::: David Gordon
Now & Again ::: Confessions of a Fan ::: Shelby Vick
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#48

Inside Story ::: Law of the Sandbox ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Medium & Message ::: Arnie
The Fannish Way ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: Confessions of an Insurance Salesman
::: Shelby Vick
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column ::: The Readers
Potshot's Cartoon Theater :: Bill Kunkel

#49

Inside Story ::: First 500 ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Neos and Fandom ::: Arnie
Las Vegrants ::: A Mellow Evening ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: Confessions of a Telemarketer
::: Shelby Vick
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column ::: The Readers
Taylor-Made ::: Capt. Forbes & the Borders Horse
::: James Taylor
Potshot's Cartoon Theater :: Bill Kunkel

#50

Inside Story ::: The Great Pumpkin ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: How to Write for Fanzines ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: Confessions of a Pollster ::: Shelby Vick

ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column ::: The Readers
Them Daze ::: A Matter of Form ::: Richard Lupoff
Futuristics ::: Energy Crisis ::: Gilda Cabral
Potshot's Cartoon Theater :: Bill Kunkel

#51

Have You Seen This Fan?
Inside Story ::: Art, for Art's Sake! ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: !@%&! The Rues! ::: Arnie
Them Daze ::: Days of '56 ::: Richard Lupoff
Now & Again ::: I'm a Fake! ::: Shelby Vick
Unexplained Fan Mysteries ::: Is Joshua Still Here? ::: Arnie
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column ::: The Readers
Halloween '05 ::: My First Fan Halloween
::: Mindy Hutchings
Potshot's Cartoon Theater :: Bill Kunkel
SNAFFU Central ::: Some Proposals ::: Linda Bushyager

#52

Inside Story ::: The Widner Connection! ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Say What? ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: PS... Censored! ::: Shelby Vick
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column ::: You
VSFA Views ::: So Long, Joshua! ::: Ruth Davidson
BT: His Window ::: Money Matters ::: Bob Tucker
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel
Dodge the Fuggheads! ::: Arnie
High Risk ::: Why I'm in Nevada ::: John DeChancie

#53

Inside Story ::: Growing Pains ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: The Golden Age ::: Arnie
Las Vegrants ::: Widner & the Gang ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: Refugees and Fans! ::: Shelby Vick
SNAFFU Central ::: Going Potter-y ::: Michael Bernstein
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel
Them Daze ::: In Search of... Ish ::: Richard Lupoff
Taylor-Made ::: A Day at the Movers ::: James Taylor

#54

The First Annush

#55

Inside Story ::: A Vegas Westercon ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: The Vegas Fan Poll
Las Vegrants ::: The Merry Widner ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: The Silver Screen! ::: Shelby Vick
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column
SNAFFU Central ::: Hackers & Crackers
::: Michael Bernstein
Them Daze ::: Annishes of Olde ::: Dick Lupoff
Messages ::: Vegas Fan Encounters ::: Chris Garcia
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel
Taylor-Made ::: Loscon 32 Report ::: James Taylor

#56

Inside Story ::: Blue Christmas ::: Arnie

Katzenjammer ::: The Newcomers ::: Arnie
Las Vegrants ::: Shock & Awe ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: Fandom ::: Shelby Vick
High Risk ::: At the Loscon ::: John DeChancie
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
Cookie Fest ::: What's Cookin'? ::: Teresa Cochran
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#57

Inside Story ::: The Fandom Parade ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Events & Happenings ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: Fandom ::: Shelby Vick
Canadiana ::: Toronto's Pubnight ::: Lloyd Penney
London Calling ::: Shock & Awe ::: Rob Hansen
SNAFFU Central ::: Proud & Clonely ::: Michael Bernstein
Bulletin ::: Katzes Change Address ::: Arnie
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
Messages ::: An Article for Arnie ::: Chris Garcia
Faan Fiction ::: TruConfessions ::: Peter Sullivan
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#58

Inside Story ::: The Last Bastion ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Outstanding Fans ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: Blame It on the Weather ::: Shelby Vick
Them Daze ::: Leavenworth Beckons ::: Richard Lupoff
Potshots ::: My VFW Debut ::: Bill Kunkel
Fan Mystery ::: The Pin ::: Art Widner
KJ Annex ::: Bye-Bye Box ::: Arnie
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
The Wright Stuff ::: Hanging Around ::: Bill Wright
Carpet Remnants ::: Dick Clarkson ::: Bbob Stewart
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#59

Inside Story ::: Happy Fanmas ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: The Crystal Ball ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: An Insight ::: Shelby Vick
Them Daze ::: Timebinders.com ::: Richard Lupoff
High Risk ::: How I Spent My Winter Vacation
::: John DeChancie
Potshots ::: Arnie Katz: Artist of Persuasion
::: Bill Kunkel
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#60

Inside Story ::: Voice Your Choice ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: She Hit Me! ::: Arnie
Them Daze ::: Is That the Czar? ::: Richard Lupoff
High Risk ::: A Wayward Child's Christmas in Pitts-
burgh ::: John DeChancie
At Large ::: Pulp-itations ::: Jack Avery
Las Vegrant ::: A Vegrant Christmas ::: Arnie
UFV Action ::: Christmas Party '05 ::: Kathryn Daugherty
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#61

Inside Story ::: I Shot Potshot! ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: The Brown Death! ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: A Cheerful Season ::: Shelby Vick
Them Daze ::: Bank Job! ::: Richard Lupoff
UFV Action ::: Happy New Year! ::: Arnie
At Large ::: Toys from Space ::: Jack Avery
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel

#62

Inside Story ::: Faan Fiction in VFW? ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: The Terror! The Terror!! ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: Last Issue? ::: Shelby Vick
Them Daze ::: Before Sunrise ::: Richard Lupoff
Futuristics ::: Wil McCarthy Speaks! ::: David Gordon
Faan Fiction ::: The Mystery of David M. Gordon ::: Arnie
2006 Las Vegas Fan Awards Poll Ballot
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
UK Bulletin ::: Arnie

#63

Inside Story ::: The Streak Ends ::: Arnie
Las Vegrantsr ::: Together Again ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: My Personal Life in Review
::: Shelby Vick
Katzenjammer ::: A Slice of Egoboo ::: Arnie
High Risk ::: My Pahrumpal Return ::: John DeChancie
Messages ::: Worldcon: The Movie ::: Chris Garcia
2006 Las Vegas Fan Awards Poll Ballot
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
Fan Mystery ::: The Badge

#64

Inside Story ::: Pulling Together ::: Arnie
Las Vegrants ::: Sin City Sing-out! ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: A Specialized Memory ::: Shelby Vick
Katzenjammer ::: A Volatile Core Arnie
Blue Jaunt ::: How to Be a Great Big Fan-Woman
::: Joyce Katz
SNAFFU Central ::: Dinner with SNAFFU
::: Linda Bushyager
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You ::: 14

#65

Inside Story ::: Implications on the Shelf ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: My Fan Poll Ballot ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: A Specialized Memory ::: Shelby Vick
The Star Wars Wealth-Building System ::: Kent Hastings
Winston Churchill: Statesman, War Leader... Fan
::: Peter Sullivan
SNAFFU Central ::: Results Are In! ::: Arnie
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
Taylor-Made ::: Happy Birthday Janole
Eye ::: Pure Purcell ::: Arnie

#66

Inside Story ::: Material Boy ::: Arnie

Katzenjammer ::: Can't Get Off the Island ::: Arnie
Blue Jaunt ::: How I Found Fandom: Parts 1 & 2 ::: Joyce
Pipeline ::: My Milestone ::: Mark Plummer
VSFA Views ::: Sunday Social ::: Rebecca Hardin
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
BT: His Window ::: Road Story ::: Bob Tucker
#67
Inside Story ::: Shocking News! ::: Arnie :::
Katzenjammer ::: A Great Adventure ::: Arnie
Them Daze ::: American Myths ::: Dick Lupoff
Las Vegrants ::: Oneshot Wonders! ::: Arnie
SNAFFU Central ::: February SNAFFood
::: Linda Bushyager
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
Shield of Umore ::: Photoplay

#68

Inside Story ::: It's Fanac Time! ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: My First Convention ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: Forbidden Waters ::: Shelby Vick
Them Daze ::: Pontiac Silver Streak ::: Dick Lupoff
Las Vegrants ::: Cold Night, Warm Fans ::: Arnie
Vagabond ::: L.A. Letter ::: Kent Hastings
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
VSFA Views ::: Sunday Social ::: Rebecca Hardin

#69

Inside Story ::: Techno-Confessions ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Why I Love Corflu ::: Arnie
Them Daze ::: Lumpkin Highway ::: Dick Lupoff
SNAFFU Central ::: The New Order ::: Arnie
Messages ::: Call Me MISTER President ::: Chris Garcia
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You

#70

Inside Story ::: Congratulations! ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Why 'Core Fandom'? ::: Arnie
Them Daze ::: Jack & Jack & Alice & Steve
::: Dick Lupoff
London Calling ::: England Fans! ::: Rob Hansen
Las Vegrants ::: Two Waves, One Cabal ::: Arnie
High Risk ::: World Domination... and Other Fannish
Daydreams ::: John DeChancie
The Wright Stuff ::: Ave, Noel Kerr ::: Bill Wright
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You

#71

Inside Story ::: April Fool! ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: The End of Vegas Fandom! ::: Arnie
Blue Jaunt ::: How I Found Fandom ::: Joyce Katz
Flashes ::: Life Is Change ::: David Gordon
Canadiana ::: Return to Pubnight ::: Lloyd Penney
SNAFFU Central ::: SNAFFood — Cuban Style! ::: Arnie
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You

#72

Inside Story ::: The Fannish Muse ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: The Rebirth of Vegas Fandom! ::: Arnie

Las Vegrants ::: Nobody's Fools ::: Arnie
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You

#73

Inside Story ::: Lazy Bones ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Future Fanzines ::: Arnie
Them Daze ::: Shameless Self-Promotion
::: Richard Lupoff
Las Vegrants ::: Garcia Live! ::: Arnie
SNAFFU Central ::: 'What I'd Like...' ::: Arnie
Taylor-Made ::: E-String Night! ::: James Taylor
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You

#74

Inside Story ::: Bolt from the Blue ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Farewell to a Fan Friend ::: Arnie
Them Daze ::: Three Teachers ::: Richard Lupoff
Percolations ::: Doofus! ::: John Purcell
SNAFFU Central ::: Manga Mania! ::: Arnie
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You

#75

Inside Story ::: Warning: MCOs! ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Fan Award Winners ::: Arnie
Dese Daze ::: The Horror(con! ::: Richard Lupoff
Canadian ::: A Short Trip to Corflu 23!
::: Lloyd Penney

Las Vegrants ::: Greetings to Corflu! ::: Las Vegrants
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You

#76

Inside Story ::: An Upgrade... ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: LV Fan Award Winners ::: Arnie
Them Daze ::: The Duke ::: Richard Lupoff
High Risk ::: The Way I Write! ::: John DeChancie
Las Vegrants ::: Many Happy Returns ::: Arnie
SNAFFU Central ::: Night of Prophecy ::: Joyce Katz
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You

#77

Inside Story ::: Victim of Circumstances ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: When (My) Worlds Collide! ::: Arnie
Pipeline ::: Sixty Years! ::: Mark Plummer
Las Vegrants ::: Welcome Home, DeChancie! ::: Arnie
How I Found Fandom ::: Robert Lichtman
SNAFFU Central ::: Visit to the Levant
::: Linda Bushyager
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You

#78

Inside Story ::: Running Like Sixty! ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: They Shall Return! ::: Arnie
Las Vegrants ::: Big Time Fun ::: Arnie
SNAFFU Central ::: Why a Fan? ::: Linda Bushyager
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You

#79

Fandom Reacts to the Death of rich brown

#80
The Fannish Worry Book

#81
Inside Story ::: He Taught Me Good! ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Fanlife After Sixty ::: Arnie
White Paper ::: Corflu Ganja ::: Ted White
Deze Days ::: Two Cons ::: Dick Lupoff
Messages ::: BayCon Encounter ::: Chris Garcia
SNAFFU Central ::: Hail, the Emperor ::: Linda Bushyager
Las Vegrants ::: Happy Birthday to Me! ::: Arnie
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column ::: You

#82
Good-Bye rich ::: Arnie Katz
The Obituary ::: Dan Joy
rich brown ::: Ted White
rich brown and the Coffee Table Book ::: Dan Steffan
It Started with a LoC ::: Linda Blanchard
I Remember rich ::: Joyce Katz
Recalling rich ::: Roxanne Mills
In Capital Letters ::: Mike McInerney
The Best Man ::: Steve Stiles
Dr. Gafia's Dictionary ::: Peter Sullivan
My Friend rich ::: Shelby Vick
Farewell to a Fan ::: Jack Calvert
Golden Halls of Mirth ::: rich brown & Paul Stanberry

#83
Katzenjammer ::: Pre-Con Vegas Weekend ::: Arnie

#84
Inside Story ::: Home for Worldcon ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Save the Crudzine! ::: Arnie
EARLetter ::: A Night in Vegas ::: Earl Kemp
High Risk ::: Remembering Bob Leman ::: John DeChancie
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column ::: You

#85
Inside Story ::: A Special Fund for a Special Fan
::: Arnie ::: 2
Katzenjammer ::: The Game of Fandom ::: Arnie ::: 3
Classic Reprint ::: Rich brown's Early Days
::: Ted White & rich brown ::: 8
Percolations ::: How I Found Fandom, Again
::: John Purcell ::: 10
Las Vegrants ::: After the Worldcon ::: Arnie ::: 12
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column ::: You ::: 17

#86
Inside Story ::: A New Name?
Katzenjammer ::: Core Fandom's Future ::: Arnie
Tee-Time ::: Worldcon: An Alternate Universe
::: Teresa Cochran
Taylor-Made ::: Worldcon: The Vegas Expedition
::: James Taylor
Las Vegrants ::: Walking Wounded Party Down ::: Arnie

SNAFFU Central ::: SNAFFood's Buffet
::: Linda Bushyager
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column ::: You

#87
The (Grand) Father of Us All ::: Arnie Katz
The First Staple War ::: Jack Speer
The LeZ-ettes ::: Arnie
The SFWA Obituary
Bob Tucker ::: Ted White
Bob Tucker: Writer amd Fan ::: Robert Lichtman
A Hard Good-Bye ::: Earl Kemp
Glorious, In Retrospect ::: Shelby Vick
Bob Tucker in *Fancylopedia II* ::: Dick Eney
Grandfather Tucker ::: Linda Bushyager
I'll Be at the Party ::: Dick Lupoff

#88
Inside Story ::: Back to Normal ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: The Big Burn-Out
Pile ::: Scent of a Femmefan ::: Roxanne Mills
Las Vegrants ::: A Small Circle of Friends ::: Arnie
SNAFFU Central ::: SF or Fantasy? ::: Arnie
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column ::: You
SNAPShots ::: Purcell's In! ::: Arnie
TVoF Topics ::: More Content ::: Arnie

#89
The Annual

#90
Inside Story ::: Fight Depression! ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: The SF Grove ::: Arnie
High Risk ::: William Tenn Rides Again! ::: John DeChancie
Now & Again ::: Space Opera ::: Shelby Vick
Max Miller - Fanwriter ::: Peter Sullivan
Las Vegrants ::: Happy Holidays! ::: Arnie
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column ::: You
SNAPShots ::: What a Difference! ::: Arnie
TVoFacts ::: The Fannish 12 Days of Christmas ::: Bill Mills
Percolations ::: Two Years and Counting! ::: John Purcell

#91
Inside Story ::: Fight Depression! ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: The FAAn Awards ::: Arnie
KJ Annex ::: Cat Scratch Fever! ::: Arnie
UFV Action ::: Revel with a Cause ::: Arnie
Faan Fiction ::: One PacifiCon Night ::: Arnie
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column ::: You
SNAPShots ::: The Deadline! ::: Arnie
TVoFacts ::: The Kingfish: Caught on Mic! ::: Arnie

#92
Inside Story ::: Forever Changes ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: What Happened to Columns? ::: Arnie
Terry-Tales ::: Requisat in Pacem ::: E. Terry Kemp
Now & Again ::: Let Me Tell You ::: Shelby Vick
ChatBack: The *VFW* Letter Column ::: You

SNAPShots ::: The Deadline! ::: Arnie
TVoFacts ::: Comings & Goings ::: Bill Mills

#93

Inside Story ::: Corflu Blues ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: When Animals Attack! ::: Arnie
Canadiana ::: The Gift Shop ::: Lloyd Penney
Blue Jaunt ::: Corflu Fever ::: Joyce Katz
Now & Again ::: Return of a Fan ::: Shelby Vick
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
SNAPShots ::: The Deadline! ::: Arnie
TVoFacts ::: Comings & Goings ::: Bill Mills

#94

Inside Story ::: Corflu.. Where? ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: My World Turned Upside Down!
::: Arnie
Corflu ::: Circumspectacularized ::: Randy Byers
Corflu at the Table ::: David Bratman
Taylor-made ::: A Different Kind of Con ::: James Taylor
Tee-Time ::: My First Corflu ::: Teresa Cochran
2007 FAAn Awards Results ::: Arnie

#95

Inside Story ::: Pilot Error ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Introducing: The Faan Store! ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: ShelVy ::: Shelby Vick
Terry-Tales ::: Whatever Happens to All the Hobbits?
::: Terry Kemp
Blue Jaunt ::: How I Found Fandom (Pt. 5) ::: Joyce Katz
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
SNAPShots ::: The Deadline! ::: Arnie
TVoFacts ::: Comings & Goings ::: Bill Mills
The Kingfish Says ::: Arnie

#96

Corflu Silver Breaking News
Inside Story ::: Pilot Error ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Who Are Fandom's All-Time Greats?
Now & Again ::: Getting Opinionated
Terry-Tales ::: An Ode to Frank Robinson Jr
Benford Chatter ::: A Visit to Arthur C Clarke ::: 14
Percolations ::: Of Fanzines, Staple Wars & Other Fancy
Stuff ::: John Purcell
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column
SNAPShots ::: The Deadline! ::: Arnie
TVoFacts ::: Comings & Goings ::: Bill Mills ::: 19
The Kingfish Says ::: Arnie

#97

Corflu Silver Breaking News
Inside Story ::: Chris Garcia for TAFF! ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Corflu Silver — *Exposed!* ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: I'm a Cheater! ::: Shelby Vick
Frank Gasperik ::: Bill Mills
Happy Benford Chatter ::: The Intellectual Life of a Lesser
Physicist

Percolations ::: Przywotac, Y'all! ::: John Purcell
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column
SNAPShots ::: The Deadline! ::: Arnie
TVoFacts ::: Comings & Goings ::: Bill Mills
The Kingfish Says ::: Arnie

#98

Corflu Silver Breaking News
Inside Story ::: The Perfect TAFFan? ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: Meet the Vegrants ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: My Close Call! ::: Shelby Vick
The Corflu Fifty ::: Richard Coad
The Astral Leauge ::: Rob Jackson
Walter J Daughtery ::: Mary Ellen Daughtery
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
SNAFFU Central ::: SNAFFood, Cajun Style!
::: Linda Bushyager
SNAPShots ::: Participation Runs High! ::: Arnie
TVoFacts ::: Accent on Filk! ::: Bill Mills
The Kingfish Says ::: Arnie

#99

Corflu Silver Breaking News
Inside Story ::: Farewell to My Mom? ::: Arnie
Katzenjammer ::: What Are the Greatest Fanzines? ::: Arnie
Now & Again ::: Chantrix! ::: Shelby Vick
Wright Stuff ::: Convergence 4 ::: Bill Wright
Las Vegrants ::: Birthday Bash ::: Arnie
ChatBack ::: The VFW Letter Column ::: You
SNAFFU Central ::: SNAFFood, Cajun Style!
::: James Taylor
TVoFacts ::: Here Come the Vegrants! ::: Bill Mills
The Kingfish Says ::: Arnie



Columns & Features

INDEXED BY Title

Columns

At Large ::: Jack Avery

Issues: 60, 61

Total: 2

Blue Jaunt ::: Joyce Katz

Issues: 32, 64, 66, 71, 93, 95, 100

Total: 7

BT: His Window ::: Bob Tucker

Issues: 52, 66

Total: 2

Bullseye ::: Charles Fuller

Issues: 100

Total: 1

Canadian ::: Lloyd Penney

Issues: 57, 71, 75, 93

Total: 4

Carpet Remnants ::: Bhob Stewart

Issues: 58,

Total: 1

Dese Daze ::: Dick Lupoff

Issues: 75, 81

Total: 2

EARLetter ::: Earl Kemp

Issues: 84

Total: 1

Exploring Fandom ::: Arnie

Issues: 6, 9, 12, 15

Total: 4

Fanhistory Corner ::: rich brown

Issues: 27, 28, 31, 33, 37, 38, 39, 41, 44

Total: 9

Flashes ::: David Gordon

Issues: 71

Total: 1

Futuristics :: David Gordon/Gilda Cabral

Issues: 47, 50, 62

Total: 3

Happy Benford Chatter ::: Greg Benford

Issues: 96, 97

Total: 2

High Risk ::: John DeChancie

Issues: 52, 56, 59, 60, 63, 70, 75, 76, 84, 90,

Total: 10

Inside Story ::: Arnie

Issues: 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34,

35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47,

48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61,

62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74,

75, 76, 77, 78, 81, 84, 85, 86, 88, 90, 91, 92, 93,

94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

Total: 70



Joshings ::: Josh Andrews
Issues: 37, 38, 40,
Total: 3

Katzenjammer ::: Arnie
Issues: 12, 16, 17, 19, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37,
38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50,
51, 52, 53, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64,
65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77,
78, 81, 83, 84, 85, 86, 88, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95,
96, 97, 98, 99, 100.
Total: 68

Kingfisgh Says:
(Originally "The Kingfish Speaks")
Issues: 96, 97, 98, 99, 100
Total: 5

KJ Annex ::: Arnie
Issues: 58, 91, 100
Total: 3

Las Vegrants ::: Arnie
Issues: 16, 41, 43, 49, 53, 55, 56, 60, 63, 64, 67,
68, 70, 72, 73, 75, 76, 77, 78, 81, 85, 86, 88, 90,
99, 100
Total: 26

London Calling ::: Rob Hansen
Issue: 25, 29, 32, 42, 57, 70
Total: 6

Messages ::: Chris Garcia
Issues: 55, 57, 63, 69, 81, 100
Total: 6

Now & Again ::: Shelby Vick
Issues: 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 55, 56, 57, 58,
59, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 68, 90, 92, 93, 95, 96, 97,
98, 99, 100
Total: 27

Percolations ::: John Purcell
Issue: 74, 85, 90, 96, 97, 100
Total: 6

Pile ::: Roxanne Mills
Issues: 88
Total: 1

Pipeline ::: Mark Plummer
Issues: 66, 77
Total: 2

Potshots ::: Bill Kunkel
Issues: 58, 59,
Total: 2

SNAFFU Central ::: Michael Bernstein/Linda
Bushyager/Arnie/Joyce Katz
Issues: 46, 51, 53, 55, 57, 64, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73,
74, 76, 77, 78, 81, 86, 88, 98, 100
Total: 20

SNAPShots ::: Arnie
Issues: 88, 90, 91, 92, 93, 95, 96, 97, 98, 100
Total: 10

Taylor-Made ::: James Taylor
Issues: 49, 53, 55, 65, 73, 86, 94,
Total: 7

Tee-Time ::: Teresa Cochran
Issues: 86, 94,
Total: 2

The Wright Stuff ::: Bill Wright
Issues: 27, 40, 58, 70, 99,
Total: 5

Them Daze::: Dick Lypoff
(Originally “The Daze”)
Issues: 41, 44, 50, 51, 53, 55, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62,
67, 68, 69, 70, 73, 74, 76,
Total: 18

Terry-Tailles ::: Terry Kemp
Issues: 92, 95, 96, 100
Total: 4

TVoF Facts ::: Arnie/Bill Mills
(Originally TVoF Topics)
(Bill Mills sole writer of most of them)
Issues: 88, 90, 91, 92, 93, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100
Total: 11

UFV Action ::: Kathryn Daugherty/Arnie
Issue: 60, 61, 91,
Total: 3

Vagabond ::: Kent Hastings
Issue: 68
Total: 1

VSFA Report ::: Arnie Katz/Mindy Hutchings/
Ruth Davidson/Rebecca Hardin
(Changed name to “VSFA Views” with #39.)
Issues: 36, 43, 52, 66, 68,
Total: 5

White Paper ::: Ted White
Issues: 81
Total: 1

Features

ChatBack ::: You
(Originally “Chat Back”_
Issue: 13, 15, 16, 18, 20, 21, 23, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30,
31, 32, 33, 36, 37, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47,
48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61,
62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74,
75, 76, 77, 78, 81, 84, 85, 86, 88, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94,
95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100
Total: 71

Potshot’s Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel
Issues: 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42,
43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 55, 56,
57, 58, 59, 60, 61,
Total: 29

Vegas Fandom Trivia Challenge ::: Arnie
Issues: 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20
Total: 6

Kingfish says A Work In PROGRESS

That’s the end of Section Two, but the annish will keep rolling in two-to-three days, enough time to let everyone get this out of their email inboxes.

Ironically, the annish introduces a new layout that is, at least partially, designed to reduce the memory size of *VFW*. I’m aware that some of you have very creaky equipment, poor (dial-up) Internet connections or both. I don’t think it’s fair to expect everyone to have the latest gear, though I certainly hope that more fans come to see the price of cable modem is now part of the legitimate expense of being a fan. I don’t want to keep anyone from enjoying *VFW*; you’re on the distribution list because I want you to have it. Issue #99 was less than 1 MB, which seems like a fairly small file. I’ve worked hard to make this issue even more memory-efficient.

I hope you enjoy it and will be looking forward to the next part of the annish. — Arnie

Wedding Bells for COCHTAYL!

Teresa Cochran and James Taylor – soon to be known as “Cochtayl” in all the tackier fannish media – didn’t actually meet at Vegants. Although they introduced themselves at a SNAFFU Discussion meeting, it was primarily as Vegants that they came to know each other, fall in love, move in together, and announce their engagement.

On September 8 at about noon, the Taylor and Cochran families and 17 Vegants made sure that the wedding of two fine people took place on time and in fine style.

Joyce and I were pretty jacked up about the wedding; just an ole married couple eager to share our happiness with another, newer pairing. We set off for the wedding on the other side of town about 10:20. Joyce figured that we might need some extra time, because the event center was in unfamiliar territory. Naturally, Joyce then hit every light perfectly and, despite enough wrong turns to give us a tour of Vegas’ east side, we got there a little before 11 AM.

We ran the air conditioner, listened to the city’s so-so new alternative rock station and waited to see at least one carload of Familiar Faces. By about half-past, we encountered a most familiar one, indeed: James Taylor, resplendent in what I suspected might be a flashy new suit. James had assured us that even he wasn’t going to wear a suit, so I wore a rather colorful (and festive, I thought) silk shirt out of what I think of as



100th Issue -- Pr. C



The newlyweds kiss. Below, efforts to take an “official” photo have predictably stiff results.

The Rotsler Memorial Collection. I considered chiding him about the clothing, but I figured he’d be nervous and preoccupied enough without my ragging.

I toted our somewhat bulky present into the center and made it the first item on the couple’s Loot Table. I met Teresa’s charming mom and brother and James’ sister. Before we knew it, Joyce was steering us to one of the rectangular tables arrayed in two rows. One nice touch is that the tables were set up obliquely, relative to the center aisle. This broke up that “school lunch room look” that a perpendicular set-up resembles.

We staked out a table. Ron and Linda Bushyager took up another pair of seats and we were well on our way to a little Veggrants meeting in the midst of the wedding. Next to arrive were – wonder of wonders! – Michael Bernstein and Roxanne Gibbs. These two very delightful people have caused friends no end of worry through a combination of not showing up anywhere for months and not answering email or phone calls.

It was great to see them and I know James and Teresa were really pleased that they broke cover to come to the wedding. They attributed the silence to the usual stuff, including her health and his overtime work, plus difficulty in selling their house prior to the move to Ft. Collins, CO. Although she’d had a bad health week, Roxanne looked better and healthier than any



time I've seen her in the last several years. One can only hope that this represents a positive trend; she and Michael could use a little good luck and certainly deserve it.

Merric and Luba Anderson filled the two remaining places at our table. I was a little astonished, looking around, to realize that like James and Teresa, all four couples had got together in Fandom. Almost immediately, two more such couples, Eric Davis & Belle Churchill, Jolie LaChance and Bill & Roxanne Mills, came into the hall and began filling up the table immediately behind us. Bryan Follins and his wife Darlene and Alan White joined that table. Later Mica, Linda's sister whom some may remember as Sunday Eyster in the long-ago, crowded in at our table to bring the fannish population to 17.

Alan immediately began shooting the terrific photos that decorate this account. Bill brought his camcorder and began capturing footage for YouTube, LasVegrants.com and TheVoucesOfFandom.com. The family had its own photographer, who seemed to be doing a very professional job, so the fannish photojournalists could concentrate on getting what they needed to inform and please Core Fandom.

Breaking all tradition, the wedding ceremony started on schedule. James and Teresa had abandoned their original idea of a civil ceremony and found a low-key minister. She officiated with practiced ease and a minimum of mumbo-jumbo,

During the vows, Teresa expressed her certainty with a resonant, "Yes, I do!" James was so nervous that he bobbled one of the phrases as he recited his vows. It made me think of Joyce and my wedding more than 36 years ago.

Part of the Jewish ceremony is that the groom steps on a wine glass. Since we got married in a Conservative Synagogue, they showed their contemporary relevance by wrapping a light bulb in a cloth to serve the same purpose. Due to a variety of mental, emotional and botanical factors, I was perhaps not entirely myself. Whatever the cause, the first two times I tried to stomp the bulb, it squirted out from under the slick sole of my brand new shoes. Finally, my brother Ira, always a good man in a pinch, teed it up like the holder of the field goal unit and I crunched the bulb to cause a very audible pop.

My point is that though I flubbed the symbolic busting of Joyce's cherry – I was somewhat too late for that event, in any case – the marriage itself has lasted more than 36 years. Hopefully, the minute quirks in Teresa and James' ceremony will bring them the same luck and long happiness.

Linda told me that being at a fannish wedding

(Below) James and Teresa can't stop grinning.

(Bottom) They can't stop smiling.



brought back memories of her own. Ron was so nervous he couldn't look at her and, she confessed, his hands were wet and clammy. They seem pretty damn happy, too, so maybe it's bad if things go too well.

Teresa's brother did a nice job on the main toast. They asked me to give one. It was, at least, brief. People seemed to like it, but beer, wine, liquor and champagne had flowed freely enough to vastly diminish the crowd's expectations. The toasting spirit then came over Jolie, who gave a nice toast for the two fan tables.

Joyce, a veteran of many Jewish weddings, bar mitzvahs and such, began to eye the centerpiece on the table. Feigning only the most casual interest, she asked if there was a number under the centerpiece that might correspond to her seat number, making her its owner. No such provision had been made, however, so Joyce contended herself with thoughts of centerpieces of the past.

(Right) Here's the cake in its pristine glory before we all cooperated to demolish it.



The Andersons and the Katzes sat together on one side of a table with (umseen here) with Michael Bernstein and Roxanne Gibbs directly across from us and the Bushyagers to their right.



(Above) Well-wishers congratulate Cochtayl at the couple's table after the ceremony. (Below) The cake topper doesn't actually resemble them much, but I suspect it'll be a treasured memento anyway.



I've never been sure why, but every Jewish affair turns into a miniature war as 20 women decide they simply must have a centerpiece to commemorate the occasion. If we put some of these women in charge of the army, we'd never lose a war; they will spend hours positioning themselves to seize the coveted prize. Perhaps some visionary party host will arm them with paint ball guns and create a whole new form of entertainment. It's better than the Hokey-Pokey, isn't it?

I had a chance to talk to Eric Davis, who hadn't been able to come to the last Vegrants meeting. He told me he'd made progress on implementing a super-complex program and would be going to New Jersey to install it in the field. Eric planned to be back by the weekend, so he and Belle probably will be at the Vegrants on Saturday, always a good sign. Their return to the local scene has been one of 2008's bright spots on the local level.

After we posed for photos with the wedding couple and everyone had a hunk of a very tasty cake, the party began to disperse into the Las Vegas afternoon. Congratulations, James and Teresa!

— Arnie Katz *words) & Alan White (photos)

ChatBack

The VFW Lettercol

I'd never have published 100 issues if not for the support and enthusiasm of the best group of letterhacks in Fandom today. And since they are That Damn Good, let's clear the stage and bring on the stars!

What better way to begin than with the first ChatBack appearance by this notable British fan...

Graham Charnock

Feel I should leap in and correct a few misapprehensions about the Astral League. It was not in fact founded by D. West, who is constitutionally incapable of founding even a domino rally. It was founded by a core group of domino and poker players who had lost heavily to Don and were seeking to recoup their losses. These included Malcolm Edwards, Roy Kettle, Brian Parker and yes, me, Graham Charnoff.

I seem to remember Greg Pickersgill standing on



You & Me

(but mostly you)

the sidelines, as ever, either chortling and egging us on or sneering derisively. At this remove of time those two typical Pickersgillian expressions tend to merge into one. We went around exhorting people to give us fifty pence, swearing blind this would go towards funding Don's copious alcohol consumption, whereas most of it went up our own noses. Later, luminaries such as Chris Priest got involved, linking a running vendetta against Jacqueline Lichtenberg with the Astral movement.

An *Astral League Yearbook* was produced as well as three cds of Astral Anthems written and performed by Graham Charnoff. These are still available but alas for slightly more than fifty pence (inflation you understand). It's true Don did introduce the pole ritual, but I think it was something he picked up whilst in the Boy Scouts (along with several other things). Hope this has cleared matters up.

Arnie: This is all very illuminating, though it raises quite a few more questions about this shadowy group and this mysterious "Graham Charnoff" of whom you speak. I guess us Americans will all have to wait for Corflu Silver to fully satisfy our curiosity.

Too infrequently seen, but always welcome is the next letter-writer, who is also in process of leaving Vegas for Colorado...

Roxanne Gibbs

Mazel Tov! 100 issues of VFW is quite a milestone.

Having enjoyed all of them immensely, I applaud you for all your hard work. Through the VFW I have been able to keep up with the fannish activities both local and long distant, learned much about friends, and friends of friends, fannish history, the comic antics of the many, and the sadness of a few who shared it with all of us.

I thank all the LOC contributors, who are too numerous to name, who have added much to my enjoyment of VFW, with their letters, thought provoking messages, amusing tales of old fans and new, interesting antidotes, and conjecture.

The art is my favorite part, I often scan through all pages to view it first. It doesn't matter if it is something new by Ross Chamberlain or Alan White, scanned copies of the covers of older fanzines, illos both old and new, pictures of interesting people along with the many pictures of Michael Bernstein. Through the years, I have enjoyed it all.

A huge thank you to Joyce Worley-Katz for her many contributions to VFW, especially her contributions to VFW #66 & #71 where she shared her story of

how she found Fandom, all the while holding down the fort at Toner Hall, writing her own fanzines, being the hostess with the mostest for many fannish events, and not least of all, initiating SNAPS and encouraging everyone to participate (which is a full time job in itself).

I feel I have come to know and respect Shelby Vick through his writing. Though we have never met, he has generously shared his memories, happiness, and sorrows, and I feel like he is a dear friend. He, along with all the many other contributors; Dick Lupoff, Robert Lichtman, rich brown, Bruce Gillespie, Peter Sullivan, Lloyd Penney, James Taylor, Chris Garcia, Kent Hastings, John DeChancie, Rob Hanson, and many more, have all made VFW a must read.

And you Arnie, come to life through your writing, there is so much that you have written, it's unthinkable for me to comment on just one or two pieces, but know the sheer volume and variety of your writing must make some paid authors feel shame at times. I have learned much, laughed and been encouraged to participate in this fannish family we all love so much.

Arnie: Let's add a big "thank you" to you and to Michael Bernstein for posting all those issues of VFW on snaffu.org.

Besides making me blush, your comments are especially satisfying, because they speak so directly to my feelings about publishing VFW or any other fanzine. I love a good ensemble cast – and good fortunate has drawn quite a wonderful group of fans to it. I love the feeling that we are all, writers, artists, readers and Ye Ed, at a party, playing off each other and entertaining each other.

A lovable (it says here) yet irascible British fan makes his VFW debut with a letter primarily about old fanzines.

John Nielsen Hall

Thanks for the ninety ninth installment. A couple of things have pressed my buttons.

The fanzines - this is a list of the most influential, or whatever, right? Why then no *Fouler*? And was there a wave of SF-oriented fanzines in the UK in the mid sixties? I must have missed them. Seemed to me poor old Pete Weston ploughed a lonely furrow. But what do I know?

That respected broadcaster, Mr. Bill Mills is correct in correcting you about the tentative title of our podcasting project- Wonderful Radio Fandom. Unfortunately, poor Bill does not get the allusion in that title, which has less to do with old radio's and more to do with old radio stations that we used to have here, broadcasting from ships and forts off the coast. The

Voices of Fandom, at least here in these parts, might sound more like a big wattage station funded by Uncle Sam. What we must both do is try not to get the wrong ends of any sticks. At present, due to time, confusion and illness, WRF is still on the drawing board.

TVOF is alive and kickin' and of comfort to Filkers everywhere. Who we are going to provide comfort to is still an unknown quantity, but don't expect Filk from a project that involves a mad old techno head such as myself.

Arnie: Actually, it's a list of favorite fanzines. Remedying my mental lapses and putting everybody's choices together might yield a list of the fanzines that Core Fandom likes best. My article just started the ball rolling.

Fouler is certainly worthy of inclusion, but someone else (like you) will have to write the three-to-five-line entry, which I hope you will do. I was active when all those British SF-oriented fanzines came out in the 1960's; I included the only one I thought belonged in the select circle of all-time great fanzines. Other fans possibly have others from that period that they like, in which case they can get them added to the list very easily. And, of course, that eventual "all time great" poll



won't limit votes to the memory-jogging survey; that's just a means toward the end of helping us all fill out our ballots.

A former co-editor and long-time friend gets the issue's prize for best alibi for not attending Corflu Silver...

Gregory Benford

Good issue. Your tribute to your mother, who died at same age as mine, is touching.

Thanks to Lloyd Penney, but I can't make 08 Corflu because I'll be diving in the Galapagos at that time. Maybe another year...?

Terry Kemp's remarks strike me; how different a career! He entered UC Berkley in 1971, as I was resigning from the Livermore Lab and taking a professorship at U Irvine... where I still am (tho typing this at our home in Mammoth, 8000 ft). I always wanted to open doors, not close them. So I edited for fm & wrote novels and was a CIA field agent, visiting prof at Cambridge and Torino & Bologna, and now CEO of some biotech companies--whatever's good for expanding horizons! I even have a cryonics contract. See you in the future!

Arnie: Your excuse makes Roxanne Mills' "I have to build a cage for an iguana" look positively Mundane. A pity you can't combine the two activities. I can see you making your majestic Corflu entrance, riding a giant tortoise.

I guess this means you won't be challenging Pete Weston for the FACA (Fannish Armed Combat Association) World Arm Wrestling Championship. The search for a worthy representative continues...

From deep in the heart of the Lone Star State comes one of VFW's most valued contributors and supporters...

John Purcell

Since I have a few minutes of free time before heading home for the day, here are a few thoughts about your latest effort, the 99th version of *Vegas Fandom Whenever*. I shall try to be kind.

In a few days we will know how many people will be in the upcoming TAFF race. As Robert Lichtman reports in his loc (page 23), Suzle has said that "there are now three candidates firmly in the race and another couple in the wings." This is good news. I believe a heated competition between at least three well-qualified fans will generate a lot of interest and donations to TAFF. Now I am very interested in seeing who these other candidates are besides that Energizer bunny

Here Come the Vegrants!



TVoF Podcast #9 - The Very Vegrants episode, is now running. It includes some Corflu news, an interview with Ross Chamberlain about his book *Angel Without Wings*, a brief history of Las Vegrants, a smidgen of music and a dollop of humor. Listen with the BluBrry player: <http://www.blubrri.com/player/?p=1812> or at ODEO.com: <http://odeo.com/audio/1807032/view> or stream/download the mp3: http://thevoicesoffandom.com/mp3/tvof_podcast.mp3

I've added Page Four to the Fannish Music pages. There you'll find: "First Fen" and "Alpha Centuri Waltz," instrumental electronic music written and performed by First Fandomite Bill Nelson Beard; more from "New Music For Robots" from Frank Coe; "Virginia's Song" instrumental from Bill Mills, and "King of the Sky" electronic music/new-age soundscape by JoHn Wesley Hardin. <http://www.thevoicesoffandom.com/music-4.html>

Recently added to the Oral History page is Doreen Parker's NovaCon 2 1972 GoH speech, contributed to TVoF by British fan Chuck Connor. <http://www.thevoicesoffandom.com/history.html>

Also new is a new "About Bill" page with various options for making contact such email address, MSN IM and Skype user names, which I hope folks will use. I welcome your comments and opinions about TVoF or even just a friendly note to say "HI.". <http://thevoicesoffandom.com/about.html>

And if that still isn't enough, how about the new pics added to the Mills Photo Archive. <http://billmills.net/coppermine/>.

So, if you haven't checked out TheVoiceOfFandom.com, now would be a dandy time.

– Bil Mills

of TAFF, Chris Garcia.

Speaking of Garcia and TAFF in the same sentence - and how could I not? it's like saying peanut butter and jelly, pork and beans, salt and peter - I think that Chris is a fine candidate. In his loc Chris says that he doesn't believe that he's the best TAFF candidate of all the folks that he knows, and that's a nice thing to say. Fandom is loaded with plenty of fine people. However, since it's TAFF we're talking about here, I agree with you, Arnie, that any potential candidate should be currently active (such as in producing/writing for zines, con attending, and general fannish *largesse*) and be well-known on both sides of the ocean. That makes sense, and is one reason why I'm toying with the idea of a DUFF run in a couple years. (Don't hold your breath on that, either. I said "toying with the idea." Talk to me again in 2009; I might be more serious about it by then.) But since TAFF was basically birthed and swaddled in twill-tone, I think that a good TAFF candidate should have a solid fannish resume that focuses on zines in one way, shape and form, but can consider other aspects of fanac, too. Like I said, it will be interesting to see who the other candidates are. By the time this loc sees print, everyone will probably know and you'll have them all listed and profiled in *VFW*.

Segueing naturally into fanzines, I really cannot

argue with any of those wonderful fanzines you listed as some of the greatest zines of all time. There are so many listed, and it is definitely hard to pick and choose. We could easily argue until the sun goes nova about which of these would be the top ten zines of all time. I am not even going to attempt to create such a list. Heck, the ten I would pick today could easily be supplanted by another ten next week. I'm afraid I love them all!

One zine that I personally would include as one of the best zines ever was *Rune*, the clubzine of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc., which petered out of existence by the mid-90s. In my mind, clubzines usually aren't that interesting to folks outside of the club that produces it, but *Rune* transcended those boundaries, which really started humming along during the Fred Haskell edited years (1976-1978) and then the momentum continued through the Pelton-Kennedy years (1978-1980), the Danielson/Bartelt/Stevers-Schnoes era (1980-82), and the Biever-Digre issues (mid-80s, pubbed erratically). *Rune* was a fantastic zine with great writers and artists (will there **ever** be a Fan Hugo or FAAn Award for Ken Fletcher?), ostensibly a clubzine, yes, but it became more than just that. Granted, I am biased here, but beginning in the early 70s and on through the early 80s, *Rune* was the epitome of clubzines, the likes of which may never be seen



Thanks a lot, Arnie; now I can't get that damn song out of my head. This means I'll have to write more of these lyrics down or I'll never get to sleep tonight. Such as this show-stopper sung by the character Floyd Pfening to neofan Liselle von Clapp during the climactic scene in the fanzine lounge near the end of a mythical worldcon held at the fabled Tucker Hotel:

"Loc every fanzine that comes in the mail,
download every web-zine til your eyesight fails."

Oh, wotthehell...

Arnie: My joy that the TAFF race will now be held after a postponement and an extension is tempered by the quality and appropriateness of the candidates. Chris Garcia is nearly the definition of the type of fan whom TAFF's founders had in mind/ And though Christian McGuire doesn't seem to be very active in Fandom outside LASFS, he has some legitimate credentials. I don't know the third Chris and would, therefore, hesitate to say anything except that he might have considered making more of a name in Fandom before reaching for one of its major honors. The fourth candidate's platform confesses to repeated theft of intellectual properties and as a writer, I think that's disgusting.

again. I miss it, and consider *Rune* worthy of inclusion in this listing of great zines of all time.

But, good heavens, I would not know where to begin to create my personal list of favorite fanzines of all time. Fans love creating lists, that is true, and we love to talk about this stuff until the cows complain that they can't come home since we're making too much noise. In that fan musical I'm sort of working on, *The Sound of Fanac*, one of the songs literally sings the praise of great zines:

*Yandro and Mota, or Warhoon, Mimosa;
Cry over Focal Point, loved that one, Oops!
Le Zombie appeared once a decade it seems;
These are a few of my favorite zines!*

*Habbakuk, Slant, SFR, Innuendo,
Horizons, and Skyhook* were my precious window;

Manila envelopes burst at the seams
Because they were stuffed with my favorite zines!

When some faned chops your arkle, says you're
not James Blish,

I simply remember my favorite zines, and then I
go pub --- my ish!

*Our man whose rump is in Pahrump when we'd
like him to park it in Vegas offers some comments...*

Kent Hastings

Sorry to read of your mother's passing. Parents who aren't fans are always puzzled about the enthusiasms of their fan kids. Pass the usual personal niceties to the rest of the Vegrants circle. I've got a colorful Indian-themed cap from the Pahrump powwow for Joyce.

There's a rumor going around that you may actually see Michael Bernstein at a SNAFFU event soon. Michael and Roxanne are still waiting for their house to sell in this buyer's market before they can move, not to Colorado now, but maybe Albuquerque or Tucson. But you didn't get that from me. This email was forged by hackers, yeah, that's the ticket.

Anyway, the important reason I'm writing is that this article in Sports Illustrated robs I.R.S. of his rightful glory!!! http://sportsillustrated.cnn.com/si_blogs/scorecard/daily_list/2007/07/five-mostridiculous-wwf-gimmicks.html

The comments are funny, too.

I.R.S. appearance on YouTube: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ulGxXhy710E>

Arnie: See? Every time I try to not talk about pro wrestling, they pull me back in! The wrestler who por-

trayed IRS, Mike Rotundo, had several other characters, including a financial whiz named "Michael Wallstreet." *Shyster* was his best work, though.

And what about real-life wrestler-turned-financial analyst John Bradshaw Leyfield, champion just two years ago. He started with financial advice spots on radio and TV, got a syndicated financial show and now has widened the program's focus to a broad range of topics. He's still a redneck jock, but there he is on the radio, dispensing alleged wisdom.

When we need a little illumination, he's the fan who's always on the Square...

Jay Kinney

Well, I suppose that one way to get a response to VFW out of indolent fans is to start publishing lists of all-time greatest fans and fanzines and omit their names from the lists.

I won't argue that my name should be on the list of greatest fans, because my involvement with fandom over the years has been far too sporadic and ambivalent to rate anything even approaching "great." (Besides, it is bad form to plead for one's own greatness!)

But I will argue that what I would loosely call the "Luttrell-Couch Combine" (by which I refer to Hank Luttrell, Lesley Couch Luttrell, Chris Couch, and the elder Couches) rate a spot on the list. Hank and Lesley eventually went their separate ways, but during the years they were together they were publishing giants. Their STARLING was certainly one of the best fanzines of its era, while Chris's zines (names fail me at the moment and I'm too lazy to plow through boxes of fanzines to nail them down) always captured a faanish spirit.

I'd also suggest that Grant Canfield deserves a spot on the greatest fans list. Not only was he one of the flat out best artists to grace fandom's hotel corridors, but the fanzine he co-published, *Hot Shit*, was one of the all-time greatest small, frequent fannish zines. Grant, like the Luttrell-Couch Combine, resolutely gafiated after being active for years, but let's not hold that against him (or them).

Finally, while I am positive that my old zine, *Nope*, was not one of the "top ten" greatest fanzines - and not even one of the top fifty - I might try to slip its name into the pile of nominations when your back is turned. NOPE's cast of contributors included many UG comix greats and its issues remain documents of a certain era when the UG and fandom overlapped. And besides, NOPE #9 featured the "Fabulous Fannish Museum" strip, co-written with you and rich brown, which is almost a prototype for your recent "greatest" columns in

VFW.

But blowing of horns aside, I'll take this opportunity to congratulate you on 99 issues of VFW and your indefatigable efforts in keeping fandom lively. I'm hoping to make it to Corflu Silver in Vegas next year, at which point we can all sit around and drool nostalgically into our sodas.

Arnie: The only reason I didn't include you among the fannish luminaries was that, as stated, I confined my list to those who had maintained a high level of activity for a decade.

I think, now, that was a bad decision. To draw an analogy from baseball, there are players like Smoky Joe Wood and Sandy Koufax, who made the Hall of Fame (and are therefore among the all-time greats, despite relatively short careers.) In your case, length of career is a technicality, because you've produced so much excellent material and easily meet the less tangible criteria

As I've said, the original list was always intended to be expanded and revised. Y'know, sending a cartoon or an article to the fine fan who is going to write those panegyrics might not be a bad strategy.

And here's a ray of sunshine from the Sunshine State's foremost trufan...

Shelby Vick

Great fanzines? Howsabout Vernon McCain's *Wastbasket*? There were, unfortunately, too few issues -- but what there were, however, were lovingly put together . . . not to forget they were actually PRINTED with hand-set hard type, lino block illos, etc.

Great report on the Aussie con! Down Under is stirring again.

You missed something vital in reporting the Birthday Blast . . . or, I could say you missed nought. It was ZERO 7, ZERO 7, followed by 07. Tch.

Am I missing something, or is it my computer? I thot PDFs could have clickable links, but every link I clicked on got zilch.

Gonna hafta get me a mike and earphone set so I can properly appreciate Bill Mills and all his audio stuff. My interest was, of course, rekindled after reading he had recorded one of my Now and Agains. Oh, I know; I can hear it with my computer -- but the mike-and-earphones is so I can record my own!

Terry Kemp brings up my old column, 'Dear Alice'. Glad it brought fond memories, Terry. OTHER memories weren't so fond, like all the Nixon-stuff. Very interesting background you gave. Frankly, as so many others have said, the only diff between Nixon and many other presidents is -- he got-

caught! From what I've heard on the G Gordon Liddy radio talk show, it was mostly a matter of bad luck -- and sloppy planning.

Which, in a way, brings us to (gasp!) science fiction. Politics reminds me, after a fashion, of the Borg on Star Trek -- 'Resistance is futile!' 'We will assimilate you!' But the politicians don't yet have it as down-pat as the Borg; look what happened when they tried to politicize Iraq!

Oh, and back to Bill Mills who again brought up the Harry Warner fanzine collection. It reminds me of something Kim Huett sent me concerning the Bruce Pelz collection. Go to <http://lib.ucr.edu/cdd/spcol/fanzine.php> for the university website, where they have a marvelous index of the fanzines in his collection. They'll photocopy at two bits per page, which is great. They'll even -- I forget the fee -- for much more, do an electronic version to send you.

As always, it was a great issue. And I really am looking forward to 100 -- both for *VFW* and me.

Arnie: As Ted White has pointed out many times, Vernon L. McCain was a topnotch fan whose only shortcoming was that he died, tragically and prematurely, in 1958. His stuff should be anthologized for our entertainment; he's like Harry Warner in his prime with a sense of humor and willingness to state opinions. That's no knock on Harry, but rather an indication of the esteem in which I hold McCain. I think Wastebasket had too few issues for my memory-jogger, but you and other admirers can vote for it.

I lump along with a version of Acrobat that is about two revs behind the current state-of-the-art, so I'm not a good one to report on the program's current capabilities. It may automatically insert puns for all I know. Maybe David Gordon or Merric Anderson, could answer the question.

You'll never convince me that Richard Nixon was other than a mean-spirited, bigoted, heavy-handed, power-hungry son-of-a-bitch. And if I was looking for a character reference, just about the last person I would believe is G. Gordon Liddy, a chronic liar and self-aggrandizers. I'm sure if Josef Goebbels was alive and had a radio talk show, he'd tell you about all the hard luck and over-reaction that dogged poor Adolf Hitler.

The Sage flexes his fanhistorian muscles with some tremendous additions to my original list...

Robert Lichtman

You wrote a wonderful tribute to your mother, and you have my sincere thanks for including it in *VFW* No. 99. It summed up her life in a succinct but detailed way, and I imagine it was well-received when it was

read at her memorial service in Phoenix. I know you'll miss her, but she had an amazing life, was her own person up to the end, and thankfully went suddenly instead of suffering a long and painful decline.

Your take on what are and/or were the "greatest fanzines" demonstrates the impossibility of coming up with a "top ten" list. There are just too many candidates over the broad sweep of fanzine publishing history to narrow them down to that extent. And as you write, "This isn't an all-inclusive catalogue of the good, or even the great, fanzines. Filling out the rolls will take your help." I'll get to that in a minute, but first I have some comments on your list.

I certainly agree that the "Derelicti Derogation" was one of the highlights of Boyd Raeburn's *À Bas*, but the amazing quality of his contributors throughout the run (after the first few, rather tentative issues) is stunning: Bloch, Tucker, BoSh, Shaw, Warner, Ellington, "Brandon," LeeH, and the columns assembled from the letters of Rich "Alex" Kirs. And the final two issues include some of my favorite convention/travel reports of all time: Boyd's accounts of the 1957 London Worldcon ("The Moth and the Arctic Steamroller") and South Gate in '58 ("I Was A Teenage Abominable Snowman"): long, detailed and *funny*. The fanzine was also graced with a series of terrific covers by Pat Patterson.

I hope I'm not the first to point out your misspelling of Inchmery Fandom's *Aporrheta*. And I didn't know that "Penelope Fandergaste" was F.M. Busby—I always thought it was Ron Bennett. Which of us is right?

Thanks for the egoboo about *Frap*, but perhaps you go too far in asserting that it "was the fanzine other fanzine editors admired." I always thought it was sheer luck on my part that I was able to attract ongoing contributions from the likes of Greg Benford, Calvin Demmon, Ray Nelson and even Elmer Perdue. With contents like that, *anyone* could be a successful editor. My only regret about *Frap* is that the events of 1964 cast such a pall over fandom that a light-hearted fanzine like it could no longer survive.

About Dean Grennell's *Grue* you write that it "started as his FAPazine." Actually the first 17 issues, with the exception of No. 15, were done in very limited numbers as a sort of letter-substitute. There was only one copy of some of them, while others had a number of carbons. That 15th issue was dittoed, and in it DAG explains that the "chief reason is that I owe letters to a lot of people and this seems to be my only hope of letting them all hear from me." It didn't become a FAPazine until the 18th issue when Grennell filled the membership slot vacated by Laney. And it didn't ac-



quire its “signature blue mimeo ink” until the 20th issue. DAG dropped FAPA distribution after five issues, so Nos. 23 through 29 were genzines. After he burned out on such an ambitious production, he resumed running *Grue* through FAPA with its 30th issue and did over a dozen more issues before dropping out.

You write that with *Habakkuk* “Donaho pulled off the same feat as Dick Geis by bringing *Hab* to the forefront of the fanzine field twice.” Actually, he did it three times—the third incarnation being the four issues that appeared in 1993 and 1994.

You write that Gregg Calkins’s *Oopsla!* “had strong runs in both the 1950s and again in the early 1960s.” After the first twenty issues, which appeared from January 1952 to January 1956, Gregg took over a year off and returned with another issue in March 1957. He published another nine issues through October 1959, put out a six-pager (*Interim*) in March 1960, and then produced the 30th and final issue in September 1961 before retiring into FAPA and producing a total of 118 issues of *The Rambling Fap*. (These days, by the way, Calkins has a mostly right-wing/libertarian blog.)

Regarding the list you write, “I know there are huge holes—and I need your help filling them. Please add your ‘nominations’ to mine to help complete the list. (A few details about the fanzines would be nice, too.)” Here are my additions:

Boonfark. Dan Steffan’s genzine, which started out with a tentative first issue in 1974 and a second in 1977, then resumed more regular (though never fre-

quent) publication in 1979 and continued in fine form until the early ‘80s with written material from Greg Benford, rich brown, Steve Brown, Grant Canfield, Terry Carr, Rich Coad, Lee Hoffman, Gary Hubbard, Dave Langford, Ray Nelson, William Rotsler, Larry Stark, Bbob Stewart, Steve Stiles, Ted White and Walt Willis. As befits a fanzine produced by one of our best artists, it’s also strong on visuals by the editor and the likes of ATom, Jim Barker, Harry Bell, Bergeron, Canfield, Dave English, Jay Kinney, Nelson, Rotsler, Stiles, Bruce Townley, and others.

Burblings, the FAPazine of Charles Burbee. Need I say more!?! Well, yes, I would add to the issues with just the single title all the “combined with” numbers, especially the ones he did with Elmer Perdue in the ‘50s. And I’d throw in *Wild Hair* for good measure.

Chanticleer, one of the most typographically interesting fanzines of all time thanks to the creative typed borders done by editor Walt Liebscher. But the contents shine, as well, with lots of great and often whimsical writing by the editor, plus Al Ashley, Bloch, Chauvenet, Burton Crane, Laney, Lowndes, Frank Robinson, Rosenblum, Tigrina, Tucker, Widner, Warner, and not to overlook the colorful silkscreen covers on the first two issues.

Descant, the *other* fanzine of Norm & Gina Clarke, which saw two dozen issues to *Honque*’s five. Lots of great writing by both of them. Need I say more? (Well, as a footnote I would add the *Queebshot* series of amusing oneshots done with Boyd Raeburn.)

Diablerie, published by Willie Watson, saw seven issues in 1944 and 1945. The editor was also an artist, so in addition to some great written material the design and graphics also stand out (Clyne, Wiedenbeck. Contributors include Bloch, Burbee, George Ebey, Lou Goldstone, Laney, Walt Liebscher, Lowndes, E. Hoffman Price, Milt Rothman, Tucker and Harry Warner Jr.

Dream Quest, produced by Don Wilson and Howard Miller, had a total of eleven issues between 1947 and 1953; but it’s the first half dozen issues that stand out. (The seventh might, too, but I don’t have a copy.) Produced more or less concurrently with Art Rapp’s *Spacewarp*, the latter’s frequency made it a focal point but *DQ* was also highly regarded in its day. And no wonder: this is the fanzine where Redd Boggs’s groundbreaking piece of faan fiction, “Craters of the Moon,” saw its first publication. Boggs is present in other issues, too, along with such sterling fellow contributors as E. E. Evans, Ralph Milne Farley, Joe Fortier, Roger P. Graham (under his own name and also as Rog Phillips), Joe Kennedy, Sam Moskowitz, Con Pederson, Art Rapp, Milt Rothman, Rick Sneary, Jack Speer, Tigrina and Harry Warner Jr. Laney is also pre-

sent in a couple of issues, and has one of the most fascinating articles in the entire run, "A Histo-Map of Fandom," showing the rise, fall and relative influence of various fannish strains/movements in exactly the same way one sees similar visuals for the history of mankind.

The Fanscient, Donald Day's jewel-like photo offset fanzine, with fourteen issues between 1948 and 1951. Contributors included Forry Ackerman, F. Lee Baldwin, Robert Bloch, Hannes Bok, Lin Carter, Neil R. Jones, David H. Keller, Henry Kuttner, Len Moffatt, Sam Moskowitz, Darrell Richardson, Ken Slater, and editor Day. Started to publicize Portland's bid for the 1950 Worldcon, it concluded with a final double issue that contained reportage on the convention.

The Fantasite, an early '40s fanzine edited by Phil Bronson that saw a dozen issues between 1940 and 1944. With good production values, it featured a stellar array of contributors including Ackerman, Boggs, Bradbury, Chauvenet, Dickson, Knight, Lowndes, Rimel, Rocklynne, Rothman, Simak, Tucker, Warner, Yerke and others who were prominent at the time but who are now largely forgotten. Bronson was a pioneer in well-done color mimeography, and cover artists included Morris Scott Dollens and Ronald Clyne.

Fan Slants, coedited by Mel Brown and Mike Fern, only saw three issues in 1943/44, but they were memorable ones. All three issues contain full-page artwork (covers and interiors) by the legendary Ronald Clyne. Contributors included Ackerman, Phil Bronson, Walter J. Daugherty, Charles Dye, Paul Freehafer, William Hamling, A. L. Joquel, James Kepner, Laney, Walt Liebscher, Emil Petaja, Duane Rimel, Bob Tucker, Gus Willmorth, Don Wollheim and T. Bruce Yerke. Worth highlighting (and reprinting) is Kepner's lengthy article, "Blowups Happen, or Six Months in Shangri-LA," a candid look at the LASFS that I regard as supplementary reading to *Ah! Sweet Idiocy!*

Hot Shit, from Calvin Demmon and John D. Berry. This is the spiritual successor to Calvin's and Andy Main's *Flying Frog* and is similar in flavor and tone. While I'm on the subject of Calvin, I would also add his early '60s **Skoan**, one of the funniest fanzines ever in which the "Biffable" was invented.

Izzard from Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden, started out as a sprightly ensembled fanzine in its first half dozen issues with writing from the editors, Ted White, Jerry Kaufman, and Sid Coleman. And then exploded out into a genzine with contributors including Steven Bryan Bieler, Terry Carr, R. A. MacAvoy, Debbie Notkin, Bruce Sterling, Paul Williams, culminating in a 90-page ninth and final issue that also included work by Greg Benford, Simon Ounsley, Stu Shiffman,

Steve Stiles, D. West and Tom Whitmore.

Oblique, published by Cliff Gould, this saw eight issues in 1955 and 1956. Greg Benford often refers to this as one of the greats. Contributors included Mal Ashworth, John Berry, Redd Boggs, Gregg Calkins, Terry Carr, Philip K. Dick, Dick Geis, Lee Hoffman, Rich "Alex" Kirs, Vernon L. McCain, Boyd Raeburn, Charles Lee Riddle, Larry Stark and Bob Tucker.

Philosophical Gas, John Bangsund's eclectic fanzine that wavered back and forth between perzine and genzine, which he started up after leaving *Australian Science Fiction Review* behind. You never could tell what would be in any given issue of it, but could count on it being entertaining.

Spaceship, Bob Silverberg's early '50s genzine, which started out pretty humbly but gained serious steam as it went along, attracting contributors such as Bloch, Boggs, Terry Carr, Fred Chappell, Harlan Ellison, Rich Elsberry, Grennell, Lee Hoffman, Dave Ish, Sam Moskowitz, Mack Reynolds, Larry Stark, Warner, Willis and Russ Winterbotham. Its scrappy appearance belied the quality of its contents.

Spirochete, Redd Boggs's small perzine that had 76 issues between November 1964 and Redd's death in 1996. Most issues were distributed through FAPA, but he also had a fairly wide outside circulation. Nearly all contents were Redd's own writing and ranged widely in subject matter and from humorous to serious. Someone could do worse than to reprint the entire run intact.

Starspinkle, Ron Ellick's zippy fannish newszine, which he began in 1962 after Terry Carr turned over *Fanac* to Walter Breen. There were fifty issues, mostly single-sheeters, published between December 1962 and November 1964 on an every-other-week schedule that put Breen's increasingly infrequent appearance of *Fanac* to rightful shame. Ron was a great, no-nonsense reporter on the fannish events of the day.

Stefnews, Jack Speer's mid-'40s newszine covering both fannish and sf news. Jack produced 54 weekly issues of this mostly single-sheet zine between July 1945 and July 1946 before turning it over to Rusty Hevelin, who did a handful more before discontinuing it.

Stop Breaking Down and *Rastus Johnson's Cake-walk*, both produced by Greg Pickersgill (in the '70s and '90s, respectively). Greg is an excellent writer and editor, and both titles are full of his excellent material. But in addition *SBD* includes fine writing by both Chris Atkinson, Charnocks, Malcolm Edwards, Rob Hansen, Rob Holdstock, Linda Krawecka (who was Linda Pickersgill at the time), Peter Roberts, Simone Walsh and D. West. And *RJC* also features Sandra Bond (when still Harry), John N. Hall, Dave Langford, David Redd

and Pam Wells.

True Rat and *Fouler*, two '70s British fanzines from Leroy Kettle (and the latter coedited by Greg Pickersgill), with plenty of writing by the editor(s) (especially Kettle) as well as Harry Bell, John Brosnan, Graham Charnock, Rich Coad, John N. Hall, Rob Holdstock, Dave Langford, Jim Linwood, Ian Maule, Charles Platt, Ritchie Smith, Peter Weston and D. West.

Vega, the legendary fanzine done in the '50s by Joel Nydahl, who did a dozen increasingly good issues in a one-year period and then blazed out with a 104-page anniversary, giving rise to the term "Nydahl's Disease." The zine started out humbly enough, but by the fourth issue had attracted contributors such as Marion Zimmer Bradley—and it got even better as the monthly issues progressed, to include Robert Bloch, Redd Boggs, Norman G. Browne, Gregg Calkins, Terry Carr, Fred Chappell, Harlan Ellison, Dean Grennell, Bob Silverberg, Bob Tucker, Shelby Vick, Walt Willis and Mari Wolf. And then he disappeared for nearly fifty years, until Ted White and I contacted him late in 2001 and he wrote an article, "Revisiting Nydahl's Disease," that appeared in *Trap Door* No. 21 (read it at efanzines.com).

Voice of the Imagi-Nation, of which Forry Ackerman produced fifty issues between 1939 and 1947 (although it peaked as a frequent fanzine in 1945). Devoted almost entirely to letters, it served as a focal point during WW2 and had an international flavor with contributions from fans on the various war fronts.

Wrinkled Shrew, the classic '70s fanzine done by Pat & Graham Charnock. In addition to their own sterling writing, contributors included Rob Holdstock, Terry Hughes, Roy Kettle, Joseph Nicholas, Tom Perry, Gregg Pickersgill, Charles Platt, Chris Priest, Andrew Stephenson, D. West, and let's not overlook "The Great Seacon Freakout" by Peter Nicholls.

I realize that quite a few of these, especially the oldest ones, are more or less completely unknown to fanzine fans in 2007; but these are the zines I think of when I move beyond your list. And of course there are more. There are other fine fanzines produced by some of the editors you list in addition to those I mention above: Dave Langford's *Twll-Ddu*, Andy Hooper's *Spent Brass* (done with his wife, Carrie Root), Mike Glicksohn's *Xenium*, Tucker's *Bloomington Newsletter* which morphed into *Science Fiction Newsletter*, Rotzler's *Kteic*, Bill Bowers's *Xenolith*, Lee Hoffman's *Self-Preservation* and *Choog* (and other miscellaneous titles from early in her FAPA membership), Ted White's *Gambit* (which continued the numbering from *Stellar* and appeared in many formats, including as a

column in *Void*) and his FAPAazine *Null-F*, and the Lu-poff's' FAPAazine *Horib*. And then there are others, but I digress (and about time).

When I started out reading Shelby Vick's article on Chantrix, its unexpected side effects, and how this was a personal matter, I was ready to express sympathy and to hope that he would figure out a way to continue not smoking without the drug, and move on to the next article. But then it got personal-to-me: "I'm trying to do a LoC for the current *Trap Door*. Before I started on Chantrix, I had a little over a page written. *Trap Door* is lying beside my computer, and the LoC is still only a little over one page." This must not stand! I hope one of the doctors among the VFW readership will be able to come to Shelby's aid so he can finish that LoC and get back to his work on *Planetary Stories*!

While Bill Wright's report on Convergence 4 was an interesting read, I was surprised to reach its end and find no mention of the signal honor bestowed on Bruce Gillespie at that convention: his being given the A. Bertram Chandler Award by the Australian Science Fiction Foundation. As Bruce wrote in his blog, "Thank you to members of the Australian Science Fiction Foundation for what I regard as the ultimate honour that can be received in the Australian science fiction community. I feel as if I had been knighted."

In Bill Mills' letter I particularly liked his remembrances of Frank Gasperik—who was not someone I ever knew or had even heard of before he passed away, but Bill's mentioning that he was "among Roc's favorite babysitters in the mid '60s when she was a toddler" and then a fellow hard party-er of Bill's a decade later is priceless.

Who are these Charnoffs on the Corflu Silver membership list!?

I wonder if anyone besides me will notice the typo I made in my letter, where I mention "my fifteen years as a vegan (roughly 1966 to 1990)." I meant 1980, of course. It ended at the Glen Ellen Volunteer Fire Department's pancake breakfast that summer, where the lure of bacon was too much to resist.

Arnie: My mother's death has hit me very hard. I don't think it's very noticeable to people who see me at Vegnants or work with me professionally, it I simply haven't been myself. My drive, my motivation, my endurance, are not what they should be – or normally are. I'm work and doing fanac, but everything is taking a lot more time and effort than it usually does.

Great elaboration on A Bas. It was a wonderful fanzine, Meyer, and it should stand taller in fanhistory than it probably does. Again, this zine screams out for an electronic anthology.

Your additional entries for the "Best Fanzine"

category will certain be included with great thanks from me. I don't quite agree about *Dream Quest*, despite that stellar Boggs story. The issues I've read, by no means all of them, didn't bowl me over. Your work won't be in vain, though, since I will use the entry. I don't have to love every fanzine.

You make a point that I have tried to make with monotonous frequency and only partial success: Core Fandom must preserve, and even enhance, access to the great old fanzines to preserve its culture.

Here's a LOC from an old friend who is making his ChatBack debut with some memories of Rog Phillips and his own fannish youth...

Ed Meskys

Thanks to Peter Sullivan I was finally able to read all of VFW #99. I really enjoyed it, especially the long piece from Terry Kemp.

His mention of Rog Phillips brought back fond memories of my entry into fandom. I had seen mention of it in prozines, but had not really understood. Jimmy Taurasi had an article about fandom in an issue of IF SF sometime in the mid-50s, but I found it confusing and did not understand what he was talking about.

Then I was reading Rog Phillips' column in a Ray Palmer mag...*Other Worlds?* ..and was beginning to get a little interested. Then I read Anthony Boucher's "Rocket To The Morgue" set in a SF club just before the US entered WWII, and I decided fandom must be fun.

I sent off for info to Clevention in 1955 and had talked my parents to end our vacation in Cleveland so I could attend. Then I heard from my college that I had to be there to register before Labor Day and our trip was cut short. Rog had been writing about how NY had been struggling to hold a Worldcon for some time and was hoping for 56. I was living in Brooklyn and hoped it won so I could attend. I wrote Rog asking whether there was a group in NY, and whether NY had won the Worldcon. He sent back a postcard putting me in touch with Ron Smith of INSIDE (is that a fanzine worthy of inclusion on your list?) who put me in touch with the NY SF Circle, and I attended my first meeting late in 1955.

I, too, met Edward Teller once. I worked at the Lawrence Radiation Labs in Livermore CA from June 1962 to Dec 1965. I had dropped out of graduate school before completing a doctorate because I had gotten burned out, but Livermore started a program leading to a doctorate in "applied physics" while I was there. It was run as an extension from UC Davis, perhaps 75 miles away, near Sacramento.

I thought I could give it another shot. The program had been promoted by Teller, and was informally referred to as "Teller Tech." Teller himself interviewed all prospective students, and I got to meet him for about five minutes. I found him very friendly, and he cracked some jokes during the interview.

I really did not enjoy research, and left Livermore to take a teaching job in NH.

I appreciated your rundown of the major fanzines. I had read about 2/3 of them, most as they were being published, some later.

I had never seen it, but had heard of PEON which faded out just about when I was getting into fanzine fandom. Is it worthy of consideration? How about *Erg* from Terry Jeeves? And *Gaul* from three fen in the LA area in the '60's? Ron Ellik's *Ratatosk/Starspinkle*? The first year or two of *Locus* when it tried to be faanish?

Arnie: Great stuff! I'll incorporate them all in the memory-teaser that accompanies the actual ballot.

Rog Phillips' "Club House" columns in mid-1950's Amazing served as the catalyst for both Lenny Bailes and I wanting to contact Fandom. We read them as back issues in 1962, so the addresses didn't do us any good. Yet the way Phillips presented Fandom and fanzines made them sound so terrific.

Here with a few words on the occasion of the 100th issue, is

Bill Mills

Sooooo... VFW hits 100, eh? *Fancy* that. It doesn't look a day over 80! It *must* be doing something. Right? Uh, wait... I meant, it must be doing *something* right.

100 issues ago, from the heart of heartless Las Vegas, frying the brains... er, fanning the flames of flaming fannishnessity came Vegas Fandom Weekly-ish to stand like a garish neon sign illuminating the barren fanzine desert. I know I join the multitudes in the hope of continuing to bask, and LoC, in it's warming fannish glow for at least another 100 issues. Congratulations Arnie and VFW!

Arnie: I think you can take a certain amount of credit for keeping me at it, especially in the last six months. There's nothing like a little fannish synergy to throw the fanac into higher gear.

Mark Plummer

The latest (September) issue of the British music magazine Mojo has a feature on the 50 greatest Rolling Stones tracks as selected by a panel of music critics and musicians. It's a good list and one with which I find myself broadly in agreement -- for all that I'd have put



'Gimme Shelter' in the top spot rather than 'Sympathy for the Devil' -- to the extent that there's not much if anything I'd want to add. After initially skimming the piece, though, I did find myself thinking 'Ah, what about "2,000 Light Years from Home"?' or whatever only to find on checking back that, yes, actually it's already listed albeit only at #15 (Satanic Majesties is a unduly maligned album, I feel).

The point of this is that I had a similar reaction to your list (in *VFW#99*) of candidates for the all-time 'Top Ten' fanzines. You seem to have already covered most of the obvious bases, and when I think you haven't -- what about this? What about that? -- I find on checking back that, yes, you've already listed them. You have already done the job for us, Arnie, so we could simply move on to a new list: all-time greatest fannish cats perhaps?

More so than with the earlier list of fans, there are a number of your choices on which I can't comment simply because I've never seen them (A Bas, Amra, Flying Frog, Folly, Honque etc) or have only seen one or two examples and which thus don't really constitute the basis for a meaningful judgment (Cry, Fanac, Grue and so on). I don't see anything here which is clearly misplaced on a list of contenders, certainly. Well, maybe Horizons which has longevity and consistency on its side, yes, but neither makes up for the fact that it's not all that interesting, at least in its last decade or so. Maybe it was better earlier.

Still, I feel honour bound to propose a few additional titles for your list, but first a couple of minor corrections. The Inchmery fanzine was surely Aporrheta (Greek for 'hidden things', I now learn). You also mention its columnist 'Penelope Fandergast' who was 'eventually revealed as FM Busby' but I always thought Fandergast was Ron Bennett. Ron certainly used that name for more recent writings in Terry Jeeves's Erg.

Now some more contenders:

Stop Breaking Down: Greg Pickersgill (7 issues, 1976-1981). A good solid genzine with plenty of editorial personality, and contributions from most of the leading British fan writers of the day.

Rastus Johnson's Cakewalk: Greg Pickersgill (7 issues, 1993-94). More of a Greg personalzine with occasional outside contributors, issues appeared frequently and quickly generated a heavyweight letter column including several up-to-then largely gaffiated fans.

Maya: Ian Williams, then Ian Maule, then Rob Jackson (15 issues, 1970-78). Specifically the Jackson issues, #7 onwards, which had high production values and were genuinely accessible to those not versed in the subculture yet managed a genuine fannish sense all the same.

Tappen: Malcolm Edwards (5 issues, 1981-82). Like SBD above, Tappen had plenty of good contributors, but for me it's especially notable for the strong editorial hand binding it all together.

These are all top-of-the-head suggestions, fanzines for which we hold complete or substantial files and which I periodically pull from the shelves and read end to end. They're not the only such titles by any means, but most of the rest already appear on your list. I've resisted the urge to trawl through the fanzine cupboards in search of more proposals, in part because I wanted to go with a gut reaction but also because I know that once I start down *that* path that'll be the rest of the weekend gone and I won't get anything else done. Not that it'd be a waste of time -- I keep saying that there's no point in having a fanzine collection if you don't look at it periodically -- but I've got a whole stack of things I need to get done which I should of course get on with right now.

No, wait, hold the phone... I've just realised, you didn't list Boonfark. (Dan Steffan as well you know, 8 issues, 197-something-1983 -- vagueness there as we don't have #1.) This is in fact exactly the opposite of what I was talking about earlier, as I was utterly convinced that you had included it -- well, *obviously* you had -- and I only thought to check as I was just reading an email from Robert Lichtman which mentioned it.

I can see that I'm going to be worrying away at this for a good while yet.

Arnie: I'm a Stones fan from 'way back and, if it means anything, I wouldn't have voted "Sympathy for the Devil" first, either. It's hard to choose from among so many favorites, but I'd probably pick "This Could Be the Last Time."

My "starter list" proved one thing: there are a tremendous number of really terrific fanzines, many more than one writer (me) could possibly have named.

Thanks to several fans, including you, I think the final version will remedy many (if not all) the original's deficiencies.

My gafia mostly overlaps Boonfark, which likely accounts for its omission on my list. From others' comments, it deserves to be on the final list.

Out of the North comes this year's Harry Warner Memorial Award first-place finishers – and a "ChatBack" Stalwart...

Lloyd Penney

TAFF now has four candidates, and two are named Chris, and one named Christian. There should be enough confusion to make this an interesting race. "Chris for TAFF," certainly! But which one? I shall cling to the sidelines, and watch the fracas as it happens.

Yvonne and I must get started shortly in planning our trip to Las Vegas. I know Bigelow Aerospace has offices in LV and a plant in North LV, but now to see if there's any tours, and if they'd give a tour to a foreign national or two. We do plan to come down early and do some touristy things before enjoying the convention.

Again, Arnie, condolences on the death of your mother. Both Yvonne and I know a similar time is coming for each of us, but we must wonder what will happen when it does, whether we'll hold up or fall apart. Time will tell.

Wonderful fanzines, wish I could have read more of them. I met Rosemary Ulyot some years ago, and I can't remember if she's still in Toronto or elsewhere in the province. If I recall correctly Richard Bergeron lives in the Ottawa area. Lists are, of course, so subjective, but this list is a great place to start your own.

61 years? That's not too many. Sounds like the party registered on the Richter scale. Because I work evenings at the Globe and Mail, I have yet to see any of the episodes of the revived Doctor Who, and as good as they sound, I must wonder if I'd want to take the time to catch up. Ah, oldfarthood is creeping up behind me...

Congrats to Steve and Elaine...we know of what you speak, Steve, about rollercoaster finances. Both Yvonne and I had recent job interviews, and you know, all we want is to have one person each say yes...we should both find out in the next few days.

As said earlier, the Corflu 50 is a great idea for those who can't ordinarily go to a Corflu, no matter where it is. Should my finances improve (see my comments to Steve and Elaine), I will probably join that Corflu 50. There can be more than 50 members in the

bunch, I see...if 60 or more showed up to join, there's US\$1500 or more right there, and an even greater chance of the winner actually getting there. Travelling isn't getting any cheaper. (I'm lucky this year in that we were so frugal in our saving and our going to the ISDC in Dallas, we have almost enough to go to Vegas and enjoy.)

Yes, Chris Garcia will be at CostumeCon and not at Corflu, but he said he'd try to have some kind of presence there. A clone? A holographic projection? Hmm, I wonder what are the advantages and disadvantages to having a holographic Chris Garcia in Vegas? *click* "I'm the Emergency Fanpublisher Hologram, please state the nature of the publishing emergency..."

I did listen to the latest podcast from the golden throat of Bill Mills. If your recording equipment is portable, Bill, perhaps we could do something at Corflu. Chris Garcia does some voicework, too; we could have made a great team doing something for that future podcast. We'll have to see what we can do.

Dividing up fandom? Who gets what? I'm done organizing cons and clubs, so I'd be happy with visitation rights, thenkyavurrymush... Me beat Chris Garcia for TAFF? Not in a million years. I admit I was approached to run recently, but decided that it was not for me, and I would be the choice of very few. With that new cheerleader's costume, Chris is a shoo-in. Give me a C!...

Arnie: I think most fans will be able to distinguish the genuine article from these other, lesser Chris people. Our Chris, Chris Garcia, is Jewish, which makes him the perfect ecumenical candidate. We have decided to wait until Chris Garcia wins to hold a referendum in the host country about whether he should make the TAFF jaunt as a man or a woman.

Bill Mills' podcasts — thevoicesoffandom.com — are definitely worth any fan's listening time. I sometimes kid Bill about his voice being "too professional" for fannish recordings, but he does a tremendous job with these nearly monthly podcasts.

Radio shows like his are an important, if relatively new, form of fanac that fits quite nicely with the Core Fandom. I predict it won't be long before more fans follow Bill's sterling example by producing their own programs.

WAHF: Joshua Andrews, Stu Shiffman, Bruce Gillespie, John Nelson Hall, Dick Lupoff, Mark Plummer and Earl Kemp — Arnie

FANDOM NEWSBREAKS

Science Fiction Five Yearly Wins 'Best Fanzine' Hugo!

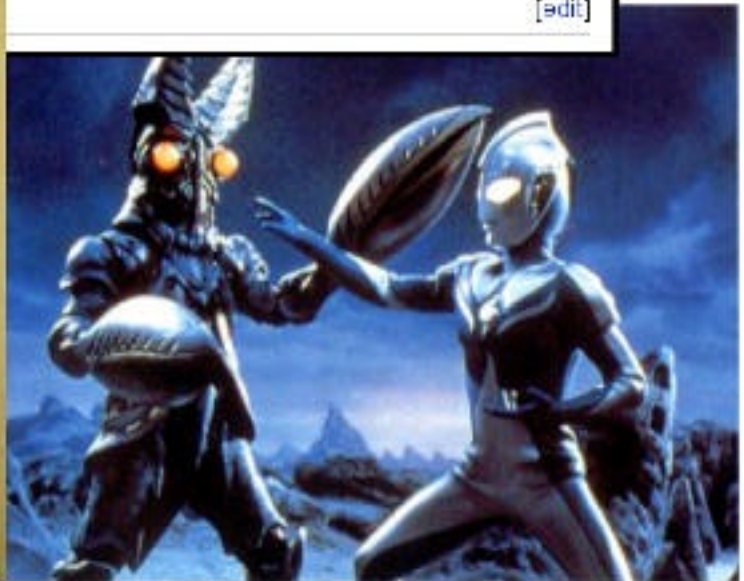
Members of the 2007 World Science Fiction Convention, held in Japan in August, voted *Science Fiction Five Yearly* as Best Fanzine of 2006. This is believed to be the first time that a fanzine editor has received a regular Hugo (as opposed to the Retro Hugos some worldcons awarded over the last decade) posthumously. Lee Hoffman, who created this legendary fanzine over 60 years ago, died earlier this year. Also honored were Randy Byers and Geri Sullivan, who greatly aided LeeH in doing the last couple of issues (and, therefore, made it eligible for the award for 2006.)

Dave Langford shocked the world by picking up his umpteenth Best Fan Writer Hugo and must now accept custody of the abomination that is this year's Hugo Award design. (See *Taral's montage below.*)

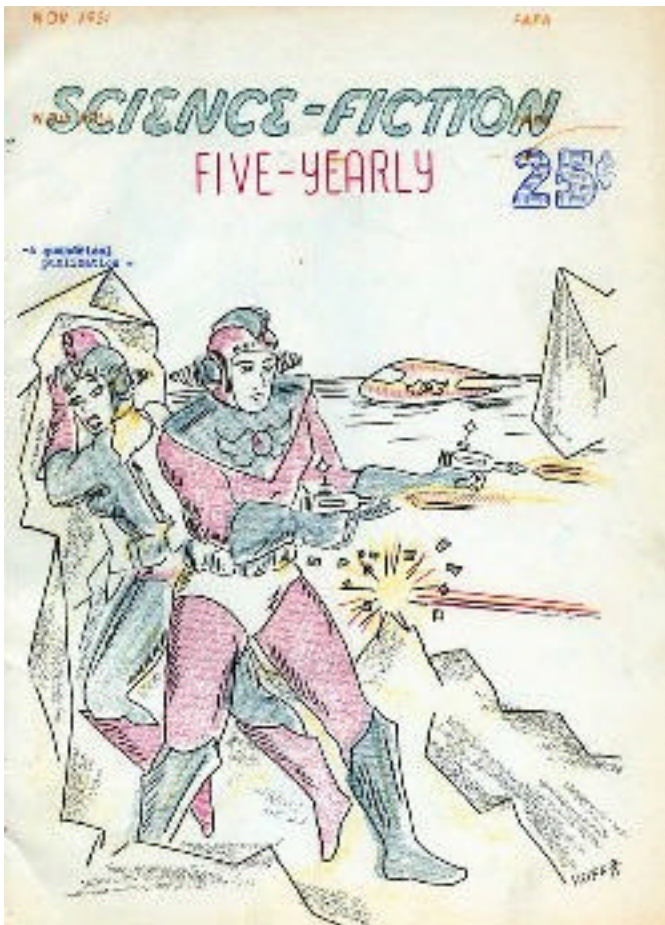
Wikipedia entry:

	<p>including a finishing beam attack</p> <p>In the Cartoon Network series, <i>Ben 10</i>, an Omnitrix alien named Waybig bears a resemblance to Ultraman.</p> <p>In the <i>Simpsons</i>, the character, Ralph Wiggum, says, "My sash says Ultraman."</p> <p>The base for the 2007 <i>Hugo Awards</i> trophy featured Ultraman standing at Mount Fuji.</p> <p>[[2]]</p>
--	--

2007 "Nippon" Hugo Award



Ultraman & Friend



Lee Hoffman started *SFFY* in Nov. 1951 with FAPA as it's prime target audience. The circulation widened and fame grew as she continued to live up to the announced one-per-half-decade schedule.

The convention also acclaimed Frank Wu as the year's Best Fan Artist.

Congratulations to all five of the Fan Hugo winners!

Storm Zaps SNAFFU Library!

The biggest thunderstorm in Las Vegas in a decade drenched the Launch Pad and disclosed a few small leaks in the roof. In addition, the unusually heavy rain – more than an inch in less than an hour – caused a little flooding.

The Launch Pad suffered no appreciable damage, but some water dripped into the garage from the ceiling and from under the door. No books suffered damage, but some cartons of fanzines, part of the Katz collection, may have gotten damp.

James Taylor and Jolie LaChance are going to acquire some tarps to guard against any repetition. The roof is also scheduled for repair.

John Hertz, beneficiary of a Special Fund, addresses the 2007 Worldcon in Japan.



Conflu Silver

MEMBERSHIP

Ted White
 Frank Lunney
 Joyce Scrivner
 Rob Jackson
 Murray Moore
 Shery Scott
 Richard Coad
 Hope Leibowitz
 Pat Virzi
 Colin Hinz
 Chris Garcia
 Art Widner
 Catherine Crockett
 Don Anderson*
 Jolie LaChance
 Peter Weston
 Robert Lichtman

Joyce Katz
 Arnie Katz
 Belle Churchill
 Eric Davis
 Marty Cantor
 John Nielsen-Hall
 Audrey Nielsen-Hall
 Bill Mills
 Roxanne Mills
 Earl Kemp
 Ross Chamberlain
 Jean Weber
 Eric Lindsay
 Teresa Cochran
 James Taylor
 Graham Charnock
 Pat Charnock

Claire Brialey
 Mark Plummer
 Gary Mattingly
 Patty Peters
 Nigel Rowe
 Lloyd Penney
 Yvonne Penney
 Shelby Vick
 Jack Calvert
 Ron Bushyager
 Linda Bushyager
 Bruce Townley
 Steve Stiles
 Elaine Stiles
 Peter Sullivan
 * - supporting membership
 All others are attending



Taste has always been a hallmark of science fiction, as this Bergey cover demonstrates.

Montreal Wins '09 World SF Con!

Montreal has won the right to host the 2009 World Science Fiction Convention. The group won its bid against Kansas City, which many felt was a shoo-in before fans had their say. The convention will take place August 6-10, 2009.

Anticipation, as it is called, already has raised a small fuss. Some fans are less than delighted with the announced room rates at the Delta Montreal, the con's headquarters hotel. The announced price of \$169Canadian/night is under negotiations, so alarm may be premature.

It is absolutely untrue (and unconfirmed) that Montreal's Hugos will feature Maurice "The Rocket" Richard poised to ram home the puck in a decisive Stanley Cup game.

Worldcon to Honor Taral Wayne!

In the wake of its upset victory over Kansas City for the right to put on the 2009 World Science Fiction Convention, the Montreal committee has announced that the Fan Guest of Honor will be Taral Wayne!

One of Canada's leading fan artists and writers, Taral has resumed a high level of activity in the last



few years after a period during which he focused on other activities. His most recent works include the outstanding electronic *Energumen* collection, the forthcoming Francis Towner Laney disk and an article elsewhere in This Very Fanzine.

Jean Weber: Hipper Than Ever!

Well known Australian fan Jean Weber, better half of Eric Lindsay, stayed home from the world science fiction convention and got hipper. In the best fan tradition, Jean Wrote It Up this way:

“While many trufen were enjoying Worldcon, I was taking another step toward bionic womanhood by having my left hip replaced on Monday, August 27, at the Pioneer Valley Private Hospital in Mackay, Australia, about 2 hours' drive from where we live (the nearest place with the facilities for this type of operation).

“The hospital was small and quite nice. Apart from an incident on the second night when I had to argue rather vehemently with the nursing staff for adequate pain relief, the staff were friendly, helpful, and at times quite amusing. The food ranged from good to excellent. I had a private room. The surgeon visited several times a day (his office was at one end of the corridor, and the operating theatres were at the other end).

“Almost as soon as I was detached from an amazing amount of postoperative torture devices, and less than 48 hours after the operation, I was doing laps around the hospital hallways on crutches and practicing stair-climbing, pursued by a handsome young physiotherapist (Eric took photos).

“Eric drove me home on Saturday, and I managed

the 35 steps from the parking lot up to our apartment without any problem. The surgeon has said that I can stop using 2, or even 1, crutch, as soon as I feel I don't need them for stability.

“I go back to see the surgeon on Thursday to have the 17 impressively large staples removed from my leg. They are about the size of the ones we used for large fanzines or apa mailings.

“I hope to have the other hip replaced in November.” – Jean Weber

Weston's Prolapse Adds .PDF!

Pete Weston (pr.weston@btinternet.com) has added a .PDF version for the latest issue of his fanzine *Prolapse*. The issue, says Pete, has a strong focus on British fanhistory, a subject that can certainly stand a little Westonian illumination.

Pete Weston is also recognized as World Champion by the FACA (Fannish Arm Combat Association). He will be defending his title at Corflu Silver in Las Vegas, April, 2008.

Heard Around Fandom...

Bill Mills is recovering from surgery to remove a skin tumor. The patch on his arm that had to be removed was a bit bigger than the doctor anticipated and the subsequent stitching proved too tight. They removed a number of stitches, which apparently restored the circulation...

Happy Birthday to Shelby Vick. The Nicest Man in Fandom celebrated it on September 1. We're looking forward to his Triumphant Return to Vegas next year at Corflu Silver...

Michael Bernstein and Roxanne Gibbs, who went silent immediately after announcing their intention to move to Colorado, are alive and well. He has been working long hours and she has had some serious bouts of illness. Their move is still the plan, but they have had some trouble selling the house in the currently softening Vegas real estate market. We're hoping to have a proper send-off for them, but nothing has been firmed up with Michael and Roxanne...

Kingfish Says

One More Time!

Yes, it's true. There's one more section of the mighty 100th issue still to come. It should be emailed to you all in two-to-three days. I'll also post a complete version, including a few little fixes, at efanzines.com and LasVegrants.com.

VIRTUAL FANDOM WORLD



100th Issue -- Pr. D

Inside Story SHAME! SHAME! SHAME!

I dislike the fan Hugos on so many levels that I've gotten used to just shrugging off voter ignorance and lack of taste and the way some otherwise fine folks degrade themselves by publicly lusting after the statuette. My big years of reading SF are behind me, I guess, so the professional awards only interest me when one of my friends has a chance to win one. I just don't get involved in typical Hugo discussions.

This is not a typical Hugo discussion.

Fans are as fallible as normal people, if not more so. It would be naïve to pretend that fans haven't made many, many mistakes over the years. Some of them, like showing up late for a dinner, are small; some, like the Clean-Up Fandom Crusade, are enormous. A good many of those missteps, flubs and gaucheries are enshrined in fanzines for posterity.

It's much rarer for Fandom to publicly disgrace itself. Most of Fandom's collective stains are, mercifully, unknown even to All Known Fandom. Sometimes, though, Fandom not only falls over its own feet, but does so in a way that makes the whole hobby look ridiculous.

Some say shame makes for better behavior. If so, Fandom should be positively angelic after what happened at the 2007 World Science Fiction Convention.

Until very, very recently, I would've said that Fandom's worst *gaffe* occurred in 1947, when the Cincinnati worldcon committee hired a "Miss Science Fiction" and paraded her through the convention. The local newspaper picked up this lurid angle and plastered this not-very-good-looking woman across its pages as the symbol of Science Fiction! I'd like to think that it was some Cincinnati fan's Grand Strategy for getting inside the frowsy Miss SF's panties, but I fear that this bizarre notion doesn't even have that excuse.

The 2007 worldcon staked out new territory as it easily eclipsed the CInvention's lack of taste. Move over Miss Science Fiction, here comes Ultraman.

The Hugos given out in Japan are a travesty and an embarrassment. The committee robbed the awards of what little status and dignity they have with a trophy that is crassly commercial and indescribably tacky. The idea of tying the Hugos to an overtly commercial enterprise is reprehensible.

What's next, the Saniflush/Outback Steak House World Science Fiction Convention? Sony's Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society? The people that run television are money-hungry bastards, but even *they* wouldn't add an icon of James Gandolfini as Tony Soprano to stand on the base of each Emmy award.

There's little honor in winning such a moral and aesthetic affront or pride in displaying it. I don't know whether to hope that the worldcon committee got a huge pay-off for prostituting the Hugos to Ultraman or to wish that they volunteered Fandom for this screwing out of pure stupidity. What a pity they didn't think to ask anyone else before they debased the Hugos in this fashion. Let's hope this is a lesson for Fandom or else some near-future set of Hugos may feature Tickle Me Elmo. — Arnie

Acknowledgements

Special Thanks to Bill Burns (Posting), David Gordon (Mountaineering Consultant), Alan White (Arty Fella), Bill Mills (Technical Advisor), Joyce Katz (proofreading and So Much More).

Reporters This Issue: James Taylor, Bill Mills, Linda Bushyager and Joyce Katz

Columnists This Issue : Shelby Vick, Terry Kemp, Bill Mills, Joyce Katz, John Purcell, Teresa Cochran, Chris Garcia

My Life As N3F PRESIDENT KJ ANNEX

I was going to call this article, "I Wake up Screaming," which is pretty much how I'd feel if I got up one morning and found myself in charge of that ramshackle organization. I believe that title has been used, though, so I'll stick with the one in the heading even though it's not strictly accurate on several counts.

First, obviously, I have not spent a year, much less my life, as president of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. Chris Garcia's article in *VFW* inspired this one, so consider the title a top of the beanie to a man who has withstood the full force of nefferdom for 12 months.

I do, however, have first-hand experience as a member and, dare I say it, a Bureau Chief. I've written about that previously, so I won't recapitulate my adventures. Suffice to say that, as a neofan, I followed in the footsteps of such high-minded do-gooders as Harry Warner, Bob Tucker, Francis Towner Laney, Robert Lichtman, Art & Nancy Rapp and Howard DeVore by devoting a lot of energy to making the N3F into a more productive club.

Second, there's no force strong enough to compel me to shoulder this particular albatross. The NFFF is the graveyard of fannish idealism. More good people have wasted their energies trying to make it work than I like to think about and I don't want to become a statistic.

I strive to understand Fandom, the subculture that has nurtured me over the years. I enjoy the intellectual challenge of trying to figure out things. Well, I prefer to think about mega-breasted nymphomaniacs who crave aging writers, but at age 61, this can no longer be a 24/7 activity.

Having tapped most of the vast humorous potential from my voyage through Nefferland in previous articles, I began to consider the organization in a more serious light. The need for articles doesn't abate.

The genesis of the NFFF goes far to explain its existence, its initial acceptance and its ultimate failure. Before examining the organization, let's look at the conditions that brought it to life from a fanzine article.

The desire for a national organization is practically as old as Fandom itself. Many have characterized early Fandom, dominated by male adolescents, as a boys club. You know how much boys like to start organizations and assign elaborate official titles. Fandom had many very smart boys and some of them eagerly wrote proposals, drew up meticulously conceived structures and signed up members.

Fandom had a series of fairly short-lived fan-run national groups in the late 1920's and early 1930's. Some of them lasted long enough to do a few things, but they all dissolved in a storm of competition, factionalism, petty power grabs and personal animosity.

Hugo Gernsback started the Science Fiction League to promote *Wonder Stories*, but he believed in the concept, too. The SFL was a network of local chapters, though it only took three people to form



Continued on next page

one. Coverage in *Wonder* inspired the birth of many chapters, including two that became the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society and the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society.

When Hugo sold his magazine and it became *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, guidance of the club passed to people who didn't care as much and the decline began. The decline and fall of the Science Fiction League temporarily killed interest in the whole idea of a national group.

The urge to organize is strong among humans. Damon Knight, a fairly young fan who may not have had much experience with the earlier, unsuccessful clubs, wrote "Unite or Fie!" He sent the article to *Spaceways*, the leading fanzine at the time, but Harry Warner deemed it too controversial. Art Widner, whose *Fan Fare* was a close second, had no such inhibitions and published it. The ensuing discussion led to the formation of the N3F.

The club immediately ran into trouble on several fronts. There was a lot of squabbling about the group's nebulous goals and plenty of constitution-writing (a perennial N3F activity), but very little concrete achievement. One president went to jail for child molestation and his successor proved to be a raving paranoid bureaucrat. The bureaucracy flowered, but activity remained sporadic. By the end of World War II, the National Fantasy Fan Federation was a dead issue insofar as becoming a true Fandom-wide organization that represented the whole hobby.

There are two questions that any incoming president of the N3F, such as I am imagining myself, must ask:

1. Does the N3F have a purpose?
2. Can the N3F be made into a worthwhile and successful organization?

When the N3F began, its most ardent supporters thought it would become the umbrella organization for all of Fandom. What they had in mind was something like the National Model Railroaders Association is for miniature train fanciers. (No, the *trains* are little; the fanciers come in all sizes, including fannish jumbo.) Anyone can have an N gauge layout in the basement, but if you want to be active in the hobby, you pretty much have to join the NMRA.)

Thankfully, fans laughed off that idea. Fandom is a subculture not a club with officers, dues and a constitution. The sheep who graze All Known Fandom might like the idea of reducing Fandom to the level of a club, but most real fans would run for the hills in the face of

such stringent regimentation.

The verdict of Fandom denied the N3F its intended role as the hobby's "official" tent and it has searched, unsuccessfully, for something to do ever since. Mostly, N3F activity takes the form of semi-somnambulant bureaus that largely duplicate activities already available in Fandom, club politics and wrangling over the constitution.

The current N3F mission statement is to help new fans adjust to Fandom. The fact that new fans have survived very nicely for 80 years without that help and the N3F neos do not move into viable roles within Fandom any quicker than those who don't get the group's assistance doesn't daunt their zeal. The sad truth is that the N3F generally delays or even blocks the assimilation of its neofans into Fandom.

The necessity for such help is highly debatable, but the N3F's performance in this regard is not. It stinks. Too many neffers know too little about Fandom to guide anyone and the club's emphasis remains on finding members busywork that keeps them isolated from the fannish mainstream.

The NFFF, as presently constituted, probably doesn't need to exist. It doesn't do anything that others aren't doing, usually better, and it doesn't provide any service that can't be found elsewhere. Too often, the N3F diverts potential fans into club bureaucracy.

It continues its desultory operation, because some people find it a comfortable place. On that basis, there's no reason that it shouldn't continue as an outpost of Rotarians in Fandom until the expanding Sun consumes the Earth.

So the N3F will probably continue, if only due to inertia, but the question remains: Are there worthwhile things the N3F could do? Surprisingly, the answer may be, "Yes."

Information is crucial to Fandom and that need increases as the hobby becomes bigger and more Balkanized. The N3F could embrace its mission statement and actually collect, organize and disseminate information that new (and current) fans might like to have. That could include a convention calendar, a list of fannish blogs and web sites, local club contact information, a fan eAddress book and a resource guide to other info, fanzines and other fannish resources. By serving as a clearing house and coordinator for all that data, the N3F would actually be helping fans. This stuff would take some work to compile, but keeping them current would be require steady, low-level activity that wouldn't knock fans out of all other activities like some of N3F's current time-fillers.

A useful fan organization could do things like sell software crucial to fanac – word processors, browsers,

DTP programs and such at discount prices to fans. This could, in fact, be built into a small business that could be an income stream for the group.

The N3F could channel the energy of its volunteers into activities that go beyond simple bureaucracy to actual contributions to Fandom. For example, N3F members could be guided through the preparation of anthologies and reprint collections that would return access to many fine fannish items.

Even Mario Mendoza, he of baseball's "Mendoza line," hit the ball occasionally, and the N3F does have some activities that could be refurbished and made part of the rehabilitated club. The Forum on the N3F site only needs to be expanded to include a greater variety of topics, the short story contest requires an arrangement with a magazine or book publisher to make it worth winning and the N3F's apa, now electronic, might fill a need, too.

Many more things are possible than are practical. The National Fantasy Fan Federation would face an uphill battle convincing Fandom that it has turned over a new leaf. A lot of fans, including my Very Own Wife Joyce, are as likely to join the Klan as the NFFF,

The N3F has so much baggage, so much negativity, associated with it. Fans are usually not big joiners in the first place, so a group that has a bad reputation is done before it starts. Most neffers seem to know little of their organization's history and so don't understand the bad feeling any mention of the group generates, but that pervasive attitude is there, as strong as ever.

For this and other reasons, the N3F has proven singularly incapable of attracting fans during its 66-year history. It isn't an accident that in 1941, when Fandom numbered only a couple of hundred active participants, The N3F had about 150 members. In 1963, when I joined, Fandom had expanded to about 1,000 participants – and the N3F had 150 members. Now, thanks largely to the Internet, Fandom has about 250,000 participants – and the N3F has even fewer members.

The problems aren't limited to a bad image. The club has evolved a Culture of Losing that has frustrated every attempt to make it relevant and useful to Fandom. People who want real Fandom generally leave the group, so the likeliest to stay are those who don't really "get" Fandom and want an island of well-regulated Mundania in the midst of what they often perceive as the chaotic, threatening Fandom.

N3F reformers start with high hopes, but the Culture of Failure soon dooms their efforts and wipes out any gains. The pattern has repeated several times. A

Awards to the Unwise

The N3D gives out an annual award for service to the club called "The Kaymar Award." It's named after a nice fellow named K. Martin Carlson who used to sell used books and magazines and sometimes wrote about them, too.

The club also gives out the Franson Award, which is also for service to the club. The idea is that it's an award they can give to members who've already won the Kaymar Award.

The club also has a set of pseudo-Hugos called the Neffys. Tellingly, there are no awards for fan achievement, though there are several for anime.

When I'm N3F president, the N3F will still have the Kaymar Award.



group of fans decides to devote their time and energy into raising the N3F out of the muck. At first the progress is encouraging. Good folks get elected and appointed to key offices, activities get started and things look encouraging.

The trouble begins when all those exertions bear fruit. The club's entrenched zealots, the "102% Neffers," are devoted to the status quo, antagonistic toward Fandom outside the N3F and jealous of their petty power within the club. They will defend the old policies that haven't ever worked, obstruct all further changes and rally the silent membership with warnings about "outsiders" trying to "take over" their beloved club.

These tactics have worked time and again to keep the National Fantasy Fan Federation the same moribund organization. It's the Culture of Failure, neffers-style.

It can be overcome, but it would take a strong effort that I don't think many are prepared to make. Common sense might dictate that fans set up a streamlined and productive fan organization without the burden of

the N3F's history. If I were going to take this beyond the four-dimensional mental Crifanac stage, that might be the way I'd choose to go.

Still, this is supposed to be an article about my imaginary life as president of the N3F. Under the circumstances, I can't very well walk away from the premise, sign my name at the bottom and take credit for a fan article well done.

No, indeed.

Like the captain of a sinking ship, I will ride this article to the very last punctuation. Or maybe I could chop off the final line – there's a precedent -- and when the firestorm from neffers-neffer-land hits, I could pretend that someone else wrote it. "Yes, yes," I would murmur as I stroked my chin meditatively. "I believe this article bears the unmistakable imprint of Art Widner!" That's only fair; Art still has some karma to work off over publishing "Unite or Fie!" in *Fan Fare*.

This article has made it unlikely that any combination of events, even a Perfect Storm scenario, could put me in the N3F President's chair. Getting elected in the first place would actually be a good deal harder than the changes I have in mind, because those 102% Neffers would wreck the Kingfish Campaign Express before it got rolling.

With "unlikely" already in the bank, I'd like to shoot for "impossible" by proposing some strategies to elect me.

The most efficient way might be to establish a hoax fan, one who could join the N3F and seem very earnest for the year leading up to the election. The neffers, ever eager to get new fans mired in pointless activities, will encourage me to run for office. They may be a little surprised that I'd shoot for the presidency right off, but they won't move to block my candidacy. While I worm my way into position to capture the presidency, hand-picked minions will also be infiltrating the club with an eye toward winning a majority of seats on the Directorate in the same election.

Timing is crucial, because the reformers won't have the numbers to fight a battle of attrition in which the N3F offices are captured over two or three elections. For this to work, a new administration must be able to take control and institute changes before the 102% neffers launch their counter-attack.

Once in power, we'll revolutionize the National Fantasy Fan Federation.

My first act will be aimed at shattering the Culture of Failure. I'll eliminate all dues and extend N3F membership to every fan for whom I have an email address. Since the club is essentially electronic at this point, it



has little need for dues – and the club has always been hit-and-miss about collecting the money, anyway.

The first six months will focus on creating the information databases, gathering links for posting on the site and upgrading the Forum, the apa, the *Tightbeam* letterzine and the Short Story Contest. At the same time, I'll dismantle the Byzantine Bureau structure and replace it with a function-based system. No one would be in charge of foster correspondence or other similarly hazy goals; fans who want to work on specific projects will be assigned to them. When the project is done, they'll either take another assignment or revert to rank-and-file membership.

Then comes the mid-term election. The newly expanded membership will be asked to ratify a simplification of the N3F management structure that eliminates most offices and reduces the constitutions to a page of guidelines,

Unshackled from the chains of its past, the National Fantasy Fan Federation becomes a generator of worthwhile activity instead of defensive outbursts and lengthy letters that explain why the writer has no time to do anything except write such convoluted excuses for doing nothing.

The worldcon selects me as Fan Guest of Honor and gives me a Hugo (a spaceship flanked by Raquel Welch in her *One-Million BC* cave girl outfit on a wooden base decorated as the two-pound package of Kraft Velveeta.)

And *that's* when I wake up screaming.

-- Arnie

How I Found FANDOM

BIZLE JAZZIE

Part 6

In this winding trip down memory lane, I've been explaining how St. Louis fandom came to be, then grew and flourished back in the 1960s. In my most recent installments, I've been recollecting some of the unique personalities in the Ozark Science Fiction Association. That was the parent club, the large open science fiction club in the area. But, naturally, my strongest memories are of The Saturday People, the small invitational group that coalesced around Ray Fisher and me, in our apartment in St. Louis.

I don't even remember exactly when The Saturday People started. The bigger club only met once a month, so the group began to divide along social lines, with a lot of the younger members hanging out with the Couch Family, down in Arnold, MO. The three Couch kids were very popular, and Norbert and Lee Couch were hospitable and protective of the youngsters who came to their house.

I guess you'd have to say that Ray and I were more controversial than protective. We were into the counter-culture, and the group that hung out around us tended to be slightly older, college instead of high school. I was in my mid-twenties, and Ray was nearing his thirtieth birthday; I believe we were the oldest in the group, except for when Doc Clark came around.

Anyhow, the house tended to fill up every Saturday night, so pretty soon I started calling them The Saturday People. Modeling ourselves on The Fanoclats in New York, we were invitational, with no rules and no business, no formal agenda whatsoever. We drank endless pots of hot tea (who could afford sodas back then?), listened chiefly to classical music and jazz, and talked endlessly about politics, the war, our own fanzines and the ones that came in the mail.

Does Anyone Remember Mickey Rhodes?

Although he never joined OSFA, and only showed up at our house on Saturdays about half the time, St. Louis fandom had a truly Great artist. Mickey Rhodes was Ray Fisher's distant cousin and good friend, so he contributed a lot of art to ODD, including the cover of the Revival Issue (#14) and dozens of other illustrations. But his real product was fine art — he did lovely paintings, and eventually attained regional fame for his work. He was chosen by Vincent Price as “outstanding young artist”, collected by such notables as Governor Rockefeller, and chosen by the Missouri Council of Arts as Missouri's official State Artist.

Mickey's story paralleled that of many young artists. He drew and painted all his life; there was never any doubt about his destiny. After high school, he went to Washington University's School of Fine Arts. He was a handsome, hard-partying, raucous young man, the life of every group, with a huge circle of friends who all admired his wonderful paintings.

In school, he dated another art student, a pretty and high-spirited woman whose name escapes me. Then she got pregnant, and they got married — two beautiful art students with a world of talent (mostly his) to provide them hope of a bright future.

The story goes like a soap opera, with no real surprises. She slipped from marriage into mundania. “Now you are a man, married, with a child on the way — it is time to set aside the crazy dreams of art, and get serious



Continued on next page

about making a proper life.”

And, he did it. He quit painting, except for a heading on a Christmas letter now and then, and got a good job in a stock brokerage. He worked hard, and his beautiful face and great personality helped push him up the ladder. They were a loving and prosperous couple, with a fine house in suburbia. He was a white-collar suit-and-tie guy, with a mown lawn, polished car, and not even one spot of paint under his fingernails.

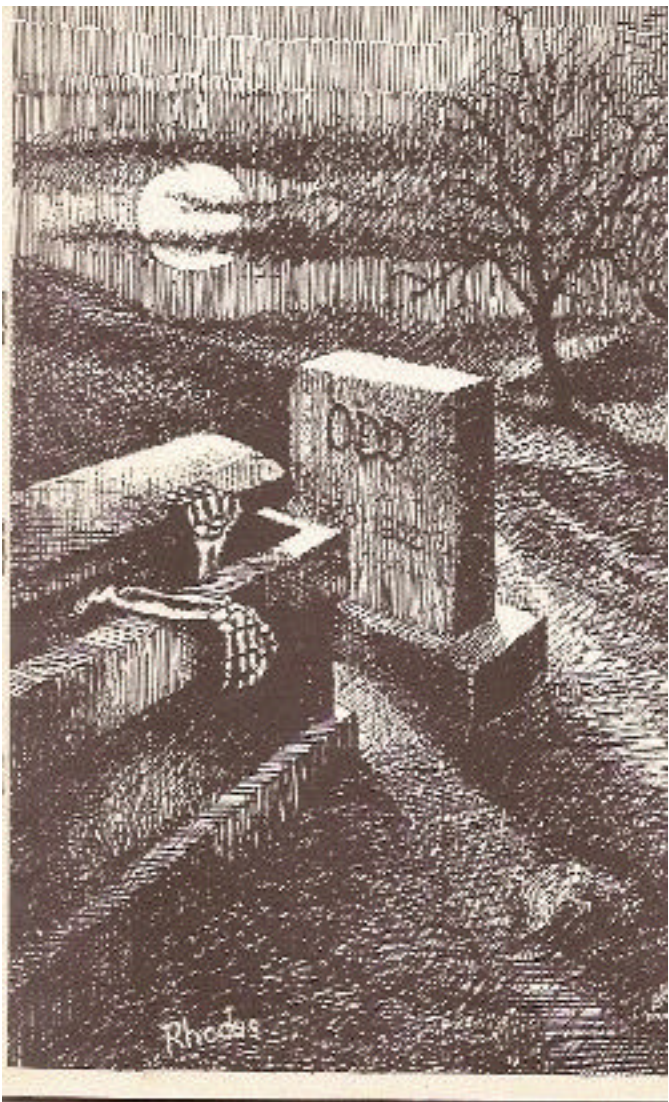
When it came, it was fast and it was final. Eventually the chains of respectability grew to be too much, and he quit his white-collar job, tossed the keys to the house in his wife’s lap, and walked out the door. There were trials at reconciliation but they were doomed by her refusal to allow Mickey to pursue his dreams. It took a while for the dust to settle, but finally Mickey clawed his way back to freedom.

His career started all over, back at the bottom selling the occasional work for \$25, \$35, getting by on roll-your-owns, living on the poor side of town, going hungry to buy paints. But his talent was enormous, and he had fire inside him. He was prolific, and he was damn good.

He took jobs doing quickie paintings for that outfit that held “fine art auctions at a hotel near you”. He painted dozens of balloons rising, drifting rowboats in the fog, lighthouses, bridges — signing this postcard-style art with his name backward — Sedohr. He did a couple dozen paintings of “Old St. Louis” — streetcars, and fairgrounds and 18th Century scenes — for a dive down by the waterfront. Got \$100 each for them.

And he stayed alive. While he was doing contract work on the cheap, his serious work just kept getting better and better. Then he met Diana, a belly dancer on the edge of retirement, and she became his manager — it was she who took his good paintings to every gallery and museum, and won him the attention (and rewards) he deserved.

Unfortunately, Mickey did have one big problem. He



drank. A lot. Eventually too much. The doctors said, “Keep it up and you’ll die.” And he did. Early in the 1970s, one binge too many, and he was gone, right at the crest of his popularity.

Now and then, I Google his name, to try to find his works. I usually only find a fan piece or two, the cover of ODD, or an early home-town painting he did when he was a teen. (I know, because I once owned it.)

But last week I hit pay dirt, and found one of his Missouri River paintings done while he was the official Missouri State Artist. It was on sale for about \$350, and the seller said he knew nothing of the artist, and couldn’t find Mickey in any reference books.

I wrote, and told him about Rhodes, and that his best paintings, known as the “shaft of light” series, had sold for \$1000, \$1500 and more when Mickey was alive. I didn’t get an answer, but I hope someone, somewhere may notice.

Perhaps I should write a bio for him for Wikipedia.

— Joyce Katz



Fandom:

A WAY OF LIFE

Picture a time when two fabric covered biplanes buzzing overhead in a single day rated front page notice in the local paper. A time before "Star Trek," before Mercury and Apollo, before Buck Rogers and certainly before "science fiction" became an acceptable literature. Hugo Gernsback called it scientifiction. The name, science fiction, hadn't been invented.

Long before I started to school, I read everything with printing on it. The Brownie Books. Grandma's "penny dreadfuls" about Buffalo Bill and Jesse James. The comics, of course. Years later, when Buck Rogers appeared, I saved the daily strip. Shoe boxes full.

In my Uncle Dewey's library, I met Jules Verne's Captain Nemo "20,000 Leagues Under the Seas," H. G. Wells "Time Machine" and "Invisible Man." Edgar Rice Burroughs' John Carter of Mars stories in All Story Weekly.

Then Amazing Stories appeared.

I couldn't afford new ones. The battered copies I scrounged from the trash behind the Allen Hotel caused enough family squabbles. They also involved walking two miles to town and back. It was years before I had a bicycle.

Mother complained about me bringing home "that trash." "What if the neighbors saw you?"

Grandma was on my side and calmed her down. From then on, I sneaked magazines home under my shirt. The ink came off on my belly. I didn't get it all off. My secret was revealed when I stripped for my Saturday night bath in a wash tub in the middle of the kitchen floor. The bright light of the Aladin Ray-O kerosene lamp revealed all and I caught it again.

The fact I read the stuff remained a shameful family secret. The idea of "science fiction fan" hadn't been invented.

Doc Smith's "Skylark of Space" captured me. I settled back in Grandpa's big Morris rocker. I didn't read it, I fell into the story and watched the action flow by.

My favorite trash bin failed to produce the third installment and the original stack of six at the hotel news stand dwindled down to one. I was so caught up in the story of Seaton and Crane that I used my allowance and bought the last copy new. My allowance was twenty five cents a week, with ten cents already budgeted for the Saturday matinee at the Star.

The show always included a western, a newsreel, a chapter of a serial and a second feature. I had to miss the show one week, but it was worth it.

I was nine when I fell out of the granary and broke my leg. I spent a couple of months in the hospital and every day, my grandmother brought me two or three books from the library. She brought everything resembling science fiction from the children's stacks. When the children's stacks ran dry, she worked her way through the adult side. We were even into the books the librarian kept in her lower right hand desk drawer. They weren't science fiction, but Grandma didn't see that Bostonian taste applied in Delaware, Ohio.

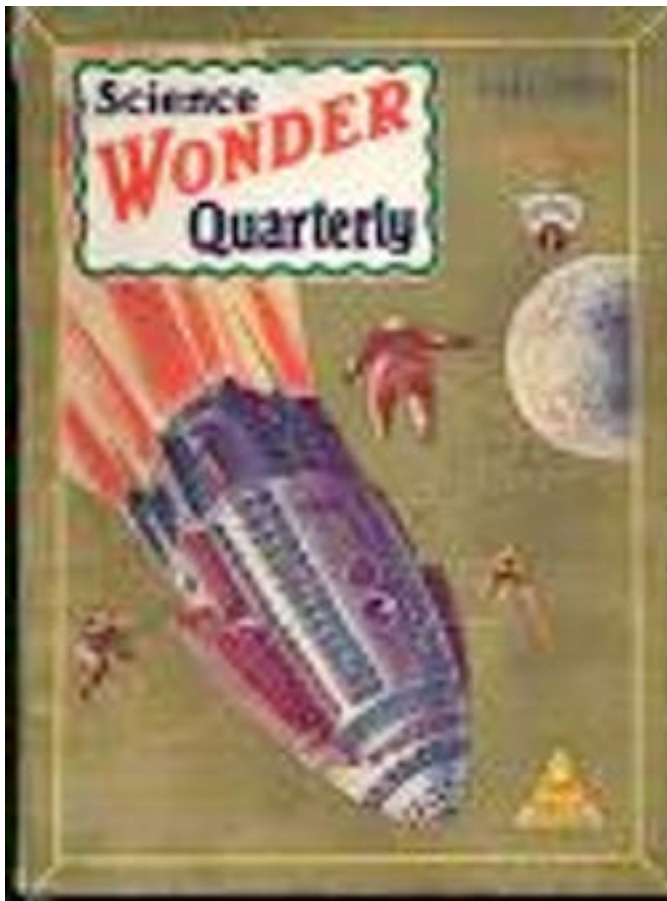
One result of the extended reading session was, I became near sighted. My teacher noticed me squinting and



Continued on next page

About This Article:

Roy Lavender, who recently passed away, was known for sending birthday cards, but there was so much more to tell. This article, which Roy posted on his now-defunct website is a nice bit of biography with a fannish slant. I thought it would be a good way to remember a fine fan and a fine gentleman.



my grandmother took me to the optometrist. I wanted to play with all those lenses. Grandma promised me any magazine I wanted from the Allen Hotel if I would behave.

The magazine was Science Wonder Quarterly, Winter edition, 1929. Volume 1, number 1. It cost fifty cents, at a time when one dollar a day was pretty good wages.

The cover had one of Frank R. Paul's cast iron spaceships with fan fold wings and men in space suits floating around on the ends of their air hoses. It illustrated a scene from "The Shot Into Infinity," by Otto Willi Gail, the story of a three stage rocket to the Moon. I went along on the trip.

Years later, I saw "Destination Moon," with screen play by Robert Heinlein and went along again.

More years later, working on the Apollo Project to get that tin teepee up to the Moon, I complained, "What took you so long?"

By the time I was in high school, other SF magazines appeared in the news stand at the Allen and I augmented my income by ridding the neighbor's fields of groundhogs, at a quarter apiece.

Those lurid covers by Earle Bergey had the hero in a space suit, fighting a drooling bug eyed monster

(BEM), while the heroine cowered in a brass bra and not much else. They upset my mother and even my grandmother didn't want her church group to see them. I kept them in the back of my closet.

My grandmother moved into town and all through high school, I stayed with her during the school year.

It's a lonely feeling when none of the other kids are interested in the things that are important, like science fiction.

Somewhere about this time, I woke up to the possibilities of the names appearing in the letter columns. I wrote to several. Unfortunately, none of them lived in the middle of Ohio.

The man at the Allen Hotel news stand worried about selling "that Buck Rogers stuff" to anyone my age, but he let slip another kid also bought it. A wonderful discovery. Someone else in Delaware, Ohio, bought SF magazines.

Don Ford was in my classes at school and we became friends. From then on, we coordinated our purchases and doubled our reading. We coordinated in a lot of non-SF deviltry, too. Fortunately, we seldom got caught.

Our senior year, Don moved to Columbus. I hitch hiked down to visit as often as I could. When he discovered a second hand magazine store, the neighbor's groundhogs took a beating.

I replaced all the issues my mother had managed to lose. The large size Amazing and Wonder were a dime, or three for a quarter. I always restacked them carefully, in order. The proprietor recognized my interest and allowed me to check through the ones in his back room, before he put them out front.

Don found an extra issue of Amazing Stories, Volume 1, Number 1, and sold it to another collector for a dollar. He made the mistake of mentioning it to the proprietor. From then on, Don was denied access. He didn't appreciate the magazines.

Then came college. I had \$2700 and it was either get the degree or be a farmer. Cramming a four year engineering course into twenty seven months left no time for reading science fiction, or much of anything else. A hundred a month, supplemented with pearl diving at the local College Inn, had to cover everything. It did, barely.

There was a fan group at Fort Wayne where I got to meetings a few times. They included Ted Dikty and Marty Greenberg and about a half dozen others whose names I forget.

My first job after graduation was "doodle-bugging" (seismic prospecting for oil), around the Gulf Coast. In Lafayette, Louisiana, I met and married Deedee. She was more a fan of detective story and fan-

tasy than science fiction fan, but she genuinely liked people, even the strange types known as science fiction fans. She put up with my odd hobby for the next 43 years. Wonderful years.

Time out for a tour of duty as communications chief in the Combat Engineers, then back to civilian life and a job in research at Battelle Memorial Institute. It was a wonderful place to work, with advanced work going on in hundreds of fields. Unfortunately, the pay did not match.

I was officially in charge of the industrial x-ray lab. Unofficially, I was gadget designer for the physics department. Happily, the department also had Dr. C. M. Schwartz, one of those rare Ph.Ds. who can put it in English.

For those of you who remember tube type radios, he is the man who invented gettinger. He taught me to "think vacuum," resulting in my building the first automated vacuum system and a paper in Review of Scientific Instruments.

Together, we assembled the first electron microscope sold by RCA. It came in crates, packed in straw, with no instructions. A few months later, Bill Durett, RCA's first field rep, came to see how we did it and stayed to write the manual. He was also a science fiction fan.

Don got out of the Air Force about that time and, with his wife, Margaret, settled in Cincinnati.

Don discovered the Cincinnati Fantasy Group, headed by the writer, Charlie Tanner. His Tumithak stories appeared in the old, large size Amazing. Deedee and I were new parents, but we did manage the one hundred twenty five miles down to Cincinnati once or twice a month.

In 1948, at Torcon One, there was no responsible bid for the next world science fiction convention. Doc Barrett called us at the CFG meeting and asked if we would put in a bid. With many doubts and zero experience, we did. One year later, we put on the Cinvention.

Deedee and I wrote a letter to every author whose name appeared in a US science fiction magazine. We used a distinctive letterhead and kept it brief. In three paragraphs, we asked them to come, to pay their own way and appear on a panel. We uncovered a lot of pen names and house names, but about thirty professionals came.

Don and Lou Tabakow kept a firm grip on the purse strings and handled the hotel arrangements. Stan Skirvin took over the program book. He had a generous budget of five dollars. He made it self supporting by selling ads to businesses within walking distance of the Metropole. The neighborhood being what it was, it included a lot of beer joints.

The Cinvention was the first world SF con to pay out and first to have television coverage. Viewers as far away as West Virginia saw our costume show. We even made the Sunday supplement in the Cincinnati paper.

Bea Mahaffey was one of the CFG members. Ray Palmer met and hired her at the Cinvention to edit his new magazine, Other Worlds.

As the convention committee, what we didn't get to do was visit with Ted Carnell, our guest of honor. We were just too busy. The following weekend, Ted was visiting at Doc Barrett's cottage at Indian Lake, Ohio. He invited the con committee and a few other Ohio fans and we visited Ted. That was so much fun we decided to do it again and the Midwestcon was born.

It is the original relaxicon, with no panels and no programming.

Midwestcon is still happening the last weekend in June and is still a chance to talk with other strange creatures who actually read the stuff. A weekend long bull session.

Many of those earlier fans are now professionals in the field, but for the Midwestcon, they are just fans. They pay their own way, with no concom (convention committee) asking them to appear on a panel.

It is my family picnic.

Fortunately, my own career stayed on the leading edge of technology. After the pay scale at Battelle forced a move, for a time I was in advanced design with Curtiss Wright, developing inertial guidance systems. I gained practical experience in hydrostatic bearing systems and flexures. That came in handy, later. We even had a V2 rocket on loan and suddenly that Buck Rogers stuff became acceptable.

Only now it was classified and we couldn't talk about it.



Here's a glimpse of the meeting room at Cinvention, the 1949 worldcon.



Talking at the '62 ChiCon III are (left to right): Stan Woolston, Jack Harness and Roy Lavender. (Photo by Bruce Pelz)

Curtiss Wright disappeared in a stock manipulation. At the time of its demise, besides three different working inertial guidance designs, it was ready to produce a drive through freighter plane and a canard type interceptor.

The Ascender was so maneuverable that the original design required the pilot to lie prone. It was featured recently on the TV program, "Wings."

For a short time I worked for Ranco as an inspector, later as production engineer. The company produced car heater controls, 11,000,000 a year, with the month of July off for model change. I learned some of the techniques of mass production. Then E. C. Raney (the founder) died and an assortment of relatives took over. There were cuts and an anticipating control (mechanical) died. I left.

The Korean war was in motion and North American Aviation moved into the Columbus plant vacated by C-W.

For a time, I did Master Lines while we put the F-86 into production. During a strike, I was able to transfer to engineering and for a time, worked in the fuselage group.

The Chief Engineer, Mac Blair, picked me to start the wind tunnel model design group. For the next few months, I was a one man "group."

The A3J Vigilante was the Columbus division's first all new design. The design of the wind tunnel model tracked the new ship through advanced design as it went from subsonic to transsonic to supersonic. A carrier based, supersonic twin jet attack bomber, it was the first plane designed from scratch with the crew in full pressure (space) suits, first with rocket driven ejection seats, first with horizontal ramp inlets, (now standard on the highest performance carrier based planes) and

first with rear ejection of payload.

They were later converted for reconnaissance as the RA5C and served throughout the Viet Nam war, with zero casualties. They are fast.

We also built a new wind tunnel. Another first, it had two test sections. The low speed one was designed to work with VSTOL (Vertical and Short Takeoff and Landing) models.

The VSTOL project required a simulation lab to train pilots to fly a new type of aircraft. My connection with it was minimal at the time, but later, when it was converted to simulate a lunar lander, I was drawn in to re-design the optical system.

That led to designing for the simulation lab, where pilots could practice flying airplanes that hadn't been built. Truly science fiction come alive.

On the West Coast, the Apollo program was in motion and in need of simulators to train astronauts. NAA transferred us out. My first job was designing models and optics for the simulators, before any real space craft existed.

The current buzz word for simulation is virtual reality.

Incidentally, every astronaut we worked with was also a science fiction reader, if not a fan. The first name mentioned was usually Robert Heinlein.

Also on the boards at the same time as the Apollo proposal was a proposal for a wheel type space station to be launched in one shot. A SF fan's dream come true. I designed a large hydrostatic bearing for the "rotating facility," a ground simulator used to study the effects of rotation on astronauts. As you might expect, some got sick.

Others didn't.

No one at NASA noticed there are people who make their living running a merry-go-round.

The president said we're going to the Moon and the station died. There was the advantage that the second stage could be renamed Saturn. By the time the Apollo went up, I was fed up with NASA's multiple layer matrix management and managed a transfer to the unmanned spacecraft world of satellites.

It was another science fiction fan's dream job.

There was interest in discovering if there was life on Mars. One proposal was to bring back a chunk of Mars, the other was to send the lab there.

I still think the Mars sample return made better sense. It didn't require that you know in advance what you need to test for, so you can design the lab.

My part in our proposal was the design of the catcher to capture the basket ball size sample of Mars after it was lifted to Mars orbit.

The energy crisis became political fodder and huge

power stations in orbit (locally known as Acres in the Sky) were all the rage, until someone pointed out what wonderful weapons they would be.

We worked on the design of satellites with military functions.

Some fifteen years later, a few of these entered the political news as Star Wars.

X-ray lasers made the news as an example of unsuccessful concepts.

They were never built.

The GPS (Global Positioning Satellite) made accurate mapping possible for the first time. For a few hundred dollars, you can now buy a device the size of a personal CD player which will tell you within ten meters where you are, anywhere on Earth, in three dimensions. Add a cellular phone and your truck or container can call home and report where it is. Insurance companies love it.

Add it to a police car and the dispatcher can instantly locate the cruiser nearest the scene of the crime. It also reveals how many are behind the doughnut shop. This feature has not been installed on any police car at this time.

It's a wonderful world for a science fiction fan who loves to design gadgets.

Regrets -- a few.

The wheel type space station, pushed aside for a publicity stunt.

The decision that the shuttle was to become a delivery truck instead of following it immediately with the logical next step, the SSO (Single Stage to Orbit). The scrapping of the MOL (Manned Orbiting Laboratory) after the design was complete and through testing. The launch facility was complete and even the manned tests in a vacuum chamber were complete. I have been inside the assembled MOL. It cost more to cancel than it would have to put it in orbit.

Scrapping the X-15 program, just when it was ready for delta wings and coast to coast suborbital flights as precursor to the single stage to orbit.

Worst of all, Fandom became respectable. Forbidden fruit is sweeter.

Triumphs -- a few.

The incredible luck of finding Deedee. For 43 wonderful years her love of people complemented my gadget designer's world of machines and buffered my contacts with "humans."

The Day the Earth Stood Still publicity tied in with local science fiction fans. I stood on the stage of the Strand theater and introduced the show. And right down front sat a couple who spouted hellfire and brimstone at me for reading that "Buck Rogers stuff." Gershan Legman published his second volume of dirty

limericks and I'm in the credits for a couple with a science fiction slant.

When the Apollo circled the Moon and the astronauts reached into B-3 locker for their cameras, they pulled them from the shock absorbing frame I designed. On the test stand for the Saturn rockets, cameras look up into the hydrogen flame to photograph the performance (or failure) of the engines. It's a lousy place for a camera. They survive in a protective box I designed.

Of the nineteen hand controllers built to my designs for the simulators, eighteen worked as planned. That other one had a left handed success in that it finished the "design by committee" thinking. That final, nineteenth design survived simulators and centrifuge and is in the Deedee Lavender Space Collection at the Museum of Science and Industry. It is more rugged than the flight model that went to the Moon.

In 1970, Arthur C. Clarke spoke in Pasadena at Caltec's Beckman Auditorium. The subject was "2001, A Space Odyssey." There was the inevitable tea afterward. Arthur looked up from autographing, waved and said, "Hi, Roy. Is Deedee with you?"

It had been 12 years since we first met at a Midwest-con..

Watching the expression on the face of that blue haired dragon was worth the price of the trip.

Much the same scene repeated when "2010" came out.

I had retired from Rockwell and was working contract at TRW. They like to maintain a campus atmosphere and invite speakers in. Arthur C. Clarke (plus a gaggle of TV people) came and we left the closed area to listen. The publicity hounds were pushing. Arthur was completely unflappable. I was standing in the rear of the crowd. Arthur spotted me. "Hi, Roy. How's Deedee." All heads turned, and there I was, with my CONTRACT badge. And a big grin.

Science fiction is my way of life. I have friends all over the world. Many I only see at the cons, but it's wonderful to pick up a conversation where we dropped it a year before.

Some are members of First Fandom (Old farts like me).

A dying breed.

Why are they different? I'm not real sure. For one thing, they read.

Changes seldom panic them. When you've watched galactic empires fall, you can take a longer view on local politics.

They've had a glimpse of the world that could be.

— Roy Lavender

AT THE MIDWESTCON '07!

June 21-24, 2007 saw the 58th year of Midwestcon, a great “relaxacon” held in Cincinnati, OH. Midwestcon is one convention I can go to where I know I will meet people I’ve known for years, even some who were at the very first Midwestcon I ever attended, way back in 1968. This year was no exception, with lots of fans I’ve known for years, and as usual, some I’d never met before who turned out to be great people.

The Cincinnati Fantasy Group is the bedrock of fannish hospitality. As in past years, President Bill Cavin and Secretary/Treasurer Ebbie Oakes did heroic work in picking up fans from two different airports and a bus station – back and forth they went, all with perfect coordination, and nary a word of complaint. These selfless stalwarts were aided and abetted in providing fannish good cheer and more importantly, lots of food and drinks, for two consuites, by many others, including Carol Resnick, Joel Zakem, Cokie Cavin, Drew McDonald, Scott Street, and many many more.

There was a brownie competition this year, which led to the con suite being filled with tons of brownies, just in case we didn’t have enough homemade cookies, chips, dips, freshly cut veggies, fruits, muffins, and other munchies. Just to make sure the fans didn’t faint from starvation, Joel Zakem and Frank Johnson gave a special party on Friday night to celebrate their 40th Consecutive Midwestcon attendance, and Frank’s wife Naomi catered with fantastically good BBQ chicken wings, unending sandwiches, and much more. Baen Books gave a party too, with yet more food, including cold cuts, some of which was left over for the consuite on the next day. On Saturday night there were two Worldcon bid parties: Montreal and Australia, and a Xerxes alien party (hope I’m spelling that okay) with fantastic decorations (I think they are bidding for a Worldcon too – but it will be touch and go to see if space travel develops fast enough to get us to the site).

Even fans who like to drink a little liquor didn’t need to complain, because instead of the usual ‘smoking’ consuite, this con had a ‘alcohol’ consuite, with lots of the stuff, including various beers, some of which came from as far away as Australia. Ron Bushyager was happy to find several bottles of single malt scotch there, and spent a lot of time in that con suite.

Over the years Midwestcon has become a hotbed of playing Wizard, a card game that is similar to one you may have heard of named “Oh Hell” (also known as “How Many”), but with extra Wizard cards (which can take all trump) and Jesters (that take nothing). This year there were often 3 simultaneous games going on in the con suite, thus making me think this was “MidWizCon.” This meant that anyone who wanted to play, could, and many first time players enjoyed learning the game.

Players quickly learned they had to watch out for great players like Roger and Pat Sims (who now live in Florida, but came back to their former fanning grounds for the cons), Margaret Keifer, Dick Spellman, and others.

The game was so interesting and addicting, that when my 90-year-old Uncle Reuben who lives in nearby Dayton, OH, came to the hotel to visit with me and my sister (Mica Deerfield, who also attended the con), he decided he had to learn to play, and did, and proved to be a dangerous competitor after many years of being a Bridge player.

Since I had family at the con, it was especially nice for me. But of course, the con had a lot of my fannish family ties too. Old friends Laurie and Jim Mann, who had been in Pittsburgh fandom many years ago when I lived there, and who live in Pittsburgh once again, were at Midwestcon. I didn’t realize at first that the 26-year-old young woman I met at the con was actually their daughter. It seems like it can’t be that I’ve known them that long, and Laurie still doesn’t look like she could possibly have a daughter that old. There were a number of 2nd generation fans in attendance.

Other fans I’ve known for years were there including Hope Leibowitz and Michael Glicksohn, who braved a 12-hour Greyhound bus ride from Toronto, Rusty Hevelin, who has recovered from a recent hospital stay, Gay Haldeman, Geri Sullivan, Rich and Nicki Lynch from Maryland, Judy Bemis (once again recuperating from knee surgery in a wheelchair) and husband Tony Parker, and many others. Longtime CFG members author Mike Resnick and Carol Renick were there of course, as were well-known book dealers Larry Smith and

Continued on next page

- Conventions
- Meetings
- Members



THE CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP

- Our History
- Our Linkset

Michael Walsh, and Las Vegas/Hawaii residents Kathryn and James Dougherty.

Midwestcon prides itself on being a relaxacon with no programming, but usually there is some sort of a dealer's room, and occasionally other activities may slip into the lying-around-talking-and-eating-and-drinking-and-maybe-playing-Wizard ambience. This year the dealer's room was shared with a very good little artshow, run by Michael Jordon, who also did a very good job of running an art auction that no one wanted to bid at! She should use her persuasive talents at a Worldcon art show auction!

The Doubletree hotel proved to be very serviceable, with large suites for all rooms, a nice outdoor swimming pool, and a decent dining room. Next year's Midwestcon will be at the same location (contact



www.cfg.org for more information).

I know I am not really giving you the feel of the con, which is well, relaxing – fannish, friendly, small, and inviting. Attendance was a bit over 120 people, just the right amount of people if you are new to the con, because you soon will meet everyone, and just the right amount if you are an old and tired fan like myself who likes to see familiar faces, but also needs to study nametags to make sure she gets the right names for people she's known for over 30, even 40 years!

It was really great to spend some time with my sister Mica too! She is now a consultant working in Cleveland, OH, so it was easy for her to come to the con. She'd also attended that 1968 Midwestcon, so we had fun reminiscing about that too. My Uncle Reuben was fantastic – the man still drives a car at age 90, and is sharp as a tack! He's also not real skinny, the way many older folks are, giving me hope that an overweight person like myself can make it to age 90 and beyond! He quickly felt at home among the SF fans, proudly telling how he used to read Edgar Rice Burroughs novels – when they were serialized in the pulps of the 20s and 30s! He had a whole collection of ERB books in fact, recently sold off to a library.

I've missed going to a couple of Midwestcons in recent years, but after this year I realized how much I love this con – every time I go it is my favorite of the year – which means this definitely is my all-time favorite con. This year I was smart and bought an advance membership for next year.

— Linda Bushyager

View on a SOLIDUS

Yesterday I went to a coin show. I go three times a year with a friend named Simon. Nobody in fandom would know him, but he's the Significant Other living with Victoria. I'm still in touch with Victoria, but have made friends with Simon as well. In fact, I'm to blame for getting him into collecting ancient coins. (He has a special interest in British history, having been born there, though raised in Bolivia and Panama, and has lived most of his life in Canada.)

In any case, we went to the show Saturday afternoon. I picked up some odd things on Simon's tab. He spends so much at these affairs that he gives me the nod to throw a couple hundred more on his bill. It always astonishes me that there are so many rats in the world, and then you meet someone who is actually generous... I found a worn old sestertius of Antoninus Pius, and a fairly modestly priced silver siliqua of Julian the Apostate's. (The emperor who failed to bring back the good old days and banish the Christian nuts in the robes annoying everyone at palace.)

The main event for me was concluding a bargain with a dealer I know from Calgary. I've wanted a gold Aureus ever since I began collecting Roman coins, back in the late 80's. The trouble was, they were over a thousand dollars, then! The situation has only gotten worse. I've seen aureii of Hadrian and Augustus going for over \$4,000!!! It was obvious that Roman gold coins were getting further out of reach with time, not nearer. There was only one possibility.

After the fall of the Western Empire, the Byzantines continued to mint gold, but in a new coin called a solidus. Instead of the old standard of 60 to the Roman pound, the solidus was struck at 72 to the pound, so its a little lighter. Interest in Byzantine coins isn't quite as brisk, and it seems a lot more gold survives from after the 7th. Century AD than before. (Probably because the Byzantines melted down most of the old coins to strike their own.) The Calgary dealer had a solidus by Justin II, from the mid-600's for about \$575. I thought maybe I could talk him into selling it to me by instalments.

But once at the show I found he had three Solidii, not one. The Justin II was the cheapest, but looking at it I realized what a poor substitute it was for a genuine Roman Aureus. The Byzantines were Greek, not Roman, and I can only decipher the stylized Greek scrawling on coins with the greatest difficulty. As well, once I've puzzled out the letters, I'm left with knowing far less Greek than Latin. Byzantine coins are basically flat, too. At their zenith, the Roman engraver was an artist. Portraits of Claudius, Trajan, Vespasian, or Commodus are full bas-reliefs, not the kind of flattened image we ourselves are accustomed to on modern coinage. They depict real people, often in the most unflattering way. But the Byzantines had given all that up, and were more into other-worldly, mystic, symbolic representations, that reinforced a view of a world that was to them orderly, unchangeable, and a table rosa for religious meaning. They were becoming medieval Christians in other words... enough said.

I looked at the little gold coin in my hand and it looked alien -- Asian, not Roman to my eye. Is this what I wanted to spend over \$500 on? I didn't.

The second coin was a different Byzantine emperor. The image was a little more attractive, but still essentially Asian and priestly, and it was still more expensive.

But the third... The third solidus was 250 years older, having been struck around 400 AD by the emperor Honorius. This coin was still Roman, however late in the empire. It looked Roman, with the right profile of the emperor struck in bold relief, Latin inscriptions around the circumference, and an artistically defined personification of some Roman virtue on the reverse. It was even in very fine condition, with every strand on Honorius's hair sharply engraved. The downside was that this solidus was very much more expensive. \$775.

Still, \$775 is a far cry from \$4,000 or more, and I decided that this was probably as close as I was going to get to realizing an old dream. It wasn't an Aureus, but a solidus was close enough. It wasn't a classic emperor

Continued on next page

~~\$225~~

\$650 Coin



Gold Solidus, Honorius c. 393-423 AD

Obv. "D N HONORIVS P F AVG" Rev. "VICTORIA AVGGG", "RV" (Ravenna Mint), "COMOB" (Fine Gold)

from Rome at its height, but it was clearly classical and not medieval. Could I possibly afford the extra \$200? Then again, could I afford to spend over \$500 on something I didn't really want? Put that way, it made sense to go for broke. The dealer agreed to sell the Honorius solidus at a substantially lower price, in fact, and allowed me to pay for it over time. I went home a heppy, heppy ket.

Honorius is not quite an inconsequential emperor, though I doubt many will have heard of him. A son of the great Theodosius, he reigned from 393 AD to 423. But history sums him up as a weak ruler, under the influence of his German general, Stilicho. While Alaric the Visigoth invaded Italy and sacked Rome, Honorius stayed safely behind the walls of his fortress capital at Ravenna. One modern writer, though, commends Honorius for having the courage to do the only thing possible -- save his army. Had it been sacrificed in battle, the city of Rome might still not have been saved pillage.

In fact, the Romans had been forced to do this before, in the reign of Nero. When Boudicca's Icenii

revolted against foreign rule, the Roman legions fell back before the wild tribesman. Unable to defeat the Icenii, the Roman commander Paulinus retreated, and allowed the populace of London to be massacred. Seventy of eighty thousand civilians died, but he saved the legions, and reorganized to defeat the rebellion later. Bloody sacrifices were no stranger to the heirs of Caesar. Honorius, perhaps, appears cowardly to us only because we measure him against a modern standard.

Honorius was in some ways the last genuine emperor of the West. Although the farce continued for another fifty years, all those who sat in Honorius' throne after him were puppets of their German generals, or at best trumped up palace clerks with none of the great Theodosius' blood in their veins.

Now I have another ambition. The only significant emperor I have no coin for at this point is Julius Caesar. There was a very nice silver denarius of Caesar's in the case not far from my solidus. A mere \$1500...

Of all things, the annual Toronto Gay Pride Day was the same weekend.

— Taral Wayne

Strange Voyages, an electronic collection of Mike Glicksohn and Susan Wood's 1970's zine, *Energumen* is available from Taral Wayne for the reasonable price of \$15 for over 1,200 pages of prime fanzine entertainment. It's available from Taral Wayne, 245 Dunn Ave. Apt. 2111, Toronto Ontario, M6K 1S6 Canada. The price is \$15, including shipping as well as \$1 to TAFF in Mike's name. Outside North America, please add \$2 for extra postage.

PIPELINE

Goin' Down UNDER

Dear Arnie

Claire and I had lunch with Bill Wright the other day, and we talked about you. Not only you, mind, but your name -- and Vegas Fandom Weekly -- loomed large over the duck. We're all big *VFW* fans, you see, except possibly the duck.

We'd been in Australia for a couple of weeks by that point, first in Adelaide staying with 2005 GUFF winners Damien Warman and Juliette Woods and forcing koalas on this year's GUFF winner Ang Rosin, and then in Canberra with Kim Huett. But when we got to Melbourne and had lunch with Bill and Irwin Hirsh at the Oriental Bistro, Bill alerted us to the appearance on *efanzines.com* of *VFW* #97 and so we chatted some about you and *VFW*.

Bill's quite a fan of *VFW*, you know. As are we all, of course.

As it so happens, though, I'd thought about you often in the earlier part of the trip. This was partly because I was concerned that you'd pick this time to take up my invitation to visit the London 'First Thursday' pub meeting -- while we were on the other side of the world. See, when I first suggested in *VFW* last year that per-

haps you could pop along some day... well, I don't really know how to say this and I do feel a little bad about it now, but actually I was only joking. I did realise that it's a long way from Las Vegas to London and it wasn't really reasonable to expect you just to hop on a plane for a drink, even if that did mean you'd get to hang out with Avedon Carol, Sandra Bond, Rob Hansen and others of London fandom's finest (and me). We would love to see you, but I knew it wouldn't really be practical.

But then I read in *VFW* #77 in spring of last year that you'd actually tried to come over to one of the meetings! You'll remember how you explained that you hadn't managed to get there -- some little difficulty with a doctor in a police box (I didn't really understand that bit) -- but I was impressed that you'd made the effort. And naturally I felt sure that, having tried the once, you'd be able to make the trip some other month and so your pint of London Pride has been sitting on the bar ever since, waiting for you to drop by.

Please, Arnie, don't tell me you were there in June and I missed you. Say it isn't so.

My other reason for thinking about you was that it occurred to me that the convention we were attending in Melbourne -- Convergence 2, the 2007 Australian Natcon -- would form an ideal framework for a *VFW* contribution. I could write extravagant stories about having dinner with the legendary Bill Wright and the stupendous Bruce Gillespie. Of drinking beer with Eric Lindsay, of talking fandom



Continued on next page

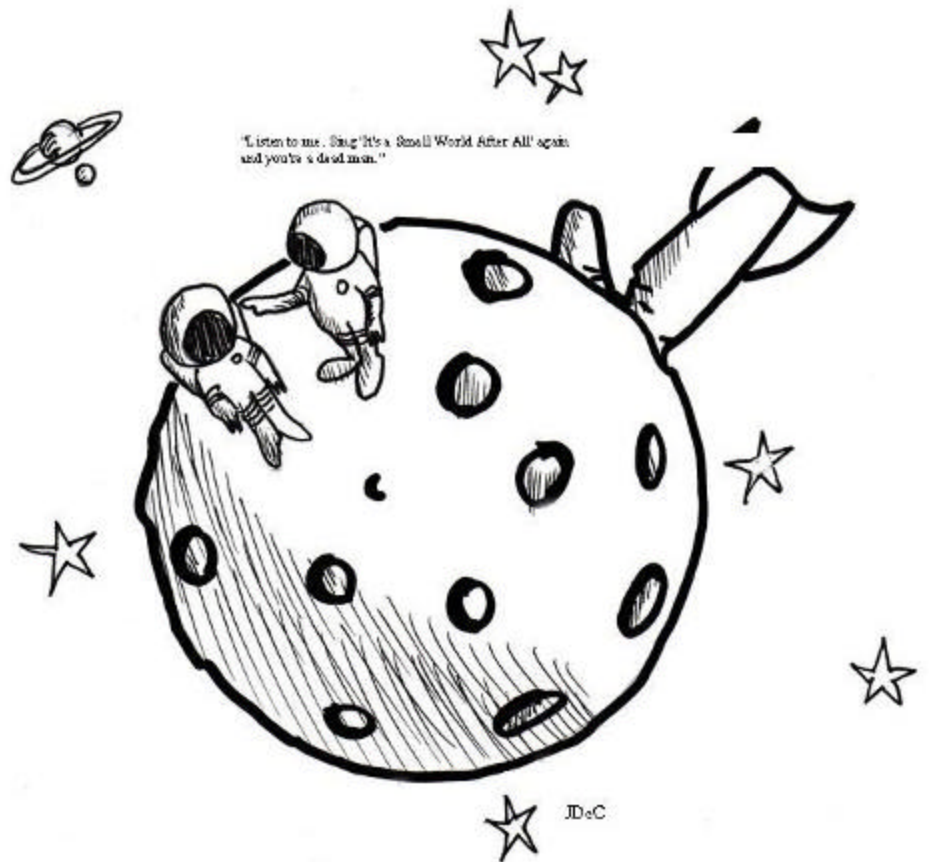
with Irwin Hirsh, and of trying to minimise the risk of an international diplomatic incident involving Ang Rosin and jam.

I thought all this right up until I read *VFW #99* and Bill Wright's 'The Wright Stuff' column on... Convergence. Damn, Bill had got there ahead of me, dynamic action fan-publisher that he is. Ah, but wait. Bill's column -- according to its header -- is actually about Convergence *4*. Now given that the first Convergence was in 2002 and Convergence 2 was this year then Convergence 4, should it happen, will be in... hang on a minute while I work this out... yes, *2017*. Still I'm grateful to Bill for committing Melbourne fandom to staging this event (plus, presumably, the intermediate Convergence 3 in 2012), for bringing us an account of what will happen, and also for reporting that Claire and I will be there where we will get to share a bottle of Bill's Galafrey Merlot 2002 which should be even more rockin' by then, you betcha.

All this, and I still get to write about Convergence 2 for VFW. How much more better could things be? None. None more better.

So... Convergence 2 then. Actually, I have to say it was uncannily reminiscent of the Convergence 4 ten years hence as described by Bill which on one level demonstrates a possible lack of progressive thinking amongst Australian fans although equally it implies a strong and commendable sense of time-binding. But really, the similarity is quite striking.

Even more peculiarly, a few weeks ago Bill himself emailed me what at the time I



thought was a report of Convergence 2 although now I go to look at it again I see from its title that it's actually a report of Convergence *3* where it seems exactly the same things will happen as will happen at Convergence 4 and happened at Convergence 2. I'm pleased to say, though, that it seems that Claire and I get to go to Convergence 3 as well.

You'll notice that I've now become somewhat diverted from my path of writing about Convergence 2 but sorry, 'Into the Future with Bill Wright' is a whole bigger deal (and why, why, *why* was this never a TV show?). Continuing my research I see that in the 237th (June) mailing of ANZAPA Bill is writing about Convergence 3, but in Ethel the Aardvark #130 (May/June) the title says that he's writing about Convergence 2 although this morphs into Convergence 3 in the first paragraph. Is this perhaps when Bill began to travel in time? And how...?

But wait. Arnie, when you tried to come to that First Thursday meeting in April last year, you told us that you had a strange encounter with a doctor in a police box. I don't suppose you happened to have a copy of *Interstellar Ramjet Scoop* in your pocket at the time? And if so... you didn't drop it, did you? Arnie? Arnie?

Best etc.

---Mark

— Mark Plummer

Mark Plummer and Claire Brialey edit *Banana Wings*, Britain's leading fanzine and, based on its top finish in the most recent FAAn Awards category, today's leading fanzine in the world.

Tee-Time Perfect WEDDING

For two weeks before the Big Day, September 8, 2007, I was so excited and happy I couldn't think straight. My mother told me she'd never seen me so animated before, and I was "all lit up".

On September 7, I somehow managed to go to my first piano-tuning class, which is a story in itself. When I got home, James' sister was there, and almost immediately said that she was going to buy him a new suit to wear for the wedding. I had phone calls coming in from relatives and friends all day, and I had to make and return a few of them, so I decided not to accompany James and Beth on this outing.

A little later, James' family and James and I went out for dinner and talked about a number of subjects, including interior decorating, travels to Italy, and food. This is one thing I love about that clan; they talk a lot and they have a lot to say.

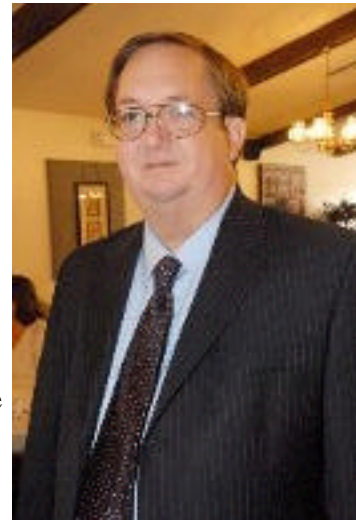
My sister's husband picked me up for the trip to my mother's and the adventures we were about to have. I had no idea that my dad, whom I see rarely, had actually stopped over at my mother's house, and I was later getting there than I'd planned. Dad was so tired from his drive from Boise to Las Vegas he was falling over in his chair.

My brother and my dad were staying in the same casino hotel, so my mother and two sisters decided we'd gamble for awhile.

We all turned into pumpkins around midnight, because we knew we'd have to get up early the next morning. I'd hardly slept, and when I wandered outside to have a smoke with my stepdad, he said, "Well five more hours till the wedding!"

The bustle around the house was amazing, with everyone helping to load things into cars and take them over to the clubhouse a few blocks away. My sister Juanita made a dip with cream-cheese and sausage, and I teased her about getting the show on the road. She put my braided hair up in a bun, and it was the Hairdo of Iron. No matter how much I shook my head, it stayed in place. Later, when I took the hairpins out, I counted eleven!

When we walked in the door of the clubhouse, my stomach began to flip-flop. I had trouble getting into the dress, because I was trembling so much. My



niece and two sisters were very helpful and patient with me. We had an awkward moment when someone asked how I would be "presented", because there was no procession planned. I couldn't decide whether my father or stepfather should guide me to the arbor, so I blurted out, "I want my mama!"

During this time, the minister, Virginia, whom I'd met before, came in and was nervous about someone telling her we were all late. I was half-dressed, and I remember one of the girls, probably my tall niece, Nikki, shielding me.

My mom guided me over, and there was James in his dashing suit. I could feel the jacket brushing against my arm, and I gave his sleeve a quick brush with my fingers to appreciate the fabric. Then we danced around each other, trying to remember the proper placement.

In one part of my mind, the ceremony was very beautiful and perfect. In another, I don't remember it very well, because I was so excited. Poor James stumbled over the vows. At some point, I was acutely aware of the bouquet being in the wrong hand and attempted to switch it and the ring to the opposite one, so I could place the ring. It's interesting how these little things get magni-



Continued on next page



fied out of all proportion sometimes. But when it came time for my “I will”, a strange joyful calm came over me, and I blurted out with total spontaneous abandon, “Oh, yes I will!” That mood was still upon me when I said the vows, and I was surprised I didn’t stumble over them.

After the ceremony, there was a spontaneous reception line. I didn’t realize this until several greetings had been exchanged, but it soon became apparent that one after another was wishing us well. Actually, James disappeared for some reason, but no one said anything about it, so I just kept bravely on. I knew everyone, too, which is a strange feeling for me. I usually don’t know most people in large groups.

I heard the music and when James reappeared again, I asked him to walk with me to a better place to listen to the band. They were an acoustic Celtic band, and my fiddle teacher from the blind center also plays accordion with them. I loved that music.

Arnie gave a toast, and so did my brother, saying, “Well, obviously, Teresa didn’t marry James for his looks!” I even fell for that one, forgetting how mischievous my brother Robert can be.

My mom dared me to smoke my corncob in the wedding dress, so I did. It was a much-needed smoke,

too. My dad told me that my great-grandmother also smoked a corncob pipe.

It wasn’t till many people had left that we got around to opening the gifts. There were many gift cards and much cash, which we appreciated. There was a gift we couldn’t open in public. There were towels, which we actually needed. There was a most curious one, a star-shaped box with many little stars in it, for wishing on stars. That was very sweet.

I was still glowing when James and I went home. It wasn’t all to do with the red wine I’d drunk, either. The true warmth, love and friendship were the best aspects of the ceremony and celebration. I’ll remember it always.

It must’ve worked, because according to the County recorder’s website, we are married! — Teresa Cochran

See the Wedding Video!

You’ve read the reports, seen the photos, but now you can also view video of the CochTayl nuptials. Bill Miller has a 10-minute clip on YouTube.

Bill plans a longer video on TheVoicesOfFandom.com very soon, but he wanted to give fans a chance to share CochTayl’s joyous event. The URL is: <http://youtube.com/watch?v=IRhLIZJX6gE>.

Art Credits

Brad Foster (Cover, 17); Shelby Vick (8, 9); Terry Kemp (12-15); Ray Nelson (17, 59, 60); Alan White (19-21, 51-55, 78, 90); Steve Stiles (23); Dick Lupoff (25); Frank Wu (26, 78); Ross Chamberlain (39); Atom (47); Taral Wayne (69); Mickey Rhodes (79, 80); Bruce Pelz (84); John DeChancie (91); all else by Bill Rotsler.

KINGFISH SAYS

Whew! I hope you've enjoyed this 94-page fanzine, because I have to admit that it was one sustained, arduous task to bring it to completion more or less as planned. A version with a few additional corrections, like the title of Shelby's column installment, posted by Bill Burns on efanzines.com shortly after you receive this.

I know some of you have never written a letter of comment in your lives, but this would be a fine time to have the experience.. I'd sure like to hear from you and I'm sure the rest of the readers would, too.

I'm a little worn out, but you know that egg o' boo is the revivifying elixir. I'll publish another issue around the end of the month, so give in to that impulse to write *now*.

— Arnie Kat

In This Issue of VFW

Inside Story :: Invitation to a Celebration :: Arnie :: 2
Katzenjammer :: Great Moments in Fandom :: Arnie :: 3
Now & Again :: Number One Hundred :: Shelby Vick :: 8
Messages :: My Year as N3F President :: Chris Garcia :: 10
Corflu Silver Info :: 11
TerryTales :: Unsung Heroes of Fandom: Kenneth Krueger
:: E. Terry Kemp :: 12
Percolations :: Thots on Reaching 100 Issues
:: John Purcell :: 16
Bullseye :: What Movie? :: Charles Fuller :: 18
Las Vegrants :: Double Shot of Insurgntism :: Arnie :: 19
SNAFFU Central :: SNAFFood: Emperor's Garden
:: Arnie :: 21
Calendar :: 22
Contact Information :: 22
Kingfish Says :: You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet! :: Arnie :: 22
Fandom Newsbreaks :: Arnie :: 23
Corflu Silver Newsbreaks :: Arnie :: 23
KJ Annex :: VFW by the Numbers :: Arnie :: 27
Index :: Issue by Issue :: Arnie :: 38
Content :: Issue by Issue :: Arnie :: 40
Columns & Features :: Indexed by Title :: Arnie :: 48
Kingfish Says :: A Work in Progress :: Arnie :: 50
Wedding Bells for CochTayl :: Arnie :: 51
ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column :: You :: 56
TVoFacts :: Here Come the Vegrants! :: Bill Mills :: 59
More Fandom Newsbreaks :: Arnie :: 69
Corflu Silver Membership List :: 71
Kingfish Says :: Arnie :: 72
Inside Story :: Shame! Shame! Shame1 :: Arnie :: 74
KJ Annex:: My Life as N3F President :: Arnie :: 74
Acknowledgements :: 73
Blue Jaunt :: How I Found Fandom, Pt 6 :: Joyce Katz :: 79
Fandom: A Way of Life :: Roy Lavender :: 81
At the Midwestcon :: Linda Bushyager :: 86
View on a Solidus :: Taral Wayne :: 88
Pipeline :: Goin' Down Under :: Mark Plummer :: 90
Tee Time :: Perfect Wedding :: Teresa Cochran :: 92
Kingfish Says :: Arnie :: 92