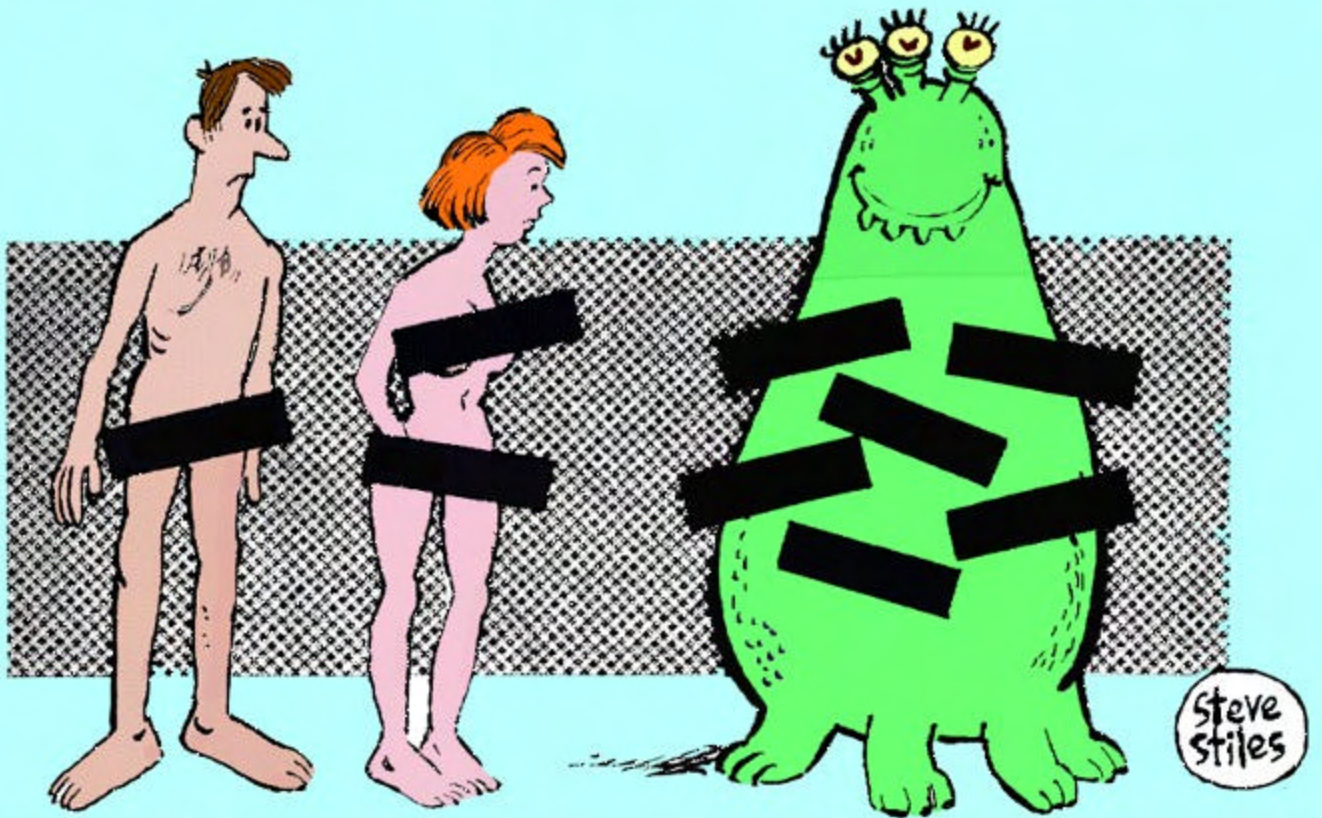


VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

COSTUMES NOT ALLOWED AT MASQUERADE:



Corflu Silver Breaking News

- The Vegrants have continued to pass the hat at meetings to fund the pre-Corflu Party on Thursday night at the Plaza Hotel & Casino. The results have been fairly impressive and the party fund currently stands at over \$400. It'll be quite a party and the Vegrants hope all early arrivals will come.
- Linda Bushyager, with the help of other Vegrants, is compiling a restaurant guide for Corflu Silver to help fans choose among the many eateries downtown and elsewhere..

Inside Story

Vote in the FAAn AWARDS!

The fuel on which fanac runs is Egoboo. Sure, there are lots of other reasons to write, draw and publish for Fandom, but if egoboo isn't important, why aren't we all writing secret diaries? The desire to communicate is part of the motivation, too, but there's nothing like a harmless bit of peer recognition to make a fan want to create more for an appreciative audience of friends.

My mind meandered in that direction, because fans now have a chance to dish out a ton of merited egoboo with very little actual expenditure of effort on their part. (I think I understand fans reasonably well after all these years.) Voting has begun for the 2008 Fan Achievement Awards. Just about all of you already have a ballot (and will probably receive more from other sources), so I'd like to tell you why I think it'd be great if you use it and send it to Murray (For DUFF!) Moore..

I'm not much into awards for hobby activity and I doubt think about them much, either, but giving the Worthy some egoboo is another matter.

The FAAn Awards differ from the Fan Hugos in several ways. Historically, Fan Hugos voters are less knowledgeable about Fandom and fan-literary activity. The FAAn Awards voters are less likely to vote for people on the basis of reputation.

There's another difference that counts heavily with me: the Fan Hugos are structured to put the spotlight on (and give the egoboo to) the winners; the nominees get a dollop of egoboo for making the final Hugo ballot, but it's the winners who get the vast bulk of the glory.

What makes a fan poll like the FAAn Awards or the egoboo polls in apas different is that all the high finishers in each category get egoboo in proportion to their fannish support. This year, we're going to revive a tradition designed to improve the flow of egoboo to all the deserving; we will distribute a results fanzine that profiles all the high finishers.

— Arnie

Vegas Fandom Weekly #104, Volume 4 Number 2, January 12, 2007, is written and produced by Arnie Katz (909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145; Email: crossfire4@cox.net; phone: 702-648-5677).

Special Thanks to Bill Burns (Posting), David Gordon (Mountaineering Consultant), Alan White (Designated Arty Fella), Bill Mills (Technical Advisor), Joe Fillinger (Fanhistorian), Joyce Katz (proofreading and So Much More).

Reporters this issue: Robert Lichtman, James Taylor, Linda Bushyager, Murray Moore and Joyce Katz

Art/Photo Credits: Steve Stiles (cover), Shelby Vick (6, 7), Alan White (13-18, 33) and all else by Bill Rotler.

Columnists This Issue : Shelby Vick, Taral Wayne, Warren Buff, Bill Mills

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at efanzines.com and LasVegrants.com. No Southern Belles were wrung out during the production of this fanzine..

Member: fwa

Supporter: AFAL

Corflu Silver in 2008!

The Fan OLYMPICS Katzenjammer

They brought it back by popular demand. After a hiatus of a couple of millennia, they restarted the Olympics. They held them every four years and, soon the Olympics caught on as a relatively friendly competition among nations. It was colorful, exciting and, barring the occasional terrorist murders, a fairly benign event that fostered international cooperation.

They added more events – when will they include Stratego? – and doubled the frequency by instituting Summer and Winter Olympics.

It wasn't enough. One Olympic-style event every two years still couldn't glut the market. Even obvious attempts to kill the public's enthusiasm for the events, like the overblown Opening Ceremonies and broadcasting major events in the middle of the night couldn't reduce the appetite for sitting on the couch while a bunch of folks bust their guts for a modest piece of bling.

Now we've got all sorts of groups hopping on the Olympic bandwagon. There's the Jewish Olympics, the Goodwill Games, the Special Olympics, the Junior Olympics, the Gay Olympics and countless variations on the popular theme.

Why shouldn't Fandom get in on this deal? We could present a Fannish Olympics. Maybe we could get ESPN 2 to air it at 4:00 AM on a Thursday, earn a Fabulous Sum and use it to finance a free Corflu or something like that.

Not that this is purely a matter of money. Earning Fabulous Sums is just a happy byproduct of this high-minded, trufannish project. There are many ways fans could earn money, some of them legal, but I don't think money should ever be the prime consideration in Fandom.

No. the Fan Olympics has a nobler purpose. Classic Fandom is vanishing, much as the American West did 120 years earlier. The cherished ways of our fancestors are dying, along with the colorful pioneers who practiced them.

This is not my first attempt at fanhistorical preservation. Sadly, not all of them have been successful and a few have proven to be downright failures.

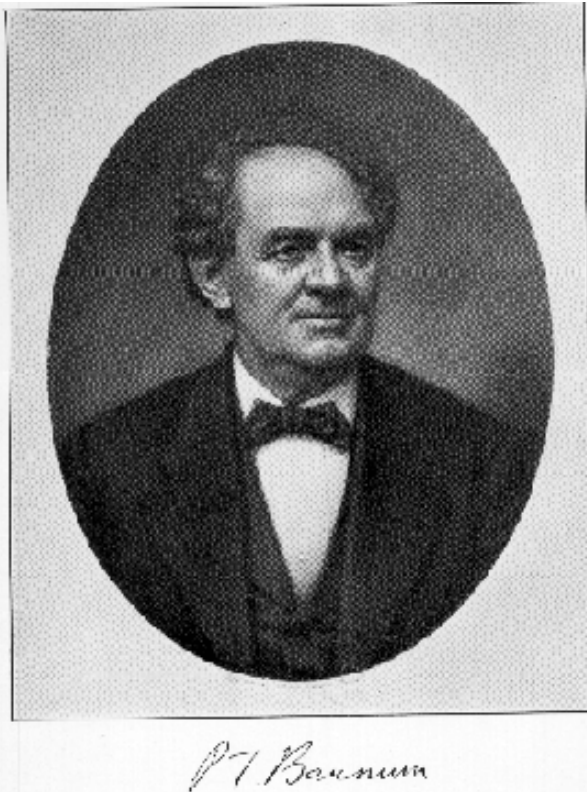
For instance, I was initially very hopeful about Bryan Follins' time-travel experiments. Bryan, a teacher, PhD candidate and popular Vegrant, experienced initial success on the theoretical plane. His paper "On the Circumvention of Physical Laws in the Achievement of Trans-temporal Travel" (title approximate) electrified members of SNAPS.

Imagine my disappointment, then, when it became obvious that there was no practical way to use the International Dateline to send excursions to Fandom's Glorious Past.



Buffalo Bill Cody, educator and showman

Continued on next page



PT Barnum is the honorary Patron Saint and Theoretician of the Fan Olympics.

Wanna see the world's smallest fan?

living legend, but his show at times featured such Wild West notables as Sitting Bull and Arizona Charley.

When the Wild West shows petered out around 1920, the traditions were preserved by a new form of entertainment. The Old West's traditions and activities are still preserved, in symbolic form, in the Rodeo.

My goal is the same as Buffalo Bill's. I want to preserve the essence of Fandom as we prepare for the electronic (and perhaps interstellar) Fandom to come. The media and formats can, and should, change with the times, but I would like to keep the essential core of Fandom alive through this transition and into our sub-culture's future.

My first impulse was to pattern my solution after the one that worked so well for William Cody. Sadly, that proved a bad idea.

Let's not dwell on the subject of "Kingfish Arnie Katz's Fanac Show and Convention of World Trufen." It never even got beyond the Concept Stage. Well, except for the 10 gross of "Kingfish Arnie Katz's Fanac Show and Convention of World Trufen." Tour Jackets.

The only constructive result is that it did give me the idea for the Fan Olympics.

The Fan Olympics lacks the outstanding virtue of "Kingfish Arnie Katz's Fanac Show and Convention of World Trufen," my name in the title, but it's otherwise utterly superior.

For one thing, I'm lazy. The Fanac Show would have had to tour the world to reach fans. The Fan Olympics will take place in one location, so fans will have to do the traveling if they want to see it, at least until ESPN 2 buys broadcast rights. Networks pay ridiculous sums to telecast the Olympics and similar events; why shouldn't Fandom cut a generous slice of that pie? The Fan Olympics looks like the right choice

And then there is the sad case of The Habitat for Fankind.

The World Science Fiction Convention has, so far, turned a deaf ear on my suggestion that it create a Habitat at the con where today's fans would be able to observe fans going about their time-honored activities in an environment based on the LASFS' Bixel Street clubhouse of the 1940's.

Buffalo Bill Cody became America's first great showman when he turned the Real West into a show for Easterners. Buffalo Bill and His Congress of Roughriders of the World" wasn't literally the Old West, but it did simulate many of its major elements, such as stage coaches, Native American villages, fancy shooting and death-defying riding. Not only was Buffalo Bill a real

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.

from every angle. (Well, except for that annoying absence of my name in the title.)

The selection of events is sure to blaze through listservs and fanzines as folks agitate for their favorites. Let's hope we can avoid the petty politics that puts Ice Dancing in the Olympics and ousts Baseball.

I have a personal preference for competitions in which performance determines the winner as opposed to those in which one or more judges decides the winner. Nonetheless, I want to be fair about this, so though there'll be speed-based events like Stapling, the Fan Olympics will also include events that award points for style and form as well as execution. For instance, though Speed Guzzling is not the kind of overtly fan-nish activity we'd want in the Fan Olympics, the Hoister Biathlon (Silping Nuclear Fizzes in the Insurgent Manner and Smoothing) is a valid event that requires the trained aesthetic acumen of a panel of judges.

Just as the heart of the Olympics is Track and Field, the running and throwing events, the main events of the Fan Olympics descend from antique methods of fanzine production. These are:

- * Art Stenciling
Contestants will be graded for speed and accuracy, though the intrinsic difficulty of the illustration affects the judges' actual grades.
- * Duplication
There are Sprint and Marathon events in three divisions: Mimeograph, Spirit Duplicator and Hektograph. Each has its own challenges. Mimeographers will have to watch for set-off and show-through, spirit duplicationists must

Well known Midwest fans Dick & Leah Smith, shown here demonstrating the hektograph, may well be among the competitors when we hold the First Annual Fan Olympics.



stay conscious despite the steadily rising concentration of fumes in their enclosed, small cubicles and the judges will deduct points in the latter division for excessive purpleness of fingers.

* Collating

Olympic-style competitions generally segregate men and women, but the Fan Olympics will be lauded free of such benighted sexism. Only the Sex Olympics can match the Fan Olympics' claim of gender equity.

There are two Collating competitions, Solo and Team. In the Team event, four hardy fans have a round table and two hundred copies of a 100-page annish to assemble, including stapling. You can always tell the anchor-fan, who must drive home the metallic fasteners, by their brawny forearms.

Of course, the winner of the Fannish Pentathlon (Art Stenciling, Mimeography, Spirit Duplication, Hektography and Solo Collating) will be acclaimed "Worlds Foremost Fanzine Publisher."

Just because the Fan Olympics has a High Purpose is no reason to ignore its potential to wring money from the Mundane World. The bonanza that results from getting a slot on ESPN or Fox Sports is obvious, but let's not forget those Olympic sponsorships! I can't wait to hear phrases like, "brought to you by HP, the official toner of the 2008 Fan Olympics" or "sponsored by Fleet, the Official Enema of the 2008 Fan Olympics." Those will be proud moments, you betch 'em, Red Ryder. Some SF con will probably put the red rubber bag on their Hugos.

During the Fan Olympics itself, we can tear a page from Major League Baseball and Professional Football and sell sponsorships to every minute phase of every event. You know: "Here's Robert Lichtman with the Typo Count, brought to you by Obliterine, the Tru-fan's eraser of regrets."

And I can hardly wait for the TV camera to dolly closer to the winner of the Fan Pentathlon. "John Purcell," the off-screen voice thunders, "You've won the Fannish Pentathlon, what will you do next?"

The camera focuses on the joyous, if sweaty face. "I'm going to Corflu Silver!"

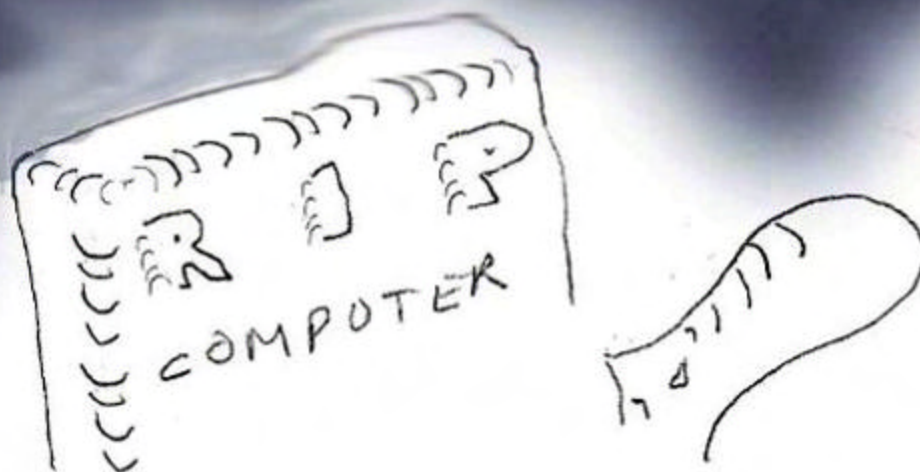
— Arnie

Now & Again

My Computer



It's a simple tale, really. My computer spiked, took a few weeks to get fixed, now it's back. I don't like simple stories. There had been lotsa hints – freezing up, slow at things that shoulda been fast – all sorts stuff. Then –



BLOOEY!

The first repairman told us \$350. Then I remembered the guys who fixed me up initially. They'd done a good job, so gave it to them.. One week and it was back; doing great. . . then froze up.

Back to the shop.

Borrowed a laptop from a friend. No FTP, no Notepad, but I could at least do email. Which I did, for a while. Even did a Now And Again column on email, the idea being that Yahoo would save it, regardless of my computer problems.

Then started getting "This Page Cannot Be Displayed" messages when I tried to open email!

Well, hell . . . there was WordPerfect, and a CD burner, so I could write!

Which I did, for a while, then ipt started ;look;ping lip;ke thips!

Well, now I have my computer back – BUT. . . .

–Oh! First let me thank my neighbors, Don and Pam Butler for not only letting me use their laptop but, when the email on it went out, letting me use their desktop to handle email. They both read sf, but neither are fans – or should I say, Fans.

There were over a thousand emails to take care of! That, and several hundred Bulk items.

The Bulk was easy – just hit Delete. But the email!

First, I skimmed thru the Subjects and spotted a lotta Spam – but that was taking forEVER. Then I got heartless. If a subject didn't really grab me – and I mean, grab me STRONG – I'll check it for deletion.

Continued on next page

If it required a response, I'd either save it for later when I'd have time to do it right, or give a quick response.

This really bothered me on listservs; there were subjects I'd normally read and, maybe, even write a line or sixty in response.

But – I was being heartless.

Under 700. . .500. . .200. . .and now it's down to more manageable 'Under 50'.

But email isn't the only problem. When my computer crashed, I lost my FTP (File Transfer Protocol, for those few who don't know) connection. Well, all I had to do to reactivate it was fill in Host, Username, Sign-on and Password.

Lloyd McDaniels, who started me with the Planetary Stories site -- (thot I wouldn't get it in, did you) -- gave me all the other stuff, everything but Password.

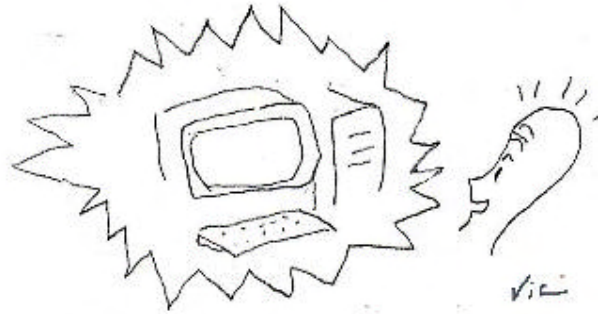
I didn't remember the password!

Now, I'm one of those who generally only have two or three passwords they use for EVERYthing. . .but none of them or any variations of them worked.

So now I had Notepad, had the Planetary Stories files. . .but I couldn't get 'em online! Well, Joe Green's wife Patti sent me the setup for FileZilla, which provides everything you need. . .but I didn't know how to fill it all out! So I emailed Lloyd. He said he'd help me, would call, but then he got sick and hasn't called. Just now, I found out that his mother has died. I sent him woefully inadequate condolences; 'woefully inadequate' because, as one who has lost many loved ones, I fully realize that words cannot begin to assuage the pain.

Unlike a computer, when a person dies you have no hopes of putting them back together again.

REBORN!



Now, I've got most of the next ish formatted and Ready To Go – MOST of it. But won't do any good without being able to access the FTP.

So I'm waiting. Gives me time to do other things I wanna do – like downloading Free Fonts to use in the formatting, for one thing. Seems another thing lost in the breakdown was a BUNCH of fonts I'd downloaded before – from where, I don't know, but I'm finding other fonts I like. I hafta download them, unzip the files, then drag 'em to Fonts so's they'll be there for me.

Arnie, remember the days of letteringuides, where you had a bunch of sheets of plastic with letters to trace to your stencils? Lots easier finding a guide than all this downloading. . .but, at the same time, the downloading is free and offers a wider variety.

So – hold on. Eventually, *Planetary Stories* will be back!

— Shelby Vick

Fannish Las Links

LasVegrants.com

This would be the official site if Las Vegrants had anything official. Bill Mills is the genial host.

TheVoicesOfFandom.com

Bill Mills covers Fandom in sound and images on this often fascinating video and audio site.

Cineholics.com

Alan White runs this increasingly interesting site that reports on the doings of the film-oriented Las Vegas club.

Efanzines.com

Bill Burns operates the free online fanzine newsstand.

Fanac.org

This large and varied site has a lot of information about Fandom as well as archives of some excellent old fanzines.

Phlizz

Chuck Connor is doing a very innovative and entertaining site-based ezine.

SNAFFU.org

CochTayl (Cochran & Taylor) now operate this site for Las Vegas' formal science fiction club.

Fan Noir OSFiC REVISITED

A 1979 History of the Ontario Science Fiction Club with Footnotes Added With the Advantage of Nearly 30/30 (Years) Hindsight

Fandom had been nearly dead in Toronto since the beginning of the 60s. There were a couple of fans from the *Old Derelicts* of the 40's and 50's who were still in *FAPA* (the grandfather of all fan amateur press associations), and perhaps a one or two others who maintained some contact with fandom on a personal level, but hadn't been active in years. The most recent fanzine that had been generally available had ceased publication in 1964. It took three years to get things moving again. A small number of fans (four) who'd discovered fandom independent of old farts from the 40s, collaborated with Captain George to form a club in late 1966. The embryonic *Ontario Science Fiction Club* looked stillborn when Captain George moved from his old Viking Books location to the present Memory Lane on Markham Street, but *OSFiC* not only survived this trauma, but also expanded its membership to around 20 by the end of 1967.

The club's earliest activity seemed to be finding emergency meeting places, but *OSFiC* held a small non-con called *King Kon* (or some such) at Queens University in Kingston one year, and under the aegis of Peter Gill was pubbing its first F*A*N*Z*I*N*E*.

It never really had a name. It was just called "*OSFiC Magazine*", but from its humble beginnings as a one page sheet, it graduated in stages of a two page single sheet, to two sheets, a few sheets, and finally up to a fifty pager full-fledged fanzine by the end of *OSFiC*'s first year. The zine gave rise to the Gill Syndrome, where it was first noticed that the length of a zine varied inversely with its frequency. Peter Gill also began a tradition in *OSFiC* for poor spellers being in charge of the club's literary machinery, a tradition never successfully broken by any subsequent editor. To carry on the original function of *OSFiC Magazine*, Gar Stevens later began a short monthly organ called *OSFiComm*. It touted such gems of fan humour as, "The Lossime Free Norp Society" and "Rudolph the Enchanted Raddish". (In many ways, *OSFiC* at this stage reminds me much of the present Peterborough group.) Gar handed *OSFiComm* on to Gordon van Toen sometime in 1971, a few months before I joined the club. Gordon ran the newsletter more or less faithfully until *Torcon II* began to take its toll on his, and others', time in 1973. *OSFiC Magazine*, unfortunately, also saw its last number that same year. Gill gave as his reasons a lack of interest, an absence of free time to attend to a fanzine, and perhaps most important, the loss of his father's office offset.

If the club made only a fairly small impression with it's publishing, it did better at holding cons. Notably, *OSFiC* spun off notable fanzines such as Mike Glicksohn's *Energumen* and Susan



Continued on next page

Wood's *Aspidistra*. As it's first convention (*King Kon* notwithstanding), *OSFiC* held *FanFair 1* in 1968. It was held in tents erected in Markham Street next to Honest Ed's, and Captain George was heavily involved in all the arrangements. *FanFair* was a success and encouraged the club to hold a more ambitious con two years later, in the King Edward Hotel. *FanFair 2* chose Isaac Asimov and Anne McCaffrey as guests, and was attended by 450 fans. It too was a reported success and added to the city's luster. For the time, 450 was *large* for a local con. With this experience, and no small amount of confidence under their belts, the committee members put in a bid for the 1973 Worldcon. In spite of heavy competition from Dallas (and Minneapolis, whose bid still stands in fannish contempt of mere facts), Toronto won. *Torcon II* was in many ways *OSFiC*'s high point. The 2700 fans who came to Toronto's second Worldcon, twenty-five years after the first, were treated to Robert Bloch as pro guest (who had been the pro guest at *Torcon I*), and Bill Rotsler as fan guest of honour. By virtue of his experience on *Torcon I*, John Millard served as chairman of the second, and other *OSFiC* members filled both the most exalted positions on the committee, as well as humbler jobs as gophers and flacks. It was said to be the last

fannish Worldcon. It was also the drawing of a curtain over the old club.

In Canada at this time, there were quite a respectable number of fanzines being published, both in and out of the city. The most noteworthy included a zine from Ottawa called *Hugin & Munin*. Published by Richard Labonte, it was decidedly sercon. In Toronto alone there was the aforementioned *Aspidistra*, a Very Serious and Politically Conscious zine, published by Susan Wood. The king of Toronto as well as Canadian fanzines, though, was indisputably Mike and Sue's *En-ergumen*. Begun in early 1970 as a slim, art conscious volume of ambiguous promise, within a few issues it had captured the zeitgeist of later 9th Fandom, and by the tenth issue it was a full blown, verging on pretentious, icon that raised the bar for all subsequent Toronto zines. By the 15th issue Glicksohn had switched to the now famous Canadian Gestetner blue paper and realized an ambition no Canadian zine ever again came near. If *Torcon II* was the zenith of the old *OSFiC*'s trajectory, 'Nerg claimed its status among that generation of zines by winning a *Hugo*. Rather like the old club, it also passed from the scene. In a very short time there were no genzines in the country at all, and very little else.

Efforts at fan pubbing continued for a year or two mainly in *Canadapa*. *Canadapa* was so far as I know the first apa of Canadian origin and mainly Canadian membership. It was founded by BC fan Vaughn Fraser in 1972. It ran much as other apas, the members meeting a fixed schedule and sending their contributions to a Vaughn who was OE. The majority of members were from comics or media fandom however, and it wasn't long before SF members such as Mike Glicksohn and Murry Moore lost interest and drifted away from the apa. With their absence, the strong comics fan component of Canadian fandom of those days dominated the apa... and fandom. *Canadapa* underwent a gradual decline the years after, and the situation apparently still continues. After a recent series of debacles, the last breath may not be far off.

About the same time that the old regime of *OSFiC* was cresting, two noteworthy events occurred, both openings. The first was the opening of the *Spaced Out Library*, founded on Judith Merrill's collection of sf, fantasy and related material. (Judy had moved to Toronto only a couple of years earlier). The old *SOL* was kept in a brick Victorian house, painted lavender and purple, on Palmerston Avenue about a block north of *Memory Lane*, and while possessing considerable charm, it was at the expense of a painful economy of space. Later, of course, it was moved to its present St. George location.



Colour - (c) Tonal Wayne 2007
Ditto 1 Five Colour T-Shirt Art

TORCON 2



The second important opening was *Bakka's*. Charley McKee, after carpentering most of the shelves himself, opened his doors a month late to the public in the summer of 1972. *Bakka* in those days was more than a bookstore. It was a small press, and also an art gallery. That summer it held a sidewalk show. In general, the most prominent artists to appear there were Rob McIntyre, Jon Lomberg, and Ron van Leeuwen. Derek Carter, well known in fanzines as an artist by then, made personal appearances, propping his drawing board up in the window to draw. *Bakka* also threw Halloween parties, and published an eclectic catalog/magazine that lived on many years. Comics and album cover painter Ron van Leeuwen later became a partner in the store, by which time *Bakka* had moved next door to expand. (Then, of course, it took back its original premises by breaking down the wall between them and the new store.)

If *Torcon II* and *Energumen* were the highwater mark of *OSFiC* in 1973, they were also the end of an era. The Worldcon increasingly diverted energy that used to go into the club, into the con instead, and by Labour Day the meetings were in chaos. Newer members who were beginning to form a clique of their own, began muttering subversive thoughts, and just before the '73 Worldcon, Jim Allan circulated a petition to Have Something Done to improve conditions. The result was a transfer of the club, practically lock stock and barrel, to a younger generation.

This was the period of club history that fostered me and the *New Derelicts*, and what the newest members would think of as the "old" fans in the club. In general, while there was much energy and bustle, I think the second crescendo of club fanac generated more noise than solid accomplishment, but most of us had a lot of fun doing it. The first result of the petition was to put the newsletter in the hands of Phil Paine's. While he published an innovative and effervescent newsletter, he rather made a hash of it by being erratic and undependable. Nevertheless, the group blitzes to get *Nor* out on time gave form to fanac to come. By the middle '74, Phil, Jim and the Usual Gang of Idiots had hammered out an idea for a club one-shot sponsoring policy. Phil proposed to edit the first. Since he also initi-

ated a plan to run another *FanFair* and expected to chair it, he had rather more on his hands than anyone could reasonably accomplish. After a brave try and some pressure from the club, he agreed to eschew publishing the newsletter, much to the relief of everyone involved. Since I was already deeply involved in the club monthly and urgently desired to be editor, I took over. Renaming *Nor* "*Synapse*" I imposed several idiosyncrasies of my own on the newsletter. Like *Nor* before it, *Syn* enjoyed a good rate of member participation, and like *OSFiC Magazine* before *Nor*, it was sent moderately widely to fans outside the club. Publishing fanzines was the gestalt of *OSFiC's* second generation, and before long there had been four one-shots pubbed for the club, a flourish of apazines, and several small independent genzines being published, including those by Bob Webber, Bill Brummer, Patrick Hayden, and Henry Argasinski. At least two large genzines owe their origin to this period's enthusiasm, Jennifer Bankier's *Orca* and Victoria Vayne's *Simulacrum*. If fanzine production never quite scaled the qualitative heights of *Energumen* a couple of years earlier, it was more diversified and had a definite quantitative advantage. Meetings as always were sort of dull, but people had learned how to enjoy themselves afterwards at least, and *OSFiC* was setting traditions of marathon walks, all-night discussions and parties, Lunar Landing Day celebrations, greasy spoon restaurants, and unexpected car trips. For a while, even the meetings seemed more interesting, though this may have been a relative thing. The ones who do the most talking always enjoy themselves most, and we were in sole possession of the club, with none to dispute our eloquence....

The club had grown from about forty members to around seventy, mostly because of a publicity campaign of Phil's. *Synapse* reached its peak with a forty-page issue (still on its monthly schedule) that was a special history number.

A few months before, *OSFiC* had chartered a bus along with a London fan group, to go to the 1974 Worldcon in Washington DC. A *Society for Creative Anachronism* chapter had sprung up at the instigation of Steve Muhlberger, and Jim Allan had begun a chapter of the *Mythopoeic Society* as well. Everyone tended to attend everything. Several of the newer members were primarily film and horror oriented, so widely *OSFiC* cast its net at the time. These newcomers, typified by Elizabeth Pearse, attempted to form a separate *Fantasy Film Society*, but the first attempt was a dud. The second attempt by Elizabeth and friends of hers successfully launched the *Draco Film Society* based in Mississauga.

There were efforts at forming the first out-of-town

OSFiC chapter since the collapse of Ottawa's when the only two members, Alicia Austin and Susan Wood, moved to Toronto. Whether for better or worse, this led to nothing.

The idea for *FanFair 3* was born at an unofficial *Chips & Coffee* meeting, and was the brainchild of either Phil Paine or Michael Smith. Either way, the con got off to an ominous start. To begin with Phil missed the first organizational meeting, and I got elected chairman in his stead. Further, the committee that emerged from these proceedings wasn't strictly kosher, in the sense that those who met that night had only been empowered by the club to make suggestions for a con, not to actually begin preparations for one. Few of us savvied the finer points of club politics at the time. Moreover, the committee the club accepted *fait accompli* was grossly inexperienced, disputatious, and riddled with rivalries, as unfortunately we only understood later.

The result was mounting committee tension, several argumentative encounters, and a polarization of the

club into two opinionated and irreconcilable groups.

The con that was produced by this factional atmosphere was predictably a mess. As if committee infighting wasn't a sure enough curse on the head of *FanFair 3*, the night manager of the King Eddy Hotel made up his mind we were a disruptive influence, and threatened to evict us on various pretences. All of this misfortune served to fuel the controversy to follow....

The match to the tinder was innocent enough. Phil Paine fell asleep on the floor of the con-suite. A faction of the con committee, acting out of a misplaced sense of mischief, and a certain cluelessness about fandom, strove to collect money for the time Phil spent asleep in the con suite. The internal politics of this move are tediously detailed, and some of the people involved still touchy, so the simplest thing that can be said is that to one polarized group, Phil appeared to be in the wrong, while the appearance of normality reigned inside the con-com. From the other point of view it was the con-com that was wacky and Phil's nap on the floor of the con suite was in the best tradition of fandom. I lean to the later. In fact, of course the bill was just a joke. But the schizoid views of the situation were firmly emplaced, and sides lined up.

The confrontation came at the next club meeting after the con. I had previously resigned from the newsletter in response to Phil's bill, acting under no little amount of pressure, and Phil had prepared an elaborate case against his persecution. It didn't work out as we expected – no triumph of the Little Man against Organization. For a number of reasons, the defense came off second best, we all resigned for the noble purpose of cutting off our noses to spite our faces, and *OSFiC* was fatally divided. I suspect, too, as long as there are survivors of *FanFair 3*, the split is permanent.

In general one axis consisted of members who had mainly joined the club before *Torcon II*, and the other group had mostly joined after the Worldcon (or chose to go with them). The former began to call themselves *The (New) Derelicts*, after the old 40's and 50's fan group. Among them were most of the fanzine publishers and writers. The other group, who were left with the rump of *OSFiC* had been more or less neutral in the *FanFair* fiasco. Socially they were on a more friendly footing toward the Draco Film Society, who in retrospect seem to have been the main beneficiary of the falling out in *OSFiC*.

After walking out of *OSFiC* in something of a



Robert Bloch stands next to Heidi Saha, who is dressed as Vampirella. If you wanted your photo taken at *Torcon 2*, the best thing to do was stand next to the New York nymphet.,

childish huff, the *Derelicts* are probably best left aside for a history of their own. For *OSFiC* however, the agony of the feud wasn't over until after a long point by point battle, framing a new club constitution, and further bloodshed over the distribution of *FanFair's* embarrassingly large profits.

In many ways, once the fighting was over, life for the club seemed to go on pretty much the way it always had. Immediately after I resigned as secretary and editor, Mike Harper was elected and began a newsletter called *Nit Wit*. It underwent a development similar to *Synapse*. By starting small it got larger and better, then declined in page count about half way through its career as wear and tear on the editor took its toll. *Nit Wit* also saw a respectable amount of club participation, a good letter col, and a growing concern for fandom outside the city. Unlike *Syn*, though, its editor didn't have mimeo ink in his veins. When he was tired of *Nit Wit*, he was tired of pubbing altogether. The difference that mattered was the one between *OSFiC* before *FanFair*, and the club after it. The *Derelicts* had been the active core, and while some of the remaining members rose to the challenge, the pool of talent was really too small. Those who could, published on their own.

By the time Mike Harper turned the newsletter over to Jo-Anne McBride, the meetings and membership had probably already declined somewhat from their glory days. But by the mid-point of her term of office the *OSFiC* was definitely on a downward spiral. Meetings were shrunk to the point where only a half dozen people attended and wondered why they had. Club newsletters, which had for some years never fell shorter than ten or twelve pages, were reduced again to intermittent one-sheet notices. Membership dropped to forty from a peak of seventy-five. In brief, nobody cared. There was talk about officially disbanding the club in the months before *Summercon*.

Although the club had fallen on diminished times, Mike Wallis decided that the anodyne was to mount an annual con. He assembled a composite committee, drawing members from *OSFiC*, *Draco*, and even one or two of the less surly *Derelicts*. Although it's hard to compare two very different cons, *Summercon* apparently fared better in its way than *FanFair*. At least there was no civil war in the club, subsequently.

But many of the same kind of personality conflicts were inevitably present, and some of the same problems predictably appeared within the running of the con. Looking back, it's hard to say much one way or the other about the con, except just possibly that it didn't really make any difference. The committee committed itself to yet a sequel for the following year, but perhaps fortunately the idea didn't pan out. The con

was canceled a couple of months before the announced date.

However ineffectual, the con at least seemed to mark a change in the club's fortunes. Jim Allan and I invited a number of people to attend a meeting we had engineered for the express purpose of rejuvenating the club. Although (symptomatically) none of the *OSFiC* executives appeared, a plan was hammered into shape with representatives of another small club whose officers had appeared to merge the two memberships. This merger was ratified and after elections the club had another start. Lloyd Wasser of the local Star Trek club that *OSFiC* absorbed became the new secretary, narrowly defeating by a handful of relatives Jo-Anne McBride. Despite a year of one-sheet newsletters that half the time had to be done by Mike Wallis for her, Jo had decided to run for another term. But Lloyd won, and as per agreement I assisted him as co-editor in producing a longer monthly zine called *Input/Output*. At the end of seven issues, however, it was obvious to all that Lloyd had lost interest and was unwilling to work on the zine, except when he felt like it. To meet deadlines, more and more of the work fell on me so that I was effectively the editor. Jim Allan finally pressured Lloyd into quitting, (though since his membership was well lapsed he didn't have much choice). At that point I was officially made secretary for the second time. The newsletter got a quick face-lift, a new name, *Ishue*, and continued another 7 issues. By then I was co-editing a fannish newszine called *DNQ* with Victoria Wayne. It seemed only good sense to propose that *OSFiC* subscribe to *DNQ* rather than my continuing to work on both. *Ish* became a one-sheet rider. No doubt this is not the end of *OSFiC* History. When I retire from the office of secretary, some other lost soul will inherit the thankless task of publishing the club's monthly newsletter.

Although carrying the entire membership of another club (without additional income) cost *OSFiC* its financial security, much was gained in the form of new active members, including Robert J. Sawyer, who is now a prominent science fiction writer. With the help of a few older members, and veterans of *Summercon*, *Ozymandias* was staged by a few of the gamer new members in 1978, and this year the club will run *Ozymandias 2*.

With luck, whomever is newsletter editor then will be able to recreate some of the active gestalt of earlier phases of club history, and allow *OSFiC* to throw off its training wheels. There's no reason why not -- there are people enough, and potential talent. Now go do something with it!

— Taral Wayne

Return From **THE DIGS** White Heat

Or Everything I haven't forgotten about Loscon, Being a collection of hazily remembered vignettes and not to be construed as a real con-report, amen

Friday.

It was a kind of homecoming I think for a number of reasons. True, I haven't attended a LosCon in a decade, but this Marriott is sacred fannish territory. After all, isn't this the hotel Bjo shot through space back in '74? Doug Wright drove everyone to distraction in while a myriad passing cons set up their tents and passed into history on this hallowed ground?

Arriving early on Friday to find the fannish wheels humming, registration a breeze, well managed and felt great to once again pull the nametag raiment of conhood over my head and become one with the masses. The goodie bag consisted of the program book and a spurious treat called a SoyJoy "Fruitand Soy Bar", a treat that bills itself ". . .the kind of snack you'd bake for yourself. . ." but tasted more like "The Fig Newton you rolled in dirt".

How times have changed

Now, to shoot pics for your fanzine or website, you actually have to register for a "Press Pass". Somewhat bureaucratic, particularly for a rule that can't be enforced. But that's not all; should you, for some reason not want your picture taken, you apply for a button that supposedly opts you out as a target. Through the entire con, I only saw one person wearing this button and I have the picture to prove it.

And thus I perched in the lobby awaiting the arrival of Scott and Luba with whom I'd be sharing a room. Trying to digest the contents of the program book as well as my Soyjoy Bar, I could scarcely ignore the gal near me breaking into repeated, loud and long-winded denouncement for anyone within earshot of the hotel restaurant's Chicken Satay for not using enough Saffron and other fussy spices she alone has in abundance at home. Well, I steered clear of that Chicken Satay, believe-you-me.

S&L arrived to find a home in the art show for Luba's new arty bits. Help was pleasant, obliging and the hanging went quickly. I was surprised to see one of my old pieces being resold by someone, but on the whole the art show was uninspiring and I doubt much was sold. While many of the hucksters I spoke with claimed to be doing well, The Huckster Room had little to pry open my wallet.

Soon our baggage was hauled upstairs, along with endless bags of goodies for our "Xanadu Las Vegas" shindig come Saturday night. Shaking ourselves free of the desert dust and road-kill we were set for the night and ready to party.

And Party We Did. . .

Perhaps it's my Vegas DNA, but the hotel was kept at a temperature frigid enough to offset global warming. Fortunately,



Continued on next page



Party Spirit



Keith Kato, Chili Mogul

the party floor offered hundreds of warm fans to rub up against, but that's just me. While parties were plentiful and enthusiastic. I enjoyed finding enterprising fans having parties for their products and services such as Clonepod.org, the delightful leslieannmoore.com and the lovely folks at SimeGen.

Keith Kato's Chili party is always a success and well attended and he can be found wizardly coaching the steaming cauldrons, summoning all that chili goodness. But the chili was overshadowed by the exploding fudge fountain! Yep, it was Rochelle, tending the pot as hot chocolate flew in all directions, particularly the direction Rochelle was standing. Jackson Pollock would have been proud of the sweet melee, but not to be outdone, Ken was in attendance as once again the fudge took flight.

Many of the parties had copious amounts of booze and lovely selection of munchies which is always welcome, while others brandished only the traditional and threadbare half bowl of M&Ms (and we know who you are).

Saturday

In the past, I've seen fannish elevators with "Weight Limits", but this time it was a simple limit of "8" persons on board regardless of one's avoirdupois; however several elevators were working and the wait was never taxing. In fact, considering the con was well attended, there were few traffic jams and at times I wondered where everybody was.

The Horror Film Movie Marathon collection of short films was a most enjoyable event; I hardly remember similar offerings since Bjo's "FilmCon" of years gone by.

Blood is the Life.

Kudos to those running the Blood Drive. Drainees were entertained by belly dancers and following the drainage, plied with a wonderful assortment of cookies, homemade brownies, juices, books, balloons and other goodies. A nice touch.

James Daugherty's Westercon 61 (Las Vegas, 2008) was there in the guise of a membership table hoping to snag the unwary fly, then shapeshifting into a party come nightfall.

Remind me to shoot myself. .

I didn't want to miss the masquerade, but somehow I agreed to join the parade of 16 others for dinner at the neighboring Sheraton. Showing up at the diminutive restaurant with such a party caused the staff cardiac arrest and left us standing in the foyer a goodly time while they jockeyed tables. Then came the endless

fussing over who gets what and why and who pays or not. . .Sheesh. A juggling act was next from a single harried waiter trying to deliver a barrage of food while not forgetting everyone else in the restaurant. Meanwhile, two of the diners began a pissing contest on who had the most self-inflicted injuries; “I fell down a flight of stairs”, “Oh yeah? Well I fell down a flight of stairs and flew out the window!” Like being trapped in a Woody Allen movie arguing over the best oceans, Arrrgh! I swear the walls were closing in.

Finally trying to get the tab from the waiter was like pulling proverbial teeth. Chris Garcia was luckier than I and hit the street at a gallop and when I finally paid my tab, shot out of there like a cannon. That episode pissed away the masquerade which, alas, several claimed to be “retarded” anyway, oh well.

By the time everyone made it back to the room, it was time to set up the goodies for the ensuing “Xanaduing” of LosCon. Now Xanadu Las Vegas is Scott Anderson’s undertaking to bring a major convention to Las Vegas (uh. . . successfully). A blending of fandom, technology, media, literature and the arts to be held in Las Vegas in 2009. Sounds like a winner

I cut some foamcore festooneries for decoration, but all credit for the party must go to Luba who arranged and decorated with a vengeance. And when the doors opened to a flurry of fans pouring into a fine assortment of goodies, Scott bestowed each with a Xanadu Las Vegas ribbon and at least a dozen reasons why they should come. The music played and there were hanging sheets of paper for creative input while Scott’s jolly Xanadu Las Vegas video played on the TV. By the end of the night, there were few fans standing without a Xanadu ribbon and thus we declared a job well done.

The party that separated the men from the boys was clearly the “Prime Time Party” of John Hertz and Tom Veal, beginning a 1:00 am till the vampires came home! This vampire however, was conspicuously absent. And yet, the wee hours do eventually arrive and even the most stout-hearted fan must waddle off into the arms of Morpheus.

“Prime Time” notwithstanding, for a Saturday night, parties were fewer, less frenetic and closed earlier than those the previous night

Sunday

Luba couldn’t have been happier with her “Best of Show” and “Kids Award” blessed upon two of her paintings.

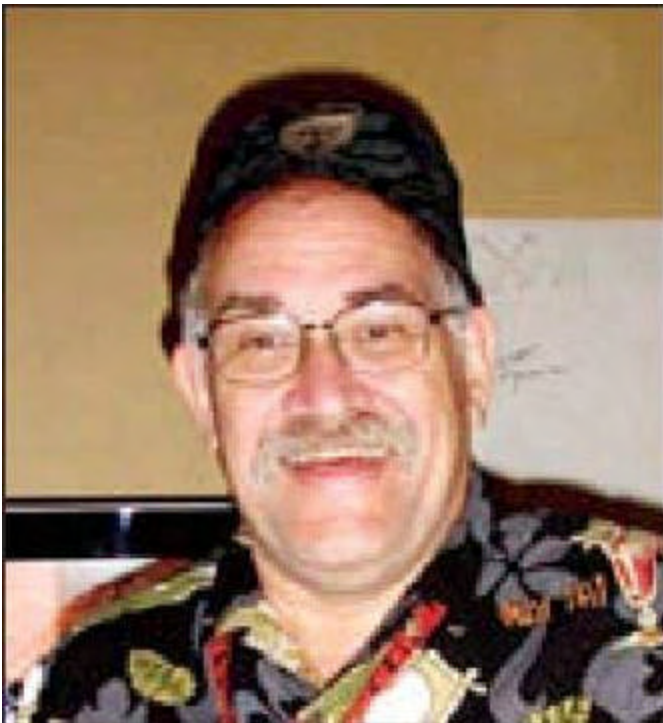
I finally found a moment to have a quiet lunch with a friend and chatted with Victor the waiter who has seen many conventions come and go over the years.



R-Laurraine Tutihasi



Luba and Cathy



Befezed James Stanley Daugherty



Rochelle Uhlenkott

Share YOUR Memories

Do you have a good story or even some interesting information about the fans and pros shown in these photos? Can you identify the mystery fans in some of the pictures?

Why not share your remembrances with the rest of us by sending them to *VFW*?

Why “just last week” he exclaimed, there was “Irish Dancing” where he proceeded into an impromptu, straight-armed jig he claimed to be “practicing at home”. While there was no competition with Michael Flatley, he also professed to be writing a book about his conversations with God.

Somehow and sadly, this last day slipped away with a clang and clatter of the artshow being torn asunder into little more than a pile of debris on the floor. Whatever goodies were left from the “Xanadu Las Vegas” party was dutifully donated to the ConSuite for the traditional Dead Dog Party.

Can’t say much for the ConSuite though; it had all the ambiance of those warehouse employee break-rooms you spy on the way to the restroom. Having said that, the spread was plentiful, inviting and it was here all dogs, dying and otherwise converged Sunday eve after the con had gone even colder. But the dogs were sparse indeed. The room was commandeered by the Volunteer Committee dishing out their various appreciations to the hard working and most servile.

That doesn’t mean we were without dogs entirely; Mike Wildmouth was railing on quite loudly, perhaps for our benefit, his dislike of Vegas Fandom and seemed to think (I gathered) any fanatic to be found from Vegas was surely a sign of the apocalypse, and pointing Scottward, had a few bon-mots regarding “Xanadu Las Vegas”. That, if nothing else was a clear sign it was time to pack off into the night. LosCon 34 was ending with more of a whimper than a bang.

Monday. . .Send Out the Clowns

You could tell the party was over. A ride down the elevator with a well packed fan; back up again with an airline pilot. Other panels and seminars were setting up in rooms the fans had still left warm and stinky.

Overall, it would be hard to find fault with this well-oiled machine called LosCon 34. They put it up, tickled your fancy and pulled it down again for a fair price in a hotel you can store your meat in. Considering I actually saw little of the con, still I have no complaints; so with any luck, I look forward to next year.

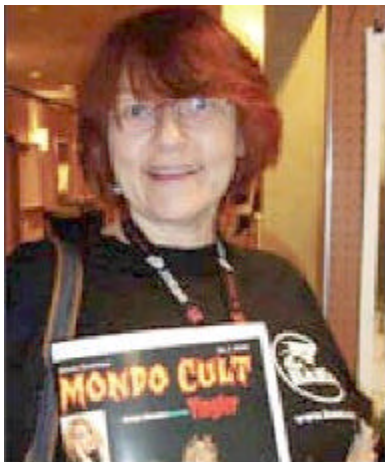
Observations

Can’t argue with Corflu management, but just wondering, since cons have become so ubiquitous and diverse, if the spontaneous “goshwowboyohboy” factor has turned into a “Here’s where you go and here’s what you do” factor. And what’s with all the pets? Saw half-dozen dogs, a few birds, a lizard and whatever the hell that was in the box.

— Alan White



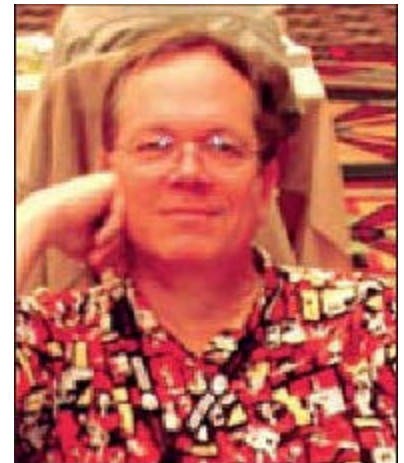
Greggy the K and Scott Anderson demonstrate an iPod Touch™ Ribbon envy



Ruth Judkowitz



J. Kent Hastings



David Clark

Luba and Scott Anderson share a tender pre-party moment.





Demon Dog



Frank Monopolizing the Women



Chill-Up!



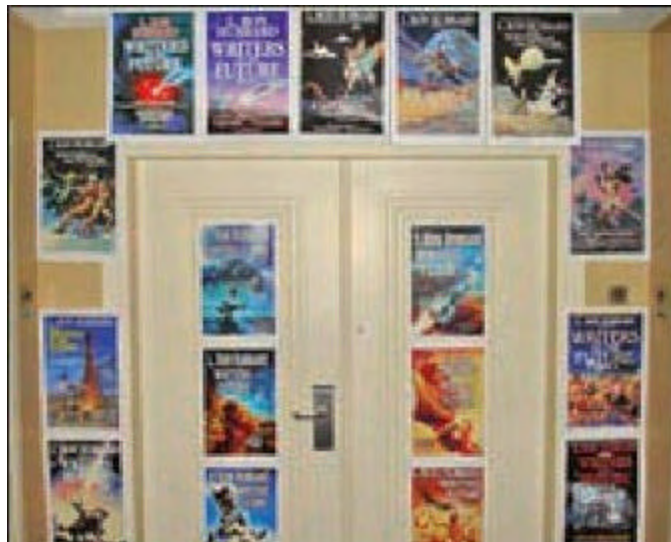
Jolie LaChance and Scott Anderson rest between revels.



James Stanley Daugherty, chairman of the next Westercon, reels in another member..



The caption contest is open for entries by all *VFW* readers.



It's pretty impressive when you see all those L. Ron Hubbard novels, some even written before his death, pinned to the wall.

"Big tent" conventions, like the Westercon, have to present attractions that appeal to the widest possible spectrum of individual taste. To judge by this display, that includes "none."

The Fanzine EVOLUTION!

I have been listening to a number of you who have been complaining about the decline of the Fanzine. I personally think that the main reason for its decline is because of the cost involved in printing and mailing them and the time involved in performing the necessary actions associated with just "getting them out". This is a very large burden on the editor of the Fanzine.

However, some of us who have been producing fanzines for a number of years have evolved them into E-zines. All the E-zines are just fanzines for the modern age. Every week I send my REVENGE OF HUMP DAY to approximately 400 people and it is my understanding that it is resent by a number of them to their friends. I found out about this phenomenon when I started receiving jokes and articles from people who weren't on my distribution list and I found this to be very interesting.

One of the complaints about the modern E-zine is, "It's not on paper and doesn't feel right." My answer to this has always been the same. "Just print it out on your printer that you receive it on and then it will feel right to you. Of course, you will now have to bear the expense of the printing. ;^)

It has always amazed me that the print Fanzine editors have sometimes looked down on the E-zine editors and say that it is not a real Fanzine that they are putting out. I have never understood this line of reasoning even when some of them have tried to explain it to me.

Maybe it is time for the Fanzine Editors to evolve and join the rest of us. You say that Fanzines are dying. I disagree. I say they have just evolved to E-zines.

-- Tim Bolgeo
In SoutherFandomClassic listserv

Impressed by Tim's post, I wrote the following, also on the SouthernFandomClassic listserv.

Thanks for a great presentation, Tim. I agree with a lot of what you say, particularly about the growing significance to Fandom of electronic fanzines. I guess that figures, since I've been distributing electronic editions of my fanzines since the late 1990's and have done three different, all-electronic fanzines (Jackpot!, Bring Bruce Bayside Bulletin and VFW).

My only real disagreement with your essay is that I completely and totally reject the premise that fanzines are dying. They not only are not dying; they are thriving. The FAAn Achievement Awards have never had so many egoboo-worthy nominees in the 15 years since I helped revive the annual awards for Corflu Vegas.

I think -- brace yourself for timebinding -- it's a matter of semantics. People who say that fanzines are dying have an extremely narrow definition of "fanzine." You can say that fanzines are dying if, by "fanzine," you mean a hard copy publication.

The definition I use has absolutely nothing to do with the medium -- and everything to do with the message. A fanzine -- an amateur publication pro-



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duced by and for fans within the context of the Fandom subculture -- is a fanzine whether it is typed on hektomasters and printed with the purple jelly or written to a file and printed at a copy shop or crafted using Microsoft Publisher and emailed to fans.

It's the content not the delivery system that defines a fanzine. There are many publications that have a cursory similarity to fanzines in form but are not fanzines because they do not operate within the context of Fandom. *FACTSHEET FIVE* used to review thousands of them in every issue. (There are also fanzines that relate to Other Fandoms. Electronic Gaming, Wrestling, Comics, Monsters and Popular Music are among the Fandoms that have their own amateur publishing.)

There *is* a revolution underway and, for want of a better term, we call it Core Fandom. The impact of the digiverse has mutated "Fanzine Fandom" (the fan-literary sub-Fandom of Science Fiction Fandom) into Core Fandom in less than a decade.

We've stopped using the term "Fanzine Fandom," because it is inadequate to describe the field as it exists in 2007. Core Fandom embraces all fan-literary effort, including all the exciting new possibilities the Internet has given us.

Core Fandom includes not only hard copy and electronic fanzines, but also blogs, listervs, websites, podcasts, webcasts, audio and video. If it's by fans and for fans within the context of Fandom, then it's part of Core Fandom. And when more avenues of creative expression are invented, Core Fandom will most likely incorporate them, too.

We call it "Core Fandom" for three reasons:

1. People get mad when we call it "Fandom."

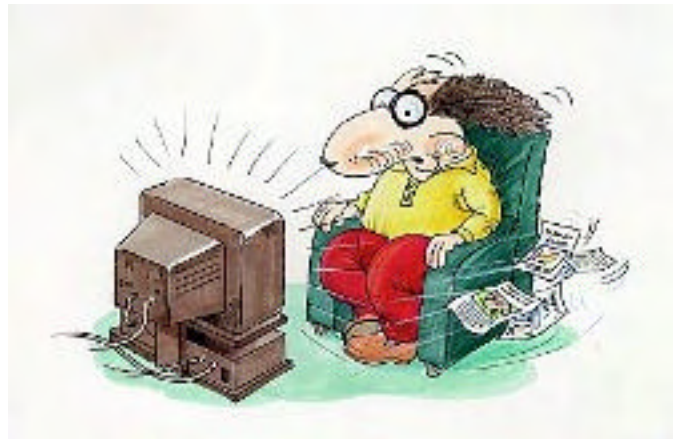
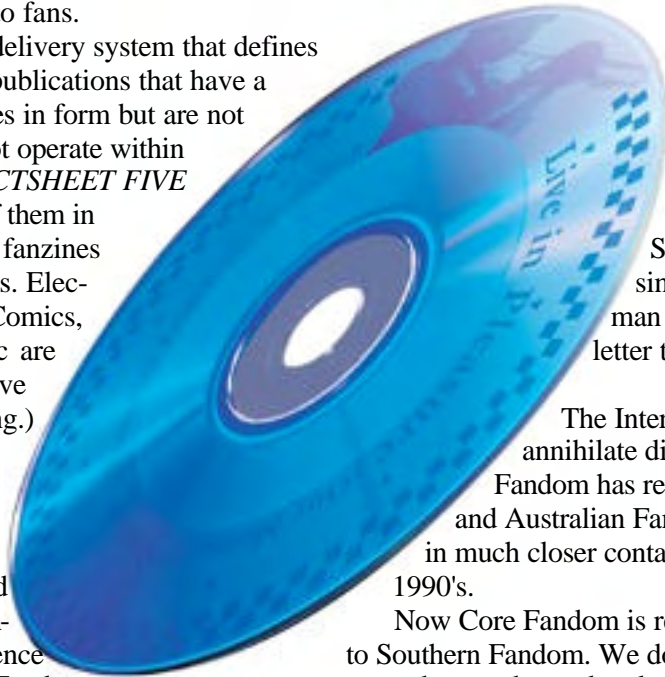
2. None of us has thought up a name that is as appropriate without being incendiary.

3. It expresses our connection to the history, traditions, aesthetics and ethics that have been part of Fandom's Social Contract since Forry Ackerman sent that seminal letter to Jack Darrow.

The Internet has the power to annihilate distances and barriers. Core Fandom has reached out to British Fandom and Australian Fandom and now all three are in much closer contact than they were in the 1990's.

Now Core Fandom is reaching out in the same way to Southern Fandom. We don't want to absorb it, any more than we have absorbed British or Australian Fandoms; we just want to invite you to come play. Each Fandom has much to give and there is a vast common ground..

— Arnie .



A Little Background...

Tim Bolgeo is an active participant in Southern Fandom, including publishing a crammed-to-the-gills electronic fanzine, *Revenge of Humpday*, and writing a series of very intelligent and thought-provoking posts, including the one that forms the opening section of this short article.

I want to thank Tim — "Uncle Timmy" as they call him in Southern Fandom — for permission to use his short essay which inspired mine. I'm hoping that we'll see Tim back in *VFW* with something else soon.

— Arnie

Things Fan Never NEEDED TO KNOW! *Surf's Up!*

Horned Helmets

The recent convergence of the passing of the Wolflord and my purchase of Wagner's *Das Rheingold* brought Vikings to the forefront of my thoughts. Now, as any student of ancient armor is probably well aware, modern research has failed to turn up substantial evidence of Vikings wearing horned helmets. I have often had to explain the shirt I have with the great Fitzpatrick art of a mythical Irish king fighting his last battle with a horned helmet on. No, that's not a Viking. I even heard the story once of who the hero-king was, but I've since forgotten too much to recount it. But that muddying of the waters with an Irish hero wearing a helmet falsely attributed to the Viking culture gives me the sort of questions I can't resist: Why do we think (falsely) that Vikings wore horned helmets and did anyone actually wear them?

This is apparently a pretty hot topic, as the first result on my search for "horned helmet" was something other than Wikipedia. A site called "The Straight Dope" tackled the question, "Did Vikings really wear horns on their helmets?" The answer, of course, was no. The article made the astute observation that horns not only serve no military purpose on a helmet, but would be a great grip for slitting someone's throat. Prior to the horn image, wings were the more popular Viking headgear adornment, although those are even more unfounded. The archaeological and historical record does indicate some use of horned headgear in Viking religious ceremonies, but the wings were distinctly the territory of Celtic religion. Not a bad start from my first hit. The site even gave reference for the origins of the misconception, tracing it to Plutarch. Reading further, I found a clarification of the archaeological record, noting that all but one example of horned helmets pre-dated the Vikings, and that example was little more than a tapestry. An interesting aside in the article had Herodotus ascribing horned helmets to the Thracians, "The prototypical steppe-barbarians...of his day."

The great switch from ascribing horned helmets to ancient Germans (like the Cimbri) to doing so for Vikings came in the art of Gustav Malmström. While Wagner is often given credit for the mishmash, his operas never concerned Vikings (although mythical German gods and Celtic warriors were featured). If Wagner must be given any blame in this, his audiences must take more for their role in the confusion. By the time of the First World War, the transfer of popular imagery from wings to horns was complete.

For once, I found little to trace out of the Wikipedia article on the subject, although there was a link to a culture known to have sported horned helmets – the Goguryeo kingdom of East Asia, whose territory consisted of parts of modern Manchuria, Russian Maritime Province, and Korea. The article on Goguryeo contained a section on military equipment, which pointed out that, "The helmets were similar to helmets used by central Asian peoples, decorated with wings, leathers and horsetails." Here was a trail to follow! If this sentence was to be believed, there were cultures that really displayed wings and horns on helmets used in war!

Modifying my search in the most sensible way, I simply added the terms "central asia" to the query, and was rewarded with a bunch of noise with good signal trying to punch through. The first hint of real potential was in a book excerpt (from *Along the Silk Road*, by either Elizabeth Ten Grotenhuis or Elizabeth Barber) describing the tomb of Cherchen Man, which included "a horned helmet of white felt." The text appears largely concerned with textiles, though, and the captions on the photos accompanying it indicate that Cherchen Man is about two thousand years too early for the Viking Age (then again, he doesn't



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need to have anything to do with it), and even too early for Goguryeo.

Frustrated, I forced my search terms into a more specific form, and found a lengthy page from the Iran Chamber Society describing pottery. This, at least, references a depiction of a 3rd century plate which includes a man in a horned helmet, described as a successor to the throne of the Kushanshah. It also includes a carving of a 5th-7th century king of the Sassanian dynasty with horns or wings protruding from his headgear. Another Iranian result, a pdf which has since gone missing and is only available by "View as HTML" from the cache, references a hero-king defeating a braggart who wears a horned helmet. Yet another source discusses a mysterious figure in the Quran who is supposed to be "two-horned", which most of the scholars discussed assume to mean that he wore a horned helmet. The chief contenders are listed as Alexander the Great, Cyrus the First, and a Yemini king, with Alexander being the favorite.

Mead

The trail had run pretty cold as far as the actual uses of horned helmets were concerned. I had Celts



254
30'5 cm.

and ancient Germans wearing them for ceremonial purposes, as well as hints of Central Asian groups, which I had followed on the vague recollection of a mention of Huns wearing horned helmets. So I threw up my hands, called up my friend Carter, and set out to make use of a discovery I'd made years ago on one of my final descents into the card catalog.

In my senior year of high school, I'd been researching *Beowulf*, and found that the only scholarly source my school had was Tolkien's *Beowulf and the Critics*, which, while excellent as a source, was even more long-winded than his fiction, and left me confused enough to want more sources.

For this, I had turned to D.H. Hill Library at N.C. State, where I would become a full-time student the following year. For the uninitiated in the Library of Congress shelving system, a college library of nine stories was a daunting place to start. I found that there ought to be a journal titled *Old English Newsletter* somewhere on the fifth floor, and partook of my trial by fire. Of course, I started at the beginning. I didn't know it at the time, but what I was gazing upon was a mimeographed scholarly journal running from the late 70s to the present day.

In the first volume, I uncovered an article which did very little to elucidate the text for me, but broadened my horizons nonetheless. A professor noted that in order to get a full understanding of *Beowulf*, one must drink mead.

Since mead was not commercially available in 1979 in most places, he provided the most helpful possible information: a recipe. The basic ingredients were 3 ½ pounds of honey, 1 ½ gallons of water, three eggs, a slice of toast, a half a teaspoon of yeast (spread on the toast), and an assortment of sweet herbs and spices (chiefly cinnamon, mace, and ginger). The instructions

said to dissolve the honey into the boiling water, add the eggs, boil for 30 minutes, add the herbs and spices, remove from the heat, cool, drop in the slice of toast, lightly cover for a day or two, allow it to ferment for two weeks, and seal it up in bottles for at least a month. I tried this twice when I was a teenager, with mixed results – one batch of mead, one batch of vinegar.

And so, when a friend of mine known for his love of Vikings and heavy metal suggested brewing to me, I recalled my prior experiments, and suggested we hit the library. I dashed into the library and found that recent renovations had obscured most of the resources I was expecting to find, and so I logged onto one of the workstations using my room mate's ID and pulled up a search on the (now) online library catalog.

The entry for the Old English Newsletter was actually harder to comprehend on the online version, and it took considerable digging to find its actual location on the shelves. I took the elevator up, leafed through the available volumes, found the article I was looking for, and was fortunate enough to be allowed to use the copy machine first by the fellow ahead of me with a nice stack of research to copy.

Recipe in hand, I ran back to my car in the rain, called my friend, and arranged to meet up at the local hippy grocery store. We got honey there, but since all the yeast appeared to be geared toward breadmaking, we decided to hit the brewing supply store across town.



Cruising to music contemporary to our source, we found the brewmaster's place with a minimum of difficulty. The brewmaster asked what he could do for us, and when we explained what we wanted to make, a smile crossed his face. We showed him our recipe to give him a better idea, and his apprentice's eyes just about crossed when he saw the bit about toast. The brewmaster remarked with appreciation that he had heard of such things, but recommended that we try more modern methods, as the preservatives in most breads will either kill yeast or prevent it from growing enough to cause fermentation. We agreed that we did not actually want to prevent fermentation, so he recommended some champagne yeast to us, which he said could take it up to 18% alcohol content. We nodded our approval, and then he asked if we had a plan for yeast nutrient. We were a bit puzzled, and he explained that this was the purpose of the toast which we probably didn't want to use. We agreed, of course, and he showed us to the rack of yeast nutrient. He pulled down one which he compared to meat and potatoes, an all purpose yeast nutrient. He then pulled down another marked "for alcohol content over 12%", which he explained was like fruits and vegetables, and would let us take full advantage of the champagne yeast. For three bucks, it didn't seem like a bad deal, and we were satisfied customers. He cheerily called after us, "Tell me how it turns out."

We examined our purchases, and found that we could make up to five gallons with our yeast, so we decided to buy more honey and triple the recipe. All told, we spent about sixty dollars, but some of our ingredients (yeast nutrient and spices) will last us more than one batch. For future brewing, we'll probably get bulk honey directly from a local producer.

We did some quick searches, and found a few extra pieces of advice we wound up taking. When you boil the honey and water, a froth will form. This is mostly bee parts, and should probably be removed from the mead by skimming.

We borrowed my friend's father's old beer-making equipment, and set about to brewing. His father noted that we even remembered a rule of brewing we'd never heard before – we'd made sure we had something to drink on hand. We found that the egg whites were particularly useful in gathering the scum to help skim it, although I later learned that the true purpose of the egg whites was as a yeast nutrient. Right now, our mead is fermenting in my friend's basement, but come March, we'll have a rollicking good time.

— Warren Buff

FANDOM NEWSBREAKS

Vote in the 2008 FAAn Awards!

Ballots are now available for voting in the 2008 Fan Achievement Awards covering writing, drawing and publishing in the 2007 calendar year. Several popular fanzines are distributing ballots, which are also available at efanzines.com, TheVoicesOfFandom.com, Corflu.org and LasVegrants.com. (If you don't have a ballot, send me an email.)

As he has for the past two years, Murray Moore will be in charge of counting the votes and, if we are fortunate enough to have him at Corflu Silver, will hand out certificates drawn by Brad Foster to first-place finishers in each category. Well-known Las Vegas fan Scott Anderson will be in charge of making a second, verifying tally.

This year's FAAn Awards ballot incorporates a few innovations. There are two new categories and two that now have more spaces for entries.

The categories making their debut are "Best Fan Website" and "Number One Fan Face." The former is the first step toward recognizing fans whose creativity finds expression in some of the newer forms of fanac.

The latter has been determined statistically in the past, by adding up points gained in each of the categories. The Corflu Silver committee felt that the statistical method was unfair, inaccurate and unreliable.

Adding up the categories doesn't encompass all the elements that go to make the Number One Fan Face nor does the statistical method in use weight the categories according to the importance. "The 'direct choice' method may not be any better, but we wanted to give it a try," said *Me*. "We'll also furnish a statistical tabulation for comparison purposes and fans can decide which method gives the best results for the 2009 FAAn Awards."

Murray Moore is again the Official Tabulator, seconded by Las Vegas' own Scott Anderson. The results will be announced at the Corflu Silver banquet on April 27 in Las Vegas. The top finisher in each category will receive a beautiful certificate drawn by Brad Foster and everyone who places among the leaders in each category will be profiled in a special results fanzine to be given out at the con.

Anyone with an interest in fan writing, editing and

publishing can vote and there's no charge for expressing your opinions (and giving some well-earned egoboo).

To send a ballot or get more information, you can write to Murray Moore at: corflu25faan@yahoo.ca.

DUFF Begins 2008 Election!

The 2008 Down Under Fan Fund election to send a worthy North American fan to Australia is now underway. The candidates are Murray Moore and Steve & Sue Francis. The deadline is January 31, so don't delay in casting your vote.

Murray has done a wide range of fan activity, including his continuing stewardship of the annual Fan Achievement Awards. Steve and Sue Francis are popular Southern Fandomites who are avid con-goers and – runners.

Jean Weber has set up a system to make things easier for potential voters. Here's her explanation:

"Norman Cates, the Australasian administrator for DUFF, has approved an electronic ballot Jean Weber created for those wishing to vote in DUFF 2008 and make payment through PayPal. <http://jeanweber.com/duff2008/>

"The ballot is sent to an email address at Jean's domain, from where it is automatically forwarded to Norman Cates, one of the DUFF administrators, without Jean seeing it.

"The PayPal buttons link to Jean Weber's accounts in the US and Australia. She will pass the money on to the DUFF administrators. Obviously she will see who sends how much.

"If you wish more privacy, please don't use this method; send a paper ballot and a check/cheque or money order instead.

"The PDF version of the ballot can be downloaded from <http://www.fanac.org/DUFF2008.pdf>

"For any questions about the ballot or payment, please contact Jean directly: jeanweber@gmail.com."

Denvention 3 Holds Song Contest!

The Denvention 3, the 66th World Science Fiction Convention, is looking for a song. The con is holding a

Las Vegas Club Directory **Contact!**

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

Cinaholics

Alan & DeDee White
Email: podmogul@cox.net
Website: <http://fanbase1.com/cineholics/cineholics.html>.

Las Vegrants

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

SNAFFU:

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

contest for the best ditty, either original or filk.

The person who pens the winning song will allegedly win Fabulous Prizes and, presumably, have his or her creation performed at the convention.

You can enter by sending a lyric sheet and an MP3 file of the performed song to: filk@denvention.org. Entrants can also snail mail the lyrics and a CD or cassette to: Blind Lemming, c/o Short Planet Productions, PO Box 13092, Denver, CO 80201. The deadline is May 31, 2008.

Those who feel their efforts might be too satiric or confrontational are encouraged to send *their* songs to me at crossfire4@cox.net. No fabulous prizes will be awarded but you may well see it in print in *VFW* and posted online at TheVoicesofFandom.com.

Joey Grillot Passes

Expression of sympathy and commiseration resounded through Fandom upon news of the death of long-time fan Joey Grillot on December 24. He was an active participant in Southern Fandom and the New Orleans Science Fiction Association and will be missed and mourned by his many, many friends.

I didn't have the pleasure of meeting Joey, but anyone capable of stirring such heartfelt expressions of grief enriched many lives.

Three Vegrants Have Surgery!

Three members of Las Vegrants had surgery during

the 10 days prior to Christmas, proving that you *can* improve on perfection.

Linda Bushyager had her second cataract operation and within a couple of days joined the rest of the group for the December 22 Special Meeting – without glasses!

Jolie LaChance and April Reckling, who had more serious operations, are not quite as far along with their healing, but both are progressing rapidly. We hope to see Jolie and April at the New Year's Open House at the Launch Pad.

Ch-ch-changes (of address)

Dean Sweetman has decided to return to his former email address after experiencing some Internet annoyances. It's Burbank396@netscape.net...

Heard Around Fandom

VFW contributor Warren Buff will run for President of the Southern Fandom Confederation, when the group holds its annual election in March. The group does some good work, especially collating information, and Warren's intelligence and enthusiasm will surely be a plus...

Michael Dobson, who has always done a lot of traveling, is coming to Las Vegas on business and hopes to see fans. He's supposed to arrive today (1/13). — Arnie

ChatBack

The VFW Lettercol

ChatBack: The CFWKetter Column

Clear the decks! It's time for Fandom's best cabal of letterhacks to do its stuff.

Kicking off things this time is one the leading contenders in the "Best Letterhack" category of the 2008 FAAn Awards...

Lloyd Penney

See, I told you I'd get caught up. I hope I'm in time. Following are comments on the contents of *VFW 101*.

Good to see that VSFA is still going. I wish their clubzine was, too. At least you guys had a Hallowe'en party to go to! If there was a fannish party locally, we never heard about it. Oh, well, I had to work that night anyway... *pout*

I'll have to make it up to John Purcell...because I have been working 50-hour weeks at my new full-time job, plus the part-time in the evening, I've had little if any time for fannish writing. John himself filled in for me for the fanzine review column in *Askance 5* this time around, and I'm certainly I'll have a few things ready when issue 6 hits the mailbags or IN box in January.

Neo feuding? They barely know anything, let alone each other. They must be let into a small pen, and goaded into battle. Is Michael Vick involved in anything like this?

I haven't seen many updates on the Corflu website...will there be a progress report coming up? Representatives of the LV Convention and Visitors Bureau were at a trade show Yvonne and I were attending, and we got lots of booklets and other neat stuff to see what is going on, and see what we'd like to do. We're mostly saved, and as soon as the Christmas stampede is done, we will make some final decisions about our trip. We plan to arrive in LV the Monday before the con, and leave the Monday after the con.

That computer set-up ShelVy used to illustrate his article...wasn't that a hoax of some kind? I'd need to check Snopes.com about that.

James Bacon has written for one of the few Canadian fanzines, WCSFAzine, about Canadian involvement in the various fan funds, and how outside of CUFF, anyway, there have been no Canadian winners, making funds like TAFF look like exclusive British – US affairs. I have been asked to participate in the past, but I doubt I will outside of voting. Just not enough time, money, or willingness to participate in TAFF politics. As James says, the fund isn't so much about financing your own trip, but there is some expectation to promote the fund, and I probably wouldn't be able to travel extensively to build up the funds again. Fan funds are not well-known by most Canadian fans, and even CUFF has a tough time building up its bank account.

Sorry the return of Tommy Ferguson wasn't written up...I plead timelessness. When Tommy got in touch with us to tell us he was bringing his wife Leslie to Toronto, we kept the secret until close to time. They rented a house on Seaton St. in Toronto for a while, and Tom took Leslie to various places in Toronto and down the highway to St. Catharines where some of Tom's extended family lives. The evening of the pubnight was a very good time, and at one point, Murray Moore asked Leslie what part of Ireland she was from...she promptly replied, "Virginia." The pubnight was where Tommy had started the night all those years ago, and he even got to reunite with Margo, the waitress who first took Tommy's reservation...she is now the general manager of the Foxes' Den. A good time, Leslie is lovely, and it was a great evening. Now, Murray Moore said he was going to write up a report, and he sent the report to some of us for a quick vet before passing it on to you. If you didn't get it, pester him for it, and there is at least a photograph of Tommy and Leslie attached.

Mention of Ken Krueger in the local...through Joe Fillinger in Niagara Falls/Buffalo, I have been able to get Terry Kemp back in touch with Ken, and I hope there will be a report on this in *VFW* or eI. I may have said in my loc on issue 100, but I will be attending Eeriecon 10, the annual convention in the NF/Buffalo area that Joe chairs, and I'll be on a fanzine panel with Joe

Dec. eMailing REPORT *SNAP Shots*

Despite the holidays, SNAPS put together a 56-page bundle for its December eMailing. Charles Fuller and I each did 10 pages to rank as the largest contributions. Others in the eMailing were: Joyce Katz, Robert Lichtman, John Purcell, Chris Garcia, R. Laurraine Tuitihasi, Alan White, Bryan Follins, Teresa Cochran and new member Shelby Vick.

SNAPS is a monthly electronic apas that welcomes new members. There are no dues and the activity requirement is a paltry one page per two months. If you'd like more information about the apa or if you'd like to see a sample emailing, please contact me — I'm currently the OE — at crossfire4@cox.net.

— Arnie

Deadline for Jan. eMailing: 1/26

and Ken. Now to see if anyone shows up for it... Joe has already promised me copies of his old fanzine Ghuvna.

Who loded first, Robert or me? I'm not sure myself, but I suspect it was Robert. I'm not always timely, but I do try to be complete.

More and more people from the Toronto area, as their finances improve, have decided that they want to go to one big con every year. And, more and more, that big con is...Dragoncon. Like me, their memories of Torcon are not too pleasant, and after a few locals came back from Dragoncon with expansive stories about the actors and stuff in the dealer's room...well, Worldcon just can't compete. Will they be going to the Montreal Worldcon in 2009? Only if Dragoncon isn't on.

Robert...I think Arnie is referring to Linda Deneroff's writing for Trekzines. I remember Linda from my years on the Star Trek Welcomittee. Also, I'll further confuse the issue of Penelope Fandergaste by remembering that this name also cropped up with a column in Terry Jeeves' Erg. And, I have a copy of that N3F Fandbook on apas. I don't even remember how I got it, but I got it.

I think this loc on issue 101 is bigger than the loc on 100, and for that, I apologize. This weekend has been much more relaxing than when I wrote the 100 loc. I'll try better next time, I really will, and I think next time is coming up RSN. See you then.

Arnie: Of course you're "in time." Letters of comment are always "in time." Peter Weston sent me a LoC on a 1960's fanzine and I enjoyed every syllable of it, except the ones with which Peter dinged me for not having sent him the zine in the first place.

I sympathize with the heavy work schedule. My ca-

reer has taken a somewhat surprising upturn and I have been spending a lot of time on getting ProWrestlingDaily.com ready to go "live" and getting involved with a company that has a lot of diverse properties in the Internet and pro wrestling fields. VFW is in no danger of folding, but work, the holidays and Joyce's poor health in December and January have conspired to shred the fanzine's schedule.

I have to disagree about Neofan Feuding. Much as I abhor the practice of making newcomers feud for the entertainment of cynical fannish gamblers, facts must be faced. The reason this underground sport is flourishing in the dark places of Fandom is that neofans make up for in naive ferocity what they lack in subtlety.

I try not to get too sentimental in VFW, but I think it's safe to say that I love the next contributor like a brother...

Ira Katz

Just read the history of your involvement in fandom. It brought some memories to my mind. As you are well aware, I've never been involved, except where I've been enlisted as your partner in crime.

Remember the times we'd take the bus and a couple of subways to get to that damn awful hole in the wall where we could get cheap paper? Of course, after we had the joy of the 2 hour trip, we got to carry the paper all the way home. I guess if we were smarter we would probably have figured out to get a shopping cart, rather than carry the reams of paper home in our hands.

Of course, there was always that ditto machine we got from Dad's office. I still think of the buzz we got off the fumes from the ditto fluid.

Las Vegas Fan December Events Calendar

VSFA Monthly Meeting Saturday February 2 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, February 2 7:30 PM

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

SNAFFood February Dinner Saturday, February 9 6:30 PM

The dinner meeting will take place at a local barbecue place. Contact LindaBushyager@aol.com for details

Las Vegrants Meeting Saturday, Feb. 16 7:30 PM

The informal invitational Core Fandom club meets on the first and third Saturdays at the Launch Pad, the home of Arnie & Joyce Katz. Vegrants has added quite a few new members in the last two years, so don't be afraid.

SNAPS Deadline Saturday, February 23

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, February 24 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.)

Oh well, such memories.

Arnie: Pace Paper will always be a storied place for New York fanzine fans of the 1960's and 1970's. I don't know who discovered it, but it was definitely Ted White who pointed it out to me. The Fanoclasts and, later, the Brooklyn Insurgents took advantage of the low-priced mill overruns that Pace dispensed for 85 cents a ream when other retailers wanted \$2-\$4 for the 500-sheet package.

At those prices, we put up with the extremely limited color choices and the need to buy 100 reams at a time. When several fans went in on the purchase and all of them published fairly frequently, paper color wasn't a big problem.

Ah.... but when the number of publishers declined or several went quiescent, it meant that every fanzine coming out of New York seemed to be on that same chocolate brown paper. (Well, to be accurate, we didn't refer to it as "chocolate brown" among ourselves; we favored a more colorful adjective.)

ChatBack's Stalwart in the Lonestar State has a pet peeve he wants to share...

John Purcell

I have a fannish pet peeve about my fannish pet peeve article call.

So far, only two folks have responded: you, and

Andy Trembley. In fact, Andy's might even work better as its own arkle. In the *VFW #102* loccol, Bill Mills complains that his "biggest fannish pet peeve is that when asked to contribute something to such an article, I can't think of a thing." Well, that sounds like a pet peeve to me.

But it is still early yet. I might include one of my own pet peeves - it involves cons and elevator usage - so we shall see how many submissions I receive. All I really want are three or four more. It would *so* make my Holiday Season meaningful.

Oh, tell Lloyd Penney - or is that Floyd Pfennig, I get them confused all the time - that *The Sound of Fanac* now has a working outline. Be Very Afraid. Yes, indeed; Lloyd has at least another decade of therapy to look forward to...

Arnie: I felt it was a little too serious to rate as one of my pet peeves, but I have to admit that I'm sometimes disappointed in how reluctant many fans are to try new things.

It's more understandable, I guess, among the old-pharts who have fanned for decades and no longer have the desire and, perhaps, the energy, but I hate to see a relative new fan who doesn't at least try the various forms of creative fanac.

A Las Vegas eo-fan offers a more accurate version of an oft-told tale...

Dwain Kaiser

I've been meaning to correct a mistake you posted (quite awhile ago).

Galaxy Reporter came out in Long Beach... there may have been one issue (called GR) out in Vegas.. but it was mimeoed with a cover by Alan Weiss (one of our local artists/club member who later became a fairly well known comic pro).

Bob Davenport and I put out Astron (which was ditto).. fairly awful (but for some odd reason they fetch a good price on ebay, a couple sold for twenty bucks plus, ghu only knows why)..

By the time I reached Vegas, I had been a fan for a few years (yeah, old and creaky ahead of my time). I was a Vegas fan when I attended my first con (Pacificon II).

Arnie: Thanks for straightening out that aspect of Las Vegas fanhistory. We Vegas fans still think of you with special affection as the biggest name in Vegas eo-fandom.

It's a pleasure to herald the ChatBack debut, especially when it's such an intelligent set of comments...

Joel Zakem

As usual, I am a bit behind in my fanzine reading, but I wanted to drop you a brief note to congratulate you on surpassing 100 issues and point out a bit of an error in Linda's report of the 2007 MidWestCon. Therein, Linda (who I met, I believe, at my first MidWestCon), wrote:

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.

Naomi is not Frank's wife. Frank has lived with Karen Kelley for many years, but Naomi is Naomi Fisher, a fan currently living in Huntsville Alabama (and who is married to Pat Molloy) who is famous in Southern and Midwestern fan circles for (among other reasons) her elaborate convention parties.

Frank and I have been throwing these parties every five years, beginning at our 25th MidWestCon. A few parties ago, we realized it would be easier (and the parties would be better) if we contract with Naomi to cater the parties (though I remain in charge of the beer and single malt). Besides Naomi and Pat, others who helped included Rich & Niki Lynch and Gary Robe.

Arnie: Thanks for the amplifications, Joel. This is an intriguing glimpse of today's Midwest Fandom.

From the frozen wilderness of Michigan comes comes an insurgent voice Burbee himself admired...

Bill Kunkel

As Proof of Aging, one turns more and more, as you have, to thoughts of finality. Last words, services, etc. I recently compiled a list of seven songs I want played at my memorial service, keeping costs low. I had no problem coming up with the appropriate Lucky 7 and wrote short dedications to accompany each song.

However, being of perverse mind, I couldn't help but think of the most *inappropriate* possible songs to play on the inevitable occasion of my passing. Stuff like "Stairway to Heaven" (perhaps as performed by Dread Zeppelin instead of Zep), the White Stripes' "St. James Infirmary" and, my personal favorite, the Hollies' "(All I Need is) The Air That I Breathe."

Last words are important if there's someone there to hear them (like poor Charles Foster Kane, who died alone, at the cost of a particular favorite snow globe, whispering the name of his beloved childhood sled and... wait a minute! How the hell were they able to do a newsreel story and an entire movie based on his final words if nobody was there to hear them?). Even if they aren't heard, you can't go with another real person's used last words, no matter how pithy (like Oscar Wilde's: "Either that wallpaper goes, or I do," unless of course you really are gay). You've got to have pride in your ability to sum up your existence in one, memorable line, such as: "Mother of mercy, is this the end of Rico?" This last one is especially good if you actually happen to be named Rico.

Then there's the danger of being misquoted. That one about: "Dying is easy; comedy is hard"? Apparently the actual quote comes from actor Edmund Gwenn, who played Kris Kringle in the original "Miracle on 34th St." As he lay dying in 1959, friends inquired if he were having a tough time. "Yes, it's tough," he confessed, "but not as tough as doing comedy."

I figure if nothing better comes to me, I'll go with the enigmatic: "George... Lazenby... was the only... real... James Bond..."

Arnie: I can see you've given this a lot of thought. I hope you won't be rushing to implement any time soon.

As we older fans struggle to recover from holiday hard-partying, here's one of the newer fannish voices bubbling with enthusiasm...

Chris Garcia

Wow, three full years. Congrats Arnie! I'm not at all surprised you've made it so long. It's one of the best zines out there and I'm glad I get a chance to read it and enjoy.

I'm excited about Xanadu already and we're more than a year away! Linda and I went to the party at Los Con and we think it sounds like a good time. I'm glad they chose a decent hotel and am hoping that I'll be able to make it as a part of my 'Let's Get The TAFF Name Out' tour of 2009.

I thank you for your congratulations. I just started my TAFF bank account and will be buying my ticket to the UK pretty quick! I'm lookin' forward to my trip, but as seems to happen with a lot of TAFF winners, life threw me a curve ball and I've gotta move within the next month, which isn't good. Luckily, I've got folks who'll help. I'll have that report within 30 days, no problem!

Has anyone tried to find this Nydahl character? He'd be in his 60s now, so it would be interesting to see how the resulting half-century has treated him. I did a quick search and noticed that a Joel Nydahl is the Chair of the English department at Broward Community College, would be about the same age (started as an instructor at a Community College in the early 1960s, so that would put him being born somewhere around 1940. I must investigate since he did leave his eDress on his CV.

What I wouldn't give for more Ray Nelson art. The man's a legend and his stuff still feels fresh. There are some artists who just feel like their period, but Ray's a good deal different. I can see why he's got himself the Rotsler award!

Remember this: both paper and eZines have electrons!

Love the Midwestcon Photos, but I'm pretty sure that one of the photos labeled Bea Mahaffey is actually Lee Hoffman. Of late I've been digging through everything I can find on Bea and that photo on page 11 doesn't really look like her, though does look quite a bit like Lee from that period. Of course, this is coming from a guy who was born 22 years after those photos were taken, but I've seen a lot of photos of both.

Great issue! Wish I could say more, but I gotta get back to finding a place to live!

Arnie: Since you won't be coming to Corflu Silver due to that scheduling conflict and Joyce and I aren't planning to spend much time at Westercon, Xanadu may well be the next opportunity to attend a convention together. So far, there's little to say what kind of con Xanadu will be, but I eagerly await details from Scott Anderson and Lubov.

Comments on Calvin Demmon and other nostalgic topics come from one of great fannish fans-turned-pro...

Gregory Benford

Fine issue.

Nostalgia is such an easy vice...

But Terry Kemp misreads: "Speaking of comparisons, I've been enjoying my comparison of life choices with Greg Benford. He last wrote how after leaving UC Berkeley he went to work for the CIA and entered into the best part of his life."

Wrong! I was at the Livermore Lab and went to UCI as a physics professor after that (though I had an office at UC Berkeley too). Still here, though I now mostly run two biotech companies. My CIA role was as a field agent, quite deniable. A Soviet specialist, since I spoke Russian and German. I felt that my generation's task was to bring down the Soviets.

Excellent nostalgia from Bob Lichtman. Calvin Demmon was a unique talent, whose loss fandom suffered. Few were ever as funny.

Arnie: Like anything else, you can OD on nostalgia, but it's quite entertaining in small doses. I enjoy running such pieces, but I also try to keep VFW pointed forward. That's why I'm so pleased to have such a blend of contributors, from Shelby Vick to Warren Buff.

After starting this edition of ChatBack with one Pillar of Contemporary Letterhacking, how fitting to end with comments from the other one, The Sage of Fandom...

Robert Lichtman

It was interesting to read in VFW No. 103 of Merric's losing his "fannish cherry." I'm about 110% sure that I won't be coming to either Xanadu or the Vegas Westercon, despite his sponsorship of the former and his video commercial for the latter. And regarding that, you say that it's viewable at www.cineholics.com. That's true, but it takes some serious surfing to find exactly where on that site it can be viewed. For the benefit of other VFW readers who may not have been successful in their efforts to find it, here's an easy road map: From the Cineholics home page, click on the

“News Bits” link on the left side. Once there, at the bottom of the screen you’ll find “Scott Anderson’s Westercon 61 Promotional Video.” That gets you to a tiny box in which the commercial unfolds. After getting to see for far too long the misspelling of Walt Daugherty’s last name as “Dougherty” in the opening text, there’s some sorta zippy music accompanying a lot of screen shots of the wonders of the Westercon hotel. Finally, one gets to see some fans near the end of the video. I came away somewhat underwhelmed, to tell the truth. It’s nicely produced, but it doesn’t really convey a clear message about what one will find at that Westercon other than the joys of a “standard room” and other parts of that hotel.

For those of us who were in the loop, Sid Coleman’s death didn’t come altogether as a surprise. As you note, he’d been ailing for some time. For a good view of his impact beyond fandom, I recommend a Google search for “Sidneyfest,” which will take you to a number of sites about this 2005 event at Harvard. You’re right that “Sid did not leave a great body of fan-writing, though he was certainly capable of slinging words with the best, but he will remain in the cherished memory of all those who knew his wit and wisdom.” I published a column of Sid’s writing in the 17th *Trap Door*, reviving the “Our Man in Sid Coleman” title Terry Carr used for Sid’s columns in *Lighthouse*—and Earl Kemp published some of Sid’s writing in the 10th issue of his *eI*. To me his most memorable single piece was the one about “37x,” but I don’t remember where it first appeared. No doubt Earl will reprint it in his up-

coming Sid Coleman memorial issue.

No doubt DSL and XP will aid Jeff Redmond in his ripping off other people’s posts from all over and reprinting them on his MSN list at <http://groups.msn.com/sciencefiction/general.msnw>. To be fair, only some of what’s in this vast collection of stuff (nearly 2,000 posts, all of them from Redmond) is lifted from elsewhere (an increasingly higher percentage as you scroll back in time), but with the memory of how he trashed the Fmzfen e-list and some of its participants (including me, where he made up fake e-mail addresses using my name and harassed other fans, including TAFF winner Chris Garcia) still fairly fresh I continue to feel (as I said when you mentioned him some issues back) he doesn’t deserve the attention of Core Fandom as represented by your readers.

Since, as you know, I published Joel Nydahl’s article telling his side of “Nydahl’s Disease” in *Trap Door* a few years ago, there was nothing new for me in your article on the subject—and in the interests of full disclosure I have to say I was a little disappointed that “The Truth About Nydahl’s Disease” turned into a pitch for electronic fanzine publishing as a cure. In your annex piece you write, “As a former gafiote who stayed gone 14 years and then realized the error of his ways, I don’t think I’m likely to put myself through a second estrangement from Fandom.” I wasn’t gone quite as long as you (only ten years), although my fanac in the last part of the ‘60s was pretty minimal compared to yours before your own gafiation, but like you I feel that only some sort of serious affliction would

A Great New Hour *TVoFacts*

There’s only one new audio on the Oral History Page, due to holiday hecticcy, but it’s a doozy! It’s an hour-long interview of comics illustrator Murphy Anderson by no less than DC Comics Editor-In-Chief Julius Schwartz. It was recorded in Dayton, Ohio, in 1993 and offers a historic look at the life and times of Murphy Anderson as well as a unique glimpse of comic industry legend Schwartz in the process. Check it out on TVoF’s Oral History Project page: <http://TheVoicesOfFandom.com/history.html>

Roxie and I recorded an updated, 2007 version of the “12 Faanish Days of Christmas,” which I hastily wrote and recorded last year for the December 2006 TVoF podcast. You can find it on the Fannish Music page Four, or by clicking this link directly to the mp3: http://TheVoicesOfFandom.com/mp3/12_faanish_days_of_christmas_bill_and_roxie_mills.mp3

The “Commando Cody Special” episode of TVoF podcast was left up into late December and can now be found on the Podcast Archive page, but I did rush a demented Christmas music episode together to get up for December... even if it didn’t get posted until Christmas Eve! *sigh* as I said... it’s been a hectic month.

As always, I welcome your email, comments, suggestions and contributions at: BillMills@TheVoicesOfFandom.com.

– Bill Mills

The 12 Fannish Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas a trufan gave to me...
A nearly antique bottle of corflu!

On the second day of Christmas a trufan gave to me...
two awful puns... And a nearly antique bottle of corflu!

On the third day of Christmas a trufan gave to me...
three filk songs... two awful puns... And a nearly antique
bottle of corflu!

On the fourth day of Christmas a trufan gave to me...
four witty retorts... three filk songs... two awful puns...
And a nearly antique bottle of corflu!

On the fifth day of Christmas a trufan gave to me...
Five old fanzines...
four witty retorts... three filk songs... two awful puns...
And a nearly antique bottle of corflu!

On the sixth day of Christmas a trufan gave to me...
six fannish websites...
Five old fanzines...
four witty retorts... three filk songs... two awful puns...
And a nearly antique bottle of corflu!

On the seventh day of Christmas a trufan gave to me...
seven Hugo speeches...six fannish websites...
Five old fanzines...
four witty retorts... three filk songs... two awful puns...
And a nearly antique bottle of corflu!

On the eighth day of Christmas a trufan gave to me...
eight Rotsler illos... seven Hugo speeches...six fannish
websites...

Five old fanzines...
four witty retorts... three filk songs... two awful puns... And a
nearly antique bottle of corflu!

On the ninth day of Christmas a trufan gave to me...
nine psuedonames... eight Rotsler illos... seven Hugo
speeches...six fannish websites...
Five old fanzines...
four witty retorts... three filk songs... two awful puns... And a
nearly antique bottle of corflu!

On the tenth day of Christmas a trufan gave to me...
ten Tuckerisms... nine psuedonames... eight Rotsler illos...
seven Hugo speeches...six fannish websites...
Five old fanzines...
four witty retorts... three filk songs... two awful puns... And a
nearly antique bottle of corflu!

On the eleventh day of Christmas a trufan gave to me...
eleven kinds of fanac... ten Tuckerisms... nine psue-
donames... eight Rotsler illos... seven Hugo speeches...six
fannish websites...
Five old fanzines...
four witty retorts... three filk songs... two awful puns... And a
nearly antique bottle of corflu!

On the twelfth day of Christmas a trufan gave to me...
twelve dead dog parties... eleven kinds of fanac... ten Tuck-
erisms... nine psuedonames... eight Rotsler illos... seven
Hugo speeches...six fannish websites...
Five old fanzines...
four witty retorts... three filk songs... two awful puns...
And a nearly antique bottle of corflu!
— Lyrics by Bill Mills

knock me off my fanac seat.

I enjoyed Shelby's story, and not just because I was one of the characters. I would note that Paper wasn't entirely correct when he asserted, "I've got *Trap Door*, *Challenger*, and so many more" to counter E. While *Trap Door* is resolutely paper (an electronic edition appearing only after the following paper issue is published), Guy's fanzine is pretty much a Web phenomenon these days. I think he prints few paper copies.

Despite the personal pain he describes, Steve Stiles's "Turkey Lady" was great fun to read. As you and I have long known, Steve is every bit as accomplished a fan writer as he is an artist and cartoonist. This piece was no exception.

Thanks to Joe Fillinger for this great batch of Mid-

westcon photos from 1952. I tried and tried to find a photo on-line that might identify the unremembered author, but failed completely. However, along the way I got to see a terrific photo that included Shelby Vick and Lee Hoffman. That was worth the search.

Warren Buff's and John Purcell's articles were interesting reading, but roused no comments. Well, except one. In the photo where Emma Bull is playing guitar, she strongly resembles (to me) what local fan Rachel Holmen looked like back in the '60s when I knew her before she got involved in fandom. She was also a folkie who played guitar. Only the hair color is different.

Regarding books on lurid pulp covers, you note that "Not quite so lurid in many cases but also fascinat-

ing is Dick Lupoff's coffee table book of paperback covers." I entirely agree—it's a fabulous collection with great graphics and terrific text. If there's anyone reading this who doesn't have it, I recommend checking out the book search engines for a copy. I just did and found second-hand ones as low as \$15.00.

In response to Jerry Page you write, "It's good to see you more active in national/international fandom." I agree. Please stick around, Jerry!

Like Shelby, I have no "fannish peeves," either. But I'll be sure to read *Askance* No. 6 when it comes out to learn what's Arnie's favorite one (if "favorite" is the right word here). As for his word picture of the Perfect Fan, I fail on a number of points: I have thrown away fanzines (or, more properly, passed them on) and I don't have "a good collection of old pulps." Oh, also no "cartooning talent," as anyone who saw my one and only efforts on that score (back in 1959, in the first issue of my first genzine, *Psi-Phi*) will readily agree.

I'm glad to read that Shelby's LoC on *Trap Door* "was not among the things lost when [his] computer died."

Arnie, you write, "Electro-Fandom has taken away some of our most treasured moments, like the hour that the mail carrier puts the letters and fanzines in the mailbox." Does this mean that you no longer receive paper fanzines!? If so, I'm sad for you because there are still a number of them and some are pretty good.

Like you I kept a good record of my early fanzine production and published the occasional list in one or another of my apazines from time to time. Back then I called my "publishing house" the Silverdrum Press because most everything was done on an ancient ditto machine. The last numbered publication was the 84th, and was my final FAPazine in my original membership: *King Biscuit Time* No. 1. I did publish a handful of zines for various private apas after that, but they were unnumbered. Since coming back I've far exceeded what Silverdrum Press turned out in its time—I've done nearly 100 issues of my SAPSazine alone.

Arnie: I hope you'll reserve judgment about Xanadu until after Corflu Silver. Scott and Luba will be there, of course, and the idea may seem more appealing once you become acquainted with them.

I understand your feelings about Jeff Redmond, who certainly came on far too bratty toward you and several other esteemed fans. And if Jeff is re-posting material without permission, he needs to understand that this is wrong – and that he should be especially sensitive, as a writer.

I also think that Jeff is a typically brash neofan with some upside potential. I also sympathize with him about the N3F taking him off their zine in such an in-

sulting way. It reminded me, in a way, of what LASFS did to Burbee over Shangri L'Affaires.

Of course I get paper fanzines and my copy of Sports Weekly, but surely you must admit that the days of getting five fanzines and six letters via snail mail are gone. Fandom moves to the beat of the Internet these days. I get 200-500 emails, exclusive of spam, every day, so the mailbox on my front lawn seems like a trickle in a hurricane. There's a romance about Fandom's simpler days that is quite appealing, even if I wouldn't necessarily want to backtrack.

My second "life" in Fandom has proven longer and more productive than my first one. I've been doing it for more years and have published more fanzines and written more articles than I did the first time. And though I'm proud of a lot of my fanac in the late 1960's and 1970s, I'd like to believe that I'm doing it better now.

We Also Heard from: Dick Lupoff, David Gordon, James Taylor, Joe Fillinger, Jolie LaChance,

Profuse apologies to those whose letters of comment got pushed to the next issue.

— Arnie





KINGFISH SAYS

Thirty-four pages is, indeed, Too Many for a fanzine that aspires to come out at least a couple of times a month. (Oh, how the mighty weekly schedule has fallen). I've got several tasty contributions and letters of comment that I had to hold over for the next *VFW*.

That's not to say that I don't need more, more, more. This fanzine has a voracious appetite for content, so I am earnestly hoping that some of the stalwarts (and maybe some newcomers, too) will hit the keyboard and send me the results.

See you all in the next issue, which ought to be in about two weeks.

— Arnie Katz

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... and tons of news!