

VEGGAS FANDOM WEEKLY



Corflu Silver Bulletins!

- Corflu Silver had a total membership of 94 with a paid attendance of 82 — plus some who attended the kick-off party and a few who didn't register.
- Bill Mills' Virtual Consuite, which incorporated both a chat room and live audio-video from the convention, galvanized Core Fandom (and beyond). More than 40 fans churned out 70,000 words in the chat room as they watched events in the meeting room.
- Besides all the scheduled happenings and hospitality, Corflu benefited from four sponsored Special Events. Marty Cantor bankrolled a Chocolate Fantasy on Friday night, Lubov & Scott Anderson sponsored the Xanadu Pizza Frenzy on Saturday, the Mysterious Benefactor funded Saturday's Midnight Cakewalk and the Vegrants bought the Deli Feed late on Sunday afternoon as an extra for the final party.
- Randy Byers will chair the next Corflu in Seattle. A lot of details remain to be finalized, because the bid came together only days before Corflu Silver. We'll have plenty of news about it as things develop.

Inside Story

M i c r o TIMEBINDING

I found myself in an uncomfortable, if not unprecedented, spot. As detailed at some length in this issue's *Katzenjammer*, I got swamped with work and con preparations, which led to a short period of sharply reduced fanac. As that piece also reveals, I came through this stressful interruption with renewed enthusiasm for our subculture, Core Fandom.

The surest sign of that renewed enthusiasm is that I started a new issue of *VFW*. I quickly put together most of the first two-dozen pages. That brought up a thorny question: Should I step on the gas and get the issue out before Corflu Silver or should I wait until fans returned home to distribute *VFW # 105*.

I asked Joyce. Her answer may be guessed from the fact that you are only getting this issue now. I put it aside and produced the final progress report with the restaurant guide, so that fans would have it before they got here instead of halfway through their stay. I assembled the program and put together the program booklet for the printer.

I felt smug about my decision as we packed the con stuff and drove to the Plaza on Thursday. I'd let other, less canny, fans hand out their fanzines at Corflu. I'd dispatch *VFW* in my usual manner so that fans would receive it shortly after getting home, while they still had the Corflu glow.

Shelby Vick had the distinction of being the last to leave the Launch Pad when Bill and Roc Mills drove him to the airport on Tuesday evening. That's when I realized that the visitors to Vegas weren't the only fans going home with a Corflu glow. Filled with the Spirit of Corflu, I had an issue that reflected none of the feelings of that Corflu Silver spirit. Should I rip it up and start another? Should I pretend that Corflu hadn't happened or that it didn't mean so much to me?

As I often do in times of fannish crisis, I turned to Fandom itself for the solution.

Everyone knows that timebinding is one of the qualities that identifies Fandom. One of the first fannish listservs even took the name "Timebinders." This issue of *VFW* is an expression, albeit unplanned and unpremeditated, of that concept.

All of it, except for this section and the news, hit the page before Corflu. *Inside Story* and *Fandom Newsbreaks* reflect events at Corflu Silver. I'm also going to hold the excellent letter column in the interest of getting out this fanzine in the next couple of days so that I can go back to work on my Corflu Silver con report issue. All letter in the queue as well as those about the next two issues will be in *VFW #107*.

I hope you enjoy this issue while I ready the next two.

I hope you'll like it enough to LoC. — Arnie

Vegas Fandom Weekly #105, Volume 4 Number 3, May 2, 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: Murray Moore, Bill Mills and Joyce Katz

Art/Photo Credits: Shelby Vick (cover), Drake Brodahl (3), Lee Hoffman (9), Alan White (15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20) and all else by Bill Rotsler

Columnists This Issue: Shelby Vick, Warren Buff, Chris Garcia

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 Seattle in 2009!

The First TIME Katzenjammer

I have incontrovertible proof that I've pubbed this fanzine a few times in the past. In fact, evidence points to the existence of 104 previous issues.

That's a lot of issues, but right now it all feels brand new again. Ridiculous as it seems, my mind was wrenched so far from the bosom of Fandom — and I *do* prefer my Fandoms bosomy — that the Spirit of Trufandom drifted to the edge of consciousness.

I also felt like you might want a little rest from me. The response to the last *VFW* was positive, but uncharacteristically sparse and it seemed wise to give everyone a vacation from me after such a sustained period of fanzine publishing.

In response to comments in a letter about my slack fanac, Robert Lichtman was kind enough to say that my semi-gafia would pass for many other fans' hyperactivity. And truthfully, I can't fairly claim any actual estrangement from Fandom: I did two Corflu progress reports, a pair of SNAPSzines and a lot of local activity. To all outward appearances, I seemed like the same burning-eyed fan I have been for many years.

Yet... I felt dislocated, somehow cut off from the throb of Core Fandom. There were days when I didn't even feel guilt and shame about not publishing this once-weekly fanzine. Why, there were days when I didn't think of it at all.

In 1940-1941, the *Burns & Allen* radio show never acknowledged that George Burns and Gracie Allen were a long-time married couple. On the program, they were show business partners and nothing more. The show presented both as singles who weren't afraid to mingle and had only a platonic connection to each other.

That premise gave Gracie leeway to flirt with cast members and guests in a way that society at that time would've deemed improper for a married woman. Her Vaudeville character was a ditzy blonde flapper, so she had a lot of experience in that kind of dialogue.

The radio show had not yet morphed into a modern-style sitcom. Its format owed more to Vaudeville than to *The Theater*. As it existed in the pre-WW II 1940's, George and Grace presided over a half-hour that was more like *The Smothers Brothers*. They did little comedy routines with each other, brought on other guests and served as the glue that held the varied fare together.

The show had an orchestra that played instrumental music and backed up singers. Ray Noble, the band-leader, became a character in some of the little segments — and part of his character was that he was crazy about Gracie Allen.

He was probably standing in for a lot of guys. Her photos from the period showed her as a frizzy-haired



Continued on next page



George Burns & Gracie Allen as they looked n the eve of World War II.

blonde with a lot of sparkle. Her personality, which was pretty much irresistible, didn't exactly dent her appeal, either.

Once every couple of weeks, Ray Noble and Grace Allen did a comedy turn together. After everyone else left the stage, Gracie would sit on his lap. As they began to banter and cuddle, Ray Noble always said the same thing: "This is the first time we've ever been alone together."

Well, in the grand tradition of Ray Noble, this is the first time I've ever written about Gafia.

OK, so I'm somewhat obsessed with the subject. It's very existential, in a fannish sort of way. I've written about Gafia many times. Here I am, writing about Gafia again, but it's a significantly different take on the topic than in the past.

The reason for my intense interest in gafia should be fairly obvious to anyone at all familiar with my personal fanhistory. I've survived a major Gafiation.

After more than 13 years as an active and highly visible fan, one married to a BNF besides, I gafiated totally and completely. Even Walt Willis' request that I contribute to *Hyphen* couldn't rouse me from my non-fannish state.

It may have started the process of my return in some oblique way, but I never seriously considered fulfilling my old friend's solicitation. And that's despite the fact that appearing in *Hyphen* would've fulfilled one of *my* primary fannish dreams. When I was still essentially a neofan, my Mt. Everest was having contributions in *Void*, *Innuendo* and *Hyphen*.

Not only did those three fanzines represent the epitome of fannishness to me, but all had already folded by the time I hatched this goal. Therefore, my resistance to doing something to achieve it is a telling sign of my mental distance from Fandom at that time.

In the numbing grip of gafia, such things didn't register. I knew I was passing up an opportunity; I didn't care. That's how far removed I was from all things fannish.

Almost all fans know the orthodox definition of Gafia: The process by which an active fan becomes an ex-fan. It isn't always cut-and-dried, though. Sometimes a person feels they have gafiated when everyone else in Fandom believes they are still active. Even more common is the person who has, in fact, gafiated in the opinion of everyone except themselves.

It's a highly subjective and solipsistic determination.

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.

I had a spell like that during my first fan era. I did very little apart from local activity one summer while home from the University of Buffalo. When I went to the 1968 worldcon, I was flabbergasted to learn that a well-circulated fannish rumor had me serving hard time in prison.

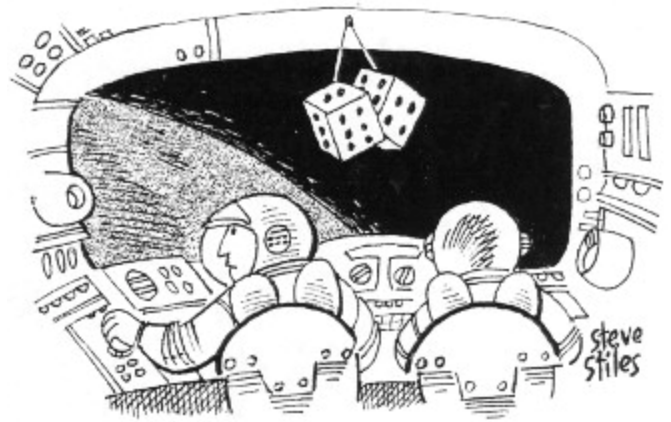
Bruce Pelz, who told me about this alleged misadventure, seemed dubious about my explanation and tended to want to Trust His Sources. My presence at the con proved somewhat more difficult to explain in light of that story, so he actually apologized for spreading this ridiculous story. (Charlie Brown, reportedly its architect, never expressed any form of regret to me.)

About a year ago, I referred to my good old friend Hank Luttrell as a gafiate. I hadn't heard from him or seen any fanac in over a decade, so from my perspective, he was no longer in the mix.

You may well question my characterization of Hank Luttrell as a gafiate. I know Hank took issue with it. He made a very good case in several letters. Did he gafiate or not? It depends on your vantage point.

In the strict sense of the term, Hank is right; he hasn't gafiated. Although the days when he produced *Starling*, attended clubs and cons on a regular basis and hyper-activity in Apa 45 are long past, he's still fannish in his soul. (Now, if we can get him to a Corflu...)

Maybe we shouldn't interpret "gafia" so literally if we want it to be a useful and usable fannish term. There are very few living gafiates who end their con-



nection to Fandom so totally that there is not at least one lifeline, one tenuous link, to Core Fandom. (Dead gafiates have no discernible contact with Fandom, though Bill Kunkel occasionally channels FT Laney.)

Often, that link leads to Robert Lichtman. For all I know, Robert can contact the dead ones, too, at need. But even ex-actifans who aren't in touch with Robert can at the very least get in touch with a fan without too much extra effort. The Internet has made re-connecting easy, which may account for so many ex-fans returning to at least a small degree of active participation.

Maybe Gafia is just a Mental State. The amount of actual fanac may be less important than the person's attitude about it. If you think you're "out of Fandom," then you're gafia. That also might explain why some fans claim gafiated merely because they haven't Pubbed Their Ish in six month.

My Gafia was near-total from 1977 to 1989. I didn't think of myself as a fan nor did I have friends who were active in Fandom.

Occasionally, thoughts of Fandom came to me, unbidden. I still had my fanzine collection and a lot of memories, even if the former was in cartons and the latter seemed vague and distant. When Fandom came to mind, it always seemed like a fond memory of the past, like my model railroading lay-out.

I was 100% certifiably Gafia. I was so thoroughly an ex-fan that if I'd had a beanie, the propeller would have spontaneously shattered.

Then I came back.

And for nearly 20 years since that return, I've wondered, even fretted, about whether Gafia could steal me away from Core Fandom.

I don't expect to gafiate again and have already logged much more time in Fandom on this second go-round than I did during the first. Still, I sometimes wonder if it could creep over me, bit by imperceptible bit, like some form of fannish paralysis. Then, one day, I would wake up and I'd be a former fan again, bereft of all my fine fannish friends.

Gafia's Deadly Grip



Ric Flair (*right*) has just retired, ending a 36-year career that took pro wrestling far beyond the “pseudo-sport” era. His character, The Nature Boy, is as far beyond Gorgeous George as Robert Silverberg’s writing is beyond Dr. David H. Keller, MD.

The trigger for these unsettling, melancholy ruminations was that I feel like I’ve been gafia for about two months. When I confided this in a note to Robert Lichtman, he brushed it off, saying that my gafia would be hyperactivity for many active fans. In a literal sense, he was probably right. I’d done three issues of *Softcore Fantasy Adventures* for the electronic apa SNAPS, put out the corresponding eMailings as OE, produced two progress reports for Corflu Silver, a bunch of Corflu work and local fanac and even a few listserv posts.

Calling that “gafia” surely sounds silly to less active fans, but for *me* it’s almost like coasting. More telling than any fanac I did is the absence of *VFW*. I haven’t gone this long without publishing a genzine in quite a while. The fact that you are reading this is the best sign that I’ve shaken off this incipient gafia and regained my fannish enthusiasm.

It’s not the amount of fanac, but my feeling about it that sparked the worry. I found myself thinking less about Fandom, directing less of my creativity towards it.

What commandeered all those brain cells I normally devote to Fandom was obsession with my re-born website, ProWrestlingDaily.com. It returned to life after an extended Time of Troubles in mid-January and *my* life has picked up a lot of velocity and complications ever since.

My interest in professional wrestling seems to de-



light some fans and strongly disturb others. I was half-expecting Francis Towner Laney to rise from the grave and send me one of those “Certificates of Fuggheadedness” that he infamously dispatched to fans who gafiated for reasons Laney deemed ridiculous.

Taral Wayne said he laughed when he heard I wrote about wrestling, which might be considered a bit judgmental for someone who spent a decade drawing anthropomorphic sex-crazed animals. (Taral, a wonderful guy and a fan friend, also said he hadn’t watched

Let's Hear It



Joyce Katz (*left*) has always been a fannish inspiration. Health and the Corflu chairmanship have decreased time for other fanac, but she prophesies a new genzine after Corflu Silver.

wrestling since Gorgeous George. That's like critiquing SF without having read any SF since Hugo Gernsback.

I like pro wrestling's incredible athleticism, the imaginative plots, the colorful characters and the sometimes hilarious melodrama. Over and above that, ProWrestlingDaily.com is my electronic baby and I love it as much as I do my other artistic creations.

This isn't a diatribe about wrestling, though. It's more of an account of what's been happening in my life during the months in which I did not succumb to the Fannish Imperative to Pub My Ish.

"Thirty" is a deeply significant number for journalists and writers generally. It is placed at the foot of a manuscript and means: "The Work Is Done; Send the Check."

The seven words of that last sentence could stand as a capsule version of the Professional Writer's Creed or *something*. It contains the two elements dear to the hearts of those who earn a living with words: writing and getting paid for it.

After CollectingChannel.com went bust, I completed a lot of writing, but folks were a little too reticent about sending the checks. It's a good thing that I've never measured my success as a writer by my income, because the fall off after the "Dotcom Depression" proved precipitous. Frankly, I doubt my income will ever eclipse the dizzying heights of the 1980-2000 period.

I developed a freelance writing and editing business that generated some money and a degree of professional satisfaction. I've always liked editing and working with starting writers,

One of the things I tried was reconnecting with the world of professional wrestling. Bill Kunkel, Charlene Storey, Joyce and I had done a weekly radio show and a monthly magazine in the late 1970's and I thought it would be fun to write about it again.

I wrote to the owner of a nice little site, Shannon Rose, and volunteered to do some writing. He asked me to pinch hit for him on his daily column due to the press of his work. I pounded out a column and he was so pleased that he asked me to sub for him the next



John Cena (*left*), who starred in *The Marine* in '07, is a modern day wrestling star with a character that has its dark spots. He has a hiphop feel wedded to a patriotic fervor that makes him a darling of the armed forces.

day, too.

I kept doing installments of “The Rose Report,” and Shannon kept requesting more installments. After a couple of weeks, he decided to re-name the column “The Katz Files” and give it to me permanently. (He did a few “Rose Reports” subsequently, but not on a regular basis.)

The site started to respond to the popularity of the column and he encouraged me to write other material. Soon, he made me editor-in-chief and, not long after that, partner in the business. It took a couple of years, due to some setbacks caused by collapsing technology and an unstable webmaster, but I diligently worked up ProWrestlingDaily.com into one of the most popular and respected wrestling news and information sites on the Internet.

By mid-2007, PWD had grown to nearly 10,000 unique visitors per day. We started to get some advertising and had prospects for more. Then a couple of big wrestling-related news stories blew us through the roof.

Unfortunately, the sudden surge in traffic had a negative side. PWD ran into an excess of success, followed by a surplus of problems. Most of the trouble originated with the host. They had PWD on a creaky server and, when it crashed, it shredded the site. The host then revealed that they had not maintained the back-up as promised and had no way to resuscitate the website.

I watched the site melt away as users simply stopped coming to the broken and inoperative remnant. I was so miserably about the wasted effort that I actually resigned as editor and tried to turn back my share of the business to Shannon Rose.

As I hoped but didn’t expect, Shannon Rose rejected my resignation and told me that he backed me all the way in whatever I thought best. I un-resigned and went back to the task of bringing back ProWrestlingDaily.

The first thing I did was to turn down a proposed site design a prospective host offered to us. I did it for the most basic of reasons: It wouldn’t have worked. The design had neither the functionality nor the appearance it needed to be any kind of success. I don’t mind working “on spec,” but I do insist that it have the potential to prosper.

With Editor Karen Belcher handling the negotiations with a potential new host (Black Pants, Inc.), things continued to go badly. I asked her to request changes in the unacceptable site design and she relayed a “take it or leave it” message from BPI

“There’s always room for negotiation,” I told her as I briefed her on how to turn BPI’s series of ultimatums into a dialogue.



Bill Mills had this shirt made for me and gave it to me, a treasured (and attractive) memento.

When I refused to accept the cockeyed site and a deal that would’ve essentially made it impossible for PWD to make money, Karen resigned. By that point, Shannon and I had begun to suspect that everything was not as it seemed.

We accepted the resignation and decided to approach BPI directly.

Meanwhile, our former editor suddenly opened a site with a suspiciously similar name and look – and quite a few stories and columns that formerly resided in our archives. Sadly, there is no legal recourse. You can’t copyright a design and, though we could prove title to the content, there would be no substantive compensation. I decided to completely ignore ProWrestlingDigest.com and concentrate on doing something about ProWrestlingDaily.com

The true situation became clear when I began talking to Jason Deadrich, CEO of Black Pants. Not only wasn’t he the stiff-necked asshole portrayed to us by our negotiator, but Jason turned out to be a very intelligent and capable guy who genuinely loves the wrestling business.

I'd braced myself for some tough discussions when I called Jason for the first time. Instead, he came off as cooperative, reasonable and motivated to help bring PWD back to life.

We talked on the phone regularly for a couple of weeks. I wrote a design document for the site at his request and BPI people started to assemble it to my specifications.

During our conversations, Jason asked my opinion about phases of BPI's operation and involved me in activities far beyond the scope of ProWrestling-Daily.com

So they made me Director of Business Development with an ownership position now and a salary to come, possibly as soon as second half 2008.

Thanks in large measure to Jason Deadrich, ProWrestlingDaily finally returned to the Internet in mid-January. BPI sells video downloads and other products, so I no longer have to force myself to be an ad salesman, a role I don't enjoy at all. And when there's a technical problem, someone at the company fixes it within hours in most cases. It's also nice to be part of a group of excellent sites and have connections to some intriguing non-internet wrestling businesses as well.

Since the site returned, I've put in long hours, seven days a week, to get it properly launched. I had to learn a new posting system and have to do all the posting until I can find a volunteer to be assistant editor.

I focused my semi-fine mind on pro wrestling, because that's what I needed to do to re-launch ProWrestlingDaily.com. Work, what non-VFW fanac I did and taking care of Joyce didn't leave much room for fannish thoughts. (I never wore a beanie, which protects the fannish headbone from unfannish thoughts. That's a Lesson for you newer fans.)

The Vegrants gab away in the Launch Pad living room on meeting night.



Gafia manifests a momentum. The deeper you go, the faster it develops. Things you'd have shrugged off suddenly become infinitely more irritating. I felt that pull, that deadly tug toward the dark star of Mundania.

"Maybe they'd like a vacation from me," I told myself. I've done an awful lot of writing and publishing since 1989; could I have saturated the market? There weren't quite as many letters of comment on #104 and my gafia-wracked brain tried to attach more significance than the likely cause, holiday season distractions.

Then I began to hear from fan friends, asking about me and about the whereabouts of VFW. A few even worried that they'd missed issues and asked me to send replacements for possibly errant files.

Everyone was really sensitive about not pressuring me, but concern about me and about this fanzine came through clearly. It really touched me. I began to get the hang of my new job and adjusted in my schedule that gave me the chance to think more about the Important Issue of Core Fandom.

A comment by Charles Fuller in his SNAPSzine about his fannish anniversary reminded me that 2008 is my 45th. I thought about the Fanoclasts, the Brooklyn Insurgents and the Vegrants. I thought about my current partners in fanac and how much I value their friendship and enjoy their company.

As I thought about all that, Fandom began to seem... closer. And then that Old Fannish Feeling started to come back. Suddenly, I felt the need to get back to this and to you.

I missed you. I hope you missed me a little – and plan to prove it by Making It Rain in my inbox.

Let's Fanac! — Arnie

Messages

TAFF Report CHAPTER SIX

Wednesday- With These Pictures of You

There aren't nearly enough water fountains in this country. In the US, you see a bathroom, you're pretty sure there's a water fountain (or bubbler) nearby. Here, they seem to be scarce. I'm not sure why. I noticed this as I took my first trip to the British Museum.

On the Tube ride over, I took a seat on a train at Walthamstow and sitting across from me was an obviously homeless guy splayed out across two seats. I can't say I'd seen any homeless folks on my travels, which made me feel like I was finally in a big city. There are supposed to be people like that wandering around, making one feel slightly too privileged. This whole trip has kinda made me feel that way. I don't deserve the great treatment I've had from the wonderful people of British fandom. It's just too great. Claire and Mark started things out making me feel excellently well taken care of and then Alison and Mike kept the ball rolling. By Wednesday morning, I was feeling like the world was being too good to me. There's my constant saying: ebb and flow. Good comes and goes, just like the bad. About the only thing that doesn't seem to follow that rule is the presence of water fountains in Great Britain. Go figure.



I made it to the Brit about 20 minutes after they opened the Great Gallery (which is, by the way, great) and before the individual exhibits opened. I took in all of the opened areas before the exhibit galleries opened up. There were obelisks and statues and two big ol' totem poles. In the center was a special exhibit on the First Emperor, China's Terra-cotta Army. It was a very cool exhibit, but there was no way I'd be able to get a visitor ticket. Luckily, I'd be going to another cool special exhibit tomorrow...but that's later in this report.

I took a look at the Living and Dying exhibit, which looked at how various groups lived and died. There was this big table with a woven thing featuring thousands of pills of various kinds surrounded by photos and stories and objects. It was a powerful story of the way pharmaceuticals have changed the world and transformed life. The look at the ways of traditional groups, including various North American tribes, was very cool. There was an awesome little section on Tarot and divination. They had a cheaply produced Ryder-Waitte deck as the main example, but there was a nice divination book made of bark. I thought that was awesome.

I brought my camera this time. I started into the Egyptian gallery as soon as the door opened and moved beyond the Rosetta Stone. I'd be back. I headed to the right and looked over all their funky Egyptian thingees. I couldn't find Bast. I was looking because I know that Linda would love it, but there was none. I am fail. The various tomb pieces and the recreations of tombs and such were great, but I actually think that the Rosecrucian Museum's collection on display is more fun. Of course, I didn't see the Mummy section at that time, so I was slightly underinformed. That seems to be another theme now, doesn't it?

The Parthenon and Assyrian stuff was good too. Lots of photos from those two rooms. Lots of Cuneiform. We had a thing in elementary school where we used weeds to do some cuneiform stuff on tables. It was awesome to see the real deal so close. I didn't touch. I wanted to, but I held back.

Wandering around, I took a lot of the photos you're seeing around these pages. There was a great exhibit



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where they showed what museology was like in the pre-1900 era. The place was built to resemble those cabinet and view box studies of people like King George III. In fact, they had his collection of Greek coins and showed his methods for cataloging. Honestly, this wouldn't have been interesting to anyone who wasn't a museum geek. There were pieces, including some important ones from Greece, the Middle East and MesoAmerica, but largely it was an exhibit about the art of exhibitry. Talk about right up my alley. It also dealt with many of the important names in the history

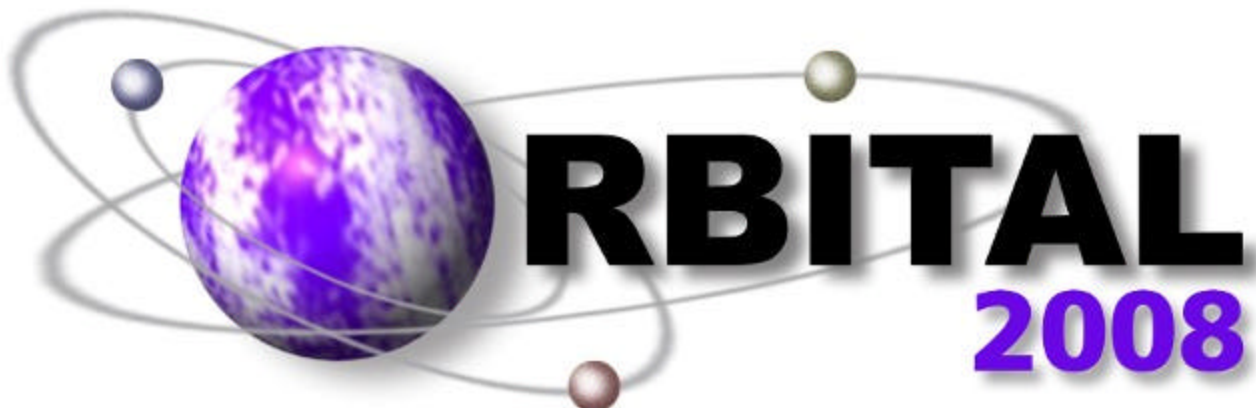
of archeology, museology, paleontology and so on. This kind of exhibit works on a couple of levels, but mostly the place was full of passthrough people and kids looking to fill out portions of the school scavenger hunt sheets.

There were clocks and Christian Icons in the next room. I love clocks. I love old Christian iconography. Two great tastes that taste great together. LOTS OF PHOTOS HERE. The room to photo ration for that part of the museum was extremely high. Back through the recreation room and to the Mayan room. THIS IS STUFF THAT I know, but it was incredible to see objects that I knew from the cover of High School Spanish text books (like the blue serpenty thing) from popular Mexican tattoo designs (the wall pieces) and even one that was used as a part of a Robert Rauschenberg picture from the 1960s (That funny faced guy). I spent a fair deal of time in that room.

I had a date at the Cartoon Museum, so I stopped and got some museum food (the Chicken BLT was really good, as was the Strawberry Banana Innocent Pure Fruit Smoothie) and then typed for a bit to make sure I caught the first part of this tour. Off to Cartoonia!

After the Cartoon Museum, the best museum in the world!, I headed back to the Brit. This time, there were Mummies to be seen. I love Mummies, though I'm often creeped out by the fact that they're dead people. I wanted to see the Islamic room first, then take the Elevator to the top, which the elevator legend said was Japan, and then work my way down. The Islamic room was full of beautiful designs and calligraphy. There was a gorgeous Qaran in the entry, but there were German tourists right in front of it.

And that's another thing: the Germans! They're everywhere. I've run into probably fifty different groups of Germans. They're very polite, speak better English than I do and they always have trouble with figuring out how much something costs. I got into a



lovely conversation with a German woman at the Brit. She was quite fetching, which is a nice way of saying she'd be pretty if she didn't have such a long nose. Still, she was very nice and we spent a lot of time talking about the fact that the Museum hadn't done much to make sure that people didn't touch the artifacts. They're right there with some signs saying no touching, but really, there's nothing stopping you from touching many of the most important artifacts in Egyptology and elsewhere. She works for the Auto museum in Bremen. I think her name was Karla, but it might have been Klara. I'm just not sure.

After a while, I found myself in the elevator to Japan. The Gallery was pretty damn cool, especially the part of it that featured an old Clock. I just love clocks. I headed through it and found that it was very good, but lacked a few of the nice pieces that make places like the Freer (or maybe it's the Sackler) in Washington DC so awesome.

The next floor had the prints and drawings. There was a big Michaelangelo and a bunch of Durer etching and prints. I was most impressed and spent a lot of time studying the woodcuts and etchings. They were all themed around the Passion, about Christ's trip to the cross. Some were very early, 1400s from Germany. I was thrilled. Around the corner there were several pieces of anti-Abolitionist propaganda with anti-slavery pieces as well. These kinds of pieces might not get seen together usually, but they were quite effective in referring to one another. I thought they were powerful pieces. I remember a film from Cinequest, a Danish film, where the kid who was supersmart had to correct the teacher to remember that it was the English and not the Danes that first freed the Slaves. I believe that movie was called *We Shall Overcome*.

After that, I made my way to the Egyptian room. It was amazing. Mummies and coffins and funerary



pieces all over the place. I was happy to see them all. I've seen several of the most important mummies from the various kingdoms when they've toured, but there were some here that were in amazing shape. The description of how they were treated and cared for won me over. There's a lot of 'This is How We Do It' stuff in the UK. I think American museum need to do more of that. The other funny was that there was much more light on objects in the UK than back home. I'm not sure why that is. We talked about it at the Cartoon Museum



and the answer might just be that the English want people to get a look at it and understand what they're seeing while we Americans simply want to hide the dirt. That could be it.

How could anything else compete? I headed into the Great Gallery (Still great, by the way) and then headed out to the Tube so that I could get to the Whiskey Shoppe that Mark Plummer had told me about. As I got to the Tottenham Court Road stop, there was a busker playing an electric guitar. It was so very cool that he was playing Thriller. A couple TAFF people were doing the Thriller dance. It was very funny. I made my way to Leicester Square and walked around. I finally found the Whiskey place and was pleased to see their selection, but I certainly didn't want to buy any of it. They did have an Isle of Jura, but they wanted 45 pounds for it. Too much. I headed across the road to Forbidden Planet and I saw something in the window...

In Memory of Sir Arthur C. Clark- 1917-2008

Oh my. I had no idea he had died the night before.



He was never one of my favorites, but he was one of the few authors that ever returned my eMails personally within an hour of my sending it to him. That puts him in the company of Jay Lake and Howard Hendrix.

I went inside and tried to find a Shaun the Sheep thingie for Evelyn, but the ones they had were very expensive.

I went downstairs and nearly bought John Barrowman's book. Sadly, I did not. I start out into the regular day, headed back to Alison and Steve's for the last night there. As I was riding the train, I found out that Oscar winning director Anthony Minghella had also passed away. That was sad, though he was the one that forced the English Patient on the world. Still, I liked the Talented Mr. Ripley.

I got there and checked my mail. Hundreds of messages have come through, which is impressive.

I got mails out to all the women in my life: Linda, my Mom, Evelyn, Gen, Jean Martin, all of them. I told them how much fun I'm having and how it'll all be incredibly sad when it's over...except for the part where I get some solid sleep.

That'll be kinda nice. I spent some time hanging out and watching Jonathan play Mario Galaxy on the Wii. I love that system. Nintendo really hit it right on the head this time.

After that it was dinner and then sleep. I had to get to Heathrow early in the morning and That was going to be tricky!

The dinner that Steve made was really good. It was pasta with a ragout of ham, artichokes, red peppers and onions. It was delicious, which is odd since I don't normally enjoy artichokes that much.

This round was really good stuff. I actually made a couple of wraps with the lettuce they put out and that was even better. Darn good cook, that Steve.

— Chris Garcia

Now & Again



You Only Live ONCE!

It occurs to me that I should be bragging. I live what many fans would consider The Perfect Life! My time is my own; twenty-four hours each day to do whatever I want!

I have a powerful computer – 120 gigs of hardrive, over one gig of RAM, a PhotoShop program for capturing and transforming illos, a cable modem, an online site — you know – a comfortable place to live complete with an office for my computer, get fed regularly, and – despite my 78 years of age and glaucoma, am in close-to-perfect health (no heart trouble, no arthritis, no allergies) thanks to inherited genes. My daughter Diane keeps the house clean – in fact, she recently brought in another set of shelves and reorganized stuff, throwing away junk with my approval, and putting things where I can FIND them! All my floppies are in the same place and I can now find Scotch tape when I need it!

So. . . .

Why don't you see more from Shelby Vick? Why isn't the much-overdue issue of *confuSon* out??? Why have I missed turning in columns for Arnie lately? For that matter, why is my FAPazine not submitted? (I slipped that in for you, Robert Lichtman.)

I'm lazy.

I procrastinate. (Why not? Time is the one thing I have an abundance of. After all, Time is the one thing the government hasn't yet found a way to tax!)

And then there's the classic NWIGGO – Next Week I've Gotta Get Organized! . . .I've only been saying that for about sixty years, but the key is 'Next'; manana.

'Tomorrow, tomorrow, I love you, tomorrow. . . .' You know.

Not that I haven't done a lot. I email lotsa fans, I belong to several listservs, I get lotsa ezines, and (now that my eyesight is better) I read lotsa books – most of 'em sf, in fact. Also, I do daily work on Planetary Stories. . .and get picky about sometimes minor things on it. Like, I have spent HOURS working on the last covers. (That's plural becous I now have Wonderlust, A Magazine of Speculative Fiction, as part of Planetary Stories.) A cover will look great – and then I look at it again and say, "That ain't what I want. Too blurry. Too small/large. The text needs changing. The picture needs sharpening. Why isn't. . . ? YOU get the idea. And then I find out how to use the drop

Continued on next page

cap effect, and hafta go back and redo stories. Or I find another way to use 'body background' and play around with it. Or someone tells me I missed something, or suggests something else, or. . . .

—And now I've been giving a new alphabet I can use, and I downloaded another font from online, copied them both into PhotoShop – first, to use for DropCaps, then decided I would do one title from them, meaning I hadda go into PhotoShop, cut 'n' paste one letter at a time and arrange them on a new screen, then put in the right background – didn't like it, had to enlarge it and do it again. . .but you get the idea.

I'm not a perfectionist, Ghu knows, but I get fussy about the strangest things.

And, speaking of PhotoShop, I'm even learning to draw puffins with my mouse! And other cartoons. If they get to Arnie in usable condition, you'll see how they came out. —It's MESSY, drawing with a mouse! Now, I had bought a computer pad and stylus to draw

with/on, but I soon decided I'd just as soon do it in PhotoShop.

Also, I take a daily walk. And I sit on the front porch and smoke. And I play computer games. And, oh yeah, I write! Not just this column and stuff for Planetary Stories, but fiction, as well. And I'm involved in a writer's group where we try to help each other. And I watch TV – right now, Spike TV is rerunning Voyager and the scifi channel is rerunning Enterprise. And I watch Walker, Texas Ranger. (Now, THERE'S a fantasy for you!) And the Discovery Channel and the History Channel. And action cartoons, like Ben 10.

Yeah, yeah; I can see it now: ALL of you are faunching about how much time I waste. Instead of watching TV or playing computer games, I should be FANNING.

And you're right.

NWIGGO!

— Shelby Vick

Fannish^{Las-}Links

Vegrants.com

This would be the official site of Las Vegrants, the informal invitational fan club, if Las Vegrants had anything official. Bill Mills is the genial host and posts a lot of timely material.

TheVoicesOfFandom.com

Bill Mills covers Fandom in sound and images on this often fascinating video and audio site. There are always new entries, including Bill's series of podcasts.

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. He tends to post big chunks of interesting material and there's a sizable archive.

SNAFFU.org

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

Las Vegrants Holidays with LAS VEGRANTS!

The Vegrants held a Special Meeting on December 22nd. When clubs hold “Special Meetings,” it’s usually for some dire purpose. There’s a financial emergency or it’s the climax of some horrendous intra-club feud.



Santa’s Helper is Roc Mills.

The Vegrants “Special Meeting” had a much less ominous purpose. The informal, invitational Core Fandom fan club generally meets on the first and third Saturdays of the month, but the Las Vegas Fandom Christmas Party at the home of James and Kathryn Daugherty pre-empted the mid-month meeting. During the December 1 gathering, though, many Vegrants expressed a desire to get together one more time before Christmas.

The idea must’ve had some merit, because it resulted in one of the year’s largest Vegrants meetings, although it was a cold and blustery night – yes, Vegas has them once a decade or so – with 22 fans.

I heard a syncopated knock at a little after 6:00 PM, which signaled that Bill and Roxanne Mills fulfilled their promise to help set up for what we knew would be a sizable gathering. Less expected, but most welcome, was the tremendous amount of

Continued on next page



A group of Vegrants chat at one of the Special Vegrants Christmas Meetings. On the couch are (left to right) Jolie La-Chance, Scott Anderson and Derek Stazenski. Ross Chamberlain looks on benignly and Lubov toasts the group.



DeDee White (left) talks to Joyce at one of the holiday gatherings.

food that they brought with them. It took at least 15 minutes for them to unload their bounty and put it on various tables in the living and dining rooms.

The most popular of several esoteric and exotic treats they brought was something called a “grapple.” It looked like an apple, but it was somehow infused with grape to the extent that it had a grapey taste and aroma..

Added to what Joyce had assembled and contributions from several other Vegrants, we almost ran out of places to put the food. (The only sad part was that even the Vegrants couldn’t gnaw through all that food. We parcelled it out to as many as would take packages as they left, but we still ended up with a lot of cake and pie.)

I was very pleased that Bill liked an idea I had for an audio projected connected to Corflu Silver. If we



Teresa Cochran and Bill Mills have encouraged other Vegrants to display their music skills, among them Jolie LaChance, shown here playing her flute.

can get enough of the right fans to play along, we’re going to have both prepared readings and fannish storytelling. Bill will record the performances and the two of us will co-produce a downloadable audio program with profits to the appropriate fannish charities and the next Corflu.

Scott Anderson’s decision to return to his original given name after a couple of years as “Merric” drew the expectable heckling. He appears to be becoming more active under his newly refurbished moniker, including his plans to put on a regional con in 2009.

The health of various Vegrants drew a lot of concern. At least three members had surgery in the week before the meeting, though Linda Bushyager was already recovered enough from cataract surgery four days earlier to be able to attend. She’s going to need a little laser touch-up, which I assured her from personal experience would be minimally uncomfortable, but she has already tossed aside her glasses.

Derek Stazenski and I talked about the Mitchell Report and “performance enhancing substances” in sports. Not only did we largely agree, but we both had changed our positions over the last couple of months and for essentially the same reason.

The media, in its frenzy for a Drug Witch Hunt, has done too thorough a job. When it appeared that only a few individuals, such as Barry Bonds, had used performance enhancing drugs, it seemed an unfair advantage.

Now that we know that many players used various substances, the playing field turns out to be level. A juiced up batter against a juiced up pitcher largely cancels out any edge that either might have as a result of taking steroids or human growth hormone.

It’s certainly Major League Baseball’s right to ban such substances, test for them and punish transgres-

Three Vegrants chat amiably. From left to right: Bryan Follins, Ross Chamberlain and Roc Mills, with her ferret.





Marcy Waldie, who teaches at a local college, got some time off to celebrate with her fellow Vegrants.

sors. The fact that there are more drugs than there are tests to detect them doesn't seem to concern anyone, but MLB can go through the motions if it desires. Some players have broken, and no doubt will continue to break, laws about the sale and distribution of steroids and similar pharmaceuticals. I don't favor drug prohibitions, but it is logical to expect such laws to be enforced when they are on the books.

That said, it looks like a field day for headline-grabbers. You'd think, with the war in Iraq and the sputtering economy, that Congress would make better use of its time.

"I'm trying to stop smoking," said Roxanne, as she puffed on her cigarette. She said she has really been trying for the last two weeks, abetted by one of those tobacco-fighting prescriptions. It put me in mind of the way rich brown, Mike McInerney, Cindy Heap and (somewhat later) Colleen Brown, all heavy smokers, tried anything to quit.

They would seize upon some surefire method, follow it with religious fervor for about two weeks and then slip back into chain smoking.

Bill Mills and Alan White spent some time reminiscing over Alan's LASFS photos. Alan dates from a somewhat earlier period, but they knew a lot of fans in common.

After musing about some of the LASFS' colorful characters, the conversational shift to WC Fields wasn't completely out of the blue. Bill described how Fields incorporated his juggling and acrobatic abilities into his comedy.

When Teresa Cochran expressed interest in sampling some of the comedian's work, I suggest that I could dig up a few of his radio appearances on "The Edgar Bergen and Charlie MCarthy Show."

Getting into the party spirit were: Ross Chamberlain; Lubov; Scott Anderson; Alan & Dedee White; Derek Stazenski; Ron & Linda Bushyager; Lori Forbes; James Taylor; Teresa Cochran-Taylor; Bill & Roc Mills; Ray & Marcy Waldie; Bryan Follins; Will & Penny Hall; Joyce & Arnie Katz

New Year's Eve

The answer to the question, "What are you doing on New Year's Eve," was answered "Going to the

Teresa Cochran caught in mid-sentence as husband James Taylor looks on benignly.





DeDee White (*above*) toasts the group on New Year's Eve..
Kent Hastings (*below*) ponders the Infinite.

Joyce looks pleased by the proceedings.



Launchg Pad” by 20 Las Vegas Fans this year. That’s a couple less than last year – and sadly that couple was Bill and Roxanne Mills. They got heavily involved with a plumbing emergency and didn’t feel like showing themselves n public until the shower started working again.

The first to arrive were Scott Anderson and, to our surprise and delight, Kent Hastings. The latter has been spending a lot of time in Los Angles working on several different projects. These include, Kent explained, the last wishes of a deceased friend, who’d providently left some dough to make fulfilling his requests possible.

Scott Anderson and I talked about Xanadu and the great job Alan White is doing with the web site. Alan got some shabby treatment from the Westercon over his fine efforts to generate some publicity and an entertaining and informative site. Scott is definitely not making the same mistake — and Alan looked a good deal happier than he did when he tried to get Westercon to follow through on the things he contributed to the con. I took the opportunity to enlist Scott’s aid as the auditor for the FAAn Awards vote counting to back up the estimable Murray Moore.

“Well, they’re better than nothing,” said Lubov about the set of Hugos presented at the world science

fiction convention in Tokyo. I guess you can add the artist's name to the long list of those who think that a big blue advertisement for a semi-known cartoon character may not be the best way to enhance the prestige and credibility of the awards.

Local fan Robert Aynsworth and some of the Vegrants got into a discussion about one of Las Vegas' most vivid characters, singer Wayne Newton. I've never liked his music — I'm more of a blues-rock-folk kind of guy — but his career is filled with instructive lessons about taking your success for granted.

Known as the "King of Las Vegas" during his heyday, Wayne Newton has become just another performer in the hotly competitive world of Glitter City nightlife. The man who once appeared at two hotels on the same nights — they built a tunnel under the Las Vegas strip that connected his two dressing rooms — is now just another act.

Apparently, Newton's mistake was leaving Vegas for Branson, where his theater didn't prosper. When he returned here after several years in the wilderness, his momentum and following had both deserted him.

It was so good to see Jolie LaChance in her first post-surgical appearance. She may have been a little shakier than usual, but I was impressed by her rapid recovery. Jolie has not yet made much of a dent in Core

Alan & DeDee White get frisky at the Vegrants. (Not sure who took this, since it came to me with Alan's photos.)



Jolie LaChance and Scott Anderson chat about the news.

Fandom outside southern Nevada, but she is a very popular and active fan on the local level. She's always there when stuff needs to get done — and that's no small thing in a group of layabouts like us.

Jolie and Robert swapped theater stories. Jolie topped them all with a bizarre account about an elephant that got caught up in the curtain, unexpectedly-hauling a dancer into the air during a show. If we can get Jolie to confront the keyboard, I have a hunch she could spin some very entertaining anecdotes.

Can *anything* come up at a Vegrants meeting? Well, we talked about the Bill of Rights. The person who brought up the subject worried a lot about the possession of guns. I, and others, responded that we had even more worry about Freedom of Speech and Freedom of the Press.

The freedom to write and say what you believe is one of the great appeals of Core Fandom. In a country that allows less and less actual dissension from the mainstream majority, it's invigorating and refreshing to be able to articulate opinions, thoughts and beliefs here in Fandom without being attacked for speaking out as an individual.

Lubov talked about the Russian attitude toward vodka. It was not a question of whether to drink or not, but how much. It is engrained in the culture," she said, making her first Vegrants pun.

Seeing in the New Year, Vegrants-style, were: Ross Chamberlain; Lubov; Scott Anderson; Alan & DeDee White; Derek Stazenski; Robert Aynsworth; Lori Forbes; Kent Hastings; James Taylor; Teresa Cochran-Taylor; David Gordon; Shirley; Ray & Marcy Waldie; James Daugherty; Penny Hall; Jolie LaChance; Joyce Katz and me.

— Arnie Katz

Fandom & Who's a Fan AND STUFF LIKE THAT Buffet

In Toni Weisskopf's monumental 1997 *Southern Fandom Confederation Handbook*, there is a lamentably short treatment of my home state, North Carolina. About a year later, Laura Haywood (now Haywood-Cory) wrote "A History of Organized Fandom at UNC-Chapel Hill & the Surrounding Areas 1978-Present", serialized in the *Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin* Vol. 7, Nos. 2-3, which covered in great detail twenty years of fanac in and around Chapel Hill, largely involving the club Chimera and its cons, but left other areas of the state somewhat blank. I wasn't entirely satisfied with this state of things in the fanhistory of NC, and set out to fill in the blanks, as far into the past as I could see and as far out to the fringe as I could relate back to the center. In the course of that, I discovered that Robert Madle had resided in Charlotte, and had been involved with its first con, SECON II (the first SECON was in Atlanta). A casual accident led me to his TAFF trip report, which I of course dove right into, especially upon learning that he was still residing in Charlotte at the time.

A Fake Fan in London is pretty good reading, if you can stand the scan of the mimeographed report found on fanac.com. The pages scanned as text rather than images can get a bit rough, but it's easy enough to figure out. So as I casually perused the pages, I stumbled across something relevant to the very philosophy I was allowing to guide my plan for the fanhistory: Madle and Walt Willis arguing about the definition of a fan.

The first mention of Willis debating the subject comes early on, in a dispute about whether E.E. "Doc" Smith was enough of a fan to qualify for TAFF. At this early mention, I thought the debate would just be about fan vs. pro, an arbitrary distinction at best, but one that continues to light up debates about the Fan Hugos, and causes great consternation when folks who don't like pros being recognized for fanac backpedal about Dave Langford and Steve Stiles. Willis came down against Smith's nomination, and blocked it (says Madle, whose opinions of Willis are far from objective). I've met pros who aren't fans, but I've also met plenty who are, sometimes to the extent that they wind up invited to conventions as Fan Guest of Honor long after their prodom has become a career. It's clear that this matter is yet to be settled. Willis (who is referenced as "Ghod" in the report, echoes Willis's reference to Burbee as the same in "Wilde Heir").

As the Loncon began, Madle met up with Willis, and they "got into a friendly discussion about fandom and who is a fan, and like that." Madle makes a diversion before really getting into their discussion to explain that, in his involvement with the TAFF race, Madle had won.

"Walt's basic philosophy fouled him up. He refused to recognize American fandom for what it is. It is the conglomeration of convention-goers, club-members, old-time fen, and fanzine fans. And, in America, it is not generally the fanzine fan who is the BNF. It is almost always the old-time fan who has been on the scene for many years. It is the old-time fan who usually runs the conventions and conferences; it is the old-time fans who gets together at the big convention parties...."

Madle covers his bases, though, saying that, "[the fanzine fan] is fandom's continuity." Madle thinks that his connection and friendship with fanzine editors helped propel him to victory in TAFF, but attributes Willis's surprise to what he sees as Walt's views on what fandom is.

Madle claims that Willis refused to believe what he saw at an American convention. He notes that Willis referred to many prominent American fans as "ghost fans" who were only visible once in a year. Bob says that Willis didn't realize how much activity outside of fanzines there was in America – Madle was an officer of PSFS, which at the time had 30 members, 18 of whom were at the Chicon. Getting a little harsh, Madle claims that when Eney failed to win TAFF, Walt's "dream world" view of fandom was shattered. In a slightly more charitable moment, he says that Willis's recent silence on the subject of who is a fan might be indicative of a changing view thereof. Of *The Harp Stateside*, Madle remarks, "[it], incidentally, is a marvelous piece of

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Front: Mark Reinsberg, Jack Agnew, Ross Rocklynne Top: V. Kidwell, Robert A. Madle, Erle Korshak, Ray Bradbury .
(The photo is from the Robert Madle collection.)

work by a great fan – a fan who could be even greater if he would expand his viewpoint somewhat.” While I tend to agree with Madle’s broader view of fandom, I’m bothered by his confrontational approach to the topic, particularly regarding Walt Willis. In spite of this, I was delighted to see that an old-time fan from NC held essentially the same inclusive view of who is a fan that I intended to use in editing my fanhistory.

After the Loncon, Madle met with Willis (accompanied by Madelaine) again at the home of Joy and Vin Clarke and Sandy Sanderson, along with Ken and Pamela Bulmer, to discuss the future of TAFF. They explored who was eligible, who could vote, and who is a fan. Madle recalls,

“My fading memory indicates that Ken and Vin were rather neutral about the whole thing, with Walt and me expressing somewhat conflicting views at times. In general, Walt’s definition of an S-F fan was far more rigid than mine. Walt wanted to limit the voting to fanzine fans, publishers, and/or writers – while I wanted to include anyone who was interested enough in science fiction to communicate with others in some manner, be it correspondence, attending conventions, or

joining local fan clubs. A compromise was reached whereby members of fan organizations of all types would be eligible; also eligible would be anyone who had subscribed to a fanzine.”

In his most confrontational description of the meeting, Madle supposes that Willis “knew that I represented a science fiction fandom much larger and more inclusive than fanzine fandom.” Madle doesn’t want anyone who’s ever attended a meeting or convention to be considered a fan, but requires a genuine interest in science fiction. He also sees it as a matter of degrees, defining “‘The Compleat Fan’ - reader, collector, correspondent, club member, convention-goer, fanzine writer and fanzine publisher.” That list could have been expanded, even at the time, but I would add at least a passing interest in viewing, costuming, gaming, and filking to the list. While Madle’s list includes all the activities of fandom before the NYCon (with the exception of viewing, and Madle clearly views Forry’s interest in SF films as fannish), the others I mention were certainly present by the fifties, before most modern fans were active.

Following the report, a series of letters between Madle, Willis, and Lynn Hickman help to settle their

feud. Willis eloquently states the problem with fans who only participate in clubs: "To me and to any other fan not in the local fan clubs concerned - that is, in each case the majority of fandom - these worthy people were only three-day-a-year fans. I am not denying they were active in their individual local groups; all I say is that as far as fandom as a whole was concerned, they were not heard of between conventions. Isn't that so?" He also explains that, "I have my own opinions as to what is the most worthy form of fanactivity, in terms of permanent achievement, use to fandom and sf as a whole, and pleasure given to others, but I do not deny that even a person whose sole contact with other fans is boozing in a bar on Labour Day is entitled to call himself a fan." He also provides a definition of a fan that Madle agrees with: "A fan is a person interested enough in sf to wish to communicate with others of a like mind." Madle adds but one point to it: "Personal contact is by far the most powerful of all media of com-

munication." I have long upheld the potency of personal communication, which is a very interesting subject I'll try to cover at length elsewhere.

What makes this a particularly valuable find to me, though, is the recent proliferation of debate on the very subject Madle and Willis were discussing.

The debate has grown the hottest over the zines/other fanac divide in *Askance*, where Arnie has weighed in, followed an issue later by dissenting views from Andy Trembley and Claire Brialey. At the same time we're seeing the fan/pro divide brought to the fore in arguments about the Fan Hugos, especially on SF Awards Watch.

I hope, in the midst of these arguments, to put forth the feud between Madle and Willis, and its eventual resolution into their definition of a fan, as a defense of the inclusive view. Fans are fans are fans.

— Warren Buff



FANDOM NEWSBREAKS

2008 FAAn Awards Results

Best Fanzine

1. Prolapse (Peter Weston)
2. Banana Wings (Mark Plummer & Claire Brialey)
3. Vegas Fandom Weekly (Arnie Katz)
4. Trap Door (Robert Lichtman)
5. Askance (John Purcell)
6. eI (Earl Kemp)
7. Chunga (Hooper, Byers & juarez)
8. Pixel (David Burton)
9. File 770 (Mike Glyer)
10. Steam Engine Time

Best Fanwriter

1. Arnie Katz
2. Mark Plummer
2. Claire Brialey
4. Bruce Gillespie
5. Ted White
6. Andy Hooper
7. Graham Charnock
8. Robert Lichtman
9. Randy Byers
10. Chris Garcia

Best Fan Artist

1. Dan Steffan
2. Brad Foster
3. Harry Bell
4. Mark Schirmeister
5. Taral Wayne
6. Alan White
7. Frank Wu
8. Ross Chamberlain
9. Craig Smith

10. Kurt Erichsen

Best Website

1. efanzines.com (Bill Burns)
2. TheVoicesOf Fandom (Bill Mills)
3. fanac.org
4. Trufen.net (Victor Gonzalez)
5. Ansible.co.uk (Dave Langford)
6. corflu.org (Tracy Benton)

Best Letterhack

1. Robert Lichtman
2. Lloyd Penney
3. John Purcell
4. Mark Plummer
5. Milt Stevens
6. Graham Charnock
7. Eric Mayer
8. Mike Glicksohn
9. Claire Brialey
10. Peter Sullivan

Best New Fan

1. John Coxson
2. Clare MacDonald
3. Warren Buff
4. Kristine Kopnisky
5. Peter Sullivan

Number One Fan Face

1. Arnie Katz
2. Chris Garcia
3. Robert Lichtman
4. Pete Weston
5. Ted White
6. Graham Charnock
7. Claire Brialey
8. James Bacon
9. Joyce Katz

Point totals, complete standings and full write-ups will be included in the results book, out in about a month.

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: white-dwarf@cox.net
Phone: 702-434-5784
Website: SNAFFU.org

The Virtual Fan Lounge Opens!

Now that the Corflu Silver Virtual Con Suite has hosted its last virtual party, its creator Bill Mills is taking the next step by launching The Virtual Fan Lounge, an on-line chat room with video option, open 24/7 and utilizing the same software and set up used for the fanhistoric Virtual Con Suite.

As with the Virtual Con Suite, the Virtual Fan Lounge will have both live and re-broadcast video feeds when available, and will feature slide shows of fannish photos, cartoons or other graphics when there's no video to show.

The first live video feed will occur on Saturday, May 3. The Vegrants invite you to join them for their meeting, which is likely to include music by Bill Mills and Teresa Cochran and discussions featuring some of the Vegrants. The approximate starting time is 8:00 PM PDT (but it wouldn't hurt to check in earlier). The Virtual Fan Lounge will have a live feed from the club on the first and third Saturdays of every month.

Visitors to the Virtual Fan Lounge will see two main attractions: a video player and a chat room. The former shows archival photos or other images when video isn't running. The latter is a simple system that requires no sign in or registration.

It's easy to visit The Virtual Fan Lounge. Go to LasVegrants.com, the unofficial Internet home of Las Vegrants. Pick "Virtual Fan Lounge" from the horizontal menu near the top of the page. That will take you to the Virtual Fan Lounge 'front door' or 'Home Page' with info about the chat room, a schedule of 'events' and a button to take you to the Virtual Fan Lounge.

Bill hopes to offer some panels and talks, both audio and video. Additionally, Bill also hopes eventually to be able to include other groups and individuals who wish to contribute video and/or audio feeds from their meetings and events. There'll be a simple guide, with shopping list, for those who need guidance in acquiring and assembling the required gear.

The chat room will always be available. Bill plans to have scheduled chats that focus on specific topics or bring together a particular segment of the fan community. Ideas under consideration include an evening for Southern Fandom and discussions on topics such as "Fanzine Publishing," "The State of Fandom," "Electronic Fandom," "Filk Music," "The Enchanted Duplicator" and "Fan Art."

If you'd like to be part of this project or have ideas for programs and chats you'd like to do, write to Bill Mills (BillMills@TheVoicesOfFandom.com). Curt Phillips and Peter Sullivan have already expressed enthusiastic support, but there's plenty of room for other fans who want to help create the first Fan Channel.

Hope to see you all on Saturday! -- Arnie Katz



KINGFISH SAYS

That's the issue for this time. As I explained about 25 pages ago, I started this issue before Corflu Silver and have now finished it a couple of days after the last vestige of the event. I especially want to apologize to those whose fine fan work has been delayed by my decision to finish off #105 and leap into the post-Corflu Silver fanworld. Deferred justice will be done — and it shouldn't take too long, given my current level of enthusiasm. Taral Wayne, Dick Lupoff, Bbob Stewart and the stalwarts of the letter column will be here sooner than you might expect.

Please send letters of comment. They are the fuel that drives this engine.

I'll be back with more in less than two weeks. Hope to see you all then.

— Arnie Katz

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... and tons of news!