

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY



Issue # 108

Inside Story Farewell to JUFFUS

When I heard from Patricia Rogers, on Friday June 27, that Jack Speer had died, my first emotion was relief that his suffering had ended. When I saw him at Corflu Silver, he was in constant severe pain with a life expectancy that doctors estimated in weeks. He was suffering and now he is at rest.

That lasted a few seconds and then I began to think about the enormous contribution Jack Speer made to the hobby he did so much to help form, and about the loss to Fandom and to me.

I've known Jack Speer since I was a high-school-age neofan. He was already a legend when I first encountered him through my interest in joining FAPA. We maintained regular contact until I gafiated in 1976. When I returned in 1989, Jack and I resumed our friendship.

One big change, though, is that I now lived in Las Vegas rather than Brooklyn. When Vegas Fandom began holding Silvercons in the early 1990's, Jack was one of the first big name fans to attend. In fact, He attended just about all the conventions held in Las Vegas in the last 20 years, including the three editions of Corflu. I always enjoyed his company, though I know our differing philosophies of the English Language vexed him many times over the years.

Fandom's collective loss dwarfs mine. One of the fascinations of Core Fandom is that it has attracted so many memorable, creative characters. The downside is that, when one of those luminaries no longer shines upon us, that fan is gone, irreplaceable.

That certainly describes Jack Speer's status. He was a major participant in the First Staple War and helped create FooFoo as a fannish deity to rival Ghu. He concocted the first hoax fan, John Bristol, co-invented (with Dan MacPhail) the mailing comment, wrote the first fanhistory (*Up to Now*) and the first reference work (*Fancylopedia*). He framed the Numbered Fandom Theory of Fanhistory and ripped the veil of mystery and misinformation off Claude Degler.

We will miss him as a fan and as a friend.

— Arnie

This Issue of VFW is Dedicated to Jack Speer

Vegas Fandom Weekly #108, Volume 4 Number 6, July 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).

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Columnists This Issue: Shelby Vick, Richard Lupoff, Warren Buff, John Purcell, Bill Mills

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

Member: fwa

Supporter: AFAL

Corflu Zed in 2009!

The Event That NEVER WAS Katzenjammer

When I tentatively planned the Corflu Silver program, I envisioned a vast farce built around Core Fandom's newly adopted sport of arm wrestling. Ted White and Pete Weston had electrified Corflu Quire with their epic struggle for fannish arm wrestling supremacy.

I thought that, by applying my encyclopedic knowing of professional wrestling, I could inflate this minor program item into something of mythic proportions.

It was a gaudy dream. I clung to it like a neo con-runner chasing a drunken pro, despite adversity.

First, Ted White let it be known that he didn't wish to defend his United States Championship this year. That was Ted's prerogative, of course, and caused only a switch in emphasis to Pete Weston's world title.

I announced the formation of the spurious Fannish Arm Combat Association (FACA) in *VFW*, intending to follow up the initial announcement with many more, all building up to the actual arm wrestling competition at Corflu Vegas.

The next setback went far toward sinking the idea. The fan I wanted to play a pivotal role in the FACA World Championship Showdown, Chris Garcia, announced he'd be attending a costume con on Corflu Silver weekend. With his Nacho Barrero physique and bushy beard protruding below the mask, Chris would be instantly recognizable despite the hooded outfit I wanted him to wear as the Patriotic Avenger.

I planned to begin printing increasingly bellicose statements from the Patriotic Avenger, building toward the epic confrontation with Pete Weston at Corflu. Chris is a wrestling fan and, I felt, could really get into the whole presentation, both before and at the con. I had a fall-back candidate who had the necessary bravado and sense of the ridiculous, but Ken Forman injured his hand and couldn't possibly have done the actual arm wrestling match.

If I'd known Nic Farey better at the time, I'd have picked him to replace Chris as the Patriotic Avenger. He's a wrestling fan and compulsively flamboyant. I think he would've been marvelous – and no one would've wondered for a second about the identity of the masked arm wrestler.

Ideas often snowball around the Launch Pad, so I wasn't surprised when Joyce added her own flourish. She proposed to conduct a *femrefan* arm wrestling tournament among the Veggrants to choose a woman to face one of the female British fans in a bid for world wide supremacy.

Since Joyce wanted to dodge any and all physical exertion, she proposed to write the tournament out of the thin air in her head. She planned to describe a round of the imaginary tournament about once a month until Corflu.. In her fictional accounts, she would win each of her matches by underhanded means and scheme her way to the Veggrants Championship, springboard to the Women's World Championship match she'd have against some unwary female UK fan. She expected to lose that contest, but she liked the idea of concocting this bit of sports faan fiction.

In the actual circumstance, I couldn't cast the part of the pivotal Patriotic Avenger to my satisfaction. Rather than do something that wouldn't have worked nearly as well, I dropped the whole project. As it turned out, Pete Weston's late decision to skip the con would've caused us to cancel the blow-off, anyway. And I know that all that hype for something that didn't happen would've been a let-down for everyone.

BUT...

What if it *had* come off as I imagined? What if Chris Garcia, as the Patriotic Avenger, had squared off against the dapper Englishman Peter Weston? The *Katzenjammer* about it might've read something like this...

Continued on next page



Fannish arm Combat began at Corflu Quire in 2007. Pete Weston (*left*) defeated US Champion Ted White to become the hobby's first World Arm Combat Champion.

The fans waited with restless expectation – or maybe they were just eager to get on with their lunch plans. Whatever the reason, fans were keyed up as they waited for the next program item to begin. They'd witnessed the epochal interaction between the Virtual Fan Lounge and the Turf Club and now they awaited an interaction of a different, violent kind.

The first drum beats of the hype that had led Core Fandom to this FACA World Championship Match sounded nearly nine months earlier in the pages of *VFW*, where the following message appeared:

“Look out Pete Weston! I'm here to show that one American Patriot can make a difference. With the fans behind me, I'm going to end British domination of the Fannish Arm-Combat Association! It's time for US Americans to lift their heads in shame. We don't have to bear their insults or keep from laughing when they play *God Save the Queen*.”

It was signed The Patriotic Avenger.

Other messages followed, gradually escalating in animosity.

As the months passed leading up to Corflu Silver, the Patriotic Avenger dismissed the reigning and defending FACA World Champion, Pete Weston, as “The English Dandy.” The Patriot Avenger promised to “send him back to England or hell, whichever is worse at the time.”

Pete Weston bore the rising tide of hostility coming from The Patriotic Avenger like the stoic Britton he is, but that didn't stop either The Patriotic Avenger and his

manager Phineas T. Pettifoggle from plotting the verbal onslaught. Known as “the brain behind the brawn,” Pettifoggle had begun to write toward the end of summer and really stepped up the torrent of invective and boastful predictions starting in November.

Meanwhile, Joyce plotted out the Women's Tournament. I turned her concepts into accounts – and strange accounts they were! Her plots were full of chicanery, subterfuge and quite a few foreign objects. The fictitious account of her imaginary match against Luba Anderson was alarmingly typical of the way she presented her rise to female arm-wrestling supremacy in North America.

The strains of *Meadowlands* roared out of the sound system as Countess Lubov made her way to the Confrontation Table, accompanied by her wild-eyed manager Maniac Merric, the defrocked minister. The Irreverend Anderson still carries his Bible, but he neither reads scripture nor prays. In the first round, Maniac Merric bashed Jolie LaChance over the head with it while Countess Lubov distracted referee Ross “Champ” Chamberlain by showing him the latest developments on her web site.

The flashy Russian émigré walked to the Confrontation Table, accompanied by her capering manager.

Then the music changed to *Dark End of the Street*. The murmur of chants grew louder as the High Priestess glided to the Confrontation Table, accompanied by her honor guard of six cowed neofans.

“I object!” the Irreverend shouted as he saw Joyce set her elbow on the table. “In the name of all that's

unholy, she's wearing a glove!"

"It is a safety factor not a glove," the High Priestess Insisted."

"I don't think this is necessarily within the rules" said Champ Chamberlain. "It would be awfully nice of you to remove it."

With a scornful look toward the Countess, the High Priestess slowly removed her black velvet glove. It seemed as though the glove almost had a life of its own and clung to her hand as she tugged at it. Finally, it came free and she threw it at Maniac Merric.

Joyce set up quickly for the contest, as if eager to get it done. Yet just as the official's attention was tightly focused on supervising an even start, one of the acolytes turned his perfume sprayer toward Countess Lubov.

Referee Chamberlain never saw the black cloud that rushed from the prayer to envelop the Countess' face. The stinging spray caused Countess Lubov to momentarily recoil and, while she was still disoriented, Joyce pinned her arm to the Confrontation Table for the victory.

Finally, we reached April 25, the night of the official opening of Corflu Silver. Joyce had just thanked everyone – author's note: this is faan fiction after all -- for coming, when the house lights dimmed and a spotlight bathed the stage in light. Jolie LaChance and Lori Forbes quietly and efficiently set up the Confrontation Table.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," I began in my best approximation of a ring announcer's voice. "Welcome to a night of championship arm wrestling under the sponsorship of the Fannish Arm Combat Association – the First Name in fannish combat – in association with Corflu Silver – Ultimate Pleasure, Infinitely Prolonged.

"And now... for the dozens in attendance and the 48 fans glued to their computers at home, le-e-e-e-t's fi-i-i-i-ight!"

Down the aisle towards the stage came the British Challenger for the World Women's Championship, Pat Charnock. Her husband and manager Graham Charnock escorted her, three paces behind and to the right. He strummed his guitar enthusiastically in what was apparently her theme music.

The fair-haired Brit stood at the confrontation Table. She shifted from foot to foot, not exactly sure what to expect from her adversary.

Whatever her expectations, it's a safe bet that the actual entrance exceeded those in every respect. The crowd began to murmur when the opening notes of *Dark End of the Street* heralded the arrival of the tournament-winning Great American Hope, the High

Priestess of Fandom, Joyce Katz.

Her honor guard of red-robed acolytes threw smoke bombs in front of her, giving her the appearance of something out of H. Rider Haggard. As she approached the Confrontation Table, she dipped her scepters at the fans.

Referee Ross Chamberlain murmured his instructions to the combatants. Pat Charnock deftly evaded a possible clop on the head from a priestessly flourish of the scepter.

The official called for the combatants to line up for the match. Just as they settled into their positions, Joyce Katz leaned across the table and whispered something to Pat.

Probably, no one will ever know what it was she said, but Pat recoiled from the table, visibly shaken. "I've got to... leave... now!" she managed as she ran for the exit,

"The winner and new Women's Champion, as recognized by FACA, is High Priestess Joyce Katz! By disqualification for non-combat," Ross said with his best radio announcer baritone.

Joyce accepted the cheers of the somewhat confused crowd with regal aloofness. Her acolytes scattered rose petals on the path that led out of the FACA arena.

Somewhere, a bell clanged repeatedly. The fans in the crowd put aside their speculation about Joyce Katz's mysterious tactics and turned their full attention to the Confrontation Table, where worldwide fannish arm combat supremacy would shortly be decided for all-time. Well, for the next year or however long fans' short-term memory lasts.

"The rich opening bars of *God Save the Queen* blared from the PA system. Through the door, attended by his gentleman's gentleman Mr. Jackson, Peter Weston strode slowly, but confidently, to the Confrontation Table. The FACA Fannish Arm Combat World Champion came to the big match attired in an impeccable conservative dark suit and matching establishment tie. (He was the only one for whom we didn't have to provide a ring costume.)

FACA's ace interviewer Bill Mills thrust a microphone under Peter's nose, but even this could not crack the Britisher's icy calm. "I am here to defend the FACA World Arm Combat Championship," said Peter in his impeccable upper crust accent. Mr. Jackson took the opportunity to brush non-existent dust from the shoulders of the champion's suit. "The colonials may challenge, the colonials may bluster, but the winner will be British flint and steel! Ghu Save the Queen!"

The UK contingent whooped it up with uncharac-

teristic lack of restraint. “Huzzahs” filled the room and there was much rhythmic clapping. A loud voice, not yet identified at this writing, kept hollering: “Manchester United Can Piss Off!” but all the other UK fans at Corflu Silver preferred rhythmic clapping and chants of “*Pe-ter Wes-ton!*”

Suddenly, *This Land Is Your Land* erupted from the PA system. Over it came the voice of Bill Mills, revved up to the slick maximum: “Heeeee’s Faanish! He’s Myssssssss-terious... Heeeeeeeee’s The Patriotic Avenger!”

Bounding down the aisle came The Patriotic Avenger. Some thought they recognized the physique, not to mention the beard poking out the bottom of the Avenger’s full-head red, white and blue mask (with a large white star on the forehead).

The Patriotic Avenger strode (patriotically) around the Confrontation Table and screamed, “Give me Corflu or give me death!” and “Extremism in the defense of fannishness is no vice!”

A tidal wave of whispering swept through the audience, the gist of which is that no one could figure out why the Masked Man was saying those things. However, most American fans thought it was probably a Good Thing.

“C’mon you Brit Bastard!” the Patriotic Avenger bellowed. “I’m going to break your limp limey wrist!”

“Close your mouth, you red, white and blue buffoon or you’ll be eating British steel,” Weston retorted.

Both combatants lined up on opposite sides of the Confrontation Table.

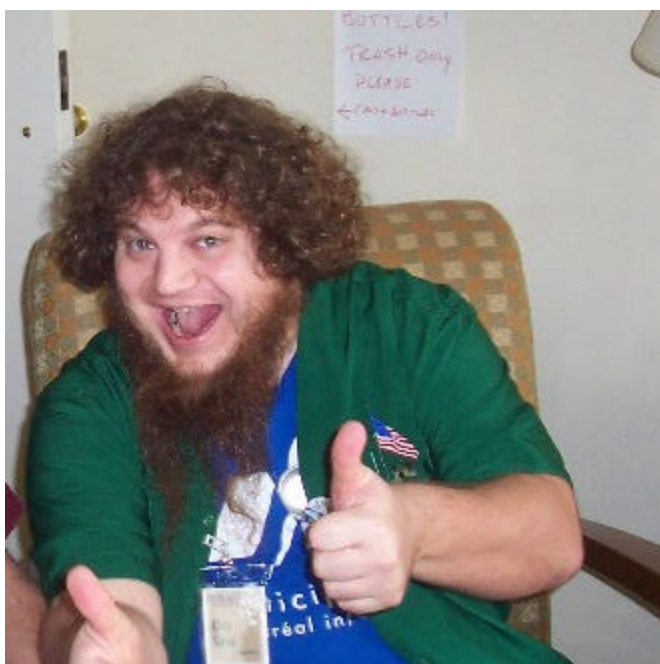
Each carefully settled his elbow into the pivot cup, trying to get comfortable.

They stared at each other, neither man willing to look away from the other’s steady gaze. The Patriotic Avenger was no more inscrutable behind his mask than Weston was behind his patrician facade.

It was time for the championship, one trial of strength and stamina for world fannish arm combat supremacy.

“And now, as the combatants take their places at the Confrontation Table, it is time for tonight’s main event, one pin to a finish for the FACA Faanish World Arm Combat Championship,” I boomed. “Standing and ready at the blue edge of the Confrontation Table, from Parts Unknown, Weight Unknown, the American Hope, the Patriotic Avenger!” The Mystery Man raised his arms in recognition and, from a boom box, brought forth something that sounded like an odd combination of *Hava Nagilla* and *The Mexican Hat Dance*.

“Standing and ready at the blue edge of the table is the reigning and fending FACA Fannish World Arm Combat Champion, Peter “Prolapse” Weston!” Once



again the British fans made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in absolute numbers.

I stepped back to allow referee Ross Chamberlain to deliver his pre-fight instructions. “You both know the rules,” he told the combatants. “I want a clean fight. No pinching. No biting. No spitting in the eye. Watch yourselves and conduct yourselves as trufans at all times!”

Peter Weston vouchsafed a patrician nod. The Patriotic Avenger clasped his hands above his head and jumped up and down a couple of times. His supports took it as a sign that their masked champion was ready to wrest fannish arm wrestling’s most coveted prize from the dapper foreigner.

The two fans assumed the combat stance and placed their elbows in the cups on the Confrontation Table. They extended their hands and clasped. Referee Ross Chamberlain immediately put his hand on top to steady both men.

“And here to do the official championship countdown,” I said. “is Lenny Bailes!” I gave it the original, two-syllable pronunciation. Lenny came down the aisle to the Confrontation Table.

“On my count of ‘three,’” Lenny said.

“One...”

“Two...”

“Threeeeeee!!!”

Peter Weston looked resolute, but calm, as he strained to absorb the Patriotic Avenger’s opening surge. The mask cloaked the face of the self-appointed defender of American Fannish Arm Combat, but his heavy breathing testified to his effort.

The crowd watched, riveted by the stalemate as the

hands stayed close to the vertical starting position. The slight shake of the locked hands was the only clue to the tremendous struggle.

“Rue Britannia!” Peter Weston suddenly shouted as he put all of his remaining strength into a whirlwind attack that saw the Avenger’s fist dip perilously close to the table!

The US fans in the audience began singing *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. The Patriotic Avenger seemed to draw renewed strength from the song and his fist inched slowly back to the upright position.

“54-40 or Fight!” screamed the Patriotic Avenger. He threw everything he had into one final lunge...

And the back of Peter Weston’s hand hit the table!

“The winner and new FACA Fannish Arm Combat World Champion is the Patriotic Avenger!” I roared.

The American fans in the ball room erupted into tumultuous cheers. The British fans, heads lowered,

slunk out the door in the general direction of the Main Consuite’s bheer stash. They’d hoped to tap it for celebration; they would have to settle for commiseration.

The Patriotic Avenger leapt onto the Confrontation Table! Someone produced a flag with the Core Fandom symbol – it was probably Bill Mills, Las Vegrants’ Lord of Logo Merchandise – and the Patriotic Avenger waved it back and forth, high above the heads of his adoring fans.

An impromptu band played a ragged version of *God Bless America*.

With a final cheer, fan to their scattered parties went.

Sadly, that all never took place because of cruel fate’s intervention.

I sure wish it had. Not only would it have been a jolly entertainment for Corflu Silver and I might’ve even gotten an article out of it for *VFW*. — Arnie

Fannish Links

LasVegrants.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.

Efanazines.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.com

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.

VirtualFanLounge

Fans get together for chats and there are also scheduled audio and video feeds. The best way for first-timers to enter is through LasVegrants.com. Follow the links, register your name and have fun!.

The Daze

The Silver Fox RETURNS!

In all of history there have been something like 23,000 professional science fiction, fantasy, and weird fiction writers. That's a hell of a lot of writers. Of course that includes a lot of very minor figures. Fans who wanted to do it just to see if they could, and sold a story or two and then went back to work at the shoe factory or the bakery or the insurance office. Fiction writers who really belonged in the mainstream or in some other genre but who wandered into science fiction a few times, almost by accident. Serious minded beginners who really intended to make a career of it until they discovered how much work was involved, for how little pay.

Enter Fox B. Holden (his real name) with a vignette called "Noise is Beautiful" in the February, 1943 Astounding Science Fiction. He had a story in Thrilling Wonder Stories in 1945, then disappeared until late in 1950 when he hit Planet Stories with a short called "Sidewinders from Sirius." After that he appeared fairly regularly in the pulps and early digest magazines. His last appearance was a story called "Dearest

Enemy" in Worlds of If dated October, 1956.



There were a total of nineteen stories, all of them short stories or novelettes except for one. He wrote a novel and sold it to Bill Hamling for Imagination: Stories of Science and Fantasy. It ran as a two-part serial in the issues for October and November, 1953.

That novel was called The Time Armada. Enter your humble and obedient servant, the author of this little essay. I was an avid science fiction fan in the early 1950s. I bought and read just about everything I could lay my hands on, and in those days this was a difficult but not impossible feat. I read The Time Armada and thoroughly enjoyed it. Fast forward a decade and a half. It's the late 1960s and I am working at a day job, writing and directing movies for the International Business Machines Corporation in Poughkeepsie, New York. I also have a moonlight job as an editor at Cavanaugh Press in New York City. And a third job, if you can call it that, writing books and short stories of my own. I'd had a nonfiction book and a novel published by this time, and was hoping to quit my day job and write full time.

The manager of the film department – my manager – was transferred to another division of the company and a new person was brought in from another division to run the film department. He was a tall, slim, prematurely white-haired career IBMer named Fox B. Holden.

Continued on next page

Wow!

For the next couple of years – from 1968 to 1970 – I worked for Mr. Holden. He was known, because of his beautiful hair and his name, as The Silver Fox. We got along famously.

Fox was under a good deal of pressure. The computer industry, even then, was a lucrative but stressful place to work. Every so often there would be a knock on my office door and Fox would ask, “May I come in?” I’d say, “Of course.”

He’d pull up a chair opposite my desk, put his elbows down on the gray composition desktop, and support his forehead on the heels of his hands. He’d take a couple of deep breaths, then say, “Dick, you’re a science fiction person. You’re the only one around here who speaks my language.”

Then he’d unburden himself of whatever frustrations had laid him low.

He loved to talk about his days as a pulpster. His great regret was that he’d never had a book published. One of his stories – one – had once been included in a paperback anthology by Don Wollheim. On one occasion I mentioned the Day Index to Science Fiction Magazines, and it’s successor, the Metcalf Index. I’d looked up Fox and brought the index to work with me. He was intensely excited and asked if he could borrow it long enough to shoot a photocopy of that page for his



personal archive.

In the spring of 1970 I was due for my annual employee appraisal. I hated these events and I knew that Fox hated them as well. He offered me a seat in his office and I said, “Before we start, I think you should read this.”

I handed him an envelope. He removed its contents and read my brief, pro forma resignation. He asked if I wanted to leave IBM because of something I disliked about the company, and I said, No. Had I been hired away by a competitor? No, again. I knew the drill, believe me. Earlier in my career at IBM I had been the editor of the manager’s manual. I wrote the lines that Fox was delivering.

He asked if there was anything he could do to get me to change my mind and I said, No. And what was I planning to do? I said, Sit at my typewriter and write books.

Fox looked into my eyes. There was a lengthy silence. Then he said, “I once faced the same decision that you’re making. I wish...” He stopped. He couldn’t go on. He didn’t need to.

Fast forward again, It’s 2008. I’ve been writing books for a long time and God willing I’m nowhere near finished. In the past few years a little company in Louisiana called Ramble House has published several of my books to reasonable success. I’ve also done some volunteer acquisition and editing work for Ramble House. I’ve even, in effect, ghost-collaborated on a couple of books that I was supposed to edit.

The boss at Ramble House is a marvelous character named Fender Tucker. Early in 2008 Fender told me that I’d done a lot for his company and he’d like me to continue doing it, but on a more formal basis. He offered me a private imprint. I took the offer, and named the imprint Surinam Turtle Press. An odd name, I’ll admit. But I do so admire the Surinam turtle, a creature whose ugliness is exceeded only by its laziness. It is my personal totem.

The biggest problem with the imprint is that I don’t have any budget to work with. We can’t pay any advances, and while we will definitely pay standard royalties on copies sold, nobody is going to make much money writing for Surinam Turtle Press. In fact, our first four releases will be long out-of-print books by the prolific and unjustly forgotten Gelett Burgess. But then...

I did a little internet research on the name Holden in and around Poughkeepsie, New York. Turned up fifteen listings for people with that last name. Sent them all identical letters, identifying myself, explaining my connection with Fox B. Holden, and asking if they were relatives. — Richard Lupoff

Now & Again

Bragging RIGHTS

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 harddrive, over one gig of RAM, a PhotoShop program for capturing and transforming illos, a cable modem, an online site (you know – <http://www.planetarystories.com>) 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 not 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 becoss 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 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 given 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 fo 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

Postcard FROM 1958 Fan Noir

This is a photo of me and my grandfather in his Nash Metropolitan. I was only seven at the time it was taken, but old enough to think there was something awfully odd about this car. It looked like a kitchen appliance, and wasn't much larger. I found this photo recently and restored it with Photoshop. Serendipitously, I discovered that a 1/18 model of it was newly available. The old run had some time ago sold out. It was expensive -- I won't admit how expensive. More expensive even than a new hardcover novel! But I didn't want it to go out of production on me again, so I bought it for my birthday some weeks from now. I'm the short one. My grandfather thought it was cute to dress me like him, and because he was a barber he also cut my hair like his. Once I got old enough to put my foot down I never let anyone cut my hair short again. But I'm still fond of the tiny car. While I know when this photo was taken, I'm not sure where. It could be in Toronto, in my Grampa's neighborhood where I'm living now. But we don't have angle parking any more, and the storefronts have all changed. So I'm not sure. It might be anywhere, even somewhere in the U.S.

Here you see the 1/18 scale toy. The photo (and the ones that follow) are from a web-site. Like my grandfather's this one is aqua and white, but unfortunately that run was sold out. The actual Metropolitan was made by Nash in cooperation with the English firm, Austin. The first model was offered in America and Britain in 1953. The year after, Nash and Hudson merged and formed American Motors. Nash, by the way, was the automotive division of Nash-Kelvinator, which made refrigerators. Perhaps that's one reason the car looked the way it did. The soft convertible top is removable on the model, and a tarp for the folded down top is provided.

This is my model, or rather how it's supposed to look once I've taken it out of the box. Since I bought it for my birthday, I won't open it until October. The model is made by Highway 61, one of the high-end brands you never pay less than fifty bucks for. The new issue isn't aqua, like my Grampa's, though. It's coral. A nice colour, but I'd rather had aqua. It's also a 1959 model, and different in several small ways from my Grampa's. The chrome stripe for instance. If you look closely at the black & white photo of the real car, you can see Grampa's had no chrome. The two tone was just painted on and followed a curvy line. The real car had side view mirrors too, and the folded down convertible roof looks different. According to a text I'd read, the 1959 model had a new front grill as well.



Continued on next page



Here's a nice shot of the model's interior. That stripped upholstery was some sort of rubberized cloth in the original. I recall that whenever I sat in it, the seat felt uncomfortably clammy, like sitting on a tarpaulin that had been rolled up after a rain without drying. Even for a seven year old, the back seat was cramped. The model seems to have faithfully reproduced every detail too! The sun visors swing, and the glove compartment actually opens. The back seat folds down to enlarge the trunk as well.



Funny, but I don't remember driving in the car much. Just sitting it. Maybe I was too short to see over the dash or rear seat backs? In any case, you can see the 1500 cc motor is only large enough to look impressive mounted on the back of a dinghy. It seemed to be enough to make it go, though. The sales brochure described the Metropolitan as a "Cadillac on a Charm Bracelet" or some such nonsense. More like a Volks-

wagen on a twist-tie. But the car was popular for a number of years and only discontinued in 1961, after 95,000 had been sold.



This is a view of a Metropolitan you're only likely to have if you're walking. The continental spare tire wasn't there for style, by the way. There was no room for it anywhere else. I believe the actual plates on my model are Georgia, and they're black. I don't know what state these are. Looks like Michigan.

And that's the end, folks!

— Taral Wayne

Las Vegrants Online

Bill Mills is Vegrants' leading exponent of online fanac. His enthusiasm and technical expertise have led to the creation of several sites of interest.

To see Bill's fanac at its most interesting, check out TheVoicesOfFandom.com and LasVegrants.com. TVoF.com has many audio and video clips as well as access to Bill's excellent podcasts. LasVegrants.com has a file of *VFW*, info about logo merchandise, material about the Vegrants and links to a lot in interesting online fan stuff.

At the top-center of the main page of LasVegrants.com is a link to Bill's latest invention, The Virtual Fan Lounge. This free service has a 24/7 chat room, slide shows, and audio and video casts.

"The Wasted Hour," my video show, airs the first and third Saturdays of the month at 7:00 PM PDT. A rebroadcast with a live chat that features Joyce and me runs on "off" Sundays at 10:00 AM. You can also listen to past episodes "on demand."

— Arnie

Buffet

Orcs at the GATES!

It's been a slow realization, but I now see that the love is gone from my first great fannish love affair. While there were other, earlier stfnal interests in my life, they weren't quite fannish. *Star Wars* was a part of the cultural heritage of a kid growing up in the 80s, and Asimov's juvenile robot stories caught my interest and sensawunda, but neither of them brought me into anything I'd think of as fandom (despite paving the way).

No, my introduction to fandom, to any sort of community of like-minded individuals, was *Dungeons & Dragons*.

Now, not everyone who plays D&D will enter into fandom, but, for three reasons, it served as the channel of my entry. First, D&D encourages players to go out and discover its sources, to read Tolkien and Jack Vance, Fritz Lieber and Lovecraft. This goes even farther, though, as the publications associated with D&D have a long history of publishing short fiction, often by the same folks who've been playing the game for years. Second, D&D absolutely requires players to go out and find other, like-minded individuals as a basic requirement to play. The game just isn't possible without a game master, and it reaches its standard form when there are four additional players. And third, D&D lends itself readily to regular social recreation with those like-minded folks. While a one-shot can be fun, the game is best enjoyed in campaigns, watching characters progress and perhaps even extend into a generational saga. And other games and fanac aside, I've played in campaigns of D&D with no less than thirty other players in my home town over the past twelve years.

So why do I say D&D was my doorway to fandom? Well, on a personal level, it got me associating with the sort of folks who formed my high



Continued on next page

school's SF club. We'd meet every week, have some snacks, and folks would hang out, play D&D, play Diplomacy, watch movies, and talk about whatever was on their minds, SF or otherwise.

We weren't connected to anything outside of the school and maybe a few game and comic stores, but it was a start. We knew conventions existed. We had some involvement in producing a zine (I'm not sure it could properly be called a fanzine, it was more a literary rag which relied very heavily on punkzine style, with a definite Discordian flair) as a social circle rather than as a club.

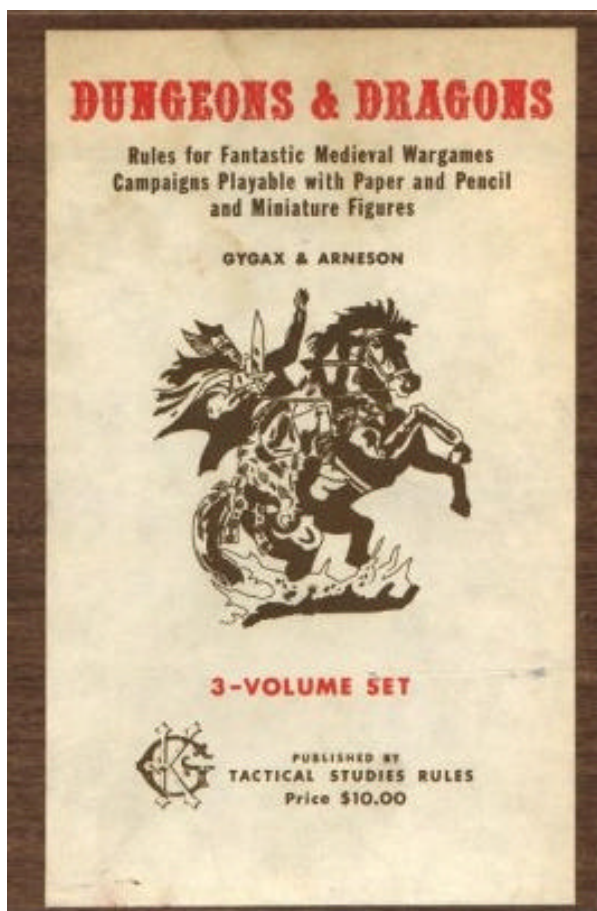
And this group kept my interest up enough that when I was contacted by the Gaming Director for a con an hour and a half down the road, I was gung ho about going to a convention. When I got there, I was surprised to find that not only was there gaming (and LARPing, a phenomenon I'd not sample for a few years yet), but also a room full of folks selling games and books and trinkets and even SWORDS! And there were buxom young women riding escalators in chain-mail bikinis! And more importantly, an old friend from the club who'd graduated and was now a part of the group running the convention. And from then on, I was a regular (and I'll even be chairing the thing next year).

Since even before my introduction to fandom as a phenomenon beyond my high school social circle, I've been involved with a slowly shifting group of friends who've met on a weekly basis to play D&D. I've had temporary absences, when my work schedule prohibited the once-a-week evening commitment, but I've always come back. Over the years, somewhere around fifteen of us have shifted through the four to seven seats at the table.

These days, there are six. For almost ten years, we've been playing D&D together. When we started, our core books all read "2nd Edition Advanced Dungeons & Dragons." These days, they read "Dungeons and Dragons 3.5." In June, they'll read "4th Edition." I'm not sure I really need another edition change. There's a tendency among a couple of guys in the group to go out and find everything they can to make the most ridiculous sets of stats possible.

That'll be harder at first with a new edition, but it won't ever be impossible, and it can only get worse as the corporate editors realize they need to print more books to keep making money, and the best way to make sure those books are purchased is to ramp up the power level over time. I've watched this as a whole cycle already. I don't need to do it again.

Couple this with the fact that Gary Gygax, co-creator of D&D, passed away this year, and it's a little easier to think of this as the right time to say goodbye. The cur-



rent campaign is slated to end when the new books are released, and I find that rather than drop \$60-100 on the new core materials, I'd rather just bow out when we're done with this story.

My love for the game has gradually waned, and while I still love the friends I've been playing with all these years, I think there are other ways I'd rather spend my time with them. I've also found that conrunning, fanwriting, and other attempts at a social life have conspired to eat away at my time until I only have the time for one game a week. I'd rather, at this point, it be something other than Dungeons & Dragons.

I don't expect to have made a case that D&D is always fanac. I'll be happy if I've convinced a few folks to consider that D&D *can be* fanac. It has been for me. And alas, this is it, my farewell to a game I've loved and shared with so many dear friends over the years. I doubt it's forever, though.

I'll probably come back in a few years, relive the good old days, maybe even join up for a campaign. I might even run one. But for now, D&D and I have to go our separate ways, to our own futures. Parting, says the Bard, is such sweet sorrow.

— Warren Buff

Fanzines REVIEWS Percolations

I would like to make an observation here at the start of my fanzine review column for *Vegas Fandom Whenever Weakly Weekly*: after every Corflu there is a resultant energy surge in the fanzine universe. Let it be known to all that I really don't mind. In fact, I welcome the influx of zines into my mailbox, both physical and electronic.

This is an exciting time to be a fanzine fan – or even just a science fiction fan, but that's another matter for another fanzine some year – and I am mightily enjoying surfing this wave of activity. This is what I like to call cyber-fanac: joining the on-going dialogue that is fandom through the computer through on-line fanzines, club websites, e-lists, LiveJournals, Instant Messengering, streaming videos and live feeds from cons, and so on.

Some initial commentary needs to be made before I launch into covering a few items. Bear with me, because it does provide a framework for the reviews.

Arnie Katz has been riding the crest of online fan publishing for quite a few years now, and as he has repeatedly said in *VFW* the fanzine field is currently in flux, a metamorphosis, as it transitions from paper-only zines to online-only zines to whatever-it's-gonna-become zines. Face it, a quick backward glance at the historical development of fanzines shows that zines have always changed with the times. As reproductive technology changed, so did the zines; fan publishers happily experimented with any new means of repro. What is happening right now is a logical extension of what is obviously a long-time fannish tradition: roll with the changes (thank you, REO Speedwagon) as you pub yer ish. There will always be people looking for that Next Best Thing in zine publishing, or looking for a different, more interesting way to share information in a fanzine-like format.

The Virtual Tucker Hotel #1-8

Edited & published by Peter Sullivan

It therefore seems logical that the first fanzine that I should turn my attention to is none other than the demon spawn of Corflu Silver's Virtual Consuite Lounge, nurtured by the Las Vegrants on their not-really-official website, www.lasvegrants.com, through the "Virtual Fandom Lounge" link, none other than Peter Sullivan's *Virtual Tucker Hotel*. (Let it be known that I think the Virtual Fan Lounge is sort of science fiction fandom's cable channel. But I'll get to that soon.)

Peter, like so many of us (including yours truly), could not physically attend Corflu Silver, so instead he virtually attended through the Virtual Consuite Lounge created by the affable and capable, Bill Mills, who was aided and abetted by his delightful wife, Roxanne, and Bill Burns, who is likewise always delightful (but not as pretty as Roxanne). So what does Peter then do? Why, record and transcribe the chats and programme items on VFL, turning them into text versions as the *Virtual Tucker Hotel* to appear – where else? – on www.efanzines.com for everyone to enjoy.

So far there have been eight editions of *VTH*, and they do an excellent job of not only condensing the audio programs to their essential elements, but Peter is adeptly editing the assorted chatroom blatherings into

Virtual Tucker Hotel



Issue One

<http://www.as3.com.dc/channel/the-virtual-fan-lounge>

Continued on next page

something resembling literary coherence, which is nothing short of miraculous. An issue will usually spew forth the week after a broadcast of one of Arnie's shows ("The Wasted Hour") or the scheduled chats of Southern Fandom Classic or a Las Vegrants party meeting. Peter Sullivan is doing a fine job here, and I applaud his efforts.

Speaking of fandom having its own cable channel, to say nothing of fans experimenting with new means of sharing their passion for SF and fandom, some words need to be spoken about Bill Mills' website, The Voices of Fandom (enter <http://thevoicesoffandom.com> in your browser to get there). *TVoF* is probably the closest thing right now to a pure online fanzine – man, I'm opening up myself there for Shelby Vick to hit me – because it does not exist at all in dead tree format. If anything, this site is akin to being a fannish e-channel since Bill frequently adds new podcasts (audio interviews, taped convention program items, old radio broadcasts, and other silliness) and updates an archive of recorded interviews, miscellaneous "fannish audio clips," the Oral Fan History Project, a Fannish Photo Archive, links to other items of Fannish Interest", and so on.

Bill encourages fen to submit tapes and all to him for the archive. *TVoF* reminds me of the days when fans used to send cassette tapes through the snail mail to each other; these tapes would contain music, conversation, interviews, a taped panel discussion at a con, radio programs, etcetera, that the recipient would enjoy.

Yes, this does sound a lot like Joe Siclari's and Jack Weaver's <http://fanac.org>, with its wonderful array of fan historical material – marvelous left-side menu to peruse – but *TVoF* differs in that it offers the podcasts, which are best described as audio fanzines complete with interviews, reviews, articles, conreports, and so on. These podcasts are current and fresh, and also are indicative of Bill's zany personality. The quality of *TVoF*'s podcasts, by the way, is remarkably professional sounding.

My Basic Take on *The Virtual Tucker Hotel*:

This is the living, growing spawn of Corflu Silver. It is the text summation of recent programs, chatrooms, and other items on the Virtual Fandom Lounge, such as Corflu Silver's virtual consuite feed and Arnie's bi-weekly show, *The Wasted Hour* (the fastest hour in fandom because it's only 30 minutes long).

It also lists scheduled up-coming chat sessions with their start times (in a wide assortment of matching time zones), rebroadcasts, and other regularly scheduled shows. If fandom had its own cable channel, *VTH* would be its *TV Guide*. Such a label would be even

more appropriate if Peter Sullivan broadened it to include links to <http://thevoicesoffandom.com> and <http://fanac.org>. This could happen, but only if Peter wanted to do so.

Science Fiction and Fantasy #28-31

Edited by Venecian Todoroff

Another wonderful aspect of cyber-fanac is the world-wide access of your zine if you pub one on-line. It never ceases to astonish me when I check the details link on the counter Bill Burns put on my zines at <http://efanzines.com> to see where my zine has been viewed.

It really is remarkably humbling. Because of this website, every once in a while I get a fanzine e-mailed to me from somewhere in our fannish world, and the next zine to come under consideration here is one of those.

Unless you can read Russian or Bulgarian, Venecian Todoroff's *Science Fiction and Fantasy* is best enjoyed as a visual feast of what interests there are overseas in Eastern European fandom. Venecian hails from Varna, Bulgaria, and the main emphases in the issues he has sent me appear to be books and media.

Venecian does a wonderful job of covering what is being published by new Eastern European writers, and also of reprints of English-language novels (lots of Harry Harrison in issue #29). I still remember how to read and speak Russian (my foreign language in college), so I can read bits and pieces of this zine. But for the most part, it is slow going, so all I can do is settle back and enjoy the pretty pictures, which is still a lot of fun.

However, it is apparent that Venecian can read English and regularly visits <http://efanzines.com> because one of the illos wedged onto the front cover of issue #29 is a download of Brad Foster's cover art for the 100th issue of *Vegas Fandom Weekly*.

I have no idea if Brad is aware of this, but there it is. That's not the only reason why I know Venecian can read English; many of the book and sfnal magazine reviews are so recent they may not have yet been translated into Bulgarian, Russian, or whateverian. It is enlightening to know that here is a fan who does his best to keep up with the international science fiction field. Personally, I would think that keeping up with what's coming out in Europe would be bad enough, but this guy is doing his best to cover a lot of territory.

There is a resultant major problem with such an approach: each issue's layout is jammed. The zine has the problem of visual overload, with lots of color, graphics, photographs, and whatever on every page.

There is simply Too Much material crammed into the zine. The layout works best, though, when Ve-

venecian concentrates on just images with captions, or writes a brief synopsis of a particular book or television show. Occasionally there is mention of a fanzine, such as in the 28th issue, when I spotted a brief paragraph mention of *Science Fiction in San Francisco #52* tucked down in the bottom right corner of page 31. That really made me laugh.

My Basic Take on Venecian Todoroff's *Science Fiction and Fantasy*: An interesting if sometimes – alright, mostly - incomprehensible glimpse into the world of Eastern European fanzine activity. If you are interested in getting this from him, here is Venecian's e-mail address: venecian@abv.bg. Tell him I sent you.

eI #38

Edited by Earl Kemp's

The advent of online publishing has brought many old timers back to the fold, and I am one of them. The next fanzine which I will jealously enthuse over comes from one of fandom's long-time members, and quite frankly, this Old Phart is showing us How It's Done.

Outside of being one helluva nice guy, Earl Kemp is a qualified old phart publishing giant from days of yore, the fellow responsible for that 1961 Hugo award winning fanzine, *Who Killed Science Fiction?* (reprinted/reposted last year on www.efanzines.com – go there, download, and keep, for criminey's sake!).

I had the pleasure of finally meeting Earl at Corflure in Austin, Texas last year, and found him not only pleasant to chat with, but very knowledgeable about the fanzine field. After all, when you've been involved with fan stufh for something like 50 years, it is inevitable that you should know it well.

Not only that, but it could be argued that if it wasn't for e-zines, Earl would not be pubbing *eI*. He has

been more than ably helped over the past 6 years by Bill Burns to make *eI* both screen and print compatible; versions of this zine are available on the efan-zines website in .html and .pdf formats. Choose your preference. I suggest the .html format because the resolution and colors are much sharper of the old photos and book cover scans peppering each issue. Even the old black-and-white scanned photos are about as clear as the originals. Reading the zine in .pdf works well, too, and a printed hardcopy of this format will give you that old-time fanzine appeal.

Mentioning “old-time fanzine appeal” is one of the biggest reasons for reading *eI*. The historical bent of *eI* is indeed its greatest appeal. Toward the beginning of each bimonthly issue, Earl includes the statement that *eI* is basically a work in progress, being a memoir of not only his life in fandom, but also of the years spent working in the pornography publishing business. When he writes about these things it is just so fascinating and illuminating. Earl gets old cronies to join in on the historical journey: two frequent contributors are Michael Moorcock and Earl's son Terry, and all Earl has to do is ask some of his friends – like Joe Siclari, Graham Charnock, Roger Peyton, and others - for material and they jump at the chance. When the material turns around to old books – like last year's series of articles on the great Shasta Publication SF&F titles – Earl includes cover scans that will make you want to drool on your computer keyboard.

My Basic Take on Earl Kemp's *eI*: I heartily recommend *eI* for your reading and educational pleasure. This is a wonderful zine with wonderful art – recent covers by Steve Stiles and Dan Steffan are highlights, of course – and old photos and even more wonderful articles from long-term fans and non-fans, too. Words fail me. Get thee to <http://efanzines.com> and click on the *eI* cover link. You will not be disappointed – at least, not if you're a trufan.

— John Purcell



FANDOM NEWSBREAKS

Jack Speer Passes

The entire fan community is mourning the passing of Jack Speer at home on June 28 as a result of the virulent cancer he fought so hard despite overwhelming, constant pain. He made his last fannish appearance at Corflu Silver in April, where his physical condition seemed perilous to many.

The pioneering fan had an awesome list of achievements. He wrote the first fanhistory, compiled the first *Fancyclopedia*, took major roles in both the First Staple War and the Ghu-Ghu-Foofoo religious war, exposed the full extent of Claude Degler's deception, co-invented the apa mailing comment and perpetrated the first hoax fan. And those are only a few of the many highlights.

Jack Speer's sparkling personality and upbeat approach to life made him a great companion at many, many conventions. Much respected in every corner of Fandom, Jack Speer had a special role with regard to Las Vegas Fandom. The group adopted Jack as one of its Great Old Fans in the early 1980's and Jack always made a special effort to attend Vegas conventions and special events like the annual Christmas party.

We will all miss Jack Speer in so many ways. And like all the great BNFs, his like will not come here again. Treasure his memory.



SNAPS Continues Hot Streak!

The 35th eMailing of SNAPS, the electronic apa continued the group's strong '08 showing with a 75-page file. Strong participation from newer members like Dian Crayne and returnees such as Ross Chamberlain has helped keep the apa fresh and lively.

If you'd like more information and a sample eMailing, drop me a note (crossfire4@cox.net).

Westercon 61 Draws Mixed Reviews

Westercon 61, which took place in Las Vegas over this July 4th weekend, drew mixed notices from the fans who attended. While fans generally enjoyed some nice moments, the most prevalent view is that the con was "disappointing."

It turned out to be one of the smallest Westercons in the event's six-decade history. Attendance was esti-

mated at mid-300. The hotel's high room rates and isolated location, many miles from what most think of as Las Vegas, held down attendance. (Few Vegrants felt moved to invest their money.)

James Stanley Daughtery chaired the con with a committee composed mostly of non-Nevada fans. The con seemed to have few of the lures and attractions that have made Las Vegas cons so popular.

Westercon 42 Names Berry Fan GoH!

The committee for Westercon 63, scheduled for Pasadena, CA, in July, 2010, has announced that its Fan Guest of Honor will be John D. Berry.

Presently living in the Seattle area, John D. has been an active fan since the 1960's. His most popular fanzines were *Egoboo* (with Ted White) and *Hot Shit* (with Calvin Demmon).

ChatBack

The VFW Lettercol

ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column

The quantity of letters has been down a little (hint), but the quality remains at the same high level. That said, let's get to them now!

One of our Favorite Canadians wrestles with the meaning of it all.

Taral Wayne

It isn't wrestling per se I find amusing. It was the idea that wrestling had anything to do with wrestling. There might be less popular spectator events – live recitals of free verse, or handicapped curling, perhaps; but incontrovertibly the proper sport of wrestling where two well-trained athletes grapple scientifically for the purpose of exhibiting their skill, reflexes, and experience has a vanishingly small following. The WWF and similar organized exhibitions are no more kin to that sort of wrestling than Huckleberry Hound is to Oscar Wilde. You say so yourself.

"I like pro wrestling's incredible athleticism, the imaginative plots, the colorful characters and the sometimes hilarious melodrama."

This is all well and good, but what has it got to do with wrestling?

While I haven't really watched wrestling, I saw the action figures of Hulk Hogan in the toy stores, which seemed to capture the spirit of the sport neatly. I heard Cyndi Lauper on talk shows. I saw a documentary in which the late, great Andre the Giant was much praised. Unless there is something too subtle for these diverse media, I don't think I missed anything. WWF is a genre of camp introspection of America for the cognoscenti, a cathartic morality play for Joe and Barbara Six-Pack, a launch into stardom for muscle-builders with nowhere to go, and truckloads of money to promoters with accounts in banks in the Barbados that are carefully watched by the IRS. I suppose it does sum up contemporary American culture well.

But I am a tolerant man. I have broad mental horizons, grown over many years of recovering from the shock and disbelief of learning for the first time of too

many hobbyhorses that were too incongruous to mention. If you can stand it that I drew nekkid bunnies for ten years, I guess I can forgive you Rowdy Roddy Piper.

Arnie: The point of pro wrestling is not to imitate amateur wrestling, but to present an entertaining show. Amateur wrestling is a participation sport; professional wrestling is a show that combines athletics and dramatics. While a few are in the show because they have "the right look," most are in superb physical condition with outstanding strength, agility, stamina and resistance to pain.

Vince McMahon, Dixie Carter and owners of small promotions all over North America are breathing easier after your last paragraph.

And here's the Sage of Fandom with plenty to say...

Robert Lichtman

Even though the 105th VFW lacks a letter column and thus my actual presence in its pages, between you and Shelby I feel well represented. For instance, in "The First Time" you went to the trouble to mention my observation that your state of gafia would be hyperactivity for some fans twice. And then you went on to note my uncanny ability to raise long-gafiated fans from the dead, which was a bit of an overstatement but welcome attention nonetheless.

One way I've been doing this in the recent past is through eBay, where old fans and tired periodically show up either to reacquire the fanzines of their youth or to sell off the ones they still retain. In the first part of 2007 I had some correspondence with a Utah seller of a copy of The Immortal Storm who turned out to be Scotty Tapscott, the scourge of the Cult during one of its peak periods long ago. Noting that he said in his listing for it that he was a fan before gafiating in the '70s, I dropped him a line wondering who might be, identifying myself and adding that I was a currently active fan and fanzine publisher.

I got back this in reply: "I recall your name but not

Who's a Fan?

This foray into fannish linguistics is an academic argument. That means it's an interesting topic that doesn't matter too much. Chris Garcia's letter sparked this short article. No one reading this has to worry about whether they are a fan; they are, unequivocally, fans, by anyone's definition.

We discuss the definitions of words to increase the clarity of our communications. In that light, defining "fan" as "someone who think they're a fan," doesn't accomplish much. It doesn't tell us much linguistically.

It's also subjective, which creates no common understanding. We don't define words in this manner. We don't say: "Anyone who thinks they're a cowboy is a cowboy" or "Anyone who thinks they are a Genius is a Genius" We don't do that, because it makes the words imprecise and, ultimately useless.

Instead, we define the criteria associated with the word. You can look up the Mundane definition of "fan" in the dictionary. It'll say something like "an enthusiast; a person interested in a particular subject" or words to that effect.

Context is crucial. What is fine for Mundane use may not have the same utility within Fandom.

The dictionary definition is fine for the Mundane World, but we here are all fans and we communicate within the context of Fandom. Like many groups, Fandom has developed a specialized vocabulary to provide specificity in ways that are relevant only to Fandom. Every specialized group utilizes common words, but in the group's context, those words have acquired special meanings.

Every specialized group like Fandom needs a word that denotes the difference between being in the group and being outside it. Very early in its existence, Fandom chose the word "fan" to denote a person who is a participant in the hobby of Fandom, as distinct from people who like the content but don't have that connection. They could've picked a less ambiguous word, but they didn't. We could've been "buffs" or "Cranks" or "wackos," but we're "fans."

A Fanspeak definition of "fan" involves pinning down the dividing line between fan and nonfan. One way to look at it is that a fan within the context of Fandom is someone who does something that goes beyond watching, reading or listening to the basic source material. That's admittedly a very inclusive definition, because it encompasses everyone who visits a website, attends a con or club or fanzine

— Arnie

much else. Time & tide, etc. Me, I'm long out of fandom. Retired in '02 after 36 years teaching philosophy at U of Utah. Long-time activist in local acoustic music association. Play bass in a bluegrass band. Since retirement I'm much into clock repair. Same wife, Fran, of 47 years." He's not selling on eBay these days, but checking his handle there I notice that two of his four recent transactions were for Westclox Baby Ben alarm clocks in non-working order for parts.

You write elsewhere in the article, "Taral, a wonderful guy and a fan friend, also said he hadn't watched wrestling since Gorgeous George." Neither have I, but despite your deep immersion in wrestling fandom I don't feel any urge to sign on to another fandom myself.

Reading this chapter of Chris Garcia's TAFF report, I'm impressed at how lavish he is with his love. "I love old Christian iconography." "I love Mummies." "I just love clocks." And it appears that he had a great time beyond love as well. I must get in touch with him about getting a copy of the whole report, since reading

little bits and pieces of it here and there—and out of order—has merely whetted my appetite for more.

Shelby's column and your lengthy account (with all those great photos!) of the Vegrants' holiday celebrations both made for enjoyable reading. As for Warren Buff's piece, his reference to Walt Willis characterizing "many prominent American fans as 'ghost fans' who were only visible once in a year," by which he meant their coming out of the woodwork at worldcons (insert here the refrain, "Korshak, Eshbach and Evans") and his bringing up this ancient argument between Walt and Bob Madle is for me a case of resurrecting a ghost from fandom's distant past, but also instructive and time-binding. In the case of whether or not "Doc" Smith was eligible to vote in a TAFF race, I side with Walt, but I agree with the end result of the discussions about TAFF as quoted by Warren from Madle's TAFF report: "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." That's the same criteria that applies today, and in retro-

spect it was a good thing that the disagreement about eligibility fifty years ago worked to solidify the voting criteria that have held for so long.

It was interesting to see the 2008 FAAn Awards Results, and I look forward to the report with point totals. I hope that report will also include a complete list of who cast ballots.

Arnie: Have you tried to raise gafiated fans from the dead? It sounds like a worthy project in theory, but I can't help fantasizing a "Con of the Dead" scenario in which deceased con fans rampage through the world as flesh-eating zombies.

Thanks for the update on Scotty Tapscott. I was a Cult waitlister during the period you mention. It always seemed like Tapscott, Boardman and Scithers were fighting about something.

And speaking of TAFF, here's our beloved North American Administrator.

Chris Garcia

I spent the CorFlu weekend at CostumeCon having a wonderful time. I wish I had been able to at least sign on to the Virtual ConSuite, but I never had the chance. I love the review and looks at the great time it sounded like folks had out there. My next trip to Vegas will be a very short one, less than 24 hours to settle details for Westercon. Then, a couple of weeks later, I'll be there for Westercon. I've got a lot to do that weekend, but I'm so looking forward to it!

I love George Burns. I grew up with him as a solo movie star and variety show regular. His appearances on things like The Muppet Show really set him as a star. A lot of my delivery of my more subtle material is influenced by George Burns more than almost anyone except maybe Steve Martin. He had a way of making a joke seem like just another point of conversation. I did see a lot of Burns and Allen when they started rerunning them on Nick at Night in the 1990s and there was the 1950s TV fad in the late 1980s. The radio shows were much funnier to me, but radio is the perfect comedic medium to me. Just reading those bits about Burns and Allen brought a lot of that flooding back!

I think the idea of GAFIA has started to change. There are people who were once highly active on a national or international scale who simply settle down into local fandom and are seldom heard of from outside that ring until WorldCon comes to town or some such. There are fans who lay down in a single area such as costuming or zines and the rest of fandom loses touch. Plus, there are people who will openly say are Gafiated and still surround themselves with fannish friends and show up at all the parties. I could be said to have

GAFIated myself in the years 1984-1989 and 1996-2000, though I still read the old zines I had and had a number of friends who were fans.

Ah, wrestling. You know I love it and of late I've been writing a series of articles about the 1980s concept of Supercards and how they've changed. In a way, wrestling itself has changed so much in the last decade that the idea of the 1980s wrestling is almost as antique as an old Gestetner. I've written a lot about wrestling over the years, though the only time I've ever been paid for it was when I wrote articles about things like Freddy Blassie's effect on a generation of Mexicans or about the role of the Samoan in Popular Culture. I've done a couple of hundred articles for Fanboy-Planet.com that go across the board on what wrestling is, was and will be.

I guess I have a very different view. I probably create in a vacuum more than most. I could get no influence, not a single LoC or comment from a friend on dozens of issues in a row and I'd still keep at it. To me, it's the journey, the joy of slapping it together. Of course, fanzines are only one part of my FANAC. If I regularly went to cons and people ignored me, that'd make it harder for me to keep at it, but I always seem to have lots of good conversations even when I'm somewhere that I don't know anyone. It's weird. I doubt GAFIA will come for me anytime soon unless health or wealth truly leaves me all together.

Whenever I read about the meetings/parties, I wanna hop in my car and make the trip down again. It's been far too long.

The Fan/CoreFan/Pro/BBQ arguments continue and I like the way that Warren Buff lays it all out. My thought is always the same: a Fan is anyone who says they're a fan, who other people says is a fan or who does stuff that fans do. It's just the way these things go! The funny thing is, to most of my friends, there is no difference between pros and fans. I'm buddies with Jay Lake, have hung out with tons of different authors and with few exceptions, have always felt like we're treated on the same level. The one author who I can't seem to make a human-level connection with is Tim Powers, because he's my favorite author and I know that if I were to try and chat with him, I'd become a sniveling fanboy. This will make it hard to do the zine for him at BayCon this weekend.

Can't wait for CorFlu coverage. I'm shocked that I came in second for #1 Fan Face. It just doesn't make much sense that I'd be up in that range!

Arnie: George Burns comes after only Groucho Marx and Jack Benny on the list of my favorite pre-1950 comedians. Those who've watched Joyce and me over the years, most recently on "The Wasted Hour,"

Las Vegas July Fan Events Calendar

Las Vegrants Meeting Saturday, July 4 7:30 PM

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

Cineholics Friday, July 11 7:30 PM

The invitational film circle meets weekly at the home of Alan and DeDee White

VSFA Monthly Meeting Saturday July 12 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.

SNAFFood July Dinner Saturday, July 12 6:00 PM

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

Cineholics Friday, July 18 7:30 PM

The invitational film circle meets weekly at the home of Alan and DeDee White

VSFA Movie at Cooperville Friday, July 18 6:30 PM

The group's movie nights at the home of James Willey and Mindy Hutchings (8280 Clearwater Circle). Call Mindy (702-204-4332) for directions and more information.

Las Vegrants Meeting Saturday, July 19 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 Monday, July 21

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

Cineholics Friday, July 25 7:30 PM

The invitational film circle meets weekly at the home of Alan and DeDee White

SNAFFU Discussion Meeting Sunday, July 27 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.)

have drawn comparisons to George Burns and Gracie Allen. That's immensely flattering, though I'm not sure our style derives much from theirs.

Your comments on the definition of a fan prompt me to give it some focused attention. You'll find the resulting short article elsewhere in the letter column.

Our Lone Star Stalwart comments on Corflu, the Virtual Fan Lounge and the meaning of 'fan'.

John Purcell

I am very happy for Joyce and you - plus the rest of the Vegrants, too - for running such a successful Cor-

flu. The Silver edition seems to have generated another wonderful buzz much like last year's Quire version. Everybody that I've been corresponding with since then has been enthusiastic about not only the con, but about pubbing their ishes again. Heck, take a look at efan-zines.com and note the sudden influx. I've even received a few zines in our old-fashioned postal mail box. Once again, a good job, and the only thing missing about the con was me: I sure as heck wish I could have been there.

But then again, I was. Virtually, that is. Kudos to Bill and Roxanne Mills for setting up the Virtual Con Suite. That was a blast, I gotta tell ya, and watching the

participant numbers go up as the FAAn Awards began was a good indication that people around the world definitely appreciated the streaming feed. Bill so deserves that special award we virtual con attendees bestowed upon him.

This is a good time to note that I shall calendar the Corflu Zed weekend as "taken" as soon as that date is settled. Once again, no real promises, but I have always wanted to visit Seattle. "The blues skies you've ever seen are in Seattle," or so Bobby Sherman sang.

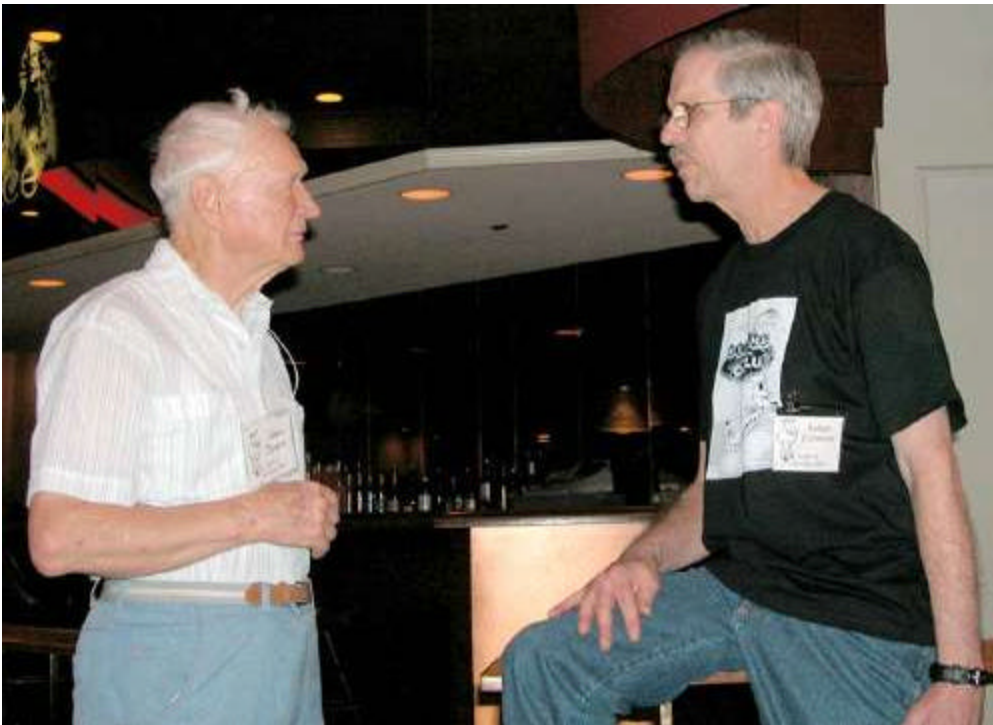
Your "Katzenjammer" musings struck a familiar chord with me. The first half of this year seems like I have been disconnected from fandom even though I have pubbed two issues of Askance (three, by the time this sees print (maybe)) and written 27 locs so far this year. How odd to think that just an output, which was peak production for me back in the 70s and 80s, would "feel" like a slack period. This just shows to Goya how easy cyber-fanac has made fannish production in terms of zines, articles, and locs.

Your musings about your gafiated periods got me to musing about my own gafiated periods. Near as I can tell, I have had two: early 80s (lasted all of one year) then late 80s (1989-1991) when I stopped pubbing and attending Minn-stf and cons mainly because I got married (for the second time) and moved to Des Moines, Iowa. But it was in Des Moines that I discovered the marvelous folks in the Des Moines Science Fiction Society, and Valerie and I attended the first two Demicons (1990-1991). They were a fun bunch, and so in retro-

spect that gafiation wasn't a real gafiation at all. My first gafiation was because I wanted to have some space of my own; being heavily involved in Minn-stf from 1976-1981 was very suffocating, which is a risk that one undertakes when living and breathing in such a large SF fan community. In short, I OD'd on fanac. It happens, and I learned an important lesson in the process: don't take this fanac shit too seriously - it ain't worth it.

The funny thing is that the first half of 2008 feels like I have been slumming it in terms of fanac. Yes, I have been busy with school stuff, and I expected this to happen. Even so, in its own silly way I have missed being fannishly active. Should I be worried? Probably. This could be a dangerous sign, but I don't plan on cranking zines and such like I did back in 2006 and early 2007.

With all that out of the way, let me just say this about that TAFF report by that Garcia kid: excellent stuff. I have chapter 4 of Chris' TAFF report almost all laid out in the next issue of Askance (my goal is to finish the ish post-haste and get it posted early next week) and it's more delightful reportage. If anything, Chris is one prolific fellow; he says the total word count was something like 50,000; geez, that's novel length! For its length and rapidity of getting pubbed, this has to be a record. Besides, I am also pleased that England is still afloat. That big breeze hitting the American Eastern Seaboard was the collective sigh of relief from British fandom.



Jack Speer (*left*) chats with Robert Lichtman.

There really isn't much that I can comment about Warren Buff's wonderful article, "Fandom & Who's a Fan and Stuff Like That." It is definitely thoughtful and a fine piece of fan history, but I will leave the heavy commentary to fans who are much longer in the tooth than I, such as Robert Lichtman, Shelby Vick, Richard Lupoff, and Ted White, who all, I am sure, will have something to say about this piece. I enjoyed reading it, but simply cannot expand upon its contents.

Finally, many thanks for printing the results of the 2008 FAAn

Contact! Las Vegas Club Directory

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

Awards. I am pleased that Askance finished so high, and I never would have placed my zine above eI, Chunga, Pixel, File:770, and Steam Engine Time. Those are all great zines. Thank you, folks, for thinking so highly of my zippy little fanzine. It is appreciated.

Arnie: Some fans have said very complimentary things about Corflu Silver, for which I am very grateful. I'm just so glad that people came to our gathering and that most seemed to have a good time.

The enthusiasm of newer fans often has a revivifying effect on quiescent fans. I know that a lively local scene always sparks my enthusiasm and usually results in an upswing in my writing and publishing.

Comments come about Corflu from the currently un-Frozen North.

Lloyd Penney

First of all, my thanks to Joyce and you and the Vegrants for a great Corflu. I have a trip report to write up for Graeme Cameron and WCSFAzine, so I'll save some comments for that. Other will probably appear here below, especially for VFW 105.

It is good to hear that the convention was a success financially, and a popular success, too. The few reports I've read so far confirm that. I met so many I'd been conversing with for years and had never met, others were surprised that I'd come all this way to come to a Corflu, and others just piled me high with zines. My work is truly cut out for me as I plough through the

pile.

I still have to fire off a dead president to Chris Garcia for a TAFF report. Hey, Chris! How about a dead prime minister? Then you'll have some Canadian cash when you come to Montreal for the Worldcon next year!

ShelVy, I understand completely. Besides my own computer, I also have a PDA that allows me to keep track of all the things I should do, but just can't get around to it. I figure that's half the battle right there. It's hard enough work listing all these things, but actually doing them? C'mon, what more you want outta me?

Talked to Rob Sawyer at the Third Monday Pub-night earlier this week...he and wife Carolyn are looking forward to their trip to Vegas in the new year. I wish Warren Buff good luck in a revised history of Southern fandom. Lots has been dug up, uncovered and recorded, but now it looks like he's hit upon another rich vein to mine.

And there's the FAAn Award results, and I'm pleased. Robert and I talked about how we seem to switch places every so often in Best Letterhack. I figure we'll just switch back and forth, and our domination will be complete. (insert Darth Vader sound effects here)

The Virtual Fan Lounge has been fun, and besides all the work Bill Mills has put into the software and website, Peter Sullivan has helped with the Virtual Tucker Hotel quasi-transcripts, and notification of

when the next event will be. Always helps, and Saturday at 4pm is a good time for me.

Skiffy voice news! I went for an audition for the student voice production downtown, and they are making a radio version of *The Drop* by John Christopher, from the March 1953 issue of *Galaxy*. It was also the very last episode of the 50s series *Tales of Tomorrow*. We were to tape it yesterday, but staff will disappear whenever they please, so it has been postponed, rain date as yet unannounced.

Arnie: The finances came out all right. We put everything we had into the pot and it mostly came back to us by the end of the convention. Pat Virzi's generosity must be mentioned as a major contributing factor. We spent more than we took in, but believe me, it was an unalloyed pleasure.

Wrapping it up in grand style for this time is the 2008 FAAn awards first-place finisher for "Best Letterhack"...

Robert Lichtman

"A Study In Silver" was definitely up to your usual standard in Corflu reports, and held my rapt attention all the way through. It's always interesting to me that although we attended the same convention in theory—

as you aptly put it, "Corflu Silver, held April 25-27, 2008 at Las Vegas' Plaza Hotel & Casino"—our subjective experiences can be at such variance, though coinciding now and then.

In that same opening paragraph you also note: "So much for critics who claim that I never mention any of the official facts of the convention. I'd tell you how wide the aisles were, too, if we had any aisles." For some reason this made me think of the elevators, which in very unconventional fashion were plentiful and speedy at all hours of the day and night. What would one of those con-runner types make of that!? Migod, a convention where a whole subject of boring conversation is completely unavailable!

But there is one possibility: "More quirks of the hotel came to light when we compared notes about the strange little alarm clock radios found in each room. Ted said his went off at 7 AM and Joyce and I had a similar experience. I ended up pulling the plug to stifle it." There have been a few times when I've experienced this, too, and on each occasion it turned out that some previous guest had either failed to properly shut off the alarm or perhaps had left it on as a prank—and checking such things doesn't appear to be something done routinely by room cleaning personnel. Ever since those times I've *always* made sure to check out the

Potshot's Cartoon Theater



alarm radio in any hotel room in which I find myself.

You write that Ken Forman didn't like the name of the Big Pond Trivia Showdown, but don't give his reasons? I think we ought to be told, but I'm afraid that there's going to be a considerable delay. According to the weather Website, it's currently 87 degrees ("but feels like 92") in Flippin, and the 10-day forecast has

highs in the upper 80s and low 90s, and Ken may well have already succumbed to The Frakes and won't be able to get back to us until late autumn.

No doubt I'm about the 67th person to tell you that the fan in the photo on page 9 is Bill Burns, not James Taylor.

A Podcast & More! *TVoFacts*

TheVoicesofFandom.com finished second to efanazines.com in this year's FAAn Achievement Awards poll in recognition of its pioneering work in the field of fannish audio and video. Although proprietor Bill Mills has drawn egoboo for the Virtual Fan Lounge, he hasn't forgotten this deep and varied site.

TVoF Podcast #16 has been up about a month and is my Corflu Silver con report episode, essentially a reading of the text version published in VFW and Snaps, but including audio clips from the con inserted in appropriate places. Podcast #17 is planned to be an audio report on the travesty known as Westercon 61, held in Las Vegas over the 4th of July weekend. You can find the current podcast on the HOME page at <http://TVoF.info> (or on iTunes, BluBry or Odeo), and there is a Podcast Archive page of all previous 'casts as well.

On the Oral History page you'll find audio from Corflu Silver including the Opening Ceremonies, Joyce and Arnie Katz' "Thank You" speeches, Ted White's speech and selection of the past President of the FWA and the entire performance of Andy Hooper's play "The Price of Pugwash".

Also on the newly added Page Five you'll find an mp3 of "Thank Ghu, I'm A Fannish Boy", the new filk song I wrote and debuted on the fifth episode of "The Wasted Hour" (hosted by Arnie Katz) which aired on the fifth of July 2008!

I have recently added a wonderful audio oddity (contributed by Alan White from his personal collection) of approximately 90 minutes from a radio program featuring Dr. Donald A. Reed, president of the Count Dracula Society, with talk show host Jim Straight on his "Rap Line" program, originally aired on KUSC in Southern California in July of 1970.

On Fannish Music Page Four I've added my performance of the "Goin' To Corflu Blues" recorded live at the Corflu Silver Opening Ceremonies, with Len Bailes accompanying me on harmonica.

Again, I invite you to use the new TVoF Comment Recorder to leave a contribution for the ongoing Oral History project or for inclusion in a future TVoF Podcast! Tell us how you found SF fandom. Or did it find YOU? Thoughts on the recent Westercon or Corflu Silver, or the upcoming Xanadu or Worldcon? Tales of previous ones? What was your most fondly remembered or favorite convention? Thoughts on the changing face of fandom? Favorite convention experience? Opinions and comments regarding TVoF's web site or podcasts? Please leave us a voice message using our TVoF Comment Recorder (found on the HOME and Oral History pages). TVoF wants to hear YOUR voice... and add it to The Voices of Fandom! (requires a microphone connected to your computer)

One last note: I have launched a kind of 'beta-test' site to help develop the idea of a fannish video network, a central location for all kinds of fan video productions, where they can be viewed in higher quality versions than we can currently get using a free service such as uStream.tv. The hope is to eventually have many videos in the Fan Video Gallery from a variety of contributors, on a variety of topics. For now we invite you to watch episodes of "The Wasted Hour" hosted by Arnie Katz, "Video Voyage" with Bill Mills and a few others available in the Fan Video Gallery. For now at least, I am calling it "The Fan Video Network" or TFVN and you can check it out at: <http://TFVN.RENEBOOKS.COM>

And, of course, I will always welcome your emails of comment or critique to: BillMills@TheVoicesOfFandom.com.

— Bill Mills

Of Lee Hoffman you write: “In some ways she was the most influential fan of the post-WW II era, since her fannish attitude set the tone for the next half century and is still central to today’s Core Fandom.” That’s true, but it’s my belief she was following in the footsteps of Bob Tucker, who invented the sort of fannishness she took to heart and pushed forward. This doesn’t diminish her considerable accomplishments in the least.

You write that Andy Hooper “showed visible disappointment at the lack of FAAn Awards nominating pins. He felt that by abandoning the pins we had not exalted the awards sufficiently. ‘Why don’t you just hit them in the face and throw them into the street?’ he demanded. Robert Lichtman took issue, too. I might’ve done the pins, although I don’t like the idea, except that three fans who won them last year wrote to me to say that they didn’t want them. That the three fans aren’t closely associated with each other only made their unanimity on this point seem more telling.” What I was taking issue with was not the pins themselves but the notion that just *three* fans expressing a negative view about them—whether “closely associated with each other” or not—doesn’t seem to me a sufficient sampling and/or reason not to do the pins. I recall that in the end we agreed to disagree and let the subject drift away. Not long after that, Pat Virzi came up to me and presented me with my “FAAn Award Nominee” pin she’d made for me *last year* and then forgot to mail when I didn’t show up in Austin. That made me smile, but mindful of the just-concluded discussion I quietly put it away.

About the musical part of the program you write, “The song pumped electricity into the room and Nic kept it going with ‘Roll Over, Bob Lichtman’ on the guitar. The final lines, “Roll over Mark Plummer/And buy Claire Brialey Some Shoes!” got a round of laughter – followed by a round of applause for a great, high-energy performance.” Unfortunately, I was elsewhere when Nic performed this song; I only learned of it later that evening; and I *still* haven’t heard it. Is an MP3 available that could be sent my way? Surely that nice Mr. Mills must have captured it!

In your account of what was discussed at the “Where Are We Going and How Will We Get There?” panel, you note at the end of your paragraph/commercial about electronic fanzines that “Even Andy and Randy have started doing PDFs as well as a hard copy print run.” Actually, if you go to <http://efanzines.com/Chunga/index.html> you’ll find that *all* the issues of *Chunga* are there except for the one handed out at Corflu Silver—and I suspect that one will make its appearance soon as well. They began noting

the availability of the electronic version in their colophon as far back as the second issue.

While it’s true that there are now far more exclusively electronic fanzines than paper ones, there are still a steady flow of ones where, like *Chunga*, the editor produces both a paper edition and an electronic one. In the order I spot them on the current list of recent releases at efanazines, there are Lenny Bailes’ *Whistlestar*, Marty Cantor’s *No Award*, Robert Sabella’s *Visions of Paradise*, John Nielsen Hall’s *Motorway Dreamer* and Tim Marion’s *So It Goes*.

Speaking of auction items, unless my memory is incorrect (more and more a danger) I believe that what you called “the 1957 Pacific program book” was actually the 1946 Pacificon program book (for the first post-WW2 and fourth ever worldcon).

Well, I’m winding down. There were more checkmarks, but I still have most of the fanzines that were handed me at Corflu Silver to read and respond to. I’m looking forward to your next issue, though, as always.

Arnie: It’s not that I begrudge Con Fandom the trivial (to me) details of conventions, but they are pretty much irrelevant to my convention experience. I have begun to think that such things are actually not too important in determining anyone’s con. I’ve observed that fans arrive at a con and quickly perceive the spirit. If the ambience is downbeat and uninspired, fans may pick up that attitude. If everyone seems enthusiastic and happy and upbeat, fans catch that attitude, too I’ve seen fans cheerfully push through problems at one con that somehow turn another one into a semi-disaster.

Ken really didn’t give a reason for disliking the name. Perhaps he will break his 108-issue silence and tell us in the next “ChatBack.” I liked it, but then, I did pick it.

You’re correct about Chunga, though I think there is more electronic circulation now than formerly.

WAHF: Bill Mills, John DeChancie, Bill Kunkel.

The Wasted Hour

First & Third Saturdays
7:00 PM PDT

Fandom’s Fastest Hour
Hosted by Arnie Katz
Direct from Las Vegrants

The Virtual Fan Lounge
(Go to LasVegrants.com
and follow the links)



Core Fandom

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KINGFISH SAYS

Well, it's more or less back to abnormal after a couple of issues devoted to Corflu Silver coverage.

Not that *VFW* isn't going through one of its periodic periods of change. I usually hold that for the first issue of a new "decade," but I didn't see any reason to delay the tweaks I have in mind.

It's good to have Dick Lupoff back in the zine and I also want to welcome John Purcell in his debut as *VFW*'s fanzine reviewer. I'm hoping to see Joyce return, too, after too long an absence, within the next couple of issues.

Of course, I would like to hear from *you*, too. Contributions of writing and art and letters of comment are the fuel that keeps this thing running. The more that comes in, the more likely I am to send out a new issue.

See you in a couple of weeks with a new issue.

— Arnie