

# VEGAS NONCON 2 SPECIAL

## Vegas NonCon 2 Report

### The Arrival

What a great fannish weekend! Now that I've mostly recovered from five days of partying, I'm read to present my survivor's report.

Things started for Joyce and me when Ken & Aileen Forman pulled into the driveway at about 2:00 PM on Saturday. We'd expected them a little earlier, but we also knew that holiday traffic could throw a wrench into the schedule.

We are always thrilled to see them, but this visit had a special urgency. All four of us knew that it might be some time till the Katzes and the Formans would again sit in the living room and fill the world with fourth-dimensional mental crifanac. This was their last trip to

### **Arnie Blows the Deadline!**

I guess I overreached, because this issue blew past the deadline by several days. It was a combination of a long weekend — mine didn't end until about noon on Wednesday — and the lengthy (and, I hope, entertaining) Vegas Non-Con 2 Report. At worst, you can look at Alan White's photos.

It took me close to three-quarters of the year, but I have finally made *VFW* live up to its original slogan/mission statement: "Las Vegas' Sorta Weekly Newszine."

Ken and Aileen told us some of their ideas for the bed and breakfast they have named Hollyhock House. I enjoyed hearing about a lot of creative and potentially useful notions, but it was also especially good to see that the Formans and the Wilsons are really planning the details of this great leap Eastward. It's going to be a hard

road, but it's comforting to know that the two couples are anticipating its pitfalls.

A question arose about whether

## VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

Vegas before moving to Flippin, AR, and we all wanted to make the most of it.

We filled them in on the latest doings in Vegas Fandom and they reciprocated with an account of their recent visit to Tom & Tammy Springer. We don't hear from them much these days, sad to say, though I have hopes for their return to Fandom (and resumed contact with us) once their daughter Natalie is a little older.

After a while, Joyce and Aileen went to the supermarket to buy provisions for the Vegrants Open Party. Ken and I lolled around the Launch Pad, righting all the real and imagined wrongs of Fandom.

I'd told Ken about *Implications*, the fanzine Joyce, JoHn Hardin and I are going to co-edit, in a conversation a few days earlier. He wanted more details and I was happy to provide them. The first issue will focus on the Farewell to the Formans, but future ones will mostly showcase Vegas' New Generation (with enough of the old guard to keep things familiar.)

### **The Vegas NonCon 2**

*The 2005 Independence Day Weekend saw Las Vegas Fandom pull together to hold the city's first NonCon since the 1991 Labor Day Weekend!*

*The NonCon 2's individual events were:*

#### **Saturday**

- \* **Lunch & a Movie with VSFA**
- \* **CSFL 'Farewell Formans' Meeting**
- \* **Vegrants Open Party & Arnie Birthday Festival**

#### **Sunday**

- \* **Day of Recuperation & Penance**

#### **Monday**

- \* **VSFA Indoor Picnic**

#### **Tuesday**

- \* **Steve Brust Musical Evening**

# The Inside Story Can't Wait Till Friday

NonCon 2 was a success from every standpoint. All the events drew well and there was even the last-minute musical evening hosted by Steve Brust on Tuesday evening. There's a fairly complete report and there are plenty of Alan White's fine photographs in This Very Issue.

No one ever did come forward with an event for Sunday. Considering how late the Vegrants' Farewell Formans Party went, a quiet day wasn't such a bad thing. I wonder if the mid-con pause might be something other conventions should consider. I've noticed some last-day wilting among some of the participants — not me — and a day off from Fandom might actually extend the hard partying for an extra day or two.

Despite the absence of "official" events, Sunday was pretty intense for Joyce and me. I've been blessed with many great friends and Ken & Aileen Forman are certainly two of them. The two women blubbered like schoolgirls while Ken and I maintained our Manly Stoicism.

Their frequent visits to Las Vegas will be missed, but I don't think we'll lose touch. That's one of the great things about Fandom. It keeps people connected even when they are geographically remote. My fan friends aren't like the people I'd meet at a high school or college reunion. My high school friends and I went our separate ways so very long ago that now all we'd likely have in common is shared dim recollections of school. When I see Lenny Bailes, whom I have known since I was four, we relate more like current friends than former ones. I credit Fandom with that, because it gives us a common frame of reference *today*, not 40 years back.

It's that thought that most comforts me when I force myself to contemplate the looming departure of Ken and Aileen (and Ben & Cathi Wilson) to far-oof Flippen, AR.

It's a Proud and Lonely Thing to be a Fan, the old saying goes. This week, I'm every bit as proud, but maybe a little more lonely.

— Arnie



"Hollyhock House" is widely used as a euphemism for

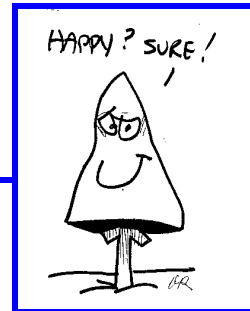
"outhouse," or if it is just Aileen's family's special jargon. They talked about putting an Outhouse into their ad for Hollyhock House to symbolize the connection. They may be having second thoughts once I pointed out that many people might assume that depicting an outhouse means that

there's no indoor plumbing.

Ken believes he has contracted Green Thumb and plans to do a lot of gardening. Ben Wilson is quite a horticulturist, too, so it's likely that they will be able to grow some of their own food and perhaps sell the

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Special Thanks to Alan White (photos), Michael Bernstein (motivation), Joyce Katz (proofreading), Woody Bernardi (Star Reporter).

**Art/Photo Credits:** Alan White (all photos), Bill "Potshot" Kunkel (11), Bill Rotsler (all other cartoons)

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at the SNAFFU and VSFA sites as well as at efanazines.com. No compulsive fan journalists were harmed during the production of this fanzine.

Member: fwa. Supporter: AFAL. Believer: United Fans of Vegas Toner II in 2006!

# The Philosophies of Fandom *Katzenjammer*

*Note: I've heard a lot of apprehensions and misconceptions among some of Las Vegas' New Generation about terms like "Trufan" and "Insurgent," so this might be a good time for a column about the philosophies of Fandom. It's simply another way of looking at fanhistory, though perhaps a little more accurate. What's here is based on a 27-page article I did for the fabulous Wild Heirs Third Annish. It is available online at a web site hosted by Roxanne Mills (<http://www.smithway.org/fstuff/theory/phil1.html>). Unfortunately, it's scanned in like an illo rather than as text.*

One (of many) ways to explain the workings and structure of Fandom is to chart the ebb and flow of the seven major philosophies that have defined Fandom for three-quarters of a century ago.

Each philosophy represents an attitude toward Fandom. Naturally, they don't exist in academic purity in the real world. Before going further, here's a brief explanation of the seven philosophies, drawn from my humungous original article:

**Scientism.** Hugo Gernsback, founder of *Amazing Stories*, espoused the belief that science fiction readers should also be science hobbyists. According to Sam Moskowitz in *The Immortal Storm*, Papa Hugo, a pretty fair tinker himself, felt "... that the aim of every fan should not be a collection of fantastic fiction, but a home laboratory where fictional dreams might attain reality."

**Serconishness.** Whatever Gernsback's plans for Fandom, it quickly became evident that Scientism was not relevant to the interests of most of the pioneering fans. A serious constructive fan is primarily interested in Science Fiction and/or Fantasy.

**Communicationism.** Some fans stuck to news, previews, interviews with authors and reviews of stories and "scientifilms," as the first media fan Forry Ackerman called them. Others debated the ideas. This led to the view of Fandom as a responsive forum for the exchange of thoughts, opinions and information. Amateur press associations and listservs are among the most notable expressions of this philosophy.

**Trufannishness.** Fannishness is an outgrowth of Communicationism. Its earliest significant expression, the Staple War in *Astounding*, was an attempt to lighten the sometime ponder-

ous Communicationist exchanges. Fannishness spawned two distinct fan philosophies. Trufannishness is an idealistic mindset that emphasizes the brotherhood of fans and the subcultural connections that unite them. Trufans glory in the anecdotes, legends, literature, traditions and personalities that help make Fandom such a unique and wonderful environment

**Insurgentism.** Insurgentism seeks to preserve the subculture from unfannish and degrading influences such as bureaucracy and commercialism. This iconoclastic fanview values truth over politeness in its pursuit of high standards of behavior and quality.

**Professionalism.** This embodies the desire to become a creative participant in science fiction. The Professionalistic fan sees fandom as a conduit or stepping stone to joining the ranks of science fiction professionals.

**Commercialism.** Not everyone who loves science fiction is cut out to be a creative artist. The commercialistic fan is one who seeks to make money, perhaps even a livelihood, from activities connected with science fiction.

Don't get hung up on terminology. They are merely appropriate and convenient labels that identify significant attitudes within our subculture. Remember, just because they call it the "American League" doesn't mean the National League is any less American.

Each fan's individual philosophy is an amalgam of these seven "pure" concepts. Each of us has at least a little "Trufannish-ness" in our personal philosophy as well as bits of all or most of the six others in our individual view of Fandom. Shelby Vick is primarily known as the living embodiment of the Trufannishness, also displays a fair amount of Communicationism and Professionalism in his approach to Fandom and you can see traces of most of the others.

These individual philosophies add together to produce Fandom's consensus. This shifts all the time, coming to a new equilibrium whenever one of the seven philosophies grows stronger (or weaker).

It's hard to speak definitively about something as vast and varied as Fandom, but I'd say that, currently, Communicationism is in the ascendancy. Serconishness is also a major component of the consensus, as is Trufannishness. By contrast, Scientism and Insurgentism are less influential now than they have been at times in the past.

Next year? It may be a little different.

— Arnie



Aileen Forman flashes a brave smile.



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surplus to guests or at a roadside stand.

### Goin' to Chicago

When we got to Chicago Hot Dog, home of the Chicago Science Fiction League (and many good meatsicles), we found Mindy Hutchings and Teresa Cochran already seated at one of the tables. They'd gone to VSFA's Lunch & a Movie outing to see *War of the Worlds* and zipped over from Neonopolis in plenty of time for the dinner at the city's top frankfurter purveyor.

Our two guests movie critics gave *War of the Worlds* a qualified "thumbs up!" Little T called it "typical Spielberg" and suggested that the movie would've been better if he had adapted his style a little more to the material instead of the other way around. Mindy said she enjoyed it, but maybe she's saving detailed analysis for SNAPS or the VSFA's newsletter. I'd like to run more about these movie outings; perhaps Mindy or one of the other regulars will oblige

James Taylor and Michael Bernstein got there, shortly after we commandeered the entire

row of small tables along one side of the restaurant and shoved them together. That made it the largest meeting of the Chicago Science Fiction League in some time. Looks like our cause is gaining momentum. Or maybe word is getting around about those wonderful hot dogs and classically greasy long, thin fries

Since there were four newcomers to the CSFL, I opened the meeting with an explanation of our organization's aims and goals. I described the CSFL's decade of struggle for justice.

The Chicago Science Fiction League is an authorized (by former CSFL secretary-treasurer Bob Tucker) revival of the club that dissolved in the wake of the 1940 Chicon I worldcon.

We feel very strongly that when a group holds a convention on another organization's "turf," they owe us respect — and a portion of the profits. I was pleased to announce that we have now expanded our claims to include a share of revenues from Windycon and other local events held in the Second City.

Ken Forman pointed out that the Chicago Science Fiction League is the only fan club in Las Vegas, or perhaps anywhere in Fandom, that doesn't levy dues and provides



Michael Bernstein made his CSFL debut during Non-Con 2.

a significant membership benefit. "Look here," he said flashing the membership cards provided by Chicago Hot Dog. "They punch a hole each time you buy one hotdog and, when the 10 holes are all punched... *you get a free hot dog!*"

Our newcomers gazed upon Joyce's completed membership card with awe and reverence, so much so that Joyce decided to keep it as a relic for the edification of future generations of CSFL members.

One of the members alleged that Merric & Luba Anderson could be double agents. The accuser suggested that the same nefarious Chicago group whose screwball bid for a Las Vegas worldcon had inspired the CSFL had sent the Andersons to undermine the group's campaign for reparations. "They seem so nice, it must be true," claimed one CSFL member.

The group as a whole declared Merric and Luba innocent of all charges. The CSFL also decided to charge a special fee to all couples who have hooked up at Chicago conventions since 1940.

Mindy recently expressed a liking for puns on the VSFA listserv, so I suggested reading some of the works of Walt Willis. Mindy said she'd read *The Enchanted Duplicator* "a couple of months ago," but I couldn't tell how, or if, she'd connected with the work.. I'm looking forward to the SNAFFU 7/8 meeting when Shaw and Willis' fannish masterwork will be the evening's topic.

Gathering together to pillage the Second City (and eat its lunch) were: James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Michael Bernstein, Ken & Aileen Forman, Mindy Hutchings, Joyce and me.

### The Vegrants Throw a Party

We got home at about 6:30, exactly as planned. The rest of the CSFL came right behind us, which though not in the plan, seemed the only sensible way to handle things. I certainly wasn't going to tell folks to roam the



Three happy fans (left to right): Ross Chamberlain, Luba Anderson and me.

streets for an hour until the official start of the Vegrants meeting an hour later. So the event started early and more than two-dozen partiers fanned well past midnight.

James and Michael peeled off to get some ice, but soon the whole group of eight reunited, joined by more and more Vegrants. The Flame of

Trufandom must've been burning especially bright on Saturday — or it might've been because of my birthday. More likely, though, it was the last chance to see Ken and Aileen before their departure to the Ozarks.

Kent Hastings came into my office, where Ross Chamberlain, Bill Kunkel, JoHn Hardin and I had drifted, to show us some lenticular art by one of the companies that employs him. This one showed Denise Crosby as her *Star Trek* character and as she looks off-screen. There's a site devoted to this specialty, which I remember with affection from collecting very small, crude ones as a child. .

Bill read a story that made even me laugh out loud, though it was at my expense.

It's part of his forthcoming book to be called, I believe, *Confessions of the Game Doctor*. It humorously recounts one of the more notorious incidents in the bizarre world of Video and Computer



The Launch Pad's back porch lured many during the party.





to imminent air disaster by incinerating the plane in an instantaneous fireball. (If there's a choice, blue would be a nice color for the midair fireball.)

Joyce gave a group of Vegrants gathered around the dining room table an update on her medical condition

For those who missed this Bulletin, the status is:

1. Heart – Good!
2. Ankle – Constantly painful
3. Cataract – Partly Cloudy!

Gaming, one in which I was the central figure. Bill read me an edited version that sounded ideal for *Implications*. You'll see it in the second issue of this as-yet-unpublished fanzine.

Bill introduced us to the latest conspiracy theory, that the World Trade Center collapsed because of inferior construction. The claim is that the steel in the original specs would not have buckled under the impact of the terror-planes.

Kent added that there were explosives rigged all through the building so that. If the building is in danger of falling, for any reason at all, the structure could be imploded instead of blowing outward into the surrounding neighborhood.

While acknowledging the imaginativeness of this idea, I countered that it was unlikely that the operators of the WTC would condemn everyone in the building to instant death by crushing in order to prevent possible damage to nearby buildings and streets.

Think about applying this strategy to other situations. Everyone knows that airplane crashes give the victims quite a bit of agonizing time to ponder their doom. Maybe they could outfit planes with a device that responds

James confided that his mission for the night was to dent the SNAFFU "portable bar."

Michael kindly brought this collection of alcoholic substances to enliven the festivities, a very fine gesture by SNAFFU. James felt it was only proper to take maximum advantage of this opportunity, since the liquor cache would leave with the SNAFFU president.

Now don't jump to the conclusion that James Taylor is some sort of souse. He didn't have designs on the SNAFFU bar for himself, for he always partakes in well-measured moderation. No, his plan expressed his boundless generosity to his fellow fan and an altruistic desire to share the

world's bounty with his brothers and sisters in Fandom. Specifically, he wanted to see how much he could pour down Luba and Teresa's throats.

Even though his scheme had competition from a supply of cold beer and a refrigerator full of soft drinks, I noted that he made considerable progress, though no one got the least bit out of hand. I was secretly pleased to see that some of our folks have impressive capacities. We will have to investigate Mr. Taylor's concept at some future point. (And we must now wonder whether James, who is not related to his musical namesake, might be a runaway from the Taylors who bottle all that wine in New York and California.)

Kent updated me about the



James Taylor has become a Vegrants stalwart since his recent return from semi-

latest developments in podcasting. As with other mass media, the giant corporations are moving into podcasting, marginalizing the independents. The small guys don't seem to be going away, though, so there may be a basis for fan-oriented efforts in this area.

Frankly, I'd like to try it — and probably will once enough other Vegas fans have indicated their interest. (You could mention it in that letter of comment you've been meaning to write.)

I told everyone that I wanted to rename the new Forman-Wilson venture "The Claude Degler Memorial Free Love Camp and Breakfast." Only partially inspired by this, Alan proposed that we rent an RV, take a bunch of fans to Flippin and have a FormanCon. Several others pounced on the idea and it may well happen once guest accommodations are ready.

It turns out that all the ultra-reasonable patter from Ken and Aileen about moving away from the San Andreas earthquake zone is just so much Hot Air. Ken told JoHn, James and me that they are moving within 40 miles of the New Madrid Fault, which is every bit as volatile.

I was sitting in the dining room with a few of



Crifanac must wait when there is the possibility of chocolate birthday cake.

the other fans when all the Vegrants (and fellow travelers) converged on the area to sing "Happy Birthday" to me and assault the rich chocolate cake that Joyce presented for the occasion.

As I gazed at it hungrily, I noticed that there were no candles on it, not even the solitary one that is sometimes found on the birthday cakes for those whose antiquity would otherwise threaten the world supply of birthday candles.

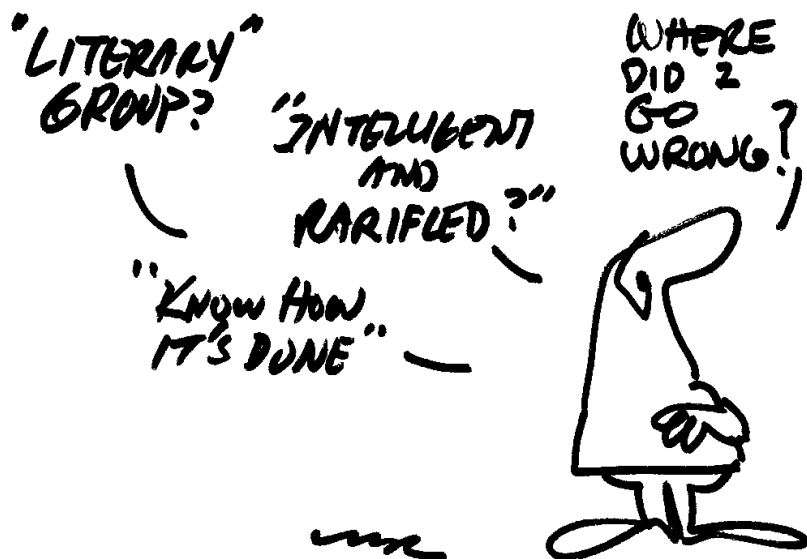
I looked around at a sizable chunk of the Las Vegas fan community beamed back at me. "Thank you all for the wishes and the cake," I said, "even if you didn't think I had the strength to blow out the candles." Really, it was very sweet of so many fans to get together to usher me into a new cycle.

The clock said it was past 1 AM when the real exodus began. I'm sure that some of the old Vegrants, who came up in Fandom side by side with Ken and Aileen, wanted to postpone the parting.. The scene as the Hardins left was particularly poignant as tears battled hugs for dominance.

James and Teresa were the last to depart, taking the still rather well-provisioned



JoHn Hardin contemplates the complex and controversial issues of our time.



home hungry.

Joyce and I stopped at Alan & DeDee White's before proceeding to pick up a cane they'd offered to loan Joyce. Her right ankle gives her constant pain and walking is hard. Joyce uses a walker in some situations, but she wanted to see if a cane would enhance her ability to walk.

Among the attendees at the Indoor Picnic was Robert Ainsworth, a former Los Angeles fan making his Vegas Fandom debut after moving here six months ago. Robert was already at the gathering when Joyce and I got there and it was impossible not to notice that he seemed a little defensive, as though he'd heard Bad

SN AFFU bar with them. We sat for a while with the Forman, all of us tired but reluctant to let the evening end. We knew it would be the last such for a long, long time.

### A Day of Rest

There was nothing on the officially unofficial official Noncon 2 program for Sunday, but we got to spend a good portion of it with our house-guests, Ken & Aileen Forman. If the essence of a NonCon is the fans involved in it, then I don't see how Sunday morning and early afternoon could've been much better.

I've heard fans express skepticism about how close a lot of Vegas fans are. I wish they could've seen the Formans leave the Launch Pad.

### A Picnic Without Aunts

In honor of NonCon 2, VSFA scrapped its usual Monday meeting in favor of a July 4th Indoor Picnic. Mindy Hutchings and Rebecca Hardin made everyone (but the ants) feel welcome. The conversation was lively and no one went

Things about Las Vegas Fandom.

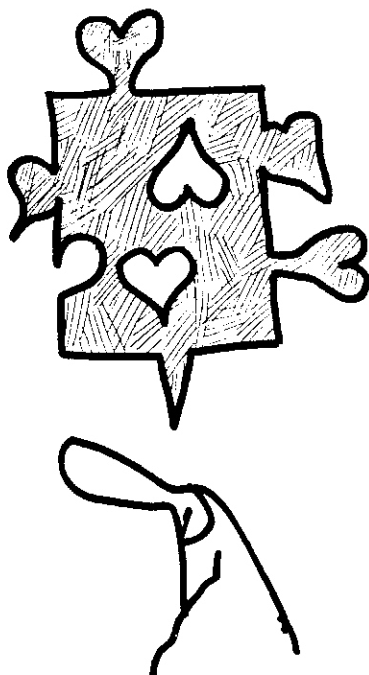
Or maybe it was "first night" nerves.. He got happier and more relaxed as he met the arriving fans. He's intelligent and shares interests like *Dr. Who* with a number of Vegas fans, so I was glad to see that our friendly ways had such an immediate, soothing effect. I encouraged Robert to look into other Vegas fan activities and look forward to seeing him again soon.

Robert contributed greatly to a discussion about the evils of mercenary conventions and, at the other extreme, fan-run cons that get swamped by fan politics. As a veteran of LASFS, he was certain in a position to discuss both the good and the bad.

Ayesha Ashley brought her guitar with the thought of singing a little for us. I think she's picked up that fact that nine-tenths of Las Vegas fans love her voice and the rest are jealous.

Ayesha told is about some intriguing experiments that Russian scientists have conducted with the Blind. They believe that they have experimentally proved that the sightless can detect color in some way that does not involve conventional "seeing."

This reminded everyone that we hadn't yet seen Teresa Cochran, who was expected to attend. Someone called her cell phone number. She was mere blocks away from the



IN LOVE





Laura Felton (left) fiddles while Steve Brust burns up the drums. (It's a Doubec, if I've spelled it right.)

other than is a little different from the feelings of fannish solidarity that one may share with fellow members of a more formal group. I compared it to the Group Mind/Virtual Fan Club that is such a feature of worldwide Fanzine Fandom. We don't always agree with each other, but the underlying connection is there.

I remarked that understanding the context of the Vegrants and being ready to make a commitment to its ideas is a factor that weighs with me when I evaluate possible new members. Merric got a sheepish look in his face and asked, haltingly, if he and Lubov would soon be considered for membership in Las Vegrants.

Now it was my turn to be sheepish and uncomfortable. I told myself that these things happen when you host an invitation club and that I would have to be strong.

"Jeez, Merric, we made you guys members

about two months ago," I stated forcefully as I looked him right in the eye.

He was surprised, perhaps even shocked. Then he smiled and Luba gave me one of those high voltage smiles that makes a fan believe in the elves. "We're members?" Merric mused. "I didn't know."

I thought about pointing out that Joyce and I always noodle the Andersons about the meetings, but decided to recount my first night at the Fanoclasts, a club mvery much like the Vegrants that took me in a little over 40 years ago.

The point of the story is that, after having a fine time at the Fanoclasts, I'd started to head to the subway with my newly made fan friend rich brown. At the door, rich turned to wave to host Ted White and bid him "good night." I followed his lead and echoed his gesture and adieu.

"See you next meeting," Ted called after us as we went through the apartment house's hallway and out into the Brooklyn night.

As we walked down 4th Avenue toward the subway station, I was perturbed. "Uh rich," I stammered out as we strolled down the broad sidewalk, "am I a Fanoclast?" I held my breath, eager for the answer, yet braced to weather the worst.

"Sure," rich answered without hesitation.

"But-but no one said anything," I replied. I did-

Bernardi home (Woody Bernardi was still visiting family and enjoying the Gay-lexicon in Boston.) Rebecca Hardin, a long-time Vegas fan who recently returned to local activity after an absence of several years, went forth and soon returned with Little T in tow.

Teresa expressed the desire to host a fan event. "I might serve Indian food," she remarked, looking for something to set her event apart from the rest.

I couldn't resist fabricating a possible one for her called "Welcome to My World." It involved putting everyone in a big dark room with lots of obstacles jutting from walls, hanging from ceilings and lying in the most unlikely places on the floor. Then she'd walk us around the room.

"But what about the Indian food?" someone wailed.

"We'll put the Indian food in little piles on the floor and the guests can navigate to each dish by sense of smell," I suggested helpfully.

I think Teresa is far too nice to orchestrate this kind of "living lesson," but she would definitely be a gracious and popular hostess.

Merric & Luba Anderson chatted with me about the things that make Las Vegrants the club it is. I talked about a sense of family, that the members of the Vegrants feel a kinship and loyalty to each

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n't want evidence that I'd been rejected or ignored, but I had to accept the possibility that it was there.

"Well, Arnie," rich told me, "Ted said he'd see you at the next meeting. I guess that means you're a Fanoclast." I wasn't entirely convinced, but I was just too damn happy to argue.

I don't think Merric and Luba plan to argue about their Vegrants memberships, either.

Ayesha did a very pleasant folk-oriented music set. She included "Nobody Loves You When You're Down & Out," which I flattered myself was the result of my previous favorable mentioned of it in these pages.

### Does Anyone Have a Fife?

Steve Brust proved again that he is the model of a fannish pro by inviting

fans to join him for a musical evening on Tuesday. Even though it was the fourth day of a three-day convention, Joyce and I eagerly accepted the invitation.

We'd just parked the car when neofan Joelle

Barnes hailed us from across the street and joined our labored progress to Steve's front door. (Joyce is really laboring with her ankle injury, though her strengthened heart makes the physical exertion less draining for her.)

Joyce got about two steps into the front hall, with me still one step outside the threshold when I heard a voice from inside the house say, "The dog bit her!" The tone was so matter-of-fact that it took me a moment to realize what had happened. Joelle was quicker and had already started to back down the path, away from potential danger. She said she wouldn't enter until they put the dog someplace. I can't say I blame her;



Joyce Katz overcame the dog bite to enjoy the music.



the Great Pyrenees was about double her size.

Apparently, something about Joyce startled the dog, who growled, rushed forward and bit her right thigh in one fluid motion. Fortunately, there are no complications so far and I know Steve felt terrible about it. The dog regained the run of the house after Joyce and I left and behaved flawlessly, so it might be something as simple as that Joyce handles a lot of cats. (She has handled a lot of Katz, too, but that is a story best left for the uncensored Pay Per View edition.)

Once it became evident that Joyce was not seriously hurt — the dog didn't bite down as hard as it probably could've — I began to observe something nearly as interesting: Joelle was encountering her first science fiction author. Although Joelle has just made her first sale as a non-fiction writer, she was far less impressed with Joyce and me than Vegas' foremost Filthy Pro. She stared at the 21 book covers displayed on the living room wall, eyes wide with awe.

Seeing her natural and undisguised enthusiasm swept me back to 1963 and my first face to face encounter with pros at the one-day Lunacon. Time seems to wean most fans from the "goshwow" feelings we all had when Fandom was shiny and new to us. It's a rare treat to experience such a charming version of that feeling, even at second hand.

Joelle asked Steve the question uppermost in the mind of every aspiring writer, how do you get to be a real pro. Steve observed



Steve Brust is an amiable host and a consummate performer.

that becoming a full-time author depended on things largely beyond the writer's control. The only thing you *can* control, he asserted is whether or not you get published in the first place — and

## Potshot's Cartoon Theater





## Las Vegas Fan Event Calendar .

### **Las Vegrants Meeting** July 16 7:30 PM

The informal club meets on the first and third Saturdays of the month at the Launch Pad, the home of Arnie and Joyce Katz

### **Sunday Social** July 17 2 PM

VSFA sponsors this event, open to all Vegas fans, at The Tap House. The theme is Freedom in Science Fiction.

### **SNAFFU** July 22 8:00 PM

This formal SF club meets the second and fourth Friday's of each month. This time, it will be held at Borders bookstore on the East Side.

### **Las Vegrants Meeting** Aug. 6 7:30 PM

Las Vegrants is an invitational club oriented toward, though not obsessed by, fanzines. It meets at the Launch Pad, the home of Arnie and Joyce Katz on the first and third Saturdays of the month.

### **SNAFFU** Aug 12 8:00 PM

This formal SF club meets the second and fourth Friday's of each month. This time, it will be held at Borders bookstore on Sahara. .

### **Las Vegas Futurists** August 12 7:00 PM

This discussion group looks to the world of tomorrow on the second Friday of each month at Borders bookstore (2190 N. Rainbow Blvd.)

### **Vegas Music Circle** August 14 2:00 PM

All fans are invited to make music or just listen at the Launch Pad. The session starts at 2:00

that depends on hard work. Steve was too modest to mention talent, but I suspect he would agree it plays a role, too, though it won't get you over the top without that hard work.

A visit from Laura, an Irish Fiddler from the Auld Sod (well, Lubbock, TX, had prompted Steve to have fans pver for the evening, so we let the chatter wind down a bit as Laura and Steve tuned their instruments. They swapped banjo and fiddle insults in a hight-hearted way before launching into two different versions of "The Boys Won't Leave the Girls Alone." (Yes, at first they tried to play them simultaneously, being unaware that they weren't on the same page, but quickly detected the problem and presented them both.

Steve also played the Dubec, a drum-like instrument that puts out a lot of great sound behind some of Laura's jigs. I think she's something of a purist and seemed a little irritated, but the rest of the fans loved the interplay of musical styles.

One of the songs Steve dredged out of his vast repertoire was Ted Cogswell's "Radiation Blues." He said that it was the first time he'd sung it in 20 years, but he figured I would remember it from Way Back When.

Assembled for the evening were: Steve Brust, Teresa Cochran, Laura Felton, Alan & DeDee White, Joyce & Arnie Katz, Joelle Barnes and Ann Zanoni.

### **We're a Little Late...**

I hope you enjoyed the special issue of *Vegas Fandom Weekly*. I'll be back with all the news and, hopefully, your letters of comment, columns and other contributions, in about three days.

And don't forget to send me news of your upcoming events. I can't report them if I don't know about them.

— Arnie Karz