

And on the Fifth Weekend... Las Vegas Fandom Rested!

In many local Fandoms, it's big news if there's a party, meeting or other event. In Las Vegas Fandom, it's bigger news if Las Vegants, SNAFFU and haven't got a single thing planned for the fifth weekend of July.

Which is not to say that it won't be a fine fannish weekend in Glitter City, full of little outings and get-togethers. Club-sponsored stuff heats up again starting on Monday with the monthly VSFA business meeting.

Library Committee Excavates The Launch Pad Garage!

Just when you may have started to think that it might be time to light a fire



come part of the SNAFFU library and things Joyce and I plan to sell/give away.

The mountain of garbage we collected — there was too much to put out on the curb on the same day — testifies to the group's excellent work.

The Library Committee plans to finish this phase of the job at its next work session. It's scheduled for 8:00 AM on Satur-

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

under the SNAFFU Library Committee (and I had begun to wonder if I needed to make new plans for bestowing our book and magazine collection.) The committee hadn't been able to do anything, due to circumstances (theirs and ours), but that all changed on Saturday (7/23),

That's when Lori Forbes, James Taylor and Darmon Thornton labored in the oppressive heat of the Paunch Pad's garage to sort through the million cartons of stuff that still reside there.

With Joyce seated regally (as befits a High Priestess), we opened boxes and sorted them into several categories: trash, fanzines, items to go into the house, other keeper stuff (like financial records), books and magazines that will ultimately be-

day, August 6, After that, SNAFFU will have to make some serious decisions about the design and construction of shelves.

Caravan Reaches Flippin Safely But Not Without incident!

The three-unit caravan from Yucaipa, CA, to Flippin, AR, has made the journey successfully, though not without some travel troubles along the way. Ken & Aileen Forman, Ben

*Shhhhh...
Las Vegas Fandom
Is Napping*

Inside Story The Blank Calendar

About once a year, usually the day after the major league baseball All-Star Game in July, there is a day on the sports calendar when nothing is happening. Football, basketball and hockey are out of season, baseball has an automatic travel day after the the Midsummer Classic. There aren't even tennis, golf or bowling tournaments, because it's the middle of the week.

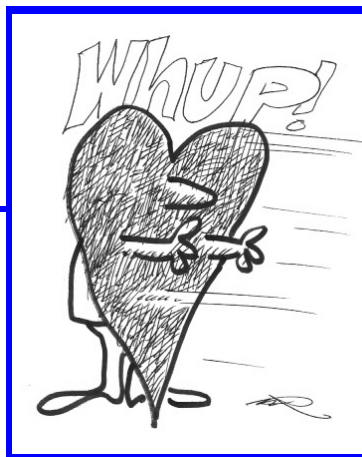
Las Vegas Fandom's own version of the blank calendar day has arrived. There are no public fan events scheduled for this weekend. Now, there's a VSFA meeting on Monday night and a Las Vegas Open Party on August 6 to say Farewell to Woody, but the local clubs are low profiling it this weekend.

It doesn't seem fair, somehow. I mean, I put that yellow box in the lower right corner of *VFW*'s front page a couple of issues back — and now there's nothing to put in it!

It's the calendar's fault, you know.

It couldn't possibly be the fault of all of Vegas' clubs that none of them planned anything for the fifth weekend of the month, could it? So it must be the fault of the calendar for saddling us with a fifth weekend when all regular gatherings are keyed to the first, second, third or fourth weekends, the ones that are guaranteed each month.

The Socials were originally supposed to be held on fifth Sundays, but enthusiasm for the idea earned it a monthly spot. So there's still nothing for fifth weekends. Maybe SNAFFU ought to consider doing something the next time we have five weekends in the month. Let's kick the idea around. I would hate to have another issue with nothing to put in the yellow box. — Arnie



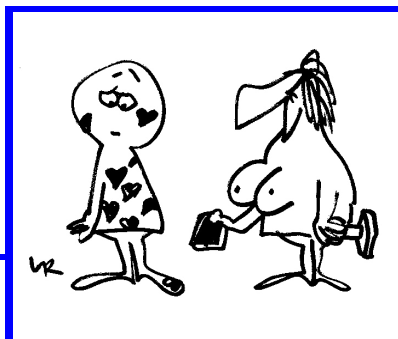
Wilson and the Wilsons' daughter Megan are now in the main house on the property the Formans recently purchased in the

stop repeatedly due to the onset of vapor lock. Everyone is all right, though, and eagerly awaiting the arrival of Cathi Wilson at the end of August. Megan went with her father so that she could start

Cont. on page 10

resort community.

The extreme heat wave sweeping the country nearly did in the trucks, which had to



Vegas Fandom Weekly #37, July 29, 2005, is written and produced by Arnie Katz (PMB 152, 330 S. Decatur Blvd., Las Vegas, NV 89107; Email: crossfire4@cox.net; phone: 702-648-5677).

Special Thanks to Carol Kern (photos), Michael Bernstein (motivation), Joyce Katz (proofreading), Woody Bernardi (Star Reporter Emeritus).

Reporters this issue: Kent Hastings, Rebecca Hardin, Aileen Forman, Joshua Andrews and Joyce Katz
Art/Photo Credits: Ross Chamberlain (1), Bill "Potshot" Kunkel (13), Joshua Andrews (12), Bill Rotsler (all other cartoons)

Columnists This Issue: rich brown

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 garage excavators were harmed during the production of this fanzine.

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

Faan Fiction... Yes! Katzenjammer

"Aha!" said James Taylor triumphantly, as though he had just caught me in a horrendous gaffe. You know, like maybe masturbating into some femme fan's thong.

In truth, it was a passing comment I made about working on a faan fiction story. James interpreted this as a violation on my self-imposed ban on amateur science fiction and fantasy. So it is to my good friend James that the following article is dedicated.

While amateur science fiction and fantasy are generally not worth printing/posting, at least two types of fiction are legitimate fodder for fanzines.

The first is the parody or pastiche. *Alice in Blunderland*, by P. Schuyler Miller (known to a half-century of *Astounding/Analog* readers as a book reviewer) is one of the earliest examples of this kind of colossal in joke. Others of note include Lin Carter's "Kiss the Blood" series of pastiches for Richard & Patricia Lupoff's *Xero* and Joyce Katz's *A Tom with No Ease for Wild Heirs*.

A particular type of satire acquired the name "Brandonization" in honor of its most celebrated practitioner, Carl Joshua Brandon Jr. The BArea BNF, who turned out to be the fabrication of Terry Carr, Ron Ellik, Pete Graham and Dave Rike in the mid-to-late 1950's, specialized in transposing the elements of mainstream literature into fannish terms to humorous effect.

Carl wrote numerous such stories, the best-known of which are "Cacher of the Rye," "The BNF of Iz" and "The Purple Pastures." Terry wrote some faan fiction under his own byline, too, including a couple of versions of "Night of the Living Oldpharts." (One mentioned Joyce and me, then gafiated.)

The second, and much more common, exception is faan fiction, meaning fiction about fans and Fandom. It is acceptable in fanzines because it is totally non-commercial and has a direct connection to Fandom.

The genre goes back to the 1930's, when fans like Sam Moskowitz did little stories about the vicissitudes of fanac. Charles Burbee's "Big Name Fan" and "I Was Captain of a Spaceship" satirized Fandom's pomposity, while Walt Willis and Bob Shaw's *The Enchanted Duplicator* instructed and inspired.

TED has inspired no fewer than three sequels. Walt Willis and James White produced *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator to the Enchanted Convention*, Rob Hansen penned a modern restatement called *Redemption* and I produced *Beyond the Enchanted Convention to the Netherregional* as a bit of a laugh at the whole idea.

In the mid-1950's, John Berry (then of Belfast, Northern Ireland) combined his personal experiences as a police detective and fingerprint expert with his love of the BBC comedy show "The Goons," and a good deal of talent to create Goon Bleary, head of the Goon Defective Agency.

Bleary — the name was a corruption of Berry's moniker, taken from a messily written envelope ad-

ressed to him — used his detective skills to solve the crimes of Fandom. The humorous detective yarns swept through Fandom, propelled by the bi-monthly fanzine *Retribution* (co-edited by Arthur Thomsom), and soon Berry was letting other fans open branches of the GDA and tell their own stories.

In January, 1996, Las Vegrants published *Trufan Detective Magazine* (*Wild Heirs* 12.5) with new and reprinted fannish mysteries. My contribution was the first in a projected series that paid homage to the Goon stories of 35 years earlier. My hero, Andre Kasino, used his experience as a criminal to bring justice to Fandom.

Marion Zimmer Bradley's faan fiction embodied a radically different approach. She wrote serious stories designed to illuminate the fannish condition. My favorite, "Way Out West in Texas," is the poignant account of a youngish male fan and a slightly older female one who grow close as correspondents only to find that their supposed close relationship disintegrates when they meet face to face.

Bradley's stories weren't meant to be funny or generate laughs. Her goal was to write serious fiction in a fan setting. Kent Moomaw was another who appeared to share her goal with a long short story, "The Adversaries," that dissected a fan feud. James White made even hardened fans shed tears with "The Exorsists of IF," a story that evokes the glory days of Irish Fandom as its ghosts play ghoddminton in the attic of 180 Upper Newtownards Road (Walt & Madeleine Willis's home) shortly before its demolition. My own stories along these lines include ones about prejudice in Fandom and another about a fan whose friends find out he works for the FBI.

Ted White didn't invent faan fiction, but his magnificent fanzine *Stellar* raised fannish consciousness about this type of fanzine content. The 1950's' fanzine reprinted classics and published new examples of the breed under some of the most breathtaking color mimeographed covers ever seen in Fandom. It was reading those old zines that inspired me to become such a prolific writer of faan fiction.

British fan Archie Mercer's *Meadows of Fantasy* is the closest approach to the Great Fannish Novel, but most feel it is yet to be written. I've done several longish short stories — 15-25 pages — such as *Willis Plays Vegas* and *The Science Fiction League of Extraordinary Fuggheads* that showed me how difficult it would be to sustain a novel-length narrative. Doesn't mean I won't try, though.

On my Personal "to do" list is an anthology of faan fiction in all its variety. I'd like to make a broad selection of such stories available on line and perhaps do for faan fiction in the '00's what Ted White did in the '50's.

— Arnie

The Removable Feast

rich brown's Fanhistory Corner

I won't bore you with a list of activities and events which have ceased to be indulged in after having nearly become "institutionalized" at the annual sf Worldcon. (Not to worry; though -- I have plenty of other ways to bore you up my sleeve.) No, I'll just assure you that there are many such and agree, should anyone be so obliging as to step forward to voice the opinion, that there are probably more we could just as easily do without.

One event missing from the present Worldcon that used to be a mainstay is the banquet. There was a time when the Worldcon banquet featured a Master of Ceremonies who introduced notables, the Guest of Honor speeches and the presentation of the tail that's come to wag the dog -- I mean, of course, the Hugo Awards.

As you can probably imagine, it was a nightmare for convention planners, even back



Dave Kyle (at Chicon IV in 2000) who said, "You can't sit here."

when average Worldcon attendance was only in the hundreds.

Consider: Even the military has sense enough to call food prepared in such quantities a mess. Then too, convention hotels need to know as far in advance as possible how many tables to set up and how much food they will be called upon to prepare and serve. Lastly, we fans, despite our destiny to Rule the Sevegram, are well-known procrastinators. (Yes, yes, of course we greatly admire those who roll up their sleeves and get right to work, but that's precisely the point -- we admire it because so many of us are prone to get to work on our most pressing intended fan activities not today, not next week, nor even next month, but RSN, for short, or Real Soon Now for long. That's partly why I'm late getting this installment into Arnie's hands. *sigh* But I digress.)

Even today many fans wait to buy their Worldcon memberships at the door, despite the fact that the price goes up sharply the longer they wait. If they're reluctant to purchase their memberships in advance when it's clearly to their advantage to do so, you can imagine how many put off the decision of whether they want to attend the banquet. Plus, of course, those who purchase those "last minute" memberships tend to feel they should be able to buy a banquet ticket at the same time. All of which, needless to say, takes place weeks, if not more, after the convention committee has signed its contracts and made its guarantees.

So the people who ran the Worldcons in those earlier days had to take a stab at coming up with a number, based on their probable

membership. If they committed to too few, some fans were going to be disappointed -- and perhaps the one trait fans share above procrastination is the tendency to grumble loudly. But if, on the other hand, the Worldcon runners committed to too many banquet seats, they had to pay for them anyway -- and Worldcons were not then the profit-makers they generally are today.

A nightmare. It's easy to understand why the practice was discontinued when the average attendance at Worldcons reached a thousand or more.

This lengthy explanation, however, while instilling you with some sympathy for convention planners, also provides the background you need to understand what for many years was one of the microcosm's most oft-repeated catchphrases -- "Dave Kyle Says You Can't Sit Here."

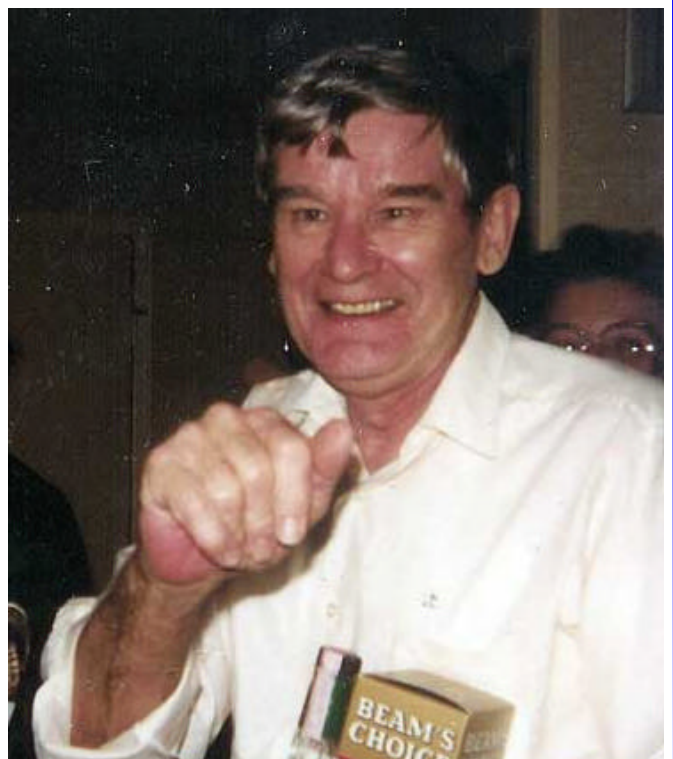
A small group of fans attending NYCon II who elected not to pay \$7 for rubber chicken (widely regarded as the "traditional fare" of convention banquets) nonetheless wanted to hear the banquet speeches. They first tried to do so by hanging out in front of the hall and then, when that was thwarted, by moving to the balcony. They included Bob Tucker, Boyd Raeburn, Ted White, Ron Ellik, Larry Stark, Jean & Andy Young, Dick Eney and Richalex Kirs -- which is to say, quite prominent and active fans of the day. Due to the incident I'm about to relay, these fans became known as "The Balcony Insurgents."

Depending on how you look at it, Worldcon chairman Dave Kyle either over-promised or under-sold the banquet, putting the convention in the red. He had the doors closed on the fans waiting in the hallway, declaring that since they hadn't paid for the meal, they shouldn't get to hear Al Capp's GoH speech. When they moved to the balcony to listen to the rest of the speeches and other proceedings, it was felt he was only continuing his pique by sending one of his helpers to tell them that Dave Kyle said they couldn't sit there. One could almost sympathize with Kyle, except that, while \$7 isn't much today, it was actually a substantial amount to pay in 1956 --

particularly for unmemorable food. To provide perspective, when I moved to New York in the early 1960s there was a popular chain of restaurants that offered a T-bone steak meal for \$1.39.

So the Balcony Insurgents, in their subsequent convention reports and fanzines, turned "Dave Kyle Says You Can't Sit Here" into a mocking and oft-repeated catchphrase. For his part, Kyle remained silent about this for many years. It wasn't, in fact, until the 1990's he wrote his version for the Hugo-winning fanzine MIMOSA and explained for the first time that it had all been a misunderstanding -- a Fire Warden (he said) had told him that people were not allowed to be in the balcony. When he sent one of his convention helpers to tell the fans sitting there about it, the helper -- for some reason knowing no better -- told them it was Dave who said they couldn't sit there.

Whether true or just an attempt to put a new spin on his old pique, the phrase still has a resonance in certain fannish circles. So stop reading and move on -- Dave Kyle Says You Can't Sit Here. — rich brown



Bob Tucker, shown at a 1981 convention at which he could sit anywhere.

The Chicago Science Fiction League

Arnie Explains an Enduring Vegas Tradition

Note: This reprint from Wild Heirs explains the Chicago Science Fiction League, one of Las Vegas Fandom's cherished institutions.

Las Vegas Fandom is a happy people, a contented people. We live in the nation's most electrifying (and electrified) city, we have good weather just almost every day, and there is fanac a-plenty all the time.

John Hardin named Las Vegas the Fandom of Good Cheer. What they called themselves before he had this brainstorm is lost to fanhistory, but it couldn't possibly be as appropriate.

Of course, Las Vegas has its personality clashes, power grabs and fuggheads, just like every large fan community. ((Insert in-group reference that puzzles everyone outside LV

and insures that people will take the author to lunch to get the gory details.)) To pretend otherwise surrenders to fantasy, the Shangri-la attitude Ackerman fostered in Los Angeles in the late 1930s and early 1940s. But day in, day out, Las Vegas Fandom really is pretty much the happy-go-lucky place its fanzines depict.

Yet there are two topics, and only two, which can wipe the smile off the sunniest Vegrant's face: frozen dew and Chicago.

I've seen the mood at a Vegas fan party go from festive to funereal in a nanosecond, caused by nothing more than an offhand comment about "the process of freezing; temperature at or below the freezing point." Even a passing comment about "putting ic-



Look at all those fans at the Chicon II (1962)! Where's the money — the CSFL wants its cut!

ing on a cake" can start the more sensitive locals twitching and shaking in a most alarming manner.

Vegan reaction to "coldness of manner," bizarre as it may seem, is more readily understandable than the aversion to Chicago.

I confess; I have exaggerated. That admission will shock the thousands -- well, dozens -- of fans who believe in the extraordinary accuracy of my accounts. Unlikely as it may seem to these trusting souls, I have slightly stretched the truth in this instance.

All Second City allusions don't cause outbreaks of Twonk's Disease. We admire many things Chicagoan. We cherish the highest opinion of Chi-fans like Alex and Phyllis Eisenstein. We love the episode of M*A*S*H in which Hawkeye orders from Adam's Ribs. We even enjoy an occasional deep dish pizza.

No, what drives Vegas fans crazy is the Chicago-spawned world con bid for Las Vegas in 1999. The image-conscious ones worry that these no-nothings will drag Glitter City's reputation in the mud. The earnest ones complain that their names are being used without permission. The fan politicians mourn the negative effect on our Australian friends bid for the same year. And the fannish ones fret that the carpetbaggers will somehow win the bid and bring 6,000 semifans to our doorstep.

The mere mention of the ersatz Las Vegas worldcon effort makes even the most lackadaisical Vegrant froth at the mouth and threaten farfetched schemes of grisly revenge.

These stratagems are mostly a way to harmlessly vent anger instead of accumulating it.

They don't mean any of those threats, and I don't know where they'd get a wire-guided missile, anyway.

So Las Vegas Fandom bore their disgruntlement in silence. Yet beneath those warm smiles Las Vegrants plotted and planned.

It all came together one fateful Saturday night. We'd had a banner Las Vegrant meeting that afternoon, and many of the fans decided to go out for dinner. This consensus led to a meandering discussion about where, ex-

actly, we ought to go.

Joyce mentioned a little place barely a mile down the Washington Avenue hill.

Mounting hunger brought quick agreement, so we piled into several cars and headed for the hot dog emporium.

When they saw the sign on the restaurant, they almost turned back. "Chicago Hotdog?" Ken snorted. "Is this another invasion of our beloved Las Vegas by forces from Chicago?" There were muttered grumbles from several others. The Mainspring had spoken for them all.

"It's the hot dogs that come from there," I assured them. "The owner moved here from California a couple of years ago. I guess he once lived in Illinois, but I don't think there's any connection with the con bid." They eyed the Chicago memorabilia that decorated the restaurant with blatant distrust, but they allowed my words to sooth their agitation.

Mollified, they lined up to enter their orders for the various permutations of hot dogs on the menu. The dozen or so fans pushed together a bunch of smaller tables and we took over one whole side of the place.

"I know what we ought to do," I told them between bites of one of my kraut dogs. "We ought to form a fan club." My fork dove into the basket of delectable greasy fries like a kingfisher swooping down to snare a fish.

They affected to not have heard me and continued wolfing down those oh-so-good Vienna Beef products. I repeated my comment, boosting the volume slightly to puncture the single-minded absorption of this company of gourmands. "We ought to start a fan club." I felt this was The Answer. Of course, if you examine the history of Las Vegas Fandom, "we ought to start a fan club" has been. The Answer more often than anyone has the right to ask the question. New clubs are as common in Las Vegas Fandom as divorces are in some other fan-centers.

"We don't need another new fan club," Joyce said, her fork dueling mine for an especially long and crispy French fry.

Unexpected resistance! No Vegas fan had ever before turned down an opportunity to



Earle Weak Eyes" Korshak (shown here at the 1950 *Norwescon*) auctioned thousand of dollars worth of items at Chicago conventions? The CSFL has its hand out.

found a new fan club. Frankly, I was unprepared for this turn of events. "Ah, but this is not a new fan club," I corrected.

"We just came from a fan club.," she reminded unnecessarily. "Isn't there a law against more than one fan meeting per day?" I indulged in a brief, victorious smile.

True there was either a law against two fan club meetings in one day -- or at least there should be. Yet I didn't think she could prove it.

Yet her quibbling itself was a positive sign.

I had her now! "Las Vegrants is Las Vegrants," I said. I like to start on firm ground. Building on an unassailable foundation of irrefutable tautologies, I can sometimes get two or three steps into la-la land before they realize I've taken leave of my senses. "This is a different kind of fan club." Joyce looked at me. She shrugged. That meant she was ready to hear my latest crackbrained idea, especially if she could decimate the french fry basket while my mouth was full of words instead of potatoes.

I looked around the table. One by one, the giants of Las Vegas Fandom met my gaze.

None of them slowed their inexorable demolition of the heaps of food on the table, but I knew they were ready to listen.

Especially the ones who hoped to get a lift home in our LeBaron.

"Our next mission in fandom, as I see it, is to revive the venerable and celebrated organization known as The Chicago Science Fiction League!" They gasped. I preferred to think it

was in awe at the audacity of my plan. Maybe the muffled laughter was significant. Maybe it wasn't.

As they sat there raptly attentive, or perhaps just stunned, I pressed my argument. It began with a fanhistory lesson.

"The Chicago Science Fiction League was an important early fan organizations. It was supposed to sponsor the 1940 World con. They didn't."

"Why not?" Tom Springer asked.

"The Chicago Science Fiction League suffered an internal schism shortly after the 1939 NYCon. Midwest fans, including Bob Tucker, formed the Illini Fantasy Fictioneers to put on Chicon I in 1940.

"They never met again," I finished.

"Never?" Ken Forman echo'd.

"Never until today, here in Chicago Hot Dog," I replied.

"We will pick up the fallen, tattered banner of the Chicago Science Fiction League and carry it proudly into the fandom of the 1990s."

"If those wretches can bid for a Las Vegas worldcon from Chicago," Joyce said, "then we can start a Chicago fan club in Las Vegas!"

We can, and we did. By a unanimous vote of those present -- I would have their names at my fingertips if we had thought to elect a secretary prior to this vote -- we constituted ourselves the Chicago Science Fiction League.

We spent the rest of that meeting, and several more, working out a livewire program of activities for the revived Chicago Science Fiction League. Working out a livewire program of activities and scaring hot dogs. Lotsa hot dogs. Jordan dogs, kraut dogs and dogs that have a bite. Chili dogs, coney dogs and jumbo dogs just right,

"What does this mean for fandom?" Chuch Harris may be thinking at this moment. Considering Chuch's experience with Las Vegas Fandom, his wariness is entirely understandable. We have, successively, drafted him as a columnist for *Folly*, forced him into honorary membership in Las Vegrants and shanghai'd him onto the editorial panel of *Wild Heirs* As director of the CSFL, I am pleased to assure

you all that you have nothing to fear from the revannant organization. Go on with your fanac and be not afraid. We want to become an integral part of modern fandom and regain the lofty station that our fancestors lost through petty personal feuds.

A few matters have cropped up while the CSFL was dormant that we feel we need to address. We hope, and expect, that high-minded fans everywhere understand the importance our revitalized group attaches to these long-neglected questions. Events may have slipped past the Chicago Science Fiction League at the time, but we're ready to repair our omissions.

The most important, which is why I am mentioning it flrst, is that there have been a whole bunch of worldcons held on our turf in the last five-plus decades. We are pleased that other, lesser combinations of Chicago fans stepped into the breach and brought the annual event to Chicago a record five times.

While we thank these fans, it would be hypocritical not to remind them that the Chicago Science Fiction League is the only Windy City fan organization an official blessing by Hugo Gernsback. That's as close as it gets to Divine Right in fandom, bucko.

Hard as it may be for fans in other cities to believe, all of the aforementioned Chicagos were held without our permission.

Amazingly, no one bothered to ask.

I don't like to make a fuss, but this cries out for justice. The fair thing, say we of the CSFL, is for the committees of these unsanctioned Chicons to remit part of their proceeds to the group that started the ball rolling. We can figure out the percentages and amounts later, but for now we must insist on the principle. And speaking of principle, I don't see how anyone could object to a modest rate of compound interest on these heretofore unpaid, and therefore delinquent, payments.

Not that the Chicago Science Fiction League's aims are all pecuniary. We are as altruistic and righteous as only a do-nothing fan club can be. The CSFL has been silent on too many controversies, but that's a thing of the past.

Let's begin with questions on which the sloth of our predecessors as sponsors of the Chicago SF League passed without appropriate comment. For example, we are unalterably against the Shaver Mystery, Miss Science Fiction, the Clean Up Fandom Crusade, GM Carr's attack on Walt Willis, and the Exclusion Act.

Please don't construe the preceding to mean that the CSFL is merely a negative, reactive organization. There are a lot of questions we want to approach in positive, fanac affirming way. We're in favor of resuming the world science fiction convention after the end of World War II, non-US con sites, Southgate in '58, women in science fiction, and Dan Steffan for TAFF. Actually, I could give you a whole list of things the Chicago Science Fiction League staunchly supports, plus several dozen things we're against, but those who want complete particulars should subscribe to the forthcoming Chicago Science Fiction League Proclaimer, the organization's official bulletin.

We're going to get around to that bulletin, destined to be a landmark in the annals of fanhistory very soon, so please watch for it.

We'll start just as soon as the guy behind the counter runs out of hotdogs. And those artery-stopping fries.

— Arnie



Contact Information

Las Vegrants	Arnie & Joyce Katz, PMB 152, 330 S. Decatur Blvd., Las Vegas 89107 Email: JoyceWorley1@cox.net Phone: 648-5677
LesGayBiTrans SF Club	Terry Wilsey Email: GayScienceFiction@yahoo.com Phone: 702-733-9990
SNAFFU:	Michael Bernstein Email: webmaven@cox.net Phone: 765-7279
VSFA:	Rebecca Hardin Email: hardin673@aol.com Phone: ?

Continued from page 2

school with the rest of her new Arkie classmates.

Joyce Gets Good News From the Cardiologist!

Joyce had her appointment with the cardiologist on Wednesday (7/27) — and this time the verdict came back about as positive as was possible.

Although the doctor originally told Joyce to expect six-eight months of rehabilitation, the specialist was so pleased by Joyce's condition that she gave permission to have the cataract surgery at will and the ankle fusion any time after September 1.

Joyce will see an ophthalmologist next week and may end up taking care of the cataract before the ankle.

Bad Sunday Weather Didn't Stop Ayesha Ashley's Yard Sale!

Although the weather turned sour on Sunday, as rains lashed Las Vegas, Ayesha Ashley pretty much got what she wanted out of her yard sale last weekend. She made some

money and, perhaps even more importantly, winnowed the pile of kipple that everyone accumulates in the course of ordinary life.

Ayesha might've postponed the yard sale on Sunday, but her need to get this done before she moved to her new condo in August made her chance the weather. It didn't rain again during her selling hours, so it turned out to be a good gamble.

Heard Around Vegas Fandom...

Things appear to be looking up for Michael Bernstein and Roxanne Gibbs, a couple that have had more than their share of bad luck. Last Friday (7/22), the couple hosted a small celebration over Michael's new job prior to the evening's SNAFFU meeting...

Condolences to Bill & Laurie Kunkel, whose beloved cat Punk died on Thursday (7/28). The personable feline had been ill, but veterinary medicine had brought Punk back to relative health. The end came quickly...

Ron & Linda Bushyager won't be in town next Saturday (8/6) for the Vegrants' Bye-Bye Bernardi Open Party. They'll be out of town

Continued on page 12

Robot's Rules!

Kent Hastings Reports on the 7/22 SNAFFU Meeting

The East Side Kids ran wild inside Borders Books at Stephanie and Sunset, with James Taylor, Teresa Cochrane, Darmon Thornton, Natasha Moore, clubhouse Pres. Michael Bernstein and Veep Kent Hastings. Most of the membership was on the loose, dodging zombies and Nazi spies, leaving the rest of us huddled together with the poverty-row attendance.

The evening's discussion topic was "Robots! Terminators, Toys, Teddy Bears." Nobody mentioned the robot with the Mardi Gras mask from the 1939 serial masterpiece, The Phantom Creeps, starring Bela Lugosi. This oversight was probably due to Dr. Zorka's invisibility belt or Scowlie's secret date with the gay robot from Tripping The Rift.

Michael Bernstein stated his thesis that robots are used as metaphors for human beings rather than as alien outsiders. One reason for this is that aliens need self consistent rules to be convincing, but robots can achieve contrived heights of human eccentricity thanks to malfunctions or odd programming.

We discussed the classic Asimov and Metropolis 'bots, and Michael reminded us that Tick Tock of Oz "did everything but live." Later robotic characters in media were discussed, including Robby from Forbidden Planet, the "programs" in Tron, Bender from Futurama, Cylons, Heartbeeps, Short Circuit,

D.A.R.R.Y.L., A.I., Westworld, TNG's Data, Harry Mudd robots, the professor's daughter from classic Trek, Twiki, Dr. Theopolis and Crichton from the Buck Rogers TV series, Bob and V.I.N.C.E.N.T. from Disney's The Black Hole--and the most impressive of all the annoying robots, Muffy the Dagget from Battlestar Galactica. Back in literature, Michael cited Soul of the Robot as a counter example to his earlier thesis.

Darmon described the robots in "Second Renaissance," one of the animated episodes of The Animatrix, set in the historical Matrix universe. Darmon followed that with the proto-anime toon Gigantor, and started a spirited debate over whether Speed Racer's Mach 5 and Knight Rider's K.I.T.T. super-car should be classified as robots. If so, that would open the door to A Boy and His Tank, Andromeda, and maybe 2001's Hal 9000 since it controlled a spaceship. James Taylor complained about the lack of cup holders.

Some attendees described their experiences with Roomba, an actual robot cleaning homes now, and as this goes to press, a Mac G5 controlled VW SUV named "Dora," running Mac OS X "Tiger," was in the news as an entry in the next DARPA Grand Challenge for autonomous vehicles.

Future topics for SNAFFU meetings are "Fairy Tales, Legends and Myths retold" on Aug. 12 (west side), and "Hugo winners and also-Rans" on Aug. 26 (back in the east).

—Kent Hastings

The Eastside SNAFFU meeting ended suddenly when Gigantor arrived to "take charge" of the meeting.



Joshings Hearts of Fire

It started at about 11 am... I heard a knock, knock, knocking on my door. I hoped it was the Raven, Nevermore. Sadly I found out that it wasn't the illustrious bird, but another Dark haired beauty, Rebecca Hardin, and her mother, Bettye (aka Grandma VSFA) Thanks to them for helping me set up for the festivities.

The first guest, Joelle Barnes arrived at shortly before 1 pm. After that, the guests just filed in... some that you would not know since they are members of other groups I belong to and some that you would, like the aforementioned Rebecca, Betty and Joelle.

Ruth Davidson was there with her daughter Hazel. Truth be told, Hazel (whose Fannish nickname is being fiercely fought over). Hazelnut is a good one and there was a good one mentioned at the BBQ, but my old mind can't remember right now). She was the life of the party for a while. This cute young 'un will grow to be a wonderful women and fan, especially with the guidance of her mother.

After that, the guests came too fast for me to list... There were people on the floor and people on the door and people on chairs and people on stairs... Wait a minutem I don't have stairs.

The food however was plentiful. In fact one person suggested changing the name of the BBQ to JOSHUA'S BIRTHDAY FEAST. I had to agree.

With 16 guests (some others canceled due to the rain and forgotten previous engagements) and the arrival of five guest after the majority went home... it was an interesting day. — Joshua Andrews



Joshua Andrews is cookin'.

that weekend. On the other hand, Joyce and I hope you will plan to join the fun at the Launch Pad (909 Eugene Cernan St.) that evening at 7:30 PM. We'll honor one of Vegas' most illustrious fans — and make sure he gets out of town...

Rebecca Hardin was understandably surprised to find herself rechristened "Rachel" in VFW #36 twice. There are some newszines — let us not blemish reputations — that would now proceed to rename her "Rachel Hardin" but VFW is 'way too classy for that kind of cheap trick. I apologize.

Chatback: The VFW Letter Column

Letters of comment are the coin of the realm for fanzines, almost the only "payment" the editor will get. So I want to thank all of you who write for paying your bill.

Since this issue has a rather large essay

about the Chicago Science Fiction League, perhaps it's fitting that the first LoC should be from a fan who made his mark on the hobby in Chicago — though he now lives comparatively close to Vegas...

Earl Kemp

Arnie, you continuously amaze me. I can't imagine having enough energy to put out VFW regularly and now, on top of that, you do *Toner Memories*, too.

When I was there as your guest with Bruce Gillespie and, in the midst of all that was going on, you still sat down to the PC and put out an issue.

You embarrass and shame me with your output while I struggle along trying to put out an issue every other month.

You Are My Hero!

Arnie: Wait a minute... How can I be your hero if you are mine? I have tremendous ad-

miration for your two classics, *Who Killed Science Fiction* and *Why a Fan?* And I've marveled at your recent run of electronic fanzines (available on efanzines.com and highly recommended.)

I wouldn't want you to think that *Toner Memories* is more than a oneshot reprint fanzine. I'd have to be crazy to publish another regular fanzine in addition to **VFW**. Oh, by the way, I'll be sending you the first issue of **Implications**, the new monthly fanzine *Joyce*, *John* and I are doing, sometime this weekend.

Speaking of *Toner Memories*, here's a letter about that fanzine....

Linda Bushyager

Regarding *Toner Memories* - i enjoyed it. I especially liked "What happens in Vegas Stays in Fanzines" - that cracked me up!

It was nice to read how *Toner* came to be and all the memories from the people involved in running it.

In my mind I keep mixing up *Toner* with a *Silvercon* I attended. I do remember those homemade wines though - that rang a bell. I also remember going on the excellent *Dam* tour with Ken - that was neat.

Which convention was at the *Mardi Gras* - the one with Tucker as *GoH* and the manure on the grass! I'll never forget that manure! I'd been thinking that was *Toner*, but I don't see a mention of the manure, so I guess it was a *Silvercon*??

Arnie: *The convention at the Mardi Gras was Silvercon IV, the celebrated, if malodorous, Manurecon, Toner was held at the Union Plaza, which may well be the site of Toner 2 in August '06.*

Next up is, I believe, the first *Chatback* appearance for this

charming fan:

Laurraine Tutihasi

Okay, I admit it. I haven't read the previous issues yet. However, I am reading this one right now.

Ken and Aileen are moving again?!!! I guess the recent earthquakes were too much for them.

Today we are having a little excitement where we are. As I drove home this afternoon after a visit to the dentist and the vet, where I picked up some medication for one of the cats, I saw this plume of yellowish smoke in the sky in the general direction where I was heading. To my relief, it was not over my house. Shortly after I got into the house, I turned on the radio.

A short while after that, the radio announcer said something about a brushfire in *Rancho Palos Verdes*. We're about six houses from the city line for *RPV*. I called my neighbor, whom I'd seen walking away from

Potshot's Cartoon Theater



Las Vegas Fan Event Calendar

VSFA Dinner and a Movie 4:00 P<

Fans will gather at the Crown Theaters in Neonopolis at 3:45 to attend a showing of *Sky High*, the super-heroic comedy-adventure film.

Las Vegrants Bye-Bye Bernardi Open Party August 6 7:30 PM

Las Vegrants invites *all* Vegas fans to its Open Party It's at the Launch Pad, the home of Arnie and Joyce Katz. We are awaiting confirmation of a Major Guest Star. Hint: He is a Boston fan... now.

SNAFFU August 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 PM.

Las Vegrants Meeting August 20 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 August 21 2 PM

VSFA sponsors this event, open to all Vegas fans, at The Tap House. Specifics about the August Social are pending the VSFA business meeting.

SNAFFU August 26 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. The subject is Hugo Winners and Also-Rans.

the direction of the fire when I pulled into my garage.

I found out that our local NBC station had coverage, so I turned that on and watched for about the next hour or so. The fire was in a canyon about a mile from where we live.

When they finished their continuous coverage, one hundred acres had burned; but the fire was under control. As I write this, I can still hear the fire helicopters flying overhead. The fog should roll in tonight and help the fire fighting efforts.

Is that a recent photo of Aileen with her hair bobbed? She looks good that way.

Joyce looks good in the photo despite the dog bite. I was just talking today to a woman at my vet's office who had a dog that was part

Pyrenees. Small world. Her dog, though, was only the size of a large Labrador.

Arnie: That's quite a coincidence. The dog that bit Joyce was the size of the land of Labrador.

Yes, that's Aileen as she looked at the Farewell Formans & Arnie Birthday Festival on July 2, 2005. I like her hair this way, too, but I am braced for a Grand Shearing.

We Also Heard From: Marty Cantor,

Done... Already?

It's the bottom of page 14 and that is definitely the signal for me to cease and desist — at least for this week. See you in seven days!

— Arnie Katz