

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

Joyce Returns Home After Surgery!

Finally... the High Priestess of Fandom has come *back* to the Launch Pad. Evidently eager to be rid of her, the good folks at the Vegas Valley Rehabilitation Hospital told her on Monday morning that she was released to return home to begin the three-month recuperation from the September 7 ankle fusion.

It turned into a Stormy Monday for Joyce, who had to wait until 8:00 that night for the MedCar ride to pick her up at the hospital. She's home now and, despite continuing pain from the fairly intrusive operation, is already showing sign of recovery.

For example, Joyce immediately recaptured her job as Official Editor of SNAPS — and expects to have the rather large mailing out today (Thursday) and is already planning to continue her “Friends of Caligula” showings of “I Claudius” at the earliest possible opportunity.

Vegas Fan Events This Week

Here's what's coming our way

- **Las Vegrants Meeting**
Saturday (9/17) 7:30 PM
- **Sunday Social**
Sunday (9/18), 2:00 PM

You'll find all the info in previews or the calendar.

Joyce won't be allowed to put her right foot down (in a walking cast or walking boot) for at least five more weeks. This makes it unlikely that she will be able to attend many local events (outside the Launch Pad, that is) until at least mid-October.

October 1 will be a Vegrants Open Party with Chris Garcia as the Special Guest! It's open to all Las Vegas fans so we're hoping for an especially good turnout to meet one of Vegas Fandom's best out-of-town friends.

Alan White Survives Medical Care!

The operation for prostate cancer went off flawlessly, but some of the post-op care nearly put the popular Vegrant fan the shelf for a long, long time.

Without going into the gory details — Alan and Joyce may want to save that for the movie they reportedly intend to make once everyone is healthy — a bumbling nurse sent him racing back to the hospital and has probably extended his recuperation considerably beyond the original estimate.

Alan is at home, recovering, though he Fanned Up and came to the “first Saturday” Vegrants Open Party and plans to be at the 9/17 Las Vegrants meeting if he feels



Inside Story The Fan Family

"It's funny," Joyce said to me on the phone while she was still at the Rehab Hospital. "People don't know what to make of all the fans who've come to visit."

"I don't think they're *too* scary," I replied, "but if there are specific ones we need to keep away from the place..."

"No, that's not it at all!" she said. "The just can't figure out when I had the time to have all those sons and daughters."

Well, the ages aren't quite right, but I understood what she meant. A lot of people who go to the hospital, as Joyce did, face a long, lonely time. Yet her phone almost never stopped ringing and she had an endless procession of well-wishers at her bedside. Knowing nothing of the ways of Fandom, staff and patients assumed that she must have been a prolific breeder.

The help, support and, well, love Joyce has received from her fan "family" during this latest phase of her medical troubles has been a light at the end of the tunnel for both her and myself. It's a constant reminder that, beyond the clubs and fanzines and conventions and listservs and apas, there's a whole lot of feeling.

Thank you, my friends, for reminding me why I love Fandom. — Arnie

up to the strain. Alan complains less than just about anyone I know, but that shouldn't fool his friends into thinking that he doesn't need our support and friendship.

Vegrants Pitch in to Help Stage 9/17 Meeting!

Now that Joyce is back home, she's looking forward to seeing as many of her fan fans as possible. Unfortunately, she's a long way from being ready to play hostess and prepare for a sizable gathering and I am the very last person you want to designate as cook. (I'm a pretty fair Emergency Official Editor, if you've got a leaderless apa kicking around...)

That's when James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Merric Anderson and Lubov Anderson volunteered to do the food and other arrangements for this Saturday's meeting.

Much as Joyce might wish it otherwise, it'll a little too soon after surgery for a Vegrants Open Party. She's still feeling pretty puny and feels more comfortable, for right now, with just her Vegrant co-conspirators. We'll try to schedule one as soon as possible so everyone can marvel at her 30-lb. Cast and wheelchair-racing skill.

Rich brown Goes to Hospital... and Returns!

Rich brown, Dr. Gafia, surprised fans on several listservs including Trufen and Fmzfen with this post on Sunday (9/11) morning:

"I'm taking myself off to the hospital and may not be heard from for a few days.

"Thursday, returning from my every-other-week visit with my daughter Alicia, I stopped off at Fat Tuesday's, a bar/restaurant at University Mall that spe-

Continued page 7

Vegas Fandom Weekly #44, September 15, 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).

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Reporters this issue: Roxanne Gibbs, Charles Fuller, DeDee White, Rebecca Hardin, rich brown and Joyce Katz

Art/Photo Credits: Alan White (1), Bill "Potshot" Kunkel (13), Bill Rotsler (all other cartoons)

Columnists This Issue: rich brown, Richard Lupoff, Charles Fuller

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 efanzines.com. No overworked amateur nurses were harmed during the production of this fanzine.

Member: fwa. Supporter: AFAL. Believer: United Fans of Vegas; Toner II in 2006! Vegas Westercon in '08!

My Fannish Oddysey *Katzenjammer*

I'm not part of organized Fandom... I'm a member of Las Vegrants.

When I was a neofam, I did pretty much what I advise today's neofans to do: I tried just about everything in Fandom to find out what I liked.

I joined the National Fantasy Fan Federation in spring 1963. Although I hadn't yet read Francis Towner Laney and other Insurgents, I quickly realized that, despite a few isolated achievements, the N3F spent too much time wrangling over its constitution, passing rules and counterfeiting a semblance of activity with an overabundance of sporadically functioning bureaus.

When I ran a couple of N3F bureau, I learned firsthand what happens when runaway bureaucracy takes hold: *Who* does things becomes more important than *how* to do it or whether it should be done at all.

I went to the Eastern Science Fiction Association, a very formal club with strict rules and a lot of fanpolitics at the top. I loved ESFA the first couple of itmes, but I felt more and more stifled each time. ESFA taught me more than the Public Service Bus route to Newark, NJ; I learned that when you squeeze too hard, something in Fandom dies. The ESFAns meant well, but club leaders erected a rigid hierarchy that made attendees feel like barely tolerated visitors..

And then came the Lunarians, a semi-formal club that met in the Bronx one Saturday a month. Lunarians changed somewhat after a rush of new members, but my first couple of meetings were consumed by petty bickering over inconsequential details. Frank Dietz (the host) and Frank Prieto (a long-time member) once argued for more than three hours about a matter of less than a buck. Even Prieto's offer to pay the disputed charge out of his pocket didn't end the argument. It struck me as highly

symbolic that a couple entered the apartment for their first meeting shortly after the two Franks got into it and left before they finished, never to reappear at Lunarians again.

Gathering my courage, I wrote to Ted White, host of the Fanoclasts, to ask if I could come to one of the group's Friday night meetings. The timely intervention of rich brown and Mike McInerney got me an invitation — and an eye-opening look at another approach to Fandom.

I could tell right off that the Fanoclasts weren't as affluent as a lot of the ESFAns and Lunarians, but they seemed to be richer in friendship. Fanoclasts had no formality; even my approval as a new member happened so naturally that I wasn't even aware of the process.

The Fanoclasts didn't care about rules and trappings of authority. They didn't have "organizational concerns" or business meetings. They just wanted to spend time together and enjoy doing fanac.

I become a Fanoclast more than a year after my fannish debut. I've never stopped looking for things to do and try in Fandom, but that ended my search for a way to be a fan that didn't make me feel like a perpetual cub scout.

I learned that I didn't like bureaucracy, regimentation or squabbling about minutia — and that some people who call themselves "fans" seemed to live for the very things I despised.

And I learned that, if I ignored them, they seldom actually impinged on *my* fanac, except to provide ammunition for humor

And the Fanoclasts begat the Brooklyn Insurgents. And the Brooklyn Insurgents begat Las Vegrants.

I'm not part of organized Fandom... I'm a member of Las Vegrants.

— Armie



Who's on First?

rich brown's Fanhistory Corner

Robert A. Heinlein, borrowing from general semantics for an early Worldcon GoH speech, complimented fans on being “timebinders.” Timebinding is not as unique to humans as semanticists first maintained, but it’s one of the things that helps to make humans what we are -- the passing on of information from one generation to the next, so the wheel doesn’t continually have to be reinvented. So, in fact, that the previously invented wheel becomes subject to new innovation. This little column is an exercise in timebinding -- passing on information about what has happened in the microcosm in part to prevent embarrassment on the part of new fans who might otherwise rush forward to try something they think new and daring only to be told that it was all done ages ago.

It’s an excellent practice, with much to commend it, but its utility lies in passing on useful and accurate information. And there are a number of places where our “firsts” are uncertain. Still, as long as all sides are presented, we can pass on the information to some effect.

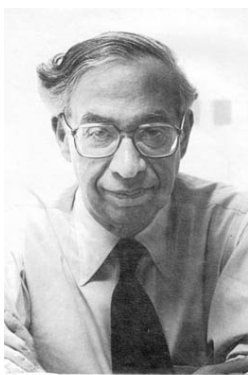
Ready for a little controversy? Okay. In fandom, we have differences of opinion over what was the first fanzine and what was the first convention.

Let’s begin with sf conventions -- and hey, you punsters, we’re *not* talking about time travel, post-atomic war or fil drives (those are conventions “of” science fiction, not science fiction conventions). The present consensus is that the first science

fiction convention was held in Leeds, England, in 1937.

So where’s the controversy? Well, before Leeds could hold their convention but unquestionably inspired by the announcement of it, Donald A. Wollheim and other members of the New York Futurians hit on the notion of calling the social outing they had planned to meet with fans in Philadelphia a convention. This meeting took place on October 22, 1936, and convened in the home of Philadelphia fan Milt Rothman where, per Wollheim’s suggestion, they declared themselves to be a sf convention, and thus Sam Moskowitz’s history of early sf fandom, **The Immortal Storm**, lists it as the first.

But eventually fan historians set this aside out of fundamental fairness, reasoning that it seemed inspired primarily to “beat” the Brits to the claim of being first, bore little resemblance to an actual convention (it was held in someone’s home rather than in a hired meeting space, was not announced or programmed in advance, could be attended only by members of the two groups invited, *etc.*) and, finally, it was pointed out that if they had instead proclaimed themselves to be a plate of lime jello, it would not follow that people who came later would be under any obligation to agree that they were, in fact, a plate of lime jello. I admit I’m one of the few who presented a counter-argument, to the effect that the motivation for putting on a convention is irrelevant, even if it’s not a particularly admirable one, and once you start requiring conventions to have some modern aspect of conventions to be called a convention you’ve drawn a broad line in the sand that could wind up disqualifying many other early conventions as well. But, hey, I was just being a gadfly, arguing because I thought it amusing at the time to pull a few fans’



Donald A. Wollheim sparked the first US con. He probably didn’t look like this, even at the end of it.

chains. Truth is, I'm actually convinced by the argument that it was a blatant attempt to steal the Leeds' fans thunder and doesn't deserve to be rewarded with our complicity.

There's no easy way to make this old idea disappear entirely, however, since fans in Philadelphia hold an annual conclave called Philcon which includes in its numbering this 1936 gathering. They're understandably reluctant to go back and say their second was actually the first, their third was actually the second, their fourth was actually the third, *etc.*, &c. Amusingly enough, they named their most recent Worldcon the Millennium Philcon, but it only works as a homage to *Star Wars* -- in the matter of their holding the "first" convention, we have to say that The Force simply was not with them.

Then there's the matter of the first fanzine. To begin the discussion, there are some notions about this which most fan historians feel are totally ineligible. There are fans who want to define "fanzine" as an amateur publication which touches on sf and fantasy -- and quite a number of 18th and 19th century literary figures (*e.g.*, William Blake, the Bronte sisters, 'Lewis Carroll' [Charles Lutwidge Dodgson]) published them. H. P. Lovecraft published "papers" for the mundane amateur press associations around the time of WWI that sometimes had fantasy stories or discussions of same. These are indeed legitimate "ancestors" of fanzines but it's pretentious beyond permission to pretend that fanzines existed before fandom.

At the other remove, pettifoggery replaces pretension when fans hold that the first fanzine was the October 1940 issue of *Contours*, since that's where its editor, Louis Russell Chauvenet, coined the term "fanzine." A thing is what it is, not what it's called -- and we're talking about the first fanzine, not the first thing that called itself a fanzine. Up to the time Chauvenet coined the term, they'd been called "fan magazines" (abbreviated "fan mags" or even "fmz") -- and its form and content were obviously not changed upon the renaming.

The most commonly accepted definition of a fanzine is an amateur publication intended to be read (largely if not necessarily exclusively) by other participants in the microcosm of science fiction fandom. So the first fanzine has to come after the first US prozine, which facilitated fans getting

in contact with each other by printing the full addresses of people whose letters were published in their pages. These enthusiasts not only began corresponding with each other but forming clubs -- which in turn published the first fanzines.

But we have two legitimate contenders. The announced aims of the two earliest known fan clubs were as one with Gernsback in their belief that their interest in scientifiction should lead them to careers in science, which fact was reflected in the names they chose for themselves -- the Science Correspondence Club (later the International Scientific Association) and the Sciencecers.

The SCC's club publication, *The Comet* (later called *Cosmology*), published its first issue in May 1930 under the editorship of Ray Palmer (who went on to edit *Amazing Stories* and give us the shameful Shaver Mystery in the 1940s) -- and it is generally regarded as the first fanzine. But there are those who argue that, since its content through 17 issues focused more on the science that appeared in the stories than it did on the stories themselves, it wasn't really a fanzine.

The Sciencecers was the first known New York City fan club; it began meeting in 1929 and ran concurrently with the SCC. While the Sciencecers claimed the same aims as the SCC, in actual practice they were more inclined to discuss the stories in their meetings, as well as in their club magazine *The Planet*, edited by Allen Glasser, which came a close second with six monthly issues between June and December of 1930.

The determination of which of the two is the actual first fanzine depends on what you think a "real" fanzine is. The current accepted definition indicates that fanzines are not tied to any particular subject matter but rather are the amateur publications intended to be read by other fans in the microcosm -- and by that definition *The Comet* is the clear winner. But there are (or at least have been) those who felt that the large part of its content devoted to science rather than scientifiction *per se* somehow disqualified it, so for them the first fanzine is *The Planet*.

You don't "have" to take a stand on the issues. We're not that serious about it. You can always flip a coin.

--rich brown

Fanac or Fight!

Charles Fuller reports on the 9/9 SNAFFU meeting

Ok, it's about 0430 on the morning of Sunday 11 September 2005. Guess it's time to decrypt the notes I made on the SNAFFU meeting of 9 Sept.

I use the term "decrypt" deliberately. You see like many college types, I developed a personal shorthand in order to attempt to render classroom information into data written on a page.

8:00PM While the meeting has not yet been called to "order", it is more or less going on. Typical fannish sort of spontaneous combustion of a social event.

The first noteworthy item, or at least the first item that I made note of, was the introduction of a fellow fan from points east. Specifically hailing from Philadelphia Pennsylvania, Mr. Jerry Cross was introduced to the club by Linda. He turned out to be an interesting sort of fellow. Quite clearly he was, unlike many people who are press-ganged into a Science Fiction club meeting, well used to fannish ways. Over the course of the meeting he contributed actively to the conversation.

Also present was author John D. Chancy (apologies if I got that one wrong).

As of about 8:05 the question "Where's Michael?" went into the air. It was explained that he was over in the People's RepubliK of Kalifornia, more specifically San Jose, on business.

Shortly after this Kent was asked when the meeting would actually start. To this he replied, "I'm waiting for John to get back."

Shortly after this John did indeed get back and the meeting formally began.

"Old Business?" Kent asked with a bit of an intonation of slightly sardonic humor.

The first response was assorted data on the next meeting of the Library Committee. It was first noted that the meeting that had been planned for the morning of 10 Sept. had been canceled. The cancellation had to do with the hospitalization for surgery of Joyce Katz.

Some topics for the meeting of the library committee were mentioned, perhaps as a sort of preparation for the actual committee meeting. Noted was a plan to put up shelves for boxes to contain tax papers, "and get

stuff out of the way." Also noted, by Lori Forbes, was a recommendation for dealing with the fanzine collection. She suggested that Library might be devoted to sorting the fanzines in alphabetical order by title. Lori also said that file folders were badly needed. They would be used to file the fanzines so they could be found. Lori continued, saying that file, or hanging file folders were needed, and that "box bottom" folders (Perhaps designed by somebody who sat on stone benches too much.) would be the best of all. She concluded saying "We don't need a cabinet. It's all a matter of sorting."

At this point Linda Bushyager offered to donate a spare computer for the Library.

Lori responded saying, "We don't need a computer."

Still in Old Business, Lori chimed in with the recommendation for another SNAFFU yard sale, this one to be held in October.

The only response to Lori's suggestion was one from Linda. She mentioned that an ad need not be placed and that just signs would be adequate.

[Author's note. I only check the ads in the *RJ* for things like group sales or church sales. Otherwise I just point the car down certain streets and look for signs.]

At this point the meeting went on to Science.

Presumably in the context of science, Kent made several suggestive references to the recent case of excessively breezy conditions in certain portions of the Southern United States, Hurricane Katrina. This topic did not seem to have any real interest or momentum despite Kent having mentioned it several times.

Also in the context of science it was mentioned that there was an article in the *RJ* about the genes of the brain, and how the brain is still evolving with at least one such genetic shift having happened in the past 10,000 years.

Kent at this point mentioned something about the universe having been created yesterday, and the "chicken test of faith."

There were also mumblings about the placement of fossils into various rocks in order to "test our faith."

Nest, the meeting proceeded on to the evening's topic, "The Military Option."

The first contribution to the topic was from Linda Bushyager. She opined that the topic was too broad. In so doing she made it very clear that she believed the topic to be inferior because it was excessively broad. She further complained that she had sent Michael four topics via e-mail, and had gotten no response.

After that the discussion seemed to evolve in the direction of a discussion of the evolution from war carried out by mass armies to conflicts of the modern age which seem to favor small unit terror tactics.

Jerry (last name unknown) a guest, noted that there had been a play presented when he was in Scotland on the making of *Star Trek*.

To this Kent responded that there had been a local production of *Spock's Brain* as a play presented in a convention.

Parallels were noted between the *Star Trek* episode in which the Romulans are introduced, and the classic submarine films like *The Enemy Below* and *Run Silent Run Deep*.

Various noted were made about how assorted of the SF authors who have written good military SF have themselves been in the military. Cited specifically were Heinlein, Harrison, and Pournelle.

Guest Jerry noted that at *Burning Man* somebody had been there in a costume of the bomb from Dr. Strangelove.

The question was again asked, "How did we get on military topics?"

Mention was made of Steve Barnes' "alternate technology warfare." The note sounded like a recommendation of the work.

Briefly discussed was the theme of solar system colonies and their tendency to revolt. Lori mentioned *Moving Mars*, and the classic *The Moon Is a Harsh*

Mistress was also noted. In this context it was specifically noted that unorthodox weapons and or tactics played a big part.

Another mutation of the evening's topic seemed to be an exploration of the role of ideology in warfare. Mentioned in this context was of course Viet Nam. There was specifically a recognition that whereas prior to Viet Nam SF ran mostly to "war is good" and how people wanted to go to war. But that after Viet Nam the attitude shifted massively in the other direction.

Lori described how unusual it was that she liked a work of military Science Fiction, but that Tanya Huff's *Valor's Choice* and assorted of it's sequels, were quite good. She went on to say that the basic plot was somewhat parallel to what happened between the British and the Zulu. [She seems to have been making a reference to the Battle of Roarke's Drift, on which the film *Zulu!* was based.]

In fine fannish style a segue sort of spontaneously manifested itself with the discussion going to the stupidity of sound in space. It was noted that only in 2001 *A Space Odyssey* was space silent. One really amusing observation mentioned that in *Apollo 13* the spaceship "whizzes by." So, even in a film nominally about an historical event, the film makers can't resist noisy vacuums.

Mention was also made of how events can alter the popular perception of war and therefore influence SF. Specifically cited in this context were both Pearl Harbor and 9-11.

As a final note to the topic Linda Bushyager again mentioned that there was a need for better topics.

As always, the meeting closed with a discussion of dinner afterward. This can't be reported on because I was not feeling like a dose of second-hand smoke.

— Charles Fuller

Continued from page 2

cializes in Cajun fare, and ate something too spicy. I had a stomach ache all Friday, managed to get Olivia Stockmann (my ex-wife's daughter) to her ballet class and record the latest episode of *Firefly*, but didn't feel good enough to make it to Second Friday's. I did a lot of sleeping/resting, thinking it would pass, but it didn't. It's not a constant ache, and it's not painful enough to make me go "ow," but it does keep coming back.

There were other signs Saturday that this might not just be an upset stomach (I eat Mexican food on an average of once a week and some spicy chili at Hard Times Cafe whenever I get the chance, so it was puzzling all by itself); I managed to get myself to a local

mall where I exchanged a Georgette Heyer novel I'd purchased (the one I had ended in the middle of a sentence), but the exertion left me a little dizzy. Once back home, I found I was okay for intervals of an hour or so, but then I'd get tired and have to rest some more. I was starting to feel a little spacey -- well, more so than usual.

"So here it is, Sunday morning, I still have the problem. Still not painful enough to make me go "ow," but I've learned it's not a good idea to cough.

"If I had to make a guess, my first one would discard the upset stomach notion and say, by chance, or perhaps as a result of what I ate, the hernia I've had for several months has finally started to act up and hurt me. Of course, there's also the possibility that the can-

cer is back -- I was supposed to go in to check that out with some tests on the 20th, although the previous (albeit less reliable) tests showed everything okay. Or, then again, it could be something else I'm not aware of -- maybe including the upset stomach notion I've discarded.

"Only way I can think to find out is go in and have them check me out. (I thought maybe I'd try to wait until tomorrow and see my regular doctor, for whom I don't have an appointment, but that was really late Friday thinking, and here early Sunday it doesn't sound like such a good idea.)

"Hope to be back in contact again soon or Soon. My best to you all."

Fandom held its collective breath, until rich posted the following that evening:

"Not completely out of the woods but after seven and a half hours at the ER, their testing couldn't find what was wrong with me ... and I was feeling enough better to come back home. They gave me their test results and strongly recommended I see my regular doctor tomorrow (which I will do) and come back to them if things don't get better.

"I hope at this juncture it's just that I shouldn't eat Cajun any more. I could live with that. (Yeah, pun intended.)"

Rich has gotten back to his normal, high level of fanac, so presumably, he is not in immediate danger.

First Blue Ox Sunday Social Set for 2 PM on 9/17!

There'll be two changes at the September Social, scheduled for this Sunday (9/18) at 2 PM. The lunch will not be accompanied by a program, as at previous Socials, and the festivities are moving to a new location.

The Blue Ox (5825 Sahara near Dunesville), in the near West part of town, replaces the Tap House, unavailable due to football-related events between now and next January.

The Blue Ox has a good, inexpensive menu and the staff is looking forward to making us feel comfortable in the unfamiliar setting.

Roxy Gibbs Polls SNAFFU Listserv Members about a Switch to Yahoo!

Roxanne Gibbs took the first step toward reinvigorating the SNAFFU listserv, which has much less traffic than the VSFA listserv that also focuses on the southern Nevada fan community. Her post asked users if a switch from Google Groups to Yahoo Groups would make it more attractive to potential posters.

She wrote:

"There has been a long running (OK, .only a year) question (debate really) in our household about the use of a Google listserv versus a Yahoo list serve and recently Arnie Katz brought up the subject matter with Michael and I (and I was only to happy to discuss this topic with someone with similar views) concerning the ease of the Google listserv use.

"The differences between the listserv's are:

*"*Google does not insert ads into list member messages, or have ads you must view prior to reading the postings of the list.*

" The Google list is currently set (by Michael) to direct replies back to the author of the original message by default, which can be changed to send messages back to the list instead.*

"It has been suggested that one of three things is responsible for the relative dearth of participation on the Google listserv. Either it is simply because it isn't Yahoo (and most people are more familiar with Yahoo) or because messages currently don't go back to the list by default, or just because the Google list is newer.

"What do you think about this topic? Which service would you prefer to use and why? Michael is very interested in the 'why' part before he would institute any changes if they are to be made."

This is, admittedly, a minor matter, but it's good to see the listserv attempting to respond to the fans' wishes.

Chatback: The VFW Letter Column

I'm glad you're enjoying the letter column. I'm trying to have one in every issue. Speaking of which....

Who better to lead off this issue's letter column than an old friend, now inching back toward Mother Fandom....

Richard Lupoff

Love your idea of the fannish calendar. Didn't the leaders of the French Revolution propose a new calendar for their country's new era? Why not one for the science fiction community.

We could have months named Gernsback, Campbell, Gold, Boucher, and other major editors. Days of the week could be Laney, Ellik, Carr, Burbee. There would be fannish holidays named for legendary fanzines. Spaceship, Quandry, Hyphen, Void, Lighthouse. What about renaming the hours? Instead of noon and midnight we could have Bradbury and Lovecraft. Tea-time would be The Rotsler Hour.

Sheesh, the possibilities are staggering. Rename

Continued page 10

Out of the Past **The Daze**

"Fandom Is A Family Reunion -- FIAFR."

In 1952 (yes!) there were actually two fans living in the town of Norfolk, Nebraska. Their names were Ray Thompson and Bob Peatrowski. I'd got in touch with Peatrowski, subscribed to his fanzine *Mote*, and eventually became a columnist for that august journal. There were some pretty distinguished contributors. One of them -- a fellow even younger than I was, and I was seventeen at the time -- was named Fred Chappell. He wrote a couple of short stories for *Mote* including a real knockout called, "The Boy Who Could Spit Diamonds."

I was so impressed by it that I never forgot the story, and could actually quote its punch-line.

Fred Chappell went on to become a bigtime academic literary guy, major regional (Carolina) fiction writer, and poet. One of his books has a vaguely Lovecraftian tone to it. It's called *Dagon*. After tiring of *Mote* (a very nice little digest-size, ditto-reproduced genzine) Peatrowski produced a superb letterzine called *Confab*. Some years later I tried to get in touch with him and couldn't get any response.

So I wrote to Ray Thompson, the other fan in Norfolk, Nebraska. Thompson wrote back to me that Peatrowski was alive and well and happy and wished me the same, but he'd lost interest in fandom when he discovered the joys of archery and was just too busy to answer my letters.

Hah!

Flash forward to nineteen-ninety-something. I'm doing a books-and-authors show at KPFA. We get a publisher's advance publicity sheet on a forthcoming book, and word that the author will be touring and will be available for interviews.

Author is none other than Fred Chappell. I get all excited about this. That night I tell Pat about Fred and quote the punch-

line of "The Boy Who Could Spit Diamonds" to her.

Pat thinks it unlikely that I really remembered that line after nearly fifty years. I go to the bookcase and pull down my bound set (!) of *Mote*. I flip the pages and -- there's Fred's story.

And, yes, I had the punch-line right.

Couple weeks go by. I'm at KPFA. The receptionist pages me: "Richard Lupoff, your guest is here."

I meet Fred Chappell in the flesh -- for the first time -- hand him my bound set of *Mote* and ask him to autograph "The Boy Who Could Spit Diamonds." And of course he remembered me, as well. We hit it off as old fan buddies despite never having met before, and not having even paper contact since we were both teenagers.

Okay, we get into a sporadic correspondence. Earlier this year a publisher in Lake Orion, Michigan, asks me about putting together a multi-volume set of my short stories. Oh, stop twisting my arm, you guys! We negotiate for a while and wind up with a package deal for three books, *Terrors*, *Visions*, *Dreams*. My editor asks if I can get somebody prestigious to write an introduction for *Terrors*.

My editor, BTW, is a full-time academic and sideline publisher. I scratch my head. Hmmm. I send a

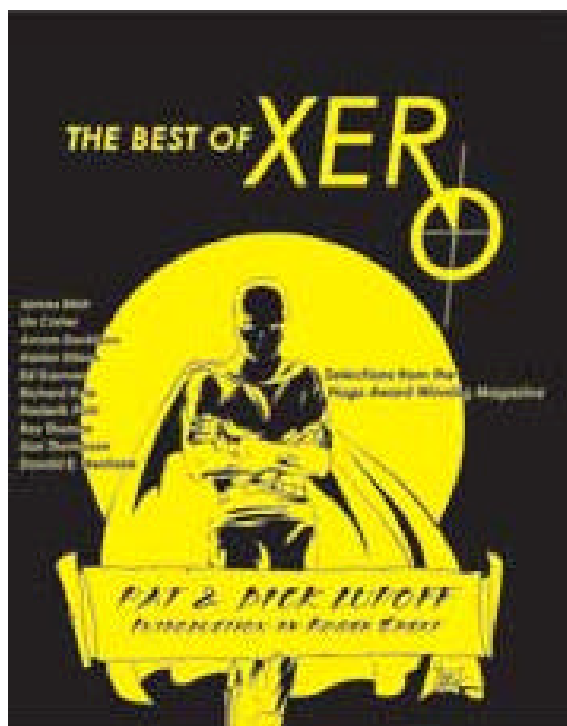
letter to Fred Chappell and he responds with, "Send me the manuscript!"

Well, he writes one of those introductions that makes wonder if I've been accidentally mistaken for Albert Schweitzer. Or maybe Albert Einstein.

Anyway, it's a lovely, flattering introduction, and *Terrors* is in production now, should be out next month. You can see the cover and get info about it on the publisher's website. Their name is Elder Signs Press. I don't have the URL handy, but you can google 'em easily enough. I guess this falls under the rubric of Shameless Self-Promotion.

So do me something.
Family reunion, yes indeed.

— Dick Lupoff



Continued from page 8

cities, countries, streets...planets, for heaven's sake. Why do we have to call those astronomical bodies by names out of Greek or Roman mythology? Rename Luna, Heinlein. Mars could be Burroughs but better to make it Barsoom. Rename Deimos and Phobos, Brackett and Hamilton.

Arnie: Good suggestions all! I hope we can finalize the calendar in time to implement it for the Weird Tales Festival on the 31st of Bloctober.

From the Great North comes one of Fandom's most reliable letter-writers...

Lloyd Penney

There seems to be a pause in the rush of zines; must be CascadiaCon in Seattle keeping folks busy. This gives me the perfect chance to catch up on the two VFWs I have in the hopper, issues 40 and 41.

40...Congrats on Alan White for getting past the worst of it. Most men have to learn to look after their health after they get past a certain age, and I think I'm just about there.

How do I loc a fanzine? Oh, geez, if I think about it, I won't be able to do it any more! I try to make my letters a combination of general communication, reaction to what I read in the zine, a touch of Cantor-style smartassery, some praise for the layout of the zine if it's deserved, some praise for the artists, who are usually underappreciated, some news from this area, and some personal journalism and anecdotes.

Where in Michigan are the Kunkels moving to? They might want to take highways east to Toronto at some point, depending on how close to Detroit they come.

I'm VFW's number-one Canadian reader, hm? How many Canadian readers do you have, Arnie? I've said elsewhere that after the disaster in New Orleans, Jason Burnett must be extraordinarily pleased to be in Minneapolis.

41...It is interesting that after all these years, we're still discussing numbered fandoms. At least it helps us understand some of the characters and egos that were on the rampage at that time. It's probably impossible right now, but it would be great to have a central fanzine, a focal point, as many call it, to have everyone receive. It would easier to distribute, but harder to quantify for all its readers.

Arnie's got a 14-year-old neofan tucked away somewhere? Aha! We've finally sussed it! Arnie's got his own dungeon under the new house! That's the only way he can get all these issues of VFW out, and still do

all the fanac he can get his hands on. I can think of many organizations who'd like to see a 14-year-old neofan. I didn't think they existed any more.

I have a plan, a project...now to see how it works. I need to devote a weekend to it. As a result, I'll have to send a message to Bill Burns about storage space. That's all I'm going to say...

And with that, I'll stop. It's Friday, it's the Labour Day long weekend, and we've got some plans to have some fun, go to the local Labour Day air show, travel around a little bit...just because the month now ends in "ember" doesn't meet to say the leaves are going to start falling. Take care, see you nextish.

Arnie: Actually, the onrush of technology has pretty much obsoleted the 14-year-old neofan. Fanzines no longer require duplicating, collating, stapling and lugging to the post office. These, and the fetching of soft drinks and snacks from the kitchen, were the main employment for 14-year-old neofen – I'm not going to make the easy joke about Los Angeles Fandom, I'm not – so that today they are purely decorative with no real function in modern Fanzine Fandom. Or do you think I would risk being shown up as a writer and editor by some brilliant 14-year-old?

And now it gives me great pleasure to welcome to the VFW letter column, if not back to Fandom, a good old fan friend...

Hank Luttrell

You know, as far as I can see -- as far as I'm concerned, I *never* gafiated, and never will. My last (for now) issue of *Starling* appeared in 1979, but I've continued to be active in many ways. I attend between 4 to 8 science fiction conventions a year. For instance, I continue to abuse my free membership rights as a previous guest of honor to attend Archons in St. Louis, where most of my family still lives. I also attend conventions in Minneapolis, Chicago, Madison of course, and I would go to Milwaukee, too, if they had anything there.

I'm active in Madison fandom. I suppose it depends on how you define fandom, but I'm sort of the opinion that anything fans do is fanac. So when I review science fiction and fantasy books for sfsite.com or Milwaukee weeklies, that is fanac.

And yes, I did get the first issue of *Cursed*. I remember it well. But I don't think I sent you a dime for it. I think I traded *Starling*.

Arnie: Despite its efficacy as a come-on line, I don't agree that everything fans do is fanac, but I certainly do agree that going to conventions and club meetings qualifies. (We can argue about reviewing

science fiction in a publication outside Fandom, but since I readily agree that you have been there all the while, the point is moot.)

When did you publish the first issue of Starling? Lenny Bailes and I did Cursed #1 in March '63, though I had to work around the lead time of the Amazing Stories letter column in order to have the plug hit at the right time.

Though fanzines are not your major form of fanac at this time, I hope you'll let VFW into your heart and come back to the letter column when the mood strikes.

Here's a reminiscence of a bygone fugghead from one who suffered from him personally...

Richard Lupoff

Yes, you mention of Seth Johnson and his warning you about the Eviol Lupoffs. Poor old Seth. My recollection is that he was a rather lonely, middle-aged-to-elderly fellow who discovered fandom at a far later age than most of us, who enter the ranks as rather lonely teen-agers and discover that we've found a family we never even knew we had.

Seth was fanpubbing in the early 1960's. Larry and Noreen Shaw were publishing Axe in those days -- the logical successor to the lamented Fanac -- and I wrote fanzine reviews for them. I've long since forgotten the details, but I recall giving a somewhat unkind review to Seth's fanzine. Heck, I was cruel. I admit it. And I regret it. But the man was such a tempting target, I couldn't resist.

After that, Seth never forgave me. He kept referring to me as an "apa snob." I guess I can figure out what he meant by that phrase, except I was not a member of any apa at the time. Not then, and never had been, although later I was in FAPA, Apa-F, and Apa-L at various times.

I guess Seth decided that Pat and I were just Bad People. Alas.

Arnie: Yes, Seth painted you and Pat in such lurid colors that I knew we'd get along famously. Have you read my "Science Fiction League of Extraordinary Fuggheads"? Seth is a character in it. You can download it free at efanzines.com.

It's time for a few minutes with that human ray of sunshine, that fannish gentleman from the Panhandle...

Shelby Vick

Wha-a-at? That was only 12 pages??? Well, it was certainly PACKED with fa-a-annishness -- including a LoC from Him, the root of the fannish fam-

ily tree! (Hi, Bob!) And talk about Laney (both good and bad) as well as more current topics. (Moving to Vegas or moving from Vegas becomes a real fannish event.

As well as everything else, I'm enjoying the Pot-Shots.

Amusing; talk about Laney and how his homosexual views stirred things up in LA -- and much of the then-tiny world of fandom -- and then your event calendar promotes the Bi-Gay-Les Club meeting. From one extreme to another! But, unfortunately, the world still isn't wide open. Just shows how fandom (as always!) is trying to Lead the Way.

Arnie: I don't think gender preference has any bearing on Fandom whatsoever. I wish the members of the GayBiLesTrans SF Club would venture into the rest of the Las Vegas fan community more often and discover for themselves that there is no appreciable bias against their preferences.

A fan in the throes of a strange identity crisis turns to VFW in his hour of indecision...

Murray More

I would have very much enjoyed being in London at the party on July 30 as reported by Rob Hansen. Truly. But Mary Ellen and I arrived in the U.K. at Glasgow only on Aug.2. As we got ready for bed we watched the SkyNews coverage of the Air France airplane burning at the airport from which we had flown to Glasgow.

However Rob, and Mary Ellen and I, were at the Hanna & Nicholas Post-Worldcon party, the weekend following the Worldcon.

Or the other Murray Moore was there on July 30: Ed Meskys knows a Murray Moore from your Midwest.

Arnie: How do you know that you aren't the "other" Murray Moore?

And now a big "Welcome!" home" to a fan who with this letter breaks the grip of more than 30 years of gafia...

Creath Thorne

Many thanks for the e-version of VFW -- and for the kind comments. It was incredibly thoughtful of you to mention and compare me to Redd Boggs -- I assume you remembered, somehow, how taken I was by his writing when I was growing up in fandom.

A sad story: several years ago I received a letter from Redd, after not hearing from him for a decade and a half. I prepared a reply, but took my time be-

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cause I wanted it to be ... special. Just as I was about to mail my letter off, I read in *Locus* that Redd had died of a heart attack.

He was in our correspondence the kindest of men. When I was in high school & trying to decide on a college to attend, he urged me to apply to Berkeley, where hewas, I believe, a grad student. I wonder what my life would have been like had I taken *that* step.

Thank you again for your warm and thoughtful comments. It's a deep pleasure reading your fanzine.

Arnie: I wasn't aware you knew Redd that well. I made the comparison, because that's honestly the way I see it. The last thing I'd want to do is put pressure on you by expecting you to live up a legend, but let's say that I have missed your incisive prose and your sterling personality and that it's damn good to have you back.

One of the today's top Vegrants shares some LASFS memories from his (less happy) early days as a fan in Los Angeles:

James Taylor

Don't think I've tried to contact you directly before, your communications officer Lt. Worley does such a good job.

Your mention of the possibility predators made me reflect on an incident while I was new fan at LASFS

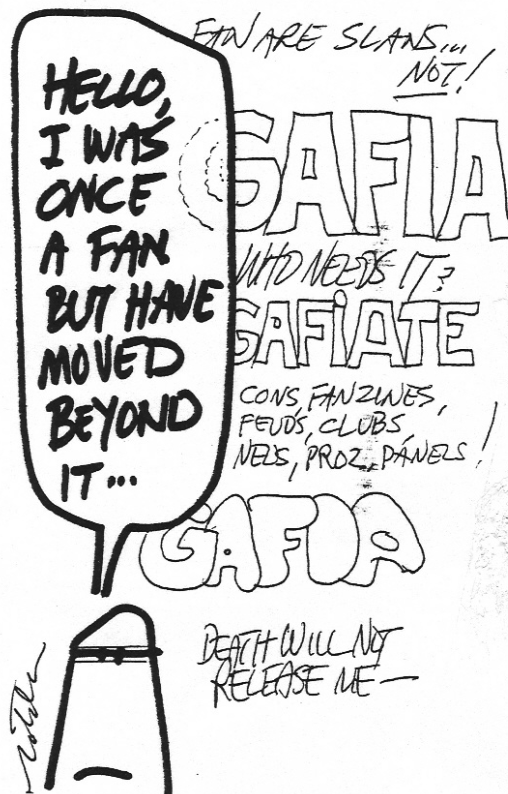
(Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society). This would have been in the late seventies I think.

There was a weekend work party at the club buildings in North Hollywood and I drove over to do my fannish duty. My first year, you understand, and I still believed in such things.

Some needed tools had not been brought for one of the tasks, so I volunteered to fetch them. It was decided I would drive one of the Pournelle boys of about high school age home to Studio City (?) to get them.

I was driving an orange AMC Hornet hatchback at the time and had plenty of room.

As this plan was being worked out by the LASFS Leadership I noticed several guarded looks in my direction. Both of us were told to call in when we arrived at the



Pournelle Compound in case anything else had to be retrieved.

When we arrived, Mrs. Pournelle was nice enough with drinks (it must've been all of 85) and general questions about me. Then back to North Hollywood.

At the time I thought their concern was my reliability (sobriety) and my car's safety. Now I think I was watching Institutional Memory at work. Be Ware of Young Males on the Fringes of the Heard.

Arnie: Or maybe they were just debating whether you had the fannish stature necessary to perform such errands.

And now another Chatback mainstay, with the first published comments on VFW #43...

Chris Garcia

I'm back from Seattle and I'm now ready to start LoCing again. There's a period of decompression that follows major cons and I'm just coming out of mine.

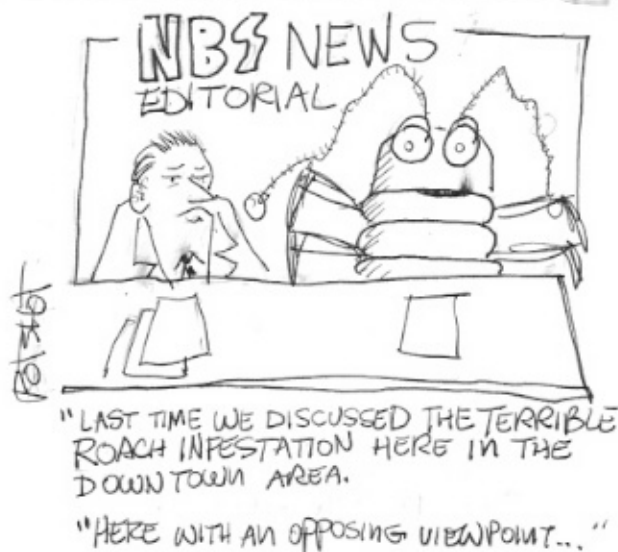
Glad to hear that Joyce had the big operation that

all the other operations were all just undercard attractions for. Good to hear that the operation went well. I hope the recovery settles itself quickly.

You know, I've always said that there are two playwrights better than Willy S.; they are Mr. Tennessee Williams and Mr. August Wilson. I know, I'm a heathen, but still, I've always thought that every since I started reading plays when I was mistakenly trying to become an actor.

I don't know. Maybe fandom has slid backwards in some areas, but I can say that even in my fannish lifetime I've seen changes. Things are compartmentalized now, with every small group having their own con, their own fanzines, their own clubs. Filk fans are an obvious example with Consonance and a half dozen other cons, as are anime fans. WorldCon used to be the only game in town, and then the regionals rose up. That led to the locals and those gave rise to the regional specialty and those to the local specialty. It is a positive in that anyone who is looking for folks of the same exact mindset can find them (at least once a year), but on the other hand it's a more divided world

Potshot's Cartoon Theater



Las Vegas Fan Event Calendar

Las Vegrants Meeting September 17 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

VSFA Sunday Social September 18 2:00 PM

VSFA continues the highly successful series of Sunday meetings, though the venue is now the Blue Ox (5825 Sahara @ Dunesville). There is no official subject this time, but the talk is always first class.

SNAFFU September 23 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.

Dinner & a Movie September 24 4:00 PM

VSFA continues its popular series of movie outings with a trip to the Crown Theater at Neonopolis to see "Tim Burton's Corpse Brude."

Gay-Les-Bi-Trans SF Club September 26 7:30 PM

This small, but active club meets at the Gay & Lesbian Community Center (953 East Sahara Suite B-25).

Las Vegrants Open Party October 1 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, This is a great opportunity to party with the Vegrants and see the currently home-bound Joyce Katz.

Vegas Music Circle October 9 2:00 PM

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

SNAFFU October 14 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.

for Fandom in general. It did give us Corflu and Ditto and Potlatch though.

Unless unforeseen circumstances arise, I'm there on the first, probably pulling in around 3 or so. I'm really looking forward to meeting Vegas fandom!

Arnie: I hope all of Las Vegas Fandom will turn out to meet and greet you.

We Also Heard From: Don Anderson, Shelby Vick, Laurraine Tutihasi, Bruce Gillespie, Pat Charnock, Roxanne Gibbs, Bill Wright

We Have Ignition!

I've somehow made it to page 14. I'll quit while I'm ahead and encourage you all to keep in touch, send LoCs and news and come back to read *VFW #45* around the middle of next week. — Arnie Katz

In This Issue...

Inside Story :: The Fan Family :: Arnie :: 2

Katzenjammer :: My Fannish Odyssey

:: Arnie :: 3

Who's on First? :: rich brown :: 4

SNAFFU :: Fanac or Fight!

:: Charles Fuller :: 6

Chatback: The VFW Letter Column

:: The Readers :: 8

The Daze :: Dick Lupoff :: 9

Contact Information :: 12

Potshot's Cartoon Theater :: Bill Kunkel :: 13

Calendar :: 16

... and a *ton* of news.