

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

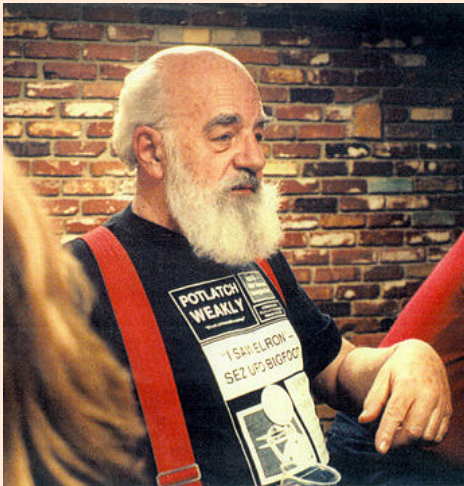
Where's Widner?

Put down those “Where’s Waldo?” books — they’re for non-fans anyway — and greet the new fannish version — Where’s Widner?

The hunt began when long-time friend of Vegas Fandom Art Widner accepted an invitation to visit for the first time since Corflu Blackjack in 2004. He announced plans to visit with Las Vegas Fandom on his way to a visit with Earl Kemp in Arizona.

Art traces his fanac back to Boston’s Strangers Club, which flourished in the years just prior to America’s entry in World War II. He published one of the leading fanzines of that era (*Fan Fare*), which carried damon knight’s article “Unite or Fie!” That gave birth to the N3F.

Have You Seen This Fan?



Arthur Widner
AKA Santa Claus

*If found, please return
To the nearest fan club*

Vegas Fan Events This Week

Here’s What’s Happening

Dinner & a Movie
Saturday (11/5) 5:30 PM

Las Vegrants Meeting
Saturday (11/5) 7:30 PM

VSFA ‘First Monday’ Meeting
Monday (11/7) 7:00 PM

*Check out the Calendar
and preview stories*

Art gafiated for a few decades — Joyce and I were gone for only 15 years — and returned to become an even more important fan than he was the first time. He has often been a convention fan guest of honor and his fanzine *Yhos* has been a fanzine mainstay for nearly 20 years!

It all seemed so simple and straight-forward... then. Art was supposed to go to Venture, CA, to see his recuperating girlfriend, then come to Vegas on Tuesday (11/1) and stay through Thursday, when he would continue his journey to Kemp-land.

Joyce and I began watching the clock at about 2:00 PM on Tuesday, his estimated arrival time and we were still watching when the hands said it was bed time. Apart from some middle-of-the-

Inside Story Art, for Art's Sake!

There's a lot to love about Las Vegas: the (generally) warm and dry climate, the excitement of a town devoted to hedonism, the low cost of living and the sweetest lil Fandom this side of Belfast and its legendary Wheels of IF. A less obvious advantage is that, when you live in Las Vegas, you get visitors.

While it's great to see family members — my brother Ira and his wife Carol, my mom and my cousin Mike and his wife Maria are each here several times a year — it's also pretty terrific to have lots of fans coming through Glitter City. The last four months have brought us Bruce Gillespie, Richard Brandt and Chris Garcia and this week sees the long-awaited return of Art Widner. (John DeChancie has also been a most welcome newcomer, but it is not yet determined whether he is a tourist or an immigrant.)

When Vegas Fandom first emerged from the wilderness of isolation, the city had no coterie of “elder Ghods” or even semi-retired BNFs to guide newer, younger fans. With great ingenuity, the neos reached out to some of Fandom's elder statemens in other cities. They could hardly have done better than the selections they made: Jack Speer, Don Fitch and Art Widner. (They eventually augmented the original group of adopted fancestors with Charles Burbee, Bill Rotsler, Chuch Harris and Ted White.)

Now we eagerly await the arrival of one of those esteemed fan-fathers. If he gets here in time, I'll tell you about the celebratory activities in the next *Vegas Fandom Weekly*.

— Arnie

night knocking, which turned out to be our cat playing a delightful new game with the linen closet door, no sight or sound of Widner came to us.

We awoke to Wednesday, sure that the day would bring news about our impending visitor. It didn't. We decided it was best not to follow up on the invitations we'd extended for that evening. Since we hadn't gotten a call or an email, it didn't seem smart to invite fans, most of whom would be coming back on Saturday for Las Vegrants.

Teresa Cochran generally comes over on Wednesday afternoon to “watch” movies and chat, so the three of us watched *Monkey Business* and *The Naked Civil Servant* as the hours piled up and the clock kept ticking.

“I sure hope nothing bad has happened to Art,” I said to my two companions. They made agreeing noises. “Of course, if he is all right, I will slaughter him for worrying us this way!” I added.

Continued page 7

Vegas Fandom Weekly #51, Nivenber 3 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 Roxanne Gibbs (many things), Bill Burns (posting), Mindy Hutchings (posting), David Gordon (Futurists liaison) and Joyce Katz (proofreading).

Reporters this issue: Roxanne Gibbs, Mindy Hutchings, Ken Forman and Joyce Katz

Art/Photo Credits: ATom (from “ATom: A Tribute”) (12), David Gordon (9)

Columnists This Issue: Richard Lupoff, Shelby Vick, Linda Bushyager

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 efanines.com. No Trufen in recycled Rotsler shirts 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!

!@//!\$!#! the Rules!

Katzenjammer

In a recent post on one of the local listservs, local fan Carol Kern responded to something JoHn Hardin wrote with a comment to the effect that she thought Insurgents didn't want any rules.

That is probably an understandable misperception, but a misperception nonetheless. Insurgents are often visible to others only when they are actively insurging and this can lead to erroneous ideas about exponents of that venerable and honorable fan philosophy.

Like Trufannishness, Insurgentism evolved out of Fannishness, a concept largely invented by Bob Tucker in the 1930's. Just as Lee Hoffman, Walt Willis, Shelby Vick and Max Keasler articulated the tenets of Trufannishness in the early 1950's, Charles Burbee, Francis Towner Laney and William Rotsler espoused Insurgentism in the 1940's.

Though the philosophies of Trufannishness and Insurgentism still fit together in many ways, and many fans incorporate elements of both into their personal outlooks, they represent different estimates of what's important in Fandom.

Insurgents subscribe to the idea that all fans are equal, but they mean it in the same sense as in by the United States Constitution. They agree that all fans have the right to fair treatment, but they also believe that fans should live up to the best standards of the subculture.

Insurgents put a high value on the more creative and entertaining forms of fanac and a correspondingly low value on activities that are not either creative or social. Organizing a club, running a convention, writing a filk song and publishing a fanzine are more esteemed than writing constitutions, serving on open-ended boards and committees and bureaucratic rigmarole.

Insurgents are not against cooperation with other fans. Francis Towner Laney and Ted White, to name two illustrious Insurgents, contributed to many group efforts. Even Charles Burbee edited a club-sponsored fanzine (*Shangri-L'affaires*) and served as an officer many times in FAPA (Fantasy Amateur Press Association).

The problem is not cooperation, but the pointless ends to which it is sometimes put. If the result of the cooperation is just a bunch of memos, rules, and other time-wasters, then Insurgents would argue that the organization is actually diverting fan-energy from more creative activities with runaway over-organization.

In general, Insurgents are more comfortable with institutions that have a focused purpose or a specific goal. For example, I like the idea of a special fund (like the Bring Bruce Bayside Fund) more than a fund that brings fans back and forth on a fixed schedule. The continuing funds have more politics and house-keeping — and a much greater potential for feuds and frictions

Insurgents are also skeptical about rules, because rules are so often unnecessary and needlessly intrusive. While some rules are necessary, they would argue, there are often more rules than are needed to regulate a given situation.

The government tends to make laws that go too far in meddling in individual preferences. Insurgentism doesn't see any reason to accept the same type of intrusiveness in their hobby. Fandom is about the assertion of the individual, not an engine for forcing mass conformity.

The most controversial aspect of Insurgentism should, by all rights, be the easiest for everyone to accept. It isn't.

Insurgentism believes in writing and talking about things as they are in Fandom, not as we would like them to be. This was originally a reaction to "niceness" and highly idealized writings about Fandom.

Insurgentism says the truth is its own justification. They use polemic, satire and parody to help Fandom see things realistically in the hope that this will lead to correction and improvement.

Fortunately, there are no "pure" Insurgents any more than there are pure Trufen or Pure Communicationists. Insurgentism is not a warm and sweet natured philosophy and can be tough to take in very large doses (as would be any of the other seven fan philosophies in undiluted form.)

Yet Insurgentism also has considerable value for all fans. Life is short and few of us have time for everything we'd like to do, much less for people and things that don't interest or please us. Insurgentism teaches fans to prioritize what they do to get the most out of their fanning.

And while I think it's important to accept a great latitude of behavior — mostly so that other fans accept my weirdness — it's also important to be able to laugh at the pompous, the ridiculous and the perpetually wrong-headed.

— Amie

Them Daze In the Year of '56

Ah, my dear friend Robert Lichtman mentions Dave Ish's once famous piece, "The Fantasy People," that was published in the prestigious quasi-magazine NEW WORLD WRITING in 1956. I hadn't thought about that odd combination of con report, personal essay, and short story for a long time. But I did read it in 1956. It was one of those reading experiences that I think we all have, on occasion, which remains so vivid that we can recall the exact moment and surroundings.

When I finished high school in 1952 it was part of the American culture that able-bodied young men would perform military service. Congress had passed a law called the Universal Military Training and Service Act a few years earlier, and President Truman had signed it. The Cold War was in full swing, and we were all expected to do our part in defending the Free World from

the Red Octopus of Communism. Of course, if you were female, this did not apply. Girls could volunteer for the WACs (Women's Army Corps) or the Navy, Air Force, or Marine Corps equivalent, but only boys got drafted.

Okay, then. When I started college, I figured that a couple of years of military time were ahead at some point in my future. I had also read George Orwell's 1984 and remembered his chilling image of the future: a boot crashing down on a human face -- forever.

I figured that the Army would be a lot like that. I didn't like the image, but I figured, if I had to be the boot or the face, I'd rather be the boot. So I signed up for ROTC.

By the time I was in my junior year Uncle Sam was breathing down my neck pretty hard, so I took some summer courses -- that was 1955 -- and accelerated my program by a semester. I received my bachelor's degree in January, 1956. I'd also completed ROTC and should have been commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army, but I was a few weeks shy of my twenty-first birthday, and in those days you had to be twenty-one to become an officer.

So on my twenty-first birthday, in February, 1956, I took a run out to the ROTC office and was sworn in as an officer and gentleman. I got my orders to report for active duty in April, so I spent the next two months playing baseball with the kids in the neighborhood. I learned later that a rumor had spread about that poor retarded young man who couldn't do anything with his life except play ball with ten- and twelve-year-olds. The story got back to my father and he had a good laugh about it.

Well, came April and I climbed on board a four-engine, prop-driven airliner, probably a DC-4, and travelled from Miami International Airport to Indianapolis, Indiana. I rented a car, drove to Fort Benjamin Harrison, and reported in. I was wearing the old "Ike jacket" type uniform. The Army was just phasing that out and I got to wear it for exactly one day. Next day I reported to the



Quartermaster and got myself outfitted with a set of "pinks and greens." You've seen those in a lot of old World War II movies. Officers wore them in many different combinations. By 1956 they were all the same: a very dark green jacket with brass buttons down the front and a brass-buckled belt, tan shirt, dark green tie, tan trousers (for some reason called "pinks"), and brown shoes.

But on that first day, I was still in the old Ike jacket uniform. Being an officer and a gentleman I wasn't expected to sleep in a barracks. I was given a "room" in a BOQ -- Bachelor Officers' Quarters -- with a cot bed, a tiny chest of drawers, a window and a door. The walls were made of heavy cardboard. I unpacked my meager bag of underwear and toiletries and put the latter on top of the dresser. I also had some reading matter with me -- a paperback book that I'd picked up at the Miami airport -- and when I realized that there was about an hour until dinner time, I sat down on my bed to read.

Officer and gentleman or not, I was frankly apprehensive. As a matter of fact I was terrified. Also, lonely and depressed.

That book was *NEW WORLD WRITING*, and I sat there on my cot in my room in the BOQ that afternoon in 1956 and read Dave Ish's con report. As I recall, it was written in a melancholy, introspective, downbeat voice. It was a perfect match for my mood.

After a while I realized that it was dinner time and I went and had my first meal as an officer and a gentleman. I'd had plenty of Army chow in earlier years, during a stint when I was neither an officer nor a gentleman, at the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia, and the Military Police



Here's one of Fandom's most charming couples, Dick & Pat Lupoff.

School at Fort Gordon, Georgia. Maybe I'll tell you about them daze some other time.

But here I was, in the Army for real. Fortunately, I met a lot of people I liked. My two best friends among my peers were Ken Lessler and Ray Murphy. We were classmates in a so-called Basic Officers Course. Out of the twenty-some lieutenants in that class, we were the only three "minorities." Lessler and I were Jews. Ray Murphy was a Negro.

Oh, them wuz the daze.

Somewhere around the house I have a photo of myself in my soldier suit. Kate Stine, the editor of *Mystery Scene*, saw the picture and ran it with a piece I did for her a few years ago. When I sent her the photo she wrote back, "You were really handsome."

Right.

And it was 1956.

-- Dick Lupoff

NOW & Again | Am a Fake!

I don't mean I'm a fakefan; I mean I'm a real fake! You look at me and see a grey-haired geezer in his seventies.

That isn't me!

I'm a nineteen-year-old who is Bay County's one and only librarian. I'm the proud owner of a Model A Ford. (I had ached for a roadster, complete with spare tire on the trunk, but there wasn't one available.)

At the library, I had just made a discovery: A mimeo! Now, I don't honor it by calling it a mimeo machine; there's no 'machine' to it. It is four inches wide and six inches long and is curved, with a handle on top. An ink pad is attached, and there is a way to attach stencils. It isn't a machine – but it's a genuine mimeo! The library had, at one time, used it to mimeo postcards to send out with library announcements on it.

There was still ink. There were still stencils! ***I could print a fanzine!***

First, I had to get permission; after all, it wasn't my mimeo. And, whilst waiting for someone to get permission from, I called the local office supply store to see if they carried supplies that fit my newly-found treasure.

They did!

I got permission from the library board to use the mimeo, and it was clear sailing from there.

While all this was going on, however, I had a visitor – a fan from Poplar Bluff, Missouri, with whom I had corresponded: Duggie Fisher! His dad was in town for business, and Duggie had talked his way along.

I invited him to my folks' house for dinner but turned out his Dad needed to move on in just a few short hours, so we did some concentrated visiting. Showed

him the mimeograph I had found and he was suitably impressed. Showed him how, as librarian, I had managed to add a few sf books to the shelves.

And we talked. (Now, that's oxymoronic; get two fans together for the first time and talk is as inevitable as . . . as . . . well, as more rabbits when two rabbits get together! Or as a oneshot when three fans get together. Or a club forming when four fans live in the same town.)

When I got home that night, another pleasant surprise awaited me: There was a postcard from Sears Roebuck (Sears, these days, but Sears Roebuck back then) notifying me that my new radio/phonograph/wirecorder was in and could be picked up during store hours.

(Now, let me explain something: There was a store in town, but . . . a Catalog Store. Carried no stock, just had a long counter at the end of the room on which you'd find the Original Thick Catalog plus seasonal and sale catalogs. You picked out what you wanted, informed the clerk, an order was filled out and you paid them. Cash or check; no credit card machines those days!)

Next day at lunch I drove my Model A to the catalog store, showed them my postcard, waited while they rummaged around the back room looking, then proudly accepted my new – and big! – gadget. Had to put it in the back seat. Took it out when I got to the library, put it on the table in the back where I did repair work on books, found a plug-in – and there I was! I had brought my Pines of Rome album, so I put on a record, adjusted tone and volume, and let it play in the background while I helped a customer who had come in.

Later, when there was a lull I found one of the three spools of wire that were supplied and read the instructions. Seemed simple enuf; thread the wire thru the recording head and attach it to the empty spool at the other end. Did so. Picked up the microphone. "Four score and seven years ago," I recited, and went on for several seconds then stopped, rewound, and – I thought – hit the Play button.

A voice came out. A voice I didn't recognize! Had I somehow turned on the radio? . . . No, too coincidental that someone on the radio was doing Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

That was me!

Since then, I got similar reactions from nearly everyone who recorded; your own voice, it seems, doesn't sound the same in your head as it does from another source.



Being a fan, I tried to figure something fannish to do with a wirecorder. First, I had to find other fans who had one! Mentioned it in letters, put it in magazine letter columns, and ended up with Lee Hoffman, Vernon McCain, and a guy from San Fran named Fred Goetz... There was a fifth one, too, but the name slips away at the moment. So I ended up with *Wirez*, the recorded fanzine! (Of course, *some* fanzine; circulation of only five!)

A spool contained an hour's time. I decided each of us could record 15 minutes; when the fifth one got the spool, he/she could record over the first transmission, and return the spool to that sender who could then listen to all the others and their contribution.

We would talk, play records – and I would throw in an occasional skit, complete with background music and sound effects. I did Poe's *The Telltale Heart* which, by then, I had memorized completely.

Or

It was a few months later. I was in a cheap motel room with my folks. Each of us were busy slicing bars of Ivory Soap (back then, it was white) into slivers. On the stove was a pot with water heating up. Mom would dump all the slivers into the water, stir until (after she added a few other ingredients which, try as I might, I can't remember!) it reached the right consistency and then the product – Sanco – would be ladled into labeled gallon syrup cans, lids tapped into place, all of it boxed up – 12 cans to the case.

When we were finished, I'd go dig out the pulps I had bought at the last used magazine store and start reading (letter column first, of course! Might be a letter of mine included.

Or

It would be later, when we lived in the house and the corner of Tenth Street and Florida Avenue in Lynn Haven, where there was a shed out back I had converted into my personal maelstrom. (After reading *The Hobbit* it became a mathom room, of course!)

Wooden appleboxes, stacked on their sides, make excellent shelving! They are four deep and on two walls. Those by the Ruler of the Room, ABDick, have twilltone paper and cans of ink and important supplies such as correction fluid, stencils, lettering guides and styli of many varieties. My favorite stylus was a ballpoint! Less chance of tearing the stencil.

The other boxes contained fanzines and pulps.

Or

You see a skinny, grey-haired old geezer. Am I trying to deny my age? Well, yes AND no. I don't deny the seventy-seven years that I've lived – it's just that, as I've said so many times before, age isn't what time has done to your body – it's all in your mind! I have known guys in their twenties that were old men, and others in their eighties or nineties who were still kids.

So – don't tell me: Grow up! That's not for me.

— Shelby Vick

Continued from page 2

Hopes for Widner's arrival were fading faster than the setting sun by the time we stopped looking for Art and began keeping watch for James Taylor, expected at 6:30.

JT arrived on time, hungry and tired from an extra-long workday. We shared a couple of order-in pizzas and thrashed out the major fannish issues of the day over soft drinks and orange-colored (but not orange-flavored, Joyce complained) Oreo cookies.

Vegas Fandom Weekly has entered the "Where's Widner?" quest in earnest. I'll file an up-to-the-minute story at the end of this issue if I have any news.

Dinner & a Move Plays 'Chicken'!

Chicken Little will be the featured attraction at the Crown Theater at Neonopolis when VSFA sponsors the latest in its "Dinner and a Movie"

series. The movie is scheduled to start at 5:50, but the organizers are hoping fans will gather at the theater 10-20 minutes early so the party can more easily get seats together.

The location of the after-movie dinner is not yet determined. Maybe a vote of the movie-goers?

***Serenity* Outing Proves Less Than Serene!**

As *Firefly* fans know, strange and unexpected things frequently happen despite the highest hopes for plans. That's what happened to the SNAFFU *Serenity* outing.

Despite repeated checking with the theater, including as late as the night before the event, the Crown Theaters unceremoniously jerked *Serenity* with no advance warning. That left Michael Bernstein, Roxanne Gibbs, James Taylor and Teresa Cochran stfnally deprived.

The foursome went to lunch, but decided the trip to Coldstone Creamery would be overkill. Unfortunately, that's where Merric ^ Luba Anderson

Is Joshua Still Here?

He announced he was leaving for Winnipeg, he left the house he had been sharing with Woody Bernardi's sister and they had the going-away party for him last (10/30) Saturday, but admittedly fragmentary evidence suggests that Joshua Andrews has not left the Friendly Confines of Clark County, Nevada.

A rumor currently circulating through Las Vegas Fandom has Josh landing a job and moving in with his parents for a spell. Joshua has maintained complete silence, so the story is still unconfirmed, but we are anxiously watching the horizon for the arrival of new clubs and projects that would confirm his continuing presence in Glitter City.

Are you out there, Joshua? — Arnie

and David Gordon went to meet up with the other fans.

And so a movie event that would've drawn a very respectable seven fans turned into two separate Saturday afternoon outings.

Tape Tortures Friends of Caligula!

Nine fans gathered together on Sunday to continue their watching of the classic *Masterpiece Theater* production of "I, Claudius." Nine fans watched the fourth episode, but when they switched to the second tape for episode five, they found they nothing would make the VCR track the now-venerable video cassette,

Not that the afternoon wasn't enjoyable despite the frustrating interruption. James Taylor and Teresa Cochran made a pasta-and-sausages dinner for all of us, Merric & Luba Anderson brought salad and DeDee White baked a sumptuous chocolate cake.

We spent a merry afternoon, scaring the hell out of lovable John DeChancie, who could not believe the vehemence of Merric and James' Insurgentism. "They'll be mad if this gets back to them," John counseled.

Joyce Katz's take (and mine) is that there'd be no use to Fandom if you can't air your opinions. Merric compromised by training his fire on dead Mundane artists, who could not strike back. (Don't get him a Matisse for Chanukah...)

Alan & DeDee White attended their first video get-together since his wildly successful cancer surgery. Alan, along with several others, spent some time trying to get DeDee's new iPod to function as fully as the manufacturers intended. They made at least some progress; DeDee seemed quite happy,

though she is now a voracious tune-questing fiend.

Forman Slaughters Seven!

Even as "Chicken Little" opened in movie theaters across the land, Ken Forman struck a blow for the anti-cluck faction by slaughtering seven chickens. The Fowl Fiend picked up the hatchet from wife Aileen, down with a migraine, and sent the seven birds to meet Col. Sanders.

ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column

VFW is now publishing letters within a week of their receipt. If I want to keep up that pace, we'd better get right to the epistles.

Here, with a few friendly nits to pick with Duck Lupoff is... is.....

Dick Lupoff

Let me pick a couple of nits in my own piece in *VFW #50*. I believe I described Lee Hoffman as Larry Shaw's former wife and Noreen Kane Falasca Shaw as Larry's current wife.

Well, if not exactly inaccurate, that may be misleading. Noreen was Larry's current wife as of the early 1960's when the Fanoclasts were formed. Larry died several years ago, and Noreen died very suddenly earlier this year, 2005.

I also mentioned that in converting non-SF stories to science fiction, the standard trick was to morph the desert of Mars to the desert of Arizona. Of course, it's just the other way around.

Ah, well, not much fact-checking in fanzines, is there?

But, hey, here I am in the same issue of *VFW* as Shelby Vick and Bob Tucker -- good grief, I almost

Continued page 10

My First Fan Halloween

Halloween '05

I always wondered what people did at Halloween parties.

Looking back on things, it seems inevitable that this would be the year that I would be able to explore that particular mystery. What better group of people could I have to introduce me to this esoteric rite than the folks in Las Vegas Fandom!

Over the years, the whole idea of putting on a costume and joining other adults in a frightful frolic never seemed appealing to me. The angst of choosing a costume, much less executing the idea pretty much stopped any interest I might have had dead in its tracks. However, when the idea of having a Halloween party was first mentioned (way back in July!), I knew I would have to suck it up and figure something out.

The party venue was perfect. James Willey, VSFA's newest member, volunteered his house for the event. With a wide-open kitchen and dining area and a very large living room, he has more than enough space for a United Vegas Fandom affair. With Halloween decora-

Ray & Marcie

Waldie, James Taylor, James Willey, David Gordon, Teresa Cochran, Katheryn & James Daugherty, Kent Hastings, Merric & Lubov Anderson, John DeChancie, Sandra Bean, Ron & Raven, Natasha Moore, Michael Bernstein, Ron & Linda Bushyager, Lori Forbes, Chaz, and myself. Please forgive me if I've forgotten anyone's name, but no slight is intended.

The first activity on the agenda was the consumption of the wonderful food that many people contributed to the spread: brain jello, bundt cake, cheeseburger casserole, deli meats and sandwich trimmings, cream puffs, just to name a few items. As everyone was settling in, black and white horror movies were put on the DVD player in the living room. Fortunately the giant killer leeches didn't turn any stomachs.

Once stomachs were full and drinks were in hand, the crowd settled into answering trivia questions. This was quite special as it was made possible by the Carol's generous donation of a power-point-type projector.

Hooked to a laptop which was Wi-Fi linked to the Internet, various trivia quizzes were projected right onto the wall of James's kitchen. This proved to a popular activity and pretty much every person had at least one answer to contribute. [Here's the website we were looking at: <http://siliconhell.com/mindbenders/>) Sadly, all parties must end sometime (even the



tions spread everywhere inside, a pumpkin patch at the front of the house, and a graveyard in the back, the spirit of the spooky holiday was certainly present. The very dark tunnel assembled over the walkway to the front door was a big help in setting the mood right off the bat.

As the 8 p.m. party-hour approached, I wasn't on hand to see the first arrivals because I was donning my costume, but the house quickly filled. On hand for the festivities were (in no particular order): Carol Kern, Rebecca Hardin, Bettye Hardin, April & Lee Reckling,

really good ones!) and this one started to break up around midnight.

In the end, I must say that putting up the tombstones was fun. So was stapling yards of plastic to James's house. And I certainly enjoyed the party itself and all the folks gathering for a good time. But the best part was creating a costume for myself. All in all I have to say that the Halloween Party was one of my favorite experiences of the past year. I'm already planning my costume for next year!

— Mindy Hutchings

Contact Information

Las Vegrants	Arnie & Joyce Katz, PMB 152, 330 S. Decatur Blvd., Las Vegas 89107 Email: JoyceWorley1@cox.net Phone: 648-5677
Neon Rainbow SF/F Club	Joshua Andrews Email: Andrews1701@gmail.com 702-759-9303
SNAFFU:	Michael Bernstein Email: webmaven@cox.net Phone: 765-7279
VSFA:	Rebecca Hardin Email: hardin673@aol.com Phone: 453-2989

Continued from page 8

feel as if I've made the Big Time at last!

Arnie: If this is "major league fandom," it's only because you, Shelby, Tucker, rich and the other fine contributors have made it so. Geez, Dick, when I was a neo I felt privileged just to read fanzines like Xero, confusion and Le Zombie.

And no sooner mentioned, than here he is!

Shelby Vick

No time like the present.
Strike while the iron is hot!
WRITE NOW!!!

In other words, I just finished #50, so I need to get off my duff and get busy responding. (Well, now, I need to sit on my duff and respond. . . or something.)

VFW#50 was, as always, jam-packed. I shan't enter any differences betwixt Vegrants and can only say: GET WELL, JOYCE! Can't let Arnie think he can get along without you.

Print PDFs? Well, this time I printed several pages, to aid with my LoC. But, mostly, I don't. For one thing, my printer suddenly GOBBLES ink! I used 3, THREE cartridges of black ink printing confuSon for FAPA!

Hey! You got a visit from Art Widner. Didn't I SAY Vegas was becoming a fannish hub? I mean, you've had lotsa fans going and coming. . .but Art Widner, too???

I was gonna keep my hands (hands what have set many a stick of hard type) off your offset/letterpress goof. In fact, now that Richard Lupoff has called you to task, I'll only echo his comments.

As paperzines slip into the past, I gleefully welcome all the electrons, but shed a lonely tear for staples and stencils and all that. I'm a nostalgic guy with his eyes on the future!

On differences in fandoms, it all boils down to one thing I've read time and again from pipples who had been active in other fandoms: SF fandom is the only one where their fanzines might go on for many issues without ever mentioning sf!

JoHn Wesley Hardin is wrong -- there ARE people who don't like me! Way back, there was a fan whose letters I wouldn't print. His name was... lessee now... Carl Brandon, I think. . . .

You CAN'T bring Peter Sullivan over. He let out my secret!

Richard Brandt -- fellow ex-telemarketeer!

Robert Lichtman did a great article for you, disguised as a LoC! Fascinating history of amateur journalism. Then he also wondered why expiry dates were important on vitamins. As I said, on the ones we sold they were important -- they weren't that well sealed!

Mark Plummer suggestion that paper publishers should lie down with electronic publishers reminded me of something in the Science Fictions Writers Association, I think it was. For an author to be considered for membership, he needs to have had something published... and the fact that it was on paper or electroni-

cally doesn't matter -- it's just, how much did he get paid for it?

(Don't wanna jinx you, but -- ish after next is the 52nd one!)

Arnie: I have no idea, nor do I really care, if this is still true, but when I inquired about membership in SFWA some years ago, I was told that my authorship of several science fiction computer adventures did not qualify me for membership. I'd only asked out of curiosity, and with what turned out to be accurate expectations, but it showed that members of the SFWA may write about the future but they are a little scared of the present.

Thanks for the excuse to explain the numbering. Ordinarily #52 would be the last issue of the first

year, making #53 the Annish. However, I actually did one extra issue back there, so the actual Annish is #54.

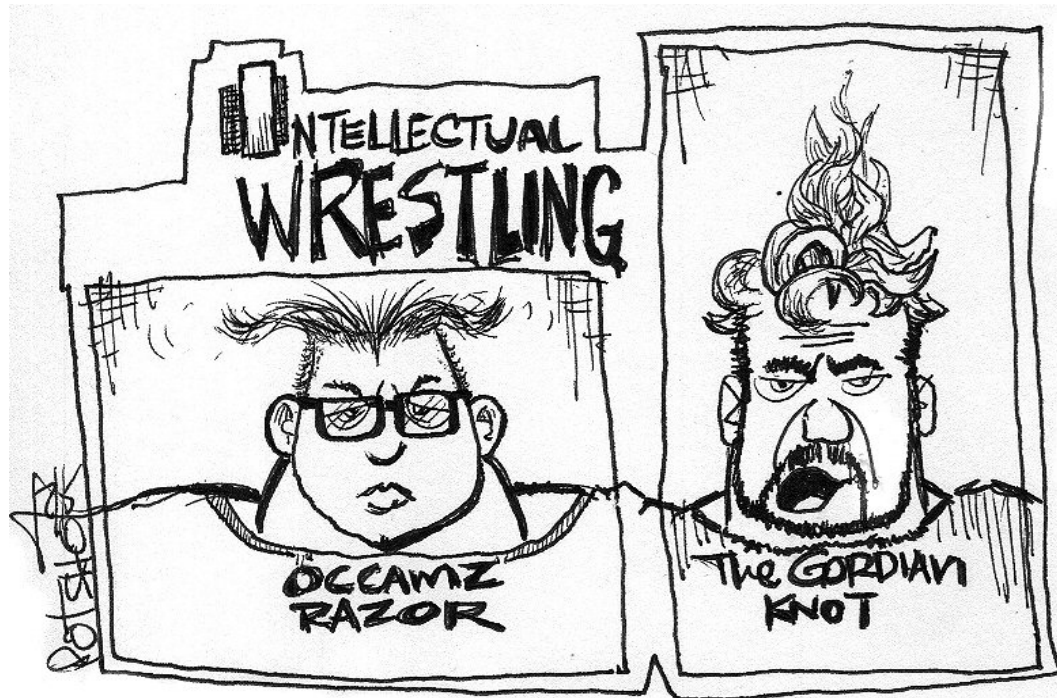
One of the most thoughtful commentators on the digital fanzine medium continues the discussion of the consequences and possibilities of this new fanzine medium...

David Burton

When I first got back into fandom and decided to publish a fanzine, I did a little research into what was being said about digital vs. paper publishing. There didn't seem to be much consensus 5 or 6 years ago, and

Continued page 14

Potshot's Cartoon Theater



SNAFFU Central Some Proposals

How about planning a SNAFFU or joint SNAFFU/VSFA movie outing on Sun. Nov. 20 immediately after the Sunday Social to see Goblet of Fire movie? This would seem a good time to go and matinee prices should be in effect since the Social ends about 4-5pm. I was thinking that it should be showing at The Orleans - not too far away down Decatur. There may also be an Imax version of the movie - don't know if the Palms will have it.

Also what happened with the discussion of going to 1 meeting a month? Is this tabled, negated, needing a vote, or what? Lori suggested 1 meeting could be a dinner meeting, 1 a discussion meeting. There have also been suggestions to move to a more central location. What do people think?

I don't know if these ideas were discussed at the Henderson Snaffu meeting or not.

One disadvantage of the 2 meetings in 2 locations is that we sometimes don't have meeting reports, so if you miss one on one side of the strip, you may not know what is happening on the other side. This forum could be used to post meeting reports and discussions more effectively.

Since Ron and I can't attend the Henderson meetings, we are kind of in the dark if something is discussed there and not reported on. (For example: maybe it was announced that the Decatur



Borders is back in operation during the Henderson meeting on Oct. 28 - but we weren't there to hear it. I don't know. ???)

Joyce mentioned that

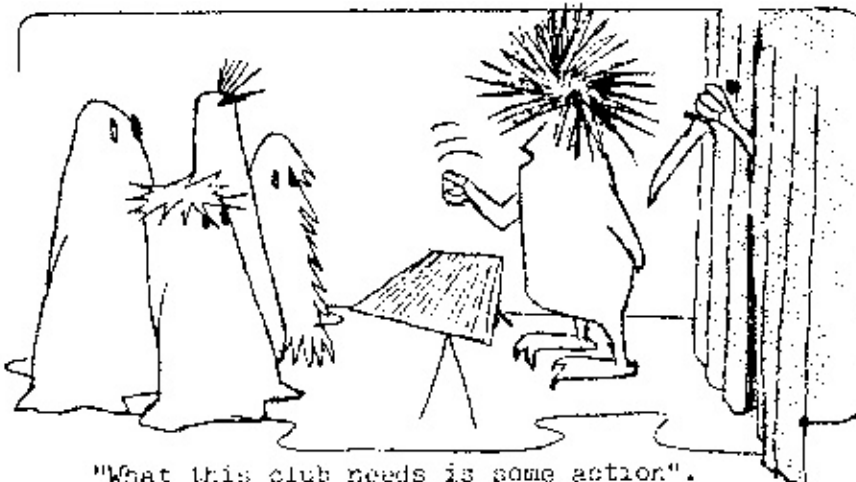
maybe a better office than Vice President for Snaffu might be a "programming director." Another office might be an actual "secretary" to write up a brief minutes and post it (and this person could also make sure the Snaffu.org website is up-to-date with current meeting minutes).

Or maybe 2 "secretaries" would be needed if Snaffu continues to have two meetings a month in different locations. These are just some suggestions, I'm not necessarily advocating them, just tossing them out for general discussion. It seems like when I first joined SNAFFU there were like 4 or so officers, but now there are ??? Of course now that SNAFFU has downsized, it is difficult to fill 2 positions. Maybe these duties could be allocated in some way to the current President/VP positions?

Seems to me that SNAFFU does need to do something to promote membership and meeting

attendance soon, or SNAFFU will go the way of the dodo. I think having more lively discussions at meetings, going to a dinner night and a discussion night (at a more central location), keeping the website updated, having interesting movie nights or events like the upcoming Ethel M visit, and so on can all be used to help revitalize SNAFFU.

I'd love to see some input here from some members of SNAFFU who haven't



"What this club needs is some action".

been attending meetings lately on what they would like to see done to encourage them to participate again. I know some people have had job changes, but if that were the only answer, then a change in time for a meeting might be a solution, but I haven't seen anyone suggesting that.

It would be good if people could post some positive suggestions and discussion here. I don't know if Google Groups has the ability to do a poll? If so maybe a poll could be done to see what people think of switching to 1 discussion meeting/1 dinner meeting versus 2 discussions or just 1 discussion a month?

Regarding dinner meetings - what did you think of my addendum to Lori's suggestion: Have a different ethnic food place each time: For example: Japanese/sushi; Thai; Russian; Peruvian; Indian; Middle Eastern; barbeque; etc? We could find menus for several places and maybe even post them electronically (a number of places now have websites).

First people could suggest their favorite places, and then a "Coordinator" person (I previously volunteered, or perhaps someone else would like to do this) would then make a list of various places, find the menus, then post the list for several months (or even 6 months) in advance. For example, it could be Japanese in Dec; Thai in Jan.; Peruvian in Feb. Then 1 month before the date and time would be posted and people who plan to attend would RSVP the coordinator. The coordinator would then make a reservation at the restaurant. Presumably this "dinner night" meeting would be the same time each month, just at a different location. Once the initial setup is arranged, new places would be added to the overall list as more suggestions are received, menu and price information obtained, and info posted.

Anyway, once a decision is made by the club as to whether we are going to switch to a Dinner meeting instead of a discussion meeting, the specifics can be easily worked out, provided that one person acts as a "coordinator" of some sort. (By the way, the coordinator doesn't have to attend the



dinner - just coordinate and make the reservations. I know Ron wouldn't want to attend a restaurant with all-spicy sort of food - he doesn't like that, but many fans love spicy food!) With so many wonderful restaurants in town, it shouldn't be hard to find some good ones. At the Palms dinner Lori mentioned this and pretty soon a lot of people were suggesting various restaurants of all types with great food.

Fans love food, and I think some sort of "Dinner with Snaffu" meeting would attract some Vegans, VSFA, and former Snaffutes.

But it is up to the general SNAFFU membership to decide if this is a good idea or not. But I do think that we should bandy the various ideas about a bit and then make some concrete decisions - not just let the ideas linger for months without decision-making.

What do the rest of you think?

— Lubda Bushyager

SNAFFUTies: Tell VFW What You Think

Linda has some interesting ideas and plenty of meat for discussion. I hope SNAFFU members will give the lie to charges that they are all apathetic and tell VFW what *you* want the club to do in the future, I've heard a lot of backstairs grumbling; how about some real discussion in ChatBack? — Arnie

there doesn't seem to be one now, either. The best we seem to be able to come up with is that digital zines are the same as paper, only different.

The argument that Randy Byers puts forth -- that digital zines are a "different mode of production and distribution" -- seems to make the most sense, and I think is pretty widely accepted. I guess I must truly be becoming an Olde Phart, but I'm not sure that just because something is "new" or "different" that it means we necessarily need to drop the tried-and-true formats of the past.

Like you, Arnie, my reasons for publishing digitally are essentially economic. I just can't afford to publish even my modestly sized zine on paper as often as I would like. I think I've experimented with format as much as any faned (and more than most) by producing several paper issues, 3 or 4 that were formatted exclusively for on-screen reading, and (currently) issues that use the traditional 8 1/2 x 11 format. (And I've published 19 issues of my e-APA zine strictly for on-screen reading.)

I maintain the conceit that people will print out my zine, even though I know it's unlikely to happen, because I *want* to publish a paper zine, but can't. (Paradoxically, *I* don't print many zines myself, even those that are formatted for doing so.)

The talk in the recent past about digital publishing shifting the "economics" from the faned to the reader doesn't seem to hold water, since so few people do print out PDF zines. People have become so accustomed to getting free "content" on the Internet that they balk at anything that might "cost" them something, even if it's only a little ink and paper. Or a letter of comment or an article or artwork.

To be honest, I may change my mind in the future and switch formats again; one of the real *beauties* of publishing digitally (whether PDF or HTML) is that it's easy to change and doesn't cost a dime.

I have a quibble with Randy's "PDF is for creating documents that are going to be printed out" statement. While that's true to some extent, it isn't the

whole shebang, at least for me. What a PDF allows me to do that HTML doesn't is to present my fanzine to the reader as I conceived it, not as whatever browser they might happen to use interprets it. When I first started designing Web sites 10 years ago, I had to keep at least 3 browsers installed to check my HTML coding, because they would all display it differently, even when it was strictly compliant. This problem has smoothed out some these days, but it still exists. And there are other issues with HTML, as well, like what if you want to use a font other than Times or Arial? You can't rely on the reader having a specific font installed. Sure, for headers you could use a graphic, but that isn't practical with body copy. That problem is easily resolved by embedding fonts in a PDF.

Randy's other comments about making PDFs more readable on-screen (all good points) are really about good layout vs. not-so-good layout, and not inherent problems with PDF. For me the main problem with PDF is the inability to display an 8 1/2 x 11 portrait page at a comfortable magnification (ideally 100%) without having to scroll. But it's an irritation that isn't particularly hard to get over.

Arnie: I can't condemn any rationale that keeps you putting out those highly enjoyable fanzines, Dave, but I don't think in those terms. I would like to hope that some fans enjoy the extra pleasure of running off a hard copy of VFW, what's important to me is how I look at the fanzine. I want it to look the way it does and the rest of you, my friends, are indulging me, because what's here is fairly interesting.

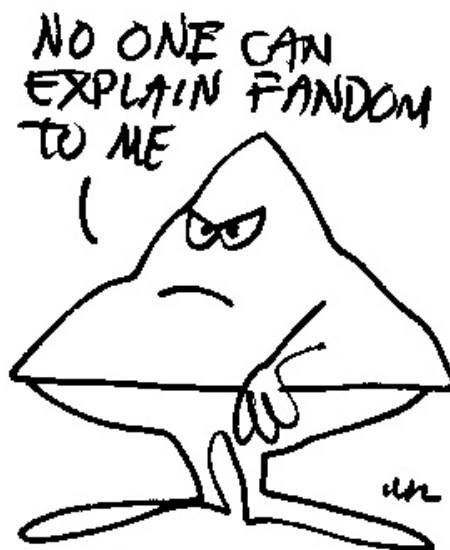
I was one of those faneds who used to lament the lack of response to digital fanzines. Now I think I just hadn't

made the proper adjustment to the digit fanzine world in that I continued to publish the size and frequency of fanzines I'd become accustomed to in the 1990's. It turns out that if you push the frequency so that comments go back and forth quickly and print brilliant and detailed letters from some of Fandom's finest writers, others want to respond -- and do.

Weighing in with some cogent comments is one of VFW's most prolific letter writers...

Eric Mayer

VFW is getting harder to



comment on because there's more and more in it! Good piece on starting fanzine writing. I got a lot of inspiration from fan writers like Willis and Burbee and also mundane essayists like E.B. White and Robert Benchley and James Thurber.

Also, it can be more fun sometimes to get started by working with editors who are also just getting started. They need articles more. They haven't really formed their zine's gestalt yet. I wrote a lot for Mike Gorra whose zines (*Banshee* then *Random* if I recall) quickly developed into top notch productions. He attracted a lot of BNFs after awhile. Then I was in a zine with a lot of BNFs without ever having tried! Get in on the ground floor!

One thing would be fanwriters need to understand, though, is that faneds all approach their zines in different ways, according to what they want out of them. Some just go for the best possible material, or a certain type, but others might mainly want to rely on invited contributors or have no contributors at all. My conception of Groggy was that I wrote the whole thing. I had people submit stuff to me and had to explain I simply didn't print outside contributions. They probably looked at the zine, with nothing but me, and figured, wow this guy really *needs* contributors. (Or, ha! I know I can do better than that!)

Everything Randy Byers says about electronic publishing is true, but I think, maybe like you, I am simply too attached to certain paper zine conventions to break away. Theoretically, I want to. But I do a blog and what is it? Little fanzine articles. So obviously so that David Burton has been printing them in *Catchpenny Gazette*.

I should probably leave this go, and as Master of Locs, feel free to second the opinion, but this whole zine vs web thing is a real hobbyhorse of mine. Much as I love the internet, I'm not sure I'm comfortable with the idea of the new models of e-publishing as replacements for older non-electronic models. That is to say, there are certain things about static fanzines I like that websites, or blogs, or whatever, can't do as well, or at least in the same way. They're different than fanzines, not replacements for them.

For example, the idea of a fanzine as an individual finished work appeals to me. Websites are endlessly works in progress. I find that annoying. I like to say, OK, that's done now on to the next thing. Another example -- the internet allows readers to comment without editorial interference, but there is something to be said for a well arranged and edited loccol as opposed to a bunch of comments, willy-nilly, whatever anyone posts, in whatever order. Some of the "limitations" of paper zines, I see as strengths.

Ever since I got on the internet and that wasn't much more than ten years ago, I've been looking for the electronic equivalent of a fanzine.

Since Fandom is just a hobby -- or a way of life you can't make a living at -- the savings in money and time offered by ezines -- which don't need to be printed, collated, stapled, taken to the Post Office and which don't require the purchase of paper or ink or postage -- is a huge advantage. Not only that, but it fits the faanish ethos, I think, that everyone with access to a computer (pretty much all fans today?) can make their zines as readily available as anyone else's. Fans without deep pockets no longer have to faunch for mailing lists beyond their means. They "simply" have to attract readers.

I dislike pdf. I think it is cumbersome. But I try to consider it as a paper emulator. You can make a magazine pretty much the same way you'd make one to print and then turn the file into a single pdf file which works like a magazine. To make an html zine you'd have to ask reader to download a folder full of html and picture files. Which would work but isn't very elegant.

One could make a case for embracing the new entirely and abandoning the old but I'd rather abandon the restrictive parts of the old and preserve the good parts. (Good to me. Maybe just because I'm used to them.) Whether that is possible is the question. I wish there were a better "equivalent" to paper than pdf.

Perhaps I ought to ponder it a bit more. PDF zines are kind of like wooden spaceships.

Arnie: I agree that it's fun for neo fanwriters to collaborate with neo fanzine editors and did so when I was in that position. It's also fun for more established fans to help educate and develop new talent. Not only does that process eventually yield much fanzine entertainment for the BNF, but it helps insure that Fandom will continue to sing his praises for years after he stops producing anything.

Direct from Glitter City, here she is...

Teresa Cochran

Personally, I'd be happiest with a somewhat linear layout e-fanzine, but I do realize that a print-friendly format is still desired by fans who are used to paper. I enjoy reading the content, whichever format it's in. This is a sort of transition period, as has been pointed out before, so maybe it's impossible to say how things will turn out, or whether there will even be a standardized format. Whatever works for folks, I'd say.

I just feel lucky to be able to read fanzines at all. A few years ago, this would have been out of the ques-

tion, except for having them read to me.

Arnie: If I ever do switch to an Internet-friendly format, you will probably figure among the reasons. You've made such an effort to connect with fanzines and fanwriting that it doesn't seem right to do anything but support your efforts.

An avid reader of many digital fanzines comes at the subject from a different direction...

Laurraine Tutihasi

I read all e-zines on the computer. The only time I printed out a fanzine was when one was formatted so that the only reasonable way to read it was to print it out and fold the pages. Otherwise, I would have had to stand on my head to read some of the pages.

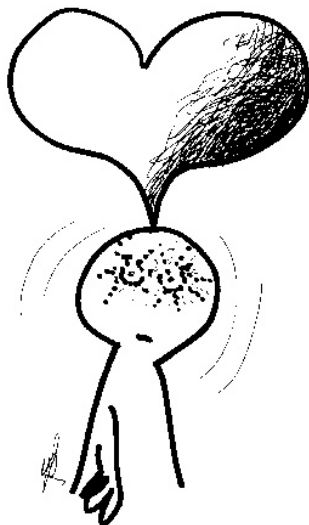
I see nothing wrong with PDFzines, though, especially if they are formatted to show an entire page on the screen. This is the way most participants in eAPA are doing it.

Shadow is on a modified diet now, as he seems to vomit every time he eats solid food. Now I am pureeing all his food.

Fifty ways to pub your ish! I know now that you would have been able to do it. And here's to at least another fifty!

Arnie: You can pub at the con, Ron/do a zine at the club, Bub....

Lloyd Penney



A PREUMPTIVE STRIKE BY LOVE

Well, I think we all survived Halloween...the adults are sobering up, the kids are coming down from their sugar high, and the dentists are rubbing their hands with glee. And now that the candy festival is done, and the Christmas ads start on television, it's time to catch up with Vegas Fandom Weekly. I've got issues 48, 49 and 50.

48...It's so easy to not think about what you write online. In a fanzine, there is plenty of time for second thoughts and some consideration about what you say. Online, there's the demand to respond right now, and you may regret what you've typed up the second you've sent it. Or not, depending on how long you've been doing it. We've got to be more careful about how we react to what we read, too. The flames rise higher otherwise. We are often too possessive about certain event and clubs, and we snap at the least provocation.

I want fanzines 50 years hence too. Nothing beats a paper fanzine, IMHO, but the costs inherent in such a zine make me look at things realistically, and a .pdfed version of the zine is far better than no zine at all. Fanzines will mutate, fandom itself will mutate as well. Fandom of the 30s probably does not even remotely resemble fandom today, and fandom tomorrow will be completely different. Let's hope we're willing to change, for if not, fandom will probably evaporate.

A Fan in Need...there have been times when we were in need, and we got a little sympathy, but not much more. We weren't expecting to be helped in a financial way, but our friends didn't or couldn't help us out. Yet, I remember one young fannish lady in local fandom, long gafiated, short and busty and willing to show off her treasures, and the guys fell over each other to help her in her time of need. I try to be someone who can help others in a time of need, but I've never been able to get help when I needed it myself.

I hate getting calls from telemarketers, knowing they've mined my telephone number from a book or database. I've been a telemarketer and a telephone salesman (two different professions, I've found), and hated every moment of it. I've sold AD&D insurance, telephone services and hospitality tables, and I've raised funds for a music school. The music school was the only place I was comfortable calling, for there were no cold calls. On the receiving side, my tolerance for inexperienced

callers who are obviously reading from a script has lessened, especially since the night I received four calls in 20 minutes from the telemarketing pit of a local newspaper, and I threatened the manager of the pit with legal action if he didn't cease his telephonic harassment.

The local...ShelVy, I just don't get it about the puffin and the lazyletter. What did that mean? Something about Puffin Books? Chris Garcia has been saying in his own zine that with the time periods between the Breendoggle and Topic A, we are about due for another cataclysmic fan feud. Now, now, Chris, you can't be greedy and want all the letterhacks to yourself. You and Arnie just have to share! Besides, it's not as if I'm getting minimum wage writing these letters.

49... tough to get good bookshelves, so good on all of you for grabbing perfectly good shelves. Lori, if you can find out what other Borders stores are doing their remodeling and when, you might be able to get more, or replacements for the less-than-perfect shelves you've already got. Extra shelves can be donated to charity for some feel good for all, and some good rep in the public eye.

I got my start in media fandom in Victoria, British Columbia in late 1977, and our little club of Trekkers found interesting things to do. We produced a clubzine, we went out for movies and dinners, we gathered at homes for screenings of our favorite episodes, and we even participated in the local Santa Claus parade. Back then, there was participation on the part of a small group, and there were the Happy Deadwood to participate as little as they wanted or not at all, but at least they were members, and their money kept the club going. I needed to be a participant, and I did what I could. I compare my own mediafan beginnings with many of the local mediafans I've seen over the past ten years or so, and while there is a larger group of active participants, the Happy Deadwood is legion. Fandom doesn't come with an instruction book, but *The Neo-Fan's Guide* is as close as it comes. We need updated copies to give to new fans as part of the fannish Welcome Wagon package they should receive. After that, they're on their own to sink or swim.

Joyce is exactly right; not everyone likes you. In fact, I know of a couple of people who outright hate me. Their hatred is their affair, not mine. It

does bother me, but I am comforted by knowing a helluva lot more people like me, and perhaps a few love me. This isn't just a nice-to-have feeling; it's essential to self-esteem and a fruitful life.

The local... excellent. RAE, BNC, other than to say that my own organization borders on the chaotic, but sometimes, I get organized, and make lists of things that need to be done. Get the job done, cross it off the list. Anything else you can think of, add it to the list. When the list is done, or usually mostly done, you're relatively organized.

50...Congratulations on 50 issues! Not easily done, but easily appreciated by your readers. Halloween was last night, and I did see some costumes, on the bus and in the subway, as well as on the street. Last night was just another working night for me. The best costume I saw was a curvaceous young lady dressed as Harley Quinn, the Joker's sidekick in the Batman animated cartoons.

I've never found it easy to start an article for a fanzine. I have promised an article to Chris Garcia, and I have in mind an article with the working title *The World's Most Expensive Toaster*, and Arnie, I have promised you an article on the local pubnight. Life has been getting in the way with working on tradeshows on Thursdays, and I have had to beg off the First Thursday for the past two months, and I suspect I'll have to do it again for this month as well. As soon as I can get some of my life back to go to the pubnight and make some notes, I will get that promised article to you.

I don't print out .pdfed zines. I used to, but quickly found out that if I was going to do this, even double-sided, I would be going through reams of paper just to do that. However, as paper fanzines were individual units or issues, a .pdfed zine is also an individual unit or issue, and I do keep them in a folder on my desktop, ready to be burned onto a CD-R one fine day. Electronic storage isn't nearly as space-intensive as paper storage.

Arnie: At the risk of inviting a writer's block, I don't shilly-shally around much once I sit down at the keyboard. Maybe it's like an expert poker player who teaches himself not to make telltale gestures. Occasionally, if there's no-preset topic, I may take a little while to get rolling, but I've written so much for so long that it's now as organic to my life as breathing.

Las Vegas Fan Event Calendar

Las Vegrants Meeting November 5 7:30 PM

The informal, invitation club meets on the first and third Saturdays at the home of Arnie and Joyce Katz.

VSFA 'First Monday' Meeting November 7 7:00 PM

Club business and socializing are the main features when one of Las Vegas' busiest fan groups gets together at the Clark County Library (1 block East of Maryland, corner of Escondido & Flamingo Road).

SNAFFU November 11 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.

LV Futurists November 11 8:00 PM

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

Vegas Music Circle November 13 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 November 19 7:30 PM

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

SNAPS Deadline November 20

Get your contributions to OE Joyce Katz (joyceworley1@cox.net).

SNAFFU Meeting October 28 8:00 PM

This formal SF club meets the second and fourth Friday's. Location: Borders bookstore on the East Side.

VegasFandom Weekly First Anniversary Celebration December 11 2 PM

SNAFFU salutes Vegas' newszine with a dinner and social.

Joyce and I disagree on fanzine storage of digital zines. I favor your method, while Joyce thinks they ought to be saved in hard-copy form.

WAHF: Hope Leibowitz, Richard Brandt

We Found Winder!

An email dispatched by Joyce elicited the news that Art is alive and well — but running a bit behind schedule. He expects to be in Las Vegas this weekend and we are hoping that he'll make it in time for the Vegrants meeting.

And Speaking of Behind Schedule...

I'd hoped to get this out on Thursday, but Mundac squashed that little fannish dream. Maybe next week. Meanwhile, thank you all for your contributions and I will look forward to printing the next ones in *VFW #52!*— Arnie Katz

In This Issue...

Vegas Events This Weekend :: 1

Have You Seen This Fan? :: 1

Inside Story :: Art, for Art's Sake! :: Arnie :: 2

Katzenjammer :: !@%&! The Rues! :: Arnie :: 3

Them Daze :: Days of '56 :: Richard Lupoff :: 4

Now & Again :: I'm a Fake! :: Shelby Vick :: 6

Unexplained Fan Mysteries

:: Is Joshua Still Here? :: Arnie :: 8

ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column :: You :: 8

Halloween '05 :: My First Fan Halloween

:: Mindy Hutchings :: 9

Contact Information :: 10

Potshot's Cartoon Theater :: Bill Kunkel :: 11

SNAFFU Central :: Some Proposals

:: Linda Bushyager :: 12

Calendar :: 18

... and a *ton* of news.