

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

Vegas Fan Events This Week

Merry Christmas & Cheery Chanukah

Ring in New Year's at the Launch Pad!

For the 15th consecutive year, Joyce and I will be hosting a New Year's Open House for Las Vegas Fandom. This event, originally loosely affiliated with SNAFFU and then the Vegrants, is now under the benign aegis of the United Fans of Vegas, but absolutely nothing has changed.

It's still free, it still lasts into the wee hours, it still has plenty of food and drink, it still welcomes additional contributions of both and it's still informal, friendly and upbeat.

Lots of people, even fans, have New Year's Eve agendas. It's perfectly fine to come for a brief stay — and it's also great if you want to ring in the New Year with us and stay all evening. We'll be monitoring the celebration on the Strip (and the one in New York's Times Square for those who want to see the mob scenes they're missing (and Las Vegas' Mayor Oscar Goodman dancing and singing).

The Launch Pad (909 Eugene Cernan Street) will be open for partying at 7:30 PM, but you can arrive any time that works for you, up to and including midnight.

As usual, the living room and dining room are designated as "no smoking" zones to accommodate those who prefer to avoid such things.

There will also be indoor and outdoor areas for those who do wish to light up. You can drink anywhere you can find a place to sit or stand.

Joyce and I are looking forward to seeing you on New Year's Eve.

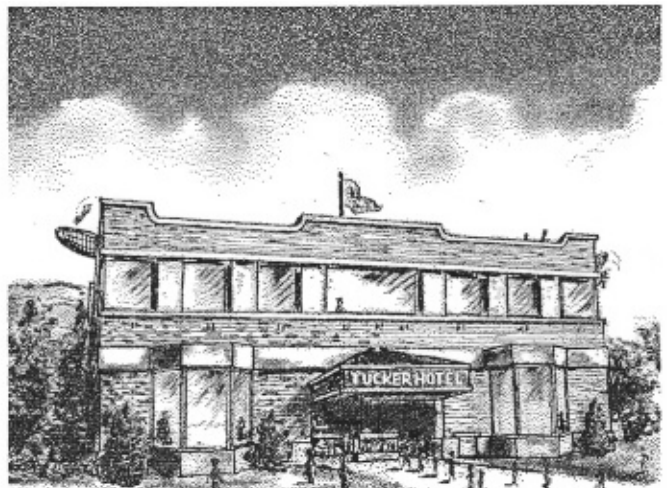
(Reminder for Vegrants: As in past years, the Open House replaces the "first Saturday" Vegrants meeting.)

SNAPS Records Tumble in 9th Distribution!

"There's a lot of terrific material in this distribution," crowed Official Editor Joyce Katz as she hit the "send" button to dispatch the December distribution of SNAPS (Southern Nevada Amateur Press Society) to the group's participants. The outstanding showing by 11 contributors (plus a Rotsler cover) made it the biggest and best distribution since Joyce, John Hardin and I set it in motion last April.

The 74-page bundle, over twice as large as any previous disty, includes major special contributions from Alan White, David Gordon and Aileen Forman. David presented a Loscon photo-essay, Aileen took fans on a tour of her new home in Flippin, AR, and Alan unveiled a new issue of *Black Cat*.

There are also excellent zines by Linda Bushyager,



Inside Story The Last Bastion

Freedom of Speech isn't dead in America; it's just a Republican administration. At a time when the right to speak freely is being challenged as never before in the United States, Fandom has again become one of the few places where someone can speak his or her mind. That's fortunate for many reasons, not the least of which is my personal feeling that if you can't say what you think in your own goddamn hobby, it isn't worth much.

I returned to Fandom for many reasons — missing my friends was certainly paramount — but a powerful lure was the opportunity it affords to “be yourself” and speak openly and candidly when the spirit moves me in that direction. Much as I aspire to it, I don't think I could ever be as “all out” as Laney, White, brown and other Insurgent heroes, but I think I've generally represented my opinions in a forthright manner.

One of the most important differences between what I call “Core Fandom” (the 1,200 or so who subscribe to The Fannish Way) and the 25,000 participants of All Known Fandom (anyone who does anything beyond reading, watching or listening to SF/Fantasy) is that most members of that larger group want to keep things non-controversial. I've read online exhortations to avoid argument and bury disagreements too many times and all such declarations do is making me that much more determined to Keep It Real. Unlike some radical Insurgents, I don't glory in reading (or writing) *ad homonym* attacks, but I have no problem with stating my views and backing them up if challenged. And if you ever see me fail to come to the aid of a friend who has been unjustly and unfairly attacked, you can assume that my 'nads are lying in someone's desk drawer.

And Freedom of Speech is a vital support for another important right, Freedom of Humor. Only the self-righteous and pompous need fear the sting of wit. Some fans wonder how I can publish (and even write) jokes at my own expense — or praise sallies like Gordon Eklund's hilarious story about me a couple or three years back. That's why Jophan carries that Shield of Umor. Any problem someone has with such good-natured ribbing is *their* problem, not the author's. As Shakespeare (I think) once wrote: “Laugh and Fandom laughs with you; whine and you're in the N3F.”

So when I tell you that the contributions and support that so many fans in Vegas and elsewhere have given to *Vegas Fandom Weekly* have made me immensely happy. You are the foundation of whatever success VFW has achieved.

I hope the year ahead will see even more of you join in the fun.

— Arnie

Ayesha Ashley, Joyce Katz, Teresa Cochran, Marcy Waldie, Charles Fuller, James Taylor and me.

Those who missed out on a chance to be part of this fanhistoric distribution can get it as a free download at the SNAFFU website (<http://www.snaffu.org>). And while you're there, you can also sign up for Las Vegas Fandom's liveliest listserv.

As much fun as it is to read, it's a lot more enjoyable to be part of this local amateur press association. And doing that is remarkably easy and absolutely free. Use any publishing or word processing software to write one or more pages about anything you'd like and send the results to OE Joyce Katz

Continued page 10

Vegas Fandom Weekly #58, Volume 2 Number 4, December 22, 2005, is written and produced by Arnie Katz (909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145; 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), Alan White (arty fella) and Joyce Katz (proofreading).

Reporters this issue: Roxanne Gibbs, Michael Bernstein, Teresa Cochran, James Taylor, David Gordon, Bill Kunkel and Joyce Katz

Art/Photo Credits: Ross Chamberlain (1), Shelby Vick (4), ATom (10), Bill Kunkel (21), all else by Rotsler.

Columnists This Issue: Shelby Vick, Dick Lupoff, Bbob Stewart, Bill Wright, Bill Kunkel.

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at the SNAFFU site and at efanzines.com. No elves or wombats were seriously harmed during the production of this fanzine.

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

Outstanding Fans

Katzenjammer

This column finishes my look at the categories in the forthcoming 2006 Las Vegas Fan Awards Poll.

The idea is to salute local fans and honor the best in fan activity in our area for 2005. There's no trophy, plaque or certificate, but the esteem of the Las Vegas fan community should gladden many hearts when all the top finishers in each category are presented in a special issue of VFW.

The ballot will go out on January 4, 2006, at about the same time as that week's issue. You will be able to vote for up to three choices in each category. The winner will be the one with the high vote point total (five points for 1st, three for 2nd and one for 3rd). There will be space on the ballot for write-ins. In response to requests, non-Vegas fans will be able to vote in some, though not all, of the categories.

*A special VFW will extol and discuss **all** the top finishers. The idea is to be inclusive rather than single out just winners.*

First up this time is a Special Added Category that wasn't in the original list, but which is now part of the Poll due to evident interest in what it represents:

Outstand Non-Vegas Fan

The year, Vegas Fandom showed a remarkable reversal of the worrying isolationist. After several years in which only the Vegants looked beyond Clark County, the Las Vegas fan community is again forging bonds with fans everywhere.

This category gives LV fans a chance to acknowledge our fan friends from afar. Alumni remain Vegas fans, dear to our hearts, and so are ineligible.

Here (alphabetically) are some prime contenders:

Chris Garcia. He's a prolific publisher, a staunch supporter of VFW and a popular visitor.

Bruce Gillespie. The BBB Fund brought him to Las Vegas, but his reputation is as a marvelous mix of fannish and sercon interests.

Robert Lichtman. His fanzines are outstanding and his letters are laudable. Robert has-

n't been to Vegas in a while, but Vegas fans still recall his three earlier visits with great fondness.

Peter Sullivan. This British fan burst on the scene only this year, but he has done tremendous fanac in support of all Las Vegas fanzines.

Art Widner. He looks like Santa, but he can wisecrack with the best. Art visited twice this year and proved every bit as entertaining in person as in his fine fanwriting.

Outstanding Las Vegas Fan

This category lets you vote for the top Las Vegas fans based on their fanac in 2005.

Among many fine candidates are:

Michael Bernstein. The president of SNAFFU, his second term, doesn't crow about his contributions, he just does a mountain of things that make Vegas Fandom much more pleasant.

Linda Bushyager. Generous and capable, Linda has embraced Vegas Fandom since moving here from Philadelphia and is always front-and-center when there's work to be done, from helping with the Library to doing more than her share of work on various events.

Roxanne Gibbs. Though home-bound, Roxanne continues to make monumental contributions to local Fandom through her organization work and her administration of both the SNAFFU listserv and website.

Rebecca Hardin. When Woody suddenly left town, the recently de-gafiated fan put the club on her shoulders and led it through a difficult transition.

Arnie Katz. Ahem.

Joyce Katz. Despite her much-publicized health problems, the High Priestess served as OE of SNAPS, co-editor of *Implications* and continued to dish out heaps of hospitality.

James Taylor. Smart, talented, stalwart... the adjectives roll off the tongue when writing about one of the city's most active fans and guiding spirits.

— Arnie

NOW & Again Blame It on the Weather

Yeah, I know; *everything* is blamed on the weather, from arthritis to zoology – but this time I’m blaming the weather for revealing fannish motivation to me!

What happened is, we had lotsa wind, thunder and lightning and even a tornado alert. It was so alarming that one local TV station devoted an entire segment to covering it. I heard very little about damage after it, but there was one Very Important bit of damage – the next morning, my internet connection was down! It stayed down most of the day, and I could not check my email

or hits at Planetary Stories or ANYthing online.

As a result, I got a few things done I had been putting off. Seeing how much I got accomplished caused me to re-evaluate my online activities. Let me tell you what I have gotten into:

Primarily, I am deep into listservs. I’ve been on Timebinders for years. Now, with Planetary Stories going, I have widened out to seek readers and writers for www.planetarystories.com. One was PulpMags, one was fictionmags. . .and I also picked up a few other sites I visit occasionally – PulpGen, which is always adding new copies of



old pulp stories as well as FanArt Central where comic artists abide. (Already picked up one potential artist from there.) And an Old Time Radio site, and. . .but the listservs are the biggest item.

How big? Well, I get over 100 emails a day! (Now, I'm sure that's chickenfeed to some fans out there who are on all those sites as well as Trufen and no telling what else – but consider this: Before I started going wild on listserv, there would be days when I wouldn't receive 20 messages all day long!) (Not including spam, of course.) And I *read* most of them – often respond, in fact. Find out lotsa details about pulp authors, pulp publishing, background on stories, onandonandon. . . . Even saw a link to an article about the failure of Famous Fantastic Mysteries written by Calvin Thomas Beck (you know – the fan who was Bloch's inspiration for Norman Bates of Psycho) and that one really stunned me – it was from my old fanzine, confusion, offa fanac!

I've picked up new stories for Planetary Stories, located – thanx to Ned Brooks – not one, but *two* issues of *Odd* fanzine that he scanned, as well as a scan from him of *Scientifantasy* #3. (I already had #4, which I had scanned and sent out to many including fanac and efanzines.)

Fictionmags.com often gives Table of Contents listings for old pulps, which gives you a glance at what was around Back Then. . .and PulpGen, as I said, even gives you the stories!
<http://fanac.org/fanzines/Scientifantasy/Scientifantasy3-00.htm>

My latest craze is Tom Swifties. Haven't saved but one:

"Einstein, is something the matter?" Tom asked energetically.

To which, after many of them had passed by, I finally responded:

"I'll be right there!" Tom said swiftly.

"That was a cutting remark!" Tom said sharply.

"Want a banana?" Tom asked appealingly. (Or a grape.)

"I love bananas and grapes!" Tom said fruitily.

"I could get you a horse-drawn carriage," Tom offered handsomely. Or –

Then, today's addition:

"I can't say," he said silently.

"Whatever comes --" he ejaculated.

Standing beneath the edifice, he understood...

No! That's enuf! (What wiseacre cracked, "Too much!"?)

Back to listservs. Y'know, it's often been said that all knowledge/truth is in fanzines. Well, these days it first shows up on listservs! In fact, I've gotten some stuff for confuSon from there. And you can – sometimes! – even slip in an off-subject question.

You might pick up sidelights about authors, such as this one about a writer who used lots of pseudonyms:

>> "Dr. Whitaker explained that names were involved with his unusual method of writing, which required conjuring up an author capable of writing a particular novel. 'I ask myself, 'Who can tell this tale best? Who would already have this information?' he told *Newsweek*. He said he would name his imagined author and then, using Method acting techniques, set the author-character to writing the novel."

Has any other novelist used this particular technique?

Being fans, those on listservs are generous; I have CDs and books to prove it! One of the most important CDs contains Old Time Radio broadcasts of *I Love A Mystery*, *Salem's Lot*, *Sherlock Holmes*, and others.

Available is a favorite of mine from childhood, *Let's Pretend!* The books are one of my favorite non-sf series, Nero Wolfe. They led me to sites to sell my comic book collection – including a single issue worth over \$100! And they have led me to a better market for my collection of pulps than eBay, believe it or not.

Now what I need to do is put together a fanzine containing *The Best of Listservs*... if I can stay away from listservs long enuf to do it!

— Shelby Vick

Them Daze Leavenworth Beckons

We all know that the concept of decades is arbitrary and intrinsically meaningless, but it's useful nonetheless. We all know about the Roaring Twenties aka "The Era of Wonderful Nonsense." Sheiks and She-bas, raccoon coats and hip-flasks, Rudy Vallee singing through a megaphone, Rudolph Valentino making love on horseback and Harry Houdini escaping from strait-jackets and Babe Ruth hitting home runs.

The Thirties were the Depression. Everything was dark gray and everybody was poor except for Fred and Ginger, swooping and prancing through an Art Deco wonderworld.

The Forties were World War II.

And the Fifties were the decade of Cold War Paranoia.

The Fifties were also a heck of a busy time for Yours Truly. At the beginning of the decade I was a high school student in a small town in New Jersey. By the end of the decade I'd finished high school, started college, finished college, gone into the Army, got out of the Army, returned to my home town (New York), got married, and started my upward climb in the corporate world of the then-fledgling computer industry.

I had also got involved in fandom in the early Fifties and through a series of peaks and valleys maintained my contacts. By the time I was in the Army (1956-58) I had a nice little fannish life going in parallel to my duties for Uncle Sam. I was a charter subscriber to Fanac. I attended Indiana Science Fiction Association meetings every other Friday. On non-ISFA Fridays I would visit Ray and Suzie Beam, eat dinner at their house, drink cheap wine, and watch old SF and horror movies on their little TV set. I also corresponded with a number of fans, including Kent Moomaw (who later committed suicide) and another fellow



whose identity I will protect by calling him Wilton Woozer.

The Fifties were the decade of Cold War Paranoia. Oh, I already said that, didn't I? Although the Korean War had ended in a truce in 1953 and the US didn't get seriously involved in Vietnam until the early 1960's, there were still major tensions between the so-called Free World and the Communist Bloc when I was in the Army. There were anti-Communist riots in the German Democratic Republic in 1953. A few years later the Hungarians threw out their Communist government, withdrew from the Warsaw Pact, declared their neutrality, and sent the Soviet army packing.

A few days later the Soviets, following the lead of that progressive thinker Nikita Khrushchev, changed their minds, invaded and Hungary, murdered the leaders of the new government and army, and put in a stinking puppet regime.

Not nice.

There was also a war between Israel and Egypt. Britain and France intervened, Khrushchev threatened to do the same, and – as we used to say in them daze – it looked as if the balloon was about to go up. For a while I was trained at the Infantry School at Ft. Benning, Georgia. We maneuvered against mock units wearing Soviet uniforms, firing Soviet weapons, and speaking Russian.

Fortunately, the balloon didn't go up. But it was a hell of a tense time. The Cuban Missile Crisis was still a ways off, but believe me, children, there were a lot of flashpoints during the Cold War when the world was perilously close to Armageddon. You could look it up.

In our little microcosm, the World Science Fiction Convention for 1957 was scheduled to take place in London, England. Designated guest of honor was John W. Campbell, Jr. The eventual attendance was 368 people – fans, pro's, hucksters and hangers-on included.

I ought to mention that I had a "military address" that included my name, rank, and organization.

And what, you ask, was that organization?

When I was in college I enrolled in the good old ROTC, not because I particularly wanted a military career, but because I figured it would keep me out of the draft for four years, and when Uncle Sam finally caught up with me I would at least get to live the relatively comfortable life of an officer instead of the unpleasant one of a buck private. Things worked out exactly as I'd planned, and my first duty assignment was to attend the Basic Officers' Course at The Adjutant General's School, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana.

There were about twenty fresh-faced young lieutenants in my class, starting in April, 1956. At the end of our course (I think it was eight weeks long) we were dispersed to places like the Armed Forces Examining Station in Bismarck, South Dakota. Or was that North Dakota? You could look it up.

We were regarded as "pipeline personnel," and it was Army practice for the school to pluck a few of the best and the brightest students out of classes like mine and keep them around as "permanent party." I blush to admit it, but I got plucked.

Once I had settled in as permanent party – not a tough task, as I was already living on the base – I was assigned to attend the Instructor Training Course, pending assignment to one of the school's several departments. But the Instructor Training Department also liked to pluck the best and the brightest students out of its own classes, and – oh, stop, my ears are burning.

Life was pretty good and pretty comfortable. I

would show up at the department office in the morning, check my schedule for the day, read my mail, and go off to teach. I was pretty good at it and I'm enough of a ham to enjoy talking to a room full of people who can't get up and leave. Things usually went pretty smoothly, although there was the occasional little bump.

As a lieutenant teaching a room full of captains and majors and colonels, you have to be diplomatic. You are officially "the personal representative of the commandant," but it can still get very damned touchy when you have to tell a major that he didn't do the assigned work and isn't getting credit for the lesson.

Whoopee!

But it was not a bad life. I used to eat breakfast in the mess hall (oh, I was so democratic!), often with my pal, the post Catholic chaplain. He was a red-faced Irishman with the gorgeous name of Major Meany. He loved to fight, I loved to fight, and we would fight every time we had a chance, which was pretty much constantly. Lunch most days at the Officers Club with my colleagues. Evenings out with my pals (except for Fridays at the Coulsons or the Beams). Movies, bowling, or hanging out in the day-room playing pool with my pal Ray Murphy.

Ray was the only (ahem!) Negro in my class, and I was the only Jew. We were also the only two self-styled intellectuals, and we hung out a lot. It was an odd era. The army post was thoroughly integrated but the nearest big city, Indianapolis, was not. This led to any number of peculiar experiences, some of them pleasant and some of them very much not.

Well, it was 1957 and summer was a-comin' in. I reported to work one day and was sorting through some lesson plans at my desk when an officer I knew, Captain Jenkins, came charging up to my desk and said, "Grab your hat and get over to the Provost Marshal's office, quick!"

"What's happening?" I asked.

"I don't know, but he wants to see you now!"

The Provost Marshal was roughly the military equivalent of a small-town sheriff. I did as I was told, and in quick time I was standing in front of a desk with a name-plate reading Major Henderson, Provost Marshal.

I didn't know Major Henderson well but we were on a small post and everybody pretty much knew everybody else, at least among the officer corps. We were also pretty informal, but Major Henderson left me standing there at attention with my hand up in a salute for a long time. Finally he returned my salute. He opened a file folder and pulled out a small envelope. He held it up and asked me, "Lieutenant Lupoff, do you know what this is?"

"No, sir."

"Let me read you the address." He proceeded

to do so. It was my military address – department, school, and post. But there was no name on it. "Do you know what this is?" Major Henderson asked.

"That's my address, sir."

"Yes. The letter came in but it had nobody's name on it, so the postal clerk opened it and sent it to me. Do you know why he sent it to me?"

"No, sir." Suddenly the Provost Marshal's office had got very warm and stuffy. The collar of my uniform shirt was getting tight.

"I'll read you this letter," Major Henderson said. "'Dear Comrade Lupoff, Are you planning to

attend the Party Conference in London this September? Many American Comrades are going to be there, and we will meet our British Comrades and delegates from other countries. It's going to be a wonderful event and we'll make plans for the coming year, and next year's Party Conference.'" After a moment he added, "The letter is signed, Comrade Wilton Woozer."

Major Henderson folded the letter and put it back in its envelope. He stared at me. "Tell me what this is about, Lieutenant. Tell me who this Wilton Woozer is."

Aiiiiieeeeeeee!!!

"Uh, Wilton Woozer is a friend of mine, Sir. He's a science fiction fan."

"A what?"

"A science fiction fan."

"What about this Party Conference in London?"

"It's the World Sci-



Here he is, Our Man in Uniform — Richard A. Lupoff in 1957.

ence Fiction Convention, Sir. Woozer was writing about the convention. He was using all that Communist jargon as a – as a – j-j-joke, S-Sir.”

“Wilton Woozer is a science fiction fan. What is that?”

“Uh, science fiction fans, people who like to read science fiction stories, they like to get together once a year and, uh, talk about science fiction.”

“That’s all they do?”

“Well, not really. Uh...”

“Go on, Lieutenant. Take your time. Tell me all about this.”

Oh, my God. This was 1957. This was the height of the Cold War. I had raised my right hand and sworn to uphold and protect the Constitution of the United States against enemies foreign and domestic. I was there to protect the Heartland of the Free World against the Red Octopus of Godless Atheistic Communism. And I was exposed as a Communist mole in the Instructor Training Department of The Adjutant General’s School of the United States Army.

I was an enemy, foreign and domestic. Well, domestic anyway.

Visions of Leavenworth Prison loomed before me, a dank cell, verminous rotten food, maybe even a firing squad. And I couldn’t even smoke a final cigarette, I didn’t smoke!

“Well, Sir,” I started, then paused.

Where to start? With Luian of Samosata? H. G. Wells? Hugo Gernsback? With the Science Fiction League? Amazing Stories? Science Wonder Quarterly? The Futurian Society and New Fandom and the Exclusion Act of 1940? FAPA? SAPS? The creation of the N3F?

I don’t know how long my interrogation by Major Henderson went on. If you can call it an interrogation. I spilled my guts. I told him everything. I confessed that I was a subscriber to F&SF,



a devoted reader of Galaxy. I even tried to explain Fanac and Yandro and Cry of the Nameless.

After half an hour or half an eternity Major Henderson put up his hand.

“Stop,” he said. “Stop, I believe you, Lieutenant. I believe every word you’ve told me because nobody could possibly make up a story like that, and they would certainly not expect anybody to believe it if they did.”

I stood there, speechless.

“Here,” said Major Henderson, handing me Wilton Woozer’s letter. “Tell your little friend that his joke wasn’t very funny. Tell him not to make jokes like that. Tell him to remember to put your name on the envelope next time he sends you a letter.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Report back to duty, Lieutenant.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Somehow I got through the rest of the day, delivering lectures on autopilot.

That night I got out my trusty little Smith-Corona portable typewriter and sent a letter to Wilton Woozer. I gave him a brief – very brief – summary of what had happened. I told him that there was no need for him to apologize, but if he ever wrote to me again, please, please try to exercise a little common sense. And don’t leave my name off the envelope.

In record time, Wilton Woozer wrote back to me. He even remembered to put my name on the envelope. I remember not only the opening sentence of his letter, but even his eccentric handling of the English language. His letter began, “Dear Dick, You say I don’t have to apolidgize but I apolidge anyway.”

Oh, this was all a long time ago, children, a very long time ago. I wonder, though, if there isn’t a file somewhere in the Pentagon or in Langley, Virginia, or in some Federal office building, somewhere, marked Lupoff, Richard A., and cross-referenced under Woozer, Wilton, and World Science Fiction Convention, 1957.

Oh, them certainly wuz the daze, children, them definitely wuz the daze.

— Richard Lupoff

Potshots My VFW Debut

From VFW #57 : Bill Kunkel spent the middle of the week in Tucson, breaking holiday bread with the good folks from Running with Scissors. Bill has done a variety of assignments for the electronic game developer (Postal), so they invited him down for the Christmas Party. Hopefully, this served to dull the pain the Kunkels have gotten from some nasty computer problems that effectively destroyed their telephone service for nearly a week...

What a fantastic time. We hit two restaurants, one for incredible appetizers (place called McMahons, a 4* joint), but then we hit Basil's, a 5* Italian steak house that makes the beef at the vaunted American Grille at the Rio's taste like cardboard. I'm not a beef fan, unless it's superb (I drink no alcohol, unless Dom Perignon is there to say it's cool.)

Funny thing about eating good food; you can eat twice as much and still feel great in the morning.

And the dinner was climaxed by Vince Desi, CEO of RWS and future Bond villain, handing out very generous checks, which I would consider a great bonus from a place I worked at full time, though I am working more and more with Vince, editing the newsletter and generating all the press and serving as marketing advisor. My game-related work these days -- other than selling my book ("Confessions of The Game Doctor" from rolen-tapress.com, limited print run so buy it now) -- is for RWS and it's a joy. We have a movie deal now so I'll be working on that as well (already got my first check), might even help me get a Guild card (I've done about 200 hours of TV time, all of which I either wrote or improvised) just as the play by play announcer on BWF Wrestling, but the cheap owner wouldn't subscribe to



the Screenwriter's Guild so it doesn't count.

To Locals and Vegas Visitors: But speaking of good food, I lived in NYC for 30 years, right? So I know a little about what I eat. Anyway, I was turned on to the BEST breakfast & lunch only restaurant in town. If you're visiting or live here and are looking for a meal from heaven -- biscuits and gravy, magnificent omelets, plus lots of lunch stuff for people who like hamburgers or club sandwiches for breakfast, Arnie, right down to the best chicken fried steak I've ever eaten -- I got the place.

They've just opened, haven't done the Grand Open yet but it doesn't matter, The Maple Tree is a New England-style "Sugarhouse" restaurant to die for. It's open from 7 AM to 2:30 PM at 6000 W Spring Mt. Rd (362-5151) in the Spring Mt. Commerce Center and they do call-ahead take out. If you go, the owner will greet you. Tell him, Bill, Barry Orton's friend, recommended it. Prices are INCREDIBLY reasonable. You could have the best breakfast of your life and probably cover the tip for \$10 or pretty close. Check out the waffles, too.

And since I'm doing the restaurant column here, the BEST pasta dishes in Vegas are at a small place (like Maple Tree) off Eastern & Trop in the Petsmart shopping Center called The Pasta Shop. A little pricier, but you've never tasted ravioli till you've eaten it there. Definitely order a pasta dish (the Chick Parmegian is good, but you can get that anywhere) since they actually make the pasta for the REALLY expensive Italian restaurants on the strip. Then prepare to go to heaven. Tell them a Vince Desi's friend Bill sent you, they'll treat you well.

– Bill Kunkel

Continued from p 2

(joyceworley1@cox.net) by the deadline for the 10th Distribution (Sunday, January 22). If you have Acrobat (or freeware work-alikes), you can submit your SNAPSzine as a .PDF file. All participants receive the

new distribution directly from Joyce as an email attachment.

If you've never been in an apa, you'll find much fuller explanation of the group's workings in past issues of VFW or by contacting Joyce (or me). If, like many of the current SNAPS mainstays, you're fairly

(or entirely) new to the world of fanzines, there's plenty of help available from the same sources.

Southside SNAFFU Bids Farewell To Its Old Venue This Friday!

This Friday's meeting of SNAFFU looks to both the past and the future. Members have decided to introduce a monthly dinner/social meeting on "fourth Fridays" to replace the discussion meetings, so this will be the group's last gathering at Borders Books (Stephanie & Sunset), at least for now. President Michael Bernstein will convene the faithful at 8:00 PM.

Nanotechnology will be the main discussion topic this time, a warm-up for the January 13th Wil McCarthy appearance. There'll be other topics, too, and a group trip to a moderately priced eatery afterwards.

Linda Bushyager is coordinating the dinner/social program and should soon have information about the

first such event on January 27. When I know, you'll know.

Big Weekend '06 (Mark One) on the Way!

Vegas fans — and those who'd like to visit from out-of-town — are gearing up for the first really big fannish weekend of the New Year. January 13, 14 and 15 will see no fewer than three big events that represent the gamut of local fanac. Here's what's on tap for Glitter City that weekend:

1. LV Futurists/SNAFFU Joint Meeting (1/13)

Wil McCarthy, scientist and science fiction writer, will address an open meeting that unites SNAFFU and the Las Vegas Futurists in a single event for the very first time.

McCarthy, who has not previously appeared at a Vegas fan-sponsored event, will discuss the science that serves as the foundation for such science fiction

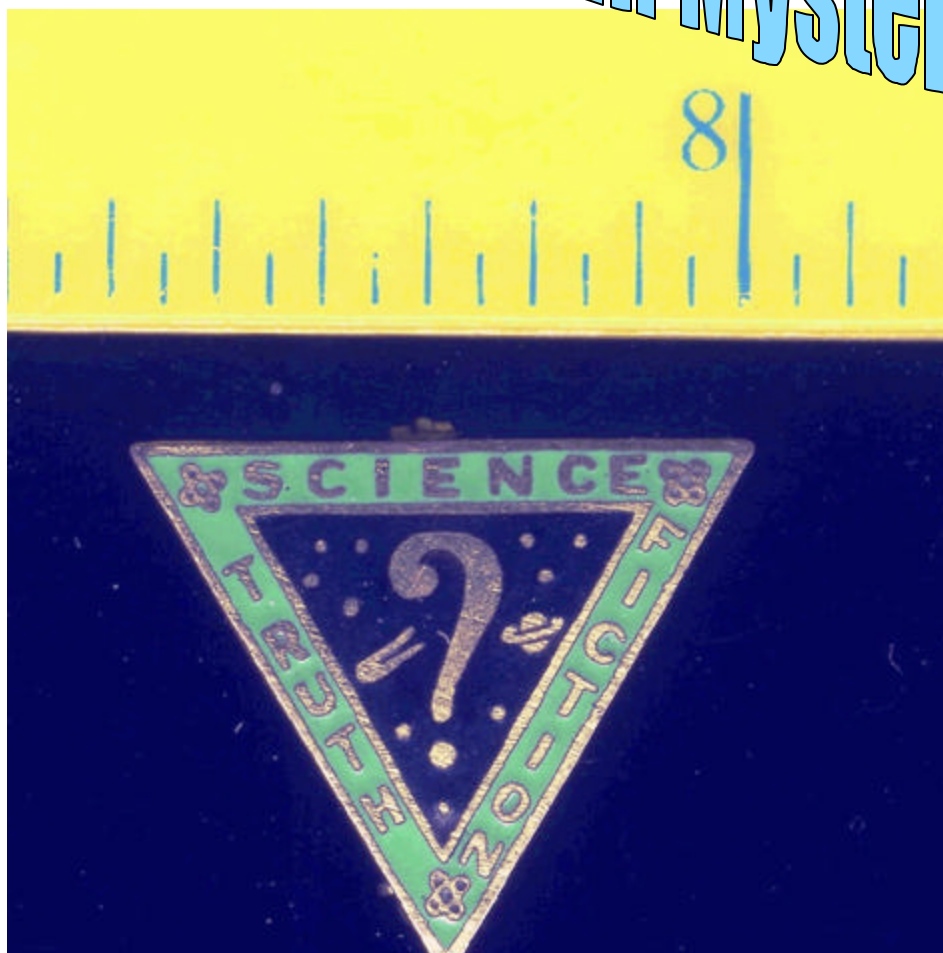
The Pin Fan Mystery

Edit/or's Note: Here's a mysterious piece of fanhistory, perhaps originating as far back as the EoFandom era. I'll let Art tell you about it in his own inimitable style (and 'simplifyd spelng.'

I'm sending U an item of intense fannish interest. Speer took me to a meeting of the Abq SF club where i met Patricia Rogers, who told me abt a strange pin that came from 4e Ackerman's estate sale. She askd me if i knew anything abt it, wch was dificult, since she didnt have the pin with her. 4e had no idea where it had come from, & she has askd every First Fandomer she has met, & nobody knos anything?

To day she sent me a pic of the thing & it still doesnt ring the faintest tinkle in my memory.

— Art Widner



novels as *The Collapsium* and *Hacking Matter*. The author will also answer questions after his speech and sign books bought at the store during the event.

The meeting will be held at Borders bookstore (2190 South Rainbow Blvd) on Friday, January 13 at 5:30 PM.

2. VFW First Anniversary Celebration

SNAFFU, and Yours Editorially, invites Las Vegas fans (and everyone coming to town for the weekend's other events) to a pizza party to celebrate completion of *Vegas Fandom Weekly*'s first year of publication. Befitting the nature of this fanzine, you can expect the festivities to be long on pepperoni and short on stuffy speeches.

Hosts Roxanne Gibbs and Michael Bernstein invite fans to gather at Metro Pizza at the corner of Decatur & Flamingo (4001 South Decatur Blvd.) at 2:00 PM for fun and gourmandizing.

3. VSFA Sunday Social

A great way to finish off a big fannish weekend is a convivial afternoon lunch with a lively cross-section of Vegas Fandom under the sponsorship of VSFA. By happy coincidence, that's exactly what's on the menu at the first VSFA Sunday Social of the New Year.

As usual, it'll be held at the Blue Ox. The staff is helpful, the food is tasty and economical and the company is always pleasant.

Heard Around Vegas Fandom...

Alex Borders, one of the founding members of SNAFFU, is in town for a Yuletide visit with family and friends. There some hope he may be at the 12/13 Southside SNAFFU meeting...

Ayesha Ashley is recovering from a bad reaction to

antibiotics. Her cold hung on, the doctor prescribed and the cure was worse than the disease. She'll be fine by New Years...

Su Williams is headed back East to visit her family in Baltimore for the holidays. She, too, expects to be back in time for the Las Vegas New Year's Eve Open House at the Launch Pad...

Ross Chamberlain, who works at Fry's Electronics Store, is fighting a severe cold and the holiday retail rush simultaneously. He has been unable to attend the last two Vegrants meetings, perhaps the first time since his arrival in Las Vegas that he didn't make two consecutive ones...

Jolie LaFrance, a carpenter by trade, reports the glad tidings that she has taken a day-time job. That means she'll be able to attend more than just a very occasional fan function...

John Wesley Hardin is mulling a move to Kingman, AZ., where he has an opportunity to join his brother's successful plumbing Company. If so, it will actually result in John making *more* Vegrants meetings. Who knows, maybe he'll even bring Earl Kemp with him, too....

Laurie Kunkel hurt her shoulder last Saturday, which kept her from the Vegrants meeting. She's not expected to have any lingering effects...

Teresa Cochran will be in Utah for Christmas, visiting her sister and celebrating the holiday with other family members. She will, however, return in time to see in the New Year at the Las Vegas New Year's Eve Open House.

ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column

Tis the season to be jolly and, evidently, to write

Continued page 15

KJ Annex Bye-Bye Box

As announced in the last *VFW*, Joyce and I have closed our mailbox at the UPS Store — or rather the UPS store closed and took our mailbox with it — and reverted to our street address for snail mail: **909 Eugene Cernan Street, Las Vegas, NV 89145.**

It's the end of a 16-year era. At first we used a mailbox to shield our home from strangers who might see our address in an electronic gaming publication and decide to pay us a surprise visit. We soon found that the lockable pigeonhole was mighty convenient for receiving the huge volume of mail that came to us, including bulky cartons of video and computer games.

Except for bills, fanzines and copies of *Sports Weekly*, we only get a trickle of letters and even fewer packages. With the UPS Store gone, the box is no longer necessary or convenient. So now we'll get our mail from the dinky little mailbox in front of the house. That is, we will if you good folks spread the word about our CoA. We appreciate the help in spreading the news. — Amie



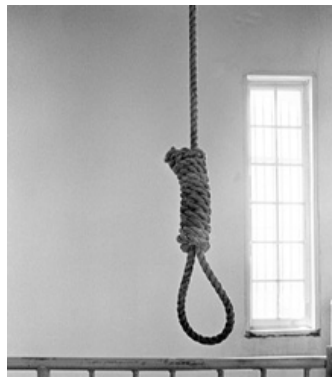
Hanging Around *The Wright Stuff*

In 1986 two Australian citizens, Kevin Barlow and Brian Chambers, were hanged in Malaysia after being convicted of drug smuggling. In June 1993, Queensland Michael McAuliffe was hanged in the same country after having already served eight years in prison for heroin trafficking. And, before dawn on Friday 2nd December 2005, a Vietnamese-born Melbourne man, Nguyen Tuong Van, aged 25, was hanged by the city state of Singapore for drug smuggling. He was arrested carrying almost 400 grams (14 ounces) of heroin at Singapore's Changi airport in late 2002. This latest hanging stirred controversy in and out of Australia. Lawyers, politicians and community leaders, including Pope Benedict XVI, were moved to appeal for clemency.

420 people have been hanged in Singapore since 1991 out of a population of 4.2 million.

That is by far the highest rate of capital punishment in the world.

Just what kind of a State is Singapore? Post-colonial Singapore could have opted for liberal democracy under easygoing Lim Yew Hoek. Instead, strongman Lee Kwan



Yew and his successors have steered it in the direction of benevolent autocracy (euphemistically referred to in the region as guided democracy). The economy was managed by means of statutory boards, such as the Housing and Development Board (HDB). The HDB was established by the first People's Action Party (PAP) government on 1st February 1960 to provide low-cost public housing. The Lands Acquisition Act of 1966 granted the board power to compulsory acquire any private land required for housing development.

Similarly, the Central Provident Fund (CPF) benefited Singaporean citizens by providing them with secure savings for their old age by means of (initially) a 40% compulsory levy on wages. Percentage contributions by workers and employers were varied from time to time, giving the government the ability to control both wages and the economy at large. Citizens had their own limited-access CPF account, which could be used as security for the purchase of a HDB apartment

or for such virtuous expenses as medical bills, college tuition, or to finance a pilgrimage to Mecca. Australian Labor Party luminaries including South Australian premier Don Dunstan found much to admire in the Singapore experiment. No doubt it was the inspiration for Paul Keating's tinkering with Australian income tax law in 1983, via the superannuation system.

In the 1960s the West was obsessed with sex, drugs and rock 'n roll, but most Singaporeans, being very young, were subject to intense discipline. Even permissible hairstyles were ordained. Misdemeanors earned a flogging and mandatory death sentences were routinely pronounced for a variety of serious offences. Ten years ago, in a highly publicised case, Singapore hanged a Filipina domestic worker convicted of killing her employer after enduring years of violent abuse. That is the nature of mandatory sentencing – it makes no allowance for mitigating circumstances.

The Singapore economy relies on thousands of female domestic workers from Indonesia and the Philippines many of whom endure endless domestic violence from unscrupulous employers. Those driven to retaliate by killing their tormentors face murder charges and the gallows. They receive none of the expert legal assistance made available, courtesy of the Australian government, to Nguyen Tuong Van, and they are routinely convicted by the most dubious legal processes. Asian governments like Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, Indonesia and The Philippines hesitate to intervene in each others' internal affairs, even when the vital interests of their own nationals are at stake. That could be about to change, and not to the advantage of Singapore.

Protected by the liberal free market openness that had originally built its wealth and cushioned by a huge pool of local savings, Singapore easily weathered the Asian financial crisis of 1997-98. That was impressive considering the negative effects of strong links to its vulnerable neighbours. But now the economic and social pressures of globalisation are starting to lean hard on the ramparts of the Singaporean City State. The HDB and the CPF are disintegrating in the wake of global investment opportunities and demographic change. True democracy is emerging.

Mandatory death sentencing rules that allow abused drudges and low level drug couriers to be hanged while the most guilty walk free are at last at the blowtorch end of public debate.

— Bill Wright

Carpet Remnants Dick Clarkson

I just got my *Complete New Yorker* set – over 4000 issues on eight discs. Where to start? I recalled Nicholson Baker's powerful 1994 article about libraries destroying their valuable card catalogs, so I typed in "Nicholson Baker" and brought up a title display listing all of his fiction/non-fiction contributions in *The New Yorker*. It also brought up some memories...

In 1988-89, I was doing design and production on NBM's *Wash Tubbs and Captain Easy*, an 18-volume book series collecting Roy Crane's comic strips from 1924 to 1943. Proof sheets had never been saved, so Bill Blackbeard, the series editor, sent me stacks of clipped comic strips from his collection, and I would attempt a restoration of the art on Kodak Ektaprint photocopies.

I say "attempt" because after I saw some of Crane's original art, I realized any salvage job would fall short. Crane was one of the most influential comics creators of the 20th Century, yet his true artistry was lost forever as ink drained into the fuzzy fibers and capillaries of newsprint.

To amass complete runs of comic strips, Blackbeard became a non-profit organization (San Francisco Academy of Comic Art) and went around the country acquiring the bound newspapers that libraries were tossing out after micro-filming. In 1997, he sold his 75-ton SFACA newspaper collection, which filled six moving vans, to Ohio State University. [<http://dlib.lib.ohio-state.edu/cga/>] It was Blackbeard who tipped Baker onto the mass destruction of books and newspapers by the Library of Congress and other libraries, leading to Baker's impassioned attack on the library system, the award-winning *Double Fold: Libraries and the Assault on Paper* (Random House, 2001).

I poked the mouse and started reading Baker's *New Yorker* article, "The Author vs. the Library" (Oct. 14, 1996), about the San Francisco Public Library dumping 200,000 books into landfills. Darkly scanning, I noted Baker's brief description of the McComas Collection of Science Fiction and Fantasy at the San Francisco Public

Library. Dumped? No. Merely consigned to "the squalor of a storage area, near carpet remnants and construction debris" in an "off-site megacrypt... a vast, dusty space under the street." No mention of Boucher, just McComas entombed there.

Science fiction gets a better treatment at the public library in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It has a special area in the stacks with the best hardback sf collection I've ever seen in a public library. It even includes paperback originals rebound into hardbacks with the pb cover carefully glued on the front. Learning that Adolfo Bioy Casares' *The Invention of Morel* (1940) was an influential science fiction novella in France, I wondered if it had ever been translated. I walked to the Cambridge Public Library, and there it was. When I read it, I saw how Casares' story was an uncredited key source of Alain Robbe-Grillet's screenplay for Alain Resnais' *Last Year at Marienbad* (1961), and I later wrote about that curious connection for the Collecting Channel: [<http://www.collectingchannel.com/cdsDetArt.asp?CID=33&PID=2792>].

You never know what you'll stumble across. One day at the Cambridge Library I began idly flipping through a copy of the *Harvard Library Bulletin*, and that's how I learned of Dick Clarkson's death in 1955. Surely the event was covered in some fanzines that year, but I had drifted away from fanzines back then. The entry, a short paragraph about the Dick Clarkson Collection, noted that Clarkson had died while he was a Harvard student, so his father had donated his son's pulp magazines and *Mad* comic books to Harvard. No cause of death was given in the item. I never knew Clarkson, but I remembered him from long-ago letter columns.

The paragraph in the *Harvard Library Bulletin* provoked my curiosity. Was it possible the Dick Clarkson Collection also contained his fanzines? One day I walked over to Quincy Street, entered the Houghton Library and was given a form to fill out. After the required paperwork, I finally was

permitted to enter the library's hermetically sealed Reading Room. I vaguely recall no writing instruments were allowed other than the library's own two-inch pencil stubs minus erasers or some peculiar rule of that sort.

Inside the Reading Room, a dozen students were scribbling away with their two-inch pencil stubs. I walked over to the main desk, and a young lady said, "Can I help you?"

I told her I wanted to see the Dick Clarkson Collection. I waited while she vanished into offices located behind the desk. She returned and said, "The person in charge of that isn't here now."

In later phone calls, I never succeeded in reaching the right librarian, so eventually I just dropped the matter and forgot about it.

I never saw the Clarkson Collection, and I never found out how he had died. Even after an Internet search, his death remains a mystery to me.

But I'm sure some *Vegas Fandom Weekly*



Dick Clarkson, a well-known and popular fan of yesteryear, and his collection are shrouded in mystery. (Photo source: <http://www.cfg.org/history/gallery/mwc/mwc002.htm>.)

reader will fill in the blank.

-- Bbob Stewart

Continued from p 12

entertaining, amusing and intelligent letters of comment to VFW. In that light, I'd better make way for Fandom's best letterhacks!

And as if to prove my point, here's the Sage – he's not just for Glen Ellen any more – with what I feel is one of the greatest letters I have ever received in my 42 years (minus 14 for gafia) as a fanzine editor...

Robert Lichtman

I'm definitely with you in your "Blue Christmas" comments in *VFW* No. 56 that the Sun Records sides Elvis recorded were definitely among his best. I have an RCA cassette tape, "Elvis Presley - The Sun Sessions," which I treasure. It has these tracks: "Blue Moon of Kentucky," "Mystery Train," "Trying to Get to You," "Blue Moon," "Just Because," "I Love You Because" (two versions), "I Forgot to Remember to Forget," "Baby Let's Play House," "I'm Left, You're

Right, She's Gone," "Milkcow Blues Boogie," "You're A Heartbreaker," "I Don't Care if the Sun Don't Shine," "That's All Right," "Good Rockin' Tonight" and "I'll Never Let You Go."

My favorite of all these is "I Forgot to Remember to Forget," so much better than the remake on the flip side of the RCA "Heartbreak Hotel" single, closely followed by "You're A Heartbreaker." This was one of the tapes I took with me in October for my road trip to Seattle, and I played it three times.

Do I get a vote in the Vegas Fan Awards? From your columns in recent issues, I'm beginning to form opinions about at least some of the categories from here in far-oof exotic Oakland, and certainly hope so.

Jumping ahead to *VFW No. 57* and Chris Garcia's note in his letter that he once met Heidi Fleiss, I think it's incumbent on him to invite her to a Vegrants meeting during his upcoming-in-February next visit to your fair town so that her photo in *No. 56* will not have appeared in vain. I feel compelled to add that the \$300 needed to send Joelle to Heidi's ranch could easily be taken, with the approval of fandom of course, from the residual funds in the BBB Fund treasury while still leaving plenty of cash with which to publish Bruce's trip report. The only proviso should be that Joelle write a full account of her adventures.

Elsewhere in "Shock and Awe" you note that Dick Pelletier wasn't impressed when you told him that you knew Jim Benford. "Maybe," you wrote, "I can find a reprint." I would direct you to my own *FRAP No. 4*, the March-April 1964 issue, and the "Happy Jim Benford Chatter" column. If you don't have it (or can't locate it in the moveable feast that's the present state of your collection), here's an excerpt:

MEYER, MEYER, EVERYWHERE

After we moved out to the west coast, Greg and Lichtman started calling everybody "Meyer" in the tradition of Burbee. The name came from a dirty old joke that's been largely forgotten by everyone.

When we moved later, to La Jolla, Greg and I continued calling each other Meyer on occasion. It's hard to explain why, but after it's been used a couple of times, it sort of sticks. Pretty soon, the other students started calling each other Meyer, too. Especially an ultra-Jewish New Yorker, Herb Bernstein. One day, after "Meyer" had been assimilated by several people, we had a seminar. None of us had remembered that one of the professors sitting at the back of the room was named Meir Weger. At the end of the talk, one of the pros turned around and said in a loud voice, "What do you think of that, Meir?" and all the students started laughing.

All except Greg and I; fast thinking fans that we are, we figured it out fast enough not to laugh. But I don't think the faculty is going to figure that one out.

Continuing with "Shock and Awe," do you have *only* one of the two bound volumes comprising the 100th FAPA mailing?

When Shelby wrote in his column in *VFW No. 56* that he "was quite active in Fifth Fandom," I was caught up short. I always have thought of Shelby as a stalwart of Sixth Fandom, as the person who started the "WAW With The Crew in '52" campaign, and whose *confusion* was one of the focal point fanzines of the period along with *Quandry* (although cF started a year later).

But I see that my gut feeling was wrong. On page 96 of *A WEALTH OF FABLE*, in a section on Vernon L. McCain, it is written, "By 1945 [McCain] was letterhacking to prozines. Four years later, he responded to a prozine letter in which Shelby Vick requested correspondents." That aside, I resonated with his comment that "back in the '40's and '50's there was just -- fandom! There were too few of us to split, regardless of how we felt." For the most part this still obtained when I got into fandom in 1958, although at that time there was beginning to be a modest split between fanzine fans and convention fans.

Still, to a large extent many of the people were active in both camps, depending on which hat they were wearing at any given time. And Worldcon attendance was quite small back then. According to figures published in the Worldcon program books over the years, 190 people attended the 1951 Nolacon at which LeeH was revealed to be a *girl* while 322 were at "South Gate in '58." Interestingly, *all* the Worldcons between those two had significantly more attendees.

In John DeChancie's article I read with interest of the Scenic Route to Los Angeles from Las Vegas, but don't think I'll ever try it. I remember the expensive self-park lot at the Marriott where John attended Lo-scon, and was really glad back in 2002 (when I was Fan Guest of Honor at that year's Westercon, held in the same hotel) that among my perks was paid parking. I laughed at John's "This is the first plaque I ever got that wasn't on my teeth," and then wondered if that was original with him.

In "Heard Around Vegas Fandom," I'm looking forward to seeing David Gordon's photo-essay of Lo-scon. Your comment about Shelby posting *Confusion No. 3* on efanzines was incorrect -- as I'm probably not the first to tell you, it was *Interplanetary Stories No. 3* that he put there. And since Aileen made that CD of the new Forman-Wilson digs, she also sent it out as a

huge Word file to various people, including me. I promptly turned her 60MB Word document into an 822KB Acrobat PDF and sent it back to her. She was *happy*!

Like Linda Bushyager, I've occasionally wished that *VFW's* issue number was on the first page for ease of identification, but since I haven't had *Trap Door's* issue number on its cover since the seventh issue -- and then only because cover artist Jay Kinney put it there -- I have absolutely no firm basis for complaint.

Moving on to *VFW No. 57*, one has to wonder what sort of bad karma is plaguing Ruth Davidson that led to her "massive security issue" shutting down the VSFA Web site. Perhaps the ghods are angry with her for leaving town?

Hey, Shelby, you're not the only one who turns his computer off at night. Although it sounds like overall you spend more time on yours than I do on my own, it only makes sense to me to give the machinery a rest when I'm not actively using it. I figure that doing so probably prolongs the overall life of the hardware. I got thirteen years out of my first computer, and have just passed the five-year mark on this one, so both you and I must be doing something right.

That aside, I'm glad to read that you're heeding Cheryl's urgings to write down Things Of Your Past. It certainly will give you a lot of fodder for future columns *and* it's just a good thing to do. I'm grateful that I have my old apazines from the late '50's and through the '60's with writing in them about what I was up to in my teens and twenties, and my more recent ones for the same.

Enjoyed Lloyd's and Rob's accounts of their hassles with their respective pubs, and wish them and their local groups the best of luck in finding a compatible long-term venue.

I've made the necessary changes in your address on my mailing list, and commiserate with you over losing the UPS Store box you've had for over fifteen years. I know what you mean about liking that it wasn't your street address. I had the same concerns about switching from my Glen Ellen post office box of the past two dozen years to a street address, but it would have been a big hassle (and twice as expensive as in Glen Ellen) to get a box at the nearest post office, although it would've meant that Bob Silverberg and I would perhaps occasionally run into one another collecting mail (like I used to run into Redd Boggs and/or Marion Zimmer Bradley occasionally back in the '60s and early '70s when I got my mail at Box 1226, Berkeley).

In your reply to my query about how many issues of QUIP you did, you say, "I think I may've done a 13th issue, but I wouldn't want you to start hunting for it

based on my extremely hazy impression." As I wrote previously, there were issues 1 through 12 plus an issue 11.5, total of thirteen altogether.

Leaping to Google and searching for "katz quip 13," I came up with a line from you in your memorial comments about F.M. Busby in *VFW No. 16*. Of Buz you wrote, "He produced columns regularly over QUIP's 13-issue life." From the horse's mouth, so I believe it.

In the letters, Shelby Vick writes that although he never met Julius Schwartz (and neither did I except in passing at some convention once upon a time), "it was only by happenstance that I met Marion Zimmer Bradley." This cries for a column of explanation!

Hey, I'm caught up again! Bring on the next issue!

Arnie: "*The Sun Sessions*" sounds like a great tape. I'll have to prospect for a DVD version. I first became aware of Elvis about the time he recorded "Hound Dog" when, on a visit to relatives, a teen girl cousin played that and "Don't Be Cruel" for me. She also introduced me to Mad comics. She also attempted to introduce me to sex, but I was pre-pubescent and not quite ready for it.

One Elvis Presley song that particularly interests me, though it is from a little later period, is "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup's influence on Elvis is well-known and obvious, but most don't realize that another of his influences was Al Jolson. His version of this song is essentially the same as Jolie's.

Anyone who reads *VFW* can vote in the Vegas Fan Poll 2006, though it would be best if out-of-towners didn't vote in the "event" and "happening" categories. If enough "friends from afar" cast ballots, I may tabulate them separately to show how the Fandom of Good Cheer is perceived outside southern Nevada. The ballots will be available next week, though I'd like folks to wait until January 1 to cast their votes.

I had both FAPA volumes, but the one that has some of the big postmailings has somehow gone missing. I still have hopes that it'll turn up in the same limbo carton that holds my file of Folly.

Thanks for that nice bit of Jim Benford. Now, if I can coax Greg into doing a little something for *VFW*, there'll be one big smile on my Sensitive Fannish Face, Meter.

As far as putting issue numbers on the front page of *VFW*, I say it's pseudo-Campbell's and I say to Hell with it. Anyone in doubt about numbering can always turn to page two for the colophon.

Here comes another member of the BArea-Vegas Axis, who claims that this is his last letter of comment - but only for *this* year (whew!)...

Chris Garcia

Well, this is the last LoC I'm likely to do until after the New Year, so Happy Everything! I'm looking very forward to a 2006 that will be as full of hyperactive typing fingers as 2005 was!

Hope all goes well for your New Years Party. I've seldom had plans for New Years, and this year, with Gen and I on a leave of absence from our relationship, I'll be looking for something interesting to do. One year, what I called the Best New Years Ever, I watched UFC fighting for six hours and topped it off with a tape of the best of WWF wrestling for the year. I also seem to remember drinking my weight in Moxie and Doc Brown's that my friend back east had sent out.

I think that VFW is easily the most important happening in Vegas history, not just of 2005.

ShelVy says he's computer addicted. That's a shame. There are a lot of treatments that he can try. When my Great Grandma retired at the age of 90 (No kiddin' either, she was the oldest waitress in California they say!) we got her an Apple][computer, which she was on all of the time. She used it until the day she died (at 106) and she had played with the various games (like Solitaire) and even made a database of her hummingbird records. She was addicted, as I never stopped by and found her doing anything but using that damned computer. The idea of writing all the stories of your life is a great one, and one that my Pops has been doing. He's had some brain damage, so there are missing years, and some of the memories that he has don't jibe with my memories of the same events, but it happens. My Grandma never recorded much, but my Great-Great Grandfather on my Dad's side wrote a lot of his exploits (which involved running around the world at point) and if I could read Spanish, I'd find them fascinating!

Nice to see an article from Lloyd. Mr. New Millennium LoC should be writing more articles, since I just love to read his stuff. First Thursdays sound like a lot of fun, especially when Bobby J, Robert Sawyer might stop by.

London Calling, as always, interested, me because I've got little to no idea of anything English Fandom-related. I know some of the names, have even met some of the people, but really, it escapes me. Luckily I get *Banana Wings* and *Meta*, and Frank came back from WorldCon with *Zoo Nation* and *Tortoise* for me to gander over, but that's about all the British zines I get to see, though I've read a *Plokta* or two online that've been entertaining (particularly the stuff by Flick of Guilia deCaeser)

James and Merrick should come up with a great Toner, and I'll certainly be there, making it the first

time ever I'll be at three different cons over three consecutive weekends (Toner, WorldCon, and then the likely VintaCon) I told Merric when I saw him that as long as it's held in a location with Air Conditioning.

That Messages article is great! Someone should Canonize the writer!

Arnie: With three exceptions – Peter Sullivan, Mark Plummer and Rob Hansen – UK Fandom has so far shown an almost supernatural ability to resist the dubious lure of VFW. I'd love to increase the contact between Britain and Vegas, so I am hoping that a few more Brits will participate next year, .

You know, you could come to Vegas for New Years. I happen to know where there's a semi-comfortable guest room.

Well, we could canonize you, I guess, but I don't think you'll like the landing after we fire you out of it.

Now it's time for a promising young fan who is making his first splash in ChatBack...

Art Widner

For a long time ive been a skeptic of the ancient faanish adage that "All nolej is in fandom (or fanzines)", but ive never been able to devise an acid test to disprove it. Now i blv i hav 1. I wd much appreciate it if U wd run that pic of "The Mystery Pin" that i got from Pat Rogers in Abq on my recent trip.

Both U & Robt sort of dismist it as of no consequence, some SFL trivia or whatever. I'm almost sure that it predates the SFL, maybe even fandom itself. I'm sure that if it was any kind of spinoff from SFL, that 4e or Speer or other fen of that era, including yhos, wdv recognizd it. I wd suggest that wherever it comes from, that the person or org that had it made by the St. Louis Button Co, was perhaps conectd to the Rosicrucians or some such, & the fact that "Science" & "Fiction" appear on separate sides of the trianl on the artifact does not necessarily mean that they are connected as "ScienceFiction". I think the presence of the word "Truth" on the 3d side of the trianl is also significant, but Y?

Since VFW has a much bigger circ than my zines, enuf fen may see it, one of whom may tell us where it came from & justify the proverb.

This loc may b the first of what can become a colum, but first i have to consult rich brown & get his permission to use the title of his colum that he rote for YHOS 4 a wile. He cald it "Totem Pole" bcoz it was an *irregular* colum! Ow! Anyhow, if i do the colum, its bound to be irregular, being me & my tendency to go off tarryhootin round the countryside. Besides, Harry Bell (UK artist) sent me a terif illo for it that

keeps sending muffled cries from its drawer: "Use me! Use meeee!" There's only one way to stop the wear & tear on my nerves, short of getting rich to revive the column himself, which doesn't seem likely.

Lloyd Penney's report from Toronto was interesting, but I looked in vain for any mention of Corflu. Disturbing. Was that his smiling face on p. 7? No ID I could find.

Mike Bernstein's report about the discussion of personality & genetics was highly interesting, but leaves out the possible effect of memes. I recommend *The Meme Machine* by Susan Blackmore.

Beg pardon, but I must correct the impression U & Robt give about my attitude toward 1st Fandom. I'm not at all annoyed by associate members coming in. That's Dave Kyle. I don't give a damn one way or the other, although I've pointed out on more than one occasion that us old farts are too tired to do any of the work necessary to keep the org going.

Ray Beam, who was never a "bona fide" member, kept the thing going for ten years or more until the associates started coming in. I say fine, or else just let the thing die. I agree with Robt however, that the \$10 dues are a bit steep due to the youngsters being so over-organized.

Shelvy reminds me that I once or twice met Julie Schwartz & once collaborated with him on our slide shows of eofandom. I still have mine, but Julie's was priceless with a lot of photos of fans & pros from long B4 my time. Can somebody track it down?

I can imagine Burbee smiling up from somewhere down there & giving his blessing to Peter Sullivan, who definitely has the Burbee touch. But who was "The Hi Priestess of Fandom"? I think I remember that the Hi Priestess of FooFoo was Pogo, but that's not the same. Check with Speer.

Are the Daughertys any relation to Walt? Same spelling.

My resurrection from the mafia wasn't from a group. Credit, if you fancy there is such, goes to Harry Andrushak, who was OE of FAPA in 1978, & recruiting at Iguanacon in Phoenix for the suddenly waitlistless outfit. I was just innocently lurking, not thinking that anybody but Rotsler & Alva Rogers knew me. I told Harry OK, I'd rejoin, just to get him off my back, figuring nothing would come of it, but a few months later I was invited & asked for some minutes, so I came up with YHOS 14, #13 having been published in 1945, 34 years ear-

lier. That record stood for some time until Roger Sims revived one of his zines from 35 years B4, just for spite. But I'll get even--I still have *Fanfare & The Fighting Fan* to put him down with.

Arnie: The truth is, I don't have the slightest idea about the origin of that intriguing pin. Does that satisfy the conditions of your test? (I mean, I could've lied and given you a fairly fictionalized account of the club behind the pin.)

My spellcheckers, both software-based and human, are in shock after this bout of simplified spelling. Fandom may have to develop a special-purpose spell-checker just to handle your stuff.

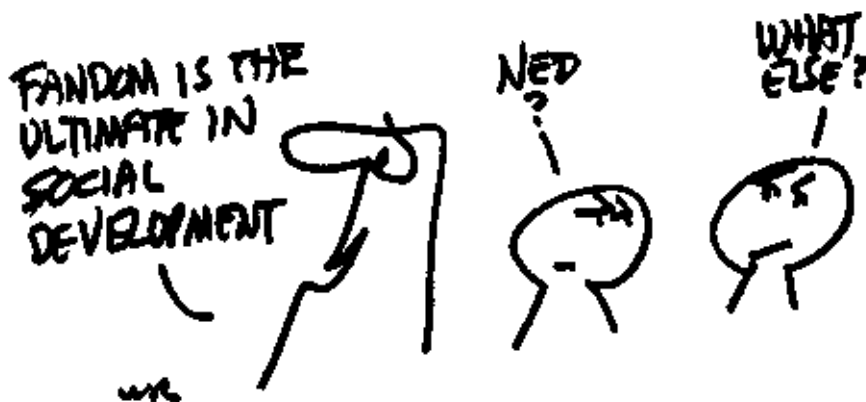
It's always a pleasure to hear from one of the fans who led the way in making ChatBack the lively forum it has become...

Eric Mayer

Seeing another weekly issue of *VFW*, and the incredible (given the lifespan) issue number, reminds me I've been giving some serious thought to whether or not the massive (to me) output encouraged and facilitated by the ease of writing/publishing to the internet is a good thing. For example, my blog is very sporadic, with short entries, yet I've posted almost 60,000 words there this year. How many personalzines would that make?

A lot of what's written for the internet wouldn't have made it into print or even onto typewriter paper in the past, I suspect. It used to be most of my ideas/random thoughts appeared then vanished, unused and forgotten. It was time-consuming even to get an idea down on paper, with a typer and whiteout, let alone stick it in an envelope and mail it to a faned, never mind putting it onto a ditto master, and printing a page, and putting a fanzine together -- and printing supplies and postage were expensive.

Reducing ideas to words and distributing them was difficult, time-consuming and costly. So most ideas just



Contact! Las Vegas Club Directory

Looking for a local group? These are the major ones.

Las Vegrants

Arnie & Joyce Katz,
909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145
Email: JoyceWorley1@cox.net
Phone: 648-5677

Neon Rainbow SF/F Club

No Data Provided

SNAFFU:

Michael Bernstein
Email: webmaven@cox.net
Phone: 765-7279

VSFA:

Rebecca Hardin
Email: hardin673@aol.com
Phone: 453-2989

went free. Now it's so easy to word process and post to the internet that trapping more of those ideas makes sense, or is feasible even if it doesn't make sense.

So most of the words are ones that would never have been written. Nevertheless, I've been writing too much (and you and Chris Garcia may laugh) but I've noticed I've already begun to repeat myself in locs and blogs which is a bad sign.

Maybe I need to get out more. My day is much like Shelby's. It begins with my turning on the computer. Of course I turn the computer off at night. Even machines need to rest. Out here in the woods, particularly in the winter, there isn't much to entice me away from the internet. At one time I would've read more books I guess. But having access to the whole world right on your desk is pretty amazing and not a possibility that figured very large in the sf I recall from my younger days.

Arnie: I agree that disseminating words has never been easier, but I see the new technology as more of an enabler than the root cause of the problem. Historically, many people have failed to perceive a distinction between the ability to type and the ability to write. The need for wannabe writers to find a publisher who agreed with their self-assessment thwarted a lot of sub-standard prose.

What we have now, in the Internet, is the world's biggest (and cheapest) vanity press. While Fanzine Fandom, also a citadel of self-publishing, at least tends to attract literate folks with something to say, I don't

think that is equally true of all the folks who write for blogs, listservs and homepages.

From over the mountain, across the sea, there's a Trufan with an l-o-c...

Mark Plummer

OK, OK, I admit it, you've caught me out in act of hyperbole, claiming that there are only half a dozen fanzine publishers in the UK. Actually there have been about 30 titles in the last year or so, although I guess the number of actual publishers is somewhat lower given that some use more than one title. Or maybe it's higher when you factor in the co-editors -- and I suppose there's all those people who haven't produced anything in years but who might return *any day now*. I mean, if John Hall can do it...? I guess it just feels like there's only half a dozen of us sometimes. I promise not to exaggerate again.

I rather like the way that Toronto fandom have adopted the 'First Thursday' as a meeting date. Thursdays clearly make a lot of sense as they're close to, but not at, the weekend when people are likely to have other commitments. However, I always understood (see, for instance, Rob's Then) that the choice of that day for the London fan meeting was dictated by the fact that Ted Carnell had a half-day holiday every Thursday.

If that's correct then it seems particularly fannish that it has in turn influenced the timing of a meeting

several thousand miles away and 33 years after his death.

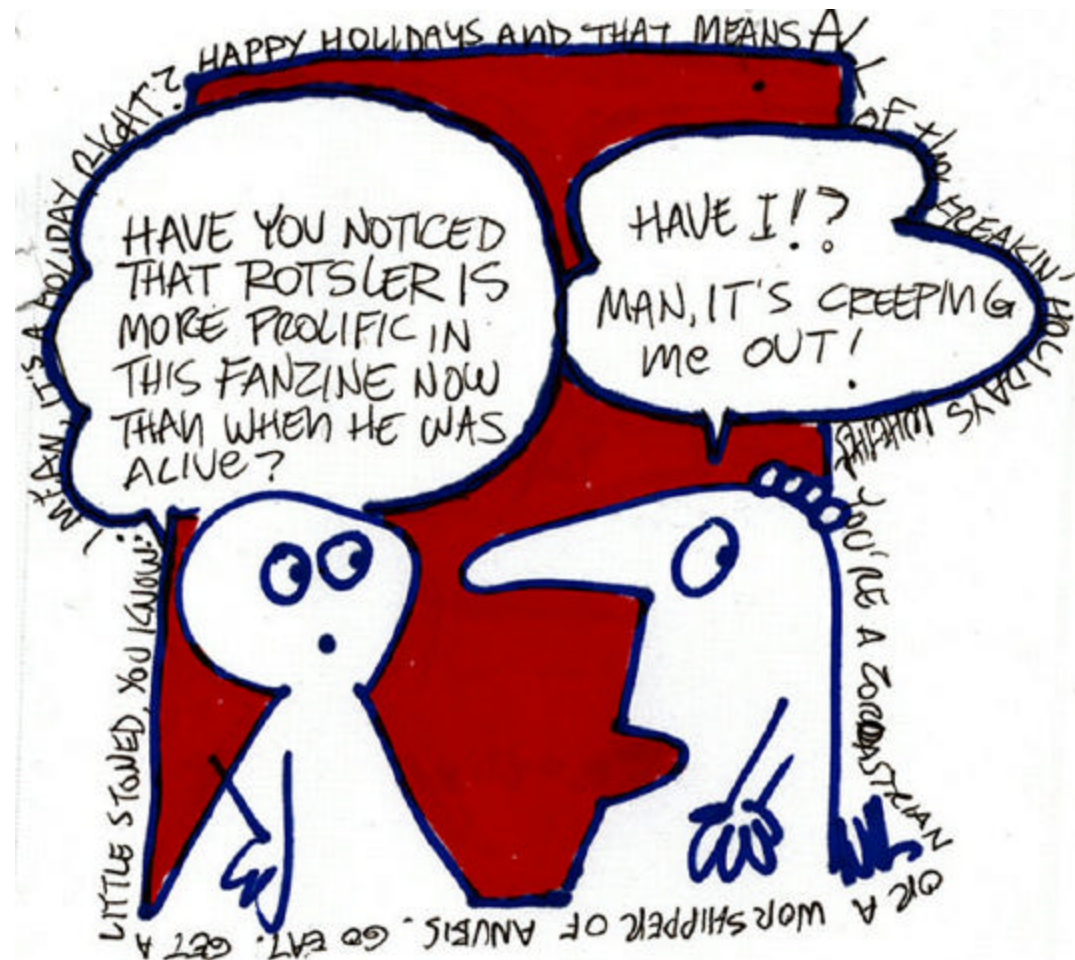
I am also reassured to see that Toronto fandom have continued our tradition of having disagreements with pub management about space that's supposedly reserved for them. Not that I wish these kind of problems on the good people of Toronto, but it's a relief to know that it's not just London fandom thing. A real shame about the loss of our Walkers venue, as reported in *VFW* by Rob. I liked the place, and also the symmetry that brought us to a bar almost exactly on the site of the original venue, The White Horse, just as

the meeting was coming up on its sixtieth anniversary. And curiously it was a sentiment shared by many people who I'd previously assumed to hold a typically British disinterest-bordering-on-contempt in fan history,

Umm, is that really Lloyd Penney in the photo accompanying his article? I met Lloyd at Torcon a couple of years ago and he didn't look like that. Ah, having tried a bit of googling I think you've actually got a photo of Lloyd *Landa* from here: http://www.sentex.net/~dmullin/aurora/past_yrs.html (although Google 'images' claims it's Lloyd Penney).

Arnie: Lloyd pointed out the mistake to me in the

Potshot's Cartoon Theater



kindest possible way in a private email and even supplied a proper photo which you will find on these pages. Your explanation confirms my memory of seeing that picture mistakenly identified as LP online. Next issue, I may start running photos of all the people who aren't our Alan White, James Taylor and David Gordon. I think there's even a college professor out there who horns in on my moniker.

And speaking of the Miss-Identified One, here's the leading letterhack of the Great White North...

Lloyd Penney

As always, it's catch-up time, and given the time of the year, I'm trying now to cram as many locs into the Christmas holidays as possible. I expect few zines, so that means I can catch up with the ones I do have. So, here are some comments on VFW 55 to 57.

55... By now, most should have recovered from the Christmas party on the 10th. Hope it was a great time. We don't have a central club here, but there's enough of a network that has arisen from our Pubnights that someone's got a party going. There's a Christmas Eve party coming up, and we are very much looking forward to it. As much as I like to party, my clothes are shrinking on me, so once the partying is out of the way, and January arrives, my clothes might loosen a bit. What makes clothes do that, anyway?

I've never been to a Westercon, but I've heard they are great parties and conventions. I wonder if it's Bruce and Lea Farr behind the Phoenix in '08 bid? If LV gets it, I'm sure Bruce would help out anyway. He's run a number of World Fantasy Conventions before, including the 2000 WFC we worked on in Montréal.

Hmmm, Ringo Starr as a fan? I've found out about

JoKe's activities, but not Richard Starkey's. I wonder what he did beside go to a few club meetings or perhaps pub one ish. Anyone got more details?

When Keith Soltys and I were involved with the production of our fanzine Torus, we got our letters from Harry Warner, too. Always helpful, informative and friendly, and always got printed, too. I would not want to imitate him, but to emulate him in responding to all zines is a fine idea for anyone to run with. Any further information on the state of Jack Speer's health?

56...I've yet to see the Narnia and Harry Potter movies, but I think the Christmas season will solve that little problem. Just recently on the radio, I heard the Porky Pig version of Blue Christmas. After the deluge of Christmas carols being butchered by modern artists, this was a welcome change and a good bellylaugh. I have to find a station that plays Doctor Demento...

I'm not sure what David Gordon is hoping for at Loscons...at only one convention I can think of did anyone go skinny-dipping in the hotel pool, and it was the committee early in the morning, and hotel management went ballistic. That con never went back to that hotel, and the hotel didn't want them back anyway. Rarely do I see female flesh I'm not supposed to, and that was when I was in masquerades, and both genders shared a common dressing room. Knowing many fans, for every person who I'd like to see take it off, there are at least a couple I'd demand they put it on again.

ShelVy is right:, we are more fragmented than ever, but then, our numbers have grown, as have the interests we could have within fandom. It's a logical progression, if not a popular one. Perhaps there are no more BNFs, mostly because there no one person the fandoms all know. We're all tiny frogs in an enormous pond. If we want some recognition, us tiny frogs have to find smaller ponds, and thereby, fandom is fragmented.

Of course, one name I don't see any more here is Woody Bernardi's. I would have thought he'd become one of your East Coast correspondents. Let's all play a game of Where's Woody? He might show up in Toronto this coming May when Toronto hosts Gaylaxicon for 2006.

57...New Year's Eve is already being discussed, and I am pleased to say that Yvonne and I will have a sumptuous party to go to on the evening of the 31st, and it is just three long blocks north of where we live. We could drive up and stagger back if we wished.

I think that Mr. Glicksohn is amused that fandom is preparing for his forthcoming return to zining. Once this school year is done, watch out,



Here's the real Lloyd Penney, alive and Canadian.

Las Vegas Fan Events Calendar

SNAFFU Meeting December 23 8:00 PM

This formal SF club will have the last “fourth Friday” discussion meeting at its eastside Borders bookstore location. Next month, it’ll be replaced by a dinner/social meeting at a location to be announced.

Las Vegas Fandom New Year’s Eve Open House December 31 7:30 PM

Come for the evening or a stopover as Arnie & Joyce Katz invite all Vegas fans to help them usher in the New Year.

VSFA ‘First Monday’ Meeting January 2, 7:00 PM

A little discussion, a bit a business and a bit of socializing comprise this monthly session of this small, but active group.

LV Futurists/SNAFFU Meeting January 13 6:00 PM

Wil McCarthy will address a joint meeting of the two clubs, plus any other Vegas fans who’d like to see and hear the noted scientist and science fiction author. It will be held at Amanda & Stacy Darling Memorial Tennis Center (7901 W. Washington).

Vegas Fandom Weekly First Anniversary Celebration January 14 2 PM

SNAFFU salutes Vegas’ weekly newszine with a party at Metro Pizza. All Vegas fans — and any roving out-of-towners — are enthusiastically invited..

Sunday Social January 15 2 PM

One of Vegas’ most convivial groups gets together at the Blue Ox for food and chatter.

Las Vegrants Meeting January 21 7:30 PM

The informal invitational Core Fandom club meets on the first and third Saturdays of every month.

you lot... I am not sure he’ll respond to .pdfed e-edition-only zines, but paperzines will definitely get his perusal. I’ll be working on a list of faneds for him to contact.

ShelVy, I don’t play such games on the computer. Takes away from playing Space Cadet Pinball! My high score is about 110 million+, when the game runs out of programme, and freezes up. Your daughter may understand all of this one day.... but not today...

An idea to those who are looking for work...in my previous locs, I’ve stated that I work for BBW, a registration staffing company that is now employing more and more local fans with conrunning experience, including myself. How about LV fans going in the same direction? A quick Google reveals Las Vegas Registration Services Inc. at www.lvrsl.com, (702)893-0329. I am sure that if you have at least some convention experience, LVRSL may be willing to talk to you. As I’ve said before, I’ve been doing this convention volunteer work for a long time; might as well get paid for it, especially if you’re not working. A call to the Las Vegas Convention and Visitors Bureau, or whatever it might be called, will get you leads on other registration staffing companies.

Arnie, if you can’t recall if you did Quip 13, how about doing Quip 14 to end the run, and just say that

the 13th issue may or may not have existed due to the laws of Sturgeon and Schroedinger? (Any excuse on my part to get another zine out of you. As if I have worry about that...)

Chris Garcia has said it, and now, John Purcell says it. What is a Lloyd Penney-type loc? A hastily typed loc that covers several issues at once just to catch up? Much like this one I’m writing? Guilty as charged, m’lud... Think we could persuade Linda Bushyager to resurrect Granfalloon? or any title she wishes, as long as it’s a zine? (See last paragraph.)

All three remaining issues are commented on, so I guess that means that I’m done. Another Lloyd Penney-type loc from me. The big C-day is soon here, as well as the big H, or C, depending on how you spell it, so I hope everybody has just the greatest time. 2006, IMHO, is going to be a big year, so let’s try to get everyone happy, healthy and full-employed so we can afford it all. Take care all, Joyce, get better quicker, and if I don’t get another loc to you, have a great New Year’s.

Arnie: So far, the Las Vegas in ’08 Westercon bid is James and Kathryn Daugherty and some out-of-town con-running friends. I wish them the best, but don’t feel very involved with the idea since neither we nor any other Vegrants are currently connected to it.

I would do another issue of Quip, but only if I could

also coax some of the key original contributors like Ross Chamberlain, Ted White, Steve Stiles and Greg Benford to contribute. And it would be nice to have co-founder Lenny Bailes, former co-editor Lon Atkins and almost co-editor John D Berry in there, too.

I think catch-up locs are a reasonable response to a fanzine that comes out as often as VFW. It's great to get separate letters on each issue, of course, but I love the multi-issue comments just as much.

The idea of Mike Glicksohn limiting himself only to hard copy fanzines is stupefying. Considering that Chris Garcia, Earl Kemp and I are out-publishing (at least in quantity) the entire paper fanzine world suggests that he'll be missing a lot of fun if he avoids Fanzine Fandom's digital doings.

We Also Heard From: Mike Legg, Shelby Vick.

Unaccustomed As I Am...

Those who've been with *Vegas Fandom Weekly* for a while are probably inured to the way each issue ends. Racing for the deadline, I complete the colophon and



when I distribute the ballots in issue #60.

I know this is a busy season for everyone, but I'll be watching the email queue with hope in my heart that, somehow, you'll be able to steal some time to send contributions, news, art and letters of comment.

Having thanked so many for their support and help, I want to say a few words to the Legion of Lurkers: Do not be afraid. Doing something for *VFW* won't compromise your overall indolence. You can do something for *VFW* and still maintain your inert status. In fact, you can use supporting this fanzine as a reason why you're too tired to do anything else. — Arnie Katz

contents box, find that one final cartoon and then vamp like crazy until I've used up all the space in the final text column.

This isn't one of those times.

No, indeed, I have the rare luxury of having a little space. Of course, I'm still rushing toward the deadline, but you can't have everything.

Next issue will be a little special, by the way. I'm going to do a Year in Review of 2005 in Las Vegas Fandom as a kick-off for the Las Vegas Fan Awards Poll, on which I hope you'll lavish 10 minutes or so

In This Issue of Vegas Fandom Weekly...

- Vegas Events This Weekend ::: 1**
- Inside Story ::: The The Last Bastion ::: Arnie ::: 2**
- Katzenjammer ::: Outstanding Fans ::: Arnie ::: 3**
- Now & Again ::: Blame It on the Weather ::: Shelby Vick ::: 4**
- Them Daze ::: Leavenworth Beckons ::: Richard Lupoff ::: 6**
- Potshots ::: My VFW Debut ::: Bill Kunkel ::: 10**
- Fan Mystery ::: The Pin ::: Art Widner ::: 11**
- KJ Annex ::: Bye-Bye Box ::: Arnie ::: 12**
- ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You ::: 12**
- The Wright Stuff ::: Hanging Around ::: Bill Wright ::: 13**
- Carpet Remnants ::: Dick Clarkson ::: Bbob Stewart ::: 14**
- Contact Information ::: 20**
- Potshot's Cartoon Theater ::: Bill Kunkel ::: 21**
- Calendar ::: 23**

... and a ton of news.