

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

Vegas Fan Events This Week

All Quiet on the Fanac Front

(Wait Till Next Week!)

Reminder: Vegrants Alter January Schedule!

Las Vegrants, as in past years, has a different schedule in January than during the rest of the year. The reason is that the New Years Eve Open House always replaced the first Saturday meeting. The second meeting other month will be on the customary third Saturday, January 21.

"That does leave the end of the month a little bare," Joyce Katz observed. In other words, there might be something later in the month at the Launch Pad, but nothing is certain for now.

VSFA Joins the Ranks of the Homeless

Rebecca Hardin, president of VSFA, reports that the formal, open SF club has lost its cozy venue for the "First Monday" business meetings.

According to her announcement, the club decided to skip the January "first Monday" meeting, pending the securing of a new venue. I'm sure that any suggestions and leads would be most welcome.

VSFA held a post-New Year's lunch at Claimjumpers on Monday 1/2. VFW hasn't yet received a report on this event, but I remain hopeful that one of the VSFA's will describe it for us in the next issue. **SNAFFU Sets First Dinner Meeting**

The first "fourth Friday" SNAFFI Dinner Meeting will take place at Lotus of Siam (953 E. Sahara near Maryland Pkwy) on January 27 at 7:00 PM.

Here is, in part, what organizer Linda Bushyager has to say about this new direction for the area's oldest science fiction club:

"Friday, January 27 be the first 4th Friday Dinner with SNAFFU meeting .It will be held at Lotus of Siam. If we can get more than 10 people, we might get a semi-private area. If not, we will be in the main area

"I will be asking for RSVPs so we can make a reservation .You can reach me for RSVPs and other info at LindaBushyager@aol.com or 702-873-7930.

"Please RSVP by Jan. 21. If you are uncertain at that time, send me a "maybe" RSVP which you can update later. Dinners are open to SNAFFU, Las Vegrants and VSFA members and former members, out-of-town, along with family and friends (no small children, please).

"Lotus of Siam has a website [_http://www.saipinchutima.com/](http://www.saipinchutima.com/) with menu and other information. Lotus of Siam is totally non-smoking, and a fairly central location. It has a reputation as the best Thai restaurant in town and prices are very reasonable.

"If you are low on money, you can always join us and either not eat, or just order a soup or appetizer."

Vegas Fans Produce Oneshot!

After almost a decade, Las Vegas Fandom has again gone into the Oneshot Fanzine business. *The Glitter City Gangstas #1* is the first oneshot done in southern Nevada since the final, 60th, issue of *The Vegas All-Stars* over a decade ago!

TGCG was entirely written during the Las Vegas Fandom New Year's Open House at the Launch Pad on 12/31. (We did fudge a little; we made special provision for Teresa Cochran and a few of those who couldn't be with us that night to add something to the finished fanzine.)

TGCG will be available in electronic form later this week. It will be posted at efanzines.com and SNAFFU.org.

The next one? Well, the first was hopeful enough to encourage us to try it again, perhaps some time in January.

Big Weekend '06 (Mark One) Hits Next Weekend!

Just about the time you've recovered from the New Year's Eve Open House 00 it'll take the full two weeks if you do it right — it'll be time for Big Weekend '06 (Mark One). A happy accident of the calendar, plus some terrific organizational work by David Gordon and Roxanne Gibbs has clustered three major events on Friday (1/13), Saturday (1/14) and Sunday (1/15).

Here's what's scheduled for the Big Weekend:

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 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 North Rainbow Blvd) on Friday, January 13 at 5:30 PM.

VFW First Anniversary Celebration (Saturday, 1/14)

SNAFFU, and Yours Editorially, invites Las Vegas fans (and

Inside Story Voice Your Choice

In the next few days, the ballot for the 2006 Las Vegas Fan Awards Poll will be available by whatever method you receive *Vegas Fandom Weekly*. The Poll, the first of its type ever conducted in the Las Vegas fan community, is a way for all of us to salute our fellow Vegas fans and recognize their fanac for the year 2005.

This is the first year for the local Poll, but the idea is hardly new to Fandom. Currently, Fanzine fans vote in the annual Fan Achievement Awards poll and salute the winners at each year's Corflu banquet. What makes this poll different, and thus worthy in its ownright, is that it focuses exclusively on our own beloved Glitter City.

Though the Poll is primarily for Las Vegas Fandom, fans outside Clark County are not completely left out. They may vote in three of the six categories: Outstanding New Las Vegas Fan, Outstanding Addition to Las Vegas Fandom and Outstanding Las Vegas Fan. (The latter category will be tabulated separately for Las Vegans and non-Las Vegans.)

The ballot will incorporate a reprint of the articles I've done that highlighted some of the top nominees in each category. That doesn't mean you can't vote for exactly who or what you want. Self-voting is forbidden, but write-ins are absolutely fine.

Since there are only six categories, it won't take more than a few minutes to fill out a ballot (electronic or hard copy, as you choose) and return it to me by the deadline (which you'll find on the ballot itself). There'll be a special publication to present all the results and honor all the high finishers with special mini-essays.

Spread some egoboo among your friends — vote in the 2006 Las Vegas Fan Poll!

— Arnie

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. (I will try not to cry.)

Hosts of the event, 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.

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.

Joyce Katz plans to make this her return to the Socials after a several month absence caused by her manifold medical problems of the last few months.

3. VSFA Sunday Social (1/15)

A great way to finish off a big fannish weekend's a convivial

Continued on page 10

Vegas Fandom Weekly #60, Volume 2 Number 6, January 5, 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, Linda Bushyager, Rebecca Hardin and Joyce Katz

Art/Photo Credits: David Gordon (6), Alan White (8), James Daugherty (9)

Columnists This Issue: Dick Lupoff, John DeChancie, Jack Avery.

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at the SNAFFU site and at efanazines.com. No newly punctual faneds 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!

She Hit Me! Katzenjammer

We may go along, living our innocent lives, and be totally unaware that dreadful brutality may be mere seconds away — and it often comes from a completely unexpected direction.

Lightning strikes the wicked and the just, alike. I know this. Even though I'm one of the Totally Blameless, I have experienced life's problems. Therefore, I know that the innocent suffer right along with the guilty.

So, in a larger, philosophical sense, I was not surprised by what happened or even that it happened to me. I understand how such a truly shocking thing could befall *me*, even though I am practically a living saint.

What surprised me was the suddenness, the mercilessness, the utter lack of provocation. I mean, I say and do things all the time that have the potential to call forth *someone's* wrath, so I was not prepared for an attack when I was being relatively well-behaved.

And preparations is everything. The Great Houdini, who could get out of a straitjacket inside a milk can filled with water, was killed, because a young boy hit him in the stomach when he didn't have time to tense his muscles to absorb the blow.

It was in just such a state of defenselessness that I became a victim of brutality.

I was sitting in the dining room during the Las Vegas Fandom New Year's Eve Open House, talking about Old Time Radio with Billy Mills, when Luba Anderson, resplendent in her glittery New Year's Eve outfit, approached from the kitchen,

Just as she joined us, a fan swooped down on the delectable shrimp that James & Kathryn Daugherty made for the party. The fan paused in mid-feeding frenzy to remark, "What a lovely shrimp!"

I confess that in a moment of weakness, I succumbed to temptation. In my defense, I get so few straight lines since Ken Forman, Ben Wilson, Aileen Forman, Cathi Wilson, Tom Springer and Tammy Springer are no longer here to feed them to me and the New Generation is just acquiring this skill.

I looked at the diminutive Luba, a veritable vision, and said, "You're the loveliest shrimp."

"I've heard them all," she said, giving me a smoldering Russian look. With me sitting down, we are almost the same height, so her sizzling gaze had more-than-usual effect.

"Now, Luba," I reminded, "I was just kidding. I mean, you look like my very own mother."

"Do you have a photo of your mom?" Merric Anderson asked, joining the conversation.

"That wouldn't do any good," I explained. "Luba doesn't look like her now. She looks like her when she was the same age as Luba is now."

Luba was smiling at me again by this point, so I figured I would evade repercussions from my "small" joke. It was going to be a good night.

And *that's* when it happened.

Suddenly, I felt the right side of my head explode. My whole skull vibrated from the impact of what I immediately diagnosed as a vicious backhand smash to the side of my head.

I'm not used to getting hit in the head. To be more precise, people stopped hitting me in the head after I got hit in the head with a bowling ball and a batted baseball — not in the same incident, I hasten to add.

Since the baseball blinded me in the left eye, my mother was understandably nervous about my right orb. As a result, she frequent told people not to hit me in the head. Whether or not this made any of those people think it was all right to hit me somewhere else is hard to tell, because my size discourages most casual impulses to pick a fight with me.

I am absolutely certain that my mother gave this instruction to Joyce when they met, so imagine my surprise when I turned to face my assailant, that it was the High Priestess Herself.

I appealed to the others, who confirmed my complete innocence. I would've felt more vindicated if my head wasn't still twanging.

The next day after the party, I complained to my wife about the way she'd clobbered me. "My mother wouldn't like you any more if she knew," I admonished. I could see that her confidence in my mother's affection had grown so strong that my veiled threat cut no ice. Well, it had been worth a try.

"The worst thing is that you did it by surprise, from behind!" I told her.

"Oh, all right," she said, every word dripping with Insurgent condescension. "I promise the next time I hit you, I'll scream so you know it's coming."

Oh what perfidy is here revealed to the trained ear of the investigative journalist! She is already planning her next attack!

Please, fans, save me from this Unjust Spousal Abuse! Send Joyce an email today!

— Arnie

Them Daze Is That the Czar?

Okay, my friend, I know that you're not seriously contemplating enlisting, no less that you're going to wind up playing the role of a junior officer in the United States Army (or any other branch of the military). But I'm going to tell you the two most important lessons that you'll need to know, should that unlikely situation come about. And even if you stay in the civilian world, I suspect that there are applications of those principles in everyday life. Here are the lessons:

1. If you want to survive, get the sergeants on your side. The sergeants run the Army.
2. Having assured your survival by getting the sergeants on your side, if you want to be comfortable, get the warrant officers on your side.

A lot of young lieutenants haven't learned those lessons. They went to West Point or they came through ROTC and they think they are big shots. Right. The Pointers are the worst. They regard themselves as the elite of military leadership. But they make up only a fraction of the officer corps, and their arrogance and cliquishness is offensive.

A good friend of mine nowadays had been a grunt in Vietnam. We've talked about these things, and he told me that he knows exactly the kind of officers I'm talking about. A lot of them wind up fragged. If you don't know that that means, ask me some time. Not that my pal ever fragged an officer. At least not that he'll talk about. But somebody sure did.

The best officers, at least in my experience, are those who served as enlisted soldiers before they became officers. This may be special pleading on my part. I had reached the exalted rank of corporal as a reservist while still attending college. When I became an officer and wound up in the Army for real, I never forgot that ordinary soldiers, even buck privates, were human beings, too. I treated them that way, and it paid off for me.

So here I am assigned to Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana. I'm on the duty roster along with all the other military people on the post.

There's an Officer of the Day, Sergeant of the Guard, Corporal of the Guard, and so on. They're on duty for twenty-four hours and play a role two parts night watchman and one part stand-by emergency commander.

I hadn't been an officer for very long, and I was very young, but I had already established pretty good rapport with the enlisted soldiers I had to deal with.

And I'm today's Officer of the Day.

I'm sitting in the main office and classroom building of The Adjutant General's School, drinking coffee. I'm all of twenty one years old and I've been in the Army for a few months. The Sergeant of the Guard is nearby, similarly occupied. He's an ancient character, maybe thirty five years old, and he's been in the Army for seventeen of them.

The building is locked. There are a few offices in it, and some of them contain classified materials, all of them safely locked away.

Somebody is ringing the doorbell. The sergeant goes and lets them in. It's two guys in civilian clothes. They announce that they're here for a security check. We are to show them the secure spaces where the classified materials are kept. I exchange a few words with them and tell the sergeant to show them what they want to see.

He looks at me and says, "What? Pardon me?" He leans over and says, "Okay, Sir, I understand."

To the two guys in civvies he says, loudly, "The lieutenant has instructed me to demand that you show your ID and your authorization to be here."

The two guys fish out their ID cards and papers and show them. They're kosher, okay. But if I'd let them poke around classified stuff without first verifying that, my hindquarters would have been on the grid-dle, you can be sure.

I always have been too trusting.

That sergeant saved me.

As for warrant officers – hey, do you even know what a



This is not Richard Lupoff or Robert Lichtman... I think.

warrant officer is? In the military, he's an odd bird. He doesn't hold a commission, he holds a warrant. No, I don't know the difference either. He has a different kind of eagle on his cap and he has a funny-looking enamel bar on his collar. He gets saluted by enlisted soldiers; in the military pecking order he's technically higher than a top sergeant and lower than a second lieutenant, but if you know what's good for you, you treat him with respect. But you don't call him *Sir*. You call him *Mister*. I never knew a female warrant officer, but I guess she would be entitled to *Miz*. Or maybe *Madame*.

Warrant officers do all sorts of specialized work. At my post, a warrant officer named George Angers ran the personnel office. We were friends. He drove a Studebaker Hawk of which he was inordinately proud, and gave me several terrifying demo rides in that car. When my eighteen months of second lieutenant hell were nearly over, I dropped in on Mister Angers and asked about getting my promotion to first lieutenant.

"Let me look," he said. He opened a file cabinet, rifled through some folders, and went pale. "Oh, my gosh, nobody sent in the papers." He slumped into his chair. "Don't worry," he told me, "I'll take care of this."

And he did, and I got my promotion. On schedule.

Since I was a faculty member, I had to get materials duplicated – handout stuff, syllabuses, tests. We had an on-site print shop run by a warrant officer named Lowell Beverly Frazee. Pronounced *Fruh-ZAY*. He admitted that his name was a little bit unusual, and quoted a new acquaintance as telling him, "I know what Lowell is, it's a town in Massachusetts, and I know what Beverly is, it's another town in Massachusetts, but what the hell is a Frazee?"

Mr. Frazee looked like a timid soul but he had the heart of a biker and dressed in black leather jacket, rolled-up jeans, and biker boots off duty. He commuted to and from work on a gigantic Harley hog. He had served in the Army of Occupation in Japan after World War Two. While there he had met and married a White Russian woman whose family had been in Japan ever since fleeing the Soviet Revolution.

From time to time I would visit Mr. Frazee's print shop and fill out a requisition form, asking for twenty copies of this document or fifty copies of that one. The form wasn't long or complicated, but there was a fifteen-day advance notice required on print jobs. That made a problem, especially for as improvident a person as I am.

Mr. Frazee and I became pretty good friends after a while. I'd come by to drop off a requisition or pick up an order, and he'd offer me a cup of coffee and invite me to sit down and chat. He asked if my name was

Russian and I told him that it was, my paternal grandparents had come to the United States from Russia back around 1900. After a while Mr. Frazee invited me over to his house for dinner.

I showed up bearing some kind of little gift – a box of chocolates or a bouquet, who remembers after fifty years? – and was admitted. I sat in the Frazees' parlor and we chatted for a while. Mrs. Frazee's English was only fair and I was having a little trouble keeping up a conversation with her until I spotted a little framed portrait hanging on the wall.

It was a picture of a gentleman with a neatly trimmed beard, sitting stiffly upright. He bore a striking resemblance to England's King George V, and he was wearing a military uniform with a sash and all sorts of spangles and decorations and gewgaws on it but the uniform was an odd powder blue color and the whole thing looked slightly off-kilter to me.

I asked Mrs. Frazee, "Is that the Czar?"

Oh, my God, the dear woman all but threw herself on my chest, sobbing happily. She was grateful that her husband had brought home this fellow whose family not only came from Russia, but he actually recognized a portrait of the Czar! Where did my ancestors live? I wasn't sure, but I thought Odessa. And what had they done? My paternal grandfather was a circuit-riding rabbi who used to take his little daughter – my grandmother – with him in his *droshke* to visit congregations all over Russia.

Hey, the dinner was a total success and the next day at work Mr. Frazee was beaming. After that I could do no wrong. If I needed a rush print job he would say, "Sit down and drink some coffee while I have my people do it for you. Would you like a Danish pastry while you're here? Donut? Roll?"

Mr. Frazee found out that I was a regular reader of *Mad* magazine, and particularly fond of Don Martin's cartoons. One day the phone on my desk rang and it was Mr. Frazee calling. He said he had something for me and needed to see me at once. Fortunately I was between classes so I headed right over to the print shop. It was only a five minute walk.

When I got there he handed me a box of personalized stationery that he'd made up for me, complete with a bootlegged Don Martin cartoon on every sheet of paper. I don't know how many Army regulations he violated to do that, not to mention infringing on Don Martin's copyright, but it sure was fun. I wish I had some of that stationery now, but I used it all up back in the 1950's.

Them sure wuz the daze.

— Richard Lupoff

High Risk

A Wayward Child's Christmas in Pittsburgh

I hadn't been back in the old hometown for Christmas for about three years. I no longer celebrate the holiday myself, but there was one festive aspect I missed, and that was the traditional Italian Christmas Eve "Seven Fish" dinner. Used to be Xmas Eve was a day of abstinence for Roman Catholics: no meat. It is no longer; nevertheless many Italian families still do a traditional meatless dinner. It is not out of any spirituality; they do it because it tastes so darn good.

There are a number of variations, but for the most part the meal consists of five courses: appetizers, pasta with fish sauce, salad, fried fish, and dessert. The appetizers range from raw and pickled vegetables to Italian cold cuts, dips, etc. Almost anything will do for this course but lettuce. The pasta sauce is tomato-based and has fish, usually squid or shrimp or both, cooked in the sauce itself—the pasta can be any size or shape. (Some families may do white clam sauce here, but to my mind the idea is to cook fish in tomato.)

The salad usually emphasizes Romaine with European greens including arugula. The fried course consists of a medley of as many kinds of fish as you can gather; for instance, cod, shrimp, smelt, squid, sole, flounder, and haddock. Why seven fishes? It represents the Seven Sacraments or something like that. The Seven Deadly Sins? I kinda doubt that last, but it's

definitely seven significant spiritual things.

Now, you don't have to have exactly seven, if you don't want to splurge. Fresh seafood is expensive. And if you want to throw in stuff that's technically not fish but seafood—clams, oysters, mussels and such, that's perfectly okay (and these can go in the sauce, too).

By this point in the meal, you are stuffed, and will be very lucky to have any room left for Christmas pastries served with espresso (or any good coffee).

Well, I had all the above at my brother Dave's house. I don't think he scored a seven on the fish count. It was squid, shrimp, cod, smelt, and scallops, I think. Five out of seven ain't bad. The weather had turned mild, soaring to a sweltering 50 degrees F., so he did the frying in the backyard to save the house from the reek of hot oil. The neighbors must have been wondering what the hell, though. Is he frying fish out there? Christmas fish? You gotta be kidding. Yes, fish, neighbors (what, you have a problem with that?), and it's delish. You should try it sometime. You'll like it. I guarantee it. I loved it, and it made the entire trip worthwhile.

You're saying, but what about the cholesterol, and all those carbs? Hey, it's only once a year.

Fahgeddaboutit!

— John DeChancie

Is This Farewell Elizabeth Bear?

David Gordon reports that he had lunch with Elizabeth and Kip Bear last week.

They mostly celebrated Elizabeth's success and, maybe, said "good-bye" to her tenure as a Las Vegas professional SF writer.

According to David, who also supplied the photo of Elizabeth with her John W. Campbell Award, she is going to relocate soon. Since she is a VFW recipient, maybe she'll tell us about her near-future plans..



Pulp-itations At Large

Lacking historical context and image quality, “Pulp Magazine Cover Artwork” at the Clark County Library Gallery is a disappointment.

The display of pulp art cover images gathered by Las Vegas screenwriter Jennifer Weber closes January 10 at the Clark County Library on Flamingo Road.

The art, which includes reproductions of covers from such science fiction pulps as *Thrilling Wonder Stories* and *Weird Tales*, is interesting to look at. It’s nice to see that a public institution considers these images to be artwork.

However, no information accompanies this display. Unless one is well versed in the history of pulp fiction, the exhibit is just a bunch of images without meaning.

The selection and display of the images is also lacking in any sort of meaning; cover images from the 1930s are next to covers from the 1950s, covers from detective pulps are next to covers from science fictions pulps, and covers from major artists are next to covers from lesser artists. The covers did not seem to be chosen for their importance: while the *Shadow* image in the exhibit is one of the most famous Rozen covers, the *Weird Tales* covers, although by Margaret Brundage, are not the most significant ones she did for the magazine.

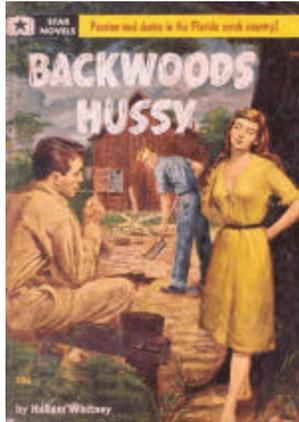
The images are also not representative of the importance of the pulp titles. There is an image from *Nick Carter* for example, but no *Doc Savage* cover. It’s hard to understand why a cover from a lesser Street and Smith hero pulp is included over one that has much more historical and literary significance. Similarly there is no *Black Mask* cover included and I don’t recall seeing any covers from *Astounding* either. Pulps from the Thrilling group seem over-represented based on the rather second-tier status of that publishing company.

Genres represented are limited also, there are no western pulps, no love pulps, sports pulps or air war pulps. And the great general pulps are also missing: *Argosy*, *Adventure*, *Blue Book* and *Short Stories* most notably. There are no pulps from before the 1930s, so titles such as *Popular* and *Top-Notch* are also missing.

If a few comments on each piece had been included, it would have made the exhibit much better. At a minimum, I would have liked to have seen the date each piece was originally published, the publishing company, the artist where known and a bit about why this particular image was selected.

In order to understand what one is seeing, one would need to know the history of the pulps and something about the era in which these were published. Without that minimum, the art is merely a curiosity.

The most glaring omission is that nowhere is it de-



scribed what a pulp magazine is. By only showing the covers, this exhibit, ignores the most important facet of pulp magazines: the fiction that they contained. While interesting to look at, these images were just to attract the reader to the real product sold by the pulps: exciting stories.

The image quality is also not very good. These images appear to be taken from low-resolution scans. In several there is a noticeable moiré pattern and none of these is of a high enough quality to discern the subtleties of the artists work. Colors are also not true to the original, several are shifted significantly into the yellow range.

Most of the images are on display on the second floor near the check out area, but there are also covers in another hallway location deep into the library. There is no mention of the additional images and where they can be found displayed in the main area, so if you go to see the images, be sure to seek out these hidden items.

Another error is that several covers included are not of pulp magazines, but rather of “true-crime” titles such as *Headquarters Detective*. While you can debate whether the contents of these is fiction, they are not considered real pulp magazines.

In the end, the exhibit is mildly interesting if one already knows what one is looking at, but anyone who does have the knowledge to appreciate the artwork probably already has much better pulp cover reproductions in the various books by pulp art scholars (and fans) such as Robert Lesser and Frank Robinson. Both Lesser’s *Pulp Art* and Robinson’s *Pulp Culture* are in the Clark County Library System’s catalog, although not at the Flamingo branch. It would have been a good idea to have copies of these two books available at the library for patrons who wanted more information.

A quick perusal of the comment book shows that most people are appreciative of the images shown, although one person objected to having such prurient images in an area where children could see them. Considering that the display deliberately avoided the most lurid covers, those of the hot pulps, weird menace and Spicy titles, I don’t think there’s much merit to the objection.

And then there’s the best comment from an appreciative viewer:

“Great, in Iowa all the pictures are of cats.”

— Jack Avery

The pulp paperback cover above is a reduced-size and lower-resolution version of the cover art available from Nathan Shumate of PulpoftheDay.com. His email is: (nathanshumate@coldfusionvideo.com).

Las Vegrants A Vegrants Christmas

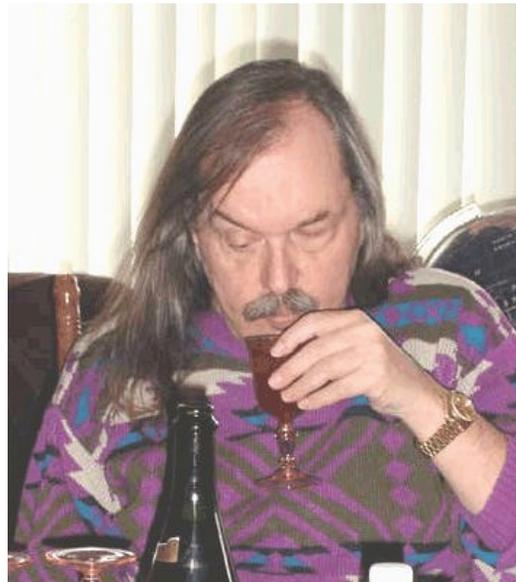
As they have for the last 35 years, Bill Kunkel and the Katzes got together for Christmas dinner on December 25th. The locale has changed twice, moving 3,000 miles in the process, and some of the other guests have changed, but the dinners have continued in an unbroken series since 1971.

This year, besides the aforementioned trio, guests were Laure Kunkel, James Taylor and Alan & DeDee White.

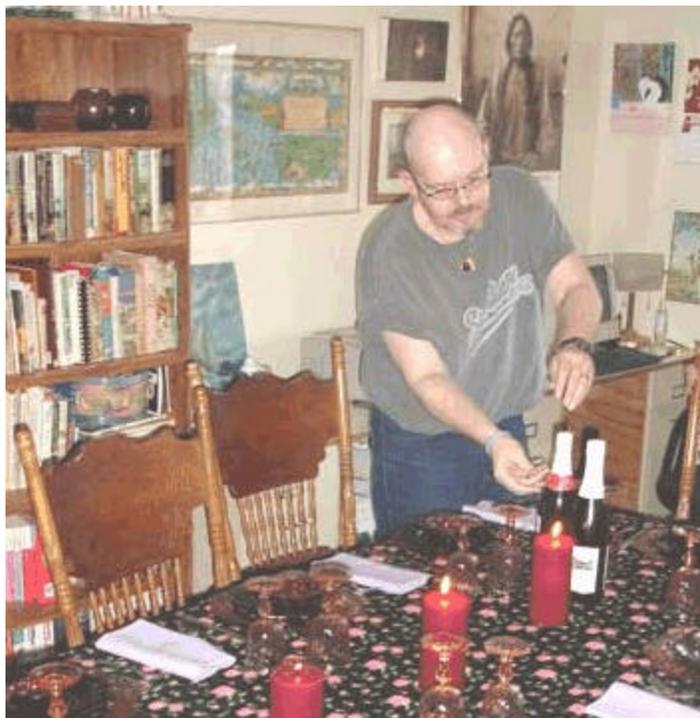
Her continuing recuperation from surgery kept Joyce from doing her customary, mammoth cooking, but the sliced turkey from Mountain Ham went well with the array of side dishes. DeDee and Laurie helped with the final preparation, though everyone pitched in one way or another.

Although we didn't put up our traditional living room Christmas tree, the elves (who I looked suspiciously like Michael Bernstein, Roxanne Gibbs and James Taylor) left tons of goodies and a beautifully decorated tabletop tree (*shown below*) that definitely helped create a Yuletide mood for the seven fans.

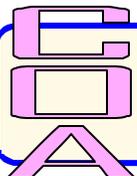
— Arnie



Arnie Katz takes the Taste Test. His hair was perfect.



Bill Kunkel helps get ready for dinner by ioening the cider in the living room of the Launch Pad.



The snail mail address for Arnie & Joyce Katz is now 909 Eugene Cernan Street, Las Vegas, NV 89145. Mail is still being forwarded from the old address, but it won't be for long, so please alter your mailing lists.

Christmas Party '05! UFAAction

The most wonderful thing about fandom is their willingness to throw themselves into a task when help is needed. First there was the advance team baking cookies for the Holiday Party on Thursday.

At one point we had five stations going at once. Even Roxanne, an expert baker, came out to give us a hand. But fans do not live by cookies alone and parties require a good deal of advanced preparation. James got the tree by Friday afternoon for the Saturday party-plenty of time.

On Saturday afternoon we brought in more tables and chairs and looked for platters for serving. That left only the inside and outside decorations to do and all the food to pickup or prepare. As we went out to pick up food and last minute items on Saturday I knew we were running out of time. James was outside putting up the last of the outside lights and I had just started putting out some of the food when our first guests arrived,

James Taylor and Teresa Cochran. James Taylor took care of setting up the SNAFFU bar and Teresa kept me company in the kitchen. But there was still more to do. Luckily more people were arriving and as they came in, I put them to work.

James Willey and Mindy Hutchings asked if they could help and I asked if they could peel hard boiled eggs for deviled eggs. They accomplished that task with élan and then asked for more. I handed them some mayonnaise, mustard, and hot sauce and let them whip up some delicious deviled eggs. Meanwhile many more people, such as Michael Bernstein, were putting rolls and smoked salmon on platters and cutting cubes of cheese.

Everyone helped and soon all the food was arranged on tables and counters and people could start serving themselves. The Honey-Baked Ham and Smoked Turkey were the main centers of attraction, but there

was plenty of good treats for all. And when people were ready for dessert, there were not only cookies, but also wonderful Chocolate Bark and fudge made by Lori Forbes. Endless Christmas carols from XM radio provided a lovely background.

Although it was chilly outside, Teresa Cochran was determined to use the steaming hot tub. She braved the few yards between the house and the hot tub and we even have the pictures to prove it.

But the centerpiece of the evening was the always popular alien auction. The colorful packages were arrayed on a table in front of the living room fireplace. The printed numbers were pulled from a bowl and the first person opened the first package. The most popular item seemed to be a book about cheating on poker along with a portable set of poker chips. It got stolen several times, but when I lost the wonderful DVD with three Japanese monster movies, I stole the poker set from Merric Anderson, because my husband had lost it to him. Kent Hastings was very pleased to walk away with the roaring King Kong (complete with tiny people). The after auction trading was fast and furious. James Stanley ended up with a DVD of Mars Attacks.

But the evening didn't end there. There was some animated poker playing. There were a lot of conversations about conventions, books, movies, and everything in between. When the last guest left at 1 am, we were very pleased to see that everyone had a good time. We hope to do this again next year.

-- Kathryn Daugherty



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

SNAFFU:

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

VSFA:

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

Continued from p 2

ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column

I didn't give folks a lot of time to respond between issues this time, but many of you answered the call. Let's not waste time on palaver, when there's so much to discuss.

My bungling overlooked his letter, which should've run last issue, but it does give me the opportunity to make him the first LoC this time...

Peter Sullivan

You're probably in the throes of preparations for the New Year's party, but I wanted to get what will probably be my 78th and last LoC of the year off and sent.

Hmm, I can see myself finishing 5th (or even lower if there's some write-ins) in the Outstanding Non-Vegas Fan category. In fact, as the only one listed who hasn't been to Vegas (in a fannish capacity, anyway) I jolly well deserve to be. Of course, the value of awards like this is debatable, but I think that your intention to "extol and discuss all the top finishers" is the way to go. A way of turning a dry list of scores into a personal commentary on The Year in Fandom.

Bill Kunkel's restaurant reviews reminded me of my time as a traveling computer consultant. One of the few positives of the nights away was the frequent opportunity to eat out, and on someone else's dollar.

The most important rule was to never eat in the hotel restaurant itself. The few times I broke this self-imposed dogma, I nearly always regretted it. In getting out of the hotel, there were a few national chains that I used so often I virtually learned their menus off by heart. But if I could get someone to recommend a good local steak house or pasta place, that was always worth a look.

I noticed that you carefully avoided identifying the High Priestess of Fandom to Art. I couldn't remember which of the various Katz fanzeens I had picked this up from – but some research today proved it was from *The Sweetheart of Fanac Falls* (available from an efanzines.com website near you!). Actually, re-reading

more carefully, it appears it wasn't Bruce who coined the original phrase after all. But then who says that faan fiction has to be accurate in the first place?

On real-life people with the same name as famous fans, the main example of this I've come across is when I was quoting something that Theodore H. White, author of the Making of the President series of books, said. I suddenly realised that it might be wise to point out that this was *not* "our" Ted White I was referring to.

Arnie: I don't think a lack of a Sullivan visit will hurt your standing among the Vegas cognoscenti. When I think back to legendary ambassadors of ill-will like Abby Frost, I am not sure that visiting is automatically an advantage.

Ted Pauls, weighing in on the side of Bruce Gillespie in a circa-1971 attack, called Joyce "The High Priestess." It was part of an attack that alleged that Joyce had destroyed science fiction. We thought it was so ridiculous that we began to call her the High Priestess of Brooklyn Fandom. Now she has enlarged her domain to encompass all of Fandom. You're all sooooo lucky.

And here comes another high-class (relative) newcomer, with a "sort of loc" from the BArea...

Chris Garcia

I've been having a bad couple of days. Ever since I heard that Big-Hearted Howard had passed, I've not been a happy guy. I never physically met him, but I did speak with him on the phone twice in 1995 or so when I was working on a paper. Someone forwarded his phone number and I called him and we had two jolly chats which I called research. We talked about a couple of WorldCons and a whole bunch of other stuff, most notably the idea of Huckster-ism. I was looking very forward to meeting him at WorldCon this coming year, so I'll be dedicating my WorldCon issue of The Drink Tank to his memory.

Just a few comments, Hope the party was wonderful and I'll certainly wanna take a look at the one-shot y'all put out. Sounds like Christmas was a fine holiday for all y'all in Vegas.

A Strong Fannish Prediction is this: Someone will write a massively negative article about WorldCon in some fanzine. That's pretty standard.

Ah, ShelVy's a poker fan! I'm a legendary house player 'round these parts, though I'll never set foot in a casino again to play poker. The last time I did, I sat at a table with a Big Name Pro (a gent named TJ Cloutier) and another guy who I had seen on the Travel Channel's World Poker Tour a couple of times. I played at the table for nearly an hour and managed to leave with the same amount I came in with and I managed to bluff TJ once out of a hundred dollar hand. That felt good and I don't wanna risk that again. No Cash Poker on the internet is now my refuge. I hope he doesn't play too often, as I wanna see more old confusions!

I love the concept of Timebinders, though I left the list for a time because of the number of posts. I came back and it's slightly more tame now.

I always love reading John DeChancie's stuff, and his tale of his winter trip was a nice read indeed.

Arnie: Big Hearted Howard was very nice to me when I was a neofan back in the mid-1960's and eventually we developed a more equal fannish connection as members of SAPS and later, FAPA. Shelby Vick is working on something to honor him and I suspect he is not the only one with such a project.

Aw, your prediction is kind of past-posted, isn't it? I mean, I could make it come true right here, right now: "I think all worldcons are too big, too commercial, too impersonal and insufficiently connected to Fandom." Short, granted, but complete..

I don't begrudge anyone else's enjoyment or even encourage other fans not to attend – quite the opposite as many locals can attest – but I don't see a lot of worldcons in my future.

A self-admitted Luddite takes quill pen in hand and scribes comments on parchment. (Ok, it's a keyboard and an MS Word file)...

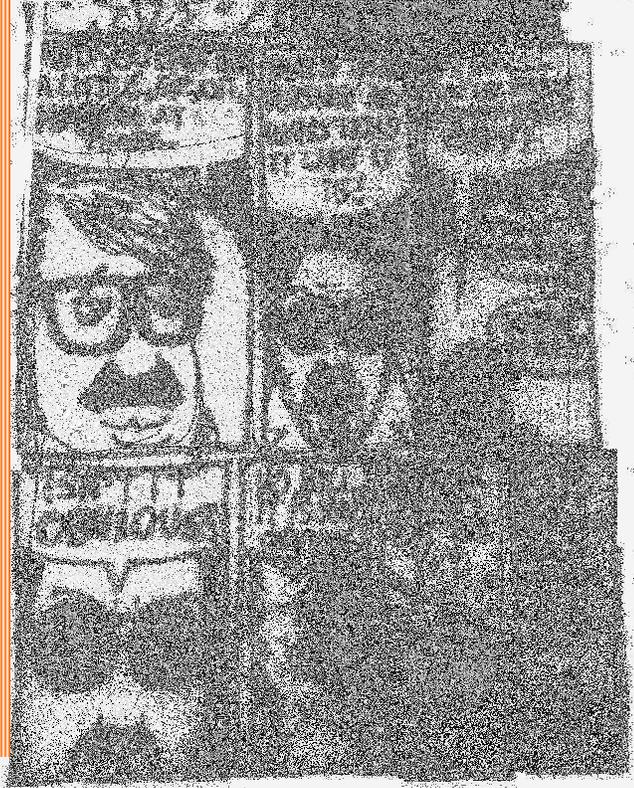
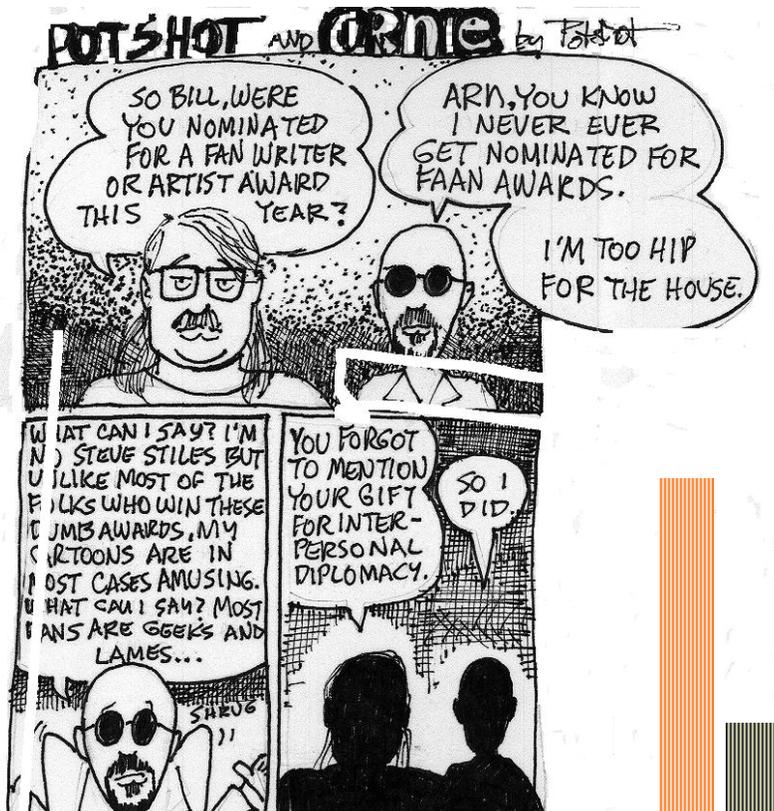
Jack Calvert

I've fallen a bit (well, more that a bit) behind, but thought I'd start the new year right by getting off a loc to VFW. I started using a new computer (a Macmini) recently, and you would think that that would increase my productivity, and it has, some, but it also meant that I've spent a lot of time fiddling with the #@\$& thing, getting it to work right (that is to say, the way that I want it to: as far as that is possible).

For years, I had a way-obsolete copy of *Wordperfect*, which pretty much let me type my own words, for good or ill.

But now I'm using MS Word, like everyone else in the known or conceivable universe. Like the robots in "The Humanoids," it insists on stepping in whenever I might make an error, even if I'd be happy to take the risk. For example, after reading

Potshot's Cartoon Theater



over this block of text, I thought it would be good to give the first sentence its own paragraph. So I did -- then it took me about ten minutes to get rid of the odd little icon that wanted to know how I wanted to treat future indents. I know that eventually I'll get all of this sort of stuff ironed out, but meanwhile I'm having a fine Lud-dite anti-tech hissyfit. (Well, an anti-Microsoft giant program one anyway.)

In *VFW 59*, you mention that you can't get your crystal ball going because your amazing psychic powers are focused on keeping snow away from Las Vegas. Do those powers work on rain? In the BArea, we've been getting rain in buckets, wind in , uh, tunnels, and flooded roads, blown down trees, and generally a lot of winter-ugly weather. 'Tis the season to be indoors around here.

I've been enjoying the work of your columnists, and the letter column, of course. Way back in 55, you mention that you get more letters from fans who don't feel up to writing a loc than those who do. I'm not a bit surprised -- it's a point of view that I fully understand. Jumping into a blank page is a lot like jumping off of a cliff. It's hard to take that first step. (But then it's a fine ride to the bottom.)

Mark Plummer asks how many people print *VFW*. I had been until I got my new computer. Now I find it much easier to read on the screen, since the scrolling, zooming and selecting function of PDF actually work. I have got most of volume 1 printed, and may continue to print the rest for completeness' sake. One day a nicely-bound volume of the first year of that focal point fanzine, *VFW*, may go for thousands on e-Bay!

Arnie: Some of my fellow Vegrants are the same way about non-standard operating systems and software that Seattle fans are about coffee (and Flippin Fandom is about bheer). It's sort of a treat to meet someone who is switching to MS Word.

My psychic powers work on all forms of precipitation, but I believe that they function best when I concentrate on one type. Since Las Vegas needs rain, it works out very well for me to train my mighty mental talents on snow. (I tried to use my powers to turn away Pat Robertson, but he is still everywhere you don't want him to be.)

A case of mistaken identity is only part of another superb LoC from the Sage...

Robert Lichtman

VFW No. 59 seems to be the issue of misattributions concerning me. On page 5 in Shelby's column, he says that Robert Silverberg "sent me some copies of my old *confusion*," when actually it was me (well, unless Agberg did, too, but I don't think he's reading *VFW*). And on the very next page there's that photograph captioned "Robert Lichtman (left) and long-time fan (and *Crawdaddy* founder) Paul Williams." I know that Dick and I superficially resemble one another -- we're both tall and thin, have similar hair, and wear glasses -- *and* it's not unusual that Paul and I, as long-time friends, might be seated to one another at a convention; but I can only hope that Pat doesn't make the same error one of these days. Carol and Dick would be so pissed.

Other than that, this is another great issue of *VFW*, which seems to be evolving into something of a cross between '50s/'60s fanzine *Cry of the Nameless* in its glory years and '30s/'40s fanzine *Voice of the Imagi-Nation*, as you expand the focus beyond Vegas fandom and realize (if indeed you have) that *VFW* has become something of a focal point. In that it's blazing new territory -- the first fanzine to gain such status without having a paper edition.

While I was a little concerned for your financial well-being when in "Happy Fanmass!" you mentioned "hellacious medical

expenses" as part of your "weak finances," my worries evaporated when I read further down the page that Joyce is scheduled for cataract surgery in a couple weeks. This is a good reason for incurring those expenses -- and *very* good news. While I know that such surgery is pretty routine and safe these days (often an outpatient procedure, as you mention), I wish her the best of outcomes. I hope that her post-op recovery won't interfere with her *VFW* proofreading activities.

The opening line of "The Crystal Ball" -- "In between sieges of book editing..." -- leads me to wonder just what book(s) you might be editing. As you point out in the next sentence you've worn many professional hats over the decades, which makes guessing well nigh impossible.

In his article Dick Lupoff writes of "a superb saxophonist named Booker Hollis" and adds, "I've tried for years to find any recording of his or any reference to him in jazz literature, all in vain." Even though Dick has great faith in my ability to research fannish arcana, that talent doesn't always leak over into other pursuits. However, I did find this listing at the Web site, <http://www.docmelson.com/quig's/mail6.htm>: "Delbert D. Griffin HQ 1/12 Cal, Quang Tri, 1968-69. I was a medic (DOC GRIFF) served under Captain Peters and Lt. Demby. Looking for members in platoon 2-6 Donald Federick, Carlos, Daniel Edwards, Barnett Sizer, Booker Hollis."

This is a different war and possibly a different Booker Hollis (son of the one Dick knew?), but it's the only thing I could find. About Ray Murphy, though (Dick's friend, "a tall, good-looking black man who had been a star athlete in college"), I found a number of references to a Ray Murphy who might be him by Googling for "ray murphy" + music." This makes me wonder if Ray's visiting jazz clubs (with Dick) led later to a musical career or sideline.

Elsewhere in his article Dick says that "if anybody knows who first popularized the idea that fans were timebinders, it's probably Robert Lichtman." The *Fancylopedia II* has this entry on the subject: "TIMEBINDING (Korzybski): The distinguishing characteristic of Homo sapiens, says K. It's the ability to establish continuity beyond the individual life span by the use of permanent communications and multiple record. Historical articles and things like this dictionary are examples of the practice as it applies to fandom." My guess is that lots of fans of the time picked up on Korzybski's term, and that there's no single fan to whom the honor of being first goes. There isn't a Timebinders.com Website, by the way, but there is a substrate of Fanac.org for the Timebinders, aka "The Society for the Preservation of the History of Science Fiction Fandom."

It appears not to have been updated since 2002, but one of the links at "essays written by SF writers and fans about science fiction and fandom" is to Dick's "SF Recollections" from 1995, which the site says, "The following autobiographical sketch was picked up from America Online which is presenting stories online for OMNI."

John DeChancie's "My Winter Vacation" mentions his going to visit Larry Connolly and Bob Leman. In my files I have two issues (the only two) of Connolly and DeChancie's mid-'80s fanzine, *Gla-roon*, which have in common both containing articles by Bob Leman.

John refers to Bob as gafiated, but I've had him on the mailing list of *Trap Door* from the beginning and have occasionally been graced with letters of comment from him. I didn't know that *Feesters from the Lake*, which was published in 2002 in a hardcover edition of only 460 copies, had become "an underground classic in the horror field," as John states, but I can well believe it. I don't recall how I heard about it, but I ordered a copy pre-publication and have one with a low number. (I told Dick Lupoff about it when we were commuting together to ConJose later that year, and he managed to get a copy at one of the huckster tables.) Checking Bookfinder, I

Las Vegas Fan Events Calendar

LV Futurists/SNAFFU Meeting January 13 5:30 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 Borders Books (2190 North Rainbow).

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.

SNAFFU Dinner January 27 7:00 PM

The SNAFFU Dinner Meeting will take place at Lotus of Siam, a Thai restaurant at the corner of Sahara and S. Maryland.

see a handful of copies available for as low as \$36 and would strongly recommend that anyone interested in a collection of fifteen wonderful stories (one of them not previously published) order one now (or soon). One bookseller has this to say about Leman and the collection: "This is a collection of horror/science fiction stories by Bob Leman, whose stories were always rewarded for their high quality and their seamless blend of the genres of horror and SF with a degree of skill only equaled by giants in the field like Fritz Leiber and John Wyndham. As with many great writers, Leman was perhaps ahead of his time, while his stories were frequently cited by readers and critic as being among the year's best, no publisher seemed willing to commit to publishing the collection, until now: Midnight House is extremely proud to be able to offer Bob Leman's complete weird fiction in this volume, in a career that spanned two decades, Mr. Leman wrote only fifteen pieces of fiction, each story an exquisite example of imaginative fiction at its best.

This book is destined to be considered a cornerstone volume for any serious collection of modern horror/SF. If you've already made the acquaintance with Mr. Leman's fiction in the pages of *F & SF*, you need no further urging from us. If you're not familiar with the author's work, rest assured, you're in for an unforgettable experience."

As you note in "Heard Around Vegas Fandom (and Beyond)," Shelby Vick has been doing an incredible service to fandom by making available some of the classic fanzines of the past in facsimile form. The PDF of ODD No. 14 that turned up on efanzines a few days ago is a terrific addition to that ever-growing pantheon containing as it does a not previously reprinted article by Charles Burbee and some of Ray Nelson's classic and most notorious cartoons.

At the beginning of his letter Chris Garcia writes, "I'll be reading SAPS in the next few hours." And then he doesn't return to the

subject, leading me to wonder if he's checking out joining the Spectator Amateur Press Society in addition to his recently joining (and immediately producing a large fanzine for) FAPA. That would be a Good Thing since SAPS, like FAPA, is well short of a full roster (and now both are even moreso, regretfully, due to the passing of Howard Devore). SAPS is the second oldest still functioning fanzine, and its quarterly mailings contain fanzines by many people who aren't particularly visible in the larger reaches of Core Fandom (like, for instance, Wally Weber).

It was good of rich brown to add Sidney Coleman to the list of "fans who've become famous in the mundane world," and to rich's praise for Sid I would add a link to a Web site reporting on "SidneyFest 2005," a commemorative event sponsored by Harvard's Physics Department, where Sid was a much-loved instructor for many years: <http://www.physics.harvard.edu/QFT/sidneyfest.htm>. There's a great photo of Sid there which you may wish to run adjacent to these comments. Rich's account of his visit from the FBI was an entertaining read. I'm happy to report that I was never favored with such a visit. Had I been, I might have been forcibly removed from fandom at a very young age. My parents (especially my father) would not have been amused or understanding.

Arnie: I confused names in my con report on the first Corflu I attended, the one in LA in 1991. I matter-of-factly described a conversation with Art Rapp, when other evidence indicates that it was Art Widner.

Joyce is responsible for the miss-identification of the photo. She has saved my weak eyes from such mistakes in the past, so I let her over-rule my caption. I guess she was just overwhelmed by the presence, in the Very Same Fanzine, of her two Dream Fen.

Without going into excessive detail -- see forthcoming article -- I think of my fan writing and publishing as the sum of a great number of major and minor influences. If you look at the newszine Focal

Point, Wooden Nickel, crifanac, Glitz, Xtreme and 4B, I think you can see a progression that leads to VFW.

Here he comes again, the Toast of the United Kingdom, with his most recent letter of comment...

Peter Sullivan

Looking forward to see the New Year's Eve fanzeen when it shows up on www.efanzines.com. I wasn't aware that the term "one-shot" referred to a fanzeen being produced in one session. I had thought that it was just any fanzeen where there was only ever intended to be the one issue. The two often go together, of course. But under your definition, which focuses on the means of production rather than the frequency, you could theoretically have a regular one-shot fanzeen, which doesn't sound quite right. Actually, I guess a regular one-shot fanzeen (by your definition) would look a little bit like *Wild Heirs* – although the famous "ribbon editorials" were not necessarily all done in one session, they had a similar sort of structure. But then what do I know?

As far as predictions for 2006 go, I believe the trick in such matters is to make predictions that appear to be quite specific, without actually going out on a limb too much. For instance, you could have safely predicted that the winner of the 2006 TAFF race will be a European. Or that there will be in excess of five issues of *The Drink Tank* produced sometime during the year. Or that your own anti-snow psychic powers will prove to be defenceless when you try to extend them to Toronto ("too far"). Or something.

Probably the most significant of Shelby's various adventures in scanning and PDF-ing old fanzeens so far is his own *Confusion 12*, which is, to all intents and purposes, the results announcement for the first pre-TAFF 'WAW with the Crew' race. No balloting, of course, but full details of the money raised and a lot of (exceedingly justified) self-congratulation by the main movers and shakers behind that project.

The main barriers to putting more old fanzeens on the net are twofold – sorting out permissions and finding the time to do it. I'm not sure I'd agree with Chris Garcia that every fanzeen should be scanned and put on the net. No need to preserve the crudzeens of yesteryear. Some things are best left forgotten.

And, at the other extreme, it wouldn't be right to digitise something like *Banana Wings*, which is explicitly meant to be a paper fanzeen. If Claire and Mark wanted it available on the net, it would already be there. I guess it's a bit like the debate about colorization

of old movies. You can argue whether or not it's ever justified, but one case where it's clearly not is where the director had the choice to film in colour or black and white, and explicitly chose monochrome.

As it is, I've been doing my part by helping out Dave Langford's project to get the back issues of Checkpoint (Peter Roberts' predecessor to Dave's own Ansible, and the leading U.K. newszine of the 1970s) into HTML and up on the web. He now has 61 of the 110 issues done.

Interestingly, some of the very early issues refer to a U.S. Agent by the name of Arnie Katz, then resident on Livingston St, Brooklyn. Now I wonder what ever happened to him...

Oh, and it was entertaining to see you twitting Shelby for changing the name of his fanzeen after a mere fifty three years. Um, just how many differently -titled Katzeens are there - even just on www.efanzines.com - come to think of it?

Arnie: Like the word "genzine," "oneshot" has two meanings. It can be a one-issue fanzine (like Can't Get Off the Island, the Greg Pickersgill anthology, available from Mark Plummer and Claire Brialey) or a fanzine done in one sessions, like the LA Insurgents' Wild Hair (and the first couple of issues of Wild Heirs). Some of the round-robin editorials were written at a single gathering, while others were done at two consecutive gatherings.

While I would never digitize any fanzine against its editor's wishes, I would hope that Mark and Claire would make the compromise of allowing BW to be more widely available. And hitting a little closer to home, I would like [Teresa Cochran](#) to be able to read one of today's major fanzines, impossible unless it's online.

I don't think it would hurt anything if every fanzine were online. I just want us to start by digitizing Void, Innuendo, Quandry, Hyphen, Oops!, Grue, A Bas, Frap, Celebrated Flying Frog, Egoboo Focal Point, Lighthouse, Potlatch and other titles of that magnitude.

We Also Heard From: Andy Sawyer, Shelby Vick, Joyce Scrivener, Joelle Barnes,

Time Enough

... to say good-bye, but not space enough to properly thank you all for your contributions — and entreat you to join me next week (and maybe send a contribution, news or letter of comment.

— Arnie Katz

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... and a ton of news.