

# VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

## Vegas Fan Events This Week

**Joint Futurists/SNAFFU Meeting  
Friday (1/13) 5:30 PM**

**SNAFFU's VFW Pizza Party  
Saturday (1/14) 2:00 PM**

**January Sunday Social  
Sunday (1/15) 2:00 PM**

*Check out the Calendar  
and preview stories*

### **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 .

### **SNAFFU Calls for Nominations!**

It's time for SNAFFU to elect officers for 2006, so president Michael Bernstein has called for nominations. The deadline for putting your hat in the ring (and your head in the noose) is Friday, Janu-

ary 13. To circumvent the SNAFFU "tradition" of nominating fans who aren't there to protest, Michael has vowed to actually talk to all nominees to make sure they are interested.

The deadline for voting is the next formal meeting, which will take place on Friday, February 10.

Michael Bernstein has indicated his intention to run for another term as President. Joyce Katz is running for Vice President with the intention of refocusing the largely ceremonial job to take responsibility for improving (and running) the formal meetings.

VFW will have a full list of nominees next issue. I also invite all nominees to send in short platform statements.

### **Vegas Fans Produce First Oneshot in a Decade!**

This attempt to revive Vegas Fandom's oneshot tradition worked a *lot* better this time than in a couple of abortive attempts in earlier years. *The Glitter City Gangstas #1*, an eight-page fanzine was created at the Las Vegas Fandom New Year's Open House.

The zine has substantial contributions from just about every prominent Vegas fan as well as the oneshot debuts of a slew of New Generation Vegas fans.

### **Big Weekend '06 (Mark One) Is This Weekend!**

Just about the time most Vegas fans are getting tired



Wil McCarthy makes a special appearance at a joint Futurists/SNAFFU meeting this Friday.

# Inside Story I Shot Potshot!

Yup, I shot Potshot. Got him right in the cartoon on page 11 of the previous issue. Of course, you may not have recognized it as an actual cartoon by the time you downloaded it from your email queue, efanazines.com or SNAFFU.org. It was that big smudge right under the “Potshot’s Cartoon Theater” marquee.

In fact, it was an amazing shot. Not only did I plunk Kunkel right in his big fat artistic pride, but I managed to shoot my own foot with the same shot! I thought I was “cleaning up” the drawing, a project that took me several hours and retarded the distribution of *VFW* by a day, when I was actually turning the exquisite subtleties of the cartoon into a visual nightmare.

Obviously, the only proper thing to do is cut up the body at the butcher shop and bury it in the New Jersey Pine Barrens. Oh, wait. That’s what they do with their mistakes on *The Sopranos*. What we do here at *Vegas Fandom Weekly* is reprint the mangled drawing in the pristine condition in which it arrived from the Stormy Pretzel, except maybe a slight size reduction.

Alas, this is the last Potshot cartoon for now. Bill has expressed the desire to take a break of indefinite length to re-charge. A weekly schedule can be hectic, so he’s certainly entitled to take a breather after producing a cartoon every seven days for well over half a year.

For now, my plan is to leave the proprietorship of the Cartoon Theater alone in hopes that Bill will return. I have a few nice Potshot illos that may see the light of day during this interval. After that, hopefully Bill will return — or I’ll look for someone new to take a turn in the spotlight.

Meanwhile, I want to thank Bill for producing an outstanding run of cartoons (which you should all remember when filling in your Fan Achievement Awards ballot) and wish him a restful Sabbatical and a speedy return. — Arnie

of the post-New Year’s lull they’ll get all the fanac they can handle this weekend. Big Weekend ‘06 (Mark One) is upon us. David Gordon and Roxanne Gibbs deserve prime egoboo for setting up three major events in as many days.

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

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

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

Wil McCarthy, scientist and science fiction

*Continued on page 11*

*Vegas Fandom Weekly #61, Volume 2 Number 7, January 12, 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, David Gordon, Linda Bushyager, Rebecca Hardin and Joyce Katz

**Art/Photo Credits:** Alan White (8, 9), Shelby Vick (5), Jack Avery (10), David Haugh (21), all else by Bill Rotsler.

**Columnists This Issue:** Dick Lupoff, Shelby Vick, 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 fumble-fingered editors were harmed during the production of this fanzine.

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

# The Brown Death Katzenjammer

Research, good research, can sometimes veer in unanticipated direction and yield unexpected, remarkable results. So it was with my analysis of the collecting phenomenon, a necessary part of my job as editor-in-chief of CollectingChannel.com during its brief heyday in the late 1990's.

Private musings and discussions with other collecting experts produced much useful information. Time spent on such musings was, I felt, used wisely.

What I didn't know, and only realized this past week, is that things I learned in that search have served as an "early warning" system that may have saved my life.

Joyce and I often pondered the mystery of what makes someone start a particular collection. Everything is collectible and, if something collectible exists, someone will become a collector of it. As we batted around the topic, it became obvious to us that there must be some great stories about how a person found his or her collecting passion.

Naturally, the more esoteric the collection, the stranger the collector's "origin story." Ask a Precious Moments collector how and why they started; the best you can hope for is *Antique Road Show* filler. Interesting, possibly, but ultimately ordinary.

Ah, but ask the individual who puts his or her all into the collecting of airline throw-up bags or used celebrity panties... Now, you've got something.

It's like the ads that *Jerry Springer* runs to find guests for future shows. One goes something like, "Are you a transsexual with a story to tell? Contact *The Jerry Springer Show*." I have never met, and can't imagine, a transsexual *without* a story to tell.

We learned that there wasn't always such a story. Sometimes, the choice of collectible results from pure happenstance.

Joyce even discovered an instance of this in her own life: the swan collection.

Joyce and I had a big, blown-glass swan (called "Towner") that sat atop the main book case in our living room for many years. Someone wanted to buy something for Joyce, noticed Towner and figured that the appropriate present would be a small colored-glass swan.

The presence of two swan items in the living room triggered similar thoughts among her other friends: Stuck for a gift for Joyce? Send her a swan!

It gradually built into an avalanche of swan gifts. The more swans she accumulated, the more reasonable

it seemed to give her additional ones, "for the collection."

Now flocks of swans swim along most of our display shelves. Joyce *is* a swan collector. She must be; look at how many she has!

Although it doesn't involve a collection *as such*, the same seemingly random process has affected me in a most alarming way. I am in fear of my life. If you thought things were dire last week, when my allegedly Loving Wife unleashed the Zetz That Was Heard Around the Fanworld, this is much, much worse.

I am in peril of succumbing to The Brown Death. Yes, I speak of chocolate. Being of Jewish heritage, I am especially susceptible to this chronic malady, but friends seem intent on burying me, both literally and figuratively, under a mountain of chocolate.

I don't think it is actually a plot, a conspiracy, but it might as well be. Choosing gifts for me is not easy, I know, so chocolate sounds like a good fall-back position. Who doesn't like chocolate?

I love chocolate, but during the holiday season, heaps of chocolate multiplied even faster than Joyce's swans — or the feral cats who cluster at our back door for Joyce's food hand-outs.

They gave me chocolate kisses, chocolate cake, chocolate shakes, chocolate bars chocolate bricks and several bags of those foil-wrapped chocolate coins. I received boxes of chocolate candy and trays of chocolate brownies.

It would be rude, almost sinful, to leave those delights untasted, wouldn't it? So I nibbled and sampled my way into the mental miasma that is the harbinger of The Brown Death.

Those 73% Dark Chocolate bars from Trader Joe's are especially fiendish. One evening, I ate a whole one as fast as I could gobble it. After that, everything is vague.

The Brown Death enfolded me and my life hung by a thread. Then, just as I began to wonder if someone could live solely on chocolate, my fan friends came to the rescue. They descended upon the Launch Pad, appetites at the ready, and devoured enough chocolate to shrink my cocoa-powered stash to non-lethal dimensions.

Fandom has saved me again. Let's celebrate the victory, but please, not with chocolate.

— Arnie

# NOW & Again A Cheerful Season

Let's get cheerful!

Too many fans keep dying. Guess that's a hazard of a long life: People you knew for a long time die. The last one that struck me was Big Hearted Howard DeVore. Now, I said we should get cheerful, so I'll start with what was called a quote from him:



“If it makes sense, it's probably against Postal regulations.”

Ain't it de trufe!!!

(Did somebody say that to Pogo?)

Kinda late to mention it, but I had a great Christmas season. It began with someone sending me a collection of old radio shows – primarily, I Love A Mystery – plus I bought eight Nero Wolfe novels online. Yeah, they weren't gifts, but they were a great buy. I'm a Nero Wolfe fan from Way Back. And I was emailed scans of *Scientifantasy* 3, which I had missed, as well as a CD was mailed me of *Odd #14*. The fanzines came from Ned Brooks, who has been most helpful. He

had earlier sent me a CD with scans of *Odd #9*. And Robert Lichtman had copied my old fanzine, *confusion*, (two different issues!) and sent them to me.

So it was a very fannish Christmas Season!

Now, it's supposed to work both ways – it's about giving more than receiving. What did I give? Well, I made copies of both *Scientifantasy* and *Odd* issues and sent them to fans, along with PDFs I made of them. Also sent the PDFs to efanazines, to be certain of good distribution. Also scanned the copies of *confusion* that Robert had sent and am doing PDFs of them. So –

I gave in return.

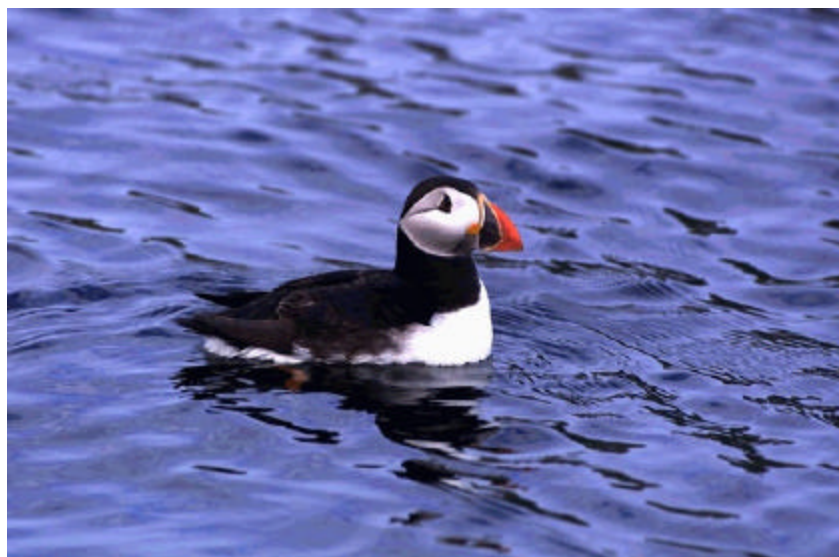
This is a rather disjointed column. Yeah, I have a theme – but it goes from this to that and back and even touches a bit of repetition. And I'm about to repeat again, going to listservs.

Used to be, Timebinders was the only listserv I belonged to. Then, as mentioned previously, I got into fictionmags and pulpmags becocs of looking for more publicity for *Planetary Stories* – <http://www.planetarystories.com> (see how sneakily I worked that in?) – as well as for asking for more contributors.

Hadn't realized how much fun it would be, eavesdropping on editors discussing previous editorial decisions, finding out interesting trivia about authors and pulps and lots of other stuff. Before I added those two listservs, there would sometimes be days between new additions to Timebinders. Now – well, there are times when more letters pop up than additions to my Bulk Mail! NOT that I'm putting those letters into that disreputable category; no, indeed! Bulk, I gladly delete; the new listservs I devour eagerly!

Happy stuff!

My friend, Joe Green, once said he had noticed a change since I had recovered from my auto acci-





# PLANETARY STORIES

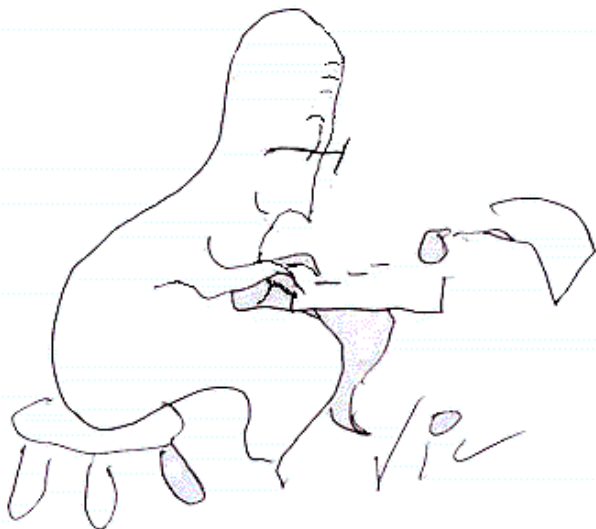
dent. He said that, before my accident, I seemed to be forward-looking. Now, with the revival of *confusion* (yeah, yeah; confuSon) and the PDFs of old fanzines, he feared that I was dwelling on the past, trying to revive it. – Of course, he did admit that Planetary Stories was electronic and maybe there was hope for me. Now, he didn't know about my hobby of digital photography; *that* is surely modern. Particularly when you add to it my Adobe *Photoshop* program with all the things it can do.

Also, there is an important change that has got to be taken into consideration as well: Before my accident, I had a full-time, well-paying job. Now I am living on retirement income only. (Well, Social Security and retirement income from *two* jobs.)

Three months after my accident I was eagerly looking forward to when I would be sufficiently recovered to go back to work.

Now? If I went back, it would be kicking and screaming! After several months of it, I find that retirement is *wonderful*!

To add to the 'cheerful' theme, I'm going to



include a joke. Came from the web; I apologize if you've already seen it:

It was entertainment night at the senior center and the Amazing Claude was topping the bill. People came from miles around to see the famed hypnotist do his stuff.

As Claude went to the front of the meeting room, he announced, "Unlike most hypnotists who invite two or three people up here to be put into a trance, I intend to hypnotize each and every member of the audience."

The excitement was almost electric as Claude withdrew a beautiful antique pocket watch from his coat. "I want you each to keep your eye on this antique watch. It's a very special watch. It's been in my family for six generations.

He began to swing the watch gently back and forth while quietly chanting, "Watch the watch, watch the watch, watch the watch..."

The crowd became mesmerized as the watch swayed back and forth, light gleaming off its polished surface. Hundreds of pairs of eyes followed the swaying watch, until, suddenly, ----- it slipped from the hypnotist's fingers and fell to the floor, breaking into a hundred pieces.

"Crap!" said the Hypnotist...

It took three weeks to clean up the senior center

... While I'm throwing in many disconnected items, let me add this. I was explaining to Arnie what was holding up the next confuSon. He responded, "... wait with Baited Breath!"

To which I wrote back, "You might try Scope."

Arnie, of course, was not to be outdone. He responded, "Yes, but Scope can't draw puffins."

I couldn't argue with that.

Good cheer to you all!

(Maybe next column will hold together better.)

— Shelby Vick

The head shot of Shelby on page 4 and his puffin drawing to the left on this page were both appropriated for the Greater Good from the exemplary electronic fanzine *eI*. This excellent fanzine is published by Earl Kemp and is available as a free download at [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com).

# Them Daze Bank Job!

Part of our popular mythology is the notion that high school is a wonderful experience and the happiest possible time of life. This imagery has been perpetuated over the decades by *Archie Comics*, the old Henry Aldridge radio show, Andy Hardy movies, and TV series like *Happy Days* and *That Seventies Show*. If you'll pardon my saying so, this is a load of bull-pucky.

I'm not just talking about my own high school days, which were sheer hell on earth. Nope. I've seen my two sons and my daughter through their high school days, and while they were less horrendous than mine had been, they were no bed of roses.



The influence of so-called 'funny books' on the young Richard Lupoff is all too obvious. Particularly, note the strong physical resemblance between Patricia Lupoff and Veronica Lodge.

So, when I managed to escape my own personal version of Hades High in June of 1952, I looked forward eagerly to a change of venue to college. Nor was I disappointed. But in the meanwhile there was the summer of '52 to get through. In part to minimize contact with my parents (with whom I was not getting along well at all) and in part to build up a little nest-egg to carry off to college with me in September, I scouted up a summer job for myself. I wound up working at a Nedick's Orange Juice stand in Flushing, New York.

As the newest arrival on the staff, I drew the graveyard shift, 11:30 PM to 7:30 AM, five days – er, *nights* – a week. I was paid ninety cents an hour, minus taxes, a union initiation fee, and weekly union dues. For the first hour of my shift, one or two other employees of my own age or thereabouts – I was seventeen – were on duty, along with a wizened manager of about twenty-five. Around 12:30 AM they would leave. The day crew began to arrive around 6:30 AM. So for six hours I was alone in the establishment.

We were located at the corner of Main Street and Roosevelt Avenue. There was a sizable commercial strip there, bounded by an RKO theater at one end and a Loew's at the other. In between were a Woolworth's five-and-ten, a variety of other retail establishments, a couple of office buildings, and a church. There was a subway stop, I think it

was part of the old BMT system, right outside "my" Nedick's. Caddy-corner the staid old Queens Savings Bank loomed. My duties consisted of making orange drink from concentrate, keeping the coffee urns filled, cleaning the grille, cooking hot dogs and hamburgers, and waiting

on customers.

There was a bar next door to Nedick's. A whore used to show up there every night to set



up her assignments. She must have had an arrangement with the bartender or the owner. Liquor licenses were immensely valuable, and the bar could get in big trouble if this professional person left the establishment with her customers. Instead, she would leave the bar, come into Nedick's, buy a cup of coffee from me, and wait until her john *du nuit* followed from the bar. Then they would hie away to heaven, or wherever she took her gentlemen.

You know, she never even offered me a free sample, and as a normal seventeen-year-old I was grossly over-hormoned in them daze.

It was generally pretty quiet for most of my shift, until around 5:30 AM. Then the stevedores would show up. Their "uniform" consisted of heavy work-shoes, blue jeans, sweatshirts cut off at the shoulders, knitted caps and longshoreman's hooks. These guys had *muscles*. They wore their hooks over their shoulders, the wooden handle against their pectorals, and they were as good-natured as anyone could be when stopping in for an eye-opening cup of coffee on his way to the docks.

One morning very early a cop strolled into the joint. I didn't recognize him, he must have been new on the job, maybe even new on the force. He eyeballed the establishment, then leaned on the counter.

"What'll it be?" I asked him.

"Cuppa joe."

"Comin' up."

As I placed the cup of coffee on the counter in front of him he offered me a coin.

I shook my head. "On the house." Even as a seventeen-year-old kid, I knew it was a sound idea to be on good terms with the cops.

He drank his coffee, we exchanged a few minor pleasantries, and he went on his way. I returned to my duties. At 7:30 I crossed the street and got on the bus that would take me home. It was an odd life, spent in the opposite of most of the populace. When I rode the bus to work each evening the people around me were yawning, heading home from the movies, thinking about their beds. When I went home in the morning, tired and eager for a good day's sleep, they were on their way to work or to school or to a day of shop-

ping.

As the weeks passed my friend the cop would stop in almost every night. We talked about the Dodgers and the Yankees, about the bar next door and the whore who also visited me nightly. The cop knew exactly how her racket worked. I don't know if he was part of the arrangement or not.

One morning around 3:30 as he was leaning on my counter drinking coffee he turned half-way and pointed at the bank across the street.

"You don't make much money working here, do you?" he asked.

"Ninety cents an hour."

"I make more than that, but not much."

"Right."

"Lot of money over there."

"I'm sure of it."

"You think we could knock that place off?"

I admitted that I didn't know.

"Probably best to get in from underneath," he said. "The vault is below street level. The subway has a lot of service tunnels. Con Ed has tunnels, and there are storm drains. Probably get in there pretty easily."

"Might be so."

"Well, think about it," he said, and went on his way.

Over the next few weeks the whore would come by Nedick's and meet her johns, then the cop would come by Nedick's and we would talk about the Yankees and the Dodgers and the weather. But mainly we would talk about robbing that bank.

We worked out our plan in remarkable detail.

I never knew whether the cop was really interested in robbing that bank, and in recruiting me as an associate, or whether the whole enterprise was an elaborate joke. It certainly helped to pass the time in those long, slow, dark hours between the departure of the day crew and the arrival of the stevedores.

Came September, I gave notice to my manager, collected my final pay check, and went off to college.

Them wuz the daze.

— Dick Lupoff



It just shows what a little fannish cooperation can do! The 2004 New Year's Eve Open House, a fairly successful event, drew 12 fans. The 2005 version, bolstered with the sponsorship of United Fans of Vegas attracted a record New Year's crowd of 19!

Far outweighing mere numbers, though, was that it started early, ran hot and didn't wind up until the wee hours. A few folks partied for a while and then went on to other forms of celebration, but Teresa Cochran, James Taylor, Jolie LaChance, Joyce and I were still grazing the food, chattering like magpies and generally acting like fans until something like 2:30 AM on the first day of 2006.

Fittingly, James and Teresa arrived first as well as being in the gang that closed down the night. James has trouble driving at night, so we invited Big Tee and Little Tee to arrived before sundown.

I was still working on the opening of the oneshot when they knocked on the door at 5:30. I temporarily put that aside to chat with the new arrivals and set up a selection of CDs that would satisfy Joyce's injunction to go up-tempo for the night.

James and Teresa were the first to hear about out television mishaps. We have a service contract on our 11-year-old Proscan. When the set developed a minor problem, a matter of the screen collecting excessive ionization that broke up the picture for a minute or so after turning on the unit, we decided to take advantage of our contract. It took about a week to get a repairman, but it didn't matter much, since the set was perfectly usable.

Well, it was perfectly usable until the ham-handed repairman opened the set and, ignoring my description of the problem, began banging around inside the TV cabinet. He was the essence of speed as he rapidly destroyed the tuner and disabled several other parts of the set's innards.

Then the repairman, feigning complete and total innocence, told us he would order the parts — which would arrive in about 10 days. He told us, without

cracking a smile, that they would then make an appointment to install them.

Sparing you an account of numerous rancorous phone calls from the Launch Pad to the insurance company, the store and the repair service, we found ourselves with no television set on which to watch the New Year begin in New York's Times Square or Vegas' own celebration. We had to use a digital clock, the only part of my TV system that still worked, to mark the stroke of Midnight so we knew when to drink champagne and kiss our lovers.

Lori Forbes called about 7:30 to ask if there was anything she could bring. Joyce suggested a man in his 60s with silver hair. Although she arrived half-an-hour later without having filled Joyce's request, we were glad to see her fanning instead of working on New Year's Eve.

Merric & Luba Anderson arrived about 7:40, bearing what turned out to be absolutely delicious Russian wine and a quantity of outstanding salami. David Gordon also brought a bottle of wine. Ross Chamberlain came in next. He looked encouragingly well for someone who'd just had a couple of weeks of illness and overtime work, a combination that can lay low the most stalwart.

Alan White tried to convince us that the guy with him was DeDee, but rigorous interrogation revealed that DeDee was working late and that the affable fellow with him was former Los Angeles fan and new resident of Las Vegas, David Delval. He just fit right into the group, so I hope he'll take up the invitation to return again.

When I returned to the living room, Lori Forbes and Ray Waldie were leading a spirited discussion of the "Harry Potter" series and its likely end. Lori pointed to some parallels between Harry and the life of Jesus as evidence that he might well die in the final book.

Mention of the forthcoming *Blade* TV series led to me expressing the hope that it wouldn't



Luba and Merric Anderson appeared to enjoy their first New Year's with Vegas Fandom.



degenerate into a “vampire of the week” marathon, as so many other, similar series had done in the past. The led the conversation down the nostalgia path as we dredged up memories of such semi-forgettable TV shows as *The Invader*.

Roxanne & Billy Mills caused a bit of a sensation when they entered the Launch Pad’s living room. None of the local fans had seen them in well over a year and we kidded them about having been more visible in southern Nevada *before* they moved here from California. They brought with them Candy Madsen, a ferret from the Mills Menagerie. I was initially apprehensive about this Unknown Varmint, but I needn’t have worried; not only did they keep it leashed and under direct supervision during their entire visit, but Candy was the best-behaved and friendliest ferret I have ever encountered. The animal was a great hit with numerous guests, though I think she preferred David Delval.

A minute or two after 9:00, Woody Bernardi ca;;ed from Boston. He was at a fan party (of course!) and had just seen in the Eastern Timezone’s version of the New Year. I’m really glad Woody has started calling on the holidays and a lot of the fans at the party got a chance to talk to one of Las Vegas’ most popular alumni., too.

When Su Williams arrived at about 9:30, Lori lost no time pointing out the ferret. “And the giant mutant Dalmatian will be bounding around the corner in just a minute.” (This referred to the many fine parties that introduced fans to Ken & Aileen Forman’s huge dog and, at times, skittering ferrets.) I think Su was relieved when no Spotted Monster materialized.

I don’t remember the portion of the party after Joyce smacked me in the head nearly as well. For a sick woman, the High Priestess packs quite a wallop.

Billy Mills works in the audio book and eBook field and knows his Old Time Radio. He likes the mysteries while I lean toward the comedies, but it was a pleasure to share his enthusiasm and expertise about classic radio.

Teresa, naturally, had great



Billy Mills and his friendly ferret, Candy both made many new friends at the party.

interest in Billy”’s work, since eBooks and audio books are prime sources of entertainment and information for her. Billy seems to be looking for ways to further exploit the audio book medium and I was especially intrigued by an Old Time Radio show he’s created for that market.

Jolie LaChance visited the Launch Pad for the first time and is likely to be welcomed back with enthusiasm. She has flirted with local Fandom, limited by her night-time job that conflicts with most fan meetings, but she has taken a post with more conventional hours and will now be able to come around more often.

She is understandably wary of Fandom, which is still very strange and new to her, but she is very intelligent and argues her points well in discussion. She seems like a poten-

tially good addition to the group; how good will be known when she feels more comfortable among fans.

A lot more probably was said and done, of course. Merric did not drop his pants at Midnight, for instance, though he threatened to do so many times. And there were other things, too, if my buffeted brain could’ve remembered them. All in all, though, this was our best Las Vegas New Year’s Party.

The guests who made it such a good time were: Ray & Marcy Waldie, James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Ross Chamberlain, Merric & Lubov Anderson, Dave Gordon, Alan White, Dave Delval, Su Williams, Lori Forbes, Roxanne & Billy Mills, Jolie LaChance, James & Kathryn Daugherty, Joyce Katz and me...

— Arnie Katz



(Left to right): James Taylor, David Gordon, Ross Chamberlain and Lori Forbes formed a human pyramid and sang *Stairway to Heaven* one just seconds after Alan White took the photo.

# At Large Toys from Space!

Rocket

ships and robots from the 1950s and 1960s will be demonstrated Friday, January 6 at the Clark County Government Center as part of "The Olde Toy Shoppe," a display of the vintage toys running through January 13.

The toys, on display in the Rotunda Gallery at the center of the building, will light up, move and "fire" weapons from 5:30 p.m. to 7:30 p.m. as part of the First Friday event held each month in downtown Las Vegas.

These toys are wonderful to look at with their bright colors and streamlined retro-future designs.

Many are inspired by the Apollo space missions, although the toys on display are more fanciful than factual.

There are plenty of rocket ships, moon cars, and even a flying saucer or two, complete with hatches that pop open and astronauts that pop out. One moon scout vehicle even has an astronaut on a boom that



circles around the car.

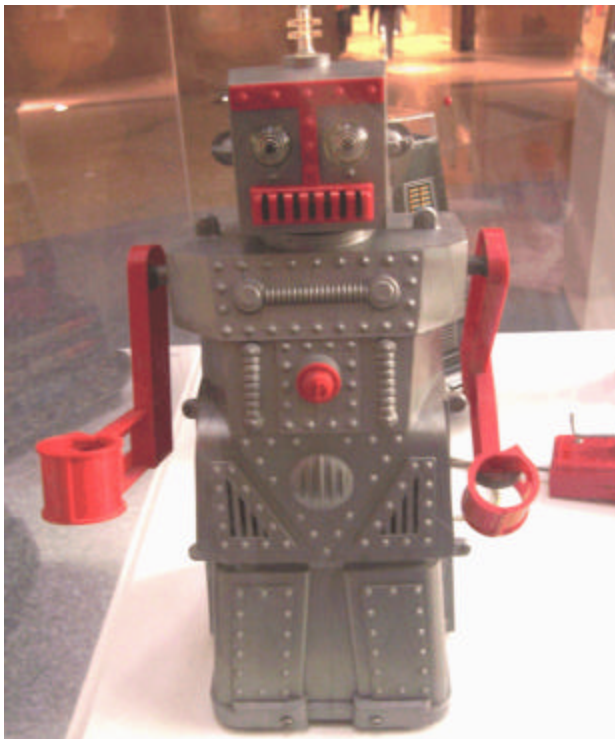
The robots range from a primitive crank model, to more sophisticated walking and firing battery powered models. I even ran into an old friend from my childhood. One of the models was identical to a toy I owned as a child. I can still remember the sound it made as it walked along, paused and opened its chest doors to pop out laser cannon and fire away. I don't know whatever happened to my robot, I'd love to have it back now. It must have been passed down from my older brother, who certainly isn't old enough to be the original owner of the 1950s era toy.

Each toy has a placard describing roughly the date of manufacture and detailing each toy's attributes. This is good as far as it goes, but I would have liked to see more historical information, something that placed these in the context of the space race between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. I also would have loved to have had reproductions of vintage advertisements to go with these, perhaps a page or two from a 1950s era Sears Christmas wishbook to help us to see these from the perspective of all those space-happy kids of the day.

I did notice a lack of licensed merchandise. There was one Snoopy space toy, but no Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers or Commander Cody tie-in products.

These are being presented as objects of art, rather than as cultural artifacts.

Nonetheless, it's still a fun exhibit and well worth checking out, particularly if you can make the demonstration on Friday. — Jack Avery



Continued from p 2

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 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.

### **3. VSFA Sunday Social (1/15)**

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

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.

### **SNAFFU Sets February Dinner Meeting!**

Artem, a highly recommended Russian restaurant, will be the site of the February SNAFFU Dinner Meeting. It will take place on the fourth Friday of the month, February 24 at 7:00 PM.

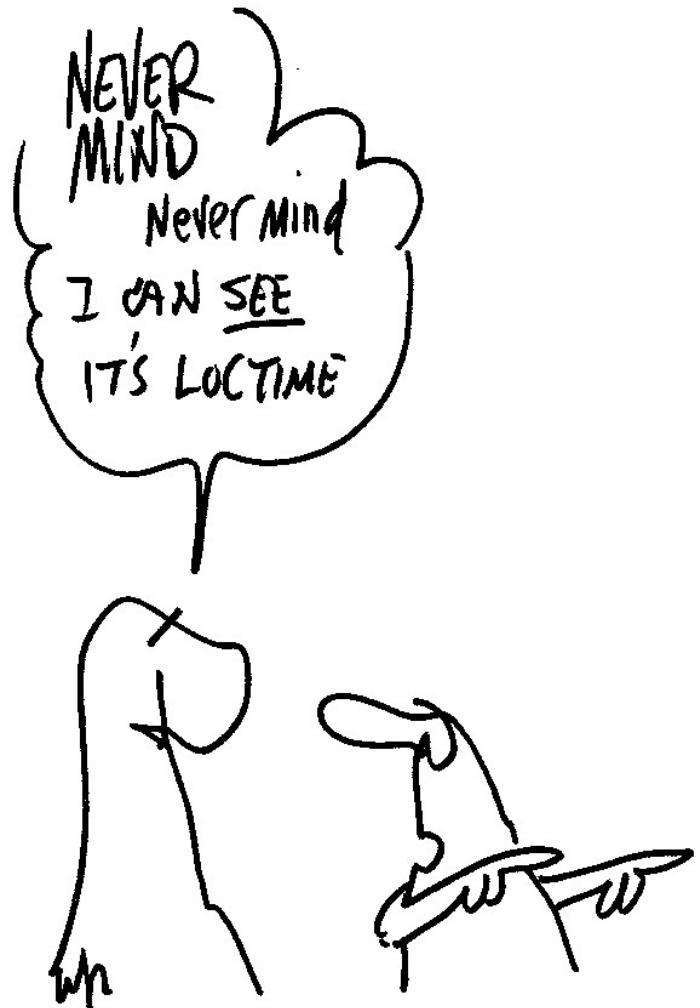
Linda Bushyager, coordinator of the Din-

ner Meeting series requests RSVPs to her at: [LindaBushyager@aol.com](mailto:LindaBushyager@aol.com). The restaurant, recommended highly by Merric & Luba Anderson, is a little more expensive than some fan dinner venues, but fans will be rewarded with fine food in a convivial atmosphere. Artem has a non-smoking area, though Linda warns that it is sometimes smoky even there.

### **Willey Starts 'First Friday' Video Group!**

James Willey, who hosted the 2005 Las Vegas Fandom Halloween Party, has begun a series of video viewing nights at his home (7279 Clearwater Circle).

James comments: "*On the First Friday of every month we'll be gathering to watch genre television series. We'll be starting with Farscape (watching all four seasons and the final mini series). Suggestions for future viewings are wel-*





come. Simple snacks are provided, but contributions are always welcome.”

The video showing runs from 6:00-10:00 PM and first-time attendees should certainly RSVP to Mindy Hutchings (204-4332) and she can answer any questions, too.

### **Heard Around Vegas Fandom...**

Joyce Katz will have her cataract surgery on Thursday, January 19 at Southwest Medical Center. We'll use the Med-Ride service to go to and from the SMC and, probably, the same when she goes for a follow-up the next day. (Anyone free on Friday?)...

Ayesha Ashley, now recovered from flu and an allergic reaction to some medicine, will undergo the horrors of root canal oral surgery on January 19...

Bill & Laurie Kunkel got some good news about their ailing van. It is now fixed and, seemingly, road-worthy. It now has to be tuned up to pass inspection and a couple of other things. Bill and Laurie are hoping to be cruising Las Vegas streets again in about two weeks...

Anyone who wants a nice house to rent and doesn't mind weird neighbors (Joyce and me) might want to look at 913 Eugene Cernan. The owners are doing an incredible refurbishing job, it's a corner lot and the rent is probably not too steep for a three-bedroom house. The phone number for inquiries is: 258-8844.

### **ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column**

*It wouldn't be VFW without the letter column, so let the commenting begin!*

*Stepping up first is a fan who, somewhat inexplicably, feels he needs a wallop in the cranium...*

### **Chris Garcia**

I'm here at work on a Saturday, with Evelyn watching her Fantastic Four DVD while I work on my next issue of *The Drink Tank* and write this LoC. It's a strange arrangement, but I like it!

Can't wait to read *Glitter City Gangsters*! Sounds like a good time. Kathryn Daugherty and I tried to do a one-shot in an hour at BayCon and fell a little short. Still, it was a fun try. I like the idea of capturing a moment in time and putting it on paper. I seem to remember there being a word for that...

Well, everyone needs a whopping in the head every now and again, Arnie! True, being blindsided's not the best way to get it, but still. Nice touch mentioning Houdini's death by the unexpected blow. I've often used the excuse of not paying more attention to business papers that it's how Houdini was killed (as Harry was going over business papers and not paying attention to the Young Turk who nailed him).

That gag was a good feed, by the way, and I couldn't have resisted it either. As I wrote in an article 'I speak a little Russian, unlike Luba Anderson who *is* a little Russian.' (OK, Ok, I know she's not Russian, but the joke still work...)

I've really been enjoying Dick Lupoff's stuff in *VFW*. As a note, I should mention that photo looks like my dear friend Charlie out here in Cali. He often accuses me of looking like a bearded Oscar Wilde. The battle continues...

Ah, my Pal Jack Avery has a little piece in *VFW*, proving, once again, that us BAREans can't keep to ourselves for very long. Nice article. His tirade against the exhibit is warranted, as it ignores the museum practice of "context always."

I wish I could have had Jack give me a tour of the exhibit, since there aren't a lot of folks who could give as interesting an experience. There just aren't a lot of Pulpers left. I know of Jack, this Warren Harris fellow who used to do *Back Numbers*, Curt Phillips back East, I saw a Pulp panel with Milt Stevens and the Moffatts at LosCon, and those are the only folks I know are Pulp fans enough to make an exhibit like that come to life. I figure there are hundreds more of them, but I've just not met them. I'm trying to get the museum to do an exhibit on The Image of The Computer and show a bunch of old SF illustrations of computers. That would be sweet.

Sounds like Kathryn and James put on a wonderful event. If I heard that a gathering I was going to was being hosted by The Daughertys, I'd be most happy. I'm also glad to hear that there are poker players in Vegas fandom. Nice photo, too.

See, you went and proved my prediction right! I am the Chosen Fan! Follow me to a better tomorrow... and give me all your money!

I also messed up a couple of issues back and said that I was about to start reading SAPS when I meant SNAPS. I'd actually like to be a part of SAPS, but I've never found the info to inquire about joining. These things always seem to escape me.

Peter Sullivan says that he didn't think we should be preserving the crudzines of yesteryear. I disagree; it's the crudzines that need preserving more than anything. There are folks who are going to hang on to the

good stuff, but it's the other stuff, the stuff that no one loved but that's a part of the story of fandom that I'd love to see stick around. Maybe it's just the pack-rat historian in me. To the list you mention, I know I'd love to see older Niekas and Trap Door scanned for all to see. To me, I keep going back to read the old Mimosas because they're almost all on-line and have a handy index. All it will take is for someone with a large collection to get the ear of the right person at Google and they'll scan 'em and put 'em up!

*Arnie: Luba certainly is Russian, though she is also of Jewish heritage. After all, you're Jewish and you're an American, right?*

*Actually, Joyce is a fairly strong Pulp fan and I like the art, if not necessarily the stories. You are right, though, that the audience is shrinking. Anyone who plans to sell their pulp magazines would be advised to start doing so now if they haven't done so already. Prices are likely to start trending down.*

*I concede that you may well be the Chosen One. The question is: Chosen for what?*

*Look out lettuce! Here comes the Sunshine Fan....*

### Shelby Vick

Dick Lupoff mentioned the importance of sergeants and warrant officers. I won't deny that sergeants are the backbone of the Army, but he left out one Very Important Person – the payroll clerk!

I once heard of a payroll clerk who got teed off at a general. For some strange reason, the general's check didn't show up on time. He roared in on the payroll clerk. The clerk very innocently apologized, and gave the general some papers to be filled out. "In triplicate, sir," he said, "with your initials on each page. And, sir – original initials on each page, not duplicated. In other words, sir, when you make carbons, each copy needs a separate initial. Then I will see that you get your check."

The general filled out the papers and returned them. When days passed with no check, he returned to the payroll clerk to complain. "Sir, there were two sheets you didn't initial. Now we will have to have all papers resubmitted. Also," he said, handing the general another form, "these papers will have to be filled out in quadruplicate, with each sheet initialed. I do apologize, sir, but you know how important routine is."

The long-and-the-short of it is, it took three months for the general to get his check.

John DeChancie, in his fine recital of the Seven Fish Meal, echoed a disfavorite of mine: Lettuce. Iceberg lettuce, in particular, should be illegal! It has no nutritional value. None. Zip. Nada. It doesn't even pro-

ISN'T THIS GETTING  
CLOSE TO FANNISH  
CRITICAL MASS?



vide fiber. It is utterly useless. If I go into a restaurant and their salad contains iceberg lettuce, I don't return.

Jack Avery on the library's display of pulp fiction covers: I totally agree! Also, no collection of pulp covers would be complete without a cover by Paul or Bergey.

Peter Sullivan gets my vote for almost anything. And thanks to Chris Garcia for mentioning me and *confusion*. Yup; I've got another one to add to the collection! And you managed to bluff poker great T J Cloutier! I'm with you; don't ever play again!

And I'm with Jack Calvert on new computer programs. I started with an antique word-processing program named Northstar; dunno if anyone out there has ever seen one. Anyway, in my next computer I had WordPerfect, and have been with that since then – I'm now on WordPerfect 12. Now I obviously like WP, but it has its peculiarities. Grammatic keeps wanting to substitute 'they're' for 'their', no matter how many times I tell it otherwise! Also, WP puts in its own version of html. . . which, unfortunately, has been out-of-date forever!

When I worked at the property appraiser's office, everyone else had Microsoft Word, and wanted to know why I didn't. I wanted to know why they had Microsoft Word!

Robert Lichtman. *Robert Lichtman*. ROBERT LICHTMAN! There! It was Lichtman, *not* Silverberg who graciously provided me with copies of *confusion*

that he had copied. Which I then scanned (issues 10 and 14) and passed on to fanac and efanzines.

So there!

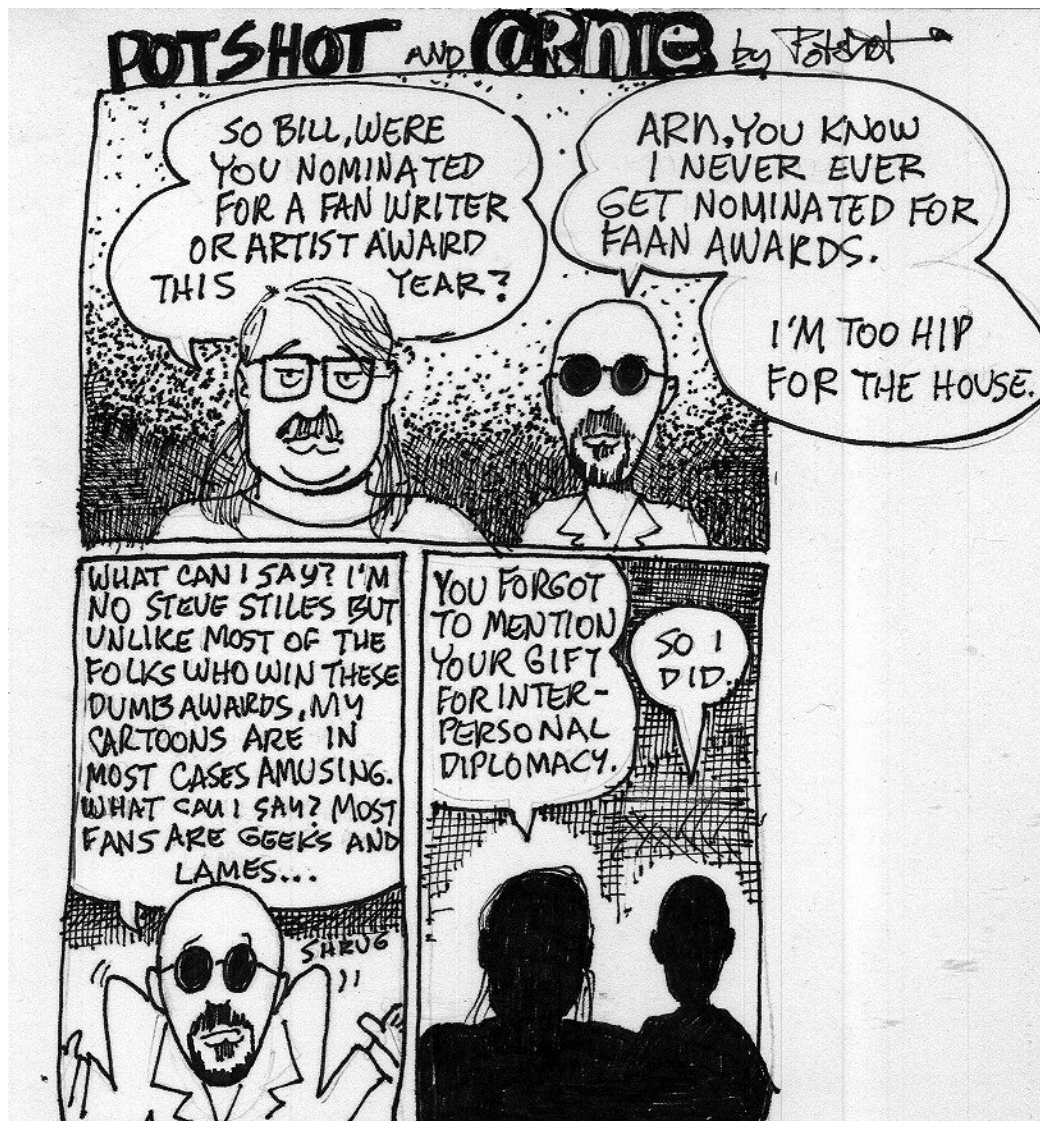
And might I add that if there's ANYthing on the web that Lichtman can't find, it must be horribly misspelled – or brand new!

*Arnie:* Was it not Walt Willis who wrote a tirade about the profligate over-use of lettuce. As I recall, he claimed to have been served a dinner with so much lettuce that, by the time he finished eating the leaves on one end of the plate, it had grown back on the other.

*Paul and Bergey...* well, no one can accuse you of not being eclectic. Seriously, I think both men belong in any collection of pulp cover art, not for their technical virtuosity, but for the way they visually conceptualize science fiction. It is hard to image Gernsbackian stf without Paul's meticulous mega-machines or the science fiction of the 1940's without Bergey's lurid Bum-Babe-BEM covers.

And now, the most petite fan in Las Vegas with a commendably concise letter of comment...

# Potshot's Cartoon Theater



Continued on next page



**Joelle Barnes**

Your latest *Katzenjammer* was quite entertaining. I didn't know Joyce had such strong right or left hook. Seriously, though, I can put myself right in Lubov's place about that "shrimp" comment, but I know it was said with innocent affection. In fact, I hope you would have said the same of me if I had been there.

I'm just now getting over being very sick for over a week. It wasn't too bad on New Year's Eve, but I wouldn't have wanted to be so close to people at your

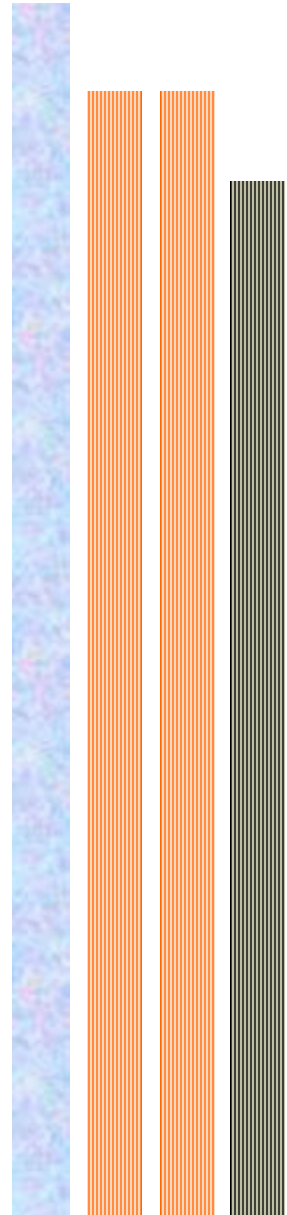
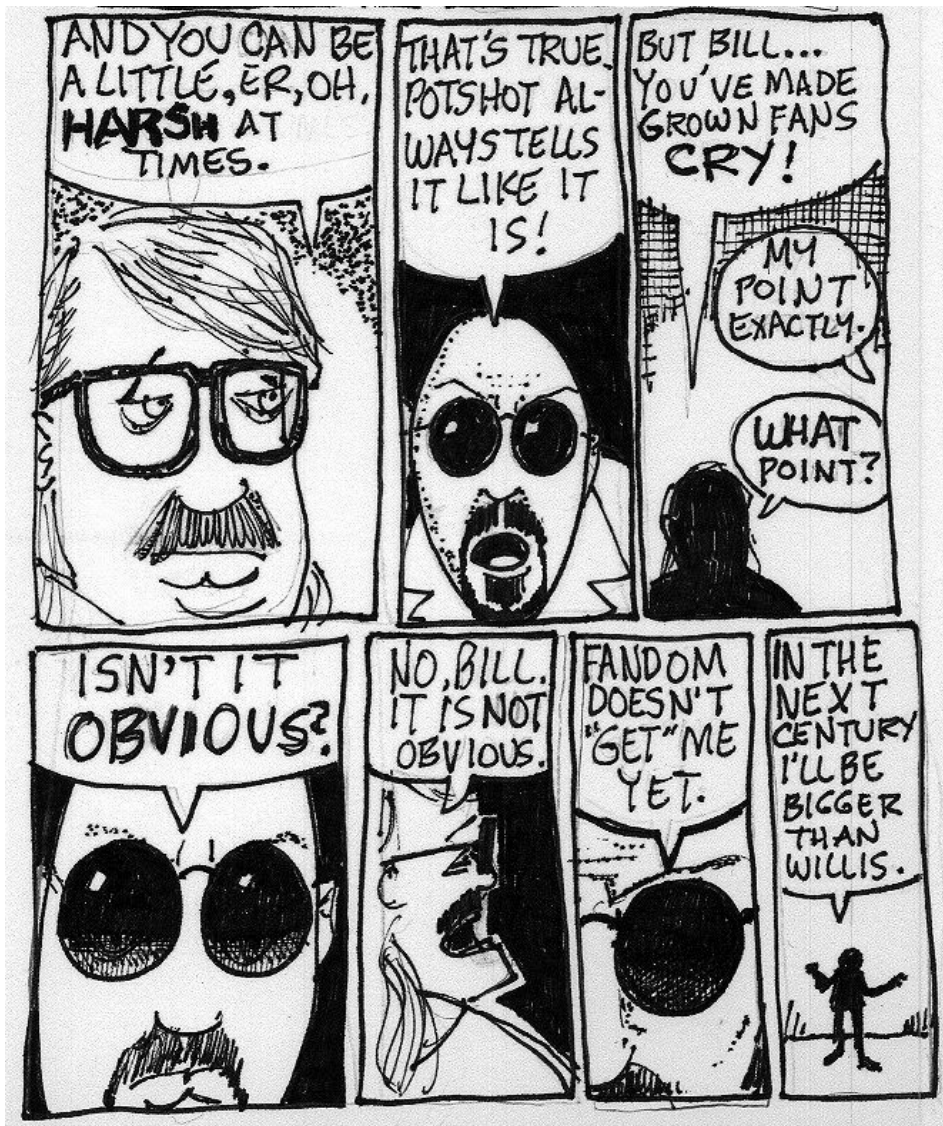
party. I should really have stayed home instead of going to the unhealthy environment of a casino lounge; but it was New Year's...

And I left about 12:30, though traffic was absolutely horrendous. I sat at a table of my own so as not to infect anyone; but I did talk to Bertie Higgins ("Key Largo" song). Then I got sick enough to consider seeing a doctor. Yet, my insurance only allows me four office visits per year; so I have to use them sparingly.

This is the US of A, you know....

*Arnie:* Certainly, the accent was on the "lovely,"

# Potshot's Cartoon Theater



not the "shrimp" in my quip, because Luba is, quite frankly, adorable. But I ask anyone tempted to sympathize with Joyce that she hit me not because of an imagined slight to Luba, but rather because of her mistaken impression that her own majesty had been assailed.

*Some thoughts on Howard DeVore are among the highlights of the next letter...*

### **John Purcell**

This is not going to be much of a loc, I'm afraid, since I was just reading Shelby Vick's tribute issue to Howard DeVore on efanzines.com. I am saddened by this loss to fandom, and even sadder by the knowledge that I never really knew him that well. Even so, I am well aware of what Howard meant to many people and fandom at large, and we will all miss him very much. I look forward to reading the tributes I am sure you will be publishing in *VFW*.

Chris Garcia statement that "every fanzine... should be scanned and put on the net" is interesting, but perhaps a bit extreme. While it may be conceivably done, I think that a lot of zines may not be worth preserving that way. The cross-referencing does come in handy if you're researching something or someone; I've already seen this while researching my tribute articles about Lee Pelton: my zine pops up on the hits list when I type in Lee's name. Put all zines on-line? Very helpful, true, but practical? The jury's still out.

Chris's thoughts about BNFdom ring true, though. Usually I think that attaining this "rank" only applies to Core Fandom, and is only conferred by general consensus when a fan has earned "renown with [his or her] contributions to the Core Fandom." Attaining such a position in All Known Fandom seems like an impossibility, unless you are a Frank Wu or someone who can float multiple interests and talents across the various subsets of what comprises contemporary Fandom. The fragmentation of fandom really does make it harder to be a BNF, but I tend to think of it as not the fragmentation but the specialization of fandom. Within a specific interest one can earn notoriety, either positive or negative, and be a BNF. Now one might be able to cross over into another specialized area, but fandom has become such a gigantic entity that it's easy to get lost in a single area of interest.

I know I feel over-whelmed by cyber-fanac at times, but that's when I tell myself FIJAGH. Fanac is much more enjoyable with such a mindset. At least, I can honestly say that it works for me. Which is what fandom comes down to - the individual. What works for one will not work for another. Such is my fanac philosophy at present.

I have long suspected that Roger Ebert was or used to be a fan based on the kinds of films he gives a 'thumbs up' to, and rich brown's loc confirms it. I love that word-play on the "It's only a paper moon" lyric. Funny stuff. And I will never be sorry for Tom Swifty puns, he said unapologetically.

# 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

## 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 (Decatur at Flamingo). 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.

**SNAPS Deadline** Sunday, January 22

Las Vegas Fandom own electronic amateur press association has its deadline for contributions to the January distribution. Send your file to Joyce Katz (Joyccworley1@cox.net).

**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.

**First Friday Video Group** February 3 6:00

James Willey hosts this monthly get-together. They are currently doing *Farscape*. More info from Mindy Hutchings (204-4332).

**Second Sunday Movie Screening** February 12 6:00

James Willey hosts this monthly get-together. They watch genre movies. More info from Mindy Hutchings (204-4332).

Further on in rich's loc, he cites Eric Mayer's comments about the volume of fan writing on the internet. Getting back briefly to what I said just a bit ago, this is what has made me very selective in my on-line fanac. I think I only spend about an hour a day at the most doing this stuff. You have to be selective or else you're drowning in a sea of fanac. Again, you gotta specialize in modern fandom. The old days of being involved in all aspects of fandom are long gone.

*Arnie: I tend to agree with you about putting fanzines online. In theory, it would be great to have every fanzine digitized, but there isn't likely to be enough time or effort given to such a project to bring it to fruition. So it's important, I think, to do the best first. That way, when the total effort falls short of the mark, it will be crudzines and meeting notices that aren't digitized, rather than Hyphen and Quandry.*

*Being a BNF confers absolutely no status in the Mundane World. Fandom outside Core Fandom – All Known Fandom with about 25,000 participants – doesn't really share the rich subculture that ties Core Fandom to the hobby's roots, so such fans are unlikely to recognize, or even notice, the achievements that make a fan a BNF in Core Fandom.*

*As an aside, have you ever noticed that honorifics in Fanzine Fandom are based on fame, while the ones in Convention Fandom relate to power?*

*The Sage advances majestically to the virtual podium and speaks to the congregation...*

**Robert Lichtman**

Scanning the various items on the first page of VFW No. 60, I see a solution for Joyce's observation



that the shifting of the Vegnants meeting "does leave the end of the month a little bare." The answer is contained in your account of the new oneshot, to which I'm looking forward, which concludes with "The next one... perhaps some time in January." Consulting my calendar, I see a perfect opening on Saturday evening, January 28th. Go for it?

Linda Bushyager's comments concerning the First Dinner Meeting concludes with a remark that would probably be disturbing to the owners of Lotus of Siam if they were trolling the Web for mentions of their restaurant: "If you are low on money, you can always join us and either not eat, or just order a soup or appetizer." Restaurants generally aren't in the business of providing seats for non-patrons, so if anyone (or very many people) choose her first option I predict that SNAFFU may not be invited back.

Meanwhile, noting her description of it as "the best Thai restaurant in town" I went to their Web site and constructed a Fantasy Meal using their one-page menu. I would start with their #3 appetizer, Egg Rolls (meatless) ("Mixed vegetables and bean thread noodles wrapped in a rice paper crepe then deep fried, served with home made sweet and sour sauce"), and then move on to a cup of their #19 soup, Tom Yum Kung ("Hot and sour with shrimp, lime juice, lemon grass & straw mushroom"). Skipping the salad and barbeque sections, I would follow up these starters with the #69

Crispy Mussel Omelet ("Fried Thai mussel omelet to crispy on top of sautéed bean sprout and green onion and served with spicy sweet sauce") and the #127 Panang curry ("The color and flavor of fresh & dried chili makes this curry a unique dish.

Cooked with coconut milk, Thai basil and chili your choice of meat or tofu"), which I would have with tofu (which would pick up the spicing admirably). For dessert I would have the cooling coconut ice cream, though without the optional sticky rice. After enjoying all this, I would be looking forward to a return visit to try some of the many other interesting items on their menu.

Regarding your comment in "Voice Your Choice" that "there'll be a special publication to present all the results and honor all the high finishers with special mini-essays," I would hope this would be included in an issue of *VFW* so as to reach the widest possible audience outside Vegas fandom. Is that actually what you had in mind, or what?

When I found out that it was Joyce who inflicted on you what you term "Unjust Spousal Abuse," I burst out into virtual applause. What did you expect, Meyer, when within earshot of your \*wife\* (and even though I know you were just assign around) you referred to Luba as "the loveliest shrimp."

In all honesty and humbleness, might I suggest that in your universe it's \*Joyce\* who's the "loveliest shrimp." As I'm sure you now know, even as the sting of the blow lingers.

I'm pretty sure that photo on page 4 is of the Czar of Russia, even though with the natty beard and all the various adornments he looks sort of like a generic science-fiction convention masquerade attendee.

There's definitely no resemblance to either Dick Lupoff or me!

As is becoming almost a rote statement, I once again enjoyed Dick's military reminiscences. His comment that some of the most annoying military personnel are "young lieutenants [who] came through ROTC and think they are big shots" reminded me of my I-wish-I-could-forget-them ROTC days back in the early '60s when I was attending UCLA. At the time the entire UC system was what was called a "land grant" college and all undergraduates were required to take four semesters of ROTC as part of the basic requirements.

I found this annoying and onerous, and sacrificed part of my grade point average in open rebellion. Instead of the bogus brass with which we were supposed to adorn our uniforms, I often wore peace buttons. I used spray polish instead of spending valuable fanac and study hours doing the required hand-buffing of my shoes.



When it came time to be tested for proficiency in tearing down and reassembling our rifles, I took mine apart, vigorously stirred the parts all over the table on which I'd placed them, and left.

"But someone else will have to put it back together for you!" complained an upper classman who'd moved into the voluntary portion of ROTC and was well on track towards becoming a "big shot." I shrugged my shoulders and kept moving.

At the end of three of the four required semesters, word got out that it was about 90% likely that the university's "land grant" status was being changed and ROTC would no longer be required. I promptly turned in my uniform, only to have a quartermaster type observe that I'd just have to get it out again in the fall. "I'll take the chance," I shot back, and I was right.

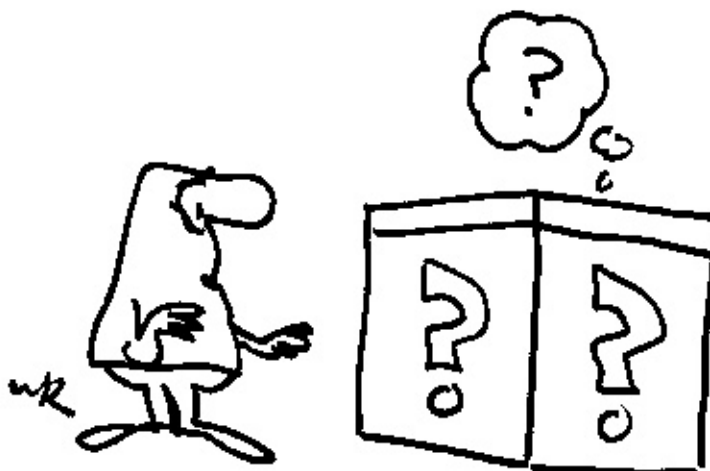
John DeChancie's stories of the "Seven Fish" dinner didn't particularly move me, but when he got to the part about "Christmas pastries served with espresso" I nodded in sage approval.

Jack Avery's complaints about the "Pulp Magazine Cover Artwork" display at the Clark County Library seem rather overblown to me. As the description of the exhibit on the library's Web site says, "This exhibit displays a large collection of pulp fiction illustrations from magazine covers during the late 1920s through the 1950s.

With startling images and striking illustrations, each cover displays timely subject matter of the weekly pulp stories which thrived during the Great Depression until they went out of favor in the early fifties." Although this description is overly general in some regards (for instance, not all pulp magazines were weekly), in my view it sets forth the basic parameters of the exhibit -- to show the artwork, not to fulfill Avery's fantasies that such an exhibit \*must\* include covers from \*his\* favorite magazines ("I don't recall seeing any covers from *Astounding*"), talk about the fiction itself, and be organized according to his specific criteria.

A review in the *Las Vegas Review-Journal* by one Ken White goes into the background of how the exhibit came to be:

"Culled from a collection of approximately 200 pulp magazine cover images owned by Las Vegas screenwriter Jennifer Weber, the exhibit displays approximately 70 images, enlarged and framed with wood. Weber began collecting the images five years ago after reading a magazine article about the periodi-



cals, such as *Strange Detective Mysteries*, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, *Amazing Stories* and *Spicy Detective*.

Besides the movies and radio programs, the pulps were one of America's favorite forms of entertainment during their heyday from the 1920s to the early 1950s." It further explains that "Crime and science fiction images dominate Weber's collection 'probably because I like old movies.' Her screenplays are in the horror and science fiction genres." I checked out the Internet Movie Data Base (imdb.com) to find out which screenplays Weber had written and, interestingly, found no record of her.

But that's beside the point I'm trying to make here - - that Weber is an amateur collector whose impetus to collect these covers appears to have been based on reading a magazine article, and that her collection is not as pure as Avery would like it (as per his complaint that her including a cover from *Headquarters Detective* is \*bad\* because it's "not considered [a] real pulp magazine." Ken White seemed happy with it, and I would tend to go with his comments rather than Avery's. Of course, this is all moot since by the time the next VFW appears the exhibit will be history.

I sympathized with Jack Calvert and his attempts to get MS Word to behave like a reasonable word processor for him. Believe me, Jack, it's a hopeless task.

You write that "for years [you] had a way-obsolete copy of WordPerfect, which pretty much let me type my own words, for good or ill." May I suggest that you go immediately to eBay, where for \$18.99 plus \$6.94 shipping you can get a legal copy of WordPerfect 12 on a buy-it-now offering? That's what I recently did to update my WordPerfect 9. The product shipped promptly, and I'm quite pleased with the upgrades between the two versions that led me to get it (mainly the

IS THAT A REAL  
L.V. FAN?



ability to more easily create Acrobat PDFs).

Finally, I find it interesting -- and perhaps evidence of fannish telepathy -- that Jack and I, who live less than five miles from each other -- both referred to *VFW* as a "focal point" in our letters of comment this past week.

*Arnie: I thought the oneshot turned out pretty well. We don't want to push our luck too hard, so we're thinking of maybe trying another one in February,*

*Linda's comment caused some wonderment here, too. I would never advise someone to go to an expensive restaurant and take up table space without ordering. A lot of places, though Lotus of Siam may not be among them, have per-person minimums. They would probably be less worried if the fans constitute a large enough party for a private room, but I'm not sure the Dinner Meeting will attract that big a crowd.*

*No, Robert, Joyce is a stately 5'4" or maybe 5'2". This makes her a veritable giantess besides Luba (and Joelle, come to that). That qualifies Joyce as one of the taller local fans. Teresa Cochran, who towers over them all at 5'6", is still adjusting to being one of the tallest female fans in the city.*

*Here, with a Lloyd-Penney—style LoC is the fan best equipped to write such a multi-part commentary...*

### Lloyd Penney

Ah, the holidays are done, regular life returns to

present us with credit card bills, and I finally have some time. Here are comments on issues 58, 59 and 60 of Vegas Fandom Weekly. I gotta move faster with these!

58...I hope everyone's New Year's was a great party. We spent ours with local fans Chris and Emily Knight who live just up the street from us, and we ate, drank (non-alcoholic) and partied, and laughed our heads off. A fine time, and a short drive to our welcome beds.

You're right; the dwindling freedom of speech is a Republican curse on the US. I saw a little proof of that when Bill O'Reilly was on the Letterman show...when Dave said that 60% of what O'Reilly said was crap, I think he may have been overly optimistic. Not just Americans hoped the next election comes soon; the whole world is looking forward to the end of the Bush/Republican nightmare.

Follow-up to my article on the local pubnight... the Toronto First Thursday has indeed relocated to the Foxes' Den Pub and Grill, where it first started, and its initial return engagement was Thursday, January 5. Margo the barmaid welcomed us all back personally, the tables were rearranged to our liking, there were specials to be had, and 25 of us returned to enjoy the Den's hospitality. Yvonne said this was the most comfortable she'd been at a First Thursday in months, and many others were pleased to be back.

Interesting pin...I'd like to get myself a lapel pin representing a Shield of Umor. It would serve as a useful reminder to keep things light and fun. That pin that no one can identify would seem to be a fannish Rosetta Stone; if only someone could identify it, it might open up a whole new chapter of fannish history.

I shut my computer down every night. Who knows what could come down the (phone) line in the middle of the night? I'm glad that computers are tough enough these days to stay on for years, if need be. Long ago, one of my first computers had a broken exhaust fan, so it kept overheating and seizing. As to numbered issues... the number may not appear on the front cover of the .pdfzine, but the desktop window indicates the filename, and right now, it says *Adobe Acrobat - [VFW58.PDF]*. That's how I know...

I owe Chris Garcia an article on my own transition from being a Trekfan to looking outwards to all kinds of other fannish activities. Being canonized, hm? Hey Chris, the folks in Vegas will miss you... but as their aim improves...

Greetings to R. Twidner... I wish there was more information on Corflu, but all that I know is contained on the corflu.org website. Murray Moore, Hope Leibowitz and I were talking about the current lack of in-



formation about Corflu at the last First Thursday.

Speaking of which... Mark Plummer, First Thursday was chosen mainly because that's what Tommy Ferguson was used to. He didn't see anything like a Tun or London Circle meeting, so he set one up himself, and Toronto fandom has been the beneficiary ever since. Our former location, the Duke of York, seemed too concerned with maximizing profit out of each table, and less with the comfort of its patrons, or having enough seating for its regular groups. Then again, few of us order from the bar, so this may have been their way of slowly getting rid of us. Their loss.

Saw the Narnia movie... a very pleasant experience. Seeing the movie was based on a relatively small book compared to any of the three books that comprise *The Lord of the Rings*, it couldn't help but be true to the story. Very enjoyable, and there were more adults than kids in the theatre when I saw it.

59... I use *Photoshop* to do my work at the *Globe and Mail*, but I haven't had the chance to learn that much more about it. I'll be happy enough to know how to sharpen photos, and learn what else I need when that need arises.

Howdy, Potshot... y'all oughta know by now that if Death Will Not Release You, Arnie sure won't, either. I have other articles to write for other faneds... guess I'll mosey off into the sunset, but stop before I burn.

To John Purcell and Chris Garcia... keep using the term "Lloyd-Penney-style loc", and it'll go into the next *Fancylopedia*. Ah, fame in my time! This letter is just such a loc, and I wouldn't have to do this kind of catch-all loc if I didn't have a lot of other fanzines to also respond to. Not that I'm complaining, of course...

My thanks to Robert Lichtman for giving me a lead to Gina Ellis Clarke. I had wondered where she'd gone, and while I do have some local pagan/Wiccan friends, I did not know of her involvement in that organization.

60... Yvonne and I have got to come to Vegas to pester you, Arnie! With my 5'4", and Yvonne's 4'8", we'll join up with Merric and Luba to tower under you. Never mind about a swat upside the head;, I'd say watch your knees! I think in the marriage licence, "smacking my husband upside the head when he deserves it" is somewhere in the small type.

Joyce? You destroyed science fiction? Bad girl! Bad, bad, bad! If you're not going to play with your toys properly, you won't

get to play with them any more! Now you say you're sorry, young lady! (Slap on the wrist) It would take a series of events and actions by a small army of people to have much of an effect on science fiction or fandom. If negative actions could accumulate, SF and fandom would still be in the same state it's in, which is definitely a subjective description.

Jack Calvert should know that when I got my first computer (2 5.25" drives, and *noO* hard drive), I started with MultiMate v.3.22, moved to WordPerfect v5.1, then Word v5.1, and I now use Word 2000 at home and Word 2003 at work. I must say that I prefer Word with its pull-down menus, and ease of use. I certainly don't love Microsoft, but gotta love Word.

*Arnie: The First Thursday meeting sounds great. I wish you'd write up more of them as you did in that article Truthfully, I'd like to have reports from all of the major fan center along the lines of how I describe the Vegrants meetings. If some fan group develops new forms of debauchery, I think the rest of us want to know about it.*

*Apprehension about Corflu in the face of lack of news is understandable, but I can't help pointing out that this worry has become an annual event. As the paper fanzine era winds down, there seem to be fewer and fewer fans associated with this "fanzine convention" who can toss off a progress report with aplomb. It may not be long before all Corflu info is transmitted solely by electronic means.*

*Your faith that there will be a next Fancylopedia is touching. While I devoutly hope you are right, I don't see any evidence that one is in the offing. Rich brown, who has done outstanding work online toward*



such a book, is the logical person to Spear-head such a project, but I don't know if he wants to carry the burden (all the way to Mt. Doom). If you do, rich, consider this an offer of help...

Yvonne wouldn't even be the shortest fan in Las Vegas. Joelle Barnes is 4'7" of elfin cuteness. Though Merric isn't as tall as me, he is not short, either. He might be 5'10". (So, Arnie, what do you put in those fanzine things you do?" "Well, we compare heights.")

Not only is the next letter full of fascinating stuff, but the miracle of email has made it possible for the Sage Himself to write the answer...

### rich brown

It's seldom that I can add much of anything to Robert Lichtman's fanhistorical researches -- indeed, most often it's the other way around -- but I can at least tell you how "timebinding" came to be a familiar term in sf fandom. Lichtman's right that it comes from Korbyzski's general semantics, but it got to fandom via Robert A. Heinlein.

To wit, in speaking of sf fans:

"... I refer to a quality that has been termed 'time-binding.' It refers to the fact that the human animal lives not only in the present but in the past and in the future ..." -- Robert A. Heinlein Denvention, 1941

That was, of course, the third Worldcon. Heinlein's GoH speech, from which the quote comes, was recorded and much remarked upon in fanzines following the convention.

I know that, later in the '40's, there was a fanzine called *The Time Binder*, and I \*think\* it was published by EEEvans, but I'm not entirely certain as I don't have access to a Pavlat Fanzine Index. (I have a Warner ref-

erence to the fanzine being edited by an Evans, but I can't be sure it wasn't Bill rather than EE. My gut feeling is that it was EE.)

*Robert Lichtman: I happily bow to rich's Heinlein reference!*

*And his "gut feeling" \*is\* correct: The Time-Binder was edited by E. Everett Evans.*

*And that, my fine fannish friends, is the letter column for this week. The deal for next week is exactly the same: You write 'em and I'll do my best to print them in the very next issue. Talk about instant rewards!*

See Carton Below...

... and see you all next week

— Arnie Katz



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... and a ton of news.