

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

Vegas Fan Events This Week

First Friday Video Group
Friday (2/3) 6:00 PM

VSFA Business Meeting
Saturday (2/4) 11:00 AM

Vegrants Meeting
Saturday (2/4) 7:30 PM

2005 LV Fan Awards Poll Deadline
Sunday (2/5)

*Check out the Calendar
and preview stories*

Outstanding New Las Vegas Fan of 2005. This category honors the best Las Vegas neofan of 2005.

Outstanding Addition to Las Vegas Fandom in 2005. This category honors fans who've come to Las Vegas from other areas.

Outstanding Las Vegas Fan. This category recognizes the top Las Vegas fans based on their fanac in 2005.

While members of the Vegas Fan Community are especially encouraged to vote, we would also like to hear from our out-of-town friends. There is a ballot on page 10, it is posted at SNAFFU.org and an email version of the ballot has been sent to local fans, twice.

VSFA Finds New Meeting Site!

The lengthy search is over and VSFA has found a new home for its "first Monday" business meetings at a Westside

Continued on page 11

It's the Last Week to Cast Your Vote In 2006 LV Fan Awards Poll

Ballots are coming in for the 2006 Las Vegas Fan Awards Poll, but there's still time to get in your vote before the February 5 deadline. This is a great chance to recognize achievement and give some well-earned egoboo to our fan friends who have done so much to make 2005 an enjoyable year in Las Vegas Fandom.

There are six categories:

Most Important Happening in Las Vegas Fandom in 2005/ What was the most significant thing that occurred in Las Vegas Fandom during 2005.

Outstanding Local Event of 2005. What was the most enjoyable and entertaining event of 2005?

Outstanding Non-Vegas Fan/ Who do Las Vegas fans esteem as the top fan outside southern Nevada?

LAS VEGAS FANS
BURY THEIR DEAD



Inside Story The Streak Ends

There was no issue last week, for the very first time since I started *Vegas Fandom Weekly*. Even Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak came to an end and it seemed time to put mine to bed at 61 weeks.

I could've rushed it out Sunday evening, but I didn't see the point of just continuing the perfect weekly run at the expense of usefulness for local fans and a decent amount of time for contributors and letter-writers to respond before I tried to catch up with the next issue.

I want to get back to producing *VFW* around mid-week (Wednesday or Thursday) to restore its effectiveness as a way to promote local fan events just before they happen. What's the use of telling someone about an event on Saturday when it has already happened? If I'd reduced the interval between issues to catch up, it would have shortened the time allowed for response and, therefore, shortchanged folks on their deserved egoboo and comments.

As to why it's late, I think I'll spare you all a dull accounting. Non-fannish time-snatchers have made it a little tougher than usual to produce issues the last couple of weeks. I got behind and this is the way I've decided to get *VFW* back on the desired time track in one (relatively) painless adjustment.

— Arnie



PUTTING A GOOD FACE ON FAILURE

***Vegas Fandom Weekly* #63, Volume 2 Number 8, February 1, 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: Ray Nelson (6, 11), David Gordon (6, 7), Linda Creasy (9), all else by Bill Rotler.

Columnists This Issue: Shelby Vick, John DeChancie.

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

Together Again

Las Vegrants

Joyce wanted to play the guessing game, the one where we each try to estimate how many Vegrants will show up. The nature of the group dictates that it's seldom clear who'll be on hand and who'll be elsewhere. "So, how many fans?" she reiterated..

I toted up the definites, made allowances for the possibilities and factored in the expected absences of Ayesha Ashley, John Hardin and Bill & Laurie Kunkel. "I think twelve. Twelve or thirteen," I said, hedging like any prudent seer.

I purposely guessed low, since I wanted to win the little bet. I knew I had to overcome my tendency toward optimism. I've over-estimated attendance more than once in the past. Besides, guessing low always makes me happier in the long run.

The High Priestess consulted her private oracle and intoned, "We will have 14." That didn't alter her customary preparations for a hypothetical army of starving fans that she imagined would descend upon us at 7:30 PM.

That's ridiculous, of course. Fans are far too disorganized to constitute an army. It's more like a ravening *horde* of starving fans.

Those preparations were long-range, mostly concerning the menu she proposed to lay before that small army (or ravening horde, if you will) of starving fans. Fans had volunteered to do the actual set-up. Sure enough, frequent guest Joelle Barnes and Vegrants James Taylor and Teresa Cochran arrived before 7:00, in plenty of time to help me get things ready. (It would be fairer to say that I helped them, since they did much more than their share.)

At first it looked like my prediction would be on target, or even too high. Not that I was worried. Not only do the (very) occasional smaller Vegrants meetings have a special charm, but the group's informality means that the "official" starting time doesn't mean much. As it turned out, both of our predictions were too modest. A total of 17 fans joined the party.

Conversations swirled through the Launch Pad with groups of people talking about everything from the virtues of rap music to possible ideas for ebooks. We talked about the four-hour season premiere of *24* and the wonderful Sony Trinitron 32-inch TV set that David Gordon gave us so Joyce could see it.

We talked about plans for Toner 2, which is close to locking up a hotel, and the recent absence of VSFA members at local events. We talked about the 2006 Las Vegas Fan Awards Poll and several Vegrants took the opportunity to fill out ballots.

In short, the jabber was as various and unlimited as ever. I'd give more specifics, but my mini-recorded decided it had given me enough service and refused to capture my notes. Suffice to say, Joyce turned down the heating system, because fannish chatter warmed the air so thoroughly

that additional warmth was unnecessary.

John DeChancie, back from a long vacation in his native Pittsburgh, got a warm welcome. He also got a lot of egoboo for his *High Risk* column in *Vegas Fandom Weekly*. He indicated that the actual experience of a month in western Pennsylvania may not have been quite as entertaining as he made it sound.

John drove in from Pahrump with another Vegrant not seen in a little while, Kent Hastings. They brought two hot, tasty pizzas, a sure guarantee of a friendly reception. Everyone would've been glad to see both of them, even if they had arrived pie-less, but they took no chances.

I posted a file on Joyce's computer with the letters from *The Glitter City Gangstas #1*. Numerous fans read them, but no one wrote any responses. My guess is that the live conversations were so seductive that no one wanted to commune with the keyboard. (Let's hope this doesn't hurt the planned second oneshot, which is supposed to be done at the first February gathering.)

Merric Anderson regaled us with stories about his two-week business trip. Everyone was especially interested in his day with Chris Garcia. They had a good time, to judge from Chris' LoC in *VFW #62*, but Merric still resists any suggestion that he write up some of the happenings.

"I don't write," he insisted, and smiled at my involuntary groan. Merric's attitude is both frustrating and puzzling, especially since my first contact with him was written. He appeared on the VSFA listserv, I wrote to him privately to welcome him to Las Vegas Fandom and he responded with a series of really great letters. They were informative, intelligent and amusing – and earned him a quick invitation to the Vegrants.

I'm kicking myself for not turning them into articles, but it never occurred to me at the time that Merric would abruptly turn his back on the keyboard. Not every good fan has to be a writer or artist, but it's a shame that Merric fears writing, thus distancing himself from one of Core Fandom's elemental experiences.

Merric has become a good friend in the year he has been active in local Fandom, so I am not going to give up. Perhaps additional encouragement will get him to abandon his pose of Sainly Illiteracy. We'd gain, but so would he.

Billy & Roxanne Mills continued their Vegrants resurgence. They are great additions. They brought Candy Madsen, the friendly ferret, who continued to win friends. Even our cat Foggy came out of hiding at a meeting for the first time to see the Vegrant Varmint.

Joining in to make the year's first real Vegrants meeting a great time were: James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Merric & Lubov Anderson, Alan White, Ross Chamberlain, David Gordon, Ray Waldie, Su Williams, Billy & Roxanne Mills, Lori Forbes, John DeChancie, Kent Hastings, Joelle Barnes, Joyce Katz and... — Arnie

NOW & Again My Personal Life in Review

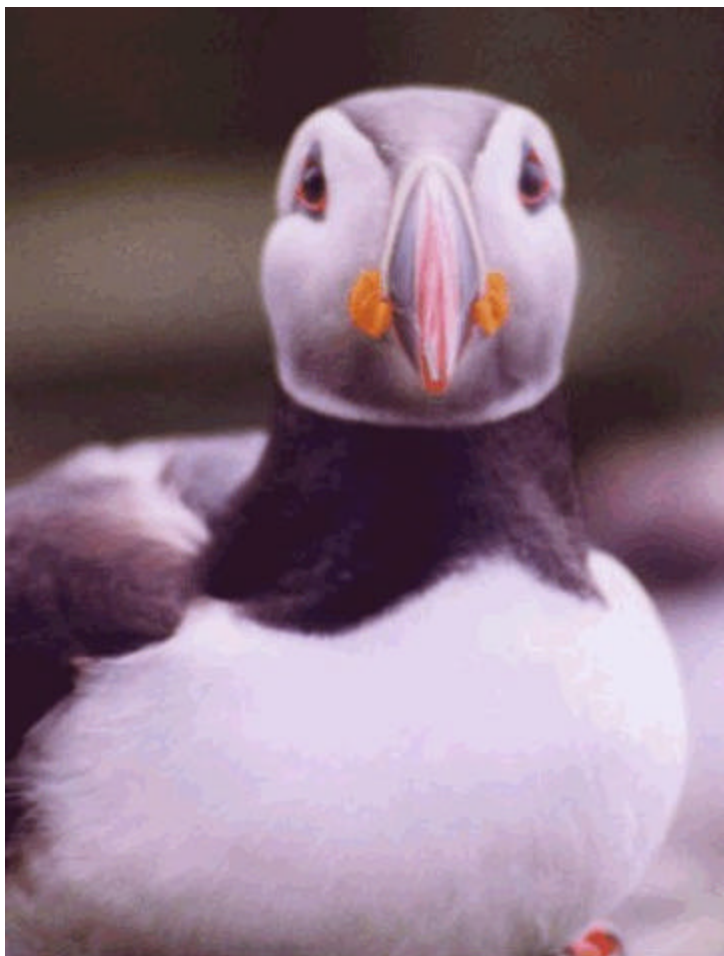
I've pretty-well chewed over my fannish life. However, renewing correspondence with a fan from Way Back caused me to summarize my Personal Life. That I'd share it.. .

After the Willis Campaign, I slowly (over several years) faded away. Swapped letters with rich brown. Went to a Certain Wedding. But mostly took care of Vick Mimeo – and found a paperback market for some adventure novels I wrote. Sold four. In time, merged Vick Mimeo with Kelly Press, a full-fledged printing company. Then Suzy talked me into getting into the insurance business and I went to work for MetLife.

(To give you an idea of how long ago that was, I started BS – Before Snoopy.)

It was a great move, proven by the fact that I won many awards and made lots of money. I stayed with Met into my fifties, but then they got into auto and homeowners insurance and started insisting that such sales should make up a good percentage of our production.

I took early retirement and worked part-time for the county Property Appraiser's office, also as a telemarketer, a convenience store clerk, an assistant to a friend of mine who had his own insurance agency. . . and gradually got back into fanning. . . . Actually, my return to fandom started during my final years with MetLife. I was contacted by a local fan, Tim Riley. He gradually revived my interest. I went to a TropiCon where I was part of a group of special Guests of



This is not Shelby Vick, nor indeed is it Richard Lupoff or Robert Lichtman. I do see a slight resemblance to Nicholas II. Is that the Czar?



Honor – the others were Walt and Madeleine Willis and Lee Hoffman. Later, I went to Magi-Con. I was back!

But to return to my family life. Suzanne produced five girls, two of which still survive. (Twins that were premature and died the first day, a beautiful little girl who was killed in an auto accident at age four-and-a-half.) Diane is the oldest, and Cheryl is only one year and two weeks younger. Cheryl is the fanne. She helped me put on a Corflu a few years ago, and briefly did her own FAPAZine. Diane is the wild animal expert. BUT –

Briefly, about my family and animals. We have owned dozens of cats, several dogs, tropical

fish, a hamster and a boa constrictor. The dogs were mostly outdoor animals, the cats in-and-out, the boa we would often carry on our shoulders, and the hamster had to stay in his cage because he scared the cats. (I guess they thought he was Way Too Big A Mouse.)

Then there was the fish crow.

When Diane was eight, she found a young crow that had fallen out of its nest. She brought it home, of course. (Diane was always bringing home injured animals she would take care of until they could go on their own. Except, of course, for the time she hid a full-grown duck in her room until its owner came for it. . . .) ANYway, we went back to where Diane had found it but could find no sign of its mother or nest.

I named him Edgar Allen Crow. He turned out to be about six weeks old, and a fish crow, which are smaller than the average crow. He refused to return to the wild. Diane grew up, got married, and (after moving into a house and settling down) she took Edgar. Now, online sources I found told me that fish crows lived about ten years.

Edgar lived into his twenties!

Diane got married first but told us she and her husband knew what caused babies and weren't going to have any. They never did. Cheryl, on the other hand, provided us with two grand daughters and one of them recently provided me with a great-grandson

Several years ago, Suzy died of pancreatic cancer. As she and I had always agreed, she was cremated and there was a Fannish Wake, a Celebration of Life, instead of a funeral. Fans came from hundreds of miles away and those who couldn't come sent emails to be read, accounts of how Suzy had brought happiness into their lives. We read these at the Wake. Music, from country to classic, was played. Food and drinks were served. Some told me it was a great idea, and they wanted the same. In fact, the property appraiser attended. A couple of years later, when he died, his church held a service, but it was (at his instructions) A Celebration of Life.

August 29, 2004. Some people drive around old cars and say they are driving old wrecks. Me, I drove INTO a wreck. Tried crossing a busy highway when I thought I had room.

I didn't.

A car smashed into me, pretty much direct into the driver's door. People who were there told me the wrecker, when he showed up to try to get me out, said there was no way I could be alive.

Fortunately, I cheated death. Not only that, but recovered with little or no after-effects! Other, that is, than the fact that I was hospitalized longer than my official Sick Leave at the property appraiser's office would carry, so I was retired. Spent some time in a rehab center. Later, when I moved into a nursing home (me and my walker; I had advanced from wheelchair to walker) I wrote it up for FAPA titled My Lucky Day.

From the nursing home, I moved in with my daughter Diane. The home hadn't been mine; I was renting. After years of owning this house and that one and coming out on the short end each time I moved, I had determined that renting was The Way To Go.

So.

Diane spoils me. I have my own bedroom and my own office, including my computer (120 gigs of harddrive, one gig of RAM, endless programs and a cable connection.) I write. I fan. –And there was one unexplained benefit from my accident: I can read! My glaucoma had, long ago, blinded my right eye and had my left one where I needed Large Type to read – or a magnifying glass. With no explanation from my ophthalmologist, I can now read normal type! Much slower than my reading was Way Back When, but – I can read! Even renewed my library card. (Of course, I have no car and Diane lives at the beach, meaning I don't get in town often, but still. . .)

So now, you are up-to-date on the Life and Times of Shelby Vick.

— ShelVy

If You Enjoy *Now & Again*, you are really missing out by not getting some of Shelby Vick's other fanzines. Go to efanzines.com and have a great time with one of Core Fandom's most unique and appealing personalities.

See also Shelby's recent electronic fanzine reprints of *Odd* and his own *confusion*.

Katzenjammer A Slice of Egoboo

“No one is here,” Joyce pronounced, her voice shaky with apprehension. as she looked around the well-decorated interior of Metro Pizza. We’d gone there for SNAFFU’s VFW Annish Celebration on what seemed like a bright and promising Saturday (1/14) afternoon, but the apparently fan-less pizzeria conjured unsettling visions of a party to which no one came.

In reason, we knew that wasn’t going to be the case. The hosts, Michael Bernstein and Roxanne Gibbs, were pretty much committed, and James Taylor and Teresa Cochran are loyal friends who wouldn’t miss such an occasion after promising to be there.

“We’ll have a very nice lunch with Michael, Roxanne, Teresa and James,” I said, trying to cushion the blow. “Not a big party, but you have to like the quality.”

Before the gloom could become too established, though, we heard the reassuring, calm voice of Michael calling us to a corner of the large restaurant. When we got there, we found our fears had been not just unfounded, but ridiculous.

Fans were already gathered around a huge, long wooden table. I grinned like an idiot as I helped Joyce, attending her first fan event outside the Launch



Pad since her ankle fusion, to a seat and took the one beside her at the corner of the table.

I was not exactly surprised at the substantial turnout, but I did feel a degree of relief. The last time I’d been an honoree, as co-Fan Guest of Honor at the Westercon, thing didn’t go well at the Speech.

Due to the committee’s polite indifference, unfavorable scheduling and outright interference by committee folk who wanted to hold a book auction, no one besides Richard Brandt and Michelle Lyons showed up to hear Andy Hooper interview Joyce and me. To be wholly accurate, there was one fan in the vast auditorium assigned for the program item. He was sitting about halfway back in the hall when we entered. I waved and said a cheery “Hello,” whereupon he folded his paper and left.

What a different story this was! A total of 15 fans showed up to eat pizza, say egoboosting things and, apparently, talk French.

Yes, French.

Yes, *talk* French.

Joyce had invited David Miller, whom she’d met in one of the many doctors’ offices she frequents. He’d introduced himself to her as a writer with an interest in science fiction. Since his casino job conflicted with evening fan events, she’d invited him to the Annish Party to get a closer look.





The meal is in full progress for this quartet (left to right): Joyce Katz, Arnie Katz, Ayesha Ashley and David Miller.

Dave is probably a nice guy when you get to know him, but he came across as a pretentious wannabe who had spent \$9,500 to publish his own first novel in hard cover. He seemed bent on convincing us that he was much too good for such rabble, which may not be the best way to approach fans.

Ayesha Ashley and I asked him about this novel, but he was unable to describe it in even the most general way. I asked about his influences and, with great reluctance, he eventually named Diderot. When Ayesha mentioned the *Encyclopedia*, he was unfamiliar with that work.

Upon hearing that I'm an editor, he took some pains to let me know that editors are completely unnecessary. His palpable disdain made it clear that he classed them with child molesters and public urinators.

Fine by me, Meyer.

In a way, his condescending arrogance was liberating. It was a great aid in overcoming my feelings of friendliness and unleashing my insurgent impulses. He had no concern for my feelings then and I have the same degree of concern for his, now.

David announced that he would never allow an editor to change a single precious word. "I have a degree in literature," he said snottily.

"Half the people at this table have degrees in literature," I told him, laughing. "And quite a few of them have sold writing professionally, which you have not yet done."

"Well, I have a *good* degree," he humped.

"I have the same degree," I assured him. "And you

know what a degree in literature is worth to a writer? Nothing." He sputtered something about how his years at university had allowed him to read and analyze books. I responded that you don't need school to read books or learn how they are put together.

Later, I got a look at the book. I must say I was impressed with the paper, printing and binding. My mind glowed with visions of Burbee, Willis, Carr or White collections done in such sumptuous style.

The book appears to have no plot, lots of explanatory footnotes and interminable philosophical dialogs in French. I don't sleep well at night knowing that he has a house-full of undistributed copies.

Ayesha, having detected charms in David that escaped me, began flirting with him in French. My high school French teacher gave me a passing grade on condition that I not talk French, so I was Out of the Loop. The two of them rattled on in what they *said* was French but might have been Klingon, until Blondie said she had to stop, because it was giving her a headache.

I want to thank Michael and Roxanne for putting this together. It was short on speeches — a blessing — and long on fine fannish friendliness. And what a delight to see Roxanne, whose illnesses have denied the rest of us her company.

I also want to thank: James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Lori Forbes, David Gordon, Rochelle Uhlenkott, April Reckling, Luba Anderson, Ayesha Ashley, Joelle Barnes, Darmon Thorton and David Miller for joining Joyce and me on this special day.

— Arnie

High Risk My Pahrumpal Return

After a long trip east, I have finally rejoined the Pahrumpen proletariat. I saw some specimens of this group the other day in Wal-Mart, three dust-covered, stringy-haired locals fresh off the ranch.

Two of them looked like their names were Darryl. There was one Darryl, and there was another guy named Darryl. And the other guy was Skeeter, maybe. They looked begrimed, bedraggled, and tired of living in a damned desert. Come Saturday night, though, they looked capable of having a good old time, feeding day wages into one-armed bandits, passing a bottle of Wild Turkey, and if they'd saved, maybe scraping together enough cash for a visit to one of the local sportin' houses.

At least, this is the life I imagined for them whilst standing in line at the checkout. But what do I know? One of those Darryls could be an web marketing specialist, the other a programmer at a video game company. Skeeter? Hell, he could be a stock broker.

No, he isn't. It struck me then that people are



This is *not* his beautiful house. Rather, it's a picture of Pahrump's most important cultural attraction (apart from DeChancie and Hastings, of course), the famous Chicken Ranch

cast from a limited number of standard matrices. I could, I felt, have predicted their every word, limned the contours of their attitudes and mores, fixed them in amber for all time. It was easy. They were off-the-shelf people.

Such thoughts increase the sense of my own uniqueness. Comforting, in a way; in another way, not. But what mold was I cast from? If these guys were standard issue, maybe I am, too. Maybe we all are. Nothing special about me at all, I thought, holding my bottle of Tums Ultra, and even this sour stomach of mine is routine for a feckless hack writer scrabbling for a living in the information plenum.

So who am I to be snooty about a bunch of cownunchers who do an honest day's work for a honest day's minimum wage?

Actually, I wasn't being snooty; I found them rather colorful, for all that they walked out of a sit-com. I swear they looked like those Darryls on—what show was it again? *Wings*? I forget. A classic (read "off the air") sit-com.

Such is life here in the high desert, reflecting art all over the place. — John DeChancie

Worldcon: The Movie! Messages

I've somehow managed to get another film into Cinequest, San Jose's largest film festival. This one would make Arnie smile, as it's a classic tale of a woman left alone to her devices who, naturally, decides to strip and put on a show for no one in particular. It's a feel good film that I'd be happy to send to any of the readers of this fine eZine.

I'm a movie nut, and I always have been, but I'm starting to think that I should make more films. I'm working on a documentary, a short about traffic and a serial killer (it's a comedy), one about a guy who buys the wrong book for the wrong girl, and Merric Anderson seems determined to bring me into a project that he's working on (and I'm determined to join up...if I can make things work out for it). I've decided that it's time to make the most important film of all-time

WorldCon: The Motion Picture

Think about it, the trailer alone could win Best Dramatic Presentation Short Form in the Hugos.

We slowly fade in on an empty Convention Center Hall.

Voice Over: In one day, five thousand people will be roaming these halls.

We see a woman, played by Tilda Swenson (if it's another bloody British WorldCon) or Joan Cusack (if it's another bloody Boston WorldCon) running up towards the camera, scanning the areas that are out of view in a serious panic. She arrives front and centre, staring straight into the camera.

Woman: My Ghod...

where are all the chairs!

The music blasts and we see rapid-fire images of panel changes being written on white boards, programme books being perused for typos, water pitchers being brought to panel rooms for thirsty pros, a room party being visited. The tag line would be 'How will the madness end...only the chairperson knows for sure!'

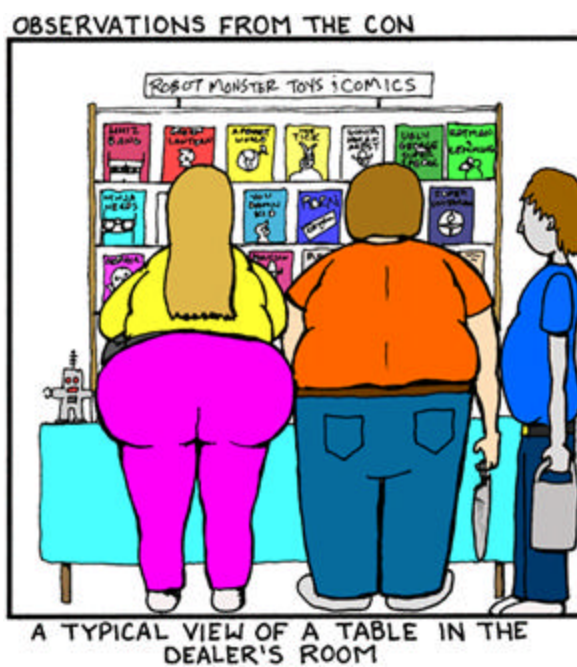
I'm telling you, there's more drama there than in a hundred Jerry Bruckheimer movies. It'd all hinge on a good supporting cast, though, with a treacherous vice-chair (played by Christopher Walken or Ralph Fiennes), a comic relief Art Show head (played by John Stamos or perhaps Stephen Fry) and the diabolical Head of Programming, who could only be done by Mr. James Earl Jones. It's got blockbuster written all over it... meaning it'd be straight to DVD.

But if the money could be found for that, and let's face it, we're talking about more money to make it than any WorldCon ever pulled in, we could always make WorldCon the series, where

we watch the team backstab and in-fight until the con itself, which would be the final series-ending episodes. It'd be like 24, only there's the real chance that the main character would die and stay dead.

It's obviously up to me to make all of this happen. Ideas like this are too big to be left to Hollywood. I'm on a mission to become fandom's official celluloid story-teller... or at least to have a camera on the next time I go to a BayCon meeting.

— Chris Garcia



2006 Las Vegas Fan Awards Poll

The 2006 Las Vegas Fan Awards Poll salutes 2005 fan activity in southern Nevada. It's a way for our fan community (and friends in other fan centers) to dish out some egoboo to deserving fans.

Who Can Vote: Any current Las Vegas fan, or any fan who lived in southern Nevada for at least four months in 2005 may vote in all six categories. Non-Vegas fans are invited to vote in the "Outstanding New Las Vegas Fan," "Outstanding Addition to Las Vegas Fandom" and "Outstanding Las Vegas Fan" categories.

Who Can Receive Votes: You may vote for any event or happening that occurred in southern Nevada in 2005 and for any fan who resided in southern Nevada for at least six months during 2005. Since the main reason for the awards is honor our fellow fans, no self-votes will be counted.

How to Vote: You can use the ballot distributed in email, cut and paste the one on the listservs, download a ballot from SNAFFU.org, fill out a hard copy form or call Arnie Katz (648-5677) and dictate it. The important thing is to vote.

You do not have to vote in every category or nominate three choices in each category. The write-ups that accompany this flyer are for memory-jogging purposes only; you can vote for anyone or any thing that is eligible.

Deadline: Sunday, February 5

Survey Tellers: Arnie Katz (crossfire4@cox.net) or Joyce Katz (joyceworley1@cox.net)

2006 Ballot

Most Important Happening in Las Vegas Fandom in 2005

What was the most significant thing that occurred in Las Vegas Fandom during 2005?.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Outstanding Local Event of 2005

What was the most enjoyable and entertaining event of 2005?

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Outstanding Non-Vegas Fan

Who do Las Vegas fans esteem as the top fan outside southern Nevada?

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Outstanding New Las Vegas Fan of 2005

This category honors the best Las Vegas neofan of 2005.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Outstanding Addition to Las Vegas Fandom in 2005

This category honors fans who've come to Las Vegas from other areas.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Outstanding Las Vegas Fan

This category recognizes the top Las Vegas fans based on their fanac in 2005.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

NAME _____

Continued from p 2

bookstore. The first meeting at the new location will be Saturday, February 4.

VSFA secretary Mindy Hutchings had this to say about the happy development:

"Our diligent search for a new venue for VSFA's monthly meetings ended last week.

"Our new meeting place will be: Dead Poet Books at 937 South Rainbow Boulevard, Las Vegas, NV 89145; their phone number is: (702) 227-4070. Since the store's regular hours of business are 10 am to 6 pm, Monday through Saturday, this means the meeting day/time had to be changed., our next meeting will be February 4th at 11 AM.

"Why did we need a new venue?"

Well, you're just going to have to come to the meeting to find out! Sure, a report will be forthcoming, but wouldn't you like to find out first hand?"

Second Oneshot Scheduled ...and You Can Play, Too!

Las Vegas Fandom's first oneshot in a decade, *The Glitter City Gangstas #1*, went so well and drew such a good reaction that a second one is in the works. Las Vegrants, the informal, invitational Core Fandom fan club, will attempt a second issue at the group's February 18 "third Saturday" meeting.

The theme, more or less, is inspired by Valentine's Day (2/14): sex, love, marriage, dating, relationships and so forth. Naturally, the actual oneshot will range all over the lot, but that's how we're starting.

The Vegrants are throwing open the oneshot to fans who'd like to join the fun, but who won't be on hand. All you have to do to join the fun is write or draw something in line with the theme and send it to me (crossfire4@cox.net).

You can write something short and we'll slip it into the round robin. Or if it's over 500 words or so, we may run it as a separate article. Cartoons are also eagerly sought.

The deadline for submissions is Saturday, February 18. And we hope some of you will give it a try.

SNAFFU Starts Monthly Dinner Meetings!

The "fourth Friday" Dinner with SNAFFU series began on a strong note last Friday (1/27). A banner crowd of 19 fans gathered at Lotus of Siam, a Thai eatery, for good food and socializing.

Linda Bushyager, who is the coordinator of this new monthly series, would've made it an even 20 if she had attended. Linda used compos for a show, instead.

SNAPS Cancels January Distribution!

For what Robert Lichtman claims may be the first time



in fanhistory, an amateur press association has canceled a regularly scheduled distribution. SNAPS (Southern Nevada Amateur Press Society) has decided to forget January and go right to February for its 10th Distribution. The deadline for submitting your SNAPSzines to Official Editor Joyce Katz (joyceworley1@cox.net) is Sunday, February 19.

Joyce, in making the announcement, wrote:

"I am bowing to the inevitable. The current mailing of SNAPS will be postponed until February 19. Perhaps because of my inability to drumbeat, or perhaps it's just post-holiday letdown, but the participation this month hit an all-time-low (only Charles has sent in a contribution.)

"Rather than fight the odds, let's just move on. We have plenty of time for everyone to do a nice contribution for February. Come on, gang! Don't stop now! Let's have some anecdotes, some poetry,

some songs, and some mailing comments on the last distribution (which was so excellent!)

"That deadline is February 19. But don't wait till the last minute -- start your contribution to SNAPS right now!"

My addition to those well-expressed sentiments is that participation in SNAPS is easy, inexpensive and fun. All you have to do is write something, get it to Joyce in electronic form and she will shepherd it into the Distribution. Best is to submit your contribution as a *Microsoft Publisher* or an *Adobe Acrobat*, but Joyce will work with you to turn a *Microsoft Word*, text or rich text file into a cool little fanzine for the group.

A lot of first-timers worry about what to write or how well they can write it. Neither is really much of a worry. The people reading it are your friends, your fellow Las Vegas fans, and they will be more interested in your thoughts, opinions, reminiscences, observations and comments than in whether you are a literary threat to Burbee or Willis.

And when it comes to topics, the sky — and your imagination — is the limit. Check out past SNAFFU Distributions, which are available as free downloads, at snafu.org to see the incredible range of material. (If you need a fuller explanation on how SNAPS works, check out past issues of *Vegas Fandom Weekly*.)

SNAFFU Election Is Underway!

With an email notification from SNAFFU President Michael Bernstein, the 2006 Annual Election of Officers is now in full swing. Paid-up SNAFFUties have until February

10 to vote for the declared candidates (or write in their choices).

Here's the ballot and what Michael had to say about it:
"Please complete this ballot by Wednesday, February 8th and email to Kent Hastings at kh@nvpnm.com

For the office of Club President, I vote for:

[] Michael Bernstein

[] _____ (write-in candidate)

For the office of Club Vice-President, I vote for:

[] Joyce Katz

[] _____ (write-in candidate)

"We will also collect paper ballots during the February 10th meeting and announce the results of the final count.

"If you are not a current member of SNAFFU and wish to vote in this election, please pay your membership dues of \$20 by cash or check made out to 'Michael Bernstein' before the final vote tally on Friday February 10th."

ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column

Just when you may be getting tired of my "voice" in this issue, here comes speedy relief in the form of VFW's stalwart gang of ace letterhacks. So let's get to it...

What better way to start off the letter column than with a LoC that plumbs the deepest questions...

Dick Lupoff

The plumber is coming this afternoon and I'm waiting for him now. (No particular logical connection between

Fan Mystery The Badge

The photo of the magazine cover at right and these comments recently appeared on the Wegenheim listserv (wegenheim@yahoo.com). Can anyone shed additional light on this scientific mystery? The letter column beckons.

In rearranging my books and prozines today I dug out a box of pulps I hadn't previously shelved. Mostly they were bedsheet *Amazing's*, and among them was this one which I thought y'all might enjoy for its earnest badgeness....

That *is* where that "badge" came from. Who was the artist?

— Robert Lichtman

Who was the artist? — Bill Burns

I assume it's Frank Paul. — Ted White

It's not exactly credited, though it sure does look like Paul.

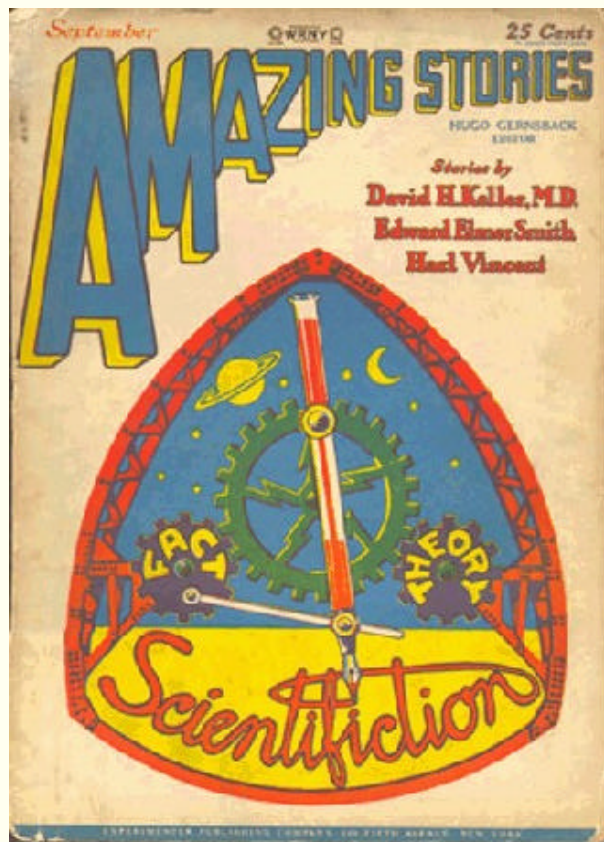
The cover credit reads:

"Our Cover this month bears the First Prize Winner in our \$300.00 Scientifiction Symbol Prize Contest, which closed on May 3rd. Detailed information on the results of the contest will be found on pages 519, 520 and 521."

Yes, three bedsheet pages are devoted to the contest. Again, how very Gernsbackian.

And peculiarly, the design is actually an amalgamation of the top three prizewinners, with the gear-driven pen and "Scientifiction" contributed by Mr. A. A. Kaufman of Brooklyn, NY. The "Wankel" shield shape comes from Mr. Clarence Beck of West Bend, Wis., and the the two small gears (though labelled "science" and "fiction" in the original design) comes from Mr. A. J. Jacobson of Duluth, Minn.

Personally, my favourite of the submissions which were published in the magazine is the one with the disembodied brain. Most of the published submissions, though, are pretty ghastly cliches, alas. — Colin Hinz



those two statements, BTW; not to worry that you're missing the point.)

I do want to comment on that wonderful *Planet Stories* cover in Shelvy's column. Looks like a Freas painting. Last time I saw Kelly he mentioned that he'd never had a chance to do a cover for anything of mine. I said I'd love it if he would do one. He said, "Well, hurry up, time is running out." Alas, time did run out. I'll never have a Freas cover -- unless some publisher decides to recycle an old painting, which would be nice, I guess, but not quite the same thing.

Notice the two stories blurbbed on that PS cover. "Golden Apples of the Sun" by Ray Bradbury, and "Beyond the X Ecliptic" by Fox B. Holden. The latter author had a minor science fiction career in the late 1940's and early 1950's, as I recall. Then he decided he needed a steadier income and became a reporter for the Poughkeepsie *Journal*. Then he realized that he needed a larger steady income and quit the newspaper racket and went to work for IBM.

My last couple of years there, Fox was my boss. I'll tell you more about him in a column some time.

Still, seeing his name on that glorious old pulp thrilled me to the cockles of my heart.

Speaking of which, what the hell are the cockles of anybody's heart? I've heard of auricles and ventricles, but -- cockles? As in "cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O"? As in "cockle-shells all in a row?"

Help me, Arnie, I am very confused.

Whoops, the doorbell. 'Tis the plumber come to rob me.

Arnie: If I remember correctly, the cockles of the heart are very close to the mussels, a-live-a-live-o.

Joelle Barnes

Once again, you've written quite an entertaining *Katzenjammer*. I think I'll ask Joyce to give me lessons on how to use a whip. Hey, Halle Barry took lessons on the whip to play Catwoman...

Anyway, I don't understand making an issue of being 5'2". I would LOVE to be 5'2"! I must say, about the only real advantage to being a "shrimp" is that I can pull into any Big O tires or Discount Tires, and they'll check my pressure for free. They probably wouldn't do that for a tall woman.

Also, I can bring new windshield wipers to Jiffy Lube, and they'll put them on as long as I use the car wash or something. Luckily, my Dad and brother were just here recently to fill up the washer fluid (my brother did it). My brother tried to show me how to do it, but I can't reach high enough to pick the hood up all the way, and the hood is damn heavy before you put that hook there to hold it up. But I probably could have pulled in somewhere if I didn't have men with me. Or even to check the oil.... Tall women don't get that kind of treatment. I actually had a hard time adjusting to pumping gas when I came to this town that has no "full service" stations. At first, I would look for any man at the station and ask him. They would do it for a woman my size.

Fortunately, Lubov Anderson doesn't have to worry about these things, because she has Merric (except when he's out of town.) I wonder what she would do if her oil needed checking, or her washer fluid needed filling, or her

wiper blades needed changing if he were out of town.

What did she do when she was single? I hope I have a man the next time I'm in the market for a car - to wheel and deal with the salesman. That's a man's thing. Also, under-cover stories show how drastically different men and women are treated at car dealerships. I saw where a woman was actually kissed on the cheek; yet the same salesman treated a man very business-like and professionally.

On the other hand, after I got my current Saturn after my Neon was totaled by a hit and run driver, my pedal extensions had to be taken off and put on the Saturn. An older guy at my apartment complex had the size wrench to take off the extensions. It required a man's strength, too. Then, at the place where they put the extensions on, I said "You see how small I am." The manager said, "Oh, you're not small; you're just cute." That was so nice. No one ever calls a tall woman "cute."

Teresa is a sweetheart, and we all love her in our own ways. But I think she took it too seriously - to the point of a possible *War of the Roses*. As a writer, you are an entertainer, though you can be very serious when need be (Peter Sullivan, for example). I think we can assure, Teresa, there's not going to be a War of the Katzes.

I am sometimes surprised at your entertainment: like with that Heidi Fleiss picture and the conversation about her. Pure, classic Arnie.

All I have to say about that is, if David Gordon needs to give me \$250, then there are obviously no romantic men out there who know how to make love to a woman (except Barry Manilow). Can anyone help me meet Barry Manilow? Buy me a backstage pass, David....

Wait 'till everyone sees this "shrimp" next New Year's with some of the clothes from Lubov... I think people need to see that "shrimp" women can be sexy. If only Barry could see me!

Arnie: Joyce hasn't done a lot of whipping in recent years, what with her debilitating heart condition. The Zetz Heard 'Round Fandom, though, indicates that she has recovered a good deal of her strength. {Perhaps she will soon accept students; apply to her.

Not to speak for Teresa, but I'm pretty sure that she spends enough time around Joyce and me to know that we are just kidding around here, though I have not yet recovered all memories lost as a result of her Sinister Sucker-punch.

Has it somehow escaped your notice that Barry Manilow is gay? Now, there's obviously nothing wrong with being gay, but that hardly makes him a good choice as the only man who knows how to make a love to a woman. It makes me wonder about your no-doubt-vast experience that led you to this remarkable judgment.

Rising from his Bed of Pain comes the lovable Publishing Giant from northern California. Will he tell us about The Fight? Wait and see...

Chris Garcia

I'm sick and have been for about a week now. At one point, it was tonsillitis (I refused as a kid to get them re-

IS THAT A REAL
L.V. FAN?



moved, all a part of my plan to be buried in the same cemetery as Wyatt Earp) and now I'm simply stuck with a cold that refuses to let me forget that I have it. As my condition is such, I'll be brief.

I am starting to think that perhaps you've got a Charm of Technological Gifting working on the Launch Pad, as this is the second time the House of Katz has been so blessed by new technology. David, it's a mitzvah giving a Big Screen to such wonderful people!

As far as I know for certain, that is as far as my eyes have told me, Joyce is a cyborg (half-human/half-wheelchair) who does not approach five feet in height. True, I've only seen her once, but still, that impression will stick until I end up back in Vegas (and every LoC to y'all makes me want to come back more)

There's been more talk of late of doing a Doc Savage movie. One of the names bandied about as planning Doc is The Rock. I am all for it, despite others, like Phillip Jose Farmer, who have protested.

Ah, Dick Lupoff worked for UNIVAC! Of all the old Computer Companies, UNIVAC is my favourite. I'm not even sure why. I'm guessing it was the first of the machines that I ever got to crawl inside of (while I was cleaning them at the Computer Museum in Boston) and there was always the image in my mind of a mainframe that for some reason was called a UNIVAC, despite my not even being born when UNIVACs were the dominant computer company.

Wish I had made it up for the McCarthy event. He's up here every now and again, so I'll likely have a chance.

Faan Fiction is wonderful stuff, and I missed it when it was in SNAPS the first go-round. I really need to keep up with SNAPS more. I'm fairly certain that David is really one of the "Those People" who are putting out all that material

that's being attributed to Chris Garcia. Wait, I'm sorry... only Dave Burton will get that gag...

Good to hear that Joyce has jumped (not literally) through another surgical hoop. It's never easy dealing with hospital visit after hospital visit, but the fact that Joyce has maintained any level of fanac is remarkable.

Actually, Pops was the Jew (converted out and back to Catholicism before I was actually born) and Mom's the WASP. Grandparents still guilt me for abandoning the Faith, though they themselves are only practicing slightly. I got a little Hebrew School in me, but only so I could get a hold on the culture of my family's history.

And I couldn't get into more of the San Francisco alteration's specifics due to statutes of limitations. Let me just say this: Chinatown. That's the best I can give you...

Arnie: The generosity of Las Vegas fan friends has been nothing short of miraculous. They have helped so much during Joyce's long illness and what can I possibly say about the gifts and egoboo showered upon us.

Yes, but if you had come here for the Wil McCarthy Appearance, you could have stayed for the VFW Annish Party - and I would have loved to have had you with us on that egoboo-filled day.

Soaring to new, albeit lower, heights is that Pillar of Fandom, the Sage himself...

Robert Lichtman

I found it particularly pleasing to see Ray Nelson's cartoon on the first page of *VFW No. 62*. It's been far too long since Ray reverted to his most famous character, the Globbly, and this one is an instant classic -- seamlessly blending, as it does, both fannish and stfnal elements.

It was interesting to read in "The Terror! The Terror!" of a way in which Joyce differs from most women in the area of lying -- that while many women lie about their age, Joyce reserves lying for details of her height. I never said that Joyce was a "shrimp" except by remote implication that instead of Luba she should be your "favorite shrimp," by the way; that's my story and I'm sticking with it. I wonder, though, about Joyce's grasp on medical reality, though. "I only tell that to doctors," she says in response to your "But you always tell people you're five-foot-four." Every doctor's office I've ever been in has a combination weight and height scale, so it would seem particularly fruitless to make such claims in that context.

I could definitely relate to Joyce's "I'm really five-foot-two. I used to be five-three-and-a-half, but I shrank." After all, I used to say I was "six-foot-four" when actually I was *only* six-three-and-three-quarters." But these days I'm actually six-foot-two-and-a-half (or thereabouts), and I've revised my boasting down to six-foot-three. It's my view -- and one I'm sure Joyce will happily endorse -- that at our new reduced sizes we're just more concentrated goodness.

Perhaps this will cost me a friendship when you print it, but I have to confess that Shelby's *Planetary Stories* was a fanzine into which I found it well nigh impossible to get. So I'm not particularly disappointed that he's folding it. I can well imagine, though, the difficulty its recipients had in

writing letters of comment. After all, what can one say about a piece of space opera beyond "I loved it" or "Bleecchhhh!" and various shades in between?

Like Joe Green, out of everything in the first three issues of *Planetary Stories* I particularly enjoyed the Jerrys Burge and Page's article on Earle Bergey, and especially the caption to the title illustration that read, "Notice how, thanks to Bergey's genius, the lady space captain's apparel isn't as encumbering as the man's space outfit." As a young SF reader, it was always a puzzlement to me how women could cope in outer space with only a helmet, a conical bra and a pair of shorts against the subzero cold.

I totally agree with your sidebar advising people to check out Shelby's other fanzines. I've enjoyed his new one, "confuSon," and am pleased that he's been making old '50's issues of *confusion* into PDFs for present-day fans.

It was interesting to learn more about Dick Lupoff from this issue's article: how he went about asking Pat to marry him (perhaps she was taken with the whimsical aspect of being presented with a Cracker Jack's ring, and that cinched the deal), how he ended up getting his first post-Army job that led to his early, pre-author career, and how he managed to get that boxer to let loose of his hand. But perhaps the most significant piece of information in the article for me personally was that Dick and Pat got married on August 27, 1958, my sixteenth birthday and my first birthday as a faan.

Just as I did when it first appeared in *Soft-core Fantasy Adventures*, I enjoyed reading (or in this case rereading) "The Mystery of David M. Gordon," and particularly of course my part in it. (But before I got to that, I mused long and hard over what "A Mirror for Insurgents," Laney's unpublished sequel to "Ah! Sweet Idiocy!" might be like, and when it might show up on efan-zines.com or in my mailbox in a plain brown envelope.)

When I lived on The Farm showing people around was a task I seldom performed, but "Then you leave" would definitely have been my answer to being asked, "What happens if you want to leave The Farm for one reason or another?" That's what I ultimately did after living there for just over a decade, and as David suggested in the story I *did* soon contact my old friends and ended up resuming fan activity. And here I am today, having spent much more time the second time around, writing this letter of comment to one of my friends.

I'm pleased to read in the letter column your comments that Jack Speer "is undergoing treatment" -- and like you (and everyone else) I'm hoping for a good result. It was good of you to point out to the vast majority of fans who may not be aware of it that Jack "wrote the first fan-history, created the Fancyclopedia, pulled the first major fan hoax, and co-invented (with Dan

McPhail) the mailing comment." It's hard to make a call on which has had the longest-lasting effect on fandom, but I tend to pull for the latter just slightly ahead of the others.

Arnie: I wish I could say that last issue's front page cartoon represented new Ray Nelson cartoon, but it is actually re-cycled from one of my 1990's-era fanzines.

Sadly, because I consider him one of the greatest cartoonists ever to grace Fandom, Ray has shown a disinclination to draw for current fanzines, especially digital ones. He may have suffered hurt feelings when he failed to win the retro Hugo that his work merited.

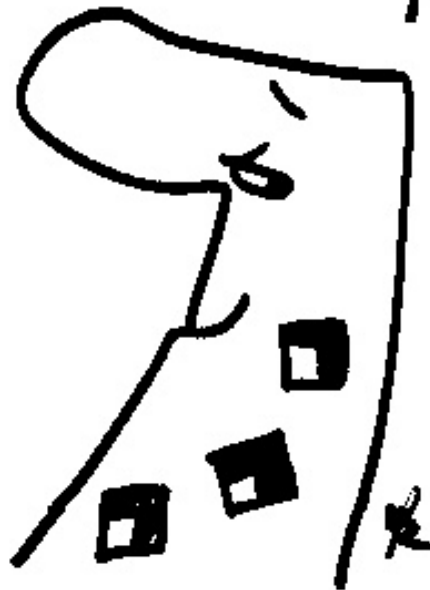
Isn't that sad?

Awards are pretty much meaningless under the best of circumstances and fan Hugos are especially shoddy. And retro Fan Hugos are almost in a class by themselves when it comes to wrongheaded ignorance.

I know some fans tried to acquaint potential voters with those old, eligible fanzines, but the utter failure of that effort is obvious from the embarrassing results of many of those votes.

The menace of Chris Garcia is just one of several fascinating topics in the next letter of comment, from a fan who

LAS VEGAS FANS
ARE KNOW FANDOM
WIDE AS SQUARE
SHOOTERS



seems to be shaking off the effects of *gafia* very effectively, indeed...

John Purcell

I don't have enough time to get into all the things I'd like to say about *VFW's* #61 and 62, so here's a truncated version of a Lloyd Penney-style loc. (And, no, I'm not gonna stop using this phrase; it's so much fun to do this kind of thing.)

#61: There is no such things as Too Much Chocolate. Next to bheer, it's the nectar of the ghods. How much are those 73% Dark Chocolate bars from Trader Joe's? Let me know, 'cos I'd like to order some. They sound so damned decadent.

My brother and I used to read and collect *Archie* Comic books back in the '60's. Hard to believe those things are still running in digest size. Dick Lupoff's bit reminded me of when I worked "maintenance" at the McDonald's across from my high school for a year and a half. I made a whopping \$1.75 an hour, but it added up. Between that and having a morning paper route plus caddying at a local golf club during summer vacation, I managed to save up nearly \$3,000 for college. Not bad for a few odd jobs while in my mid-teens. Honest labor never hurt anybody.

#62: Aren't you glad, Arnie, that you have Joyce to make sure that you get things done? My wife really is 5'4" tall, so besides being my task-master, she and Joyce seem to have a lot in common. Nice Ray Nelson illo, too; looks like she's enjoying cracking that whip.

I have really been enjoying Shelby Vick's contributions to *VFW*. Especially this latest (last?) installment mainly because I actually *have* a copy of that *Planet Stories* issue you have plastered on page 5. It's one of my prized possessions. I really loved the cover art of the pulps. Had nothing -- or lit-



SELF-REFERENTIAL

tle -- to do with the contents, but they definitely got your interest. The stories inside were delightful, too, I must add. Totally good stuff.

Nice bit of faanfic. I have never been one to write it, but I most certainly enjoy reading it, especially when you know the names of the cast of characters. Faanfic requires so much

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

First Friday Video Group February 3 6:00 PM

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

VSFA Business Meeting February 4 11:00 AM

The formal SF club meets at the Dead Poet's Bookstore (937 S. Rainbow).

Las Vegrants Meeting February 4 7:30 PM

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

Las Vegrants Meeting February 18 7:30 PM

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

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).

Sunday Social February 19 2 PM

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

SNAPS Deadline Sunday, February 19

Las Vegas Fandom own electronic amateur press association has its deadline for contributions to the February distribution. Send your file to Joyce Katz (Joyceworley1@cox.net).

SNAFFU Dinner February 24 6:30 PM

The SNAFFU Dinner Meeting will take place at Artem, a fabulous Russian restaurant.

acceptance of your reading audience's background knowledge that this kind of material would never work outside of our little corner of the universe. This is what makes faanfic so specialized and, I believe, difficult to write. When done right, it can be hilarious or poignant, but always effective. Thank you for sharing it with us.

I am glad that Robert Lichtman picked up on my comment about Roger Ebert. Very cool to hear that Ebert pubbed zines and wrote for others. I bet he was a fun guy to meet at cons, and I wonder if he ever goes to them anymore. Probably not, I guess, to avoid the celebrity shtick he'd get from younger fans.

Finally, I'm sorry to hear about Peter Sullivan's condition. Here's hoping for a speedy recovery. I shall e-mail him my latest issue *Real Soon Now*. It is done, too, and available at efanazines.com. And, sad to say, I've already begun the 8th issue. Methinks the influence of Chris Garcia is beginning to take effect. Any antidotes available? Probably too expensive. *sigh* He's a bad influence.

Arnie: The good news about Peter is that he is already home. I wouldn't be surprised to see him resume some of his activity pretty soon. Peter has made a lot of friends in Las Vegas Fandom, so we're all looking forward to that return.

Thank you for the kind words about the faan fiction,

though I do not like the term "faanfic" very much. You've put your finger on what I see as the lynchpin (and justification) for a lot of fanzine content: that it is tailored to the fan audience and would have no viable place in the mainstream. At the risk of seeming like a Total Mark for Fandom, I really enjoy writing for this marvelous collection of characters and the subculture that they, and their predecessors, have created over the last 75 years. It's a very different experience from my professional writing, where the audience is largely anonymous.

The Sunshine Fan wraps up this week's letter column with comments on everything from high school to shrimp.....

Shelby Vick

I continue to marvel, Arnie –

Number 62! And capping it off with a really great bit of faan fiction! The fiction was good and David really deserved it! . . . Ahhh, David; I could use a 32-inch-screen for my TV. Then I could write David up in confuSon! (Well, it was worth a try...)

Joyce -- YOU ARE NOT A SHRIMP!

David's write-up about Wil McCarthy's visit was entertaining, to say the least. (And, late as this LoC is, 'the least' is its theme!)

Chris Garcia, I'm glad you appreciate the stuff I've been doing. Egoboo is great! And I echo your wishes for Jack Speer's improvement. I am a fast walker myself and have had many people complain they can't keep up with me, but I had to trot after Jack at MagiCon!

Robert, you couldn't *pay* me to go back to work! (What, pay is part of working? Now, that's a novel concept.) I'm glad you, too, enjoy my outputs. *That* is the *important* kind of pay!

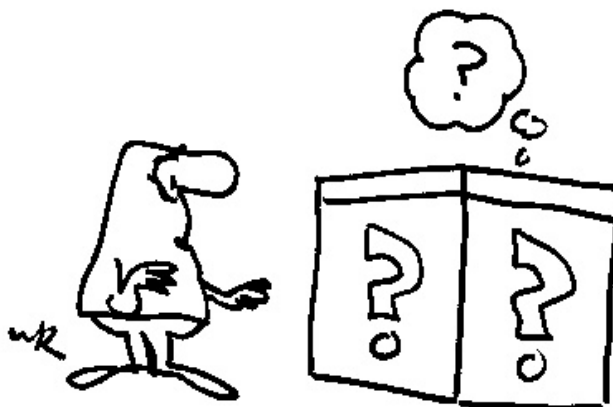
And I remember my high school days with fondness; fondness caused by the fact that they are *memories*, not any more of the Real Thing. And I don't keep *Grammatik* on; a few (now, rare!) times I click it on, Just for Curiosity.

WordPerfect is great -- except for when I'm doing a PDF or using *Front Page Express* for *Planetary Stories*. (You know, <http://www.planetarystories.com>). Then *WP* acts like it knows what it's doing and puts in code I hafta go back and delete! That is when I use .rtf, and it doesn't help. And (can't I start a sentence without 'and?') I'm with you on Dove chocolates.

John Purcell pretty well nailed down the argument about one-shots.

Dick Lupoff, I'm glad you enjoyed my memorial to Big Hearted Howard. Actually, it was easy; all I had to do was sort thru comments off listservs and put 'em together. But I'm glad the effort was appreciated.

Just got (as I'm sure many did!) Peter Sullivan's third 'one-shot' about his recovery. It was a pleasure both to get the news and read *Fafia*.



Arnie: It was not Joyce who declared herself a shrimp, but rather Robert Lichtman who spoke of her in those terms. As mentioned in Katzenjammer – henceforth to be known as the Ultimate Source of Truth – I presented Joyce's opinion that she is, in fact, a Giantess. Hey, what can you expect from a guy who doesn't think Pat Lupoff looks like Veronica Lodge.

Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow

Well, it may not really be all that sweet, but parting from the production of this issue is a lot like having a giant take his foot off your toes! It feels so good when it stops.

Now the weekly timing of the issues is restored, so you can look for a new one about the middle of next week.

Write if you can — Arnie Katz

In This Issue of Vegas Fandom Weekly...

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... and a ton of news.