

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

Vegas Fan Events This Week

**'First Friday Television Series
Friday (3/3) 6:00 PM**

**VSFA Monthly Meeting
Saturday (3/4) 11:00 AM**

**Las Vegrants Meeting
Saturday (3/4) 7:30 PM**

**Ayesha Ashley at the E=String
Sunday (3/5) 6:00 PM**

*Check out the Calendar
and preview stories*

Rochelle Uhlenkott Coming to Vegrants!

Rochelle Uhlenkott, LA-based fantasy writer, science girl and friend of Las Vegas Fandom will be the special guest at the March 4 meeting of Las Vegrants. Rochelle is always a welcome addition to the club, so it's likely to be an especially good meeting.

Rochelle last visited Vegas Fandom when she attended the SNAFFU-sponsored VFW Annish Party in January.

VSFA Sticks with Sat. Mornings For Its Monthly Meeting!

The new day, time and venue all clicked in February, so VSFA (Vegas Science Fiction Association) has decided to go with the new combination in March (and succeeding months). Accordingly, the March Monthly

meeting will be held at 11:00 AM on Saturday, March 4 at Dead Poet Books (937 South Rainbow Blvd.)

Rebecca Hardin, president, had this comment about what to expect: "The first Saturday meeting will probably cover possible movie outings. We don't really have a lot of business to discuss this time, so the discussion will more than likely be just social (what everyone's been up to, etc.)."

Wall Street Journal Profiles Gordon!

The Wall Street Journal for Thursday, March 2, carried an interview and an artist's sketch of Las Vegas Fandom's own beloved David Gordon.

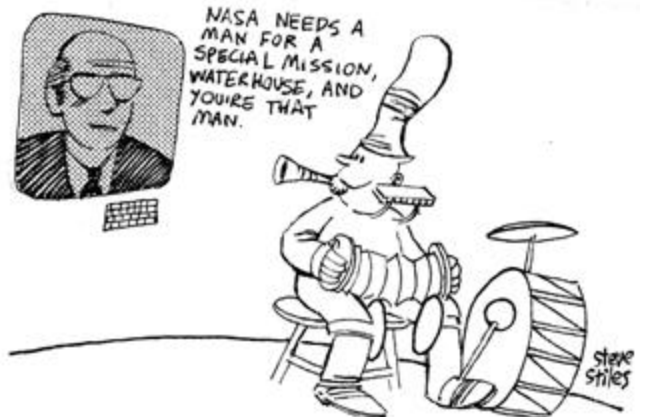
I hope someone will send me a copy of this epic piece of journalism so that we can check it for accuracy and completeness — not to mention gaining more valuable information with which to pierce the veil of mystery that enshrouded the fan some other fans call "Tony." No explanation for why *WSJ* used a sketch instead of an actual photo.

Congratulations to David for this rather sizable chunk of egoboo.

Video Group Changes Meeting Time

The "First Friday" Television Series continues to work its way through *Farscape*, reports host James

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Inside Story Material Boy

Joyce and I don't have kids, so perhaps we project our bottled-up parental urges on some of our younger fan friends. That may explain why I sit here, stunned, like a dad who has just been told that his son has made the cheerleading squad. You're supposed to be happy about it, because it really is an achievement, but it might not be what every father would want for a young man destined to follow in his footsteps.

So, in that spirit of conflicted ambiguity, I want to congratulate the finest young American fanzine fan I know, Chris Garcia. Yes, a young man whom I've called "the finest young American fan" has gone and got himself elected president of the NFFF.

"Preposterous!" you say, leaping to your feet (and cracking your knees on the edge of the desk). "This must be some other NFFF."

No, it is that graveyard of fannish hopes, the National Fantasy Fan Federation.

"Ah," you say, "this must be one of those Katz 'jokes' I've heard about."

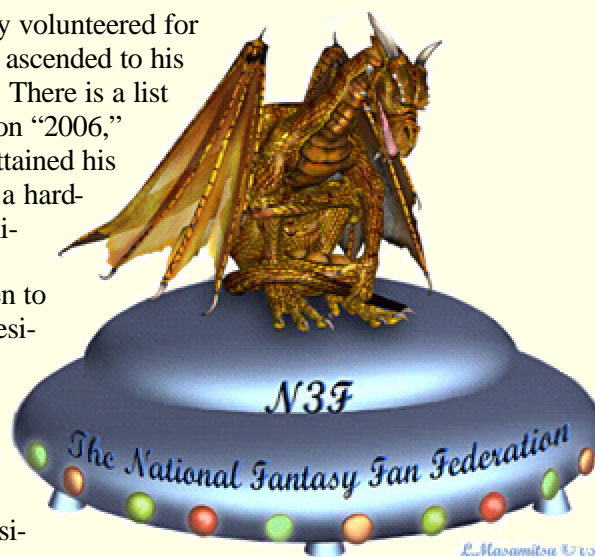
No, I assure you. This is real. It is not a joke, a hoax or an imaginary story. Chris Garcia has become president of the N3F. Keep watching the skies... for flying pigs.

I would've written "elected," because I think he actually volunteered for this noose, but I could find no proof on the N3F site that he ascended to his new office in an orderly exercise of the democratic process. There is a list of N3F Presidents and his name appears with the designation "2006." Still, I found no description of the manner in which Chris attained his goal. He may have beaten the incumbent Ruth Davidson in a hard-fought electoral fight or he may have coasted to his new eminence in an uncontested election.

Or, and this is somewhat troublesome, he may have risen to the presidency in a bloody coup that left the former N3F president Ruth Davidson a bleeding and broken body in a ditch somewhere near Yuba City.

Even though I couldn't find evidence to exonerate my "son" Chris, my visit to the site wasn't a total loss; I got this swell illo.

So, Chris, how — and *why* — did you become N3F president? — Arnie



Vegas Fandom Weekly #67, Volume 2 Number 14, March 3, 2006, 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), David Gordon (Futurists liaison), Alan White (arty fella) and Joyce Katz (proofreading and So Much More).

Reporters this issue: Merric Anderson, Linda Bushyager, Rebecca Hardin, Teresa Cochran and Joyce Katz

Art/Photo Credits : Steve Stiles (1), Bill Mills (8, 9), Alan White (8,9), all else by Bill Rotsler.

Columnists This Issue : Dick Lupoff

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at the SNAFFU site and at efanzines.com. No achy-breaky backs were destroyed during the production of this fanzine.

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

A Great Adventure

Katzenjammer

Sometimes, it's valuable to look at the big picture. Among the subjects prominently featured in *VFW*'s letter column for the past several issues are hardcopy versus digital fanzines, changes in fanzine size and frequency, the size of Core Fandom and the demographics of our subculture. While these topics may seem a little remote to *VFW*'s less experienced readers, these are central questions that affect the health and future prosperity of the subculture in which we long-timers have invested so much.

The points and counterpoints in discussions are fascinating. This set of debates may, in a small way, influence the future direction of Core Fandom.

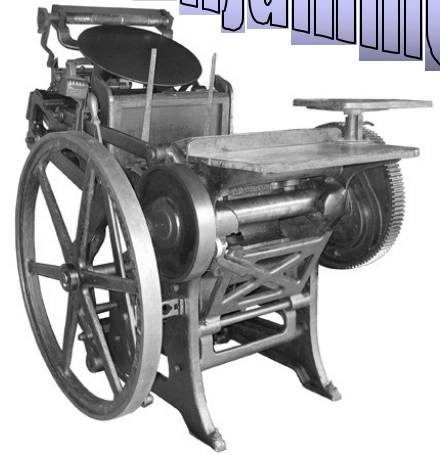
As the letter-answer-guy, I tend to talk about each of these subjects individually, responding to comments as they occur in *ChatBack*. Though I've noted connections among some of these subjects, the discussion have essential remained separate.

As I mentioned in the last *Chatback*, I suddenly got what I think is a fresh take on the Big Picture. As

LAS VEGAS FANS
ARE ON THE
LEADING EDGE
OF 21ST CENTURY
FANDOM !



promised at that time, I'm going to devote this *Katzenjammer* to it. Some of this material isn't new, but I think I've fitted it together in a somewhat different way.



Core Fandom (and its backbone, Fanzine Fandom) is in the midst of revolutionary change. It's making the transition from hard copy to digital publishing. A lot of us will miss those great twiltone tree-killers of yesteryear, but the change has an inevitability about it that is hard to deny.

Publishing a fanzine used to be something that a kid could do out of his allowance. Postage is spiraling upward and, due to the increase in the price of paper, labor and overhead, copy shops will get more expensive, too.

At the same time, it has become nearly impossible for fans to use the time-tested (and cheaper) methods of mimeography and spirit duplication. The materials are hard to find and getting scarcer. The inability to employ "sweat equity" puts a monthly 30-page hard-copy fanzine beyond most fans' budgets.

There are still reasons for doing some fan publications in hard copy. Hand-outs at conventions and local clubs, anthologies and convention program books will continue to be printed for some years to come

Yet the focus is already switching to digital fanac — listservs, websites and electronic fanzines. Every economic and technological factor favors the change, which means the trend is likely to continue.

The strongest counter-force is neither technological nor economic. It's nostalgia. We've all been fans a long time and have stored up some wonderful memories of publishing and reading print fanzines. They are the totems of our youth, the tangible talismans of our devotion to the ideals and the relationships of Core Fandom.

We who've fanned for 40 or 50 years may well

Continued on next page

The classic hollow drum mimeo could not produce copies as crisp and slick as those that came from the letter press. Mundane ayjay judged the various publishing options and reached the consensus to stick to letter press. They didn't ban mimeo, ditto and hekto, but they definitely discouraged those alternatives.

Mundane ayjay can mark its long-term decline from that decision. Those "lesser" publishing methods drastic reduced the pool of letter press owners from which Mundane ayjay could draw participants.

Fandom faced a similar Moment of Decision in the mid-1930's, but reached a different consensus. *Fantasy Magazine*, *The Time Traveler* and other major fanzines of that period were hand-set type on letter press. When the fan who'd done most of the work decided to focus on his business, the fanzine field collapsed.

That's when fans embraced the new small publishing technology. They cast aside the pseudo-pro pretensions and impressive format of the letter press fanzines in favor of continuing to write for their friends in fanzines produced with the humble hectograph.

Better technology — spirit duplicators and mimeographs — became widespread after World War II, in part through war surplus sales and fanzine publishing entered its prime period, 1946-1982. Young fan publishers capitalized on the relatively low cost of participation to produce numerous fine, regular fanzines.

Look what happened to Mundane Ayjay over the same period! The influx of young letter press publishers slowed, because younger people no longer owned presses. The stalwart publishers of ayjay grew older, got rid of their presses, died and reduced activity.

Fanzine Fandom has arrived at a similar crisis point. And not understanding that it *is* a dividing line may ultimate doom our subculture.

I believe the lack of younger publishing fans is directly attributable to our continued reliance on elderly, outmoded technology. The corollary is that we are not likely to get younger publishers unless Fanzine Fandom offers relevant publishing options.

Forget the teenagers and college students. Core Fandom, as presently constituted, is much too old for them. Folks that age are generally too rebellious to find science fiction a proper vehicle to assert their individuality. Their parents like "sci fi," so liking it is hardly a blow for independence. (Anime and rap, which most parents hate, work much better.)



The Edison Mimeo.

The 26-40 age category is another, potentially happier, story. These are usually more mature and settled individuals and the age difference between them and the average Core Fan doesn't pose any particular problem.

What *does* pose a problem for Core Fandom is the attempt to cling to the old technology. A 30-year-old person, born in 1976, may not be able to recall a time before computers and the Internet. If they are looking for an outlet for personal expression, they are much more likely to pick a blog, listserv or website than to suddenly start messing around with the production of a hard copy fanzine.

Core Fandom doesn't proselytize; it's not our way. I don't think we ought to start now. I advocate only maintaining our visibility and approachability — and maybe giving Fandom a new hairdo and a sexy low-cut dress.

We Core Fans of today have received a precious gift from those who came before us and set this Fandom thing in motion. The right payback for that, it seems to me, is to pass it along to the next generation, hopefully better than we found it.

And as someone who plans to fan for at least another 20 or 30 years, I'd sure like to see Core Fandom thrive rather than dwindle to the point that Corflu 50 is a few old codgers hooked up to life support at the same hospital.

Fandom has so enriched my life. I don't want to see it end. Sure, there'll be amateur journalism whether or not Fandom survives, but the unique social system and rich culture should be there for the future.

There's really nothing we Core Fans have to do except keep open to digital forms of fan-literary expression and, with tears of nostalgia dampening our sensitive fannish faces, work with the move to digital to assure that as much as possible of our unique subculture makes the journey with us. — Arnie

You want to read more by Arnie? Are you sure? Are you really, *really* sure? If you are resolute, visit efanzines.com and graze among a fairly large number of fanzines and special publications.

If only for the sake of variety, though, why not look at *FAFIA* by [Peter Sullivan](#) and *The Drink Tank* by [Chris Garcia](#), two outstanding "under 40" fanzine publishers who show where the digital medium will take us in the future.

Two other sites worth some time are fanac.org and Trufen.net. The former has many classic fan pieces, while the latter has become Core Fandom's Daily Newspaper.

Them Daze

American Myths



Okay, I was way off base. There I was merrily debunking something that I call The Archie Andrews Myth. This is the idea that high school days are a merry round of parties, dates, dances, football rallies, jalopy rides, and milkshakes. Hogwash, sez I, or sed I, that's a false memory cooked up by comic books and low-budget movies and TV sitcoms. The years between ages fourteen and eighteen are sheer hell on earth.

That's what I said, my friends, but along comes the admirable Chris Garcia to say it is not a myth, his high school years really were a merry round of fun and mirth. I think it was Chris, anyway. And I believe him. I don't think he's delusional, for heaven's sake.

On the other hand, the superior man, Robert Lichtman, agrees with my assessment of that phase of life as Hades High and says that he couldn't wait to get his diploma and get out of that scene.

Well, I guess I was over-generalizing. It's Hades High for some of us and Riverdale High for others.

My own case, I will say, was an extreme one. For a number of reasons that don't bear too much on the case, my older brother and I found ourselves plunked into a boarding school at a fairly tender age. Tenderer for Yours Truly than for my brother, Jerry, as he was three years older than I. Not only was this a boarding school, it was a military school. And a Christian military school at that.

I don't really think that our father hated us (our mother, alas, was deceased) but he could hardly have done us worse if he'd tried. I won't go into details about life at the institution that I sometimes call the Borderwall Military Academy (not its actual name). Instead, let's put it this way: Every movie or

television drama you've ever seen portraying the nasty life of the kids at that kind of school is telling you the truth. Except the truth is worse.

Jerry actually got along very well at Borderwall. He was good looking, athletic (all-state football and baseball), and socially adept. He rose through the ranks to become a cadet captain or major or colonel or something, I really don't remember. As for me, I was kind of geeky with glasses and braces, intellectual rather than athletic, and introverted. I just didn't care about shining my shoes and making my bed so tight a quarter would bounce off the blanket. I was more interested in reading books. Hey, I was a science fiction fan before I even knew I was a science fiction fan!

Some of the kids took their phony play-rank seriously. They got quite carried away with a smidgeon of



authority. They would throw their weight around, turn you in for the slightest infraction, which could be as small as having a smudge on your brass belt buckle or being thirty seconds late for formation. It's the old, "power corrupts" principle. Others had better sense, or maybe more innate decency.

One of the good guys, as I remember, was a fellow named Bill Carlson. He was a couple of years ahead of me, closer to my brother's age than to mine, and was one of those cadet officers. They actually wore old-style Sam Browne belts (look it up) and carried polished sabers on parade!

How in the world I survived that school is something of a miracle, but somehow I did. Damn, how I wish I'd had a normal adolescence, lived at home with

my family, attended a public high school, had girl friends and – well, the Archie Andrews Myth says it all, doesn't it? I always thought Jerry was having a great time at that school. He certainly looked it. It was decades later that we finally talked about our experiences there, and I learned that he despised the institution as much as I did. I guess he was just better at protective coloration.

Survive it I did, though, and went off to college. I deliberately selected an institution that had a reputation as a "playboy school," the University of Miami. Spent the next four years, essentially, rehabilitating myself from the damage done to me at Borderwall.

As I've mentioned before – stop me if you're sick of hearing this – these were the 1950's. The Cold War was going full bore and military service for able-bodied young males was considered the norm. I know that some of my contemporaries in the science fiction community went to unusual extremes either to avoid military service altogether or to get a quick discharge if they hadn't managed to escape the draft. I don't condemn anyone who did this, but as for me, I took the Red Menace seriously (maybe I was a fool, maybe not) and when my turn came, I went.

Heck, two years in the Army did me no harm,



Teri Harrison, a 2002 *Playboy* Playmate, shares the patriotism and the surname of two of America's Presidents.

and in fact contributed to my ongoing self-rehabilitation program. So there I was, assigned to the faculty of the Adjutant General's School near Indianapolis, Indiana. One sunny Midwestern afternoon I happened to be headed to the Post Exchange to do some personal shopping. The PX was located in a charming old brick building. You entered by climbing a short outdoor staircase.

As I approached the doors they opened and a soldier emerged. We both stopped in our tracks. He looked at me. I looked at him. We recognized each other. He was an old Borderwall acquaintance, none other than Bill Carlson. He took in my uniform. I took in his uniform. He wore sergeant's chevrons on his sleeve. I wore lieutenant's bars on my shoulders.

After a frozen moment, Sergeant Carlson offered a snappy salute.

Lieutenant Lupoff returned same. Then I shook his hand. "Bill

Carlson," I said, "how are you?"

"Uh, just fine, uh – *Sir*."

"Well, it's good to see you again. Borderwall was a long time ago, wasn't it?"

"Uh, thank you, *Sir*. Yes, it was, wasn't it? And, uh, what's your brother Jerry doing these days?"

"He's in the Navy. He's chief communications officer on a destroyer in the Mediterranean."

I gotta tell you, if that sergeant had been one of the s.o.b.'s I'd encountered at military school, I would have rubbed his nose in it but good. But he was Bill Carlson, he was a really decent guy. I said, "It's been great seeing you again, Bill."

We exchanged salutes once more, and our paths never crossed again. The Army was a big place in them daze.

Well, now it's the Twenty-First Century and the world is a very different place. My own kids were never called for military service, and now my older grandkids are getting to be of military age. If that thug in the White House tries to reinstate the draft, I'll tell 'em to head for the Canadian border, pronto. Hell, I'll treat 'em to a ticket.

-- Dick Lupoff

Las Vegrants Oneshot Wonders!

The evening's festivities got off to a slightly early start when Merric & Lubov Anderson rang up a little before 7:00 PM to ask if they could show up a little early. Since Joyce and I were already in company mode and since we always enjoy the Andersons' company, we encouraged them to head to the Launch Pad without delay.

They'd barely entered the living room when it became obvious that several other Vegrants were also running a bit ahead of schedule.

Ayesha Ashley and Dan O'Leary arrived together, followed shortly by David Gordon. We'd just been talking about missing him – David has been a little quiet in recent weeks – when the Man Himself put an end to our lamentations. (I immediately began missing Pamela Anderson, but could not reproduce the effect.)

David absolutely *floored* me by commenting, in



DeDee White contemplates her oneshot entry as she sits at the computer in the dining room area.

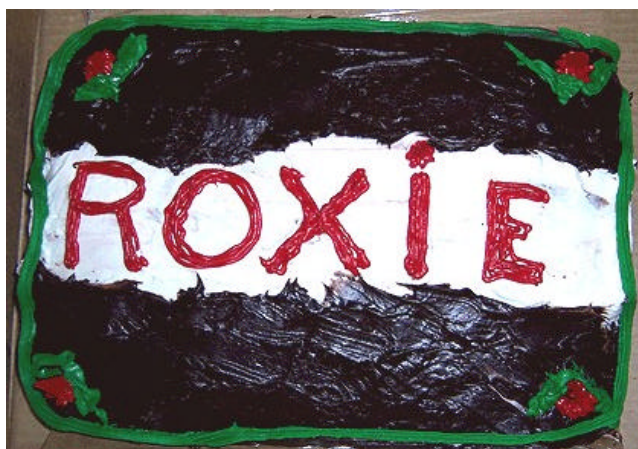
passing, that he was glad to get such a fulsome welcome, because he wasn't sure he was still a member! I think he was just looking for us to Show the Love, which we all dutifully did. David is an odd mixture of bravado and humility – and definitely one of the Vegrants' regulars.

Folks who'd been to the E-String to hear Ayesha the previous Sunday filled in the rest of us. The place, though small, got good reviews as did Ayesha's performance. And although one of the acts, a bluegrass

group, took some shots for being too inexpert to perform publicly, the other performers on the bill got good word-of-mouth, too.

The Andersons made tentative plans with Joyce and me to attend Blondie'd next appearance. We'll be encouraging other Vegrants to show up, too, so it may turn into a real fannish outing. Bill Mills brought his guitar in from the car and strummed a little, but most





of the musical energy went into seeing how much life is left in Joyce's electronic keyboard. I'd sure like to see what Billy, Ayesha and Potshot could do as a trio. All are pretty skillful and it'd be great to hear from Vegrants rockers.

Roc Mills, the birthday girl, is shown with her cake *above, left).

In what seemed like an ultimate expression of negativism, Joyce asked the rest of us to nominate the worst person in history. She thought it might be Adolph Hitler and I didn't hear anyone press another candidate. I don't know if he was history's worst villain, but he was quite possibly the single person responsible for the greatest amount of villainy.

A topic we *didn't* discuss was who might be the worst – and best – fans in fanhistory. I'll bet at least a few *VFW* readers have some suggestions...

Merric continues to play coy about writing something for Fandom in what appears to be an effort to break my spirit. He's one of the most popular Vegrants and a damn good friend of mine, but sometimes I get the overwhelming urge to act out a fannish variation of the scene from *Clockwork Orange*. The fact that he is actually a very entertaining writer is just salt in the wound.

This time, Merric declared that he would, after all, write something – on his deathbed. "You'd better rush to the computer and do it, then," I said as I thumped my left fist into my right palm. "That deathbed may be closer than you know." I'm trying to get Merric to write an article and file it away until he feels Death's grim



David Dek Valle, one of the newest Vegrants, added to the oneshot.

grip seizing him. He could then rush to the computer and email his final (and first) salvo to an obliging fellow Vegrant (like me), who would then disseminate his words to a waiting world.

It turned out to be Roc's birthday. Bill made a cake and brought it to the meeting for all of us to share.

Another thing we shared was the oneshot. Yes, we actually did do one. My bad back has delayed its actual publication, but it's on the list for right after this issue of *VFW* goes into distribution.

I was moderately happy with the degree of participation and the results, though I hope more of the Vegrants will join in this joint effort. Among those who wrote, DeDee White, David Del Valle and Jolie La-Chance made their oneshotting debuts.

This Vegrants meeting drew 19 people, continuing the high level of attendance that began around mid-2005. At one point, I looked around my office and counted eight fans – Joyce, James, Teresa, Billy, Roc, Ross, David Del Valle and me – which means that there were as many fans in that one little room as at whole Vegrants meetings when the club reached its lowest ebb 19 months ago.

A lively and congenial group of fans made the night memorable. These include: James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Ross Chamberlain, Merric & Lubov Anderson, Alan & Dedee White, Roxanne & Bill Mills, David Del Valle, Lori Forbes, Bill & Laurie Kunkel, Ayesha Ashley, Dan O'Leary, Joelle Barnes, Jolie La-Chance, Joyce Katz and me ..

-- Arnie Katz

SNAFFU Central February SNAFFood

Fifteen fans ate at the Feb. 24 Friday "Dinner with SNAFFU" at Artem Russian Restaurant. Unfortunately I forgot to bring my camera. Sigh. Attending were Teresa Cochran, James Taylor, Ron and Linda Bushyager, Cazz, Ron and Raven Pehr, Cindy Jackson (the mysterious Regina de la Luna from last month), Lubov and Merric Anderson, Joelle Barnes, Jolie LaChance, Rebecca Hardin, Lori Forbes, and April Reckling. Almost everyone had been to the Jan. dinner, so apparently everyone enjoyed the new SNAFFU format. Unfortunately Arnie Katz's troublesome back precluded Arnie and Joyce from joining us. Hopefully he'll be recovered after some more rest, which usually does the trick when you throw your back out, though it can take time.

Artem was a fun restaurant for everyone, with interesting and good food, lovely log-cabin like decor, and great music. The entertainment consisted of an excellent accordion player accompanied by canned music and strange videos. The good news was that she was very good, the bad news was that at times the music got a little too loud. The food was great, and included many Russian specialties you don't normally find in good presentations and good-sized portions. Unfortunately there was only one waitress,

making service slow, but since this gave the group more time to talk, and the conversations were lively, it didn't bother us too much. Also Artem gave everyone a glass of flavored vodka, which was excellent -- so much so that many people ordered an extra one or two or well, more.

The consensus was that the group would like to go back, perhaps in another year, because this was a fun restaurant. Entrees started at about \$11, but if you had an appetizer and desert, or added on another vodka, your bill with tip could run \$30-40, making this restaurant more expensive than last month's economical "Lotus of Siam." The group also felt that Siam was worthy of a return visit eventually.

On March 24 the "SNAFFood" (as some nicknamed the event) will be at Cool Cuba, a more economical restaurant on Tropicana at 7pm. Please RSVP to joyceworley1@cox.net by March 17 if you would like to go. The SNAFFood is open to everyone, not just SNAFFU members, so please feel free to come.

Many suggestions were made for future restaurants including Persian, Soul Food, Chinese, etc. We'll be announcing future dinners as time goes on, with an emphasis on variety and economical places. Suggestions are more than welcome.

— Linda Bushyager

Continued from p 2

Willey. This month's meeting, however, will start at 8:00 PM.

James stresses that all fans are welcome. Email to him at horgon@yahoo.com for complete details.

SNAPS Rebounds with Big Distribution!

Eleven participants contributed 41 pages to the February distribution of SNAPS (Southern Nevada Amateur Press Society). The group had skipped January, but enthusiasm returned when the holidays passed.

"It's not too early to start on a contribution for the next distribution," advised OE Joyce Katz as she cracked her whip in a surprisingly amiable manner. "The deadline is Sunday, March 19." The threats she muttered under her breath were too horrible and terrifying to print in a Family Fanzine (and also a scandalous rag like this).

SNAPS, founded by JoHn Hardin, Joyce Katz and I under the aegis of SNAFFU, is the amateur press association for all fans in Las Vegas and (yeah) southern

Nevada. It's a club, like Vegrants or VSFA, except that it only exists in cyberspace. It consists of those who contribute electronic fanzines to the distributions. (You can also lurk by downloading the distributions for free at snaffu.org)

Doing a SNAPSzine is as easy to do as it is cheap — and it's free. Just write something about any subject that interests you. It could be as specific as a book review or an account of an event or outing or simply ramblings about this and that. Email the file to Joyce (Joyceworley1@cox.net) as a .PDF, .PUB, .DOX or even .TXT. Within a week after the deadline, Joyce will email you a file (the distribution) that contains one copy of each contribution. One of the cool things about an amateur press association is that, in the next distribution, you're likely to find comments from several other Vegas fans about whatever you wrote. Who knows? You may discover some new common interests.

It's not a bad idea to take a look at the most recent distribution. Not only is there a lot of good, readable

SNAPS

Distribution #10
February 2006



stuff, but it's bound to give you a better fix on this whole apa business.

Heard Around FANDOM

Shelby Vick reports that his Planetary Stories site is temporarily down. He's looking for a new host...

Information about the 2006 Corflu in Toronto, Canada, is now available after an initial delay. Joyce and I wish we could join you all, but this is not the year...

Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer have published *Banana Wings #25*. If you'd like to see a copy of Britain's best fanzine, a nice request to banana @fishlifter.demon.co.uk, their email address, might pry loose a sample copy.

Heard Around Vegas Fandom...

John DeChancie, currently in exile in Los Angeles, is looking for an apartment and/or a roommate in Las Vegas. Anyone who has a lead on an inexpensive apartment should contact him at jdechan@yahoo.com...

Linda & Ron Bushyager are going on a trip to Italy. They'll be gone during the March SNAFFood Dinner, so RSVPs go to Joyce Katz (joyceworley1@cox.net) for that event...

Both Ray & Marcy Waldie are having some medi-

cal problems. They're getting treatment — and a lot of Good Thoughts from their Vegnants co-conspirators...

Ayesha Ashley's sister is coming to visit this weekend. It means AA will most likely not be at the Vegnants meeting, but also that those who go to the E-String on Sunday are likely to meet her...

My back is feeling a lot better, but it did handicap work and fanac this past week. Out of excuses, I guess I'll have to get #68 out on Thursday, which is my distribution target day each week...

Joshua Andrews surfaced on the local listservs this week. He says he's happy, working and living in Las Vegas. No word on whether he's ready to begin a more active role, though...

ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column

Some of this fanzine's finest contributors are lined up, ready to share their thoughts, so I'd better get out of the way and let the digital steamroller do its thing....

This week's first letter writer drops a bombshell in the course of a typically fine commentary on many subjects...

Chris Garcia

Hope your back feels better. Back injuries are bad news. I've had parents who both have very bad backs and I'm lucky that I don't seem to have inherited that from them.

Hey, I take my victories where I can so just being on your ballot is a win... even if I did think that it was the final voting tally (I thought they were coming out last week).

Next time I'm out there, which seems to be at some point in the near, but not too near, I must hear Ayesha Ashley sing. And a music venue with food that is neither poor nor expensive (and often both) is a true find.

You mention others that are always looking for new contributors. Well add Chris Garcia to that list. With two of my regulars having moved to Finland (and one of them pregnant) as well as the ever unpredictable state of all writers, I'm always looking for new articles and art and more.

My dad always said that Greg Pickersgill was the voice of truth in fandom. I'm not sure why, but I'm led to understand that the two of them met briefly at some point during the 1970's, when I was far too young to remember. I have encountered his writing and find it to be some of the best in the history of fandom. He's got a style that I wish my stuff could follow, but it's far too polished to be produced at the rate of 1.2 words per

minute (on a twenty-four hour a day basis, thank you Judith Morel for figuring that out for me). His stuff in *Banana Wings* always makes me smile. His Memory Hole is also one of the most useful sites in fandom.

I love Hard Science Tales and I'm always pleased to read Joyce's recollections of her entry into fandom. Everyone's story of how they got to the Party should be collected, put into a book or something. That'd make for interesting (and embarrassing) reading.

I've often said that Niall Harrison is the next Dave Langford, and now it turns out that he's a tall man. No tall man can be a legend... unless it's for being tall (sorry, I stole that line from Lenny Bruce).

Those Tun meetings sound interesting. I'm always interesting in seeing how different groups get together. There's the BASFA model, The Vegnants model, the HOFSSFA model, all of them have their pluses and minuses. Lots of names in Mark's article that I recognize from various fanzines that I regularly read and from tales told at cons by visiting Brits and Trans-Atlantic voyagers.

Ooh! Merric mentioned Artem when he was out here. I really wanna try it as I love Russian food.

Bob Tucker's the VP of First Fandom. With that group, it would be nice to see a Clubzine come out of them. Oddly, and I'm sure you've already heard, I've become president of the N3F. Yes, I know, I know, but I'm excited as I've got plans to see what we can do about getting folks to really understand fandom in the electronic age. It'll be an interesting year, trust me.

And that's that. Another LoC to another great issue of VFW. Since I'll likely miss LoCing next week due to my film showing at Cinequest, I wish you all the happiest of early March's.

Arnie: My back has delayed publication of the 2006 Vegas Fan Poll results a couple of weeks, but I hope to get to it in the next few days. I've had back problems periodically over the years and this wasn't the worst bout.

Moved to Finland, eh? When I was doing QUIP, my co-editors showed a disturbing tendency to move to the West Coast. None of them ever got pregnant, either. You may have to modify your technique if contributors continue to flee beyond the US border.

You'll get no argument from me about the excel-

lence of Greg Pickersgill. His anthology belongs in every fan's "essential library" – and I sure do wish he'd appear in VFW, too.

I can't be a legend, because I'm tall? That is disappointing. I don't know if it would be worth slouching or developing a permanent stoop, so I guess I'm the Non-Legend for keeps.

You're president of the N3F? I shudder to think of what may befall you if you actually try to modernize and streamline the N3F and redirect some of its energies in more positive directions.

The shocking thing about First Fandom as it now exists, at least to me, is how little the people in charge seem to know about Fandom and fanac. I think of fans from Back in the Day as "all-arounders" who dabbled in most forms of fanac, as opposed today's All Known Fandom with its preponderance of specialists.

The only thing likely to be worse than not getting a clubzine from First Fandom is getting one like the four-page double issue I recently received. In light of the dues, it made me feel a little insulted. Well, not all of me, just my intelligence.

VFW's most prolific columnist chimes in next with a light-hearted, yet sagacious, LoC on the most recent issue...

Shelby Vick

I goofed, Arnie; did it again -- missed the deadline for a column, but I note that VFW managed to survive quite well.

Greg should be happy with your review. It was so great that, if I were still employed, I would be forking over my \$11 in a heartbeat! Sounds fascinating.

I'm glad Joyce has started her column. I've heard her historic story before, and it really needs telling again for all the newbies who have shown up. (By 'newbies', I refer to those recent fans who have joined us since the 1950s.) She tells it great! More!

"Pipeline" by a guy named Plummer. Somehow, I feel there's a joke hidden there... but, joke or not, that was quite a write-up. English fans and English pubs seem to belong together.

Peter Sullivan mentions *Open Office*. I downloaded it a while back; can't really get hung up on it, tho; with Robert

Lichtman, I prefer WordPerfect. And, yeah, Obit Fandom is growing at an alarming rate. That's one disad-



vantage of living to a Ripe Old Age -- and my Old Age is ripe enuf to be plucked.

Hal Hughes mention of DeLauer's Newsstand made me drool. And it's been going for 100 years! May it go another hundred. And as far as Betty vs. Veronica goes, Betty always got my vote! I'll Attach Betty pic I have. . . .And, now that I've sed that, I'll hafta send me a copy of this so's I can be sure it's the right one!

And to Robert Lichtman and those 'tests'... I never took the Final one, either. Further, when I got to high school there was a test we took each year to see where we placed, education-wise, on Reading. I always scored 13+, of course, meaning I read at or above college level. . . . MONTHLY bundles from John Hertz? Robert, you aren't living right; I get 'em WEEKLY!!!

I see Rich Dengrove agrees with me about Word-Perfect. Can't tell about Paintshop, tho, as I use Adobe Photoshop Elements.

...And you survived a Ted White letter! See, Ted; he did you a favor! You need no longer fear writing LoCs.

Arnie: Joyce's history presents some fodder for discussion. She likes to say that she was a fan from 1956, when she first began reading fanzines, but I think it would be fairer to date her fan career from her encounter with Jim and Dave Hall in 1965. I recall her as an extraordinarily knowledgeable neofan, though, because she was so familiar with Sixth Fandom.

From the UK comes a letter that makes an intriguing point about the recent Pickersgill anthology...

Peter Sullivan

Can't Get Off the Island was the first paper SF fanzine I saw (OK, so it's not technically a fanzine, but a collection of fanzine articles), and I guess it had a similar effect on me that Laney's *Ah Sweet Idiocy!* had on you. In that, by talking about the rough with the smooth, it actually made fandom sound *more* interesting to me than an unrealistic panegyric would have done.

Chris Garcia's description of an alternate history about "what would have happened if the Union had won The Civil War" is a new one on me. Shouldn't that be the other way around? I guess that a Churchill fanzine produced during the war would have to have been a single-sheeter, sent out as a Shelby Vick-style lazy letter - he was always asking officials to give him written briefings on important issues "on one sheet of paper" (pretty much the only way he could avoid getting overwhelmed with detail, but not a way to endear oneself to typically verbose civil servants). As for a title, I

would guess "Action This Day," which he used to have stamped on the top of most memos he sent out anyway.

The Bob Tucker snippet reminds me of the old joke about the road signs saying "Soft Shoulders," which would traditionally get vandalised to add "... and Warm Thighs." Maybe as a result, such signs in Britain these days warn about "Grass Verges" instead.

Chris's idea of a new generation is all very well, but I suspect that the new young fen with an interest in high-speed fandom are not going to gravitate towards fanzines. They'll stay in Livejournal and on the listservs, as that to them is the natural environment for high-speed fanac. Chris is an anomaly in that, although he has the high-speed fanac off pat, he also has the traditional fanzine background (one might almost say born and bred in a briar patch) which points him in that direction. I suspect that, for good or ill, there are not that many Chris Garcia's out there, however.

That Stumptown's Coffee poster was quite disturbing. I just hope for the sake of the gentleman pictured (and his putative children) that the coffee concerned was an iced one. Actually, iced coffee as opposed to hot coffee in this context probably falls into the category of "better, but only relatively better." Ouch.

I guess my comments on letterpress zines went a bit off-course, but then I'm often to be found swimming out from the River of Inappropriate Simile into the Sea of Over-Extended Metaphor. All I was really trying to say, I guess, is that letterpress had, as far as I can see, no benefits over mimeo at all. And yet there were still letterpress zines being produced even when mimeo became "standard." By contrast, paper zines *do* have some specific things that they do better than e-zines. And so, even as e-zines become the norm, I would expect paper zeens to take even longer to die out completely than letterpress zines took.

I seem to remember reading that one pro writer used to cure writer's block by sitting down and writing *something*. Even if it was all just "Oh fingers, why do you fail me? Words, why do you not come? Please release me from my blockage, Great Proofreader in the Sky!" The idea being that, after a few minutes of this, he would be so sick of it that it was easier just to write what he was meant to be writing rather than drive himself mad with more gibberish.

DeLauer's Newsstand in Oakland has just been added to my list of places I *have* to visit the next time I am Stateside. Of course, if I'm meant to be doing something on the east coast, that's quite some detour.

I'm not entirely sure that the re-launch of Fact-sheet Five is actually that imminent - the only progress

on the website (www.factsheet5.org) seems to be that, every few months, the deadline for submissions and projected on-sale date gets moved forward by another few months... Certainly there's no activity on the mailing lists. I guess the most charitable explanation is that the people responsible have bitten off just a bit more than they can chew.

My corflu was pink, and not dissimilar in texture and smell to nail varnish remover. The stench was so awful, that I could typically go up to three-quarters of a stencil before needing to use it. But once I'd had to open it, the smell was usually enough to cause two or three further mistakes on the rest of the page. After I switched to word processing, cutting the stencils on a dot-matrix printer, the corflu was pretty much redundant, of course. Once, when there was a power cut, I ended up using the manual typewriter again, but (as I was having to work by candlelight), there was absolutely no way I could use corflu, as the warning on the side of the bottle had lots of CAPITAL LETTERS about flammable vapours.

Arnie: I'd say that Greg is in the tradition of Insurgent essayists like Francis Towner Laney, so making the connection between their fan work is actually pretty reasonable, The big difference, of course, is that Ah, Sweet Idiocy is one, unified piece rather than a collection. Imagine the effect if Greg had gone on about something for 120 pages or so.

Letter press had considerable advantages over the primitive, cloth-drum mimeographs against which it competed, including sharper print quality and relatively easy introduction of color. And when fans themselves did the typesetting and printing, it wasn't nearly as costly.

Whereas fanzines were pretty much the only outlet for fan-literary expression during the paper era, the digital environment offers much more scope. I like doing fanzines, so that's what I do. Those who prefer web sites, listservs and blogs are every bit as much entitled to be considered Core Fans. And the folks who thought of themselves as "fanzine fans" for half a century or so might have to get used to a mix of fan-literary expression that includes, but is not limited to, fanzine. In the final analysis, the message outweighs the medium.

On the subject of blogs, I'm a pessimist about their longevity. While some are consistently excellent and absorbing reading, a lot of them are tepid accounts of ho-hum happenings. The low average readership – it's six people – and indications that an appreciable number of bloggers are already running out of energy suggest that it might not be an enduring medium. Whether it is or not, though, I think a Core Fan can write a blog that qualifies as fan-literary fanac.

The sage of Fandom has a few words of reprimand for VFW and me...

Robert Lichtman

The timewarp aspects of *VFW* always amuse and amaze me. This issue it's the announcement of the dinner with SNAFFU happening on Friday, February 24th, in an issue dated the following day. Instead of the "SNAFFU Comrades Anticipate This Friday's Dinner Meeting" you *could* have had a last-minute contribution from someone attending the dinner with a full review of the Russian food and the "free sample of vodka." Using a word I hate thoroughly but it's applicable here, *VFW*'s readers would have appreciated your being *proactive* on this front.

Regarding the parameters of soliciting for fanzine contributions you write, "I have not employed a medium to contact deceased fans to take my search for fanzine content Beyond The Pale." Well, Meyer, it *is* the next horizon in that never-ending search—and after all, those fans of yore were often more forthcoming with material than the ones nowadays who are mostly too busy keeping up with the on-line lists and updating their blogs. This reminds me of when Joyce was still publishing *Smokin' Rockets* and I was contributing material for the "Entropy Reprints" column, having taken that over from another defenseless deceased fan. My prime criterion was that the article being reprinted *had* to be from someone in that category so that permissions would not have to be obtained. (As for my solicitation for *Trap Door*, I tend to do most of that behind the scenes although occasionally something worthwhile will turn up out of the blue. And along those lines there's the occasional *really* out of left field contribution that comes in from someone completely unknown to me that's totally inappropriate—usually poetry or bad amateur science-fiction. If the sender has the courtesy to include an SASE, which happens about half the time at best, I'll respond. But otherwise it hits the recycle bin posthaste.)

Count me as one (among, no doubt, many) who wholeheartedly endorses your endorsement of Greg Pickersgill's *Can't Get Off The Island*. I also was given a copy (after I'd sent money via PayPal for one, which was refunded to me) and read it avidly. Even though Greg doesn't include *Trap Door* in his "The Best Fanzines" article, I agree with his choices there—and noted in the piece following that he includes *Trap Door* in the list of fanzines he can't figure out why people don't take from the Memory Hole duplicates.

I know I've read Joyce's "How I Found Fandom" parts 1 and 2 somewhere else, in another of your and/or Joyce's and/or your&Joyce's fanzines—and I'm

looking forward to reading part 7 in the latest *Hard Science Tales*, which I printed from the SNAPS mailing this morning—but for the life of me I can't figure out where, and a quick run through more or less recent zines of hers and/or yours and/or hers&yours doesn't turn them up. No matter, though; it's enjoyable to read them again and to see how close Joyce got in circling around the edges of fandom to fandom itself before she landed thanks to Dave Hall. This is a good series to bring to the wider audience of *VFW*, and I look forward to more—and to her continuing the series.

Mark's, Rebecca's and Mr. Tucker's pieces all made for entertaining reading, but not a single comment hook between them.

Chris Garcia writes, "The only reason I pub weekly is that I have all that time at work to create various zines. If I had a regular job, I doubt I'd be able to get out one a month. Well, I'd probably manage a couple of zines a month, but weekly would be rough." Personally, I suspect the reason Chris can publish a weekly zine *and* all his other, somewhat less frequent zines is that he's a motormouth—though not, I hasten to add, incessantly or on inconsequential things (as the various dictionary definitions would have it). It might be appropriate about here, Arnie, for you to tell Chris about *Wooden Nickel*, your *other* weekly fanzine and one during the publication of which, I assume, you were employed.

Chris also writes, "I don't believe in egoboo (and oh how I hate that word!)." Oh! My! Ghod! It's hard to imagine that Chris really means this, and that if he got *no* response whatsoever from his publishing he'd keep it up. True, it is enjoyable to do "the writing, the laying out and so on" in connection with publishing fanzines, but without response it would, I think, be like communicating with a brick wall before very long.

It was good of you to point out to Chris that he didn't win the Vegas Fan Poll, that what you wrote about last week was *your* votes in said poll. I notice that others in this lettercol have made the same error. I'm looking forward to the *real* results in that "special publication."

In answer to Bill Kunkel: yes, it was Bill Elder who did the "Starchie" parody of *Archie Comics* in the comic book *Mad*. It's in the

twelfth issue if you want to look it up.

Peter Sullivan notes himself that "Jack Calvert might like to note that most of the really cheap versions of Word available on eBay are usually illegal copies." Actually, most of them seem to be obsolete versions, but that wasn't what Jack was looking for. As he noted, he has Microsoft Word on his computer but was thinking of getting one of the inexpensive copies of *WordPerfect* that I pointed out to him in one of my previous letters of comment. WordPerfect, by the way, already has (in version 12) "the ability to produce PDF output from within the application without having to use any separate PDF-generating software."

Peter also writes that "obitfandom is becoming an increasingly common form of fannish writing," but of course being a recent comer to our ranks he's unaware of the long history of obitfandom as our ranks have thinned over the years. I first did it in *Trap Door* back in 1987 following Terry Carr's death, again in 1991 about Rick Snearly and Don Thompson, in 1996 about Redd Boggs and Charles Burbee, in 1998 about Bill Rotsler, and even more frequently after that as the pace (lamentably) accelerated. But one can go much further back than my own fanzines for further evidence of obitfandom, most notably to 1958 when Francis Towner Laney and Cyril M. Kornbluth died and promising young fan Kent Moomaw committed suicide. As you know, Arnie, that was "the year of the jackpot" at the time.

And Peter further writes that "even within fanzine fandom, it's now possible to distinguish between faunching for, say, an original copy of *Warhoon* 28 (much eye-tracked, but with the original staples) and faunching for the ability to read the content on-line." So far as I know, the latter is a faunch that has yet to be realized, but one can order the hardcopy (and hardcover, so no staples) edition of that 615-page fanzine from Joe Siclari for \$30 postpaid within the U.S., \$35 postpaid elsewhere. Details are available at www.fanac.org; once there, go to the "Fan History for Sale" tab and scroll down to the offering. (And note that Joe has some other choice fannish items for sale as well, most notably two volumes of what was to be *The Complete Quandry*.) As you do, you'll go past another offering of



Holding the Shield of Umor, ready to preserve and protect Trufandom, is Pete Weston, the great UK fan (and a long-time friend...).



Willis's writing for sale: my own 1998 production, *Fanorama*, a collection of the columns Walt wrote for the '50s Scottish SF magazine, *Nebula*, as well as some others published in fanzines after *Nebula* ceased publication. I still have a handful of copies available.

"I seem to remember reading," Peter writes, "that the last letterpress fanzine only stopped being distributed via FAPA this year." As a member of FAPA, I have no recollection of this. The last letterpress fanzine I know of was the late Bill Danner's *Stefantasy*. Its last issue was in December 1998, and it hadn't been distributed through FAPA for over 35 years before that. Wonder what Peter's thinking of?

Hal Hughes writes of the wonderful DeLauer's Newsstand in downtown Oakland, "It's by far the biggest periodical store I've ever seen" and "I'd be most surprised if there's another store like it anywhere." One need only drive north to downtown Santa Rosa, where at 733 Fourth Street is the at-least-equally-large Sawyer's News. It's been there for many years, and I used to frequent it when I lived in Sonoma County. And they *do* carry "small press poetry mags," though not on the level of those stocked at City Lights in San Francisco. And I'm quite sure there are similar establishments elsewhere if one sticks with "anywhere" as the criterion for searching them out.

Rich Dengrove notes that with WordPerfect 12 you can't see labels as they would be printed. Not on my copy of WP12, Rich. Just weeks ago I did labels for the FAPA mailing to send down to Milt Stevens, the Official Editor, and they appeared perfectly on screen so I could tweak some of the lines before printing them. (Said line tweaking was, by the way, for putting long lines of some of the addresses in proper postal format, not because WordPerfect had any trouble dis-

playing them.) And I also did an article for the next *Trap Door* that has footnotes and *they* appeared where they belonged, too. Perhaps your copy is defective?

Finally, congratulations on surviving a Ted White letter of comment and continuing to publish...

Arnie: As you may guess, late publication doesn't thrill me, either. This bad back has cut my keyboard time to less than half and such time-twisting anomalies are the result. On the other hand, if I consistently updated VFW, it might never come out. I figure such "past posted" stories are a small price to pay for a week or two when the alternative is no fanzine at all.

So you'd say that dead fans are easier to deal with than living ones? I'd have to agree. I think D. West is still angry about a reprint of one of his pieces that I included in the Fanthology I produced for Corflu Vegas in the mid-1990's. (Yes, I should have asked permission or, failing that, hired a hit man.

Mow that VFW has demonstrated the toughness and resiliency it takes to survive a Ted White letter of comment, I am hoping to test the fanzine's ability to survive a Ted White article. The actual Trial by Fan Article, however, must await receipt of such a prize.

And now, to wind up things for the week, the inventor of the Lloyd Penney-type letter of comment...

Lloyd Penney

The faster I go, the behinder I get. It's getting close to convention season in Toronto, and I am on the committee for two of them, so that means lots of work, plus the office gets in the way...why must work get in the way of fun? It's back in catch-up mode with a loc on VFW 64, 65 and 66.

64...A shame about Toner 2, but it sounds like canceling (or postponing) it was a wise move. You have to be prepared and you have to have the time. Time was a problem, but making the preparations may be a valuable experience when Toner 2 is actually held. Make lots of note, folks, and go back to them when it's time to really do it. This will also give you more money with which to attend a great LAcon IV. Who knows, if there's a seat sale from Toronto to Vegas...

I see Neon Rainbow may have gone away, but Joshua is back. I guess Winnipeg needn't have worried. Fannish egos do get in the way of progress, but if they can be set aside, perhaps the two local clubs can join together to get things done. How many people belong to both clubs, I wonder?

Shelby, when I started reading your piece, and you said that as a kid, you moved to St. Petersburg, I admit my first thought was Russia. Who's writing this, anyway? When I saw your name, then I thought Flor-





ida. I cannot think of anything that would break your heart as thoroughly as the death of a child, and you've lost three. There must still be a stab of pain after all these years.

I am always amazed, and sometimes concerned, that a group of people, such as ourselves, who read such a liberal literature as science fiction are so conservative in our ways. I side with those who prefer the feel of the paper fanzine, and the feuding over the number of staples, and the fight of mimeo versus xerox, twil-tone versus bond. These fights seem so picayune today because of the move to digital. But, I also side with those who go digital because of the time and cost factors. In the long run, the printing medium isn't the most important part of communicating; the material within is. However, I think there is the possibility that some communicating, like the listservs, could be too fast. There is the peer pressure to respond immediately, and I still prefer the thought-out responses that a fanzine local provide, instead of the potential flame war a listserv can spark.

I sure agree with Joyce on Bjo Trimble being one of the greatest fan women ever. Sweet lady, and this is when we visited the Trimble home in 1984 as we were getting ready for LAconII. Also, thanks to the fannish grapevine, I have a lead on getting in touch with Gina Ellis. And, somewhere on that list, I'd put Yvonne. She has made more chili, jambalaya, cookies and other goodies for more fans and pros, and sewn more Hawaiian shirts and other clothes for many more others, than I can think of. She has held most positions on a convention committee, including chairman, has been an

accounts payable manager most of her working days, and is all set to get her pilot's license.

Enjoyed *Glitter City Gangstas #1*, any hints about when #2 will see light of day? You'll get the traditional letter of comment, rsn. Looking good, Joyce... hope you're feeling better, too. I've got another *Hard Science Tales* to comment on, too.

At the end of this month comes *Ad Astra 2006*, the 25th anniversary *Ad Astra*, and it will be a special convention to celebrate the number. Both Yvonne and I are on the committee, and Yvonne is in charge of space and science programming, which has been a delightful surprise, both to us and to the people who attend. Yvonne will be doing what she calls *Science In The Hallway*, special demonstrations of science in any location throughout the convention area. Reminiscent of Mr. Wizard, she already has her persona ready, as the Dark Lady of the S.I.T.H. (Stands for Science In The Hallway, of course...)

I may have another voice job coming up, this time with a professional movie group producing, of all things, something resembling a *Trek* fan film. I go for an audition this coming Sunday, mainly to see how Scottish I can sound.

65...What are the professional commitments you're talking about, Arnie? Just the mention of it sounds good. Hope it's something connected with SF or fandom or something else we all like.

Star Wars slot machines? George must really need the money (Yeah, right)... I just hope he doesn't flog SW as the cash cow that *Trek* became for Paramount. Now that the series of films is over, who knows what else is coming? I haven't heard any more about the Star Wars TV series that was promised, and maybe that's a good thing...

The image of Winston Churchill has been all over Toronto newspapers lately. Unfortunately, the image of dear Winston is being used to flog condominiums. I wish there was a cease and desist order coming from the Churchill estate, but they've probably licensed it, or perhaps the image of Churchill has made it into public domain.

Fandom: *The Next Generation*, with Captain Christopher Garcia... naaah, Paramount would sue. Besides being hyper, Chris admits he's got a job with no work, as opposed to us who have the time to do things, with little job.

Your comments about fanzines and conventions, Arnie, reminds of something I was going to put at the end of this letter, but I'll put it in here. I've been writing for fanzines for more than 20 years, but Yvonne and I have been working and running conventions for about 25. With an e-mail sent to the chairmen of *Ad*

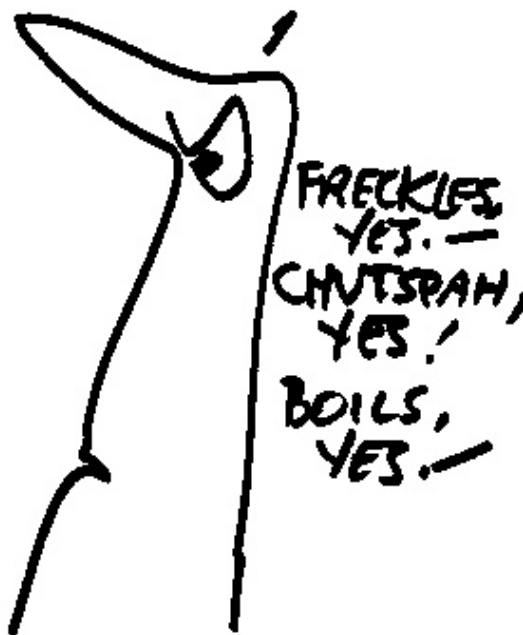
Astra, our local convention, we have announced our retirement from con-running. 25 years, that's not too many, but it's enough for us. We'll still attend conventions, though... We will fulfill our commitments to Ad Astra (badges and info desk), Corflu Toronto in May (badges) Gaylaxicon in June (badges and dealers' room), and complete our commitments to LAcon IV as Canadian agents. After all that is done, we are done, too. Yvonne plans to spend more time in space advocacy, and get her pilot's license, and I will spend more time with zines and other fannish writings.

David Burton describes my situation when it comes to locs. I want to do it, and I'm having fun doing it, but I need to sit down and make the time to write the locs. Frequency is my enemy in some ways because I do get a lot of electronic zines, and a lot of paper zines as well. When VFW and Drink Tank come in as frequently as they do, I have to write a loc covering several issues, just like this one I'm writing. I'd rather write a loc an issue, but time and other commitments just do not allow for it. Once I finish up my con commitments (I was going to write con jobs, but that means something else), I can concentrate on more and better locs.

Yeah, Betty and Veronica were pretty girls with big smiles to me, but I always did like the way Mad Magazine drew them...(Ah, I see a mention of that in issue 66!)

66...Under the Gun? That could be the title or subtitle of the next zine from the GC Gangstas. Gotta

LAS VEGAS FANS
HAVE NO SHAME!



be that cruel assignment editor, Arnie, and flog the writers about that impending deadline. And, the potential writers, too. I owe an article to Chris Garcia, and I have an idea for an article about an event Yvonne ran some years ago. I'd like it to have the two-column title

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 March 3 6:00

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

VSFA Monthly Meeting March 4 11 AM

The small, but active formal club meets at Dead Poet Books (937 South Rainbow Blvd.). The meeting usually ocuses on club business, followed by a socially oriented aftermeeting meal or snack.

Las Vegrants Meeting March 4 7:30 PM

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

SNAFFU Meeting March 10 8:00 PM

This formal SF club meets the second and fourth Friday's of each month. This time, it will be held at Borders bookstore on Sahara. Topic: Your favorite science fiction/fantasy.

Second Sunday Movie Screening March 12 6:00

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

Las Vegrants Meeting March 18 7:30 PM

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

Sunday Social March 19 2 PM

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

SNAPS Deadline Sunday, March 19

Las Vegas Fandom's 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 March 24 7:00 PM

The SNAFFU Dinner Meeting will take place at Cool Cuba (2055 E. Tropicana (Burnham near Eastern). RSVP (this time only) to Joyce (joyceworley1@cox.net).

art that paper fanzines used to have.

Joyce has been a fan since the summer of 1956? That makes it 50 years this summer! Is that a great excuse for a party or what? Scotty, get that transporter going, 'cause that's a party I'd like to get to.

First Thursday...I was informed by reliable sources that one of the visitors to last night First Thursday in London was one Toronto fan by the name of Don Hutchison. I think Don gave up his e-mail account or changed it to an address I don't have, but I'd love to hear from him how his visit went. Hmmm...was it Colin Hinz or Colin Stewart from Toronto who was at that pubnight? It's getting to the point we have our people everywhere...

Perhaps Bob Tucker can also tell the First Fandomites to advertise their presence, and perhaps they

might get some new associate members. I qualify for that associate membership December of next year.

On the list...Joshua Andrews has resurfaced, like a gopher in the field. Guess I didn't need to warn Winnipeg after all, since he never left town. Perhaps the best place to hide is in clear sight, or close to where you were last spotted.

I like Chris Garcia's term, fanzinistas. If I was one, I think I'd be from Nicaragua, with a gun and bandoleros around my shoulders, and a bag o' zines to read. Chris, if you do a new zine, Fanzinista would be a good title.

Any further details on the reborn Factsheet 5? I would imagine it will be an alelectronic magazine. I still have some old issues, and they were fairly large. I look forward to the LAcon IV Fanzine Lounge, which will

be run by Milt Stevens, and probably ably abetted by John Hertz when he's got a minute or two.

Great! VFW is White-proof! And with that assurance, I will wind up this loc.

Arnie: Joshua has, indeed, shown up on the local listservs, but has otherwise exhibited no signs of fan-nish life. That's not altogether surprising, because his previous activity was mostly on the listservs as well.

I don't know if Neon Rainbow still exists or not. It was a very, very small group even at the best of times, and defections further depleted the roster. I've tried to contact members for information, but no one has bothered to tell the rest of the Las Vegas fan community whether or not it is still meeting.

Your Fine Fannish Mind may simply have been slightly miss-tuned. Although Shelby's St. Petersburg is in Florida, Lubov Anderson hails from the one in Russia. That also explains why ShelVY and Luba have such different accents.

Honestly, I didn't mean to be a tease about my professional work. I mentioned them primarily to explain why my time was limited that week. In generally, I'd rather talk about projects after they "get real" rather than when they are just tentative. <u>experience is that a lot more projects start than finish and I wouldn't want to talk up something that's never going to happen.

For example, there was a point about two weeks ago that I thought I was going to assume the editorship

of a print publication. The two founders had come to a parting of the ways and the one who expected to continue the magazine start-up contacted me about taking charge of the editor. At one final meeting of the estranged founders, however, the other one convinced the one who'd called me that the magazine was too much of a gamble. She proved malleable, the project evaporated. I did not fail to note that the other founder didn't think it was too risky for him. He's going to continue the magazine roll-out with himself as editor and chief writer.

Normally, I wouldn't bother to even mention something like this, but I don't want you to think I'm unduly coy or secretive. I just don't want to bore you with abortive plans.

That's A-a-a-l-l-l-l Folks!

And as the letter writers retreat to their fan dens to begin construction of their next magnificent missives to VFW, it's time for me to strike the tent and pack up the show to begin preparations for the next.

I'll be looking forward to receiving your reports of fan doings in Las Vegas and in other fan centers, fan-nish articles and letters of comment.

And you can look for me, back with another bag of tricks, around Thursday. Meanwhile, I hope you enjoy this issue and will share your thoughts on some of the topics.

— Arnie Katz

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... *and a ton of news.*