

# VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

## Vegas Fan Events

**SNAFFU Discussion Meetings**  
**Friday (3/10) 8:00 PM**

**SNAFFU Library Work Session**  
**Sunday (3/12) 9:00 AM**

**VSFA 'Second Sunday' Video Group**  
**Sunday (3/12) 6:00 PM**

**Las Vegrants Meetings**  
**Saturday (3/18) 7:30 PM**

**SNAPS Distribution #11 Deadline**  
**Sunday (3/19)**

**VSFA Sunday Scial**  
**Sunday (3/19) 2:00 PM**

*Check out the Calendar and preview stories*

### First 'New Style' SNAFFU Discussion Meeting Will Take Place This (3/10) Friday!

Joyce Katz, Insurgent-turned-elected-official, vows fans will see improvements in the monthly discussion meetings. As Vice President & Meeting Director, Joyce intends to make the meetings more fun by giving everyone a chance to participate and scheduling more content from a variety of SNAFFU members.

Joyce expresses the hope that Vegas fans — Vegrants and VSFans as well as current and past SNAFFUties — will give her some support while she introduces the new elements.

SNAFFU convenes at 8:00 PM and runs 90 minutes-to-two hours. Some members like to go for a

snack to extend the evening with some socializing, but that's optional. The club currently meets at Borders bookstore on Sahara, but president Michael Bernstein is spearheading the search for a new venue.

### Library Committee Skeds Crucial Work Session!

This Sunday, at 9:00 AM, Las Vegas fans will meet at the Launch Pad (909 Eugene Cernan) to help SNAFFU set up its library. Working under the direction of Lori Forbes, the group will set up the shelves in the garage donated to the library by Joyce and me and perhaps even start putting volumes on shelves.

Lori hasn't made any major fanpower requests on behalf of the Library committee before this, because small work parties have proven better-suited to the

*Continued on page 11*

LAS VEGAS FANS  
KISS AND MAKEUP



# Inside Story It's Fanac Time!

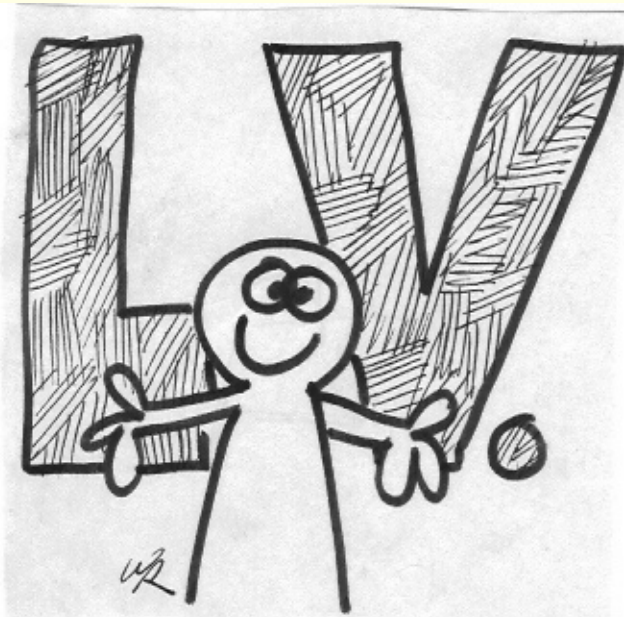
The arrival of spring — it has been warm enough to go without a jacket for several weeks — means an increase in local fan activity. This weekend and next, all three of the major local clubs will have events — and I'm looking forward to being at all of them, plus the Library Work Session this coming Sunday. (I also expect to hit the SNAPS deadline on 3/19.)

Friday is the SNAFFU Discussion Meeting, Joyce's first as Vice President/Meeting Director and I'm as eager as any other SNAFFU member to see what changes she will implement over the next couple of months.

Next Saturday is the middle-of-the-month Vegrants meeting. Recent ones have been great and I am hoping this one will see the return of regulars such as JoHn Hardin, Su Williams, Lori Forbes and Kent Hastings, all of whom have been absent during the recent run of large and lively meetings. (I'm also looking forward to seeing the folks that have been Saturday fixtures, too, but I miss the absent ones, including John DeChancie, who is still back in Los Angeles.)

Next Sunday (3/19) is VSFA's Sunday Social at the Blue Ox. All I hear is good things about this venue, but Joyce's various medical miseries have kept us from going their ourselves. While it's always hard to know how a grueling night of fannish revelry with the Vegrants will affect my wife, we're counting on returning to the Social and look forward to seeing a lot of our fan friends there, too.

— Arnie



**Vegas Fandom Weekly #68, Volume 2 Number 14, March 11, 2006**, is written and produced by Arnie Katz (909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145; Email: [crossfire4@cox.net](mailto: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:** Rebecca Hardin, Linda Bushyager, Bill Miller and Joyce Katz

**Art/Photo Credits:** Shelby Vick (5), Alan White (8, 9, 11), Ray Nelson (14), all else by Bill Rotsler.

**Columnists This Issue:** Shelby Vick, Dick Lupoff, Kent Hastings

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at the SNAFFU site and at [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com). No deadline-busting editors were harmed during the production of this fanzine.

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

# My First Convention *Katzenjammer*

*In the Spring, a young fan's fancies turn to thoughts of love. — old fannish saying*

When the weather begins to warm and the radio sports talkers confide the first tidbits about baseball's spring training, my spring-time thoughts do not turn to love. There are two excellent reasons: The first is that my thoughts are already of love, especially if you count sex, and the second is that such Mundane musings are overcome by thoughts of my first days in Fandom.



Lenny Bailes and I entered Fandom 43 years ago this month. We made contact by publishing a fanzine, *Cursed*, that brought us to the notice of a helpful fan named Judi Sephton.

When she wrote to tell me about Fandom, I replied immediately with an enthusiastic, question-filled letter. She responded with an envelope full of information, sample copies of fanzines and an application for membership in the N3F.

All of it was of intense interest. I think I memorized hunks of it just through repetitive reading. The most interesting thing in the whole packet was Judi's mention that a convention was scheduled for mid-March right in New York City.

Under Lenny's guidance, we'd mastered the New York City subway system, so getting to Adelphi Hall from our homes in suburban New Hyde Park represented no logistical problem. We obtained the needed, if *pro forma*, permissions from our parents and began counting down the days until the Lunacon.

The Sunday of the convention felt more like summer than spring. And in New York, summer means both oppressive heat and stifling humidity. It wasn't so especially hot or uncomfortable when we started the bus and train trip, because sea breezes across the flat Long Island landscape moderate the temperature, but Manhattan was sweltering in unseasonable warmth by the time we exited the subway station.

I don't know what Lenny expected, but my mental image of a hall that might be appropriate for a Science Fiction Convention was a cross between the Grand Hyatt and the Taj Mahal. The somewhat grubby, down-at-the-heels Adelphi Hall's exterior was quite a

comedown from my exalted vision.

"Maybe the interior will be better," I thought. The dingy lobby did nothing to reassure me, nor did the six flights of stairs we walked to get to the meeting room at the top. Since hot air rises, the temperature climbed with each step and the humidity insured that there would be plenty of sweat.

I would fill you in on all the glorious details, except that I spent most of the day — Lunacon was a one-day affair at that time — in goggle-eyed near-paralysis, much too shy and ill at ease to buttonhole people.

Lenny showed a bit more pluck and actually went up to one or two of the pros and introduced himself. When they didn't turn him into a pillar of salt, I gingerly approached a man with a booming voice who was regaling a circle with scientific anecdotes. At a break in the conversation, I introduced myself to Sam Moskowitz. What neither of us knew at that time was that I would someday work for him, though by the time that happened he no longer recalled meeting me and, for reasons of my own, I didn't refresh his recollection.

After a program-packed day that included a panel of Genuine Pro Editors, Lenny and I tagged along to the restaurant where fans gathered at the end of the day. Exhausted by the experience, we finally trudged to the subway to go back home.

I didn't actually meet a lot of people, which is not unusual for a first foray into in-person fanac by an unknown fan. One of those I didn't meet was Judi Sephton. She was there, but even in the confines of the meeting room, she eluded by search.

The fault was mine, of course. Had I known how friendly most fans (and pros) are, I would've been bolder about inflicting my adolescent self on them. One fan met at Lunacon who subsequently became part of my fan-life was Elliot Shorter. He sold me a copy of the beautiful, but cruddy *Engram*, the fanzine of the CCNY science fiction club. Digest sized, impeccably duplicated and square bound, *Engram* proved just about unreadable when I got it home. As a high schooler, it made me feel better to know that college folks did a fanzine nearly as bad as our *Cursed* #1..

I didn't care. There'd be other fanzines, other conventions. And now I'd attended my first.

Goshwowoboyoboy!

— Arnie

# NOW & Again Forbidden Waters

This time I'm treading on dangerous ground. I'm going to break an Unwritten Rule concerning science fiction fanzines.

I'M GOING TO DISCUSS (GASP!) SCIENCE FICTION!

Okay, take a deep breath, and let us proceed.

(Oh, but first let me explain it goes even deeper: I'm going to discuss a Science Fiction CONCEPT!)

. . .Well, if you are now steadied down, let us proceed:

INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE

First, "Is There Any?"

Well, let's start with our own planet. I recall a Star Trek bumper sticker from Way Back that said, "Beam me up, Scotty; there's no intelligent life down here!" I guess that goes with 'whatever happened to No Taxation Without Representation?'

ANYway, for this column, let's assume that – despite hecktoed fanzines, the Carl Brandon hoax, and politics – we *do* represent 'intelligent life'. (I mean, we've gotta make SOME exceptions.)

Okay, we'll say we are intelligent. And the SETI people (is that Search for ExtraTerrestrial Intelligence or Source for EveryThing that's Intelligent?) are using our tax dollars and grants and donations and such in an attempt to find out.

Now, everyone that's been to the movies or watches TV is quite familiar with extraterrestrial intelligence. They remember how cute ET was, and how sexy that Borgal was, and all that. *Of course* there is extraterrestrial intelligence.

But that's just fiction! Let's look at Reality. (Ooo, that's another dirty word!) According to Einstein, if we should travel at the speed of light we would immediately become One with the Universe. . .or something to that ef-

fect. ANYhoo, the gist of it all is we can't exceed lightspeed in our travels. Also, radio waves travel at the same speed. So SETI is both listening to and sending out radio waves, both trying to detect intelligence Out There as well as communicate with it.

(How many readers have I lost so far? In fact, have ANY stayed with me since I announced the subject? Ah, well. . . .)

Lessee now; we don't know where Intelligent Life might be. We DO know it's several lightyears to the nearest star (other than our sun). So it would take around ten years for a radio wave to get to the nearest star and for them to reply. And if might be DOZENS of lightyears to a star with planets around it. Maybe ten times that to intelligence. So the first signal SETI sent out might not inspire a response for fifty, a hundred, even a thousand years.

I ain't that patient!

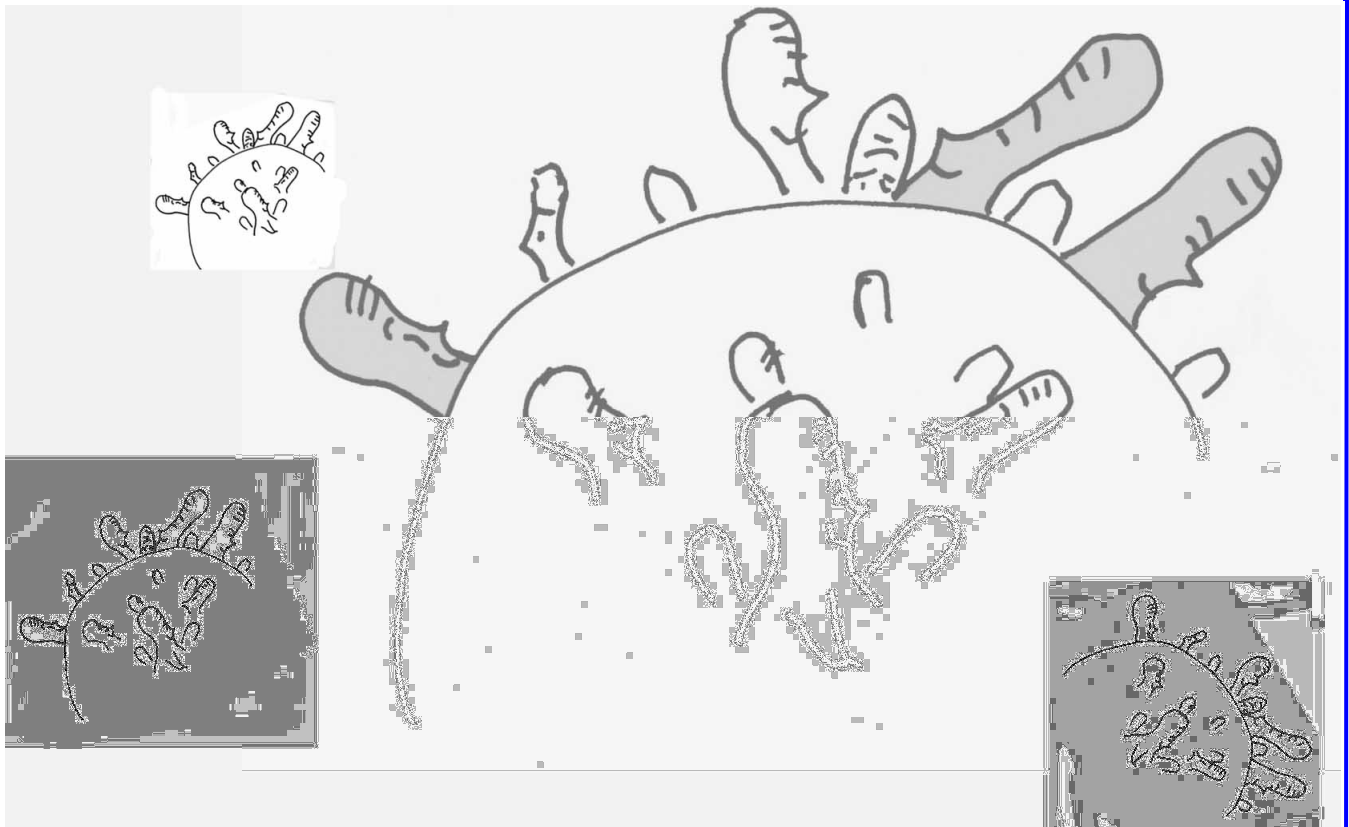
Now, of course, I'm ignoring some important things – like, for instance, travel by wormhole which can zip us from one galaxy to another in minutes. Or there's interdimensional travel, where we are zapped from one place to another in mere seconds. And there's something I put into a story many years ago: Thought travel. You just visualize where you wanta be, and – there you are! And, in case 'where you wanta be' ain't habitable, you design a 'ship' to travel in, one with life support, etc. AND with the 'artificial brain' my scientist had developed that sharpens your senses, enabling the trip. He concentrates on a constellation and – ZAP – there he is. Then he uses the ships telescope to spot another place and –ZAP. . .well, you get the idea. BUT –

That's fiction.

WHAT? You've been watching *Stargate SGI*, so you know this kinda thing is possible?







(What was that I was saying about there being intelligent life here?)

Or then there's flying saucers. They HAFTA be from intelligent life! There are eyewitnesses, there are photographs, there's Roswell!

Well, now; do you think all intelligent life follows the Prime Directive, and they would never interfere with us? They're hiding becós their presence could Change Things? (See my previous comment about Earth having intelligent life.)

Just to make my point, let's pretend that Somewhere Out There, there is a race of puffins. They have proven they are intelligent by cooperating to expand their civilization, by avoiding war, and developing scientifically. They develop space travel becós they realize they will eventually overpopulate their world and need another place to live. On their own stellar system, they have discovered two other planets that will sustain their life. Of course, they know that even that is a limitation, so they search nearby systems and find at least one that contains habitable planets. Now, it will take many years to reach one of these, so they develop a city-sized ship that can sustain thousands of puffins, and send a couple out to reach the other systems. On the ships, being an intelligent race, they de-

velop newspapers and fanzines. Over a thousand years, they colonize five different systems. . .but, becós of lightspeed limitations, they realize it will take from years to centuries for them to get messages back to their home planet.

But they keep on going, successfully, becós they *are* an intelligent race.

Well, the point is that they may, being an intelligent and daring race, eventually fill up the galaxy – but it could take thousands of years, and their home world would never know it.

My point?

Even if there ARE galaxies full of puffins, even if puffins will eventually fill the universe, *we* won't know about it in *our* lifetime – and, chances are, the puffin homeworld will NEVER know about it.

So what does it matter? Makes good fiction, and that is it! — Shelby Vick

**If You Enjoy *Now & Again***, you are really missing out by not getting Shelby Vick's delightful fanzines.

Go to [efanzines.com](http://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*.

# Them Daze Pontiac Silver Streak

I'm not one of those gear heads who measures his life in terms of automobiles he has owned and loved. For one thing, I don't love automobiles. I think they're damned useful tools for getting me from place to place, but I reserve my affections for humans, pets, selected savory foods, really good scotch whisky, and abstractions like literature and music.

Still, there was a certain Pontiac in my past....

Shortly after I trundled off to Indiana to protect the Free World from the clutching tentacles of the Red Octopus of Communism, my father bought himself a new car. Rather than trade in his old buggy he gave it to me. It was an avocado-green 1950 Pontiac Silver



Streak convertible. I remember the day I filled out an insurance application for the car. The form called for number of cylinders. Gosh, I didn't know.

In them daze just about every car had either a V8 or a straight-six engine. I popped the hood on my Pontiac – that hood was about a city block long – and looked at the engine block. It was straight, therefore a six. Right? But it was awfully long for a six-cylinder engine block. Just to be sure I started counting cylinders. One, two, three, four, five, six – and they kept on going. Turned out it was a straight eight, probably one of the last that General Motors ever built. That car had a Hydramatic transmission and I'm sure it got terrible gas mileage although I don't remember exactly how bad it was. But gasoline cost something like fifteen cents per gallon in them daze, so who cared?

This was before I got my job as a teacher at the Adjutant General's School. I was working in another office presided over by an easygoing lieutenant colonel named Smith. No kidding. We also had a couple of captains in the department, and two lieutenants besides myself. One of the other looies was my pal Len Kessler. Len and I were second lieutenants – “shavetails” in Army slang. The other was a first lieutenant named Jean Dillinger. Jean was a WAC. Nowa-





days, female soldiers can be members of just about any branch of the Army; in the 1950's unless they were nurses they were members of the Women's Army Corps.

Jean was a sweetheart. Every male within miles must have had a crush on her, including myself. She was married. I never met her husband; I think she may have been putting him through college. He was a relative of the notorious John Dillinger. Jean told us that the family gathered annually at John's gravesite. Every few years they had to buy a new tombstone because souvenir hunters chipped away at the old one. And Jean told us that the name was pronounced so as to rhyme with "Willing Her."

One of the captains in our office was a vile vulgarian. I've used him in fiction and called him Captain Kal Koberly, so I'll call him that today. Captain Koberly had a belly that hung over his uniform belt. He smoked smelly cigars and blew foul fumes at everyone around him. I don't think he ever cleaned his fingernails. And he was a lecher. He had the hots for Jean Dillinger and everyone knew it.

I suppose if anything like this happened today, Jean would have complained to Colonel Smith, he would have referred the complaint to the Judge Advocate General, and Captain Koberly would have found himself in deep doo-doo. Things didn't work that way in 1956.

Instead, Len Kessler and I got together, unbeknownst to Jean, and appointed ourselves her protectors. By military protocol there wasn't much that a couple of second lieutenants could do to stop a rampaging captain, but we found a way. We saw to it that Koberly never got Jean alone. Any time he came near her, Len or I would be there.

The three of us – Jean and Len and I – frequently had lunch together, sometimes in the mess hall, sometimes at the officers' club. Neither was an easy walk from our office, so we would pile into the Pontiac and drive across the post for our meal. We all loved that Silver Streak. Unless there was precipitation falling, we would drive with the top down. Didn't matter how cold it got, and in



central Indiana the winters can get pretty cold. The Army provided us with wonderfully warm winter overcoats, and we would bundle up, lower the rag top, and go tooling through the bright, icy day.

We were like three college kids. Neither Len nor I would ever have made a pass at Jean, but she must have been aware that she had an effect on us both, and a *soupcou*n of sexual tension definitely added to the piquancy of the situation.

In time Jean left us. I think her husband must have got his degree and started earning a living, so Jean was able to resign her commission. Colonel Smith had been a warrant officer before receiving a temporary commission. One day he got a new set of orders. He reverted to his "regular" status as a warrant officer and mothballed his silver maple leaves. He seemed really, really happy about that.

Len Kessler and I were promoted to first lieutenant, completed our service, and went on with our careers. I don't know what ever happened to Jean Dillinger. I hope she had a happy life. Everybody loved her. I guess I've said that already.

What about Kal Koberly? I don't know what became of him, either. I recently tried an internet search using his real name, and scored a single hit. Kal Koberly – somebody called Kal Koberly -- is a Superior Court judge in the State of Florida. Is this the same Kal Koberly? I don't know. I really just don't know

--Dick Lupoff

# Las Vegrants Cold Night, Warm Fans

You know Joyce as a fantastically talented fanwriter, one of the leading advocates of the Insurgent philosophy and, in at least a few cases, as the object of your perverted sexual fantasies. I know her those ways, too, but Saturday afternoon another facet of her personality emerges.

She becomes Joyce the wife. In that capacity, she has a lot of little things she wants to make sure her husband – a role I have essayed for the last 35 years – completes in time for the Vegrants meeting. As sly as a cat looking for an extra meal, Joyce will sometimes try to sweeten her numerous orders and commands by separating them with bits of homey fannish chatter.

It was late afternoon, but still some hours before the night's meetings, when Joyce began to assign me a group of



Teresa Cochran plays with Candy Madsen.

last-minute chores.

She reeled off a couple of chores that I had, thankfully, already finished. Then she decided it was time to rest the stick and offer a carrot. "Wouldn't you like to have James and Teresa over soon?" she asked.

Certainly," I said, because they're two of my favorite people. "Wouldn't you?"

"Yes," she allowed. "And I'd like to have the Andersons over, too."

"And don't forget the Whites and the Milles," I suggested.

"We can't forget them," she agreed. "And then there's..."

"Hey," I interrupted, I know what we could do."

"What?" she asked.

"We could invite them all over on the first and third Saturdays of the month and have a club. Let's call it Las Vegrants."

She said it sounded like a good idea to her, but it didn't have any impact on the "to do" list she had mentally prepared.

Thanks to Joyce's prodding, I did everything on her agenda for me long before James Taylor and Teresa Cochran became the first fans to arrive for the meeting.

I told them I had news that would rock their world. And when I told it to them — that Chris Garcia has become president of the N3F — Teresa gasped audibly and stammered that it must be a mistake.



Joyce Katz looks on as Arnie Katz makes some no-doubt-telling point that has since been lost to fanhistory.



We talked a little about Ayesha Ashley's impending gig at the E-String in Henderson, scheduled for the next day (Sunday). (At that point, we thought we had worked out a lift to the E-String, necessary because Joyce is not yet able to drive so far at night. We ended up not getting to go, much to our disappointment. Next time, for sure.)

Teresa and James, who have announced plans to go to Toronto for Corflu in early May, wanted to know What Ted White Is Really Like.

"He's a Virginia Gentleman of the old school," I assured them. "All those deaths were probably accidental."

Actually, I assured them that Ted is always very nice to Las Vegas fans and would probably be delighted to meet both of them.

Bill & Roc Miller erupted into the room just as a cut from his music CD hit the stereo. Bill had compiled a bunch of his midi cuts for Joyce and we've put it in the CD change with some regularity.

It's a very well done set and there are probably enough suitable tunes to compile a children's folk music CD. Bill has a pretty good voice and plays extremely well.

I'm sort of disappointed that the Vegrants' have at least three solid singer/players, plus one or two who could fill out the sound and they don't seem to want to form a band. I had visions of this aggregation rocking out at some future Corflu, but I guess it'll never happen.

We had a most welcome guest, Rochelle Uhlenkott. She's visited from Los Angeles a couple of times and, I hope, will continue to do so at regular (frequent) intervals. No question, but that she'd be a Vegrant if she lived here.

During a previous visit, Bill Mills had started to say something about his name preference, but had digressed into some other topic. I reminded him and he told me in no uncertain terms that he hates the name "Billy."

I pointed out that he had sent an email to Joyce just the previous day that he signed "Billy." He replied that it was all right *for her* to call him "Billy," but he wanted to be known far and wide as "Bill." He told me his middle name — which I will not repeat here for reasons that will become clear — and warned me against using both names in a popular, abbreviated form. His secret dies with me.

I acquiesced, because it's *his* name. The only thing is, for the last 35 years or so, I have become used to saying "Bill" when I mean Potshot Kunkel.

That's not an insurmountable problem. I immediately began to survey various Vegrants for ideas about a new nickname for our friend.

Naturally, I went to Alan White, the fan who had dubbed David Gordon "Tony" and John DeChancie as "That Guy."

"We could call him 'Tony'," Alan said, "Or maybe 'That Guy'."

I encouraged him to keep thinking. Sure enough, the light of inspiration soon illuminated his sensitive fannish face.



Teresa Cochran and James Taylor sit companionably in the living room.

"I have it!" He announced. "Watermelon Willy!"

Crestfallen but still game, I continued my quest for a nickname for Mills. I approached his lovely blonde wife. "What about it, Roxie?" I pleaded with her. "Does he have some kind of nickname we can use?"

She told me one that I liked very much — and then asked me not to mention that she had told me. Since she is the only one who would know this relic from the Mills childhood, I have decided to leave it buried.

Watch for the Big Prize Contest.

A total of 14 fans attended another entertaining Vegrants meeting. Responsible for the revelry were: Alan & DeDee White, Merric & Luba Anderson, Teresa Cochran, James Taylor, Ross Chamberlain, David Del Valle, Roxanne & Bill Mills, Rochelle Uhlenkott, David Gordon, Joyce Katz and me

— Arnie Katz

# Vagabond L.A. Letter

I'm still in L.A. for another week it seems. It's been busy around here.

J. Neil Schulman is still writing his movie script, *Lady Magdalene's*, a humorous cop drama set in various Nevada locations. He sought seclusion for finishing it before the weather turns hellish at the Trailer of Tranquility in Pahrump (not to be confused with Superman's Fortress of Solitude), while I'm taking over some of his normal duties in California (getting his mother to doctor appointments and taking his daughter to school, for instance). I've always thought of "trailers" as little RV doodads you hitch to a station wagon, but some folks refer to a three bedroom manufactured home with a two car garage as a trailer. I'd like to see how they'd tow it themselves.

My collaborator on the novel *Anarquia*, Brad Linaweaver, was struck by a hit and run driver while he was in a pedestrian crosswalk during a rainstorm. The power had gone out at his place so he decided to run some errands. He was thrown through the air and landed in the gutter, which he jokes, "is where everyone said I'd end up." Amazingly, he didn't die, wasn't permanently crippled and didn't even break any bones or have internal injuries. A nice Mexican couple dragged Brad out of the street when he got hit so he wouldn't get run over by traffic and they gave the license plate of the offending car to the cops. I hope the perp turns out to be George Clooney or some other deep pocketed

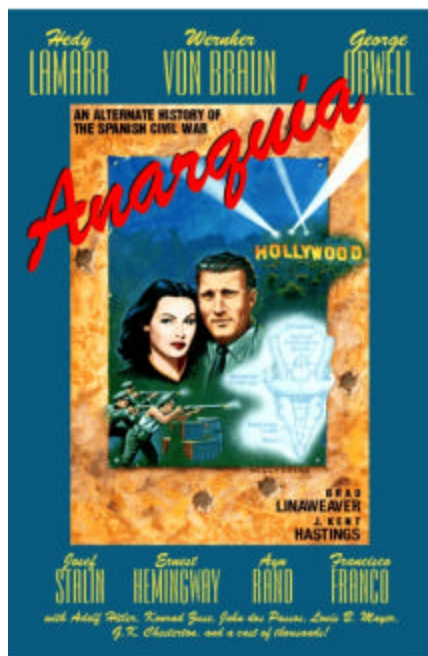
Hollywood type, but maybe it was a stolen car or a gang banger's. Don't get me started on why I utterly hate California's politics--it's why I moved to Nevada years ago. Here's an example: Because of torn ligaments and bruised muscles, Brad is using crutches he got from Cedars Sinai and was taking Vicodin for the first few painful days. Naturally, the ER was not allowed to fill Brad's pain pill prescription at the hospital, so I had to drag him to one of just a couple of all night pharmacies in the area, which happened to be in downtown L.A. Just the sort of fool's errand he needed

to be on in the wee hours. At least a nice policeman drove out of his way to "crime scene tape" Brad's car in the private parking lot it was in, solely for the purpose of preventing it getting towed. On a happier note, Brad just heard that the magazine he's publishing, *Mondo Cult*, got a nice order from Books a Million and will also be distributed by Tower in several states including California and New York. So there will be an issue 2.

John DeChancie responded to the call the night Brad was hit and helped us find the open pharmacy and played musical cars. Brad was really hurting and could barely move, and wasn't sure if he had fatal internal injuries or not yet--but he was cheered up by John's opinion that Brad was a lucky son of a bitch because of all the money he could get from the accident. Yeah, the luckiest guy in the world. Speaking of luck, it looks like DeChancie will be collaborating with a famous SF pro, who attends LASFS regularly, on some new novels, but I'll let John discuss that in detail himself if he so chooses. On the same day Brad got hit, Neil got word that a composer friend (who I'll simply call David) committed suicide, coincidentally on the exact two year anniversary of the death of our mutual friend Samuel Edward Konkin III (SEK3). David had made elaborate plans to make sure his surviving family was financially taken care of by an insurance contract that paid even in the event of his suicide, which he decided to do after a major business reversal. A real Death of a Salesman scenario. Neil took a break to attend David's memorial service in California, and to inspect the construction progress of Neil's new house in Culver City. It's looking great, but one of the workmen said there's a new law that requires a permit for a trash compactor. "California," he cursed. I wonder if a waste basket needs a DMV license.

And of course I'm still trying to do a thing or two on the Internet. So *that's* why you haven't seen me in fannish settings around Vegas lately.

— Kent Hastings



Continued from p 2

tasks, but this time SNAFFU needs every possible fan, including those who aren't SNAFFU members but would like to help with a worthy local project.

There is some chance of rain on Sunday, which might cause a cancellation. If in doubt, check the SNAFFU listserv or, after 8:00 AM on Sunday, call the Launch Pad (648-5677.)

### **The Glitter City Gigolos Finally Published!**

Overcoming the dilapidated physical condition of its alleged publisher, the second Las Vegas Fandom oneshot is in electronic distribution. *The Glitter City Gigolos #2*, the 14-page issue done at the February 18 Vegnants meeting, is available at efanazines.com and SNAFFU.org.

The theme of the issue is sex, love and romance and many of the established and New Generation Vegas fans are represented. There's also an article, "Meet My Libido," and a letter column.

The perpetrators are already planning a third oneshot. We'll be writing at the April 1 meeting of Las Vegnants, but we invite you to contribute. The theme, in keeping with the day, is "Jokes, Tricks, Scams, Comedy and Humor," so there a wide canvas awaiting you. If you'd like to write something for the oneshot, send it to me by March 31 at crossfire4@cox.net.

### **SNAPS Distribution Deadline Coming!**

Sunday, March 19, is the deadline for contributions to the 11th Distribution of SNAPS (Southern Nevada Amateur Press Society). Joyce Katz, official editor of the local Las Vegas group, reports that contributions are coming in, but that SNAPS needs everyone's participation.

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

Alan & DeDee White hosted several folks at an Oscar Pizza Party. Besides the Whites and the Katz, attendees were David Del Valle, and Allison & Michael Rochard.

Judy Bemis and Tony Parker, long-time fans from the southeastern part of the country, will be in Las Vegas 3/21-3/28. They're tentatively planning to meet many Las Vegas fans at the SNAFFU Food dinner...

David Del Valle may be leaving Vegas and returning to southern California. It's mostly a matter of economics, we hear...

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

*You know the drill, you know the thrill. So let's stop the palaver and get to it with a will...*

*And though it would be artistic as hell if the first letter came from a fan named "Will," I'll gladly take one from this guy any time he cares to write...*

### **John Purcell**

Even though, as you've noticed, that my zine is mostly editor-written, I also faunch after articles. As a matter of fact, there is one coming up in a future issue of *IaPL* from an old Minn-stf colleague, DavE Romm, and I am looking forward to getting it. We faneds live and breath for the loc, the arkle, the artwork, the *EGOBOO*, and even (dare I say it?) the chance to become a Hugo-losing fan editor.

Big f\*\*\*in' deal.

I've said it before and I'll say it again: pubbing a zine is *fun*, ghoddammit, and that's all that really matters. Anything beyond that is gravy.

In the meantime, the technology is making it possible for yours truly to scan old issues of my '70's and '80's zines so that I can either rewrite and re-pub them as I see fit. For example, it has been nearly 25 years since Marty Cantor published my article about undergoing rectal surgery in *Holier Than Thou*. It's about time that that article was brought back to the fore, don't you think? (As an aside, that same issue saw Mike Glicksohn's wonderful piece "Urethra! I've got it!" about suffering through a urinary tract infection. Wonderful zine *HTT* was. Pure Cantorism at its finest.) If



Allison & Michael Rochard, DeDee White and David Del Valle contemplate the worthiness of the Oscar winners.

you don't watch it, I may have to wend my old article your way. Or I can finish off my planned write-up of my near-death experience of seven years ago. Take your pick.

It is hard to believe that the Greg Pickersgill anthology is only \$11. That's not bad at all. He never wrote locs to any of my old zines, but I kept him on my



mailing list for many years. His writings were always a delight to read, and I wouldn't mind having a copy of *Can't Get Off the Island*. My birthday is coming up, and this would be a fine gift. I already have Aggiecon 37 planned as my main b-day prize, and I am looking forward to it.

Back to the pick of Pickersgill. I wouldn't know how to respond to receiving a review copy of someone else's fanwriting anthology. What is really interesting about this development is that so many of the fine British fan writers of the '60's through '80's are getting to be stodgy old sods, and all of a sudden there appears to be an incoming wave of collections of their work. To me, this is good; our younger fanzine fans should be exposed to the collective works of Willis, Shaw, Hansen, Locke, Langford, Pickersgill, even good, old Joseph Nicholas. This is all Good Stuff and preserving it is a worthy endeavour.

Joyce's reminiscence of how she "found" fandom was fun, especially since I've been around long enough to know all of the people she's talking about. What I really liked about her article was the variation on the

"Wanna come up to my room and see my etchings?" pick-up line, especially since she had just married a fan. Most amusing. Nice photos, too. I had forgotten how pretty Lee Hoffman was; the story of her initial public appearance at NolaCon I is legendary. Here's to Joyce adding more to this series.

Okay, I am going to have to send off for a copy of *Banana Wings*. Mark's letter-cum-article whets my appetite even more.

Peter Sullivan's loc makes me blush. While I appreciate the kind words, I can't help but be saddened by the "obitfandom" that unfortunately is developing. The graying of fandom is a sad thing, but I think that the memorials being written are a welcome development. This is not to be unexpected, yet still it makes us sad to realize the losses to our corner of the universe.

Thanks for the pun on my avocation -- Vegas has a "sin tax" and I teach college English (ha-ha; you so funny) -- and I promise you that if I ever have the chance to be out there, I will let you folks know in advance. Consider your invitation accepted

*Arnie: I'll be looking forward to that forthcoming*

## VSFA Views Sunday Social

### VSFA First Saturday Meeting at Dead Poet's Books

Attending: Rebecca Hardin, Mindy Hutchings, James Willey, Terry Wilsey

I was approximately 15 minutes late and arrived to find James sitting alone in the meeting area. Terry and Mindy had taken the opportunity to make a Starbucks run while waiting for me. When they returned, we settled down and talked about kitchen remodeling (James and I are refurbishing our kitchens, so we had to compare notes).

We did eventually talk about upcoming movies and decided to see "V for Vendetta" on Saturday, March 18. There's been some discussion about doing the Dinner and a Movie with VSFA earlier in the day and trying different theaters, therefore the time and place has not been determined.

We set a tentative date for a road trip down the extraterrestrial highway, guided by Terry Wilsey. Per Terry, the best time to go is on a Sunday and we set the date according to Terry's schedule. The plan is to go on September 24, which is the weekend of the new moon. It should be about a 12-hour trip (approximately 10AM to 10PM). Details will be posted on the listserv and the trip will be on the calendar as we get nearer to the date.

A suggestion was made about starting a regular book discussion at the meeting, where we'll either talk about one particular book or whatever everyone is reading at the time. I don't remember what was ultimately decided. I've got to start taking notes, because I'm getting so senile that I can't remember what happened 5 minutes ago.

Game night was set for Saturday, April, 29 at James Willey's house (time to be determined). Chess will be the game of choice, however other games (monopoly, trivial pursuit, cards, etc.) will be available for those not interested in chess. We plan to have a game night every fifth Saturday. Future dates for 2006 will be July 29, September 30 and tentatively December 30. If we like doing this, we might decide to do it more often. Watch the VSFA calendar/listserv for more details.

After more social discussion (movies, books, etc.) Terry had to leave, but Mindy, James and I adjourned to Jamm's Restaurant for lunch and more gabbing. — Rebecca Hardin

*Dave Romm* article. I remember him fondly from my first stretch in Fandom during which he edited *Rune* and sent quite a few LoCs in my direction.

You should definitely acquire copies of *Banana Wings*. *Mark Plummer* and *Claire Brialey* publish the UK's best fanzine and a fine new issue arrived in the mail last week. You might well be able to arrange a trade, since Mark and Claire appreciate electronic fanzines, too.

With great pleasure, I introduce the first letter to VFW from one of my favorite British fans...

### Sandra Bond

Yes, there was a Mr. Gestetner. Indeed, his name is known to British students of law (as I was up until last year), because the fellow, when he compiled his last will and testament, decided to leave his estate tied up in some rather knotty trusts and so on for the benefit of his descendants, and as a result the will was challenged in law and ended up forming a legal precedent: the case of Gestetner's Will Trusts is still, I believe, referred to in British legal texts on probate. These textbooks, though, sadly do not refer to whether he wore a riding crop or carried a monocle, or even a copy of *Hyphen*, under his arm.

The only thing I know about Sam Browne belts without looking them up as suggested is that they held up Sam Browne's trousers...

The worst fans in fanhistory? I'd say there could be two lists made up here, depending on whether worst is taken in the sense of 'most malicious' or 'most incompetent'. The first list might have those such as GM Carr whose fanzines, though perfectly legible and quite solid, were eclipsed by their actions; or George Wetzel whose scholarly interest in Lovecraft is generally forgotten due to his rabid racism and general unpleasantness. The second list might see well-meaning but dim fans such as Norman G. Wansborough, Raleigh Evans Multog or Audrey Walton (a British fan, this last, circa 1970, whose 'Wadezine' and 'Free Orbit' combined dire fiction with almost illegible duplication, and yet went on to see a great many more issues than one would think possible.)

Would anyone qualify for both lists? Claude Degler, perhaps. I've deliberately confined myself to long-gone names for

reasons which will no doubt occur to you.

Good to see Mark Plummer getting deserved egoboo for his Tun write-up. Even if the wretch did decide to immortalise a meeting that I had to skip, thus depriving me of a mention.

It's ironic that Peter Sullivan never saw any of my SF fanzines until very recently. Back in the early 1990s when we were both publishing Diplomacy fanzines we were in regular contact (I would mention here that my nickname for him then was Mr Squeaky Clean Blond Boy, but if I did, he'd squelch me by telling everyone about the game of bridge in York circa 1990 and the anti-honors incident). But when I left Diplomacy fandom mostly aside and returned to the fandom of my birth, I sent a couple of contacts from the Dippy world my new publications, but somehow it never occurred to me that Peter might be interested. Who knows, maybe I might have converted him to the trufannish way five years earlier than was the case in this reality. Or more likely, put him off entirely.

I remember the issue of his fanzine where the typeface switched from Amstrad PCW to typewriter midway through a page due to a power cut. Ah, what dedication we had then, Peter!

Surely Warhoon 28 has no staples, original or otherwise, being bound within hard covers? Or is this an esoteric Lichtman-Sullivan joke that just sailed over my head?

Off the top of my head (and conceding that I dropped out of FAPA last year and haven't got around to rejoining; I blush, I am abashed) the most recent member to put letterpress through /might/ have been Helen Wesson?

Enough of this blather: thanks for sending me all those unacknowledged copies of VFW, and I'll try not to let another 67 issues fly past me in a series of tiny but horribly fast-moving clouds of electrons before I respond again.

*Arnie: I doubt that Mr. Gestetner carried copies of Hyphen under his arm, because they were produced with the device developed by Mr. (Or Ms.) Roneo, if I recall correctly.*

*If we're going to consider "the worst fans in fanhistory," I'd prefer to confine my picks to "most malicious," because the question of "most incompetence" raises the question of whether we should really measure the productions of Raleigh Multog or Norman G. Wansborough against*



fanzines produced by fans who are not mental challenged.

I'd reserve places in Fandom's Hall of Shame for the most mean-spirited, malicious, unethical and even criminal folks who have blighted our hobby. On reflection, I'm pleased to say that there are relatively few in Core Fandom and that I have been fortunate to know even fewer. Nonetheless, I can see where there's a pretty indecent selection from which to choose.

I have no first-hand knowledge of Claude Degler, so I can speak only as someone who has read some of the publications and secondary sources like Jack Speer, Francis Towner Laney, Harry Warner and Bob Tucker. From that, I come to the conclusion that Degler was probably pretty smart, but also very warped. He appears to have been a megalomaniac, liar, thief and sponger. Unless Harry Warner was correct in his somewhat far-fetched theory that Degler was playing a horribly extended and complex joke on the rest of Fandom, Degler appears to have been immature, lazy and intrusive.

Maybe one of our Elder Ghods out there among the VFW readers would share some thoughts. Widner? Tucker? Forman?

One of our Legion of Film Buffs has some amusing things to say about my threat to re-cast a scene from *A Clockwork Orange* with Merric Anderson to "re-educate" him out of his reluctance to write...



### Bill "Potshot" Kunkel

Now I was (still am) a pretty big fan of that particular film. Having read the brilliant original novel (it was paperback and thank ghod it included a glossary of droogie vernacular in the back) on which it was faithfully based and having much respect for Mr. Kubrick as a director (he had not made "Eyes Wide Shut" or "The Shining" by then, okay?), my expectations were great indeed.

And they were well met. Brilliant all around. But much as I adore the film, there is nothing that comes to mind in terms of being THE "scene from Clockwork Orange" that Arnie alludes to? Are we discussing the following?

\* Merric is trapped in an attic with speakers stoutly embedded in the roof, walls and floor. They play nothing but Woody Bernardi's old collection of filk songs. Merric is driven mad and begins to write a fannish homage to "Marat.Sade" with Andy Hoper. It gets ugly from there.

\* Merric has two circles cut from his shirt, revealing his nipples. This is already getting ugly.

\* Merric has high-speed sex with two young girls while an amped-up version of *Also Sprach Zarathustra* plays in the background. I see different but equally serious problems here.

\* Merric is tied to a chair, has his eyes pried open and is forced to watch footage of Phillip Jose Farmer's legendary rambling GoH Speech at the '68 Baycon until he breaks. Again, I'm seeing Ugly here.

So two questions: What is *the Scene* from "A Clockwork Orange" and what are you planning to do to poor Merric, eh?

*Arnie:* Well, I had in mind tying him to a chair and propping open his eyelids (using only sacred toothpicks salvaged from past Corflu con suites) and show him an endlessly looping take of the most fuggheaded moments from conventions and club meetings while the speakers drone the collected works of Francis Towner Laney, exhorting him to Insurgent deeds. After a few days of that, we release him and dump him into a room with only a computer equipped with Microsoft Word. He doesn't get out until he writes an article.

*See? Nothing unusual!*

*Nothing to see here.*

*Ignore the screams.*

*Bowing in with some observations about a noted*



*British fanwriters is an always-welcome contributor...*

### **Richard Brandt**

"Imagine the effect," you write, "if Greg had gone on about something for 120 pages or so."

Well, then he'd be D. West.

(You're right: It probably would have been proper to ask D. before you anthologized something of his. In fact, if he said no, it would have probably been a good idea not to print it. But I can only speak from my own experience.)

*Arnie: I should've asked for permission, no question. Time was short and I couldn't imagine anyone who would get angry at having his work honored by inclusion in the annual Fanthology. Now I know there's at least one such person.*

*In time-critical situation, I now rely exclusively on close personal friends and dead folks. These groups seldom kick up a fuss.*

*Now, back for a praiseworthy encore, is one of ChatBack's current cornerstones...*

### **John Purcell**

I am a bit surprised that my previous loc didn't get to you in time for inclusion in this issue. Oh, well. If you so desire, do what I did in my latest issue: I spliced two separate Lloyd Penney locs into one, creating a Lloyd Penney-style loc. Like Roger Rabbit would say, I do this "only when it's funny!"

Like you and the rest of fandom, I worry about what Chris Garcia might force the N3F to evolve into. We stand cringing at the door of the unknown, afraid to peer into the darkness beyond...

Wait! It's alright, Arnie. I brought along my blankie for emotional support. You can hang onto a corner if you desire.

Your Katzenjammer this time around was quite thought provoking and well written. Speaking for myself, I agree with you that the focus of fanzine fandom is switching over to digital fanac without too much trouble. The nice thing about this is that the technology is aiding us to preserve digital replicas of ancient fanzines before they either fade out or fall apart, or both. PDF is a wonderful means of preserving our past this way, and I, for one, applaud the efforts of Bill Burns and other fans out there -- such as the folks at FanCen-



tral and Fanac.org -- who are helping to make this massive effort successful.

Those of us in "Core Fandom" - do you dislike that term as much as Eric Mayer does, or merely tolerate it like I do? - are very much aware of our fannish history and we relish it. We love reading and re-reading the legendary stories, squabbles and discoveries of the past. This is not only Fan History, but Fun History. It never ceases to amaze me what fans used to do to get together with other members of their ilk back in the proto-fandom era. And if Bob Tucker and the other surviving members of First Fandom can be helped by the rest of us to preserve our roots, so much the better. I will do my part as I can.

In this manner we can transfer our shared history through this digitalization of fanzine fandom to our heirs. You intimate that we Old Pharts are sometimes unwilling to let go of our old fanpubbing habits. I know I embrace the new technology to the best of my ability, producing e-zines that are like good old-fashioned dead tree fanzines. It may be a traditional approach, but there are applications here that I am unfamiliar with and would love to know more about. The more I learn, the better I can make my zines. Keep in mind that the process involved in creating a fanzine is supposed to be fun. Creating a fmz is definitely a major fun aspect of fanac for me, and I really do enjoy it. Therefore, I am not going to go feel a sense of Impending Doom for our subculture. If we can continue to have fun doing this stuff, I am sure that others will come along and continue the Way of the True Fan by creating New and Improved Zines because they want to get in on the fun, too. Here's hoping for those future faneds and fan writers.

Uh, all I can say about Dick Lupoff's contribution this time around is that Teri Harrison can sit on my flagpole any time! Ten hut! and Hoo-rah!!

And I completely concur with Robert Lichtman that we pub and write because we get a charge out of the feedback and communication with other like-minded fans. Again, this is how I feel when I get e-locs; it makes the effort that much more meaningful.

I also have to make a special mention of two fans who are breathing life into our little microcosm: Chris Garcia and Peter Sullivan. Chris has the unabashed enthusiasm, energy, and is so fargin' prolific it is making us right proud to say that he is one of us. I have to admit that he is one of the reasons why I have been so active again in fanzine fanac. Chris's zines show a wide range of interests and talents that exemplify the eclectic

nature of an sf fan. This is truly A Good Thing, and when the ninth issue of IN A PRIOR LIFETIME comes out in a week or so, you will understand why I am saying these things.

Peter Sullivan also deserves special mention. Over the course of the past six months, I have come to enjoy his wit and devotion to The Cause. Even when laid low in hospital, undergoing an angioplasty (not a fun thing to do), he still managed to crank out four issues of a delightful little "fanzine", FAFIA. His enjoyment of this medium may well turn to producing a regular zine. When Peter does this, it will be a welcome addition to the fold.

So I don't think fanzine fandom is on the outs; it may merely be in the horse latitudes of self-examination, and will take full sail once the winds of change start blowing our zines back across the seas of fanac. (How's THAT for an over-extended ocean of metaphor?)

Take care of that back, Arnie. My left shoulder's rotator cuff is acting up again, but that's my own fault since I'm one of the coaches on my son's little league team this spring season. Oh, well. For this, the pain is worth it.

*Arnie: Combining letters into one large LoC is certainly a valid option, but I prefer to run them separately. Look at it this way... Someone starts reading ChatBack, sees your letter and, of course, recognizes it for the superlative commentary that it is. Now they continue to read, enjoying each contributor's letter.*

*After a few, though, they start to get that itchy feeling in the head, the sense that Something Is Missing. Just when they might be about to be getting upset, we hit 'em with your second letter – pow! – and that feeling of uneasiness disappears completely! Now, our hypothetical VFW reader is relaxed, refreshed and ready for the rest of the lettercol.*

*As the coiner of the term "Core Fandom," I am waiting for someone to suggest a better alternative (which I will happily adopt). What I am trying to say by the term is that there is a group of fans who are directly in the tradition of classic fandom and, as a group, still subscribe to the modern version of the same consensus that brought our fancestors together in Olden Days. This group includes, but is not limited to, fanzine fans. I started writing Core Fandom when the subject is not solely fanzines to recognize that fanzines, much as I love them, do not completely define the sub-culture of Core Fandom.*

*A VFW reader takes exception to my comments on the ascension of Chris Garcia to the pinnacle of N3F power.*

## **Jan Stinson**

I was just writing this long screed about how sick unto death I am of hearing fen say snide things about the N3F when I realized it was probably a waste of time. Nothing I say would likely change your mind. It's a shame that you had to spend your writing talent calling the club into question yet again in a semi-public forum like VFW. Yes, I can see where your article could be viewed as very tongue-in-cheek, but I don't feel like being the butt of anyone's jokes anymore on this topic. I've been a Neffer since 1996, and through the N3F I found out about fanzines. I owe the club a lot for that reason alone.

Note: Although you included Lyne Masamitsu's copyright notice when you reprinted her dragon and saucer N3F logo, you [didn't credit it] in the colophon:

*Arnie: I can appreciate that you are tired of fans disparaging the N3F, but it really is incumbent on the N3F to rid itself of the things that elicit such comments.*

*I also want to point out that Chris Garcia is a very good friend who knew I was just kidding, that I have been a member (and a bureau head) of the N3F, that I have endeavored to help the N3F as recently as this summer and that, if so many people find it funny, it probably is.*

*Thank you for providing the credit for that illo. I couldn't quite make out the credit line with my poor pathetic eye and couldn't find it mentioned anywhere.*

*Here with a cogent dissertation on the subject of digital and print fanzines is the Sage of Fandom...*

## **Robert Lichtman**

Let me lead off this letter with a Grammatical Correction. In your short piece on SNAPS you wrote that it was "founded by JoHn Hardin, Joyce Katz and I under the aegis of SNAFFU." Now using your finely tuned cosmic mind, remove JoHn's and Joyce's names from that sentence and roll it over your tongue. Would you say "SNAPS was founded by I under the aegis of SNAFFU"? No, of course not. I rest my cranky case. And if this was a short e-mail to one of the lists, I'd sign myself "Strunk N. White."

Chris Garcia's ascension to the presidency of the N3F is one of those life events that lends further (and appalling) credence to the old saw that truth is stranger than fiction. Neither you nor I in writing a piece of faan fiction would ever find ourselves putting Chris in the shoes of the likes of Ralph Holland.

Looking at the N3F's Web site, like you I find no information about whether or not the election was contested or if "Ruthie-chan" (as she calls herself everywhere on the site) simply stepped aside. I'd hoped that

YE GODS!  
IT'S A "YOUR  
FANZINE IS GOOD  
BUT—" LOC!



there might be some election results in *The e-Fan* No. 9, for which there was a link; but when I tried to go there it led to “This page cannot be found.” (The other, older issues posted there both work, though—could this be a cover-up!?) I mentioned Ralph Holland above, but I got the information about his presidency from memory and not from the N3F Website—where the list of past presidents only goes back to 1991. Perhaps they don’t *know* who was president before then!? Anyway, I look forward to Chris’s explanation about how this happened.

In “A Great Adventure” you say that one of the factors that will limit the production of paper fanzines is that copy shops will get more expensive. Actually, I’ve found that the price of quantity copying has remained remarkably stable for well over a decade. I’ve always paid around three cents a side for *Trap Door*, with the maximum price being three and a half cents—and that some years ago. The most recent issue—although December 2004 is increasingly *not* “recent”—I got the job done for two and a half cents a side. I will readily admit, however, that photocopying is a highly competitive business here in the Bay Area and it’s quite likely that the prices I get wouldn’t be available in other areas.

You write, “It’s ironic that many of those who are nostalgic about hard copy fanzines and reluctant to switch to digital fanzines, listservs and websites are also the most worried about the fact that most Core Fans are over 40.” Who specifically would these people be? I can think of very few fans who at this point

have stuck exclusively to paper means of fanac. Why, even Bob Tucker is on at least one of the fannish lists! Art Widner turns up now and then on-line, even while continuing to produce *Yhos* and his zine for SAPS on paper. Looking at our generation and not just our still-surviving fancestors, it seems to me that quite a few have either transitioned entirely to digital *or* produce in both mediums. Fanzines such as *Chunga*, *File 770*, *Littlebrook*, *No Award* and *SF Commentary* are examples of that. This happy medium allows the producers to continue to provide hard copy editions for trades and for the contributors, and then to reach further through the digital medium to a wider audience. As you know, I’ve contemplated that myself but for the present have decided to stick with just a paper edition. (I have produced PDFs of the three issues done since my switch-over from the half-legal format to the half-letter format, which coincided with my getting a new computer in late 2000, and as you know I made those available to Teresa Cochran and posted one of them on efanazines.)

Your analysis of non-fan amateur journalism as exemplified by the National APA (and its many cousins) isn’t quite correct. It’s true that Back When there was some value judgment made in favor of letterpress, but even in the ‘40s there were some producers of excellent amateur publications circulated through those venues that made people take favorable notice. For instance, there’s this review of two outstanding “papers” from a 1945 issue of Anthony Moitoret’s *Tick Tock*:

“Mimeographers can feel their position strengthened by—and they can learn a lot from—papers like *The Vigilantes* for July and *Churinga* for August. Both display craftsmanship of a high order in this production medium. James F. Guinane might have used an ink with more contrast to better effect on *Churinga*’s yellow fly leaves; otherwise his taste is excellent. His full page illustration in several colors was an ambitious undertaking and the execution is good. As to reading matter, Guinane writes smooth, easy flowing prose and has a knack for polished comment. That he occasionally gets off the beam may be attributed to the handicap of distance from the American scene and an inadequate grasp on amateur history. Time will overcome this and give him a better basis for his appraisals and judgments. Perhaps we should all shed a tear or two for that publisher Guinane mentions as having threatened to suspend his paper because ‘how little, if at all, it has been mentioned.’ If Guinane will send us the name of the ignored publication—in strict confidence, of course—we’ll mention it several times in our next issue and thereby do our bit to bolster a deflated ego. Turning to *The Vigilantes*, H. Dean Aubrey, its editor and



publisher, establishes an unassailable claim to the all-time mimeographing laureate. He cuts a clean stencil and his production of illustrations is clear and satisfying. His willingness to share his knowledge of the mechanics of this process is commendable and if other mimeographers will join his Merry Go Rounders Guild their output should improve. Sixty pages of interesting material make *The Vigilantes* a valuable addition to National papers.”

This excerpt aside, Moitoret’s journal makes for pretty interesting reading. It’s a genzine for amateur journalists and sparkles with contributions from some of the big names of the period: Anthony’s brother Vic, Alf Babcock, Willametta Turnipseed, Burton Crane (once a FAPA member), Sheldon Wesson (late husband of Helen Wesson, still a FAPA member), Edna Hyde McDonald and Wes Porter (who I met in the early ‘60s in L.A. when I was getting into ayjay). (And I should add here that when I visited Porter he showed me some copies of *Churinga*, which were awesome jobs of multi-color mimeography as I recall.) It can be accessed at <http://www.amateurpress.org/ajhist/ttck3-1.htm>. If you go upstream from there to the home page, you’ll find links to a variety of interesting features. It should be noted that there are even Web-based amateur journals, some examples of which can be accessed, and a discussion of them in the edition of *The National Amateur* posted as a PDF. In my own experience with continuing to nibble on the edges of ayjay, many journals these days are produced using the same

technology we do: computer-generated text and photocopied.

All that aside, I agree with your conclusion. I would also “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.” But if it *does* come to that, I hope we can at least get adjoining beds and mumble “Hey, Meyer” and “afaninneedisafanindeed” to one another.

Good to see that nice Mr. Lupoff back in action here! This was an enjoyable piece, filling in yet another bit of Dick’s personal history in entertaining fashion. (And I don’t know if Dick provided you with the accompanying patriotic illustration on page 7, but I’m sure he approves!) As with Dick, my four sons never saw military service, and if the draft is ever reinstated my granddaughter is safe unless they include women in it for the first time.

You write that at the Vegrants meeting “a topic we *didn’t* discuss was who might be the worst—and best—fans in fanhistory.” The list of the best is far too long if one considers the entire sweep of fandom’s seventy-five years, but one fan who’s been active in every one of those years has to either top or be very near the top of the list. That would be Bob Tucker, who single-handedly invented “fannishness” around 1933. A few—a *very* few—of the others would include Charles Burbee, Walt Willis, Lee Hoffman, Redd Boggs, Harry Warner Jr., Forrest J Ackerman, Don Wollheim, Terry

# Contact! Las Vegas Club Directory

## 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  
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## VSFA:

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

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

## Las Vegas Fan Events Calendar

### **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).

### **VSFA Monthly Meeting** April 1 11 AM

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

### **Las Vegrants Meeting** April 1 7:30 PM

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

### **First Friday Video Group** April 7 6:00

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

Carr, Ron Ellik, Ted White, Dick Geis, Gregg Calkins, Steve Stiles, Dan Steffan, John Bangsund, Bob Pavlat, F. Towner Laney, Joe Kennedy, Mike Rosenblum, Jack Speer, Chuch Harris, Vince Clarke, Bill Rotsler, F.M. & Elinor Busby, Bruce Pelz—and, well, as I said, the list is far too long. This is a sample strictly from stream of consciousness and *far* from all-inclusive. As for the worst—well, I'm not going there.

Chris Garcia writes, "Everyone's story of how they got to the Party should be collected, put in a book or something. That'd make for interesting (and embarrassing) reading." It predates Chris's time in fandom, but this has been done several times. The first that I recall was produced in 1961 by Earl Kemp—the justly famous *Why Is A Fan?* volume running some 64 pages and with contributions from 73 fans of the period. To

gather material for it Earl circulated a questionnaire, on which one of the questions was, "At what age did you enter fandom (and how)?" More recently, Dick and Leah Smith published *Contact!* for the 2001 Ditto, asking essentially the same question and garnering 72 responses. It would be really great if both these volumes were made available as PDFs.

In response to another point of Chris's, you write, "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." I felt the same way, and am feeling very unlikely to renew my membership (I joined last year for the first time) when it comes up later this year. By way of contrast, I'm also a member

of The Fossils, amateur journalism's equivalent to First Fandom. Their quarterly "clubzine," *The Fossil*, runs 20-24 lettersized pages and is more interesting (within its subject matter, which is different people than \*us\* but some of whom are familiar to me) than the scanty pablum served up in the First Fandom newsletter. For more information on The Fossils, go to <http://www.thefossils.org/>, and once there you can check out the last half-dozen issues of *The Fossil* as PDFs or Word documents. Also, in the history section you can read selected excerpts from Truman Spencer's 1957 book, *History of Amateur Journalism* (through the "table of contents" link), follow links to a number of other essays on ayjay, as well as Ken Faig's 55-page essay on the history of the Library of Amateur Journalism.

Shelby Vick gets *weekly* bundles from John Hertz!? What's in them, Shelby? My batches of John's Apa-L zine *Vanamonde* come roughly monthly and each contains five issues from months ago. I kid John about sometime putting out a really huge mailing and catching up, but that doesn't seem to interest him. Unless one is participating in Apa-L (are you, Shelby?) I don't know of any other way to get John's zine.

*Arnie* Improvements in technology have kept the copy shop prices diwb— and no shop in my area comes close to matching the price you quoted— but it is unlikely that that further improvements in copier technology will be able to offset increases in the cost of

toner, labor and overhead in the next 10 years. And even in the unlikely event that copy shop prices remain stable, the cost of postage will rise and rise again.

*I'm not suggesting that fans who can still afford to publish tree-killers stop doing so. Far from it. I love hard copy fanzines as much as the next Old Phart. What I'm saying is that future expansion in the fanzine field depends primarily on the digital arena, because younger people will be progressively less familiar with, and drawn to, the print fanzine process.*

We also Heard From: Bbob Stewart, Chris Garcia, Shelby Vick

#### **No Way to Delay....**

... this fanzine, not even some software and Internet problems. Had I sent this yesterday, it would've been over 6 MB and I have a hunch a number of fans would be angry at the way I filled out their email cache.

It looks like clear sailing now, but it is also time for me to fillup this little awkward space, dispatch *Vegas Fandom Weekly* to the fine folks who help me distribute it each week and then wait breathlessly, achingly, longingly for those wonderful letters of comment and contributions of art and writing that keep me on this quick-stepping' schedule. See you next week!

### *In This Issue of Vegas Fandom Weekly*

<b>Vegas Events This Weekend</b>	<b>::: 1</b>
<b>Inside Story</b>	<b>::: It's Fanac Time! ::: Arnie ::: 2</b>
<b>Katzenjammer</b>	<b>::: My First Convention ::: Arnie ::: 3</b>
<b>Now &amp; Again</b>	<b>::: Forbidden Waters ::: Shelby Vick ::: 4</b>
<b>Them Daze</b>	<b>::: Pontiac Silver Streak ::: Dick Lupoff ::: 6</b>
<b>Las Vegrants</b>	<b>::: Cold Night, Warm Fans ::: Arnie ::: 8</b>
<b>Vagabond</b>	<b>::: L.A&gt; Letter ::: Kent Hastings ::: 10</b>
<b>ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column</b>	<b>::: You ::: 11</b>
<b>VSFA Views</b>	<b>::: Sunday Social ::: Rebecca Hardin ::: 12</b>
<b>Contact Information</b>	<b>::: 18</b>
<b>Calendar</b>	<b>::: 19</b>

... *and a ton of news.*