

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

Vegas Fan Events

VSFA '2nd Sunday' Video Group
Sunday (6/11) 6:00 PM

Vegrants Meeting
Saturday (6/17) 7:30 PM

VSFA Sunday Social
Sunday (6/18) 2:00 PM

SNAPS June Distribution Deadline
Sunday (6/18)

*Check out the Calendar
and preview stories*

note to Tom and a dollar to defray postage would probably get the desired result.

SNAPS 13th Distribution Hits 45 pages!

Joyce Katz, Official Editor of SNAPS (Southern Nevada Amateur Press Society) has sent the distribution to all active participants and posted it at <http://www.snaffu.org> as a free download. Paced by a pair of 14-page contributions by Linda Bushyager and Charles Fuller, the bundle totaled an impressive 45 pages.

Other contributors include Teresa Cochran, James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Joyce Katz and me.

In the group's Official Organ, Joyce called for an election and asked for fans willing to stand for the office — and, presumably, whatever abuse goes with the

Continued on page 15

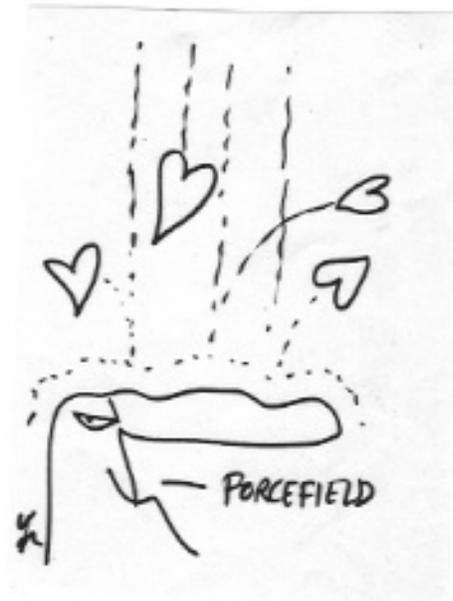
TAFF Winner Coming to Las Vegas!

Circle August 19 on the calendar, because for the first time in a long time, the winner of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund (TAFF) is going to come to visit Las Vegas Fandom. Bridget Bradshaw, who is well known as a fanzine writer and editor and a con-goer, has indicated that she will be attending the Vegrants' 8/19 meeting along with her husband.

Accordingly, Joyce and I have decided to make it an Open Party so that Bridget can meet as many Las Vegas fans as possible — and vice versa.

Those not yet familiar with the delightful Ms. Bradshaw ought to consider obtaining a copy of a marvelous publication by Tom Becker (2034 San Luis Ave., #1, Mountain View, CA 05-54) and Tony Keen called *Bug for TAFF #1*. It's a half-size collection of pieces by and about Bridget.

The perpetrators are vague about the price, but a



Inside Story Victim of Circumstances

I am a victim of circumstances — and it's all I can do to keep myself from flopping to the floor, bicycling my legs in a circle and shouting, "Woo-woo@ Woo-woo! Woo-woo!" like Curley of The Three Stooges.

There I was on Wednesday (5/31), a happy fanzine editor cruising along to a reasonably on-time issue of *Vegas Fandom Weekly*. Now here on am on Wednesday, June 7, and I'm actually slightly behind where I was — on the *same* issue.



I won't wear out your patience with a detailed recitation of everything that went wrong and my Herculean efforts to set things right. Let's say, to keep it short and sour, that my computer acted up on Wednesday evening and it was not until bedtime on Thursday that I got it back together and working sufficiently to do anything, let alone this fanzine. Friday was given over to a rampaging Internet problem so severe that it not only

took my computer off-line but also killed our nety-based phone service.

That killed most of the day. I had professional work to do before I could even

look at *VFW*, so I resolved to get an early start on Saturday. I got to the computer at 4:00 AM only to find that my laser mouse seemed to have died during the night. The cheery red light shone no more. I got that fixed just about the time the Vegrants began arriving for the usual Saturday night meeting. I was too tired Sunday to do anything more than write my column for *Pro Wrestling Daily* and catch up on a lot of missed sleep.



Everything is working now, but only a flood of letters of comment can soothe my frayed nerves after this battle against the Machine World.

— Arnie



Vegas Fandom Weekly #77, Volume 2 Number 24, June 9, 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), Bill Mills (technical advisor) and Joyce Katz (proofreading and So Much More).

Reporters this issue: Linda Bushyager, Bridget Bradshaw and Joyce Katz

Art/Photo Credits: Alan White (10-13), Linda & Ron Bushyager, all else by Bill Rotsler.

Columnists This Issue: Mark Plummer, Robert Lichtman, Linda Bushyager

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at the SNAFFU site and at efanzines.com. No harried half-assed faneds were harmed during the production of this fanzine.

Member: fwa

Supporter: AFAL

Believer: United Fans of Vegas

When (My) Worlds Collide **Katzenjammer**

An Editorial Plea

For some reason, pro wrestling raises the hackles of some fans even more than so-called "legitimate" sports. That seems odd to some who've experienced the wrestling show enough to perceive its intricacies, because wrestling is more like science fiction than are baseball and football.

For one thing, wrestling is fictional, like a movie or a novel. It is a carefully orchestrated performance with characters, storylines, special effects and music.

Where baseball is surrounded by lots of boring stuff about salary caps and steroids, pro wrestling is all about the show. Baseball games may be sloppy or tedious at times, but pro wrestling is always a maximum show. And unlike boxing, that fifty-buck pay per view never, ever ends in six minutes.

The colorful characters have a kinship with those wonderful old-time pulps and the stories even occasionally partake of science fiction and fantasy.

I don't usually ride this hobby horse much in print — this is the first time I've done it in 88 issues of *VFW*, so I hope you'll give this essay, prompted by a current headline, a chance.

Remember, I love you all.

Since returning to USA Network last year, "Raw" has pumped up ratings.

"Research tells us that there's a healthy appetite for wrestling among Sci Fi viewers," said Bonnie Hammer, president of USA and Sci Fi Channel. "With ECW, we're able to deliver to those fans unique action with a twist that's perfect for Sci Fi."

The new series is set to premiere June 13, USA said Thursday in a statement.

Wrestling on the Sci Fi Channel? Suddenly, two divergent worlds collide! It's a strange and unexpected phenomenon to someone like me, who discovered science fiction about the same time he saw his first pro wrestling match.

The first science fiction I remember was an episode of *Tom Corbett, Space Cadet* which the New York ABC affiliate broadcast between halves of a dinnertime movie. I was twirling the channel dial, probably hunting for a kiddie show, when I saw Tom Corbett and his buddies. They were marooned on an asteroid and, as they clustered around their small space shuttle, they be-

A Trufen post by Todd Mason, which I'd have missed if Joyce hadn't called it to my attention, contained a blockbuster in the form of this brief TV news story:

Sci Fi to Launch Wrestling Series in Summer

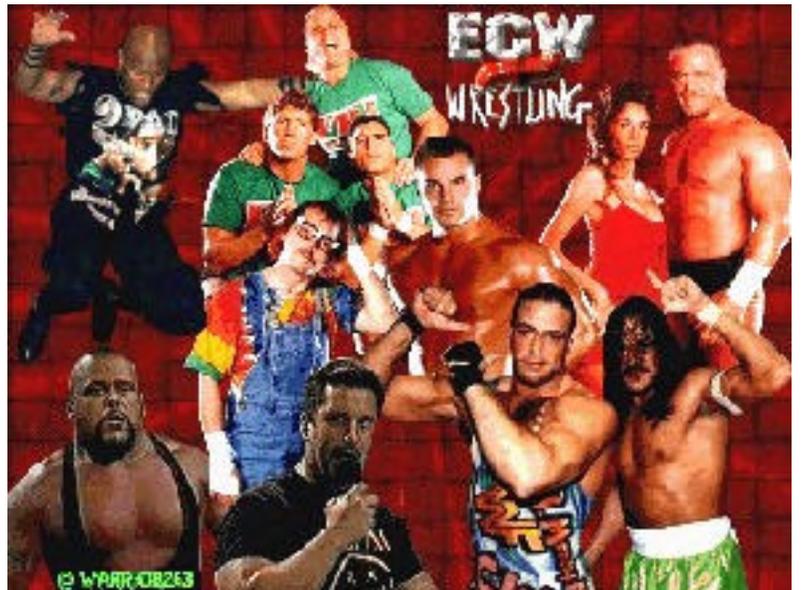
WWE's Extreme Challenge Wrestling on Tap

By Jon Lafayette

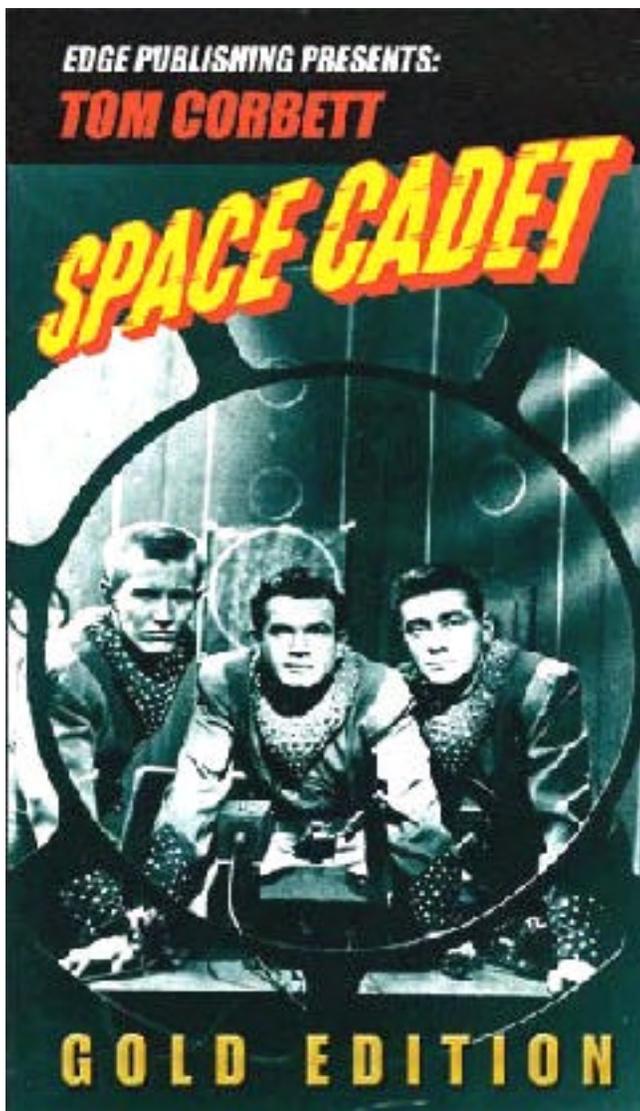
<<mailto:jlafayette@crain.com>>

Sci Fi Channel is launching a new summer wrestling series with World Wrestling Entertainment.

The new series will feature the Extreme Championship Wrestling brand acquired in 2003 by WWE, which produces "Monday Night Raw" for USA Network. USA and Sci Fi are part of the NBC Universal cable network portfolio.



Continued on next page



moaned their fate and argued with each other about the best way to escape this dire fate.

I was already hooked on astronomy, which I forced my poor mother to read to me before I could do so for myself. Once I saw that science fiction show, I embraced the fictionalized expression of the same longing to explore our mysterious universe.

TV was in a strange position in the early-to-mid 1950's. Milton Berle, Ed Wynn, Bob Hope, Phil Silvers and Lucille Ball/Desi Arnaz had made a television set a "must have" for middle class entertainment-seeking families. Unfortunately, revenues lagged behind popularity and, with daily program schedules lengthening, embryonic television stations and networks needed a lot of cheap programming. Live-action, low-tech series like *Tom Corbett* were as cheap to produce as soap operas

and had the same effect on children that *Guiding Light* and *Young Doctor Malone* had on their stay-at-home moms.

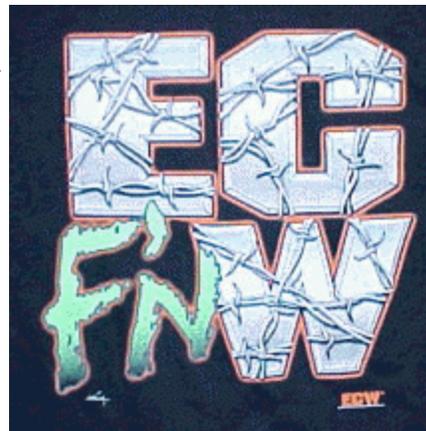
So television bought up a lot of old B movies and serials to fill air-time. *Hopalong Cassidy* and *The Three Stooges* ate up programming hours during the day and on weekends, while movies from the 1930's fulfilled the same function when packaged as *The Late Show*, *The Late, Late Show* and even, on Friday and Saturday nights, *The Late, Late, Late Show*.

Another staple of that television era was professional wrestling. Besides local shows in almost every market, syndicated offerings such as *Wrestling from Chicago* enabled stations to fill up time slots with something that people would watch.

The first time I saw the "grunt and groaners" as they were often called, NWA World Champion Lou Thesz fought NWA Junior Heavyweight Champion Verne Gagne on the filmed *Wrestling from Chicago*.

The program would be almost unrecognizable to the thousands who generate today's solid ratings, fat pay per view buy-rates and million-dollar arena gates. Thesz, champion off and on — mostly on — for over a decade by that time, and Verne Gagne, a former collegiate titlist, epitomized the pseudo sports approach that dominated pro wrestling for the first half-century after its modern inception.

Thesz and Gagne were "boots-and-trunks" guys who came to the ring without flash or flourish and wrestled scientifically. The matches were predetermined, like today, but the slow-paced action centered on static maneuvers like arm bars and stepover toe-holds that lacked visual impact. *Wrestling from Chicago* presented Thesz and Gagne as professional athletes, semi-articulate physical marvels who let their ring work do the talk-



This graphic is from the most famous ECW tee-shirt.

ing. They were no more colorful than the average football lineman.

While I found the sweaty strivings of Gagne and Thesz mildly interesting, my serious sports interest focused on the Brooklyn Dodgers. Even my mom watched the Boys of Summer on New York's WOR nearly every day.

So I didn't become an immediate convert to pro wrestling. The fact that it was not "on the level" didn't bother me at all, because my poor vision and youthful gullibility kept me ignorant of that reality until I was eight or nine years old.

I watched wrestling when there was nothing else, but I would've drifted away from it if not for a wholly new, more colorful brand of wrestling that came into being because of television.

Gagne and Thesz didn't fire my imagination, but then I saw Gorgeous George. Bewigged and wearing a fur robe, George Wagner was anything but a boots-and-trunks guy. Gorgeous George's theatrical entrance, shapely valet and nefarious ring tactics ushered in a new age of wrestling. Lurid characters from unrepentant Nazis to hearty lumberjacks followed in the wake of Gorgeous George's wake.

And so, I became a fan. Oh, the boots and trunks grapplers were still plentiful – Bruno Sam-



Lou Thesz locks up with the masked Mr. Wrestling in a match from much later in his career.

martino rules Northeast US rings in the 1960's – but pro wrestling had begun its inexorable march toward the sports entertainment attraction it is now.

The juxtaposition of science fiction and wrestling is like a dream come true. Or maybe pro wrestling on Sci Fi Channel is more like a nightmare; I'm not sure. From the way fans on the listservs reacted, you'd have thought that the Sci Fi Channel was threatening to show repetitive "big bug" movies and pseudo-scientific documentaries about embarrassing claptrap.

Oh wait, the Sci Fi Channel already has both. Viewed in that light, giving

ECW an hour isn't so bad. At least it prevents Sci Fi Channel from filling that hour with another dreadful culling from its seemingly inexhaustible storehouse of *shlock*.

Not that ECW and the Sci Fi Channel are a comfortable fit. Unless they rename it the Sci Fi & Wrestling Channel, putting ECW on the network is ludicrous.

The original ECW – this is a revival – incorporated no sfnal elements of any kind. The promotion was noted primarily for its aura of ersatz realism, over-the-top stunts in the ring and adult plot-lines.

Putting ECW on SFC is part of NBC's strategic commitment to World Wrestling Entertainment, owner of the revived Extreme Championship Wrestling. NBC likes the performance of WWE's RAW on USA Network and, to a lesser extent, with *Saturday Night's Main Event* on NBC. When WWE decided to launch ECW as a new brand, NBC wanted to keep rolling the dice with a hot shooter. It's the same reasoning that virtually guarantees that the creators of a successful show will get a chance to do another one.

ECW began in 1992 as Eastern Championship Wrestling, an affiliate of the National Wrestling Alliance (NWA), a loose association of promoters with a long history in pro wrestling.

Things really took off on August 27, 1994 when the day ECW broke with the NWA and changed its name to Extreme Championship Wrestling. Shane Douglas, having just won a tournament to become NWA World Champion, threw the gold title belt into the trashcan and held up the ECW title instead. Original owner Todd Gordon sold it to Paul Heyman in 1996.

So NBC decided to buy this new weekly one-hour series. It won't generate enough ratings for NBC and USA already has the two-hour RAW. Sci Fi Channel has favorable demographics, plenty of holes in its schedules and low ratings that ECW night actually help. NBC has little to lose.



Tommy Dreamer stands by his valet, Beulah McGillicutty.

If the show works and generates some ratings for the Sci Fi Channel, that's good. If the show proves very strong, they can always move it to one of their more popular networks. Meanwhile, it'll give them one hour of new programming more than they had ready for this summer.

ECW, which originally stood for "Eastern Championship Wrestling" was a pop culture phenomenon. It offers a grittier, edgier show than its bigger rivals. They promoted shows in a south Philadelphia bingo hall and eventually had pay per views, a video game and a cable TV show.

Yet ECW managed to keep that "small arena" ambience and its reputation as the choice of the most sophisticated fans. The cards in Philadelphia, PA, and in Queens, NY, were massive happenings as fans chanted incredible comments, passed weapons to the wrestlers and generally plunged into the show like it was a mosh pit.

Although ECW was only modestly successful and eventually fell victim to competition from its two much larger rivals, it profoundly influenced the whole pro wrestling business.

When ECW came on the scene, pro wrestling had changed from being a pseudo sport with racial stereotype characters to glitzy sports entertainment with characters more reminiscent of

super heroes and pop stars. Along the way, wrestling gave up the pretense that it was an athletic competition and admitted that it is a show, scripted and choreographed down to the last detail.

ECW characters were more contemporary, if sometimes fairly bizarre. When you see a gigantic African-American guy join his partner in the ring as a tag team called the Full Blooded Italians, complete with imitation Dean Martin crooning and salutes to the Chairman of the Board, you know you're not watching mainstream pro wrestling.

ECW was also a lot sexier than the competition. The girls were blatant and fans had little doubt that some of them augmented their income in porn or hooking. Spanking, lesbianism, trios...

ECW was not afraid of sex. And what wrestling fan will forget the night Kimona Wannalaya, trying to divert fans during a power failure at ECW Arena by mounting a platform and doing a strip tease.

If this was the old ECW, that would be the end of it. ECW would do its show in the allotted hunk of airtime and, probably have wrestlers crack jokes about sci fi geeks. WWE is likely to be more approachable about inserting little changes calculated to make ECW more acceptable to Sci Fi Channel's regular viewers.

Wrestlers will enter through "Star Gate" and the announcer will recite his introduction s



The exotic Kimona Wannalaya.

by acquiring the information psychically. Those are givens, admittedly, but WWE can (and will) do more.

The referee is an under-utilized character in pro wrestling. So let's take the man in the striped shirt and make him accessible to the science fiction audience. We could make them look like various Giant Bugs and Reptiles from Sci-Fi Channel movies. Or maybe they could all look like Grays out of Whitley Strieber's *Communion*.

Ironically, the mainstream promotions have done a lot more with science fiction and fantasy characters than ECW has done or will do in the future. There have been Wolf Men, Frankensteins, Mummies and even a guy who claimed to be an alien from the planet Lazertron! One of WWE's longest-running stars is Undertaker, familiarly called "the Deadman," who is often said to be "from the Dark side" and invested with supernatural powers.

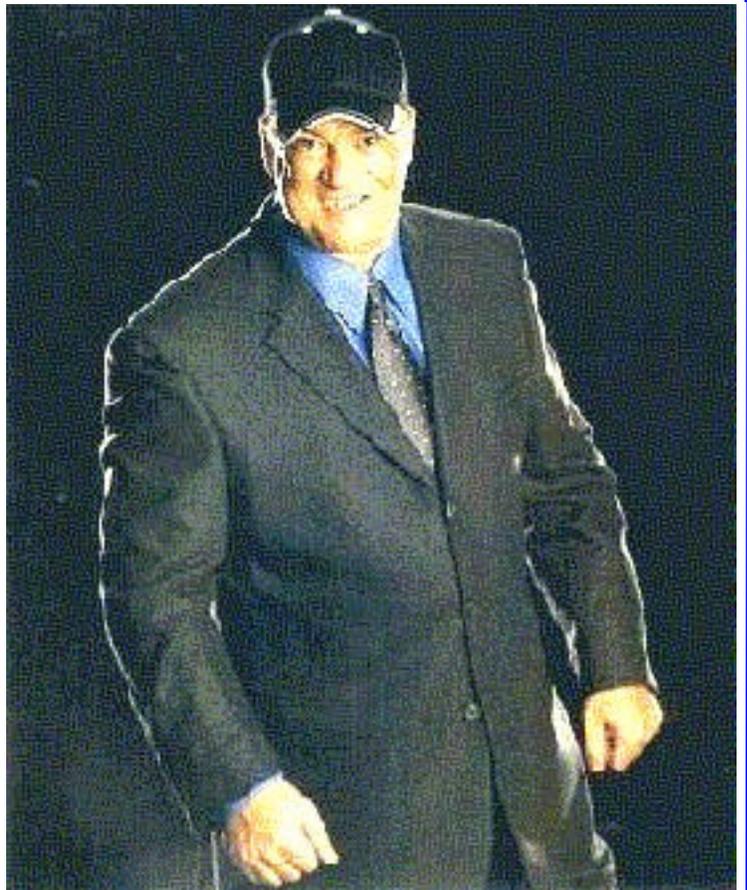
Just last week, on WWE's *Smackdown*, Fit Finlay wielded the ultimate Foreign Object. Finlay, whose persona is that he is an Irish tough who "loves to fight" reached under the ring and pulled out a Leprechaun -- yes, a Leprechaun -- who proceeded to pummel Finlay's already beaten foe.

If ECW succeeds on Sci Fi Channel, the network will surely promote its other programs through tie-ins. The "voice of ECW" Joey Styles will turn to Harlan Ellison for color commentary and switch to the backstage area for Bill Mills' interview with Sabu, "the suicidal, homicidal, genocidal warrior."

And don't be surprised if the Tardis materializes at ringside so the Doctor can rip the metal stop sign out of the villain's hands before he can crash it down on the hero's head.

The influences will inevitably travel the other way, too. Look for the "loser-leave-the-series" cage match on *Stargate Atlantis*. The Psychic Detective will make contact with Lou Thesz beyond the grave and interview him about his epic clashes with Verne Gagne in the 1950's.

Eventually, there'll be complete crossover



Paul Heyman, the creative force behind the original ECW, will be in charge of the new version along with former ECW wrestler

integration on the Sci Fi Channel. Everything will be a little bit wrestling, a little bit stfnal (and moronic fake science). I can't wait to see "The Innovator of Violence" Tommy Dreamer, with Profession Theodore E. White in his corner square off against The Scufflin' Trufans (Ken Forman and Andy Hooper, part of Maniac Moshe Feder's *Minyan of Mayhem*. — Arnie



PipeLine Sixty Years!

Dear Arnie,

I have to say I am a little disappointed.

After my last letter about the February 'First Thursday' meeting in London I felt sure you'd want to come along for the March gathering, what with it being the sixtieth anniversary of the first post-War London fan meeting.

I even got you a beer in, as I said I would. For all I know it's still there, sitting on the bar and getting flat and warm. Well, it was flat and warm in the first place -- this is British beer we we're talking about -- but you get my point, I trust.

We had a pleasant enough time, but we missed you, Arnie, honest we did. I know it's a long way to come for the evening but hell, there were some people who'd come, what, twenty, maybe even thirty *miles* just to be there so there's no excuse, I feel.

It all left me feeling a little bit depressed, to tell you the truth. But then I thought again. Arnie's a fan historian, I said to myself. Clearly he has decided that rather than popping over for the sixtieth anniversary of the March 1946 Shamrock meeting he'll come over for April which is per-



haps more significantly the sixtieth anniversary of the first meeting in the legendary White Horse.

Yes, that is what he will do.

So what happened to your plan, Arnie? I did wonder if you were perhaps wrong-footed by the last-minute change of location. We thought we had a booking for our usual haunt, the Melton Mowbray, but something went wrong and we ended up getting bounced to the nearby Printer's Devil which -- as I'm sure you'll know -- was once considered as a First Thursday venue in the mid-1970s. We put up signs so that those who didn't read the news on the net could find us, and it seems that most people did manage to make their way to our new albeit temporary home.

I sat with Sandra Bond, thinking that she'd be able to identify you when you arrived. 'Is that Arnie?' I asked, 'is that? Is that?' Sandra was able to confirm that my first two suspects were in fact a woman in her mid-twenties and a hat-stand, but had to concede that candidate #3 did indeed look a lot like you. But, said Sandra, he's wearing a green shirt and, *as all proper fan historians know*, Arnie Katz has not worn a green shirt on a Thursday since October 1973. Sandra's good on fanhistorical detail.

Did you squeeze into the pub while we weren't looking, perhaps while I was deep in conversation with James Bacon? It was pretty crowded in the upstairs bar, and I did wonder out loud a couple of



times whether we could make space by throwing out all the people we didn't like, or at least those whose luggage took up more space than they did. What we need, I said, is more fans like Niall Harrison -- tallest man in fandom, under-30s category -- who take up about the same floor area as a postage stamp.



Mark Plummer

But I have to say, I don't think you made the April meeting either, did you, Arnie? Still I didn't give up hope. Maybe, I thought, Arnie's planning on coming to Eastercon, 'cos that's where all the fannish action is going to be. Well, not quite all of it: the Pickersgills were staying in Wales, the Harveys were in Australia as were Doug Bell and Christina Lake, Alison Scott and Steven Cain were in Belgium with the kids, Avedon and Rob rarely show up these days -- but there'd be quite a bit of fannish action. Pete Weston, Yvonne Rowse, Flick and Mike Scott, Lilian Edwards, Giulia de Cesare and Steve Davies, John Jarrold, Rog Peyton, Max and Tobes, the inevitable James Bacon -- and not forgetting Ian Sorensen as famous fan guest of honour. And it would have been an ideal opportunity for you to test out your theories about 'Core Fandom' as applied to the UK fan scene.

'Would have' is the operative phrase here. Eastercon remained Katz-free, didn't it? A few Americans came over -- Nigel Rowe was there, as were Bill and Mary Burns, and indeed late-of-Las Vegas writer Elizabeth Bear -- but no sign of you, although I did see what seemed to be a hat-stand that was curiously like the one in the Printer's Devil so I did wonder briefly whether Sandra had given me a bad steer there. You missed a fine TAFF party on the Saturday night with lots of free drinks courtesy of Interaction, last year's Worldcon, and plenty of general fannish hanging out (you also missed me attempting to present the Doc Weir Award to somebody

who wasn't in the room, but we will gloss over that).

I keep wondering where and when you're going to appear. I even looked for you at the Arthur C Clarke Award presentation in London a week or so after Eastercon. A bit sercon for you, I know, but with free drinks courtesy of the sponsors (we now know that the 'C' in Arthur C Clarke stands for 'Cobra Beer') and plenty of fans around -- including old-timers like Malcolm Edwards and Leroy Kettle, and your pal Paul Kincaid -- I thought it was a definite maybe... but no.

Britain -- and British fandom -- still waits for you, Arnie. Soon I'll be setting off for the May First Thursday meeting. Melton Mowbray, as usual, unless we've been double-booked or it's been crushed beneath a giant space beetroot or something. In which case we will leave a note for you telling you where we've gone. It's not too late, Arnie; we'd love to see you, really we would...

Regards,

-- Mark Plummer

Arnie's Explanation



I was on my way to the meeting, when I ducked into a call box to telephone for directions. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that it was a lot bigger on the inside than it seemed -- and that it was tenanted by an intriguing guy who called himself The Doctor and his very young blonde friend Rose.

It turned out that, just after I entered this thing, they had turned it on and somehow we had gone 60 years in the past. So I went to a science fiction club meeting with them.

Then they took me back to Las Vegas. — Arnie

Las Vegrants Welcome Home, DeChancie!

The first fan who phoned on the day of the Vegrants' "Welcome Back Dechancie" Party was, fittingly enough, John himself. He wanted us to know that he was about to start the drive from Los Angeles to Las Vegas and that he would get here early in the evening.

We all knew, when we'd decided to have a party at the last Vegrants meeting, that it was possible that John might not be able to make it. A little discussion, though, showed it was a win-win situation. If John made it, we'd



DeDee White celebrated her 23th birthday. This has nothing to do with her age, you understand, but apparently that was a birthday worth celebrating. Listening raptly is David Dal Valle.

have something to celebrate. And if he didn't we'd miss him – and celebrate the three-day weekend.

More surprising was the knock on the door at about 5:30 later that afternoon. It was Su Williams, bearing a stupendous amount of food for the gathering. She really went all-out, way beyond the call. Joyce immediately counseled me to queue up early in the meeting for the cold cuts, which included turkey, ham and pastrami. (There were all bags of rolls and muffins and an array of



Vegas Fandom old and new cluster near the door with one of the Launch Pad's art walls in the background. From left to right: Teresa Cochran, Ayesha Ashley, JoHn Hardin and Ross Chamberlain.

cheeses.) Following her suggestion, instead of cruising the buffet later in the evening, got me in just ahead of my fellow fans, who efficiently picked the plates clean.

"This is for the party," she said,

"Oh, aren't you going to be here?" I asked.

Always a bit on the shy side, Su sometimes stays away from the larger and more boisterous parties. This time, though, she assured me that he planned to return in two hours or so and I left her depart to complete other errands.

Though I'd predicted a fairly large party to Joyce, I noted that it was past 7 o'clock and no one had yet arrived. Now, since we set 7:30 as the usual start time, this was as it should be. Still, I've gotten used to folks dropping by a little early and had to suppress

the irrational fear that some calamity would keep anyone from showing.

Of course, the whole thing was silly. James Taylor and Teresa Cochran knocked on the door about 7:15, followed a few minutes later by Lori Forbes. Since



JoHn Hardin drove up from Kingman, AZ, for the party.

she heads the SNAFFU Library Committee and James looks like the popular choice for Club Librarian (with Tee as his assistant), it was a good chance to them to talk about the on-going project. She plans to spend a good portion of next Saturday shelving books with a stated goal of getting all the paperbacks in place.

John DeCgancie drove up at about 7:45, comfortably ahead of most of the guests. He seemed a little road-wearied, but seemed elated to be back among the Ventrants and went right into party mode. John DeC hasn't eaten in too long, so he got to build the night's first sandwich. John Hardin, motoring up from Kingman, AZ, came through the door right behind his namesake.

Alan & DeDee White had hosted Joyce, David Dal Valle and me at one of their movie sessions the previous night. We'd watched the musical re-make of *The Producers*, so there was some discussion of the film based on the



James Taylor puts an affectionate arm around Teresa Cochran as they chat with the rest of the Ventrants.



DeDee White growls for the camera, yet somehow manages to look more cute than frightening.

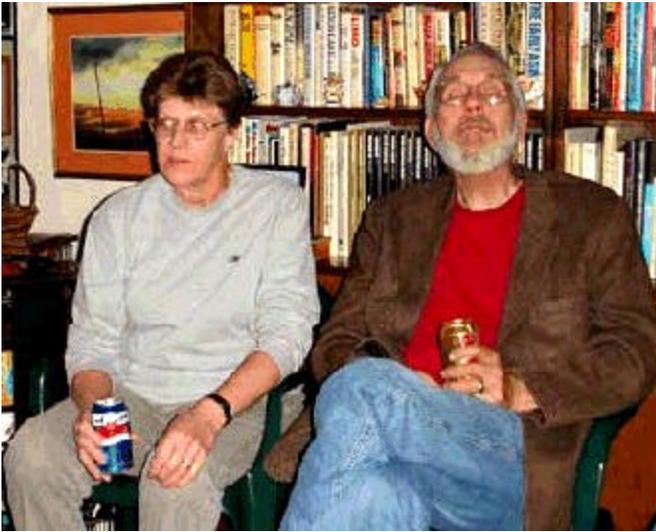
Tony-winning Broadway show.

I'm not sure whether David or I hated *The Producers* more. I'm not wild about re-doing classic movies under the best of circumstance, but this was more like a desecration than an *homage*. The cast seemed strong, but the material was so pitifully weak and the wall-to-wall exaggerated camping made it all seem a lot less funny than the original.

Turning *The Producers* into a musical leads to a serious problem. The original had two musical numbers, "Spring-time for Hitler" and "Prisoners in Love." The additional six or eight songs, as a group, had maybe three good lines. They undercut the impact of the two numbers from the original movie. Worse, the new "Spring-time" and "Prisoners" weren't nearly as good as in the first film.

David capped the discussion with the disquieting news that Mel Brooks is now working on a musical version of *Young Frankenstein*.

The next rap on the door brought two fans who've been lamentably absent from the Ventrants for a while. I professed to not know who they were and then called Bill Kunkel and Derek Stazenski by each other's names. Bill asked which one was DeChancie, whom neither of the had previously met, so everything was in balance.



Marcy & Ray Waldie, often kept away by work conflicts, were a welcome sight at the DeChancie party.

The media is always a topic at Vegrants gathering, possibly because so many of us are involved in it, one way or another. Buill Kunkel brought up one of the nagging irritations with long-running TV series. As Potshot pointed out, the original writers who made the show great initially often take senior positions or move on to other projects after the first couple of seasons. Sadly, the replacements frequently don't measure up to the trailblazers and the series starts to go downhill.

The party also celebrated DeDee White's birthday. Alan puckishly put a candle labeled "100" on it, but DeDee looks much closer to 30 than the century mark. It was a good cake, too, and with the treats brought by Teresa and James, ful-



Lori Forbes and JoHn Hardin smile for photographer Alan White.

filled Joyce's boast that the way to tell a Vegrants meeting from a Vegrants party is that the latter has even more food than the former. We all congregated in the living room for to render "Happy Birthday."

Dan O'Leary surprised the rest of the Vegrants with the announcement that he has decided to return to Montana. His architectural career has not prospered since he moved here a few months ago, so he decided to go back to an area he knows a lot better.

Even more stunning was the revelation that Dan, a non-fan whom Ayesha Ashley brought to us, had never realized that he had wandered into science fiction fandom. Shades of Dave Van Arnam, who attended many fan parties at New York City's slanshack, the Nunnery, in the late '50's and never realized all those people were fans – even though he had been a fan himself back in his home state of Florida!

Fans kept talking and eating until about 1:00 Am, though a "deadend" group composed of James, Teresa, Joyce, the two Johns and me kept the fannish fires burning for another half hour or so beyond that. Since both John and JoHn stayed the night before heading out of town, we tapered off the next morning with a little breakfast and morning conversation.

Among the revelers were: John DeChancie, Ray & Marcy Waldie, James Talor, Teresa Cochran, Alan & DeDee White, Ross Chamberlain, Lori Forbes, David Dal Valle, Ayesha Ashley, JoHn Hardin, Su Williams, Bill Kunkel, Derek Stazenski, Dan O'Leary, Joyce Katz and me...

-- Arnie

Next Meeting

The June 3 meeting is the third Saturday in a row for Vegrants social activities, but there ought to be a good turn-out anyway.

The oneshot we originally scheduled for this gathering will be done at the first July meeting instead. That'll give everyone a chance to rev up for the group effort.

That's also my 60th birthday and, if we can arrange it, the proper time to bid farewell to Bill & Laurie Kunkel before they forsake balmy Glitter City for the frozen tundra of northern Michigan.

How I Found Fandom

I found fandom before I found fandom. How? When I was about thirteen I used to frequent Larson's, a huge, dusty, dark and now long-defunct used bookstore in Hollywood. They had a Wall o' Pulp that appealed greatly to me. It was maybe a couple hundred square feet of shelving thick with old science fiction magazines going back to at least the '30s. I used to sit there for hours at a time, fending off the occasionally sticky-fingered old guy (wonder if any of them were LASFS members?), reading through the features and the letter columns, seldom any of the stories.

In late '40s *Amazing Stories* I discovered the Shaver Mystery *and* Rog Phillips's "Club House" column. In the latter I read of this thing called fandom circa 1947-49 and about a galaxy of "fanzines" that had titles like *Dream Quest* and *Shangri-L'Affaires*. (I even remember reading in one of Phillips's columns about how some elements of the LASFS didn't want the latter title sent for review because they had a bug up their collective ass about the Shaver Mystery.) I also noticed that some of the recurrent letter writers were also people mentioned by Rog in his column.

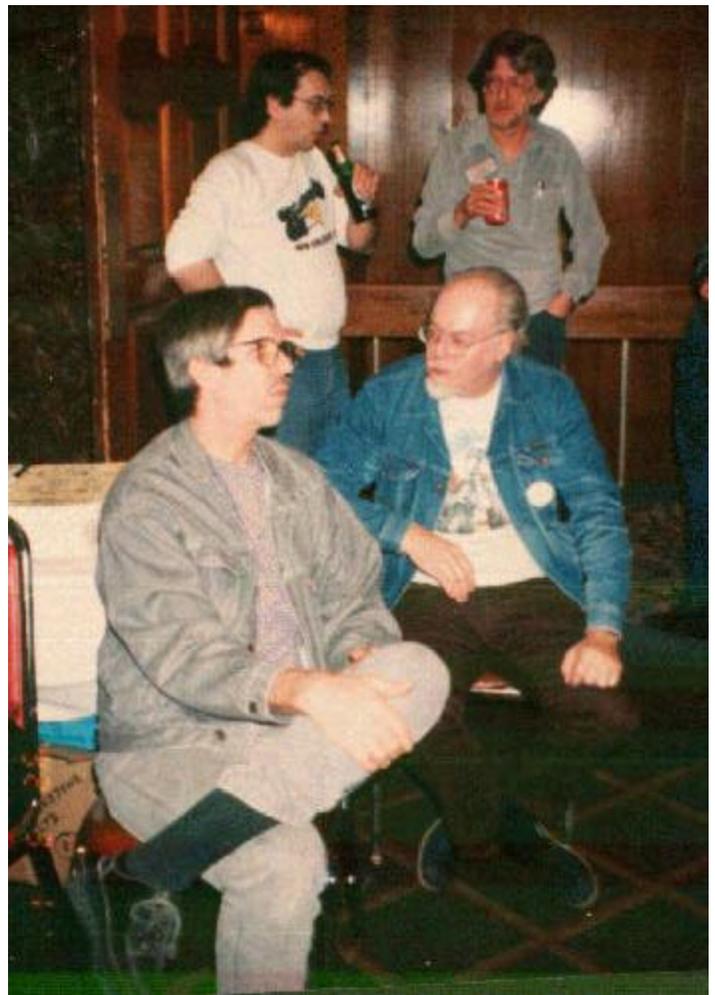
How interesting, I thought, but someone it never occurred to my young self that this phenomenon could still be happening. So I was quite surprised when, several years later (in the summer of 1958), I purchased the October 1958 issue of *Imagination* (which caught my eye for the "Special Science Feature: What We Will Find on Venus"). That turned out to be the final issue of *Madge*—and near the back of the issue I found the final installment of Robert Bloch's fan column, "Fandora's Box."

It began with a long essay about how so-called "experts" prevailed in mainstream publications of all sorts, choking out most direct input from real people. Already somewhat radicalized by things like the Army-McCarthy hearings and being one of only two

Democrats in my grammar school (and thus having to take a certain amount of flack from the "I Like Ike" crowd), I was prime for the insights Bloch was offering. Near the end of his rant he wrote, "You and I have certain advantages denied most writers or fact or fiction, and nearly all of our fellow citizens. We have the fanzines." And from there he went on to review a bunch of them in very interesting and enthusiastic terms.

This was much more interesting to me than what we might find on Venus. A light went off in my head. I got out my sticky quarters. The rest is fanhistory.

— Robert Lichtman



Robert Lichtman (left) and Ted White (right) chat amiably as they plan the next year in Fandom

SNAFFU Central Visit to the Levant

The May SNAFFood dinner took place at Shiraz, a Middle Eastern/American diner/cafe with about the attendance ever. Roxanne Gibbs heath was well enough that she could come out for a change (albeit with oxygen in tow) to join us, which was a welcome change.

We should have put her in the center of the table so we could all talk to her more easily, but it was probably more convenient for her to be in the corner with good airflow and the tank neatly tucked under the table. SNAFFU president Michael Bernstein accompanied her and brought along Natasha, who has been in SNAFFU since age of 12 and is now 21.



Merric & Luba Anderson are among the most regular attendees of the SNAFFU Food Dinner Meetings.

Both halves of the convivial couple placed among the top finishers in the 2006 LV Fan Awards.



Linda & Ron Bushyager enjoy a moment of marital bliss at the SNAFFood meeting.

Other attendees were Merric and Lubov Anderson, David Gordon, Rebecca Hardin, Joelle, Ron and Linda Bushyager, Raven and Ron, Chazz, Cindy, James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, April Reckling, Lori Forbes, and Genole, making for a total of 19 hungry fans. The prices were quite economical and portion size was good.

The Middle Eastern fare was not the best I've ever had, but was tasty. Some people enjoyed being able to order breakfast, which is served for 24 hours. They were able to put us into one arm of the diner.

The table really served only 16, but we managed to squeeze in with a couple of extra chairs so that the last two arrives (James and Teresa) didn't have to sit by themselves for long. Everyone had a such a good time that about ten of us went to Starbucks afterward to continue chatting. As usual a couple people complained about the food, while others thought it was great. I'll tell you one thing-- the Oreo milkshake was excellent and so big that they gave you extra in an old-fashioned metal container.

You can join the fun next time by RSVPing to LindaBushyager@aol.com and coming to The Emperor's Garden on Friday June 23 at 7 PM.

— Linda Bushyager

SNAPS

Intellectualism

#13



job.

Sunday Social & a Movie Attracts Good Crowd!

The combination of the May Sunday Social and a hot new movie proved irresistible to some Las Vegas fans pm May 21.

The ever-charming Linda Bushyager filed the following report of the outing:

“On Sunday May 21, Rebecca Hardin, new Vegas fan Bridget, and Ron and Linda Bushyager went to see “The DaVinci Code” at The Orleans. Ron and I were able to provide a 20%+ discount on the tickets, so it only cost \$5 a person. None of us had read the book, and we all found the movie to be quite enjoyable.

Tom Hanks does an excellent job as the protagonist (a professor with acknowledge of symbols, history, and religion) finds himself caught up in a web of intrigue and murder. He helps a young girl try to discover why her grandfather was murdered and what the mysterious codes he left scrawled all over his body (and the Louver) mean. He discovers that a secret society believes that Mary Magdalen was married to Jesus and that their descendents still exist. Meanwhile another secret society, headed by some renegade Catholic bishops, tries to stop them from uncovering the secrets. Based on the best-selling novel, the movie may not be as interesting to those who have read the book, since they will

be familiar with all the plot points and probably disappointed that some details of the complex plot are left out. But for those of us who haven’t read the novel, the film was pretty interesting. There were a few plot holes, but for the most part the film was well-done.

“Eight people attended the VSFA Sunday Social at the Blue Ox Tavern on Sahara near Duneville. We had a good time discussing the two movies, and soon the discussion led to a free-for-all movie discussion on remakes, good and bad SF movies, and much more. Rebecca asked for suggestions for names for her new dog, leading to a discussion of names and some prominent female SF protagonists. The Blue Ox has excellent economical food, reminiscent of great old-fashioned diner fare, and we all enjoyed an excellent lunch. The Sunday Social is held the 3rd Sunday of each month at the Blue Ox from 2 to 4 mothered are no dues and anyone can attend. I recommend it highly for a relaxed Sunday get-together with fans and good food.”

SNAFFood Changes June Dinner!

Emperor's Garden (4215 Spring Mountain Rd.) will be the site of the next SNAFFood Dinner Meeting, scheduled for June 23 at 7:00 PM. Please RVSP to Linda by 6/16.

Among the advantages of this restaurant is that it has a private dining area. Some have criticized the set-up of previous Dinners, but this should provide a pleasant change from simply taking over a long table or a cluster of small ones in the regular dining room.

Here are the details:

Emperor's Garden - Chinese (Szechwan) - 4215 Spring Mountain. (near Arville) phone 702-889-67777

Recommended by: Bridgett

Non-smoking eating area (smoking at bar)

Cost - \$\$- entrees range from \$7.95 up

Has private area

Gratuity - 18% added

Website with menu: [http://](http://www.sichuangarden.com/dinner.htm)

www.sichuangarden.com/dinner.htm

Heard Around Fandom...

Our most heartfelt condolences to Bob Tucker on the passing of his wife, Fern...

Leonard “Tex” Smith (father of Vegas’ own Roxanne Mills) proves it’s mighty tough to keep an old fan down. He has survived a blood clot in his lung and is now on the mend, rushing toward renewed good health...

Noted Gafiate Shelby Vick has just published two fanzines — new issues of *ConfuSon* and *Planetary Sto-*

ries. Check efanzines.com for the free downloads...

David Gordon, lamentable absent from recent Vegrants meeting, celebrates a birthday this week. He is younger than springtime, more beautiful than a summer rose...

ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column

Hey, kids, what time is it? Howdy Doody has left the building, so it must be time for the letter column!

Brimming with BayCon bonhomie is this issue's first letter of comment from one of VFW's top commentators...

Chris Garcia

Greetings from BayCon's Fanzine Lounge! I said that we should have one and they let me run one and I got a box of new old fanzines including zines from John Purcell, Craig Miller, Bill Bowers and so much more! We got a lot of traffic and I even got to meet Mr. Dick Lupoff and chat with him about computers and things for a while. I'll write ya a full article on the lounge if you like, Arnie.

Sadly, this'll have to be a bit short, as I've gotta keep an eye on this place and start to wrap things up. Plus there's the Twentieth Anniversary issue of Odd that I really wanna get around to reading.

I wish I could have made the DeChancie party, but at least it's good to know that he's back in Vegas.

Congrats to VFW for winning the Vegas Fan Award, and to all the winners...including me! Wow, two awards in less than a month. I love all y'all Vegas types, and I promise to visit more often now that I'll have family out that way...and it won't just be to make sure that I repeat in the category! I still haven't had a chance to really chat with Ayesha, but I'll get to that on my next trip. Always a pleasure to chat with Teresa, and I imagine I'll next have a chance when I head down to Anaheim for WorldCon.

And Arnie's the big winner. I'm not at all shocked, not at all. You've put out a weekly fanzine for more than a year. What's more difficult than that? Staying sane while doing it, that's what!

I write every day that I write as well, John, but sadly, it seems that I'm writing every day regardless of whether I'm writing while I'm doing it. Wait...I think my head just exploded trying to figure that one out.

Sorry to hear that Alan White lost his mother. I'm a little too recently experienced in that area myself, but the odd thing is I was in Hemet myself last weekend when I went to see my Uncle Wayne who is the head librarian of the Hemet Public Library system!

Must return to work! No time for email loafing!

Arnie: Dick wrote to me to report this fanhistoric meeting – and added that he intends to write a BayCon report built around this epochal encounter.

There'll be rejoicing in Las Vegas Fandom when they read your letter, since we really do enjoy your visits. I did want to point out that VFW did not win an LV Fan Award for "Best Fanzine" – a category like that would be inappropriate (and self-aggrandizing) in a local fan poll – but fans did pick the creation of VFW as the most important development on the local scene, for which I am very appreciative.

He has emailed the world that he's fafia for now, but we've got a note from him and knowing the tastes of VFW readers, I'm delighted to share it with you...

Shelby Vick

Now you've done it, Arnie –

Here I am trying to hibernate, and #76 lists me as #5 in the fan poll -- and not only that: There are several mentions of Corflu Sunsplash -- which I can safely say is the greatest Corflu I ever gave!

Think about it -- and "Thanks!"

Arnie: When discussing Corflu Sunsplash, I always draw the distinction between my personal experience and the con's effect on Core Fandom. I had a fantastic time. It was great spending the weekend with so many of my closest friends. On the other hand, it was a small setback for Core Fandom in that there was no Corflu for most Core Fandomites that year. But everything bounced right back the next year – and that's what I expect to happen in 20076 with Corflu Austin.

Continuing to resurge in Fandom, here comes one of the pillars of the Vegas fan community, even if he does live in Kingman, AZ!!!

John Wesley Hardin

Congratulations to all the fine fen who placed so prominently in the Las Vegas Fan Awards. I was disappointed to see my name didn't make it into any of the awards. This is confusing and hurtful, because I spent - days- printing and mailing all those ballots with my name on them. Perhaps I should have faked the names of real voting fans, instead of using pseudonyms like "Hugh G. Rection" and "Lardy T. Porkchop." Ah well, there's always next year, and in the meantime I will bask in the warmth of my 010 points in the Faan Awards.

Speaking of next time, Alan White is always terrorizing people with his camera at the Vegrants meetings, but I don't see the photos in VFW or anywhere else. Are the pictures so bad that Alan deletes them all from his

camera when he gets home? I want to see pictures of young, attractive fans in the pages of *VFW* and our pictures will suffice until he finds some young, attractive fans.

Arnie: I would say that the main reason you did not get more points is that, alas, you are no more a Las Vegas fan. You are now a Kingman, AZ, fan, which is a small but high-quality group consisting of you and Earl Kemp. As a fan sociologist – that one’s for you, Andy Porter – I would say that Kingman, AZ, Fandom would be much stronger if its two principals actual met each other. Something to consider, JoHn and Earl.

He’s the Sage of Fandom and the current King of Commenters, so let’s give him some room and enjoy...

Robert Lichtman

In *VFW* No. 76 it’s unclear from “Vegrants Fete John DeChancie” whether the subject of the occasion was there himself. I got a kick out of Arnie’s aside: “Did I write ‘sojourn’? Maybe I’ve been watching too many documentaries about the DaVinci Code.” Carol and I tried to watch one of them that ran some two hours, but gave up after it became clear that it was designed to keep people with poor attention spans watching between the commercial breaks that were nearly as long as the bits of show that were interspersed between them. Each mini-segment had the same annoying format: a recapitulation of everything that had been said before, the introduction of one sentence of “new” information, and finally a precapitulation (did I just invent a new word!?) of what was going to happen in the next segment that bore a stunning resemblance to the recapitulation just seen. Then cut, break—go to *many* commercials—enough already!

Thanks for finally publishing the results of the 2006 Las Vegas Fan Awards poll. As you write, “The pollster’s performance was less sterling. When I finally buckled down to it, it took less than one evening to tabulate everything. I’ll remember that for next time and promise a speedier report.” That’s good—I was beginning to think that the poll results had succumbed to “What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas.”

Checking out the results themselves, not being an in-person observer of Vegas fandom it’s hard to know what to make of the winners of some of the categories (especially “Outstanding Local Event”) but I definitely agree with the founding of *VFW* being *the* premier event of the year followed by the creation of SNAPS. I think both have had the effect, as Arnie observes, of focusing the largely new fan base that existed at the beginning of 2005—and more significantly from my point of view, doing so in a way that encourages writ-

ten word participation and perhaps the eventual publication of fanzines by some of the new Vegas fans (other than their SNAPS pages and joining in the one-shots).

Arnie’s position as editor of *VFW* and co-host of the Vegrants parties, plus Joyce’s doing official editor and distribution duties for SNAPS and, of course, co-hosting those Vegrants parties, do much to explain their placing at the top of the “Outstanding Vegas Fan of 2005” category.

As for “Outstanding Non-Vegas Fan,” it’s obvious (again as Arnie points out) that being there counts for a lot. With that in mind, I’m pleased and honored with having placed so high and thank those who cast votes for me.

I enjoyed Dick Lupoff’s further tales of his high school teachers. The mental image that was evoked by his story of “the Duke” in the trench was pretty gripping. I’m looking forward to his story, “Patterns,” that will have “the Duke” and “Don’t Call Me Jake” as characters. I hope that Dick will let us know when Elder Signs Press begins accepting pre-orders for *Visions*, the book in which “Patterns” will be included, especially if there’s an early order price break. Meanwhile, I’m continuing to enjoy his current collection, *Terrors*, and don’t hesitate to recommend it.

I appreciated John DeChancie’s “writing tips” and will take them to heart if I ever attempt fiction. Meanwhile, borrowing his suggestion I’m storing up a bunch of periods, commas and both beginning and end quotes towards that day. I do disagree, though, with his belief that “copyright is going the way of the dodo, and no one can guarantee that anyone will ever get paid for writing again, unless it’s a stipend or salary of some kind.” Well, for some writers the latter would be welcome provided it was enough to keep food and drink on the table and electricity to keep the computer running; but it seems to me there’s sufficient evidence in bookstores that money continues to change hands in exchange for a few well-chosen words.

I didn’t realize that Joyce had a new H-P color inkjet printer, but I can well imagine how good that “full color proofreading copy” of *The Glitter City Goofballs* No. 3 must have looked to the gathered Vegrants, used as they are to seeing such things only on screen. I have my own hard copy, minus proofreading notes of course, sitting here, done on my color laser printer—and it looks great. It has some good reading in it, too, although I am going to resist morphing this paragraph into a full-blown letter of comment on it. After all, it was light fluffy reading and meant to be nothing more given its genesis on April First. But I can’t close this paragraph without noting what a good likeness of Bob

Silverberg you printed on page 9. And I agree with your rejection of John Purcell's questioning whether there can be multiple issues of a oneshot fanzine. As you observe, "There is a secondary meaning for 'oneshot': a fanzine done in one session." If you hadn't run out of space at that point, you might have mentioned perhaps the most famous oneshot series of all: *Wild Hair*, done by Charles Burbee with a floating list of coeditors but always including F. Towner Laney and William Rotsler. (Others included, depending on the issue, Al Ashley, Cy Condra, G. Gordon Dewey, Roger Phillips Graham and Art Widner.)

Your mention of it prompted me to dig out my ancient copy of *The Fannish Worry Book* to see if I agreed with your observation that "the passage of four decades has dated the references." Indeed it has, but only some of them—and those are easily fixed. To get you started on the revision you're contemplating, here are a few:

Baroque Fannish Worry is when you worry about something no one else bothers to worry about like:
When Chris Garcia's next fanzine will appear.
Whether JPGs are as good as TIFs.
Ben Yalow's sex life.

It is BASIC to worry about what Las Vegas fandom is saying about you.

It is BAROQUE to worry about what you are saying about Las Vegas fandom.

And here's one that needs no revision:

There are some worries which are so enormous and everyday in fandom that they transcend BASIC and BAROQUE Fannish Worry and become Fannish Non-Worry. Examples:
The next Worldcon site.
Postal rate increases.
Harlan Ellison.

Arnie, you don't need to thank me for the above. Just carry on.

Elsewhere in "Many Happy Returns" you write, "Worldcon plans occupied several fans later in the evening. A six-member contingent that planned to drive to L.A. is now considering the alternative of flying. With gas prices likely to rise through the summer, flying is not that much more expensive." I know that three-buck-a-gallon gas is a new, almost science-fictional concept, but let's look at this scientifically. It's about a 550-mile round trip from Las Vegas to Los Angeles. If

six people travel in a vehicle that gets 25 miles per gallon and gasoline is \$3.25 a gallon (close to what I paid last night I filled up, and it's come down a little since then), it would cost \$71.50 to make the trip. If you figure a van getting only 20 miles to the gallon and gas at \$3.50, that's still under \$100. Using a Web site that allowed me to get rates for Worldcon time from three different discount air fare Web sites, I didn't find *any* single-person round-trip fares for under \$100—and rest my case.

John Purcell notes that he has "heard some of the soundtrack from *The Third Man*," and so have I. In fact, it was one of the first "adult" movies I saw back when it was in theaters in 1949. I was so taken with it that one of my Christmas presents that year was a *genuine* "Third Man" zither complete with sound sheets one could put under the strings to plunk out the theme music and much more. I hung on to that zither for a number of years and, as I grew older, became not half bad at following the song sheets. These days I'm satisfied with owning the DVD.

And on another note (ahahahahaha), I don't believe we've ever met, John. As far as I can determine, you came into fandom during a time when I was still fafia, living on The Farm in Tennessee, and while I remember seeing a few issues of your mid-'80s zine, *Bang-welu*, I no longer have them. Maybe we'll run into one another sometime at a Corflu.

Don Anderson is right that Corflu Blackjack was in 2004, not 2003; but he gets it wrong when he says he was at Corflu Blackjack in 2003—he was actually at Corflu Badger in Madison that year. And so, Arnie, there's no need for you to be "especially ashamed that [you] forgot [Don's] participation in Corflu Blackjack" because...he wasn't there! It was good to read that his wife Sue shines on the notion of their going to Las Vegas—another good reason for having a third Vegas Corflu in my book.

Unfortunately, Chris Garcia's creative spelling of Corflu as "CorFlu" brings back unpleasant memories of the nasty and persistent flu bug that bit a lot of last year's attendees—and for no other reason than that he should reconsider rendering it that way.

Thanks for your explanation, Arnie, of why you gave *Trap Door* a vote in the FAAn awards even though there was no issue during the year in question. About its schedule you write, "You generally publish one issue per year. (And don't go telling me about the year you did two or even three.)" There was never a year with three issues, but there were a number of years that had two: 1984, 1985 and 1993. And missing an issue in 2005 isn't the first time a year has gone by without a *Trap Door*—that also happened in 1989 and

2001. And I lament missing such a significant year as the latter!

Arnie: I didn't watch a lot of the DaVinci Code stuff, though Joyce is so fascinated by claptrap that it was hard to keep her from adopting a steady diet of DaVincu Code documentaries. History Channel had more than 10 hours and Discovery weighed in with at least five or six more. I watched a documentary on Discovery Channel that made the rest of what I saw especially disturbing. The program simply did a good job of investigative journalism

As I constantly remind myself, this is a fairly new group, first and last, so it is natural that their first fannish experiences have mostly been in -personal socializing. On the other hand, I see several of the New Generation, led by Teresa Cochran, stepping up and launching into Core Fandomites. Even my amigo Merric Anderson is starting to soften a bit and may yet succumb to the seductive charms of writing to Fandom.

You've spurred me to hunt up the two needed resources for a new edition of "The Fannish Worry Book": copies of "The Worry Book" and "The Fannish Worry Book." I'll give it a try, but it would sure help if some fun-loving and generous fan cartoonist would step forward and offer to do the illustrations (as Jay Kinney did the first time around.) Oh Jay-y-y-y...

To connect your excellent fanhistory lesson to Vegas, the Vegrants' 1990's fanzine Wild Heirs was named in honor of the LA Insurgents oneshot series with the secondary punning meaning that we were their fannish descendants. And here let me again plug How Green Was My Vegrant, the excellent anthology of Wild Heirs done by Andy Hooper and friends – and available as a free download on efanazines.com.

Thanks for correcting Don Anderson's Corflu dating, Robert. I first encountered Don in SAPS when I was pretty much a neofan, so the idea that I'd somehow missed meeting him when the chance finally arrived was very irritating. Of course, there goes the basis for a fan novel about Don's enigmatic and clandestine exploits in Las Vegas, but almost everything has a little bit of a downside.

We've got Ace Letterhacks back-to-back, because the next writer finished right behind the Sage in this year's FAAn Awards voting for the Harry Warner Memorial Award...

Lloyd Penney

Usual excuse, late as always, overworked and underpaid, two issues of VFW, 75 and 76, let's get with it!

75...For people who haven't been to Canada in

some time, coming here is full of personal privacy invasion and inconvenience? How so? If there is any of this, and I do have my doubts, it is based on the demands of the Bush regime on our own government, which is now much more aligned with the Bushites. When Yvonne traveled to Washington to go to a space conference last year, US Customs rifled her luggage and confiscated her shampoo and crème rinse because they were not in professionally labeled containers. If you've read or heard about any problems in coming up to Canada, other than the usual hurdles it takes to get into any country, I wouldn't pay the least attention to anything CNN or Fox News might tell you, especially from paranoids like Lou Dobbs or Bill O'Reilly.

Jennifer Milton may have baited the listserv with her warning about the daVinci Code, assuming in a most authoritarian way that you must be warned about it because you can't be trusted to make your own decisions for yourself. Perhaps she herself missed the wording on the book that it is a novel, which usually means that it is fiction. As always, there are too many people willing to be offended. She should also know that some Christian groups do believe that Jesus and Mary Magdalen were married, so they don't understand the fuss over the book and movie.

The FAAn Awards...many thanks for your kind words. Such a heaping helping of egoboo shall keep me going for many a moon. I will enjoy this result, and try my best to enhance my efforts in the future; once I have fully retired from convention running, I do have some plans (bwahahaha) to increase my involvement in fanzine fandom. Perhaps I won't be so "refreshingly LJ-free" in the future, who knows?

Congratulations to Chris Garcia as Best New Fan, who has probably produced two new issues of *The Drink Tank* since I started this loc. Andrew Porter as best new fan? I think he was probably very surprised to get some votes in this category; he hasn't been away that long, has he?

I hope many fans here will be able to read Richard Lupoff's WHC review. WHC will be in Toronto for 2007, and preps and promotion are already on the go. A number of Ad Astra committee members will be on the WHC concom, so I expect the Toronto version might be a little more organized than the SanFran version.

Thank you for printing my Corflu report. I look forward to reading Ted White's version; he may be more critical than I was. I did have some zines to sell at the convention, but there wasn't an opportunity to do so, and I hope that the Programme/Memory Book will be ready soon.

Arnie, you lived within a block of Niagara Falls

Boulevard in NFNy? Whereabouts? We were in NFNy just more than a month ago to attend Eeriecon, the annual SF/dark fantasy/horror convention, and it's at the local hotel literally right across the street from the duty-free shop at the Rainbow Bridge. We also visited the Niagara Aerospace Museum, about five blocks away from the convention. So many fans I know who say they almost got to Canada...it's not the horrible place people say! I know, I live here! Does Mike Glicksohn know about his part in LV fandom? Yvonne and I spent the Memorial Day weekend at his annual birthday party, and had a great time. Yes, one cancer was caught, but now Mr. Glicksohn has found cancer in his bladder. Indeed, we are all behind him, and he'll beat this, too.

Ross Chamberlain is quite correct about the city of Toronto masquerading as New York or any other American city for a myriad of movies. There are many movie and TV studios here, and large warehouses full of props like blue USPS boxes, and garages full of police cars painted to look like cars from Boston, New York, LA, etc. Toronto has in storage more USPS boxes than some small towns have in operation. James, why are Canadaphiles so rare? Whale blubber....sigh...

A t-shirt that says "Roots Fandom"...or perhaps "Fandom Roots"? I think the Australians would get a gigantic chuckle over that last shirt.

76... Congratulations to all the LV Fan Awards winners. In a few weeks, I'll be seeing Woody Bernardi as he has a membership at the 2006 Gaylaxicon in Toronto.

To the best of my knowledge, Marc and Cath Ortlieb are still around, not nearly as busy fanwise as they used to be. To all those who has memberships in Corflu 23 and couldn't come, I made badges for all, and Colin and Catherine should be including those badges with the membership packages you should be receiving RSN.

To all of you who crossed from Detroit into Canada all those years ago... do you remember the name of the city you were in? Windsor. I have been there many times, and have lots of friends there.

Time to wrap; it's almost lunch time. Take care, all, and see you when more VFWs arrive.

Arnie: No need to defend Canada about the inconvenience of crossing the border. Most Americans understand that the US government is responsible for the new policies that make all air travel cumbersome and trips across international borders especially so.

On the other hand, I know I sleep better tonight, secure in the knowledge that my government has protected me from both crème rinse and shampoo. Sometimes, I am so damn proud to be an American.

I lived a block away from Niagara Falls Boulevard

Contact! Las Vegas Club Directory

Las Vegants

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

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

GayLesBiTrans SF Club Joshua Andrews
Email: andrews1701@gmail.com
Phone: 759-9303

Las Vegas Fan Events Calendar

Second Sunday Movie Screening June 11 6:00 PM

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

Las Vegrants Meeting June 17 7:30 PM

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

Sunday Social June 18 2 PM

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

SNAPS Deadline Sunday, June 18

Las Vegas Fandom's own electronic amateur press association has its deadline for contributions to the May distribution. Send your file to Joyce Katz (Joyceworley1@cox.net). 204-4332).

GayLesBiTrans SF Club Gathering Monday, June 26 7:30 PM

This alternative lifestyles group meets on the fourth Monday of the month at The Center (953 East Sahara Ave., Suite B-25).

VSFA Monthly Meeting July 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 July 1 7:30 PM

The informal invitational Core Fandom club meets on the first and third Saturdays of the month at the Launch Pad, the home of Arnie & Joyce Katz. This time they invite all Vegas fans to come and enjoy the 2—6 Vegas NonCon, honor the departing Bill & Laurie Kunkel and celebrate Arnie's 60th birthday.

First Friday Video Group July 7 6:00 PM

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

SNAFFU Discussion Meeting July 13 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

in Buffalo. Same road, but a little farther away from the border than Niagara Falls, NY.

Why stop at tee-shirts? For a little extra investment, we could have color-coded jumpsuits? That way, people would know we were nuts without having to actually talk to any of us.

And now, I'm delighted to introduce the fan who'll take us on home to my squib at the end of the issue...

John Purcell

Well, Arnie, it is 11:48 AM on Saturday, June 3rd, on a bright, sunny, and already warm day here in SouthCentralEastern Texas, and Sunny the cockatiel is

cage-humping away, enabling my wife to partake in her daily target practice. She's getting pretty good at it, I must say. Doesn't deter the bird one bit, though. Such is daily life at the Purcell Petting Zoo.

The only time I've ever used a mini-cassette recorder on a regular basis was when I was taking a class in Micro-Economics for my BA at Iowa State University. That class was pure droning lecture for roughly 200 undergrads at 8 AM three days a week. Many a morning nap was taken in that class. I used to listen to that day's lecture on my 40 minute drive home to Marshalltown.

There are some good winners to your Las Vegas Fan Awards. What I really like to see here are the new additions to Vegas fandom. This is a good sign, and

makes me want to visit even more. I love to hear about fan groups that seem to be growing and thriving. Let's get some of these folks out into the wider world of fandom via cons and zines; I think they'll like it.

Thank you, Dick Lupoff, for the great story about Percy Downing, and for illustrating why some of our favorite teachers are our favorite teachers. What a comeback! Stories like these stick out in our minds and bear repeating or at least saving for posterity in fanzines. Good stuff. I will definitely have to peruse that Elder Signs Books website.

I really enjoyed John DeChancie's writing instructions, and will have to keep them in mind next time I get the urge to write. Lately I've actually begun working on a couple new stories and usually do most of my writing in the morning before anybody else is up. This gives me an hour or two of undisturbed time at the computer so I can do e-mails, maybe a bit of fanwriting for either my zines or somebody else's, and then on to one of my stories. Early morning is very conducive for writing, and I am actually enjoying the mental activity. Maybe I will get lucky and make a sale by the end of this year.

Loccol comment time!

I hope that Corflu Lone Star has a decent turn-out. It should, considering the location. Much more centrally located, and major airlines go in and out of Austin. See y'all there!

Robert Lichtman's reflection about never being voted Best New Fan reminded of when Ted White and Dan Steffan listed me as one of 1983's up-and-coming new fans after I had been in fandom for a decade. At that time I thought it was amusing. And I'd like to elaborate on my comment about efanazines not "getting much play." By that I mean that the dead-tree fanzines

that I've been getting recently don't seem to mention that site much, which is kind of disconcerting to me. I really like Bill Burns' site. Besides, I think that 3,000 visits a month since the turn of the century is a good, healthy figure. Hopefully more zines will be the result so that Lloyd Penney can fall even *further behind* in his locking and prompt him to copyright the "Lloyd Penney-style loc" we have all come to love and treasure. Speaking of which, I can't wait to see another issue of *Trap Door*.

And so we come to an end of another loc. Thank you so much for the zine. Keep 'em coming!

Arnie: True, it is a grievous, if unintentional slight to miss-label you a neo, either now or in 1983, but it's not all negative. For instance, you really impress people with your deep knowledge and understanding of Fandom "considering that you're so new to it all."

There's (almost) Nothing Left to Say...

.. And very little space in which to say it, even if I had something I needed to say.

Well, actually, there *is* something I want to say: This has been one tough two-week stretch. Joyce was sick enough to require an emergency trip to Urgent Care, my computer was sick enough to add a few gray hairs to my head, our peaceful neighborhood has been invaded by teenage vandals/thieves and I had an extreme (and unprecedented for me) allergic reaction to some OTC pain ointment that Joyce tried the other night.

All that said, I still enjoyed putting out this issue and will be back with more next Friday or Saturday. And I couldn't, and wouldn't, be able to do all this without your support. So, send a LoC or an article!

— Arnie Katz

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... *and a ton of news.*