

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

Vegas Fan Events

Cineholics Meeting
Friday (7/21) 7:30 PM

SNAPS Deadline
Sunday (7/30)

SNAFFU Discussion Meeting
Sunday (7/23) 1:30 PM

GayBiLesTrans SF Club Gathering
Monday (7/24) 7:30 PM

*Check out the Calendar
and preview stories*

SNAPS Election Deadline Nears!

Next Sunday (7/23) is the voting deadline for the group's first election. The following Sunday (7/30) is the deadline for the July mailing of SNAPS.

Anyone who has participated in Southern Nevada's very own electronic amateur press association in the last 12 months can cast a vote for SNAPS' first elected Official Editor. They can vote for me or my opponent Teresa Cochran. The campaign has been intellectual more than passionate to this point, though it is always possible that a disreputable person such as myself might stoop lower as the final day looms. (Teresa is much too sweet to do such a thing.)

If you haven't done a fanzine for SNAPS, or haven't done

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Westercon set for Las Vegas in 2008!

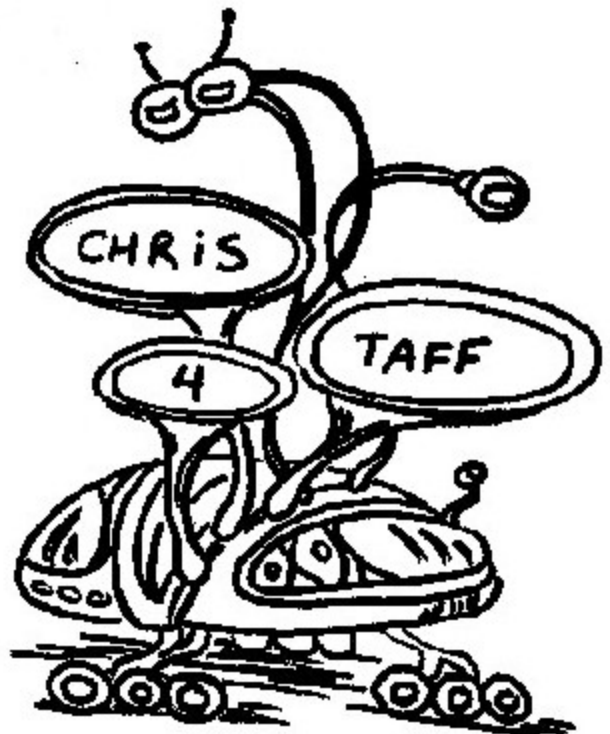
Lubov is one of the three guests of honor announced for the 2008 Westercon. The popular Vegrant will be Art Guest of Honor.

Kage Baker will be pro guest of honor at the event and Milt Stevens will be honored as Fan Guest of Honor.

In a vote taken at this year's Westercon, a committee headed by James Stanley Daugherty won the opportunity to host the Westercon in Las Vegas over the July 4th weekend in 2008.

The con will take place at the Marriott (which locals probably know better as the Rampart). Rooms are \$159 per night.

Says chairman James Daugherty "Yes, it is true, the Westercon fans have just expressed their preference to have a Westercon here in July of 2008. This is two years away, but there is a lot of work to be done, and this is something that we can't do without your help, so we will be reaching out to all of you for your advice and assistance. We want to show off all our local fans. We want this to be fun."



Inside Story He Taught Me Good

I hope everyone understands why *Vegas Fandom Weekly* #79 was the smallest (at four pages) issue since I started publishing almost two years ago. I was working on what has become this issue when I got the sorrowful news about the passing of my good friend and fannish mentor, rich brown. Suddenly, I had no taste for completing that issue — or doing any of the fannish things that I normally enjoy so much. Even though his mounting health problems somewhat prepared me for the eventuality, Rich's death left me numb, empty and unable to focus on *VFW* — or much of anything else.

The issue I actually did was the only one I wanted to do or felt I could do. Nothing else seemed important other than sharing some of the many fannish expressions of sorrow that the news evoked.

I felt like rich would approve of *VFW* #79. It helped me buckle down to getting it out in a timely manner, right and proper for a fanzine like *VFW*.

I'm also fairly sure that rich brown would heartily approve of this issue, a full-bodied blend of all the usual elements that go to make the sorta weekly fanzine. Or at least I hope so.

You see, it was rich who taught me how to do it. When he took me in as co-editor of *Focal Point*, he shared his knowledge and know-how with an open, generous hand. Rich guided me through the pitfalls of those first tentative issues and then supported my new ideas when they were good and gently deflected them when they weren't. Under his tutelage, I began to develop the news/genzine concept that lies at the heart of *Vegas Fandom Weekly*.

Focal Point led to *crifanac* and *The Bring Bruce Bayside Bulletin*.

And all of those, plus other fanzines I did, led ultimately to the one you are now reading. I hope that this issue, which contains tons of news, plenty of letters and some of the best material I have ever printed, will enable me to believe that rich's lessons were not wasted.

In a few days, I'll be sending of *VFW* #82, a full blown tribute to the late rich brown. There'll be numerous essays by rich's friends, some classic reprints of rich's fanwriting and photos of our late friend that have not been seen in any fanzine. I hope rich would approve of that issue, too.

— Arnie

***Vegas Fandom Weekly* #81, Volume 2 Number 28, July 20, 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, Robert Lichtman, Ted White, Andy Porter, Ted White and Joyce Katz

Art/Photo Credits: Frank Wu (1), Gilbert Shelton (10), Dick Lupoff (14), Linda Bushyager (17). Alan White (18.19), all else by Bill Rotsler.

Columnists This Issue : Ted White, Dick Lupoff, Chris Garcia, and 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. Only my heart is breaking during the production of this fanzine.

This issue is dedicated to the memory of richard wayne brown, who set me on the fannish path that led to its existence.

Member: fwa

Supporter: AFAL

Believer: United Fans of Vegas

Fan Life After Sixty *Katzenjammer*

An article like this would have been almost unthinkable in a fanzine fifty years ago. The simple reason is that there weren't very many fans who'd reached the venerable age of 60! And many of the few who attained that status continued to do much actual fanac beyond attending cons, drinking beer and playing Poker (or maybe Hearts).

Young men founded Fandom and teenagers and college students guided its destiny through the 1930's, 1940's and 1950's. It is easy to forget, especially when reading Sam Moskowitz's florid prose in *The Immortal Storm*, that the titanic struggles that swirled around the first worldcon in 1939 involved factions composed largely of high school and college-age fans.

Indeed, Fandom appeared to be a young man's game in the 1930's and the teenaged neofan became the norm in the hobby — and stayed the norm until well into the 1960's. Fanzine Fandom did take notice of skilled participants like Joel Nydahl, Jeff Wanshel and Paul Williams who were 12 or 13 years old, but a 17-year-old neofan like me occasioned no comment; that was the rule, not the exception.

Fans during the "classic" period tended to reduce their activity as they moved out of the school years and acquired home and family. The big life changes of young adulthood — high school graduation, going off to college, college graduation, military service, marriage and career — racked up a huge number of gafiations and retrenchments. That's pretty standard for hobbies dominated by kids.

Fandom didn't lose all the fans as they matured, though. Little by little, Fandom kept more and more of those older fans involved and interested. Fandom did *not* become a kiddie hobby with a sprinkling of fatherly arrested development cases to provide guidance to the callow rank-and-file participants.

The freewheeling discussion, opportunity for artistic expression and the intimate, alternative culture made Fandom a more alluring option. And as more fans stayed active, it made it easier and easier for others to stick around, too. Fandom may have lost some youthful exuberance, but Core Fandom has a calmer and more reasonable atmosphere than it once did. (It is possible that the felonious activities of VJ Bowen and Abi Frost as TAFF Administrator would have sparked a fandom-wide war like the boondoggle or Topic A, if either situation had occurred in the '70's or earlier.)

I grew up and matured, but so did Fandom. And so

it was that teenaged fan Arnold D. Katz became college student Arnie the K and then young married guy Arnie Katz, without feeling that I was mucking about with a bunch of kids. The demographics advanced at a steady, stately pace that kept me from suddenly becoming much, much older than other fanzine fans.

For one thing, I was one of the kids. My newfound friends in the Fanoclasts were several years older than me, on average, when I first joined the club in 1964.

Frankly, the gulf was as much experiential as chronological. They were leading adult lives while I was getting ready to start my Freshman Year at the State University of New York at Buffalo. They showed great forbearance with my sheltered immaturity.

I did learn and I did mature and, by 1970, was out of graduate school, starting my first full-time editorial job at *Quick Frozen Foods* magazine and about to hook up with a well-known (and very sexy) fan named Joyce Worley Fisher.

At one time, marriage was the death knell of fanish interest for many who came to the hobby during

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their high school years. For one thing, it was rare for young male fans to find women who shared their interest in Fandom.

That had changed by the time Joyce and I got together. The *Lord of the Rings* and *Star Trek* booms made great strides toward giving Fandom a better gender balance. The male:female ratio continued to move once these two fads jump-started the trend; Fandom became less of a “boys club” and that made it easier for other women to consider Fandom as an activity.

When Joyce and I moved in together, it intensified our interest in Fandom. I was never more active, more creative or more productive fannishly than in 1971-74 — and I wasn’t exactly a slacker prior to that or in the previous decade.

As a couple, we sparked each other’s enthusiasm for the activity that brought us together. (No, the *other* activity, fan writing and publishing.) Maybe it was because we always had the other one handy for fannish discussion or the kind of silly chitterchatter that sometimes leads to fanzine articles.

Sadly, Joyce and I eventually did gafiate in 1976. “Sadly,” because in retrospect I deeply regret that decision. It probably made sense for us to temporarily cut back activity, since our careers were heating up and we didn’t feel especially warm toward what the New York City fan scene had become, but gafia was a simplistic solution to our situation.

We returned to Fandom in late 1989, shortly after relocating to Las Vegas. I’ll never forget the letter in which rich brown broke the news that I shouldn’t expect anyone to remember me from way back when.

When I de-gafiated, I was prepared to re-establish myself in Fandom from ground zero. Maybe I saw it as my penance for the gafiation. Yet it turned out that rich’s prediction was completely wrong.

Though quite a few people had found Fanzine Fandom during the 13 or so years I was gone, an impressive number of the fans I knew in 1976 were still active. Not only that, but the trend toward former fans returning was already well underway.

I was 44 in 1990, which would have made me one of the Ancient Ones in former fannish eras. In 1990, I was still that same few years younger than many of my regained friends — and they were still highly visible actifans in many cases.

That wasn’t the only demographic shift. Teenaged neofen were a distant memory, like the hectograph. Other fandoms — Anime, Wrestling, Electronic Games — supplanted ours as a way for brainy kids to rebel. Many high school and college age people were publishing fanzines, just not for our Fanzine Fandom.

Since I’d retained a fairly youthful appearance, a

lot of fans clung to their image of me as the energetic “young” fan I’d been during the ‘60’s and ‘70’s.

Apparently, that image is only now dissipating (as is the rest of me). When informed of my birthday in the cover letter for *The Fannish Worry Book: 21st Century Edition*, Robert Lichtman wrote to tell me that he had always seen me in that light... until I mentioned my 60th birthday.

So here I am, 60 and an actifan. I’m nearly as surprised as you are.

Yet now that I have attained this notable milestone, I am caught in a dilemma. (I would have said, “in a quandary,” but this is still *Vegas Fandom Weekly*. I wouldn’t want to confuse anyone, especially me.)

The problem is that I have apparently exhausted my long-time fannish image (as an energetic young fan). So now I guess I need a new image for my post-60 fan career.

It is dangerous to stick with an image too long. I don’t want to be Jerry Lewis, creaking through the same *sh_ticks* I did when I was 20. No, indeed, Core Fandom *deserves* an Arnie Katz for the 21st Century.

Some well-meaning fans are no doubt saying things like, “Be yourself, Arnie!” and “We love you just the way you are, Arnie!” and “How could such a smart and talented fan also be so virile and well hung?” (OK, maybe no one is saying, or even thinking, that third one. Now that I’ve mentioned it, though, it’ll stick in your mind for at least the duration of this essay, I’ll bet.)

Naturally, my close friends will find me more or less the same jovial fannish fellow I have always been and hope to continue to be, but this article is not going to write itself, especially with that kind of counter-productive thinking.

If I allow myself to be content with “just being myself,” the resulting article wouldn’t fill up nearly enough space. So as much as I would like to accept such friendly counsel, it just won’t work. For the sake of this article, let’s assume that “being myself” is not a viable option. (Anyone who says they’ve met me so they already knew that won’t curry much favor around here.)

The *real* problem is that I don’t know which of the many available poses and postures I should adopt. Now that I can’t be the Bright Young Fan, let’s see what’s available and how it relates to my capabilities:

The Curmudgeon. The crusty old fan who has seen it all, knows it all and is pretty unhappy about most of it is a perennial in the hobby. The Curmudgeon gets to make a lot of cutting remarks, which no one can

bear to answer, because this guy has been around forever and acquired a small degree of immunity.

There's a lot to like about this role. No one expects you to do much, so there are few pleas for time-consuming help. The Curmudgeon doesn't have to be polite and ingratiating which saves having to tap into the dwindling storehouse of "senior energy."

As I see it, the problem with this role is that it is already so popular. Fandom is crawling with Curmudgeons. Furthermore, the more there are, the more uncomfortable it will be to gather everyone together for a party. Who wants 40 guests who all seem to have an unspecified grievance against the world?

The Old Coot. This is Fandom's equivalent of the Garrulous Old Drunk at the End of the Bar. Like the Curmudgeon, he has done and seen a lot in Fandom. Unlike the taciturn Curmudgeon, though, the Old Coot is only too glad to tell each and every story if someone will just bring him a lubricating Diet Coke. The Coot outdoes even the Ancient Mariner, because he would never be content with stopping only one of three.

This does have a lot of appeal, but I sense it is too close to my present aspect as fanhistorian. I try, and may not always succeed, in making my anecdotes humorous, informative and educative, and becoming The Old Coot could well compromise my efforts to analyze and illuminate fan history. (It would also raise the possibility that someone would say, "New Character? What new character? He's always been a garrulous fool. Now he's a garrulous *old* fool instead of a young one.)

The Silver Fox. This is the debonair and handsome older gentleman is the dream lover of all the young women. His special power is immunity to sexual harassment charges.

While I believe I could bring a certain bohemian charm to the role of a courtly and genteel roué, but it is a little too far from my true self for me to attempt it. I like to think of female fans as my sisters, my daughters, my aunts. If my libido occasionally conjures slightly incestuous fantasies about a female fan, I'm inclined to leave it on that imaginary plane.

I'm not knocking this role; it just isn't for me. On the other hand, I can think of a few fan friends who might find it extremely comfortable.

The Elder Ghod. This is the fannish version of The Grand Old Man. His exploits are the stuff of legend and everything he does adds to it. The titanic myths that surround the Elder Ghod exalt him beyond the level of the BNFs.

I want to be candid about this: it would be, to say the least, premature. Elder Ghods are people like Bob Tucker and maybe Ted White. It's a privilege to know them, but I am keenly aware that my achievements pale before theirs.

The Old Philosopher. Fandom's wise men and women are respected for their intelligence and perception. They don't run Core Fandom, but they are often the counselors to those who have the most to do with determining the hobby's general trend.

This has a certain appeal, but Robert Lichtman is already the Sage of Fandom and I see no reason to infringe on his character. His cautious, balanced view of life is ideal as a basis for dispensing fannish wisdom. With some reluctance, then, I don't think I can pick up this persona.

The Aging Gadfly. The Mundane equivalent would be Will Rogers, George Burns, Jean Shepherd or, in current times, George Carlin. This frivolous fellow — Lee Hoffman is the only known female example — continues to zing in the clever quips and, though possibly not at the speed and frequency of bygone days. Bob Tucker is the fan who best fits this role and I think Andy Hooper has already made several steps in that direction.

As my descriptions of the various possible characters suggest, all have good point and none leaps out at me as *the* definitive Arnie Katz for a New Millennium.

Maybe I need to go at this new persona thing a different way. Instead of limiting myself to one of these poses, I could embrace them all.

What if, speaking hypothetically, I build this big wheel and divided it into sections, one for each character. (OK, now imagine me somehow cajoling Jolie LaChance into building it. Doesn't seem so far-fetched now, does it?)

Now, this is a really big wheel. We might have to put it out in our moonscape of a backyard, that's how big it is. Each morning I would strap Joyce to that wheel and give it a good spin. Whichever area contained her head when the wheel stopped rotation would be my persona for the day.

Any fanac I did, any fan functions I attended that day would enjoy the effects of that particular type of fannish character. Why, it might be so entertaining that they'd have to list me as an event at multi-day cons like Corflu.

Well, I guess I better go design that wheel.

One of me will see you next distribution.

— Arnie

I knew it was going to be a fannish trip when I ran into Ben Zuhl in DC's National Airport. I'd just made it past the security check and was heading for my gate when I heard my name, turned, and saw Ben approaching me. I knew he was going to Corflu, but I hadn't realized we'd be on the same flight.

Ben and his wife own a house just a half block outside the Falls Church city limits, but had been renting it out while they were overseas. They returned State-side last year, but are billeted in Carlisle, Pennsylvania until July. "It was cheaper to drive down here and get a flight out of National than it was to fly out of Pennsylvania," Ben told me. I believed him. Frank Lunney had told me he was paying almost double what I was paying, to fly to Toronto out of Pennsylvania, on the same airline, Air Canada.

As it turned out, Ben's seat on the plane was three rows behind mine.

We chatted comfortably for the hour or more before boarding, but on the plane I was able to finish Donald Westlake's *361*, a new reissue of one of his earliest novels. And I had a free glass of wine because something was wrong with the plane's lavatories. The flight was just under an hour and a half, so I didn't need to use the facilities anyway.

Ben and I parted ways at the Toronto airport; he was going to Mike Glicksohn's place, where he was spending the night, while I was going directly to the hotel.

I was carrying printouts of the con's directions for getting to the hotel, and I followed them without incident. Basically, I took a bus to the end of the subway line, and the subway to about a block from the hotel. Very civilized. And it cost only \$2.75 *Canadian*.

But I had no Canadian money on me -- except for a Canadian quarter which had turned up in my pocket change several weeks earlier. I'd dumped my American change at home, bringing only the Canadian quarter, but I had \$300 in US dollars on me, and a couple of credit cards, and I figured I'd play it by ear.

At the Toronto airport Ben and I briefly checked out a money-changing window. At that point the Canadian dollar was worth 90¢ US, a simple 10% difference. But the money-changer at the airport was giving a very poor exchange rate and we both passed it up. So I stuffed three US dollar bills into the fare box on the bus ("no change given") and ended up regarding it

as a bargain in any case.

Once you enter the Toronto transit system (for \$2.75 in cash or token) you're *in*. Like the old New York system, there are no differences in fares based on how far you go or how long you're in the system. The transfer from the bus to the subway was effortless. We were essentially offloaded from the bus inside the fare gates. The subway looked little different from the last time I'd been in it, back in the late '60s: big clean cars with mostly cheerful and friendly riders.

Once in the center of Toronto (Yonge and Bloor streets) I exited the subway, and, still following the directions in my printout, found my way through a parking garage ("follow the signs for the walkway"), and emerged on a street directly across from the Corflu hotel.

The Comfort Hotel is this incredibly narrow 12-storey building. I walked in, registered, got my room (on the 8th floor), and waited for the elevator. There were two elevators, and one of them appeared (from the indicator lights) to be stuck on the 5th floor. The other one seemed to be working -- we could hear it going up and down -- but its trips to the basement from higher floors seemed to be skipping the lobby floor. I say "we" because slowly a crowd accumulated in the elevator area, all waiting for an elevator. We waited for more than fifteen minutes, during which time several hotel people went up the stairs to find out what was going on. I considered lugging my wheeled suitcase up nine flights of stairs (the floor above the lobby level was the first floor) -- but only briefly. During this time I saw no other fans. I wondered what kind of omen this was.

Eventually they got the elevators working again and I got up to my room.

It was at this point around 4:00 in the afternoon. According to other stuff I'd printed out, there was to be a First Thursday fan meeting at a pub called The Foxes Den at 6:00. I went back down to the lobby, found no one I knew there, and wandered out to the street. Following the directions in my printout, I found The Foxes Den a few blocks away and marked the route in my head. Then I returned to the hotel, read a couple chapters of Walter Mosley's *Little Scarlet*, called the desk to see if Frank Lunney had checked in (he hadn't), left a message for him, and then left for the First Thursday.

The Foxes Den looked a lot more active now, and I

had to ask an employee for “this group of people I’m supposed to join.” She directed me to a back room, where the first person to greet me was Lloyd Penney. I’m afraid I gave him rather short shrift at that point (for which I apologize), since I didn’t initially recognize him and I was looking at a group of maybe a dozen people for some familiar faces.

Those I found in Ben Zuhl and Mike Glicksohn, and I sat down at a table next to them. In short order I was drinking a bloody mary and eating a BLT and engaging in fannish conversation with Mike, whom I’d not seen for a number of years, but whom I recognized instantly. I paid with a credit card. Credit card companies often give you the best exchange rate.

From there things begin to blur. At some point Catherine Cr*ck*tt and Colin Hinz showed up, and then a bunch of us went back to the hotel, where Frank Lunney, just in, joined us.

We ended up in the consuite, room 501, on the 5th floor. There Catherine reached into her bag and pulled out two small baggies, each of which held an eighth ounce of Very Good buds, each baggy from a different source, the names of which escaped me. I’d brought a portion of that cash with me in anticipation of buying some of these buds, but Catherine informed me that, as “campaign promised” at the previous Corflu, these were gratis. This struck me as very generous.

I’d brought a pipe with me, but it was a virgin, never-smoked pipe, a late-’50s Kaywoodie, one of eighteen pipes I’d purchased, complete with display board (for drugstore sales) at Atlantique City in 1999. (Arnie and Joyce will recall that purchase -- we were all in Atlantic City at the behest of the Collecting Channel, our employer at that time.) I was nervous about crossing the border with a used pipe or a loaded one. But I needn’t have been. Going into Canada was easy. Coming back was when they gave my luggage a quick search and I was glad I had nothing to worry about. But I’m getting ahead of myself.

We moved into an adjoining room and sat down around a large round table, where I loaded my pipe. The buds were seedless and “cleaning” them was easy.

We’d been joined at some point by a fellow whose name I got only after we’d been talking for a while. This was Phil Paine, a long-time Canadian and sometimes US fan (he was part of the Iggycon committee in 1978), an extraordinarily well informed autodidact, who smoked as much as Frank or I did, and never seemed to lose his place in an extended conversational riff. I spent a lot of time with Phil that weekend. In some ways it was like The Old Days when I met and made new friends at every con I went to.

At some point we went out to Ginger, an Asian



restaurant where a few dollars bought a decent meal, and I used my credit card again, still having no Canadian cash. And at some point after that Catherine offered to give me \$22.00 Canadian for a US \$20 bill. She gave me a Canadian twenty and a two-dollar coin, my first exposure to one of those. Apparently Canada no longer has one- or two-dollar bills -- just coins.

It’s hard to remember who exactly was there in the consuite Thursday night, but I’m moderately certain it included Jim and Susan Caughran, Hope Leibowitz, and Don Anderson and his wife. Don strikes me as a slightly taller version of rich brown, and at one point during the con Don came through a doorway with the sun at his back, silhouetting him, looking up at me with eyes that so reminded me of rich that for a single instant I was convinced I was actually looking at rich.

It was not a large convention -- not even for a Corflu. The final tally was, I believe, around 26 people.



That first night there were less than a dozen people in the consuite, but it was early on and I didn't yet realize how small the con would be.

I got up around noon on Friday, and joined the Kensington Market Walking Tour -- almost inadvertently. The entire tour group consisted of Phil, Catherine, Frank and myself. We took a subway and a street car to the Kensington area, and this allowed me to pay \$10.50 for five subway tokens (cheaper than \$2.75 each), sell two to Catherine (at her suggestion), use two for the tour and keep one for my return trip to the airport. This still left me with over \$10 Canadian in my pocket, and I'd made a small profit!

Kensington Market is a kind of cross between Greenwich Village and the Fulton Fish Market, minus the fish. Very hippie-esque, full of strange neat ethnic shops, narrow streets and many pedestrians overflowing the sidewalks. We went into one place, a restaurant of sorts, which advertised its back garden patio as a place to Get Sercon (if not in those exact words). We sat down at an empty table and passed the pipe around several times, but when no waiter ever showed up (too stoned?), we left and went instead to the Hungary Thai for breakfast (in my case) or lunch.

This place was an open-fronted restaurant run by a mother and daughter, apparently of Hungarian extraction. Mom was a pistol, but daughter was clunky and clueless. She walked away from us shortly after starting to take our orders and ignored us until her mother took over. The daughter was also given to scratching her ass at odd and public moments.

The menu was half Hungarian and half Thai. I ordered a bowl of goulash. Frank ordered two wraps -- one from the Thai side and one from the Hungarian side. They looked identical when they arrived, but had different contents. Frank got his first wrap and Catherine got one of the two dishes she'd ordered well before my bowl of goulash came. In fact, I was caught between bemusement at the daughter's clunkiness and irritation at the delay in my goulash. I mean, it was obviously simmering on the stove the whole while, and needed only ladling into a bowl. But I watched Frank and Catherine eating for ten or fifteen minutes before it finally came.

This bothered me mostly because it was already 3:00 in the afternoon, I'd been up for hours, and I'd had nothing to eat. As a diabetic I like to eat soon after rising, and I had pills to take with the meal, including two new blood pressure meds. I was around four hours late with the meds.

Fortunately, the goulash was good when it finally arrived.

Phil and I had been talking about Hungarian food

and had established that we'd both eaten at the same Hungarian restaurant in NYC near Columbia University. I'd first eaten there in 1959, not long after moving to that city, and I'd last eaten there in 1980, with Lou Stathis, while I was editing *Heavy Metal*. The ancient waiters had not changed in the ensuing years, except to become even more ancient.

Back at Corflu, the consuite had a few more people in it, and a new smoking consuite was opened next door in room 502. Catherine gave me a spare key to it. Like the room with the round table, this room had obviously been intended for use as a bedroom, and a deconstructed bed was leaning against a wall in each of those rooms to remind us of that.

With such a small convention it bothered me to go off into another room, away from what was for all intents and purposes *the convention*. Ben came in occasionally to join us and to smoke his (tobacco) pipe, but there were few if any cigarette smokers at the con, and most of the smoke was not laden with nicotine. But I felt an obligation to keep my pipe loaded and to fire it up whenever anyone wanted me to. The buds were for any Corflu member who wanted them -- not for my exclusive use.

I'd noticed earlier that the sink on the bathroom in my room had no stopper. The metal device was missing, which meant that I couldn't run a sinkful of water, for instance, to shave. (But the hot water *was* hot at any and every hour.) So I suggested to Catherine that I cop the sink stopper from the bathroom in the smoking consuite, and she said fine. So I pulled it out and took it up to my room and dropped it into my sink's drain hole -- where it sank down about three inches into the hole. It was the wrong size, and just a bit too small. And I couldn't fish it out. Now I was embarrassed at what I'd done.

A day later, after my room was made up, the wrong-sized stopper was gone and a proper one was in my sink, no questions asked. But the smaller stopper was never returned to room 502.

That night a bunch of us, including Pat Vrizi, went to dinner at an Indian restaurant which offered buffet-style meals as well as regular, from-the-menu meals. Frank and I checked the buffet and decided it was a good deal. I went back twice for more. Pat sat across from me, and Frank was at my immediate left, and at some point I said, "Does anyone know of any bidders for next year's Corflu?"

Well, that got the ball rolling and by the time the dinner was over, Pat was saying, "Well, I *could* bid for Austin..." Frank and I continued to have conversations with her during the con, and by Sunday she placed the winning (and only) bid for the 2007 Corflu.

And I paid the entire dinner party's bill with my credit card, collecting cash from everyone, giving me plenty of Canadian cash for the rest of my stay, at the best exchange rate.

That evening the convention was officially opened and Hope Leibowitz's name was drawn from the hat, selecting the group of students she'd go through Hogwarts with -- oops, no! Hope was selected Guest of Honor. She handled the burden well.

I think I had "lite" cream cheese on a bagel early Saturday afternoon in the consuite as a kinda breakfast, but later I went across the street to Maggie's for a BLT for a proper breakfast.

Saturday's programming was pretty light. It opened with a panel of sorts of women's apas, apparently run by Janet Wilson. It was conducted in polite murmurs and although I was in the room for parts of it, I never heard any of it. My loss, perhaps, but it seemed a remarkably narrowly focused topic for a convention that small, and it seemed to generate little interest among attendees. (Watch out, Arnie, for a deluge of angry emails!)

This was followed by "a demonstration of putting art on a stencil." I had an immediate flash of *deja vu*. At the very first Corflu, Terry Carr and I were assigned to do a program item identical in nature. We had been given a lightscope, some stencils and the usual variety of shading plates and styli. What we weren't given was an audience. No one showed up for our program item. (And Terry and I were among the most accomplished stencilers of art in fandom, too...albeit several decades previously.)

This time all the necessary equipment was set up right there in the program room, and when no one else volunteered, I sat down and put a Rotsler on stencil. Ghod, I was rusty at first. The last time I'd stenciled art was in the early '80s when I did a couple issues of *Gambit*, and it came back to me that I'd been a bit rusty then, too. But putting art on mimeo stencils is like riding a bicycle -- it all comes back. If my hand was a bit less sure, it was still up to the task. I not only stenciled the basic drawing, I added subtle shading-plate touches -- what I called "Terry Carr-style shading" which softens or thickens lines, something he often did when stenciling Rotsler or Ray Nelson. (Colin copped that stencil for himself, using it in a FAPazine he was stenciling -- on a typewriter! -- during the con. Colin claims all Corflu members will get copies.)

After I'd done that one, others sat down and tried their hand at putting to stencil some of the artwork lying about -- which was, I learned later, there for the auction -- Gregg Trend free-handed a leprechaun-like character directly on-stencil. Unfortunately, he filled

the stencil with the drawing, so it could be printed only on a legalength (14-inches long) sheet of paper.

I think there was another program item, but I can't remember what it was. The "program" was hand-lettered on a large sheet of paper which was on display, so I have nothing I can now refer to. There was supposed to be a Program Book, and I saw Jim Caughran in the consuite working a cutting board, cutting apart big printed sheets to make both the covers for the Program Book and the covers for *Toronto The Ghod*, a CD-ROM distributed at Corflu. The covers for both were based on the same art, strikingly rendered in color, by Taral. We were all given the CD, but never got the Program Book, which is now rescheduled as a memory book of some kind, maybe, if it ever comes out. It may include the oneshot being created on a laptop. I don't know.

I never contribute to convention oneshots. This is because I never feel inspired during a con, and because I kinda hate laptops -- or at least trying to work on one. Laptops were ubiquitous at Corflu. Colin was never without his. We'd go to a restaurant and as soon as we were seated, he'd have his laptop out and running, and we'd hear little or nothing from Colin for the duration.

I suspect he was following the livejournal Geri Sullivan had set up for Corflu. I gather there was as much, if not more, activity on that website as there was at the actual convention. But Colin didn't chuckle or read aloud to us. He just lost himself in whatever was running on his laptop. Maybe it was a Meccano site.

I've remembered the other program item: a slideshow of various fan photos. I was in and out of the room during this, but my impression was that the projector broke down at some point. Later it was apparently fixed and more were shown, for which I was present.

Eventually we got to the auction. With lots of Canadian cash burning a hole in my pocket, I actually bid on -- and got -- a few items. I got a t-shirt and two early Dave Bridges fanzines. Dave Bridges is one of my favorite people and I loved the long, autobiographical fanzines he put out in the late '70s and early '80s, but I'd missed the earliest ones. The t-shirt turned out, when I tried wearing it, to be rather small for its marked size (large) with a neck hole I could barely get my head through. I believe it was donated by Andy Porter, whom I'm sure it didn't fit.

I also bought Steve Stiles's Corflu 23 t-shirt. Steve has described it as "a knock-off," and complained that he was given less than two weeks to come up with the art for it, but I like it and I think it's one of his most effective, printed in white on a black shirt. (If you get one, or see a close-up of the art, you'll find if you look



hard an error in the free-hand-lettered type, but it's a subtle one; Steve had to tell me it was there before I found it.)

That evening Frank, Phil and I went out to find a place to eat -- not difficult in that part of Toronto, which seemed to have restaurants in every direction. We settled on a small, almost hole-in-the-wall Korean place. As I told Phil, "I hardly ever go into Korean restaurants on my own, but any time I'm with Frank I'm happy to go in -- and let Frank order for me. It's always a fine meal." And this time was no exception. Frank ordered an outstanding meal and the three of us enjoyed ourselves.

The convention was so small that there were virtually no separate room parties, and even adjourning to 502 for a smoke felt like leaving the convention, which for all practical purposes *was* the consuite party in the evenings. Catherine kept a continual flow of edibles available, ranging from a variety of cheeses, breads and crackers, to fruit and other noshes. She also made sure there were always Diet Pepsis in the bathtub -- along with a variety of other canned drinks. At some point the single malt whiskies made their appearance, as well. I agreed with Ian Sorenson about their relative merits, after sampling them all.

The brunch-banquet, the centerpiece of every Corflu, was scheduled for Sunday morning at 11:00 -- a bit early, but perhaps necessary for those who were checking out of the hotel that day. (Frank parked his bags in my room, two doors down the hall, when he checked out.)

The actual meal was set up for us in the Japanese restaurant in the hotel, which seemed like a good idea. There were three choices of entrée -- salmon (the de-

fault choice), chicken or vegetarian -- and I went with the default choice. This turned out to be a mistake, and one which has fueled my decision to never again order salmon in a restaurant unless I know (from experience -- as I do with a restaurant in San Diego) that it will be good. The salmon I had was overcooked, dried out and cardboardy, and had a "fishy" odor which told me it was less than fresh (and probably previously frozen). Despite the restaurant being up-scale and with delusions of grandeur, the meal was probably the poorest I had in Toronto. Go figure. I drank four cups of coffee with that meal, something I do *only* at Corflu banquets.

Normally the banquet is the scene for the core program of Corflu -- the GoH presentation, the selection of the next year's site, and the election of the Past President of FWA. But the way the restaurant was set up did not lend itself to this, so after we'd eaten we returned to the program room (on the "first" floor, up one floor from the lobby) for the rest.

Hope carried herself admirably (the more so for being just days after a knee surgery) and then Murray summoned me to conduct the FWA election, something I've done at every Corflu since the second. People periodically ask me how this works. Do I have everything set up in advance? Is it all a sham? Is The Fix in?

I usually tell people that I run the election with an iron fist inside a velvet glove. That sounds so satisfying as an answer that people rarely ask for more details. But here's the straight poop: It all depends.

Some years I have no clue who will be elected. I ask for nominations and as many as five people are nominated. I ask for a show of hands on each nominee, and if it's at all close I even *count* those hands. That's *some* years. In fact, that could even be most years. But some years The Fix *is* in.

I think the first year I actually picked the Past President in advance was the El Paso Corflu in 1991. Bill Bowers showed up there, looking like something the dog had dragged in. He was just emerging from one of the most unpleasant divorces on record, "the divorce from hell," in his words. I sat down and talked with him one night and afterward decided that, by gosh, Bill deserved some egoboo to lift his spirits. So I arranged with two confederates that one would nominate Bill and the other would move nominations close, so that Bill could be elected by unanimous acclaim. This did not, as I recall, come off exactly like clockwork. Others made nominations before my second confederate roused himself and made his motion, by which time it was too late. My iron fist in its velvet glove was inadequate to the task -- but nonethe-

less Bill overwhelmingly won the vote, proving the soundness of my original choice.

Sometimes I'll be sitting in a party and someone will ask me, "Who's going to be the Past President of FWA?" And I'll ask for suggestions and let the others in the party offer up their choices. Sometimes one of them will be Really Obvious, and I'll decide to push for that person. Other times there will be several good choices and I'll decide to put them to a vote.

One year I'd picked my choice, but without considering all the alternatives, and my choice never even got nominated before Jack Speer got a nomination and someone else moved the nominations be closed. No Fix there, but obviously the right choice was made. I don't think my "Fixes" will go over unless they coincide with the thinking of the assembled members of Corflu.

So at a party Saturday night the question came up and I said that it looked to me like Mike Glicksohn was the obvious choice (it's always better when the nominee is at the convention). Frank said he'd nominate him. And Hope watched us with a dawning light in her eyes. She was in on the Inside Action. She was seeing The Fix at work.

So when I called for nominations that Sunday, before Frank could move, Hope's hand shot into the air. "I nominate Mike Glicksohn," she cried. "Do I hear a motion to close nominations?" I asked, and almost immediately someone, maybe Frank, said "so moved," and there was a second and thus, by acclamation, Mike was unanimously elected the Past President of FWA (for 2005).

Thus does The Fix function in its own mysterious ways.

The con began winding down and thinning out after that. People were leaving. But we had a good dead dog party that night, enlivened by several pounds of "smoked meat" which Andy Porter brought to us.

I'd never before heard of "smoked meat" as a specific kind of meat. It apparently originated in Montreal, created by European Jewish immigrants. It's beef (but apparently not the flank which is used for corned beef), marinated or pickled, smoked and spiced with spices like but different from those used on corned beef or pastrami, cooked and then sliced Very Thin.

It was delicious. We used it to make sandwiches with rye bread and mustard, but then we just picked up handfuls of the stuff and nibbled on it. Before very long it was all gone. I must thank Andy for introducing me to "smoked meat." (They say it's even

better in Montreal, but Toronto's was fine.)

Catherine arranged with the hotel for me to do a "late check out" Monday at 1:00 p.m., rather than at 11:00 a.m., which got me a couple extra hours of sleep. My plane wasn't leaving the airport until 6:00 p.m., so I had most of the afternoon ahead of me. I joined Catherine, Colin and Geri in what was left of the consuite as they were tearing it down (and using Geri's car to transport stuff back to Catherine and Colin's place). At an appropriate moment we again went across the street to Maggie's, where I breakfasted on another BLT (very good), and Colin disappeared into his laptop again. But Catherine and Geri and I had a good conversation.

After I'd paid for my meal I still had around \$20 in Canadian cash on me. I gave it to Catherine, along with the pipe and the few buds I still had left. I instructed her in the care & keeping of Kaywoodie pipes, hugged everyone (except Colin) goodbye, and at 3:30 walked into the subway station.

My remaining token took me all the way back to the airport. There my first sign that I was Someone Special was in fact a sign sitting on a small table, asking all passengers to Ronald Reagan Washington National Airport to sign in here. A friendly young woman asked me my name, and drew a yellow highlighter over it on a printout list. I went through security and then proceeded to follow signs to my flight's gate. It had to be at least half a mile of walking down first one corridor and then another, to the farthest reach – or terminal. Here I went through a second security check of my person and a different young woman went through my single bag in what I assume was the customs check but maybe also a security check. I was glad that I had nothing to worry about.

At that point, they announced a ten-minute delay. I wondered what that meant. I wondered if I should start worrying. I really prefer not worrying. I was once marooned overnight in the Denver airport by eight inches of snow. They kept delaying my flight. Then shifting the gates. There was this determined little band made up of maybe two dozen passengers and the flight crew, making the trek from gate to gate, awaiting our next instructions, until finally, late at night, they just cancelled the flight. I really didn't want to deal with anything like that again.

Fortunately, I didn't have to. It was just a ten-minute delay. We landed in DC at 7:30, and when I walked out to the street I hadn't stood there for more than two minutes when rich brown pulled up in his (new for him) Volvo. I tossed my bag in the back seat and regaled rich with tales of Corflu Ganja all the way back to my house.

Deze Days Two Cons

There was a time when my vision of Paradise was an existence where there was a science fiction convention every weekend. I'd hop on an airliner, watch the propellers start to spin, and be wafted off to that wondrous world of registration desks, program books, huckster rooms, panel discussions, auctions, costume balls, pro's and BNF's down in the bar, open room parties, closed room parties, and all-night bull-sessions after which I would plunge into bed for forty winks, grab a quick shower and a shave, and be ready to face another day of the same.

Oh, that was a long time ago. Nowadays I don't go to many conventions. I'm more rooted in home-and-family and it takes more than it used to, to get me into my traveling shoes. Besides, these things are expensive.

Sheesh, I remember the uproar when Worldcon membership fees were raised from one buck to two.

As for the number of conventions going on, between the science fiction Worldcon and its regional clones, Bouchercon and other mystery conventions, the spin-off and associational gatherings for fans of fantasy, horror, various movie and TV franchises, game- and role- players, fuzzy (or are they furry?) people, classic-era radio fans, fanzine and Core Fans (thank you, Arnie), I think my dream has come true. Did you know that there is even an annual H. P. Lovecraft Film Festival? There really is.

Be careful what you wish for, the old saw sez, because you just might get it.

Somebody recently e-mailed to ask if we could get together at this year's Worldcon in Anaheim. The invitation got me to sit down and figure out what it would cost if I went. (I would of course ask my beloved spouse to accompany me.) Start with two memberships, round-trip air travel for two, ground transportation, hotel room, meals and incidentals...all of this for, let's say, four days and nights...looks like two to three grand, easy.



Richard A. Lupoff

Hey, once upon a time I was a rising young comer in the computer industry. These days I'm a semi-retired geezer novelist. Very different, pal, very different.

But then Alan Beatts, the owner of Borderlands Books in San Francisco asked if I was going to participate in the World Horror Convention. Frankly, I didn't know there was such a thing. So I checked out their website, decided that

it looked pretty interesting, and got in touch with the general chairman, who was also the program director. He told me that he knew my stuff, he'd read my books, and he'd not only be pleased to have me attend the convention, he would love to have me on the program.

PR's and programming questionnaires were downloadable. They also looked pretty good. I printed out the questionnaire, filled in the blanks, and snail-mailed it back. I volunteered for a panel on psychic detectives, to participate in the mass autographing session, and to do a reading. I asked 'em to make sure I had a full hour slot for my reading, not just thirty minutes.

After a while the WHC draft program was posted. No mention of the psy-tec panel. No mention of YHOS on the reading schedule. But there was a Clark Ashton Smith panel and I was listed for that.

I sent an email. Asked again about the psy-tech panel, told 'em I knew too little about Clark Ashton Smith to contribute to that panel, and reminded 'em about the reading.

Chairman wrote back and said they'd just stuck me on the Smith panel because they thought it might be a good idea, and since I hadn't returned the questionnaire.... Of course I *had* returned the questionnaire, but things sometimes fall between the cracks. Anyway, we worked everything out. I thought.

Weekend of the convention arrived. It was in San Francisco so transportation costs were negligible and I didn't need a hotel room at all. I showed up at the Holiday Inn, picked up my registration materials, and discovered that the psy-tech panel had been added to the program after all. I don't know whether my name was on the published list of participants. Things were just getting beyond me.

Well, the psy-tec panel was fun but the audience was very sparse. It was followed directly by the CAS panel and I was dragooned into joining that after all. The audience was again small. I got the distinct feeling that the convention was really set up by, for, and of collectors. The dealers room was very impressive. The program seemed to be a useless appendage. Pat and I did get to the art show, and it was very good but there was hardly anybody there.

The general atmosphere of the place was incredibly disorganized. You couldn't find anybody who knew anything or could do anything. I never did get scheduled for my reading until I actually showed up to do it. A committee member courteously added my name to the list of readers posted on the door. He used a Sharpie to do that.

As I've previously mentioned, the reader before me was a woman whose audience thought she was nearly as hilarious as she thought she was. When she finished her reading and left the room, her loyal posse clustered around her, drooling and kowtowing. Not having an audience, I then didn't have to perform. I was pretty tired – not to say, sick and tired – by then. End of con.

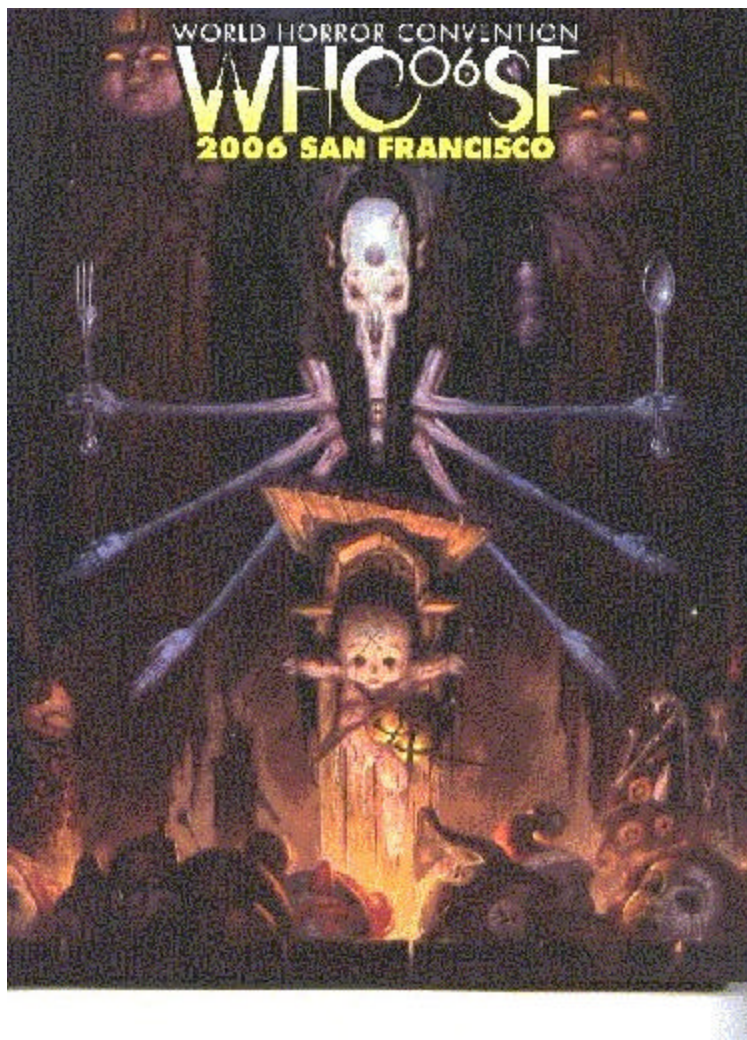
This all reminded me of the time Richard Wolinsky and I drove to Sacramento to attend a convention where we were slated to tape an interview with a visiting celeb author. By the time we were ready to leave Sacramento, Wolinsky quoted Bill Rotsler. "All conventions are divided into two groups. Your first, at which you find yourself asking, *Where has this been all my life! ...and all the rest.*"

Wolinsky added, "I just realized there's

a third kind. Like the one we just attended. That's the one where you ask yourself, 'What the hell am I doing here?' And that's your last convention."

I almost feel that way about this year's WHC. But I did get to meet my current publishers, William and Deborah Jones of Elder Signs Press. And I got to meet Kim Newman, in from the UK, and old UK friends Steve Jones and Mandy Slater. Saw my old friend John Shirley. Went out for a splendid Italian dinner with Frank Robinson. But the disorganization of the convention was appalling. I think the reason was lack of institutional memory. I met several of the people putting on the convention and they were all intelligent, energetic, and filled with good intentions. And I heard that the previous year's WHC had been even *worse!*

Apparently, nobody had been through this mill before. I've never been on a concom, but I think the usual pattern is, you start at the bottom and work your way up. You start as a gopher, door



dragon, or other volunteer. At another con, you're a junior member of some subcommittee. Eventually you're a section head (programming, hotel relations, publications, dealer's room, art show, auction), and finally you're top dog of the whole thing.

If that's your inclination.

Tain't mine, chum, but obviously there are folks who get a kick out of doing this kind of thing.

Well, a couple of weeks later I found myself commuting to another convention. This was BayCon, which has been held annually in San Jose for a couple of decades now. There is plenty of institutional memory there. The current committee certainly isn't the same as ten or twenty years ago, but each year, as a few old members fall by the wayside and few new ones take their place, there is a good store of continuity.

I was supposed to appear on a panel at BayCon



on Friday night, then attend a kaffee-klatsch on Saturday, and do a reading and an autograph session on Sunday.

Alas, I had to cancel the Friday event. Here's a picture of the reason. Pat and I had been recruited to baby-sit Ethan Jude Lupoff that day, in Oakland, far more a pleasure than a chore. And family trumps fandom, at least for me. And I didn't just no-show the convention on Friday, I got word to them as early on as I could.

Saturday I did make it to San Jose.

The convention was in the former Red Lion Inn, now a Doubletree. It's been in that hotel for many years. The accommodations are just about ideal. The only problem I had was with their parking lot, which seems to stretch halfway to Guadalajara. It's not only a monstrous walk to the hotel proper if you get there as late in the day as I did; the parking lot was clearly designed by a fiend whose hobby was getting people so confused they wound up abandoning their cars and hitchhiking home from the self-proclaimed Capitol of Silicon Valley.

That little matter aside, the convention ran like clockwork, or so it seemed to me. Maybe from behind the scenes, things weren't quite so smooth, but from my side, it was terrific.

I did drop in at the fanzine lounge, where the first person I encountered was none other than Chris Garcia, the guy I'd stiffed by not making my panel Friday night! I apologized and Chris was totally gracious about it, accepting my expression of regrets as long as it was accompanied by a large



cash indemnity, a notarized confession of my guilt, and a case of forty-year-old Laphroaig Single Islay Malt Scotch Whisky.

Chris and I started chatting about electronics. He told me that he is employed by a museum of historic computers. I mentioned that I had been part of that industry for twelve years, from 1958 to 1970. Chris's eyes bugged and I realized that he felt as if he'd just met a living, breathing Neanderthal.

"What machines did you work on?" he asked.

"Oh, Univac I and II, 1105, LARC. Then I moved over to IBM, worked on the 700 series, the 7000 series, 650 and 305, then the 360. My boss was Fox Holden, an old *Planet Stories* writer." I told him a couple of stories about Fox.

Chris told me about the machines at his museum. It sounded great, I've gotta get down there one day.

Then – I don't know how this happened – the conversation segued into pro wrestling. It happens that my older son, Ken, was a pretty good high school wrestler, but he never pursued the sport beyond that. However, Ken's younger brother, Tom, is a devoted fan of pro wrestling, and has been for many years.

Tom is married now and lives with his wife, Francie, in El Cerrito, but when he was still living at home he used to spend hours glued to the TV set. He used to attend the matches from time to time, and actually got me to go with him once. It was a total hoot. Some of these guys are just lum-moxes but many of them are superb athletes and their moves are almost balletic. The audience was even more fun than the wrestlers. Whole families gave every indication that they thought the sport was absolutely real and authentic.

They cheered, applauded, shouted encouragement and advice, moaned when their man was losing, almost wept when he was getting pounded, and became ecstatic when he finally won. Oh, it was fun.

Chris apparently has had personal encounters with some of the wrestlers. He had great stories about Jimmy "Superfly" Snooka and his adventures in a cocaine haze. We reminisced about Classy Freddie Blassie, discussed Pinoy Wrestling and Mrs. Lea Mehavea, and comforted each other

in our mutual grief over the passing of World Champion Adrian Adonis, even after all these years.

When I expressed my admiration for Baron Von Raschke, Chris was quick to express himself as to what a fine gentleman the Baron is outside the ring, when he is not administering The Claw.

Oh, we had a fine, fine time. I think that conversation was the high point of the convention for me.

I did attend part of the program. There was a bang-up panel discussion on medieval and renaissance science, and it was well attended indeed.

For some years I had complained that the Bay-Con dealer's room had too many sellers of clothing, jewelry, music, movie and TV memorabilia, and miscellaneous tchatches. But there are always at least a few real book dealers and some of them have very worthwhile books. I picked up a couple of nice Otto Binder paperbacks (okay, guilty pleasure) and a Loch Thulhu Single Malt Iquor mouse pad for my desk.

I think the trick of it is to think of this as a universal flea market that happens to include a few book stalls, definitely not as a book room. Not my absolute favorite, of course. I do like seeing lots and lots of books at these clambakes. But the flea market model works, too, and it was fun.

Monday I stayed home to pack. Tuesday morning Pat and I were on an airliner headed for Maui to visit our daughter, Kathy, her husband and their three great kids. The only trouble was, I couldn't figure out what made the airplane fly. I mean, there weren't any propellers!

— Dick Lupoff

And Now... the Rest of the Story!

Other fan newszines may settle for a single account, a solitary report, of a meeting as historic as the one between Dick Lupoff and Chris Garcia (for TAFF). Fortunately, you're not reading some other newszine (especially not the one with the squidgy type that I can't see even with my glasses and magnifier.)

So turn the page where *VFW* proudly present an account of this fanhistoric confluence of fannish spirit by its second participant.

Messages BayCon Encounter!

BayCon is a wonderful convention full of marvelous things. There's a dealer's room, a bunch of dances, a party floor, panels, chicks in corsets, all the good stuff you expect from life. And this year, due to my perfectly timed complaining, I was able to get BayCon to offer me a room to hold a fanzine lounge. This was the icing on a cake made of smiles and rainbows as far as I was concerned. I put together my little fanzine collection, got a couple of BASFA friends to help me man the place while I was doing panels, and throughout the weekend, I sat and chatted and read and edited a fanzine done in an hour and encouraged others to read said fanzine. A very good time was had.

On Sunday, early in the afternoon, I was sitting in the lounge, chatting a bit with a friend when a gentleman walked in the room. I can call him a gentleman because he wasn't nearly as scruffy as the rest of the folks who ventured in. I looked at him and, recognizing his face from the photos in VFW, I instantly knew that he was a man I had to introduce myself to.

"By Ghod," I said, "I believe you're Dick Lupoff!"

He looked at me strangely while I got up from my seat and went over to offer my hand. He seemed stunned by the fact that I had so enthusiastically greeted his entry into the lounge.

"I'm Chris Garcia, I'm one of Arnie's letter-hacks."

Realisation dawned on his face and he graciously shook my hand as if we'd been old chums from Oxford Crew meeting again for the first time in decades.

"Oh, it's wonderful to finally meet you." He said.

I didn't point out that we had briefly exchanged words at CorFlu.

"Excuse me." He'd said.

"No problem." I said as he walked by.

We chatted a bit about VFW and he apologized for missing the panel we were scheduled to have together on Friday afternoon.

"It's OK, there were about three people who showed up for it and we basically threw recommendations back and forth."

I had to bring it up, letting work impinge on fandom a touch.

"Now, I believe that you wrote that you worked for UNIVAC back in the day?" I asked in a very poorly phrased questionette.

"I did, I did." He answered and we chatted about the ins and out of the great days of UNIVAC and Remington-Rand and then his days at IBM.

Jan Stinson once accused me of being Arnie Katz, but even more interesting would be accusing me of being Mr. Lupoff. The areas of commonality between us included old computing (him for working in the industry, me from keeping track of the old iron in the museum), wrestling (we chatted a lot about 1980s wrestling in the lounge), film-making (he'd worked a lot in IBM's filmed content department while I've archived those films and made others) and of course, this nutty thing we call fandom.

It was great to finally get to meet another of the fine people who make Vegas Fandom Weekly so wonderful and even better to meet the guy who was a part of Xero and whose SF since has been stellar. I was very pleased when he gave three promotional magnets which are now on my cube walls at work.

Jean Martin, my co-editor at Science Fiction/San Francisco, walked in and I introduced her. It's funny that in the small world in which we live, she'd never heard of Richard Lupoff, though when I explained that he was "one of Arnie's" she seemed to have a flicker of recognition. She's new to the proceedings, but she's always learning.

Sadly, things started to get busy and I had to run off to solve a half-dozen problems. He had his reading and I had a panel that prevented me from making it. Still, I finally got to meet him and chat about the good old days of computers. A fully worthwhile endeavor.

— Chris Garcia

Hail, the Emperor! SNAFFU Central

The number 13 proved to be lucky on Friday, June 23, when 13 fans assembled for the monthly SNAFFood dinner meeting at Chinatown's Emperor's Garden.

The restaurant gave us a private area with two big round tables that had revolving centers. This not only made serving easier, it also made it easy to share food.

The food was delicious, and so was the company. The food was excellent for everyone, since you could order super spicy Szechwan cuisine, or very mild. The hot and sour soup was especially good, and extra thick and hearty. Several people enjoyed "crispy scallops in lemon sauce," which proved to be a tasty dish, though the scallops were not crisp and the lemon sauce not yellow in color.

Some tried duck, some vegetarian tofu, some chicken, and so on. The menu had a lot to choose from. The service was a bit slow, but we didn't mind too much because we shared little bites of whatever did come out, and it gave us plenty of chance to talk. The waiters also didn't mind that we lingered to continue talking. The room was nice and quiet, and smoke-free, making conversation a pleasure.



Lots of topics were discussed, ranging from SNAFFU's discussion meeting move to 4th Sundays at the Library, recent movies, good books, sex, music, and more.

Emperor's Garden was so good that the group plans to head back soon for another visit, so anyone who missed it will get another chance in future months.

The next SNAFFood dinner meeting will be August 18 at 7 pm at Gandhi (4080 Paradise Rd.) The July SNAFFood event has been canceled due to lack of interest.

We will again be in a private room, which will be great. The food is economical, with entrees from about \$10 up, and the menu includes an extensive vegetarian menu, as well as 'regular' Indian food.

The food should be very good, but the real attraction is that Las Vegas is expecting quite a few out-of-town fans to visit the weekend before the worldcon and a number of them will be joining SNAFFU for what should be a tasty Indian dinner.

— Linda Bushyager

Next Meeting

The next SNAFFU Discussion meeting looks toward the past of science fiction and fantasy — and the future of the club. There'll be some changes...

The Discussion meetings will be on a new day (Sunday, July 23), a new time (1:30 -3:30 PM) and at a new location. (The Public Library at Flamingo and Maryland). The new location is guaranteed Twit Free.

Actually, SNAFFU has probably met as often on Sunday as on Friday. That was the day during the early years of the club, right up to the decision to meet in book stores.

The Topic for this landmark meeting: Who do you think is the most important science fiction writer — and why?

Las Vegrants Happy Birthday!

The day of Wester-Noncon '06 – a fancy name for the Vegrants meeting scheduled for July 1 – began with a good deal of personal promise and dread. The evening would, in part, celebrate my birthday, which was a good thing despite the large number of candles on the cake.

The evening was also supposed to mark the departure of Bill & Laurie Kunkel to the outlands of Michigan. While I wish them well and will rejoice if the move increases their happiness, I am extremely sorry to see Bill depart. We've gone down a lot of roads in the last 35 years and it is hard to think about him being so far away now.

My brooding about this intensified when I got a call from Bill. He told me that they'd gotten behind on the packing, had worked for 48 hours against a June 30 deadline (lease expiration) and now were finishing as quickly as they could on borrowed time. Potshot said he wasn't sure when they would finish or if they would have the energy to come to the party when they did.

That was a terrific disappointment, but what can you do? Things do happen and, amid the hubbub of moving, the last thing the Kunkels needed was attitude from me. I told Bill that I hoped they could make it, but that I would understand if they couldn't. I sug-

gested that he call when the work was done.

I was just getting music CDs ready for the evening when a knock at the door announced the arrival of JoHn Hardin. He was just decompressing from a rugged traffic jam that had trapped him for over an hour, when Su Williams arrived with an immense contribution to the night's buffet. This was especially generous, since Su wasn't feeling well and didn't stay very long.

JoHn and I talked about music, as we often do when we get together. He is much better informed on the current alternative scene and I may have a somewhat wider knowledge of rock, blues, folk and other types of popular music. JoHn observed that second CDs are often a big drop-off from the debut. My theory is that the first album is a distillate of an act's first several years of creativity, while the second album must have newly generated material during the same period as the band tours to promote the first CD.

General conversation about one of the area's more unstable fans led to questions from several of the newer Vegrants about Abi Frost. There's a lot of interest in TAFF at the moment, because Bridget Bradshaw is about to visit. I went to great lengths to assure them that Abi was a highly unusual case.

David Gordon arrived along with Merric & Luba Anderson. He carried a rather large box that looked like it might contain baked good, but as the birthday fan I graciously averted my eyes. I did the same when Jolie LaChance came in toting another burden that looked suspiciously like a birthday cake.

Two birthday cakes, I chortled inwardly. Then I hoped that this didn't mean that they needed two cake tops so they could array 60 candles. Our smoke alarm is very touchy.

Ross Chamberlain gave me a stunningly retouched photo of me that he had used a couple of years ago to do some graphics for ProWrestlingDaily.com. It had a glowing quality that I took to be a manifestation of the Spirit of Trufandom. (It's my party and I'll self-delude if I want to.) His gift 60 Diet Cokes also pleased me.

The photo touched off a lively debate as to which legendary celebrity I most resembled. The consensus was Joseph Stalin by a narrow margin over Adolf Hitler.

Ayesha Ashley gave me a two-CD folk and blues anthology for my birthday, which was very thoughtful and appropriate. I'd been half-dreading the possibility of an astrological chart since she'd asked the hour of



Luba Anderson (left) chats idly with fellow Vegrant Ayesha Ashley at a session of the Cineholics.



Merric Anderson is shown taking mental notes for the next article he plans not to write for *VFW*,

my birth and this excellent album had the additional virtue of *not* being an astrological.

Derek Stazenski, making a welcome return to the group after a lengthy absence, finally got to meet Jolie. “He’s a plumber and you’re a carpenter,” I said as I made the introductions. “Go build us a clubhouse.”

Bill Mills, sitting with a congenial group in my office, turned the conversation to the impact of developing information technology. Derek said that when he returned to plumbing after three years of doing other things, one technological change came as a complete surprise. It’s now standard practice to photograph each completed job.

A sudden veer in the conversation caused Derek to ask Bill to define the difference between folk and rock. Bill feels these musical issues deeply and launched into a perceptive spritz about roots music, which he described as a way people had to comment on things going on around them in their daily lives.

When Jolie announced her intention to do some work on the SNAFFU Library during the coming week, she acquired a volunteer assistant, Bill Mills. He’d done some set-building during his theatrical career and guessed correctly as it turned out that he could help Jolie put plywood over two windows and install some extra overhead lights.

Candy Madison, the friendly fannish ferret, was not with us in the flesh, but Roxanne Mills linked Joyce’s computer to a video of the ferret’s first birthday celebration. I hoped they weren’t expecting me to jump around with such energy and bite all those balloons.

Roc also brought a genuine English Cadbury candy bar (not one of the made-by-Nestle US versions), which I scarfed down immediately. A heated debate followed, about the proper status of white chocolate. The debate was fierce, though gently, as several fans staunchly pressed the position that it shouldn’t be called “chocolate.”

Luckily for me, one candle per cake seemed to satisfy this tradition. My lungs are still very strong, but I’ll admit to a certain amount of performance anxiety at the prospect of extinguishing too many of them. The cakes were both chocolate (of course), but very different. David’s was very rich with thick chocolate icing, while Jolie’s was kind of like a great big brownie. I enjoyed both and so, quite evidently, did the rest of the Vegrants

The earlier discussion of TAFF’s dark side made me especially happy to be able to give the topic a positive spin by announcing the candidacy of Las Vegas Fandom’s favorite, Chris Garcia. Joyce and I are nominators, so I hope to have ballots to distribute at the next meeting.

It was a banner night, even by the rigorous standards of other recent Vegrants’ gatherings. Thanks to all for making my birthday so special.

Joining in the evening’s revels were: **JoHN Har-din**, Ross Chamberlain, Alan & DeDee White, Teresa Cochran, James Taylor, Merric & Luba Anderson, Dave Gordon, Lori Forbes, Bill & Roxanne Mills, Jolie LaChance, Ayesha Ashley, Su Williams, Ray & Marcy Waldie, Derek Stazenski, Joyce & me... -- Arnie Katz

Next Meeting

The next Vegrants meeting, scheduled for Saturday, August 5, will feature the usual mix of food, chatter and joyous excess. This will also be the meeting at which members of the informal, invitational Core Fandom fan club will partake of some actual fanac.

The third issue of the oneshot series, postponed from June, will be done at this get-together. The theme is “Summer Fun,” so if you have an idea for an article that relates in some way to the hot weather season, write it up and bring it with you. We’ll be writing the round-robin part of the oneshot at Joyce’s trusty computer.

Continued from p 1

one in a while, this is an ideal time to start. It would be nice to make the out-going OE's last mailing a lively one.

Vegas Fandom Welcomes Fans

The Week Before Worldcon!

Las Vegas Fandom is rolling out the red carpet for fans who want to stop in Glitter City the weekend before the LA-Con IV.

There'll be at least three events over the weekend of August 17-19.

* SNAFFU Dinner Meeting Friday (8/17)

Local fandom will dine at Gandhi Indian restaurant.

Contact Linda Bushyager (LindaBushyager@aol.com) for details.

* Vegrants Open Party, Saturday (8/18)

The informal Core Fandom fan club invites all local and out of town fans to join its revels at the Launch Pad. Contact Joyce at: joyceworley1@cox.net.

* VSFA Sunday Social, Sunday (8/20)

The Blue Ox is a low-cost, comfortable venue for an afternoon of fannish chatter and pretty decent grub. Contact Rebecca Hardin (hardin673@aol.com) if you need more information.

TAFF winner Bridget Bradshaw, Australian newcomer Clare McDonald, Ed Meskys, Hope Leibowitz and Earl Kemp have all announced plans to come. Anyone making this delightful detour to Trufandom can contact us for advice and help. Vegas fans who'd be willing to put up a visiting

fan and/or show him/her around should also contact me.

Memorial Site Established for rich brown!

An online memorial for rich brown can be viewed (and added to) at: <http://richbrown.memory-of.com/about.aspx>. When asked to provide a password, enter "gafia."

The site is very attractive and already contains a lot of excellent material about our fallen comrade.

Kunkels Arrive Sagely in Michigan!

After a long drive, Bill & Laurie Kunkel have arrived in their new home in the Wolverine State. The potshotk@aol email address continues good, but here is the new contact info:

Bill & Laurie Kunkel
5359 Nicole
White Lake, MI 48383

Ph: 248-742-9118

Fax is still running as a virtual number through
Las Vegas: 702-940-6571

Ron Bushyager Is on the Mend!

Ron Bushyager is home, recuperating for an operation that addressed the enlarged prostate discovered during a December examination. He had a small portion of his prostate surgically removed when a course of medication did not sufficiently shrink it.

SNAFFU.org Back Online!

Server problems caused a brief interruption for SNAFFU.org, the official site of Las Vegas' formal science

rich brown: The Aftermath

I spent much of this afternoon with my daughter Kit, rich's daughter Alicia, rich's ex-wife Colleen and her current husband Leonard, and Dan Joy cleaning up (and out) rich's basement apartment, where he'd lived for the past decade or more. Mostly I boxed fanzines, which were sitting in untidy stacks *everywhere*. Rich also had a really nice sideways file cabinet, with three or four drawers of neatly sorted fanzines, which I didn't touch. He also had a lot of boxes of fanzines (and magazines and comics) which had sat on the floor and had wet bottoms (it was a basement apartment). There was one box, unopened, of fanzines Sarah Prince had sent him (stuff she'd gotten), which was soaked through.

Alicia is throwing none of them out -- except for those I decided were too water-damaged to care about. She's moving it all to her place to be sorted and filed before being given to one of the university collections.

I have taken charge of about a foot-thick stack of manuscripts, many single-spaced and some obviously old. I have no idea what I'll do with them.

Alicia will sort through all the files in rich's computer. I had about half an hour to try (unsuccessfully) to find a fannish piece he had wanted me to collaborate on. I was stunned by rich's computer. The actual computer is one Alicia had *built* for him. But the monitor was this tiny little thing (maybe 13 inches, but in color), with the display fonts incredibly tiny -- maybe 4 points. Considering all the time rich spent on his computer, I'm astonished to think of him peering into that tiny screen with that tiny text. I had to take off my *reading glasses* and get Real Close to read his screen. — Ted White

fiction club. The site was down for a day or two over the July 4th weekend and is now back in full operation.

Heard Around Fandom...

Ron Bushyager and Mike Glicksohn both got heartening medical news this week. Doctors have informed them that they do *not* have cancer. Sometimes, the good guys win...

Long-time fanzine publisher Helen Wesson has suffered a massive stroke. Now nearly 100 years of age, Helen joined FAPA (Fantasy Amateur Press Association) and produced many issues of *Helen's Fantasia* and other zines for the group with only a one-mailing interruption of her membership in the late 1990's. She has been transferred to an assisted living facility near her Venice, FL, home...

Robert Lichtman reveals that the next issue of his wonderful fanzine *Trap Door* will contain material memorializing and saluting the late rich brown. *TD* is always a "must read" and it figures to be especially so this time. I hope others will follow the example of *VFW* and *TD* and help give rich brown the proper recognition for a life and a fan career that were both exemplary...

Merric Anderson turned 39 on July 15. While the occasion is expected to be celebrated throughout southern Nevada with parades, fireworks and irresponsible drinking, there was also a party at the 7/15 Vegants meeting...

Bob Tucker has a change of electronic address. It's now: wilsonbob37@inil.com

ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column

Even though I'm going to hold some letters for the rich brown salute issue, there are still plenty of locs in the hopper. So let's forgo further preamble and get into it.

Leading off this time is a multi-faceted TAFF candidate who always gets things going on the right foot...

Chris Garcia

So, I made a movie this weekend. A Buddy picture for the 48 Hour Film Project. We finished with time to spare. This year, in addition to producing, I acted the role of the passing Razor Scooterist who ends up taking a camera phone image of two guys getting rid of a corpse. I'm still sunburned since it was the hottest weekend of the year, and Gay Pride weekend in SF as well. Still, we finished.

You're 60? Arnie, I refuse to believe it. I also refuse to believe that the next time I visit everyone down there, I'll not get a chance to chat with Good Ol' Bill Kunkel. Happy Birthday, Arnie! Come back soon Kunkels! Sadly, I won't get a chance to say so in person, not because I'll be at WesterCon (where there will be a fannish Match Game happening again that I could have been on!) but because I'm on Evelyn duty all weekend. Such is the order of life.

I'm interested in the origin of the phrase contemporary combustibles. I'm fairly certain it's a new phrase to me. I must begin over-using it!

Love the little filler art piece by Ross. I really should try and get him to do a piece for me sometime. If you're reading Ross, I'll take anything you might have laying around, gathering dust!

Sounds like you're a busy man, Arnie! Good to hear that you've got stuff lined up. I've always wanted to take Game Design and the Video Game Business (Henry Lowood out here at Stanford has said I'm free to take any of them gratis, but time has limited me) and it sounds like UNLV is a good place to teach. I've gotten my annual offers to teach classes from the local JCs and this year from Santa Clara U. I've turned them all down, as always. With all that activity, when I am going to get another issue of Flicker?

My Grandmother was born smack in the middle of the Influenza and she and her twin sister made it. Oddly, Ethel and Bethel Wissing were the only two infants who survived that were born that summer in their small town. Bummer.

There are many flavours of GAFIA and I've mapped out three kinds of GAFIAs in the BArea. There are the Ask-Me GAFIAs: those pesky people who say they're not involved in fandom anymore, but still cruise the sites, read the zines and pile up at the parties at BayCon. There are the Reader GAFIAs, those who still get fanzines and might read the listservs, but never really participate. The last of Con-GAFIAs, the ones who still go to cons, but usually only go to chat and see friends.

Why a Fan? That zine might have been one of the most important piece of fannishness ever done. It's such a great collection of pieces. I haven't read it since my Dad had a copy back in the 1980s, but I remember it and I loved it. True, it wasn't quite *Who Killed Science Fiction?* But what ever could be? I barely read the article that the bubbles were dispersed through because I love to hear these stories. It sounds like Bridget Westerman and I have a very similar timeframe when it comes to growing up. I loved those silly Zork books, but then again along with Vonnegut and Bradbury I was reading those Sweet Valley High books. I'm still not sure why.

My why a fan is really simple: because I've never NOT been a fan.

Congrats to James Taylor for being suckered...I mean appointed SNAFFU Librarian. Remember James: a library is only as good as it's catalog.

SNAPS election. Let me speak to the matter of becoming a fandom-wide APA. It's a good idea, especially if it remains as open and visible to the public as SNAPS is currently, but the drawback is size increase will likely require a cap on the number of members and that could lead to non-Vegas folk having spots when there may be new Vegas types wishing to be a part of it all. Still, if things do open up, I'd love to be a part of things.

You know, Mr. John Purcell, my head never explodes. It merely expands and swallows up the nearest organic material to keep it going. Sadly, I lose more pencils that way.

Arnie: The departure of Bill and Laurie to Michigan is quite an event for Joyce and me. It will be strange not to have Bill in easy reach after more than 35 years of seeing and talking to him so frequently. I'm hoping the Vonage account will help bridge the intervening miles often enough to maintain a real connection.

Teaching a course will be something completely new for me, though I have the benefit of Bill and Laurie's outstanding prep work for the versions of the course that Bill

has taught in the past. While I'd hope to bring something fresh to the subject, it is certainly reassuring to have such a fine foundation.

Actually, James poked his head into the Librarian noose without much outside prompting. Sure, we chanted his name a few dozen times and waved our signs, but really there was no pressure beyond the threat to get Joelle Barnes to sing her rendition of "Stairway to Heaven" – and she really rends it, too.

I attribute James' ascension to the post of SNAFFU Librarian to two factors: He is a generous guy who often is the first to volunteer for the work; and he is wallowing in Honymoon Haze since he and Teresa moved in together.

I don't want to get too involved in rules for a fandom-wide SNAPS until Vegas fans have had their say on the matter. I am sure that questions like roster size and guaranteed spots for locals can easily be arranged if and when it's necessary. I do hope, however, that others agree with me that this expansion would be a positive step.

It's always a pleasure to welcome a first-time letter writer. Let's hope this is the first of many to come...

Trinlay Khadro

Things are kinda chaotic here. I do want to wave wildly and say Hi and Thanks to Hope. She was so enthusiastic about her Serial Dining Society that we revived "Nomads" locally and are doing something similar, and gathering several Milwaukee area fen for lunch someplace nifty about 1x/month.

Have you considered posting the ish on the web and just emailing us a link to look at the latest? That might be somewhat easier to manage.

Arnie: I hope you'll take time out from that chaos to write up one of the Nomads' adventures in gourmandizing. By the way, we sometimes call the ex-Vegas alumni "the Vagabonds." That goes well with "Nomads," like "Vegrants" fits with the name of Toronto's foremost fan club of all time – the Derelicts.

Is there a mystical connection between warm Nevada and cold Ontario? Could be, could be.

*I've tried a number of distribution screens since I began extensive electronic publishing with **Jackpot** some years back and also experimented while doing the **Bring Bruce Bayside Bulletin** in 2004. I'm sure better ways will be found, but for now, the combination of posts on web sites, direct delivery and email notification are producing the best response results.*

Incidentally, I welcome requests to be added to the list from any interested fan. And I would be grateful to anyone who feels like spreading the word.

The next commenter is anything but a first-timer here in ChatBack. He's one of Fandom's top letter-writers and the inventor of the Lloyd Penney-style loc...

Lloyd Penney

Slowly but surely, I am getting a grip in my available time. Now that I am retiring from active convention running,

time is already starting to allow for some loccing. As a result, here is a letter on issues 77 and 78 of Vegas Fandom Weekly.

77...Bridget Bradshaw will be coming to Toronto for a pubnight, and possibly for a private party, not sure what all the details are yet. I'm looking forward to meeting with Bridget and Simon, I hope.

Wrestling is science fiction and fantasy, and unfortunately, it winds up being soap opera. It also appeals to our desire for violence. Even science fiction has an element of soap opera...it makes us ask, "And then what happened?", and should we get what we demand, it becomes a serial. Babylon 5, for example, was a very successful serial/SF series/soap opera, and it hooked so many of us.

Sixty years, that's not too many. Congrats on hitting that mark (and leaving a crater). Is the Printer's Devil the current Tun venue, Mark? If only there were a lottery win in my future, I'd hit the London Circle wherever it would be, and the first round would be on me.

Gaylaxicon 2006 came and went, and attracted just less than 200 people, small for such an event. Never did see Woody Bernardi. What happened, Woody? Hi, John! Not falling even behind, but catching up to top I am!

78...July 2 is your birthday? That's also the birthday for my brother David. Congrats on staying busy again. Finding this freelance work here has been nearly impossible for me. I am lucky to have the jobs I do have, although together they still do not add up to a full-time job.

It is indeed good to see that fandom can still give some gafiates some good memories to fall back on, and perhaps return with. You've got to have some fun, and perhaps in the back of the gafiates' minds, they might be hoping to stick their heads up again, to see if what had driven them away had gone itself. You know, we could make a TV series about this, called The Lost...what do you mean it's already been done? (Seeing how many fans are coming back, we could call it The 4400? No?)

I think most people have read my locs, so they'd know by now my own fannish origins, but perhaps I could do my own *Why A Fan*, if you're looking for outside contribs in this area. Hope is coming down to visit you? This will be a grand reunion of former New Yorkers when she arrives.

Robert Lichtman's details about *Why A Fan?* makes me wonder if it's time to do some research in that direction. It would be much easier to publish the results. Earl? Are you game? Perhaps our various contacts across the continent and the ocean would make this a very extensive survey.

Arnie: Although I have encouraged Earl Kemp to attempt a new "Why a Fan?" he has pleaded a busy schedule. Unless he wants to either take it on himself or delegate the project to someone, I think it's sort of his baby and we shouldn't just barge in. Maybe the interest raised in VFW will encourage him to do one or the other.

It isn't easy to follow a loc like that, but one letterhack who stands with the best is our beloved Sage of Fandom...

Robert Lichtman

Noting as you do in "Going Like Sixty!" that your ac-

tual birthday isn't until July 2nd, I guess the Giant Open Party you're having at your house the night before is to celebrate the last day of being in your fifties. It's good to read in that short article that you've gotten hired to teach two classes at UNLV this fall—and the ones you name sound like excellent fits for your background and skills—and that you're going to try to complete revisions to *The Trufan's Advisor* and *The Fannish Worry Book* by the day of your actual birthday (and in addition your zine for the June SNAPS mailing). If the next issue of *VFW* is seriously delayed, at least your avid readership will know that it's for a pair of good fannish causes.

Although it's certainly in the spirit of fannish democracy and all (ahem, ahem!) for you to run against Teresa for SNAPS' OE, it seems to me that you have quite enough on your fannish plate just keeping up with *VFW*—*and* it would be a great step up in her ascension to Full Fanzine Fandom to take on the responsibility.

"They Shall Return!" was an entertaining read. I found myself nodding in, er, sage agreement with the various reasons you posit leading to gafia and those you cite as reasons for coming back. And of course I have some comments.

I think that fandom changed less abruptly in the wake of the Boondoggle than you posit here. In keeping with your writing here that "neofans came in one door, stayed for a variable number of years, and then drifted out the exit," fanzines did fold and fans did gafiate in and around 1964, but looking back on it I don't think either phenomenon happened in statistically significant greater numbers than either before or after that period.

You write in this connection that "fans like Dean Grennell, Elmer Perdue and Bob Leman, outstanding writers and publishers, are little known to those who entered fandom after the mid-1960s." I don't think these are good examples. Grennell came into fandom in the early '50s and was prominent around the time I got into fandom in 1958. One of the first fanzines I ever saw was the final genzine issue of his estimable *Grue*, which came out that year. Elmer Perdue came into fandom in the late '30s and his period of activity in general fanzine fandom was pretty much over by the end of the '40s or, at best, the early '50s, and I don't think he ever published a general-circulation fanzine of his own (instead appearing in places like *The Acolyte* and *Shangri-L'Affaires*). Bob Leman burst on the fannish scene in 1957 with *The American Journal of Oculenteratology*, which he changed to the more well-known *Vinegar Worm*. He put out four issues by the end of 1958, and used the title with a several-year lapse after that for his *FAPazine*. What all three of these fans had in common in 1964 and after was that their primary fan activity was confined to FAPA.

Speaking personally, my fanzine *Frap*, which started in 1963, folded at the end of 1964 after only half a dozen issues. But it was *always* difficult to get the quality of material I published in it; it was not made easier by the malaise affecting fandom (and none of its major contributors gafiated); and I simply gave up the effort. Two other fanzines that folded at about the same time would be Joe Pilati's *Enclave* and Mike Domina's *Introspection*, both of which saw eight issues of ever-increasing quality. Who remembers

them and those fanzines today, even among those who were active prior to the mid-'60s?

I certainly like your slogan, "Everybody comes back," and smiled when your narrative switched to fiction. When I came to the words you had issuing from my mouth about Carol, I paused to forward the entire article to her with a road map to my recitation of her fanac. Carol was speechless. Then she laughed. Long and hard.

The whole idea that "FAPA will have a waitlist of 40 and be getting ready to raise membership to an even 100 to accommodate the demand" is certainly a concept that I (as long-time Secretary-Treasurer of the organization, just completing my twentieth year in the post) can certainly get behind. I would assume, though, that in this brave new world of "Everybody comes back" FAPA would have morphed into an electronic apa with a membership limit imposed only to keep the mailings within a reasonable size. I say, bring it on.

But I don't know about that new issue of *Hyphen* that showed up in your mailbox. The issue number is wrong, and it's hard to believe that Walt would make such a mistake. But perhaps he'd forgotten that there had already been a No. 38 published by Shelby Vick in connection with Corflu Sunsplash. I'm attaching a scan of that issue's cover for your delectation (and his).

In "Big Time Fun!" you mention that Lori Forbes was working "in the 105-degree heat of the garage." It seems to me that for the SNAFFU library to be a true success it's going to have to be weather-friendly. This could be remedied by taking up a collection among the membership to purchase a suitably large window air conditioner for the summer months and an oil-filled electric radiator heater for the colder months. Such climate control would be a good move for preservation of the library itself, even if fans' comfort wasn't desirable. The life of paper is severely shortened by excess heat and cold.

I liked the numerous sidebars accompanying "Why A Fan?" and your related idea in comments to me in the letter column. You write that you're "exceptionally fond of Earl Kemp's *Why Is A Fan?* and wish he would either consider doing a new edition or give permission for others to do so. A new set of responses, some 40 years after the original survey, might be illuminating and would surely be entertaining." I can't imagine Earl wanting to interrupt the production schedule of *eI* (and, by extension, his memoirs) for such an undertaking, but it would be but the work of a moment for him to wave his fannish light saber and authorize someone else to run with such a project so long as he was given credit for being its godfather.

In Linda Bushyager's section she writes that it was Fredric Brown's "Arena" being read out loud by her fifth grade teacher that was the precipitating event leading to her reading more SF and ultimately discovering fandom. I wonder if she's aware that "Arena" was adapted (and very nicely) into a 15-page comic strip that appears in the November 1973 (volume 1, number 4) issue of Marvel's *Worlds Unknown* book. Gerry Conway did the scripting; John Buscema and Dick Giordano were the artists (assisted by Tom Orzechowski, letterer, and Glynis Wein, colorist);

and Roy Thomas was the editor. It was also reprinted in *Unknown Worlds of Science Fiction - Volume 1*, a 1976 collection that also includes a 13-page adaptation of Weinbaum's classic "A Martian Odyssey," an interview with Theodore Sturgeon, and more. And of course it was also the basis for one of the better episodes of the original *Star Trek*.

Elsewhere in "Why A Fan?" it's mentioned that James and Kathryn Daugherty, who appear to be primarily convention fans, are part of a crew hoping to land the 2008 Western for Las Vegas. This gave me pause, as well you might expect, because if they're successful in their efforts one could invoke the old Inurgent line, "Why, it will be just like a Daugherty project except that it will actually happen!"

If dropping the fan categories from the Hugos, as you suggest, would actually result in a greater and more diverse participation in the FAAn Achievement Awards, I would be all for it. But that would involve considerably more effort being put into publicizing the latter than currently takes place—although this year I was pleased to see a wider range of voters—and at least some people might consider them less prestigious than winning a Hugo. That said, I do agree that the results of the Hugo voting in those categories is seldom reflective of the best fandom has to offer in any given year.

I spotted an apparent "correction" in my letter this time. I had written, partly quoting you, about my avoiding responding directly to the wrestling part of your article in No. 77: "I don't object to it, of course, but I was amused by your noting in the 'Editorial Plea' that 'this is the first time in 88 issues of *VFW*' that you've succumbed to writing about what I know to be one of your favorite Other Fandoms. I take this to mean that you won't do it again for the next eleven issues." By "correcting" me to "this is the first time in 78 issues," the wind is pulled out from the sail of my attempt at humor.

I suspected that if it existed on New York television at the item you would have watched "Roller Derby" and so was glad to see you confirming my suspicions. I found your account of how they screwed up a number of revivals very interesting—and too bad for the people involved in it, since if they'd succeeded they no doubt would have had a cable channel of their own by now and we'd be treated to "All Roller Derby, all the time!"

John Purcell must have misread my "How I Found Fandom" when he wrote, "I actually didn't know Robert Lichtman went back that far in fandom." Rereading what I wrote, it's not clear to me just how far back he's placing me. Is he thinking that I was around in 1947-49 and read those Rog Phillips "Club House" columns when the *Amazings* containing them were on the newsstands? I thought I made it clear that it was about 1956 when I frequented that used bookstore with the Wall o' Pulp and encountered the fan columns. So his long-time impression—"for years I've been under the impression that he only started in the late '50s"—is correct. Summer of 1958 to be exact.

And John might have his "Farms" mixed up. He writes, "I remember The Farm very well. Never been there, but correct me if I'm wrong, but you might have been there with Andy Offutt and company." I've never met Andy Offutt nor do I recall his ever visiting The Farm. Andy lived in rural

Kentucky at the time, as I recall, while the place I lived was in southern middle Tennessee. But I wasn't the only fan around at the time of its founding. William "Bill" Meyers was also one of the original Farmies, and his wife (now deceased) was a department store heiress and contributed hugely to the original pot of money that was used to buy the land and finance the early operations. We used to stand around joking about the similarities between The Farm and the old Degler fantasy of a "love camp in the Ozarks." We were maybe three hundred miles of Cosmic Claude's vision, but it was definitely a love camp (monogamous, though).

There were other fans who visited The Farm at various times, including Andy Main, Spider Robinson and Perry Chapdelaine. The latter was an interesting case. I was working for The Farm's publishing wing in the print shop at the time he showed up trying to get a quote for a book he wanted to publish. This was around 1976 so I don't know if it was the John W. Campbell letters books or not (since those came out in the '80s and '90s). We took down his specifications, asked him to wait a while, and worked up some figures. When we told him, he got really pissy. It soon became clear from the conversation that he thought because we were "hippies" we would be happy to do the work at a loss because he was a great big *important* man. No, we said, we have to make a reasonable profit to feed ourselves. He packed up his ego and stalked off.

Thanks to Ted White for explaining why I never heard of Keith Kato. As for "fakefan" being used in a derogatory way, I have shadowy recollections of it being employed in that fashion but am unable to come up with chapter and verse. The definition in *Fancylopedia II* offers this: "Phrase coined about 1940, applied to Jack Weidenbeck, who roomed with fans and enjoyed their company but shunned all responsibility in fan doings and institutions. Generally speaking, one who hangs around fans but takes no active part in fan affairs, and may not read fantasy. Fans are, after all, at least theoretically fantasy enthusiasts; fake fans are fandom enthusiasts. They don't read prozines. (Sometimes they don't even read fanzines.) They don't remember vast numbers of insignificant details about fantasy stories and their authors illustrators and publishers. They don't collect books or proz. Fake fans do not have the haggard look that is the mark of the true fan trying to keep abreast of the latest developments in stfdom. And there are some fans who like to describe themselves as fakefans to symbolize disinterest, but their continued fanac belies them." Although Eney goes on somewhere overlong here—the draft for *Fancy III* cuts out most of the above—the essence of what he presents here rings true to me. But it's such a broad definition that by its lights even *I* could be characterized as a fakefan since for the most part I don't read science fiction or fantasy...and definitely not prozines.

In his typical one-man show way, Norm Metcalf has taken this one step further with his referring to the likes of us as "pseudofans." In Norm's universe, unless you devote your written fanac entirely to the serious and constructive study of science-fiction you are not entitled to call yourself a science-fiction fan. When Norm espouses this view in his apazines (I see him in FAPA and SAPS)—in between his

other obsession of referring to authors by their real names (thus, Edward Hamilton Waldo for Theodore Sturgeon, Lafayette R. Hubbard for Elron, etc.)—most of us run the other way in our haste to ignore him.

Ted's comments about the origins of "Chorp Dimension" correspond with my own in my letter to VFW No. 74 where I wrote that "it may have originated in SAPS and that Lee Jacobs or Art Rapp could be its creator." I'd overlooked Karen Anderson, but agree that she's also a distinct possibility.

Ted's mention of Cretinfandom and that Phil Palmer had "a nearly complete file of Cretinzines" leads me to wonder who all the players of that circle were. I know about Jimmy Robertson and have a complete set of his eclectic and excellent *Twentythird* as well as all but one issue of *Drygulch*. And I have both issues of Palmer's *Chocolates of Lust*, but was he a Cretin? I also have a number of fanzines by Sandy Brown, who Ted doesn't name but who was the editor of the fanzine, *Indian Scout*, which he does mention. I've often wondered if there were more than three issues of it numbered 18, 19 and 21, because my want list back in the '90s (and now) asked for all but those issues and none ever materialized. I also have three issues by Brown of *Merulius Lacrymans* and one each of *Assegai* and *Voortreker* and *Northfield Mortician*, all of which are quite similar in tone to *Indian Scout*, whose articles (except for the last-named) are all uncredited and most of which identify themselves as Cretinzines. (And finally I have a single issue of a 4-page fanzine, *Spook*, supposedly and perhaps actually done by one Elspeth Brown, same address as Sandy, who says she's nine years old and fills her pages with poetry and very short pieces of fiction. They are reasonably well-written, which makes me suspect a hoax.) More information on the Cretins would be welcome.

Arnie: Well, I did get out The Fannish Worry Book, but my good intentions did not quite push The Trufan's Advisory out the door, too. Once I get past this issue and the next of VFW, I'll tackle it with some help from Joyce (who corrected your joke, by the way...)

The SNAPS election, though important to the group, is not isn't being carried out in deadly earnest. Tee and I pretty much agree on everything and I have already promised to help her should she be elected. The important thing is get the democratic machinery in place so that SNAPS truly belongs to its members.

All I can tell you is that, at the time, fans commented on how many genzines folded and how many fans retreated to the cloistered safety of the apas or outright gafiated. The neofen who entered in 1965 and 1866 had very little, if any, contact with many of those who'd led Fanzine Fandom just a year or two earlier. I was very fortunate to enter Fandom in 1963 and then to become a Fanoclast the following year, but folks who started just a little bit behind me did not know Grue, Hyphen, Xero, Warhoon, Oops! and other major fanzines that folded around the middle of the decade.

Naturally, the change I described wasn't instantaneous. Such things never are. Yet within a year or two of the Boondoggle, General Fanzine Fandom had significantly contracted. It wasn't until Psychotic/SFR reinvigorated the gen-

zine field that things started to turn around.

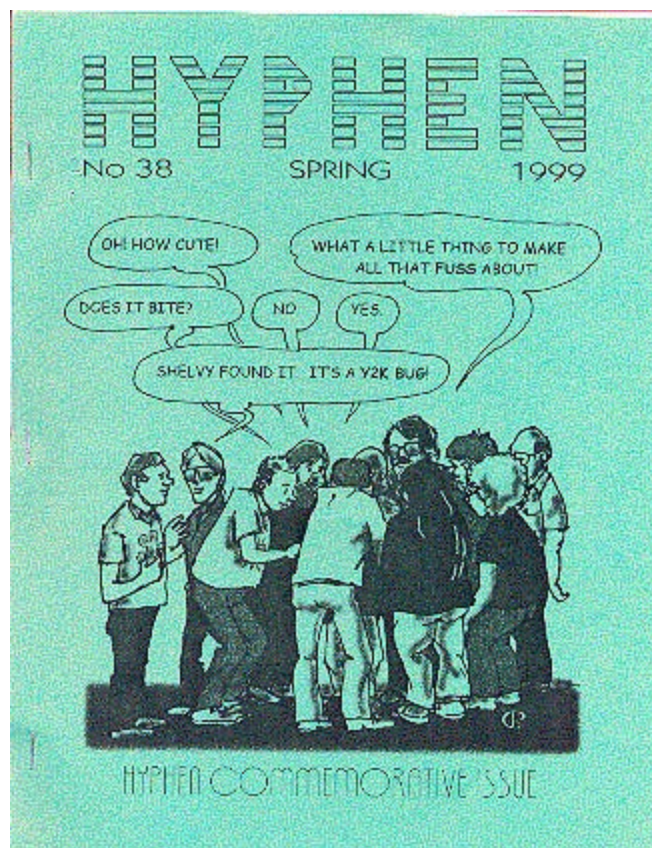
The long-term evolution of Fandom has been a journey from obsession with the minutia of professional science fiction to a wide-ranging exchange of ideas and information not necessarily connected to SF. From what you say, Norm Metcalf doesn't recognize this progression. It's his right to be a serious constructive fan in the 70-year-old sense – and it's ours to laugh our asses off when he goes into this rap.

Proving that they do, indeed, "all come back," here is the VFW debut of a well-known fan who has not been active for 'way to long...

Lee Lavell

I read your article on gafiation and de-gafiates with some interest since I am one of them. I first got into fandom in 1950 (Yeah, I go way back.) when I was known as Lee Anne Tremper, and was active in Indiana fandom through the seventies. I even made the "Fancylopedia 2" as one of the many "Lees" in fandom. I published several fanzines over this period including "Merlin", "Space Cage" and "Embelyon". I also had a couple of gafmois (Getting Away From Most Of It) during that period. I married a fan, Jim Lavell, and my period of complete gafiation occurred when Jim died in the early eighties and it just wasn't fun any more.

Why am I back? Well--I just recently got my first computer and while googling my own name (I didn't say I wasn't egotistic.) to see what would come up I found David Burton and "Catchpenny Gazette." David had been one of the very active "Three Davids" that came out of our local club in the late sixties (the other two being David Lewton and David



Gorman). I contacted him and am now dipping a toe back into fandom by writing a column for "Pixel".

What I have noticed now, for us'ns who have come back from the dead after many years, is the need for some sort of organization, or history or something that will help us catch up on all those things we have missed in the time we have been gone.

It really is amazing how many familiar name I have seen from the "good old days". Who knew?

Arnie: I remember you very well from your previous romp through Fandom and am delighted by your return. I hope you'll consider going to a Corflu in the next years or so to meet the rest of contemporary Core Fandom.

I wonder where Dave Lewton and Dave Gorman are now? Much as I enjoy the return of Dave Burton, it would be even nicer to have all three among us again.

It would be nice if First Fandom did something to help returnees re-acclimate, but that doesn't seem to be in the cards. I try to publish (and sometimes write) fanhistorical pieces, but a more planned, comprehensive approach is not at all a bad idea.

Here to shed some illuminate a topic mentioned several times in VFW is one of Fandom's favorite fringe fans....

Hal Hughes

Well, much as I enjoy have a little tiny fannish legend trailing behind me, Ted White's mention of my name in the same sentence with "fakefan" makes it too hard to resist a little confession. I hope this isn't painfully disillusioning, but I'm gonna come out of the closet after all these decades and admit that I'm actually a fake fakefan. Yup, I've been reading science fiction since junior high, usually with great relish, and sometimes obsessively, as when I went PKD-happy in the '70s and '80s. I've always been kinda picky, though, and as with mysteries, I really only follow a handful of favorite authors.

When Alexei Panshin first invited me to Fanoclasts, he told me that even though they were fans, SF was not usually on the agenda. It wasn't so much that I didn't want anyone to know I was into it as that it really didn't come up, and I found it strangely appealing to hang out with a bunch of folks who came together out of a common interest but didn't talk about it. That's my kind of weirdness. Makes me wonder how many others may have attended those gatherings NOT knowing what the underlying common thread was, and whether they could have figured it out.

Another thing I've always enjoyed about fandom is that it has a history, one that's referenced quite frequently. No matter how many fans I met, there were always lots who remained names to conjure with, who popped up regularly in conversation, but rarely in person. What could be more fitting than to let my imagination fill in the blanks, and populate a corner of my brain with these curious mythical beings? When the physical counterpart of one of them actually crossed my path, it was always interesting - like finally seeing a movie of a favorite book whose characters and settings I'd built up in my mind's eye. I'd have to say the fans were

seldom as disappointing as most cinematic treatments of fiction. This same process happens while reading fanzines, of course. It's a good thing VFW runs some photos, or I'd probably still see everyone as they were in the '60s. I, of course look the same as I did then. Sorta.

Well, there you have it. I won't bring it up again.

Arnie: I'm glittered that you would reveal this lurid (and slightly disgusting) secret here in VFW. Today, I know how Jerry Springer feels when the female guest says she's cheating on her brother with her father. I just want you to know, Hal, that you will always be welcome here, no matter how much of that crazy Neil Armstrong stuff you read.

Your reference to the lack of science fiction discussion at Fanoclasts and at the Brooklyn Insurgents is a little surprising, at least in the former case. I recall Ted, Dave Van Arnam, Alex Panshin and Lee Hoffman initiating many conversations on the subject, though the focus was more on the writing of SF than reading it.

In fact, I wrote an article in Ben Solon's Nyarlathotep in which I painstakingly prepared an analysis of some science fiction book so I could do something more than listen on the sidelines while the club's "big guns" discussed science fiction. The article told how I worked myself up to plunging into the conversation with my prepared piece of grade-A analysis - only to have Ted turn to me at just that moment to ask, "Hey, Arnie, what's new in Fandom?" I remember that piece with particular pleasure, because it was the first one that elicited a strongly favorable comment from one of my fannish heroes, Terry Carr.

And now let's welcome this year's most intriguing new Australian fan (and shortly to be a visitor to Las Vegas)...

Clare McDonald

As a neofan I have commented before on the 'whole new world' I'm discovering, but I hadn't expected to have to learn a 'whole new language' as well! Words and language have always fascinated me, particularly the way meanings can change over time, even in the mundane world. The article on Gafiation was really interesting, I had no idea that it had changed meaning so radically. I wouldn't use it to describe a week off, but I might for a month or so. But I'm sure I'd be back.

Way back in issue #75 I was stunned to discover that in the very second fanzine I ever received I was mentioned not once, not twice, but three times! Admittedly one of them was the printing of my own loc, but still - it was very exciting for a neofan to get that much egoboo in one hit (see, I'm learning the language!). I was also very surprised, and a bit flattered, to see that I got a mention in the best new fan category (at least, I assume it's me; the confused spelling made me a little uncertain). Thanks, it means a lot!

I second Robert Lichtman's call for a pdf version of 'Why is a Fan?' and 'Contact!'. His comment about them being of interest to newer fans is very true, at least in my case, I would love to read them. I'm curious about why other people have gotten themselves entangled in this world of fandom. Reading the boxed inclusions in the Why a Fan? article was

kind of strange, so much of what people said matches so closely my own experience it almost felt like a couple of them were speaking for me. I was primed for science fiction by watching Dr Who with my dad, but I really got into it thanks to my high school librarian. I didn't know what I wanted to read and she told me to start with the A's, so I did. And eventually found Asimov, abandoned my alphabetical system and looked for anything similar I could find, starting with those authors advertised in the back of the Asimov books. I've only recently discovered 'fandom', and since then it's been an ever expanding, ever developing, sometimes confusing, but always fun part of my life.

As for a new edition of 'Why is a Fan?', I (not so long ago) completed a survey that was circulated on Trufen with some of the same questions, and a few extras, under the impression that it was for that very purpose. Anyone have any idea what is happening with that?

I thoroughly enjoyed reading the latest issue of VFW and eagerly await the next.

Arnie: Becoming involved in Fandom is a little like emigrating to a new country. There is a language, culture, literature and traditions in the home land that must be learned.

John Purcell

I hate to break this to you, Arnie, but I think Chris Garcia is going to reach the 100-issue mark before you do. Not that you guys were racing, but the staying power of both of you fellows without going stark, raving bonkers by now is to be applauded. Congratulations are in order to you both -- I think.

Happy Birthday to you, Arnie! I hope that the party tonight is a fun-filled affair with lots of laughter, food and drink, and horrible puns. It's sad that the Kunkels are moving away to Michigan, but look at the bright side: if you and Joyce ever visit them in the summer, it will be so much cooler there than in Vegas. Besides, you can always electronically badger Bill for contributions no matter where he runs to. Cyberfanac has no time and space boundaries, hee-hee-hee.

I look forward to *Implications* and yet another one-shot from you fine Vegas folks. And was that "Kingfish" line a reference to the old *Amos 'n Andy* television show on page 2?

Your extensive musings about the whys and hows of fans returning to fandom has resulted in my working on yet another article for your fine zine along the lines of "How I found fandom - again!" That's my working title, and I've been thinking of writing something like this for awhile, and VFW would be a suitable repository for it.

My initial reaction to "Katzenjammer" is one of sad acknowledgment. When I did my DOOFUS thing back in the early 90's - you can call it dafia if you desire, but I'm gonna use my terminology, thank you very much - it wasn't out of a conscious desire to get out of fandom, it simply happened by dint of what was going on in my life at that time. Marriage, job/career, and children will have this effect on someone. Funny thing, I found myself not really missing fandom or all of my fannish friends until somewhere around 2003 when I typed that fateful word on a Google search: "fanzines." And

the rest, as they might say, is fan-history.

Probably the most interesting thing about it all is that a fan interested in the history of fandom can easily research items like *The Great Breen Boondoggle* and the events that precipitated and resulted from it, thus receiving an education in some of fandom's sordid past. Any large social group will have these infamous moments in its lifetime. I guess we can call it growing up, but fandom has this communication structure in place that empowers its members to discuss or vent or ignore what's going on in the group. *The Immortal Storm*, *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!*, and Harry Warner, Jr.'s books are full of these teapot tempests, and I have to admit that they all fascinated me. There is so much material out there on the Internet - search away, gang; my ether surfing has been quite educational - and in University libraries that doctoral students have studied and written about fandom. Brian M. Stableford's dissertation, in fact, is entitled *The Sociology of Science Fiction*, and he included an in-depth chapter about fans and their personalities. A fascinating book. (I found a copy in the Texas A&M circulating library.)

The comings and goings of fans is an interesting study in personalities. Face it, we fan are an interesting conglomeration, and I am surprised that we haven't imploded yet. This is, In My Humble Opinion, a testimony to fannish resiliency and stubbornness in the face of tribulations. Which is one of the reasons for why I came back to fandom after so many years away. I was also getting a bit nostalgic, but fans are far and away the most articulate people I have ever met in my life. I loved the dialogue from 1973-1992, and I love it again.

I really enjoyed the "Why a Fan" inserts throughout the SNAFFU Central section. From these bits it's easy to discern each person's personality. Michael Bernstein's comment about having a pool of friends is very true; that's what drew me into Minn-stf way back when. Having so many like-minded people around was a lot of fun and made the club such a great place to hang out. Like Michael said, it's so nice not having to put on airs and worry about someone not getting your jokes. Fans are such a forgiving bunch. I challenge anyone to find a hobby group with this characteristic.

In the loccol, you labeled me The Comeback Kid. I don't think of myself this way, but I am flattered. I am merely having a wonderful time doing zines again. Your slam on the Sci-Fi Channel is well-taken. When they do show SF movies, it's usually one of those gawd-awful "Sci-Fi Originals" that should never have made it past the editing process. Phew! Lots of clunkers there. Notice that in the one "starring" George Takei that his character was killed off in the first 15 minutes? Even a big scientific icon like him couldn't stand the association with the drivel being produced. Anything for a paycheck, I guess. Why Sci-Fi Channel doesn't show old Roger Ramjet cartoons, or bring back *MST3K* astonishes me. If they insist on running barely-sf-related material, at least put on the original *Wild, Wild West* series and *Brisco County*. Those were fun shows.

Great issue, great locs. See you again in a week's time, I guess.

Arnie: You could say that "Kingfish" is a reference to

"Amos & Andy" or you could say it's a reference to Huey Long, the Louisiana populist, but basically, I'm known as "The Kingfish Arnie Katz" in the world of professional wrestling where I edit a website and write a more or less daily column.

I hesitate to speak for my friend Chris, but I think it's safe to say that the part where we go stark, raving mad as already occurred. It may even explain why an old two-time losers like me and a born-into-fandom guy like Chris are both banging away with these frequent publications. I do envy his energy: all those fanzines and president of the N3F. No wonder I've nominated him for TAFF!

And now, some comments received on **The Fannish Worry Book: 21st Century Edition**, which was distributed as VFW #80..

John Purcell

My god, Arnie, what decade are we in? The Fannish Worry Book? The mind boggles.

The differences between "Basic" and "Baroque" worries are good, especially the one on page 18 about worry about the .PDF memory size for "low-end email services." Love the Rotsler illos, of course. On the "Worry by Association" page, I know 2 of the 7, so I guess I'm safe for now.

Arnie: Ah, but are you really safe? Something to worry about, eh?

Jean Marie Stine

What a wonderful thing to find in one's email box! Certainly brightened my day.

The updating was seamless and well worthwhile.

To my trufannish heart, it was a delight. Dave McDaniel would have loved it. Indeed, I was wondering who sawed Courtney's boat the other day. And explaining the story of Roscoe the Sacred Beaver to someone not long ago. And I have often recounted the incident of the beer can tower to the moon to audiences. Ah fandom! Ah youth! Ah fandom thou art a wilderness now! (Or maybe we are all just getting old!)

As a former, and longtime, L.A. area fan, I can not tell you how much I miss Rotsler. Only the fact that much of his life was charmed and he had a terrific one much of the time, so I suppose grief would be out of line. His deceptively relaxed line work has yet to be fully appreciated. I'd rank him with Thurber or Hershfeld.

Arnie: I'm glad you like the "21st Century Edition," which I think came out a lot better than the original. I think one reason it went as well as it did is that I thought of it as a secret crack at the subject rather than just an updating. I used jokes from the first **Fannish Worry Book** when they worked, but I went into the project with the idea that I would want to write a lot of new material.

Chris Garcia

OK, I've had a good laugh this fine Saturday. Extra enjoyable.

And may I say HAPPY BIRTHDAY! Sixty's a big one. I totally flipped out at 30. How will I handle 60 when I get there?

Contact! Las Vegas Club Directory

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

Las Vegrants

Arnie & Joyce Katz,
909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145
Email: JoyceWorley1@cox.net
Phone: 648-5677

SNAFFU:

Michael Bernstein
Email: webmaven@cox.net
Phone: 765-7279

VSFA:

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

GayLesBiTrans SF Club

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

Las Vegas Fan Events Calendar

SNAFFU Discussion Meeting July 23 1:30 PM

This formal SF club usually meets the fourth Sunday of each month. This time, it will be held at the Public Library at Flamingo & Maryland. Topic: Who's the greatest SF author of all time — and why?

SNAPS Voting Deadline Sunday, July 30

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

GayLesBiTrans SF Club Gathering Monday, July 24 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).

First Friday Video Group August 4 6:00 PM

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

VSFA Monthly Meeting August 5 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 August 5 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.

Second Sunday Movie Screening August 13 6:00 PM

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

SNAFFU Dinner Meeting Friday, August 18 7:00 PM

SNAFFood will convene at Gandhi for the monthly group meal. Out-of-town fans need to contact Linda Bushyager.

Las Vegrants Pre-Worldcon Party August 19 7:30 PM

The informal invitational Core Fandom club meets on the first and third Saturdays of every month. The group invites all Las Vegas fans and all out-of-towners making a pre-IACon stopover, to come to the party.

Sunday Social Sunday, August 20 2 PM

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

And to alleviate one of the fannish worries: I didn't have a bar mitzvah. My cousin did and it was kosher tamales, brisket, and a load of beef ribs. It was the kind of wild party Mexicans are known for. I'd never seen rabbis drink tequila until that day.

Arnie: See? This is the type of fanhistorical info that you only get in top-class fanzines like this.

Bill Wright

Many, many happy returns. I look forward (with optimism) to celebrating your 120th birthday in due course. Not that there is anything to complain about in the way you celebrated your 60th. Your 'Fannish Worry Book' is a veritable template for the edification of neos, a shining beacon for insurgents in any one of the four stages of fandom identified by Bob Passover in Ben Bova's Chicon 2000 guest of honor book, and a welcome reassurance for memory -

challenged fans emeritus like my good self whose amiable vacuousity can be bothersome.

Arnie: I'm hoping that, when I celebrate the big 1-2-0 that someone else might do the publishing and let me do the reading.

Robert Lichtman

Yes, just printed out the corrected version (and am putting the earlier one in a little pile of cast-off fanzines I periodically sent to Craig Smith). The only typo I see remaining is in the colophon where "He ain't lost it yet, folks" ends with a / instead of a period. Oh, and an extra period after #80 on the line above.

The actual *big* typo is in the new file name: "woory_book.pdf." This is a fresh field for fan typo humor. So far I haven't had any letters of complaint, ahahahaha. Happy birthday!

Arnie: The dedicated researchers and scientists here at Vegrants Ventral work ceaselessly to strengthen and perpetuate the traditions of Fandom. The Typo Project, the fruits of which you have now seen in the form of a typo'd email subject line, is one of our biggest successes. The Think Tank is now working on a typo that will actually fight back against the spellchecker. When detected, it temporarily morphs into a seemingly correct word, only to change back again after the danger of correction has passed.

Hank Luttrell

Thanks for seining it to me. Much of it was quite a trip down memory lane...but typo free? On page two, in Arnie's (new?) preface, he cites Jay Kinney as the artist. This must be some sort of mistake, if not a typo. Should be Bill Rotsler, right? I was thinking about Jay recently. One of my customers started complaining bitterly because all the issues of Jay's *Young Lust* aren't still in print, and that all of it wasn't available as a trade paperback.

*Arnie: Jay Kinney illustrated the first edition of **The Fannish Worry Book** four decades ago and, I think, did a wonderful job. Aware of Jay's busy schedule – I think he may be in charge of the International Conspiracy of Freemasons, which takes a lot of time and attention – I decided to dip into my store of Rotslers, instead.*

Those who are lucky enough to have a copy of "Young Lust #1" will find something surprising if they closely examine the mock Salve ad on the inside cover.

Phyrne Bacon

I enjoyed the special issue, VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY #80. I laughed out loud at "Are the staples big enough to hold all the pages together?" Because a dozen years ago, I published a 587 page book on my latest geometry using a plastic comb binding, but the pages kept popping out.

The Fannish Worry Book was originally published in 1969. The 21st Century Edition not only has color fonts,

accents, and backgrounds, but it has crisp, clear computer fonts. Very handsome. The only color in fanzines I remember from the late 1960s and early 1970s, when I was a neo-fan, was the blue ink on the MIT Blackdex/Bluedex, the yellow or cream paper some fanzines were printed on, and some colorful cover stock. Of course, at my age, seventy, my memory isn't as good as it used to be

I just love Rotsler's cartoons, and I enjoyed all of the BASIC and BAROQUE and The National Fantasy Fan Federation and GAFIA and CONVENTION and CORE fannish worries you two dreamed up. I notice that you are on the Worry by Association list. In my heart of hearts, I suspect that knowing any fans at all is cause for worry.

Arnie: I think your memory is accurate in spirit, but wrong in detail. Color was pretty scarce in the late 1960's, but it did exist. There was some hand-colored fan art, Science Fiction Five Yearly had multi-color covers and spirit duplicated fanzines routinely had multi-color covers. Steve Stiles did most of his spirit duplicator work a little earlier than 1969, but I don't think he had totally abandoned the medium at that point.

We Also Heard From: Tom Becker (who shared my July 2nd birthday), Robert Lichtman (who pointed out a couple of typos, since fixed), Terry Wilsey (who enjoyed the FWB), Dick Lupoff (who said "Riva 'the Bat' Smiley" made his day), Taral Wayne, Jack Calvert, Art Widner (who wrote something that, roughly translated, means "I will still need you, I will still feed you, when you're 64.") and Bill Burns.

This is 30...

In more ways than one. It's the 30th page and also the end of this regular issue of *VFW*. Next up is the rich brown memorial issue, which I plan to have in distribution in the next couple of days.

I'll be back with another regular issue — assuming you all send locs and contributions — about a week from now.

— Arnie Katz

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