

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY



Pre-Con Vegas Weekend

Inside Story

Welcome to the Weekend

Las Vegas Fandom has been quiet. Too damn quiet, if you ask me. The Vegnants are cruising along with well-attended meetings, SNAFFU moved to a new location and had its best-attended meeting in several years and the Cyneholics are stabilizing into an almost-weekly club with a fair share of regulars. Even the Gay Lez Bi Trans Club of Las Vegas and VSFA are meeting regularly (and, presumably, with enjoyment).

That's fine as far as it goes. Yet recently, I've felt that Las Vegas Fandom hasn't gone to the heights it experienced last year. Maybe 2005 was just one of those Great Years for local Fandom and I'm being greedy in expecting '06 to be even better,

Whatever the objective state of affairs, I couldn't escape the feeling that we weren't fanning up to our potential. The Pre-Con Vegas Weekend made me feel like there's plenty of fannish spirit in Glitter City. Three clubs sponsored as many events — and all were wildly successful.

Perhaps it was the benign presence of this year's TAFF Delegate Bridget Bradshaw and her personable husband Simon. The survivors of the catastrophe have often blamed Abi Frost's TAFF visit for reducing the local fan population by 40%. If a bad TAFF representative can harm a host Fandom, then it stands to reason that a wonderful pair like the Bradshaws should be able to exert the opposite effect.

Had things gone right, I'd be describing Toner II, but sometimes compelling circumstances make it impossible to do what we'd like. A big change in job duties for one of the co-chairmen made it inadvisable to push forward with such a large commitment. Still, Toner is only postponed and, I hope, the success of the extremely informal and last-minute Pre-Con Vegas Weekend will spark interest in another Toner, perhaps the week before the Japanese worldcon.

But this is not to mourn the missing Toner, but to exult in a great and enjoyable three days of fine in-person fanac. Just about everyone pitched in and, as a result, it was everyone's success. So, thanks to my Vegas Fandom comrades for rising to the occasion — and to the out-of-town fans who made the events so special.

— Arnie

Vegas Fandom Weekly #83, Volume 2 Number 30, August 25, 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).

Art/Photo Credits: Alan White provided all the photographs except for Chaz Baden (3).

Columnists This Issue: The Kingfish

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at the SNAFFU site and at efanazines.com. No somewhat rusty newshounds were killed during the production of this fanzine.

Member: fwa

Supporter: AFAL

Believer: United Fans of Vegas

Fanning Wild Katzenjammer

It was about 11 AM on Friday (8/18) when, as I worked on an article, I heard the door knock that announced the arrival of Bridget and Simon. They'd been seeing the sights of Vegas on their own for a couple of days, but they were coming to stay with us for a few days to put them at the very epicenter of Vegas' big, pre-worldcon weekend.

One of the motivations for TAFF is to foster greater mutual understanding between US and UK Fandoms, so it seemed natural to tell them a little about Vegas Fandom's unusual history. In return, they filled us in a little on Manchester Fandom.

It didn't take long for us to find an odd note of similarity. Both Fandoms have wrestled with discontinuities. Las Vegas Fandom had two false starts before SNAFFU achieved more-or-less permanent viability. Manchester had seen the rise of a new club that had no overlap or connection with the still-functioning older one. Bridget told us that the two groups had even stumbled into meeting in the same pub on the same night! The older club became aware of the newer one, but they stayed in the back room and played pool rather than mixing with the upstarts.

Talk soon began about how to spend the afternoon. As usual, every fenced around, reluctant to push a destination that the others might find unappealing. We found it much easier to settle on the idea that it was high time to eat lunch.

We thought they might like to see the difference between a Las Vegas pub and the ones they know in England so we took them to our regular spot, Boodles. Nothing fancy, just good bar food, but they seemed to like the place, even if it wasn't much like the pubs Back Home.

Las Vegas has many of these small pubs. The income from a half-dozen video poker machines assures profitability, so the food is priced low. It's mostly for the convenience of the players, but it attracts a lot of people who aren't all that interested in drawing to an inside straight.

We actually talked about science fiction, specifically how we'd approached the field. Simon said he had started with the classics and then dis-

covered that there were contemporary science fiction writers, while Bridget began with the moderns and then started to work back. Joyce and I both followed her pattern, though neither of us has read nearly as much post-1980 SF as pre-1980 scientificion.

Simon didn't have nearly as much vacation time as Bridget, so he had flown over for Readercon, gone back to England and had just returned to the US to meet up with Bridget in Los Angeles.

On the other hand, the TAFF candidate had been in the US since July 8 and had toured many of the leading fan centers before her stop in Las Vegas. She regaled us with stories – which I won't quote out of respect for her forthcoming TAFF report – but it's always good to get updates on our old friends and new acquaintances.

Bridget seemed surprised by the sad, disorgan-

Continued on next page





DeDee White and her unseen photographer husband Alan (who never gets into enough of these photos) played host to Earl Kemp for the weekend.

ized state of New York Fandom. I pointed out the revival of FISTFA by Tom Byro and Tom Anderson as a hopeful sign, but I also had to admit that NYC's lively fan club scene had largely passed into fanhistory. She observed that it didn't seem like NYfen were all that eager to associate with each other, which puts a damper on organizing meetings and parties.

My website, ProWrestlingDaily.com, was having a little trouble, so I stayed behind to work on the problem while the other three went to the Desert Demonstration Garden. The All-Powerful Water Company has set aside a large tract of land adjacent to its headquarters for a botanical garden with a southwestern accent. Spring would've been a better time to go, but they all raved about their saunter among its delights.

The only problem was that they came back exhausted. It was a hot day, even by local standards. They all wore hats, but that offered limited protec-

tion. Joyce decided to nap while Simon processed his email and Bridget wrote a stack of pocsarcds. I did a little more work and then decided to rest up for the evening ahead.

After awakening, Joyce and I sat in the living room where she brought up an idea that she'd first voiced at the very start of our association with Las Vegas Fandom 15 years ago. Angel Park has a tree-planting program that Joyce thinks offers SNAFFU an interesting opportunity. She'd like the club members to plant trees in honor of deceased Masters of Science Fiction. Each tree costs about \$100 and Joyce thought that, even at the rate of one or two a year, we'd soon have a stfnal grove.

Her idea is certainly worthy of some discussion, though I would like to veer from it a little. I'd like to plant each tree to honor a dead Big Name Fan – and plant a contemporary fugghead under it as fertilizer.

Linda Bushyager called toward evening with a timely update on the status of various expected fannish visitors. Ed and Sandy Meskys were ensconced at the Rio, Art Widner had arrived at the Bushyagers' and Joyce Scrivner had evidently made travel arrangements for the wrong date. As a result, she would arrive in LA on Saturday instead of Friday, which knocked her out of the SNAFFood Dinner and the Vegrants Open Party.

Art had driven 500 miles, an impressive feat in the middle of summer for a man of his maturity, and he didn't feel in condition to drive any more that night. That left Linda, Ron and Art with something of a transportation problem. Our car was sufficient for the four fans it had to carry, but there was no question of adding three more.

Bridget and Simon volunteered to drive themselves to the restaurant. I quietly fretted about putting a Brit driver on Vegas streets on Friday night. It's dangerous enough for someone used to driving under American traffic rules. Still, they seemed confident – and it did fix the problem.

After collecting Art, Ron and Linda, we drove to the Ghandi Indian restaurant. We arrived conspicuously early, but nonetheless found several fans already seated. With some prodding by Linda, the restaurant decided we were a large enough

party to qualify for some special arrangements. They moved everyone to an area with two long, rectangular tables, enough space for the expected 19 or 20 fans

At our table, Ed Meskys invoked memories of *Tom Corbett*, *Space Cadet*, probably due to the *Corbett* revival performance scheduled for LACon UV. Ed began watching the show in 1949 and it was the first science fiction I can recall seeing, too. Ed didn't hold *Capt. Video* in comparable regard, so I spoke up strongly for Tobor the Robot and the Video Ranger. I pointed out that the one-hour Saturday version, called *The Secret Files of Capt. Video*, achieved the distinction of tuckerizing Tucker when the program introduced a character of that name, billed as "the bum of the Spaceways." Ed made a telling point when he reminded me that, early on, the two segments were interrupted with a western!

A newcomer, David Perdy, came to the dinner after contacted local Fandom through the listservs. Before the dawn of the Electron Age of Fandom, he would've been a god to us, but now he's just a copier salesman. Dave showed a great deal of interest in learning about Fandom and asked many questions that gave my fanhistorical abilities a harder workout than they'd had in some time.

Describing Fandom for David Perdy made me feel good – and not just because I was pleased to see such curiosity. As I told Dave about Fandom, it brought images of the things I like most about being a fan.

Everyone handled the confusion of the group check at the end of the dinner with grace, but I think it is fresh evidence that SNAFFood must secure the right to separate checks for fans attending one of its functions. Time after time, I see some folks putting



Joyce Katz and Art Widner reminisce about good times of the past while planning more Good Times for the future.

in less than their share while other (such as James Taylor) routinely put in extra to make up the difference. And I'm told that, at one of the SNAFFood dinners Joyce and I did not attend, there was acrimony over the division of the check. A word with management in advance would avoid all that crap.

James and Teresa came to visit after the dinner. Bridget and Simon stopped by the Bushyagers' home as did several others. It didn't take first



Visiting fans mingle with the Vegrants in the Launch Pad's living room.



Michael Bernstein was a welcome addition to Saturday's party, though Roxanne Gibbs was missed. Her sandwiches, however, missed few fans, who gobbled them up in record time.

Simon and then Bridget to succumb to the rigors of a day among Vegas fans. Joyce was pretty much done, too, so we called it a day at about 11:30 AM.

My work started early on Saturday, so that by about 10:30 I was ready to take a break and see our guests. This was a fortunate coincidence, since that's when they actually got up. Less fortuitously, the grocery delivery truck chose that exact moment to arrive. Not a dire crisis, but a good deal of sudden hubbub at the tranquil Launch Pad.

Over breakfast, Simon and Bridget told us of their world-girdling travels. Their visit to New Zealand, including a trek up the roar to *Lord of the Rings'* Mt. Doom, especially intrigued Joyce. She's an *LOTR* fanatic who has often expressed the desire to make that pilgrimage.

Simon told us of the latest doing of WSFA,

which seems to be in uproar at the moment. I told him he'd missed a banner opportunity to talk to Chris Garcia about his presidency of the N3F, a group that makes BSFA look ideal.

The Bradshaws decided to tour Red Rock, a scenic spot at the western edge of the Vegas Valley. Joyce fussed over them, anxious about whether they had adequate hats, a supply of water and emergency rations. She made it plain that no TAFF Delegates were going to be lost on her watch.

While Bridget and Simon went roving, Joyce and I caught a restorative nap and then went into preparation mode for the evening's festivities.

About 5:00 PM, I received an email from Bill Mills proposing a nifty new idea. He'd set up a website and proposed to put a fancy webcam in the dining room during the party so that fans around the world could observe this glittering assemblage. Though it was last minute, I loved the idea. I wrote a short note and blasted it across the *VFW* mailing list. Once I'd given folks the maximum possibly early warming under the circumstances, I called Bill to congratulate him on the idea.

When he pointed out that the time I set, 10 PM PDT, would be late for the Eastern US time zone, I dispatched posts to Trufen and IntheBar with a much earlier starting time.

As I laid out the table mats for a late afternoon meal – Bridget does best with four meals a day – I learned a fact not mentioned in the little guide she sent to prospective hosts before her visit: she doesn't like pictures of cows. I hastily swapped my mat with a drawing of a cat on it for the one with the friendly-looking cow and all was serene again.

Dave Purdy, planning to visit the Launch Pad for the first time, called for some fine-tuning of the directions we'd given him the previous evening at the SNAFFood Dinner. A salesman, he's obviously in the habit of prompt arrival. I imagine he'll learn our more indolent ways if he sticks around.

I began to receive a trickle of notes from fans wishing our experiment well, John Purcell, Mike Korn and Greg Benford were the first to react.

The author of a knock at the door turned out to be Linda Bushyager. Linda alerted us to the fact that a big bag of food had been left at our door. We deduced from its contents that the donor was Su Williams and guessed correctly that she'd return later. With Linda were Hope Leibowitz and Charles Levy. Hope seems very happy these days and, after meeting Charles for the first time, he is probably a good portion of the cause. I really didn't know him prior to the party and he was a delightful conversationalist.

Ed Meskys, there with his wife Sandy, demonstrated a portable optical recognition system that will make it much easier for blind people to read magazines and books. It incorporates a camera to capture the image of the page and OCR equipment to read it. Naturally, the device enthralled Teresa Cochran. The current \$3,400 price tag is daunting, but she predicted that it would drop radically once the manufacturer began to exploit what looks like a sizable market among sighted people.

Bill and Roxanne Mills brought the Veggrants' foremost animal member, Candy Madison, with them. Several of the members immediately renewed acquaintances with the amiable ferret while Bill went to set up the webcam and Roc enjoyed seeing her friends after a 10-day post-surgical retreat. (It appears to have worked very well. The pretty face is intact and she is breathing better, hurts less and has gained a sense of smell.

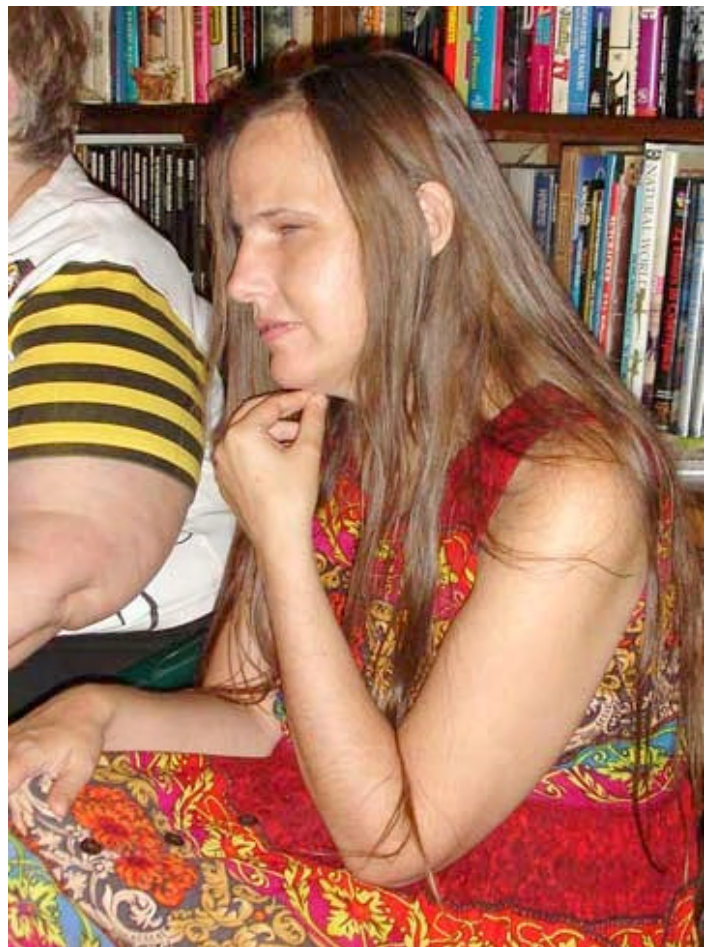
While sitting in my office with a motley assortment of Veggrants, I got a pleasant surprise – a phone call from my old friend (and former roommate) Andy Porter. We discussed the rich brown memorial issue and Andy's recent acquisition of a scanner. He has started sending me some vintage fan photos that I hope to start publishing in *VFW* in an issue or two.

Andy asked who was at the party. I rattled off a few familiar names and added that "Ross Chamberlain is sitting to my immediate right. See? Nothing has changed." Ross and I have about four decades of fan meetings and parties

during which we mostly sat in that configuration. Creatures of Habit? Nahhhhh.

It's damn good to see Andy getting more active in Core Fandom and I look forward to seeing him in the fanzines and, maybe, at Corflu.

Nothing against James and Kathryn Daugherty, who are very pleasant and generous fans, always welcome here, but a lot of their talk about the '08 Westercon in Las Vegas triggers head shaking at times. It sometimes seems as if there are two conventions – and the one for the con committee, the pros and their cronies has a much higher priority than the one the rest of us will pay to attend. It's just a different way of looking at things and I've had to accept that it's probably the dominant view outside Core Fandom. For me, the fans are the only reason to hold a convention, so they ought to get the first and best of everything.



Teresa Cochran had her first opportunity to meet Fandom's most famous blind fan, Ed Meskys during the weekend's three events.

That notwithstanding, I was happy to see James and Kathryn and said as much to her when we encountered each other in the kitchen. I told her I'd half-expected her to be on her way to Los Angeles. She explained that she wouldn't head to LA-Con IV until Monday.

"I thought we might not see you at the party. I thought maybe you'd go today," I said.

"No," she said. "If I went Saturday, I'd have to help unload the trucks."

The webcam experiment didn't go through. It turned out that Joyce's computer needed a few small additional programs to make it work. Bill felt very bad about it, so I tried to reassure him that everyone knows that first-time glitches are an integral part of anything to do with computers.

I also reminded him that he had established a chat room on the site. "Maybe some fans will make use of it," I suggested. Several did, including John Purcell and Jean Marie Stine. Hope Leibowitz and Joyce were among several fans that took turns at the keyboard.



Earl Kemp was one of the weekend's most popular visits, as was his son Terry. Earl's shown with David Dal Valle.

TAFF came up for discussion and several fans wondered who might run against Vegas Fandom's (adopted) Favorite Son, Chris Garcia. There was talk that Art Widner might want to stand for TAFF, but later conversation with Art disclosed that he is leaning to running in 2009.

David Purdy did show up and, again, evinced great interest in all this mysterious Fandom stuff swirling around him. I noticed that he seemed to have a few odd bits of knowledge and, it developed, he knew Ayesha Ashley from a discussion group they'd both previously attended.

I made the mistake of showing him *The Fan-nish Worry Book* to let him see a few Rotsler illustrations. He began to go through it, asking very precise questions about the arcane references that abound on every page. I admire his curiosity, but it seemed unfair to plague him with something so esoteric. I also detected the symptoms of Knowledge Overkill and throttled back on the Helpful Explanations. It's best to learn about Fandom's nuances a little at a time.

Bill Mills recouped his setback and then some with a triumph on another front. He premiered a one-song music CD that he has done at the request of Don Simpson. One of Don's filk songs, *Ship of Iron*, is nominated for a Pegasus Award and Don wanted to be able to give the Awards Committee a recorded rendition.

I swept the CDs off the player and we heard a really slick, professional version of the song that should thrill Don Simpson. Bill's voice and musicianship are excellent and he excels as a producer.

Roxanne Mills seemed surprisingly robust for someone who'd had recent surgery, but she gave out all at once. Gaining a sense of smell is a two-edged sword; everything is overpowering to her at this stage. Then she felt the need to sneeze, which would have been ruinous to her reconstructed septum and sinuses. I felt terrible for her as I watched her try to stifle that sneeze. The Mills made a hurried exit instead of staying to the final group as usual. They live so close; Joyce and I have gotten very used to their frequent visits. It was good to spend some time with them after such an interval.

Teresa and James *did* stay to the end, as did David Purdy. (Simon and Bridget succumbed a couple of hours earlier after what was another long

and active day for them.) We finally sent them home about 3:30 and went off to our beds.

The out-of-towners and Las Vegas Fandom's New Generation really seemed to enjoy each other. The legend of Abi Frost has lingered in Glitter City -- I believe parents scare their children with her -- because few of the current Vegas fans were around for Martin Tudor or other fine fans who've come to Vegas. Bridget and Simon Bradshaw have done much to dispel that legend. They were great and will be eagerly welcomed whenever they choose to return.

Although I got up early to work on the wrestling site, I went back to bed and stayed there until close to noon. I felt pretty good by then, but Joyce was still worn out. Even so, we'd determined to make this month's VSFA Sunday Social. Joyce's health had kept us from attending the last few, but the small turn-out and lack of a speaker, panel or other program item has made the Socials a lot less appealing than when Woody Bernardi started them in April 2005. (Yeah, I gave him a conceptual push, but he ran with it and presented about three very successful Socials.)

Joyce and I thought we were arriving early at the Blue Ox, but a number of fans were even earlier. We shoved the tables in the private room into a rectangle with fans sitting along the outer edge. I sat in one corner, with Joyce on my left and James Taylor and Teresa Cochran, in that order, on my right.

I'm sorry to report that neither Bridget nor Simon said a single word during the two-hour luncheon. Since they were flying in a helicopter over the Grand Canyon at the time, I think we can all forgive their silence. Other out-of-towners, principally Art Widner, Joyce Scrivner and Ed & Sandy Meskys swelled the ranks of attendees and, with the addition of some Vegants, the Social was the largest so far this year.

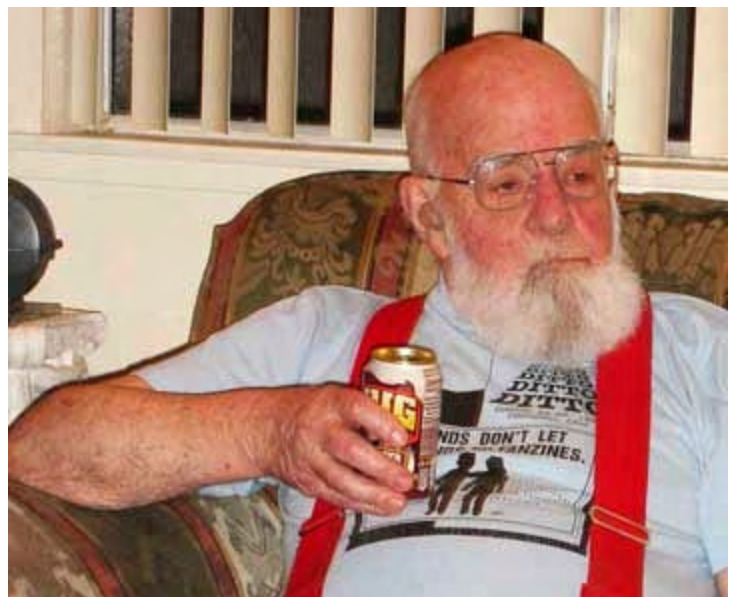
It would be nice if VSFA built on this meeting by adding some elements to the Socials they current present. The idea of a monthly luncheon is good, but I think the ac-



Luba Anderson and David Purdy get acquainted during the Vegants Open Party..

tual events would benefit from some sort of programming, maybe a speaker or a panel.

Ed Meskys was at the closest corner, so we had plenty of opportunity to bore everyone else within earshot with our reminiscences. It was good to see Ed and to meet Sandy for the first time. She was feeling poorly and had made a great effort to go to the Social when she'd probably rather have lingered in the hotel.



Aty Widner remains one of the most popular fans ever to visit Las Vegas Fandom.

The Participants

Fans really came out for the Pre-Con Weekend. Here's a list of who came to what:

SNAFFood (16): Bridget & Simon Bradshaw, James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Linda & Ron Bushyager, Rebecca Hardin, David Purdy, Art Widner, Ed & Sandy Meskys, Ron & Raven Pehr, Chaz, Joyce & Arnie Katz.

Las Vegrants (35): Simon & Bridget Bradshaw; Alan & DeDee White; Bill & Roxanne Mills; Ray & Marct Waldie; Ron & Linda Bushyager; James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Luba Anderson, Ross Chamberlain; David Gordon; David Dal Valle; Derek Stazenski; Ayesha Ashley (and date Phillip); Lori Forbes; Su Williams; Michael Bernstein; James & Kathryn Daugherty; Rebecca Hardin; David Purdy; Ed & Sandy Meskys; Earl Kemp; Terry Kemp; Hope Leibowitz; Charles Levy; Art Widner; Joyce & Arnie Katz.,

VSFA Luncheon (14): Carol Kern; James Willey; Rebecca Hardin; Bettye Hardin; Art Widner; Joyce Scrivner; Ed & Sandy Meskys; Teresa Cochran; James Taylor; Darren & Teresa Purrier; Arnie & Joyce Katz..

Seeing Ed after so long brought back many memories of him from the days when we were both New York fans. Having recently told the story of Ed driving me home across the Brooklyn Bridge in the rain on New Year's Eve, I opted for the first time I'd met him.

I was at a meeting of the Eastern Science Fiction Association (ESFA), humbly seated in an inconspicuous corner of the downtown Newark, NJ, YMHA, while the suited rulers of the northern

New Jersey club got ready for another monthly meeting. Belle Dietz, a veritable dragon of New York Fandom who had made many a life miserable in her time, was at the podium, just getting into the meeting, when Ed Mesky came through the doorway.

"Belle, you've gotten blonder since I last saw you," said Ed. It is not true that his blindness dates from that moment, at least so far as can be detected by ordinary scientific means.

"That guy is crazy," I said to myself, because even as a teenager I recognized Belle Dietz as a fifth-level monster in a second-level world. "I've got to get to know him." And as time went by, I did..

Something should be said about Linda Bushyager's huge contribution to the success of the Pre-Con Weekend in Vegas. Through her organizational efforts and lavish dispersal of hotel comps, every fan who stopped in Vegas on the way to LACon IV had a free place to stay. I believe Linda has now tapped into the spirit that earned a reputation for Vegas Hospitality.

We returned home to find two voice mail messages from Simon and Bridget. The first indicated that they'd gotten back at 2:45, much



The Whites' cat Pie observes Earl Kemp/

earlier than we'd expected. With a thud of realization, I recalled my decision not to give them a key, because we'd certainly get home well before they did.

The second, timed at six minutes before I checked, didn't say much, but I caught the note of longing for us to let them come home to a place that was neither rolling nor hovering. The message promised a callback and I waited with mounting regret for it as I imagined our two Brits wandering like the Israelites in a desert with no Sinai.

And I thought about the inevitable questions that would arise over the non-return of the TAFF delegate and spouse.

The sharply worded emails would flood into my queue, temporarily displacing the offers of Viagra, underage girls and million-dollar earning schemes. Rob Hansen (or someone else of fannish stature) would write to ask: "What have you done with our Bradshaws?"

And at Corflu, there would be finger pointing instead of warm greetings. And as we passed from room to room at the Corflu, the fans would whisper, "They lost them! Yup, lost them! They wandered out into the desert and were never seen again."

Just as Joyce was about to outfit a rescue party, though, the phone rang. It wasn't look before they reached the Launch Pad. Before too long, we all sat down for a hearty dinner featuring Joyce's soon-to-be-justly-famous Barbeque-style Short Ribs.

We talked about Fandom and their journeys through the US. Again, my desire not to infringe on the coming TAFF report suppresses their anecdotes.

Joyce and I were running on fumes by early Sunday evening. We talked with our guests for a while, but we ended up calling it a very early night.

I worked for a couple of hours early Monday morning and then had to go back to bed, because I was in some danger of conking out right at the keyboard! When I finally did get up again, at 9 AM or so, Simon was checking his email and Bridget was puttering around the guest room,



David Gordon and Lori Forbes share a companionable moment.

probably steeling herself against another day with those fast-talking Americans.

Simon told hair-raising tales of con-running in England, where making strident, and perhaps somewhat self-serving, objections is apparently a popular sport.

I think a lot of British fans are attracted to the microcosm, because it offers an arena for unfettered expression with a relatively low level of class distinctions and biases. For Americans, it is more likely to be a reaction against the oppressive anonymity of American mainstream society; a search for family.) Of course, American fans complain, too, but sometimes I think we enjoy coming together in the face of adversity more than is strictly good for us.

The Bradshaws planned a sightseeing drive to Los Angeles with an overnight stop, so they needed to get going right after breakfast.

They were model guests and great companions.

And I can't wait to read what they made of all of us chattering Americans. — Arnie Katz

Next Issue

Next issue, *Vegas Fandom Weekly* gets back to what passes for normal. That means news, a selection of articles and, most importantly, Fandom's liveliest letter column. All three components work every so much better if you participate. If you haven't got any news and don't feel up to an article, send me a letter of comment. You'll feel a *lot* better and so will I.

Since a lot of you will be reading this issue fresh from the worldcon, I'd also like to ask those who went to Los Angeles to write me a little something about one or more of your experiences there. I don't want all that official stuff.