

# VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

## Vegas Fan Events

**SNAFFU Dinner Meeting (SNAFFood)**  
Friday (9/8) 7:00 PM

**Cineholics Meeting**  
Friday (9/8) 7:00 PM

*Check out the Calendar  
and preview stories*

vacation. Your friends will read it and, in the following distribution, write comments about what you had to say.

If you need more of an explanation or help getting started, just call or write me.

### **Joyce Has Successful Surgery!**

Joyce had additional surgery on her right ankle on September 1. Dr. Morris, who also did the ankle fusion, removed one of the bolts he employed to hold the ankle bones together. At the same time, he trimmed a bone that had started causing Joyce a

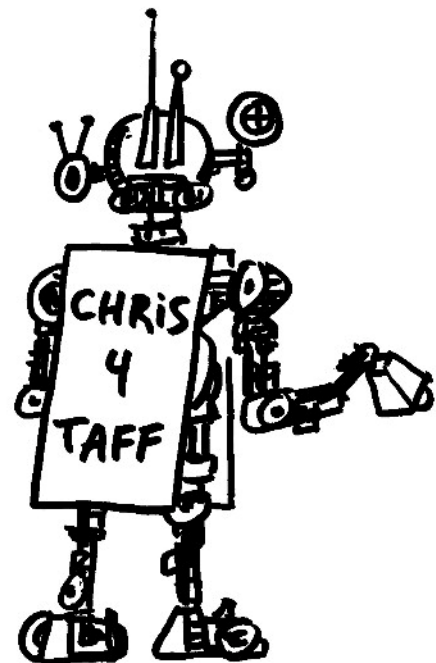
*Continued on page 12*

### **SNAPS Votes for Geographic Expansion**

The decision was unanimous! Seven members of the Southern Nevada Amateur Press Society cast votes in the referendum on whether the electronic amateur press association should expand beyond its original Clark County base of operations. All of them saw it the same way and, as a result, SNAPS will now seek members throughout Fandom, while maintaining its Las Vegas flavor.

As the group's recently elected Official Editor, I will have a comprehensive plan to implement this change in place in time to beginning accepting new members starting with the September Distribution.

Participating in SNAPS is fun, easy and free — not a bad trifecta when you can get it. SNAPS is something like a virtual fan party that consists of written contributions by each of the members. Once a month, the OE (me since last month's election) puts together a file that includes all the individual contributions. You can write about anything you want, from science fiction to your summer



# Inside Story

## Home for Worldcon

I didn't want to go to the worldcon. I had offers to go, chances to go, but I didn't want to take advantage of any of them. I simply don't like large conventions very much these days. The primary reason I go to conventions is to spend time with my friends and my experience is that it's easier to do that at a smaller event.

So now it's worldcon weekend and I'm here in Las Vegas. I don't regret being here, though it is probably a mistake to leave someone fanzine-prone like myself at home and unsupervised at such a time. Because even though I am not at the worldcon and even though I didn't want to go in the first place, my faanish spirit is rising in a way that can only be appeased by doing some fanac.

And though it's true I'll be going to the SNAFFU meeting on Sunday, that doesn't stem the craving. I don't expect to see many of my Vegas fan friends there and, besides, it's a formal science fiction club. I need stronger medicine to curb this longing for crufanac.

Fortunately, if a fannishly quiet weekend is the cause, the cure is right at hand. You're reading it. And though I am somewhat swamped with work at the moment, you can expect to see more such issues back on a more-or-less regular schedule.

The size and regularity of those issues, however, depends more on you kind folks than on me. If I get material, I'll publish. If not, I'll still publish, but it'll take a little longer for me to personally think up all the stuff on all the pages.

— Arnie



**Vegas Fandom Weekly #84, Volume 2 Number 31, September 7, 2006**, is written and produced by Arnie Katz (909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145; Email: [crossfire4@cox.net](mailto:crossfire4@cox.net); phone: 702-648-5677).

**Special Thanks to** Roxanne Gibbs (many things), Bill Burns (posting), David Gordon (Futurists liaison), Alan White (arty fella), Bill Mills (technical advisor) and Joyce Katz (proofreading and So Much More).

**Reporters this issue:** Linda Bushyager, Robert Lichtman, Alan White, Bill Mills and Joyce Katz

**Art/Photo Credits:** Frank Wu (1), Ra Nelson (2), Alan White (14, 16, 18, 21, 23, 24, 26), all else by Bill Rotler.

**Columnists This Issue :** John DeChancie, Earl Kemp

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

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Bob Leman.

Member: fwa

Supporter: AFAL

Believer: United Fans of Vegas

# Save the Crudzine! Katzenjammer

It was at Corflu Blackjack, I believe, that Dwain Kaiser, Ken Forman and I stood together and marveled that we had each survived disastrous first issues to become established fans. I believe I wrote about it at the time in one of those lengthy con reports I wrote during those years.

The publication of epically bad first issues was something the three of us definitely had in common. Lenny Bailes and I contacted fandom in March, 1963 by co-editing *Cursed #1*. We'd never seen a fanzine and it showed. We double-spaced the text and ran it off on one side of the page with the cranky (and hand crank) spirit duplicator my dad found moldering in a store room at the envelop factory he ran for my uncle.

Since the content was little better than the presentation, *Cursed #1* was a legitimate contender for not only worst fanzine of the year, but worst of all time. It might hold those honors today, except that Dwain Kaiser, then of Las Vegas, published *Galaxy Reporter #1*. I don't know how many fanzine he'd seen besides *Cursed*, but he did not appear to profit from observation of our mistakes. He made the same ones, plus a few additional ones that established *Galaxy Reporter #1* as a low-water mark in fanzine publishing history.

Then there's Ken Forman's *Dalmatian Alley #1*. Ken has always been a "learn by doing" rather than a "learn by watching" guy, so *DA* rose in its pristine hideousness, from an untainted pool of pure neofannish ignorance. Ken also violated the rule for fan editors who turn to their friend for material for their fanzine: Have talented friends. (He had one talented friend, JoHn Hardin, who debuted in that issue. JoHn's piece was a misguided, though sporadically funny, attack on fans and fanzines.)

What the three of us survivors of stumbling starts did not know is that changes in Fandom would make it unlikely that anyone would join our select group of the Redeemed. Amazing as it may seem to veteran fans, digital technology has eliminated most of the blatant hallmarks of the pre-computer crudzine to the point that even the

worst fanzines can't measure down to the likes of *Cursed #1*.

Crudzines are a dying breed. And dying with them is both the chance for all of us to feel Vastly Superior to the neofannish perpetrators of first-issue abominations and then feel a heartwarming rush of vindication when those same neofans develop into fine fans (like we always knew they would).

The quality of the first issue often has little to do with the eventually fanliterary worth of its editor. Starting at the bottom is not a crime, however much we may envy Bon Leman and Bill Blackbeard, who started with excellent first issues.

No, the telling moment comes upon the arrival of the *second* issue. In fact, its mere existence is intrinsically a Good Sign. Taking a chance, falling on your face and coming back for more is the mark of trufannish spirit.

It's also the mark of masochism unless the beginning fanzine editor doesn't learn some lessons from the flaws of the first issue. The amount of improvement from the first to the second issues is

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# The Mimeograph

\* Mimeograph. An infernal device, invented by Thomas Edison, allowed for cheap and, in the hands of a Redd Boggs or Ted White, reasonably nice-looking copies. There's some variation in technology among mimeographs, but in the basic process, ink is introduced to the inner side of a drum.



As the drum is rotated, the ink goes through holes in the drum and soaks a cotton pad. The mimeograph stencil is legal length and consists of fibers covered by a coating of wax, attached to a cardboard header and backing sheet.

Typing – see the Internet for a description of this ancient writing method – caused the keys to displace wax, leaving only the fibers. A completed stencil was carefully wound around the outside of the drum, anchored to it by posts that fitted the holes in the cardboard header.

The ink on the pad on the outside of the drum can get through the fibers, but not the wax coating. So as the drum turns and a blank sheet is fed into it, an impression of what has been typed is deposited on the paper. (OH, it's a little more complicated than that and I haven't even mentioned the silk screen mimeo, but this is only a weekly fanzine. Ask *Chunga*.)

often an index of the faned's potential for further improvement.

So though the eradication of crudzines might at first seem on a par with obliterating itchy algae or a noxious strain of bacteria, additional consideration discloses that the extinction of the crudzine may not be wholly a Good Thing.

It may not be a Good Thing at all!

Anyone with an interest in science fiction and a poor self-image can call themselves a fan. Those who actually want to be active in some quadrant of Fandom must master the skills associated with their preferred form of fanac. Well, they have to *try* if they want to participate. Fans all start with an assortment of talents, but those innate abilities must be trained into specific skills. A man may have great coordination, but that coordination must be trained to make that person into a baseball player, juggler or magician.

We gain skills through study, observation and practice. The well-intentioned neofan observes accomplished fans and studies the techniques of fanzine production to learn how it's done. Yet even

after doing that, few are ready to emulate. Reading *Pixel* and *eI* and learning how to use desktop publishing software won't insure that someone can equal, let alone surpass, either of those fanzines.

Alan Iverson – he's a basketball player for the uninitiated -- may not believe it, but it takes practice. One of the great things about electronic fanzine publishing is that it almost always results in greater publishing frequency – and, therefore,





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faster improvement. Look at how fast Chris Garcia has become an accomplished fanzine publisher! He crammed a decade of practice into two years and it shows.

Getting rid of crudzines has an insidious, detrimental effect. A smart person learns from their mistakes. The technology that keeps them from making those mistakes, in some sense, keeps them from learning. At the same time, it makes it harder for the rest of Core Fandom to accurately judge the degree of improvement from the first to the second issue.

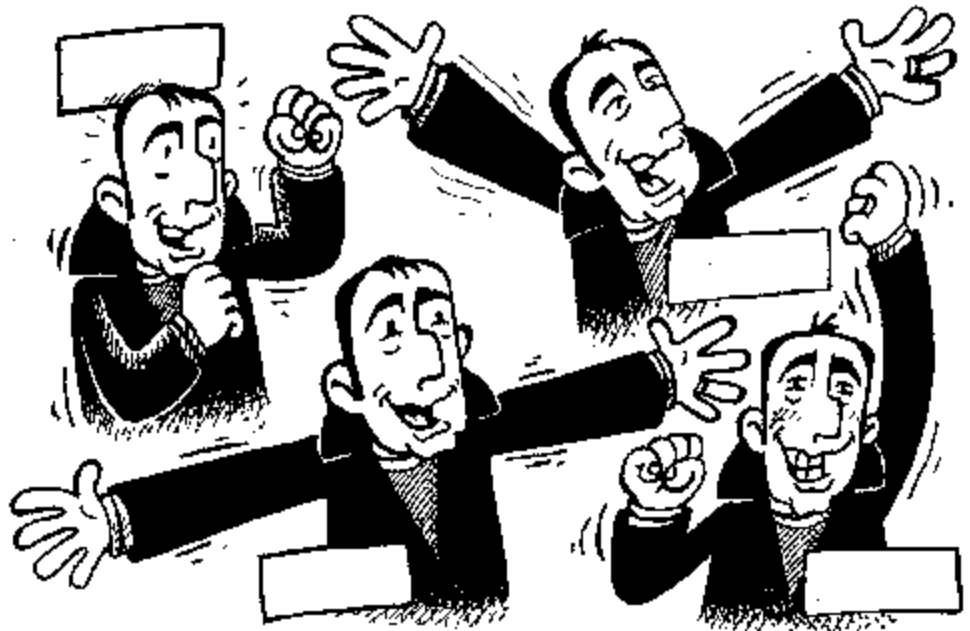
These days, it's damn *hard* to publish an authentic, traditional crudzine. The technology absolves tyro faneds of a range of potential mistakes and makes it difficult to commit many others. Fans who have learned to depend upon these signposts may be reduced to actually *reading* the fanzine to ascertain that it's a genuine, certified crudzine.

The computer is at the root of it all. It begins with basic desktop publishing software. Even the most primitive desktop publishing programs forces the user into a neat and at least somewhat attractive layout. It also eliminates such first-issue classics as typing off the side or bottom of the page and estimated right margin justification. Now every fanzine can have that anal-retentive justified right-hand margin with a couple of keystrokes instead of having to type it twice. (Neofans who lacked the patience for all that preparation sometimes tried to justify by sight, which invariable put more extra spaces in the text toward the end of the column.

Enter the spellchecker, the vorpal blade of orthography. Most word processors have a feature that bids fair to render even the venerable Jack Speer obsolete; the self-correcting speller. This can be turned off, but the neofan still has the actual

spellchecker to excise the typos and misspellings. Though I've researched the stealth typo, the kind that would be impervious to the spellchecker, I still can report only sporadic success.

The elimination of the mimeograph\* as the primary engine of fanzine reproduction also erased many opportunities for first-timers to display their ineptitude. The set-off on the backs of pages from too-hasty printing, the miss-corrected typos that caused ink-dripping holes in the stencil and the ink spots around illos inexpertly cemented into place



on the stencil are gone, never to be seen again. No longer can the suave, experienced fan snigger at such glaring errors. No more can a fan page through a first issue, sniff the air delicately as if trying to avoid a noxious odor and say, "Nice paper."

More and more fanzines aren't even published on paper, nice or otherwise. Electronic fanzines are immune to everything from set-off to show-through. You can't miss-collate an electronic fanzine – or leave it half-assembled in moldering heaps.

There are still quite a few paper-and-ink fanzines, but the copy shop insulates the novice fanzine editor from censure. When something goes wrong, the neofaned has a ready-made scapegoat: the copy shop. If you can read both sides of the

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the fanzine, because they didn't have any direct connection to it in the first place!



page without turning it, it's the copy shop's fault. If the photo on page 8 deposits ink on page 7, it is something entirely out of the first-time fan publisher's control. They can't be criticized for anything that goes wrong in the physical production of

As I have shown, it's virtually impossible to publish a traditional first-issue crudzine in 2006. However, there are still plenty of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century descendants of *Cursed*, *Galaxy Reporter* and *Dalmatian Alley* – you just have to look harder to distinguish them behind their technologically mandated faces.

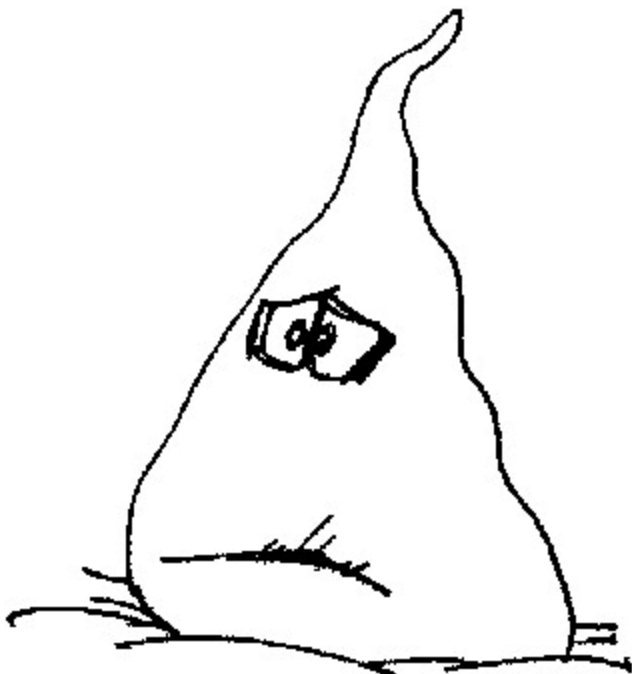
Pseudo-Campbellism remains the hallmark of the wretched first issue. Novices often want to pump up what they are doing, make it seem grander than it really is. The use of grandiose publishing house names, the editorial "we" and pretentious commentary about the future of the fanzine are all hallmarks of the crudzine. Attempts to say that it is anything other than a fanzine, the brainstorm of one mouthy fan who's sending it to a bunch of other fans, are a dead giveaway.

Amateur science fiction and fantasy is another sign of the crudzine. Not only does it speak to a confusion of purpose, but its futility is so manifest that experienced fans automatically steer clear of printing fiction in their fanzines that isn't good enough to sell.

At the other end of the literary spectrum from amateurish attempts at sci fi is the printing of college papers. The tone of such works is almost always lofty, formal and, in a sense, condescending. It just clashes so strongly with the idea of a fanzine as an expression of personal journalism.

And it also plays to a common neofannish mistake: thinking that they are smarter than the fans who'll read their fanzine. This is something that very bright people often do and learning that Fandom is full of brains may take a little time. Pontificating first-issue editorials often precede learning this reality.

What about book reviews and poetry? Most fanzine editors view both with understandable suspicion. A bunch of brief plot synopses or a bunch of erratic would-be haiku is generally bad for a fanzine. A first-time fanzine publisher might write illuminating and entertaining reviews of science fiction or have the poetic muse like XJ Kennedy, in which case such content wouldn't indicate the presence of a crudzine.



Who will save the crudzine? Who will preserve all it represents, including the hope of future improvement? That's hard to

say, but one unlikely group appears to be doing what it can to keep the crudzine tradition alive.

It was a shock to see *ScientiFiction*, the official organ of First Fandom. I assumed, in my fannish innocence, that fans in charge of a club for Fandom's pioneers would be steeped in the theory and practice of Fandom. When I plunked down the membership fee, I anticipated a year's worth of *ScientiFiction*.

I envisioned a showcase of fannish writing and drawing, venerable fans demonstrating to us Jo-phans-come-lately that the fans of yesteryear still have the knack. The legitimate First Fandomites I know – Jack Speer, Art Widner and Bob Tucker -- are consummate fanzine fans, so I was prepared to be impressed, if not dazzled.

When *ScientiFiction* arrived, I was neither impressed nor dazzled. It confirmed my worst fears that First Fandom's willingness to accept '60s fans like meant that the group had hit the skids. When I was a young fan, I remember gazing upon the aging majesty of First Fandom and thinking that they were giants, like the United States' Founding Fathers. I didn't see a one to one correspondence – Forry Ackerman as George Washington is a stretch -- but they'd blazed trails for fan generations to come.

So when I first read #9 and #10, New Series, of *ScientiFiction*, my disappointment was palpable and hung upon my shoulders like an albatross. Then as I reread the issues –they totaled only 10 illo-less yet somehow sparse pages – it occurred to me that I may have missed the point.

Everyone would take for granted that First Fandom would have an exemplary publication, so doing a merely interesting, informative and entertaining fanzine would be no feat for such fans. That they had not done so indicated to me, once I thought about it, that there was a Deeper Plan at work.

I concluded that the SMOFs at the helm of First Fandom had decided, at considerable inconvenience to themselves, to forgo the obvious success of producing a good fanzine and go for something that would keep alive an Endangered Tradition – the crudzine.

tion – the crudzine.

When neofans ask, "What a crudzine?" you can point them toward *ScientiFiction* with the assurance that there, at least, the inquiring fan will find at least one example of that mainstay of Fandom's younger days.

-- Arnie



# EARLetter A Night in Vegas

*I can only imagine the amount of sercon activity in Las Vegas that left Earl so mellow!*

– Bill Burns

Me? Mellow? Well, I guess there's a first for everything.

It wasn't just the serconing, it was the whole experience. I have been developing a progressively increasing problem with driving in big cities on hectic unknown freeways that are not only unmarked with signage but under constant construction with all kinds of impediments in the way of extremely heavy traffic. Which pretty much describes Las Vegas these last few years and well into the future.

That's the main reason I invited my son to do the worst driving parts of this trip. Terry (see his Fantasy Press story THE ANTHEM SERIES PART I in <http://efanzines.com/EK/eI27> for cre-



dentials) and I had a grand time negotiating all the Homeland Security roadblocks along the 100 mile route to Las Vegas from Kingman. Ordinarily it would be a nothing trip without them in the way, and the helicopters overhead and all the unmarked feds en route.

In the old days, I would go to Las Vegas from El Cajon, CA a number of times a year just for fun, but those days are long gone now. In fact, it takes a LOT of money to have fun in Vegas these days. Also there is always the astonishing amount of demolition and reconstruction around the Strip with each new casino replacing the old one (just a few years old) much larger, more elaborate, and more expensive, outside and in and especially in the rooms and food and beverage service. Though it is a good experience just to look at all those new structures every now and then.

These days I make the trip to Vegas, now that I live much closer to it, barely once a year and at that only for fannish reasons.

We were the houseguests of Alan and DeDee White who were remarkable hosts.

Waiting for me at their house was David del Valle, a fantasy film expert, radio commentator, and gay activist who wanted to interview me for posterity. David was remarkably well informed (he must have read eI) about not only fandom, old time sf, sleazebooks, but me as well..

I went into the recording session (in Alan's very well equipped home studio) with him cold, not knowing what to expect or how to handle it. The session lasted just a bit over one hour and covered everything from soup to nuts (you know who you are) and was not only enjoyable, mind probing, but exhausting.

Fortunately it was fueled by an endless stream of exquisite Cuba Libres tended up by Alan, who was busy preparing dinner for us while we tiptoed through time on the microphones. And then dinner was ready. And it was wonderful. If Alan wasn't such a good artist, he could become a chef without any difficulties. So we sat down in the dining room to this really elaborate meal (all carefully



arranged very artistically in a fashion to shame Cordon Blue) and porked out before leaving (just a bit late) for the Katz'.

Whereupon we were overwhelmed by mountains of food of all sorts with a heavy concentration on desserts that we couldn't eat any of, being already overstuffed. But that condition, augmented with sercon efforts, rapidly deteriorated and the munchies took over and the eating of the sweet fingerfoods began.

Submerged in a precon fantasy world of a lot of the best of the whole breed.

Upon entering the door the first person I could see was Art Widner and the second was Joyce Katz. Aside from many of the local Vegants, there was also the venerable Ed Meskies (sp not checked in this message) and a few new Las Vegans only acquired the night before (this was a two-day precon celebration but we only attended the second day) in The Dinner in an Indian Restaurant.

The house was almost overfilled with fans from all over. Walking through it was a problem but as I made my way slowly to the sercon section, saying hello to all and sundry, better known as Hope Leibowitz and Charles Levy from Toronto. Big hugs now and then, mostly appropriate.

The elusive Bridget Bradshaw that I didn't even get to speak to, quietly and unobtrusively fitting into the background taking notes and being invisible. In fact, I didn't even know she was there until it was time for us to leave (around midnight, much, much beyond my normal bedtime). I had asked Joyce earlier if she was there, and Claire Macdonald, and Joyce said no, that they hadn't shown up, so that was another reason I couldn't spot the quiet Bug absorbing all the strangeness.

Moving right along brought me (to my inherent true divine meaning) the sercon room. Here

Arnie was holding court with Ross Chamberlain, James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Bill and Roxanne Mills (alleging that she was Phil K. Dick's daughter) among others. Too many people, too many names, sorry for forgetting to mention you but I do sincerely love you anyway.

The serconing was very much like 1960s, the way I like to remember it best, in terms of quantity and quality. Amid coughing, gagging, and wheezing (remember, Ted?) a pleasantness overtook us all, leaving me at least momentarily stupefied.

Among other things, there was a PC chat ongoing for hours with fans in a location unknown to me, but at least two hours out of sync with both the time and my short term memory condition. I spent a few minutes trying to be coherent on the keyboard without my glasses (the type appeared to be a fuzzy 6 points and I had to guess at half of the words; especially mine, and I couldn't spell right either, like now, so I gave up trying in short order), cutting off my brilliant discourse with John Purcell, Don Anderson, and I don't know who else (this is because all of them were using secret usernames and who wants to write to tumbleweed and snaggletooth?).

Hope had put me up to doing it, so she could escape from the keyboard and get back to the fingerfoods.

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It was a wonderful day/night/trip; I wouldn't have wanted to miss it for anything.

Las Vegas is making a bid for the Westercon at Worldcon. I hope they get it so I can have a good excuse to force myself to go back there again just to be with all those great old farts of a fabled past.

Wish you were there....

– Earl Kemp

### **A note about Westercon.**

Earl can be forgiven for a small mistake, probably made as a result of the chaos that passes for a Vegants party or meeting. (They're the same thing.)

James and Kathryn Daugherty, aided by a group of California fans, captured the Westercon '06 in a vote that pitted their bid against one from Phoenix, AZ.

# High Risk

## Remembering Bob Leman

I talked to Bob Leman on the phone a few weeks ago; he was at home in Bethel Park, Pennsylvania; I live in Los Angeles, but hail from that neck of Penn's Woods. We said good-bye for the last time. He told me he was dying, but his voice was never calmer or more matter of fact. He ran down a list of things he wanted me to take care of, checking off items any obituary should include, and when I finally broke and said, God, Bob, I don't want this to happen, he comforted me. He comforted *me*, told me not to get too upset, as this was the way of things. He was about to enter a hospice for the final days of his life, a life slowly ebbing as his heart and lungs congested and failed.

Bob was a brilliant dark fantasy writer, though one of miniscule output and a career all but obscure. Only in the last few years, with the long-awaited publication of his collected stories, did his name and reputation begin to circulate generally among SF/fantasy readers. Before that, he was known only to his friends and a coterie of Leman enthusiasts, plus those few SF fans, pros, and pundits who keep tabs on the short fiction field. Otherwise, he was one *rara avis*, a little-known writer in the insular field of short dark fantasy.

I read "Window" in one of Terry Carr's Best SF of the Year anthologies back in the early 1980s, and was struck how Leman had taken a venerable theme and infused it not only with new wonder, but new horror. Its tone uncompromisingly dark, it was one of the most powerfully chilling science fantasy stories I had ever read. I was astounded to learn, in the magazine's blurb, that he lived not a few miles from me. I immediately phoned him, and he invited me to his house. There began an association and friendship that lasted years.

We got together almost on a weekly basis, usually at his place. We would sit in his living room and our talk would range the universe. We'd always get around back to Sf/fantasy, of course. Bob was the best-read man I've ever met. He had read everything, from the loftiest literary novels to the oldest pulps, from Faulkner (on whose work he

was an expert) and Joyce to Lovecraft and Clark Ashton Smith. He read best sellers, he read middlebrow writers, he read obscure authors. He read Tolkien in first edition, back in the nineteen-fifties. He even read authors who did not exist—he created "Dorcas Bagby" (veteran fans will get the reference). He read every John DeChancie book and story in manuscript. Bob was for years my first reader and critic.

My experience in fandom did not extend back far enough to remember his "fanac," but I read every back copy of his fanzine *The Vinegar Worm* and even *The American Journal of Oculenteratology*, or whatever the hell Bob called it. Gradually, I learned that although he had gafiated long ago, his reputation as an outstanding fanwriter still lingers in the fan universe like microwave background radiation, traces of a burst of brilliance in the remote past.

### Professional Writing

Collection: Feesters in the Lake & Other Stories (Midnight House, 2002.)

Stories by Bob Leman:

- Bait (1967)
- Industrial Complex (1977)
- Loob (1979)
- Change of Address (1979)
- Window (1980)
- Feesters in the Lake (1980)
- Skirmish on Bastable Street (1981)
- The Tehama (1981)
- Unlawful Possession (1983)
- The Pilgrimage of Clifford M. (1984)
- Instructions (1984)
- Olida (1987)
- Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming (1987)
- The Time of the Worm (1988)
- How Dobbstown was Saved (2002)

# Bob Leman

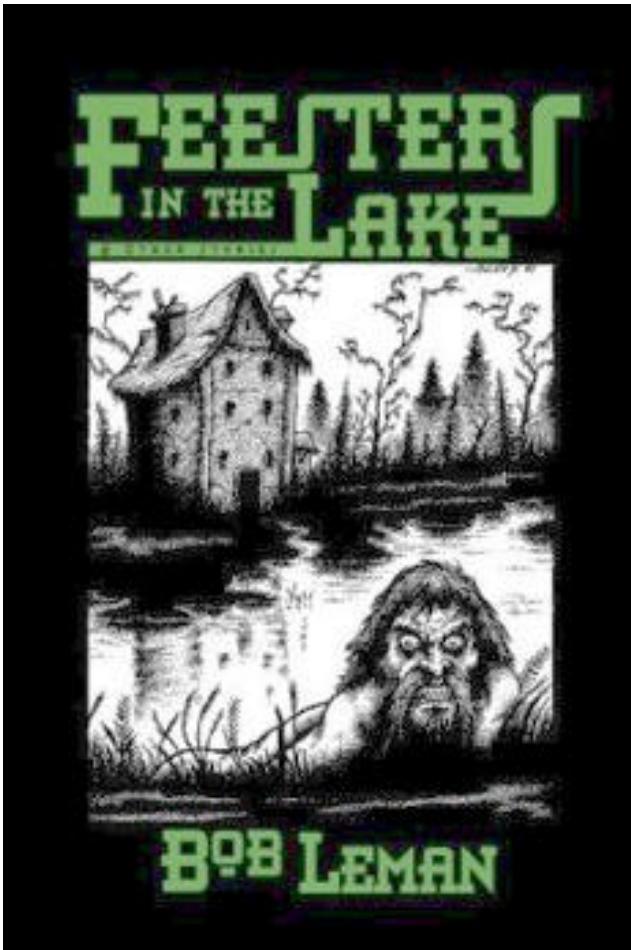
## (1922-2006)

Robert J. Leman, known to friends, readers, and fans as Bob Leman, died on August 8, 2006. At home among family and friends who had set up a "home hospice," Leman had suffered a long progressive illness with courage and dignity.

Bob Leman was born in Illinois in 1922. He attended public schools and the University of Illinois, but his undergraduate years were interrupted by service in the US Army as a field artillery officer in World War II; he served in the European theater, and fought in many operations, including the Battle of the Bulge. After the war he went back to school on the GI Bill, and graduated in 1947 with a B.A. in Political Science. In the same year, he went to work for Standard Oil (later Exxon), and was married. He raised two daughters, Nancy and Fran, and stayed married to the same woman, Margaret "Peg" Leman née Longacre, for the rest of his life. He worked in the oil business until his retirement in 1987. Most of his output appeared in *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. "Window" was a Nebula Award finalist. The collected stories appeared in a limited edition from Midnight House in 2002, under the title *Feesters in the Lake and Other Stories*. Beginning with appearances in letter columns in the old pulps, Leman was active in SF fandom well into the 1960s, publishing a classic fanzine called *The Vinegar Worm*. He was a member of First Fandom.

Leman is survived by his wife, two daughters, and four grandchildren.

— John DeChancie



It is time to say good-bye to Bob Leman. If there is an afterlife, and if there is one tailored for me, one corner of it looks something like the quiet suburb of Bethel Park, big oaks against blue sky, and there is Bob in his favorite chair in his living room, athwart the sunporch open to spring air, pile of books on the table between us, and when I come in and sit, we begin to talk as always.

— John DeChancie

### **Farewell to a Fine Fan.**

Bob Leman's run as an actifan didn't overlap my time in Fandom much, so we had only the minimal direct contact. I knew him only through his fanzines and mourn the loss of even the remote possibility that there might yet be more of them.

Bob Leman was a fine humorist and essayist who pioneered the personalzine with titles like *The Vinegar Worm*. Many fans consider *The Vinegar Worm #1* as the best first issue of all time. — Arnie



Continued from p 1

considerable amount of pain. The surgery took less than an hour, though it did require full anesthetic. Bill Mills took us to the Southwest Medical Center for the procedure and then ferried us home once Joyce emerged from post-op.

Although Joyce won't see Dr. Morris again for another week, the results appear very good so far. She is medicated, but the pain level is receding.

### Ren eBooks Gives Fans a Free Copy Of 'Murder at the Worldcon'!

Jean Marie Stine and Bill Mills of Renaissance eBooks have a special treat for fans. The publisher will give fans a free download copy of *Murder at the Worldcon* by JD Crayne — whom fans may know better as Dian.

Explains Bill Mills:

"Renaissance eBooks Inc. would like to offer all Las Vegrants, (and friends of Las Vegrants), this complimentary FREE eBook; J.D. Crayne's "MURDER AT THE WORLDCON". It's a fun and fascinating read set in a 60s worldcon that uses many fan and pro notables of that era as the basis for it's characters. Can you guess who?

"Just go to <http://renebooks.com>, register with the store (it takes about 1 minute!), type CRAYNE into the 'Search' field (you'll find "Murder at the Worldcon" there), add it to your cart THEN at checkout type in, or cut and paste in, the Coupon Code: redrum. Complete the order to immediately receive your FREE eBook from REB Inc., Jean



Marie Stine and Bill Mills.

(Please do not share or repost this code or offer.)”

### SNAFFood Eyes Buffet for September!

Linda Bushyager, coordinator of the monthly SAFFU Dinner Meetings, reports that the September SNAFFood meeting will take place at the Gold Coast Buffet.

Here's what Linda had to say:

“Sept. 8 (Friday)'s Dinner with Snaffu will be at the Gold Coast buffet. Cost is \$11.95 plus tax and 18% tip. Time is 7pm. Please RSVP if possible - if not, just show up outside the buffet at 7pm.

“The buffet has many choices including prime rib, bbq ribs, peel and eat shrimp, Chinese, Mexican, Italian, carved turkey, chicken, fried shrimp, and much more. Also salad bar and great deserts. Non-alcoholic beverages are included.”

### VSFA, Vegrants to Host Holiday Parties Again

The United Fans of Vegas believes in not fixing anything that isn't broken. Accordingly, CSFA will again host the Las Vegas Fandom Halloween Party and the Vegrants will once more sponsor the New Year's Eve celebration. Those two events, thrown by the same groups, were among last year's top fan gathering in Las Vegas.

Mindy Hutchings, Carol Kern and James Willey will be in charge of Halloween festivities. The party is scheduled for Saturday, October 28. We'll have more details as the Triumverate if Terror reveals its sinister plans for the night.

“Vegas Fandom is gonna party like its 2007!” said Joyce Katz, “and if we do it right, it will be by the end of the party.”

Sentiment heavily favors a repeat of last year's Vegas Fandom Christmas party, but there is no confirmation yet.

### Cineholics Meet Regularly for Film Nights!

Alan and DeDee White are the hosts of what has developed into a lively, nearly weekly informal, invitational club for fannish film fans. The Cineholics meet almost every week at the White House to watch a movie, gorge on symptuous food and talk about the fans who aren't there. Oh, yes, there's some chatter about movies, too.

One of the biggest reasons for the success of Cineholics is Alan's great pre-meeting preparation.



Each week, members receive an email stuffed with info about the movie and links to acquire more.



Science fiction pictures with an action bent and strong special effects are the largest category of movies shown at Cineholics, but the varied fare has include *Brokeback Mountain*, *The Whole Wide World*, a double bill of documentaries about Frazetta and Escher and a rather scathing bio of the guy who founded the Count Dracula Society.

Seating is luxurious, but limited. Contact the White about joining the circle.

### Heard Around Vegas Fandom...

David Gordon leaves for Europe on September 4 on a journey that will take him climbing up the Mattahorn. The Vegrants are pulling hard for the safe return of our most intrepid member...

Ray Waldie took a bad fall on Friday (9/1). Here's hoping for a speedy recovery for one of the most popular Vegrants...

Bill Kunkel called with the sad news that a hit-and-run driver has claimed the life of Ric Carter, who co-hosted a wrestling radio show with Bill on KLA V in the 1990's. A number of Vegas fans knew Ric as an unfailingly nice guy, always ready to help... .

### ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column

*It's time to get back to this fanzine's most popular feature, so let's get to them.*

*This may be the longest letter column in VFW history, so it's only fitting that the Sage of Fandom steps up first to the podium. This time, he's got Wesson-ality...*

### Robert Lichtman

The first thing I noticed in VFW No. 81 was

your reporting that Helen Wesson was "now nearly 100 years of age." I'm not able to come up with an exact date of birth, but she joined the American Amateur Press Association in 1938. Here's an interesting story about that event from comments made in a speech by one John Vaglianti at the 1998 AAPA convention:

"Very early in 1938, a mere 17 months after George Henry Kay and his ragged band of rebels founded the American Amateur Press Association, George, then serving as Secretary, received an in-



Helen Wesson, circa 1938,

conspicuous piece of mail postmarked from an odd sounding place in New Jersey. The postmaster in the community of Little Falls, Minnesota, was used to seeing Kay receive and send more than the usual volume of mail for their average citizen, and certainly more than the previous local Linotype operator. In his position as Secretary, George received mail from all parts of the country, and even overseas. He had no trouble separating this envelope from the normal junk mail, as it had first class

## Alan White's Worldcon Pictorial

On the next and following pages you'll find a series of photographs taken by Alan White at the LA-Con IV. Captions are provided by me, ever-helpful.

postage of 3¢. Junk mail in those days wasn't all bad—there might be something from the Kelsey Company in Meriden, Connecticut, Turnbaugh Service in Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, or even Johnson and Smith in Racine, Wisconsin.

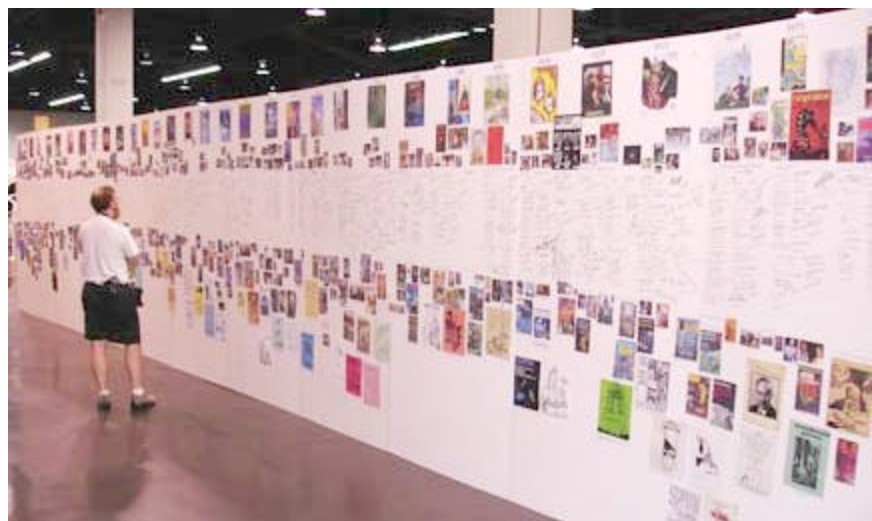
“Upon opening the envelope, George found an application for membership, a credential and the usual 50¢ dues. He rarely recognized the name of new applicants for membership unless they were members of another association. The name on this application was quite uncommon—certainly nothing like Smith or Jones. He did, of course, recognize the name of Sid Cohen as the person suggesting this applicant for membership. Sid was from Brooklyn, New York, and then serving as Second Vice President. Along with the application was a question: ‘Do you allow girls to join?’

“Most of you know I am talking about Helen A. Vivarttas, then of Weehawken, New Jersey. Secretary Kay obviously immediately recognized a true jewel and published the credential, a short story titled ‘O'Malley's Kid,’ in his February 1938 issue of *American Journal*. The story won the Fiction Laureate Award for 1938, and so was launched the 60-year, and still counting, career of Helen Vivarttas Wesson in organized amateur journalism.”

I believe I knew at one time that Helen was born in or around 1922, which would put her in her 83rd or 84th year at this point. That's a little younger than FAPA's sole remaining charter member, Jack Speer, but not much. (It should be mentioned that Helen's FAPA membership dates back to 1946.) I've been in touch with both of her (grown) children (Sheldon Jr. and Pamela), who live at some considerable remove from Florida, and with Leland Hawes, current president of the AAPA who lives in the same area as Helen. He's paid visits to Helen and has had talks with the staff at the care facility. In an e-mail on July 18th in response to my having heard from the Wesson kids that Helen was working on an issue of *Pen-dragon* for FAPA and they'd been taken with her when she went to

hospital, he wrote: “Pamela had visited her mother about three weeks before Helen had the stroke. It was then that she saw the issues of *Pen-dragon* being prepared. They were taken with her after she was hospitalized, but I'm certain she was unable to do anything further with them. From the nurse's comments Sunday, I think Helen has rallied somewhat—but not enough to be able to communicate intelligibly. The fact that she is ‘eating well’ is an improvement over her situation when I saw her in the hospital almost a month ago. I'll keep you informed whenever I learn more.”

And I'll pass along anything I learn. Meanwhile, I'm attaching a scan of Helen taken at the 1939 AAPA convention. It's clear from what she looks like in that photograph that she was definitely not in her thirties, which she would have been if she really was nearly a hundred years old. She looks like sixteen or seventeen, tops, and at that time was still Helen Vivarttas (as noted above). (Another name familiar to at least some *VFW* readers who appears in the same photo is Edgar A. Martin, later sort of immortalized by Harry Warner Jr. in his *FAPA*zine by years and years of “The Worst of Martin.”) This photo was extracted from a group shot of the attendees of that convention which appears in *History of Amateur Journalism* by Truman Spencer, published in 1957 by The Fossils. (That's the same year that Helen and her late husband Sheldon edited a special issue of *The Fossil* all about H. P. Lovecraft, who had



The Wall of Fandom, one of LACon's most praised exhibits, is a pictorial journey through fan history, *VFW* can't confirm the rumor that, at the end of the final day, several Core Fandomites were posed against the Wall of Fandom and shot.

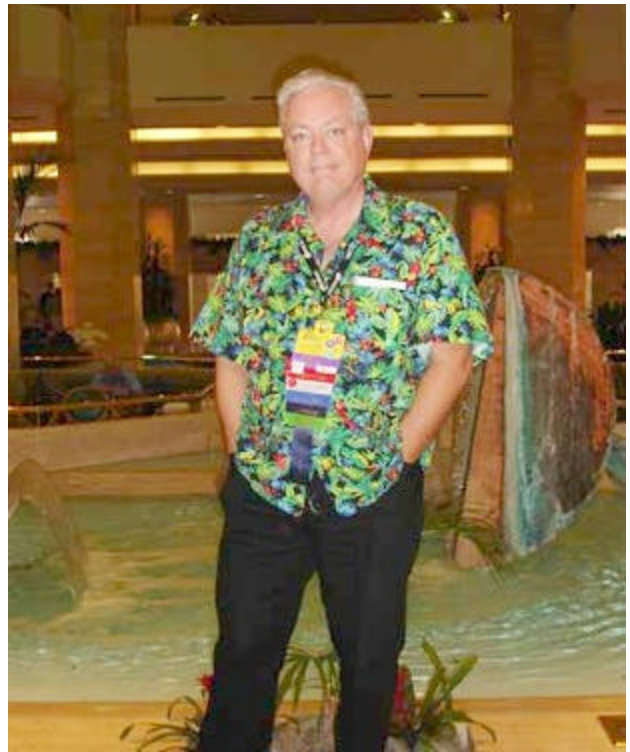


been a notable and noteworthy amateur journalist himself.) Oh, and I offered to take over completion and distribution of that issue of *Pendragon* if the copies at Helen's bedside can be rescued and sent my way. I'm hopeful that she will pull out of this setback the same way she did some years back, but it doesn't look promising.

I liked it that you made note in "He Taught Me Good" that it was rich brown who took you in hand back in 1965 and showed you the ropes of editing a newszine. Looking back at old issues of *Focal Point* from the period when you and he were coediting it and then looking beyond that to the ones you did yourself, they're all pretty seamless. In fact, the first issue you did on your own (No. 27) reads just like its predecessors and it isn't until you get to the second page and encounter the news item about rich's withdrawal—for the familiar reasons of other pressing obligations, primarily non-fannish—that you the reader are aware that anything has changed at all (unless like me you're an inveterate colophon reader).

"Fan Life After Sixty" is something you're just coming to, but I've been living with it for nearly four years now. It's not so bad once you get used to the new digit leading off your age. You've got down pat the way it used to be with most people entering fandom in their teens or early twenties—and how it's come to pass that some of us have stuck around for so long that we are now older than the oldpharts of our fannish youth. Think about it: Harry Warner Jr. was only 38 when I got into fandom. Walt Willis was 39.

One thing, though: You write that "It is easy to forget, especially 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." In fact, from our vantage point this many years later, it's actually easy to parse that since we know we were much more opinionated and took things much more personally when we were young than we do now. As you write later, "Fandom may have lost some youthful exuberance, but Core Fandom has a calmer and more reasonable atmosphere than it once did." Indeed, if life in fandom was still like it was depicted in the pages of SaM's book I don't think I would have stuck around this long. I



Shown here is the photographer himself, Alan White, though it is still unclear how he took this picture.

would have sought calmer waters in which to swim.

In your list of "Elder Ghods" you include "Bob Tucker and maybe Ted White," but I would offer Art Widner as another fan who's stayed the course (despite a long period of absence due to family and career) and has done amazing things in his fannish lifetime. Other candidates in my (fairly wide) view would include Ron Bennett, Elinor Busby, Lee Hoffman, Ben Indick, Earl Kemp, Dick Lupoff, Len Moffatt, Ray Nelson, Peggy Rae Sapienza, A. Langley Searles, Bob Silverberg and Shelby Vick. And then there are others I'm in touch with periodically but who aren't currently active fans: John Baxter, Gregg Calkins, George Locke and Frank Robinson.

Ted White's long report on the Toronto Corflu was well worth the wait. Now, more than after reading any other accounts I feel as though I've been there, in the virtual sense, through Ted's eyes. I particularly miss not being there in person to dine at the Hungarian Thai restaurant, since ethnically I'm half-Hungarian and would like to have had an opportunity to sample that half of the menu. A review I found on the Web of their cabbage rolls makes them sound tantalizing:

“Trimmed with sauerkraut and small dollops of sour cream, deftly laced with paprika and then steeped in good chicken stock, the tasty packages of rice, onion and finely shredded chicken are a warm, peppery, nostalgic delight.”

I’m still awaiting the *Toronto the Ghood* CD and the program/memory book, which Ted says “may include the oneshot being created on a laptop.” Ted writes that he never contributes to convention oneshots, and I’m the same way although I don’t know if I can say “never” because in the back of my mind I believe I may have tapped out a few words here and there over the years. But my longest contribution to a oneshot in recent years was at last October’s SAPS party at Wrai and Carol Ballard’s house in Seattle, where I hammered out nearly a page of the quarterly oneshot that’s been a staple of those SAPS parties for the past twenty years.

Like Ted, the fanzines of David Bridges are favorites of mine as well. I love not only their autobiographical nature but the unusual format of some of them. Back in the ’80s Dave sent me a huge batch of them and then put me on his mailing list for such later effusions as the 200-plus page volume combining *One-Off* No. 10, *A Cool Head* No. 4 and *Outside Now* No. 21, a monster zine known at the time as *The Sheffield Phone Book* among British fans. I also have the zines he put out after marrying Linda Blanchard and moving to America. The last of those was in 1991, but I harbor the hope that someday—when his and Linda’s kids are grown and he has more time—that he’ll start publishing again, or at least contributing to fanzines. (I think his account of a Texas Rangers game in a 1991 *Trap Door* may be the last article he wrote that he didn’t publish himself.)

Of Steve Stiles’s tee-shirt for this Corflu

Ted writes, “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.” I’ve just spent a lot of time looking at the one I have, and the only possibility I can find is a wide extra space between the two exclamation points in the right-hand speech balloon. Is that it, Ted? If not, I know I’m going to be kicking myself for missing it.

There was a certain poignancy to the ending of Ted’s report in his pick-up ride being from rich brown.

Like Dick Lupoff I remember when Worldcon membership ascended all the way from one dollar to two. That happened during my first year in fandom when the committee for the 1959 Worldcon announced its membership fees (first noted by me in *Fanac* No. 25), but as I recall there was a big stink going on about the doings of the WSFS Inc. and most of the complaint energy went in that direction. I’ve got a fully paid attending membership in this year’s Worldcon, but as of this writing have no plans to go. I would definitely drive down rather than fly—it wouldn’t take all that much longer when you factor in the terminal delays at both ends, it’s only one tank of gas in each direction in my car, and I would get to keep my shoes on—and I would stay in one of the cheap motels in the vicinity of the convention hotel and eat at whatever inexpensive ethnic restaurants were in the vicinity. But still it would probably end up costing at least \$500, probably more, and that’s



The Wall of Robots was also a visual highlight of the convention. I’ve always admired the hellaciously impractical design of the silver flat-top automaton in the back row.



money I'd rather spend on something else.

It was fun to read both Dick's and Chris Garcia's versions of their meeting at Baycon. (Now there's a convention I've never gone to, even though it's just over an hour's drive away. I think my failure to attend has to do with what Wolinsky quotes Bill Rotsler saying about all conventions being divided into two groups.)

And speaking further of conventions, congratulations to Luba Anderson on being named artist guest of honor at the 2008 Westercon!

Chris Garcia writes in favor of expanding SNAPS to be a fandom-wide apa but raises the possibility that if a membership limit is imposed "that could lead to non-Vegas folk having spots when there may be new Vegas types wishing to be a part of it all." As you point out, this proposed expansion is still an undecided question—that Vegas fans have not yet had their say—but if it is approved it seems to me that a quota system could be instituted along the same lines that the Southern Fandom Press Alliance limits the number of "Yankees" in its midst. A waiting list would have to be established for both categories of membership, but Vegas residents could catapult over others in order to maintain the proper balance.

In your comments on my *long* letter (mighod, did I write all that!?) you write, "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*, *Oopsla!* and other major fanzines that folded around the middle of the decade." To set the record straight, most of the fanzines you named folded well before the 1965/66 period. The last genzine issue of *Grue* was in 1958 (it was one of the first fanzines I received) although it continued as a FAPAzine for over twenty years after that. *Hyphen*'s last more or less regular issue was in 1965, but I've always understood that Walt discontinued it because "the Troubles" took more and more of his time as a highly-placed staff member in the Northern Irish civil service. The final issue of *Xero* was in 1963 (unless you count the hoax issue Andy Porter did in 1965). *Warhoon* underwent a hiatus between 1965 and 1968, but then produced a run of five issues through 1970 that were truly excellent. And the final issue of *Oopsla!* was in 1961.

You further write, "Within a year or two of the Boondoggle, General Fanzine Fandom had significantly contracted. It wasn't until *Psychotic/SFR* reinvigorated the genzine field that things started to turn around. Geis restarted *Psy* with its 21st issue in December, so it wasn't that long a gap. Of course, after that revival he did continue publishing large, frequent fanzines for many years. For my taste they became increasingly sercon (original definition) as time passed, but they were indisputably a good run (even though I wouldn't go along with Mike Resnick, who in his eBay listings for Geis' zines refers to them as "the most honored... in science fiction history"). My own favorites from that period (mid to late '60s) are John D. Berry and Ted White's *Egoboo*, your and Lenny's *Quip*, and the final issues of Terry's *Lighthouse*. But then at that time I'd more or less retreated into FAPA and, in the real world, the San Francisco scene as it was evolving, and I may have missed some good stuff.

That seems to be about it, Arnie, except to be the first person outside Las Vegas (if I'm lucky) to congratulate you on winning the election for SNAPS Official Editor. (Yes, Joyce told me yesterday.)

*Arnie: Thanks for the great scholarship – as well as the photo – of Helen Wesson. I was completely wrong about her date of birth, which I had thought predated the invention of the mimeograph (and possibly, movable type).*

*One of the things that fascinated me about Fandom when I was a neofan was that, although the hobby had been around a while, you could still have direct contact with the folks who started it. Now, sadly, we are in a transitional era and, all too soon, we will not have that luxury of such contact. It's inevitable, but regrettable, all the same.*

*I will be formulating the rules for SNAPS in the next day or so, but my current thinking is that non-Vegas fans will be limited to one-half the total membership and that there will be no roster limit as such. That way any Vegas fan who wants to join SNAPS will always be able to do so without a wait, yet the roster won't balloon to the point that the group becomes unwieldy and impersonal.*

*I believe you're dating Egoboo a little early. My memory is that Ted and John D. did Egoboo after the genzine issues of Focal Point, which*



One of LACon's most exciting happenings occurred when a crazed homeless man ran through the convention waving this sign.

Oops... it's Chris Garcia Himself.

*would place it in the early-to-mid-1970. No argument about it being a fine fanzine, though. Certainly, it was one of my favorites.*

*One of VFW's prime contributors offers a timely suggestion about the name of this fanzine...*

### **Dick Lupoff**

VFW might mean Very Fine Weather. Verifiably Fraudulent Widowhood. Velma Found Wilderness. Virtually False Witness. Veritable Flat Wanderlust. Very Fabulous, Watson!

Hey, you could run a contest in VFW. Award prizes for best, worst, funniest, etc., etc. entries, plus one for most entries.

Oh, fun, fun.

*Arnie: Much as I like these options, I don't think any of them exactly captures this fanzine's essence. On a slightly more practical note, I have considered Virtual Fandom World... and maybe Focal Point.*

*Our lead locker from the Lonestar State talks about the Vegas Westercon and other possibilities...*

### **John Purcell**

Well, I am glad to hear that Las Vegas got the 2008 Westercon, and even more excited to hear that one of your own is one of the Guests of Honor. Congratulations go to Lubov. Start practicing your GoH-ship. As for the pro GoH, I have never heard of Kage Baker. Milt Stevens, yes indeed - a long-time, well-deserving fan. But I am going to have to google up some info about Kage Baker. With any kind of luck, come July 4th weekend of '08, I will be there. Maybe I'll make going to Vegas on that weekend the Doctorate graduation gift to myself (projected completion date is Spring/Summer of 2008).

Arnie, you don't have to apologize for VFW #79 being what it was. All of us out here completely understand. I think that rich would be exceedingly appreciative of the zines being pubbed in his honor, length not an issue, if not highly amused by it all. Chances are, given the fact that I knew rich only a titch compared to you and a host of other fen, he'd much prefer something like VFW #81, full of news, articles, illos, and locs. Yes, no question that we all miss him; he probably misses us, too.

Sorry for getting a bit maudlin there. Now, on to various items in this issue.

I will not - repeat, *WILL NOT* - make any comments regarding your strapping Joyce to a big wheel in your backyard. Your neighbors will probably take care of that for me.

You know, sir, your reflections on being an actifan at the age of 60 are well taken. So you won't accept simply being an Old Phart? If there was any one label to affix upon yourself, that would be an acceptable one, I would think. If one cares to look at the current registrants for Corflu Quire, quite a few of them are in their 50's and 60's, even older. Fanzine fandom is definitely graying around the fringes and has been for many a moon. Nice to see young guns like John Coxon, Jason Bartlett, besides Chris Garcia getting into the action, too. Personally, I don't mind being an older and wiser fan - "wiser" may be pushing the bubble for me; been out of the cogs for a bit,

y'know - which is how I view your role at present. I really hope you don't mind my saying so, but I find your ruminations like this Katzenjammer a wonderful example of what an experienced, mature, modern stone-aged fan is capable of producing, and I really enjoy it. In fact, this is probably why I enjoy reading *VFW* so much, it is because so many of its contributors are experienced, mature, modern stone-aged fanzine fans, and they are all producing incredibly interesting material. This is what makes your zine so damned enjoyable: it's *interesting*. So keep it up, kid.

Like the vast majority of us fans, I was also a teenager when I found fandom (that arkle is under construction, btw) and as I got more involved in this bizarre subculture, I looked up to the Elder Ghods of fanac. In the process I came to enjoy and love them dearly. Funny thing about reading your arkle is that I was just really kicking into my fanzine fan mode just as you and Joyce gafiated; not only that, you two came back in 1989, which was the year I last produced a dead-tree fanzine and slipping into the glades of gafia myself. Even more odd of a coinkydink is that *VFW* was initiated not long before I really got rolling on producing my e-zine. Interesting parallels here, ain't they?

Ted White's Corflu 23 report was really fun to read and made me wish I had been able to attend. (See you folks in February, though; Austin is a mere 90-minute drive from home for *moi*.) Ted makes one helluva statement about fanzine production technology when he related that "demonstration of putting art on a stencil" workshop. This is something that I would definitely have attended, but his comments about having a flash of *deja vu* and being rusty at first are telling. I remember watching Ken Fletcher drawing art direct to stencil back in the Seventies, completely awed by his talent, so it was neat to read about Gregg Trend doing it. Neat stuff.

Mike Glicksohn is an excellent choice for past president of FWA. Here's one of those guys from my earlier fannish incarnation that I look forward to seeing again in the near future. Him and all the rest of you Usual Suspects. Thank you, Ted, for the great trip/con report.

Dick Lupoff's Dual Con Report provides a wonderful example of what makes a con great versus forgettable. Now that I've read his World Hor-

ror Con report, I doubt if I will ever attend one. I have now read about a dozen World Horror Con reports that mention how ill-managed they have been. No thank you, I think I'll pass in favor of cons like BayCon, where you can have conversations with really neat people, much like Dick's conversation with Chris Garcia. This is what makes or breaks a con for me: the people. At the last AggieCon I felt like a fish out of water because I really didn't know any of the people there, except for Steven Brust, who was the Writer GoH. Having an old friend there made it memorable, and my son was with me to enjoy the gaming rooms. But I sure missed having a bunch of folks there who I could talk to. I did, though, make a few new friends in the local club that ran the con; some of the group live on the other side of circle I live on, and their house is a regular gathering place for the club. This is A Good Thing, and will make next year's AggieCon that much more enjoyable.

Speaking of which, Chris' retelling of how he introduced himself to Dick is *exactly* what I love to do at cons. Also, I remember when I worked on Minicons back in the day, and had to excuse myself from conversations to go take care of things. Even so, this corollary con report shows up what I like the most about sf cons: the folks who are there. Hook up with the right people, and a good time is had by all.

I am glad to hear that the Kunkel's made it to their new abode safe and sound. Their new address has been added to my mailing list. Sounds like your birthday party went extremely well. Good deal.

A couple things to mention in Robert Lichtman's loc are in order. Yes, Robert, I believe I did misinterpret things when you mentioned reading those Rog Phillips "Club House" columns of the late 40s. You most certainly stated that you were reading these in 1956 (I reread the your article to verify this). Thank you for clarifying this bit of information for me, and also about Andy Offutt. I remember that he would use "The Farm" as his address, and that it was in Kentucky. When Robert said "the Farm" my mental association synapses, fried as they are from years of disuse, made this connection. My bad. Interesting information about these two places and the people/things involved. Thank you, Robert.

"The Kingfish Arnie Katz" has a nice, wrestling ring to it. If I google that in, I should get some kind of a result. Otherwise, give me the website URL and I'll check into it. My son and I are sort of watching WWE on Monday nights and enjoying it. Makes me remember that I first starting watching AWA broadcasts up in Minneapolis when I was about his age (10). Ah, fine, fond memories. My favorite wrestlers were Verne Gagne, The Crusher, Dick the Bruiser, Doctor X, Man Mountain Mike, Nick Bockwinkel, and Kenny "the sodbuster" Jay. Great stuff.

Whow! A 30-pager! If my zine ever gets that big I'd have to cut it down to half the size. But your letter column makes this such a fun zine to read. I am looking forward to the next in the series. Collect them all! Trade them!

*Arnie: I'd never heard of Kage Baker, either, but I attributed it to my low level of interest in contemporary science fiction and fantasy, From talking to others, I have the impression that she is a good choice that will please a lot of fans.*

*You're right about the neighbors. They not only bought all the tickets, but they risked Vast Sums on the outcome of each spin of the wheel. Had we not prudently fixed the outcome – by concealing lead weights in her pockets – we might have lost the SNAFFU library.*

*Core Fandom is doing pretty well at picking up new participants in their 30s and 40s. As I said previously, I don't think the teens and 20s folks are likely to want to hobnob with us Matures, but that also give the whole thing a more balanced, adult tone.*

*Breaking out of the bandied-about bracket is a long-time fan friend who is always welcome in the letter column...*

### **Don Anderson**

Now that my name has been bandied about in your most excellent publication, I suppose the only polite and honorable thing to do is drop you a line. Uh-being mentioned once in each of the last two lettercols \*does\* comprise "bandying," right?

I apologize for messing up the dates and names of CORFLU BADGER and CORFLU BLACK-JACK. Age does creep up on us with its special problems. Except for Bob Tucker, of course. Sue

and I went to CORFLU TORONTO, which had, as far as I know, no special title. A fun experience that continued right up till we crossed the Canada/U.S. border and got pulled over and inspected for tripping their radiation meters. But that's a story for another time.

I must confess to being a completely unrepentant "boots and trunks" wrestling fan. I find modern wrestling about as exciting as watching body-builders pose. Today's stars would not recognize an actual "hold" if it were applied by Ed Lewis. Wrestling as we know it today could not exist except for the invention of the folding metal chair. Although a few of the "costumers" were sort of fun, I think the end came when Andre the Giant ceded the Championship to Hulk Hogan.

I don't think you ever encountered me in SAPS. I joined in April, 1997. I'm pretty sure we were never contemporaries. You may recall that I wrote you a couple of times asking you to rejoin SAPS and not let a certain trivial personality have the influence to keep you away. I ask you once again to consider rejoining, although I certainly understand that you are pretty loaded down with both faanish and mundane pursuits.

I totally enjoy VFW. Frankly, I find the weekly schedule makes loccking difficult for me. By the time I can get my lazy ass in gear, two more issues have gone by and I think "Oh, well--"

*Arnie: Although the boots-and-trunks style is no longer the focus of pro wrestling, there are still performers who are largely in that mold. Kurt Angle, an Olympic Gold Medalist turned pro grappler, is that kind of act. So is Batista, a sort of updating of Bruno Sammartino for the 21<sup>st</sup> Century.*

### **Lloyd Penney**

How goes the computer rebuild? I guess if you get this e-mail, it's done. I hope the damages haven't been severe. The heat here has ranged from 30 to 35 Celsius (86 to 95F), and the humidity has gone as high as 45C, which is the same as 113F. And everyone thinks Canada is a cold place? Not today! A little cold would be a great relief. Here's some quick comments on issue 81 of Vegas Fandom Weekly.

Congrats to all on getting the 2008 Westercon in LV! Is everyone ready to work hard over the next two years? I am afraid I'll never know what



you're going through, living in an area of the continent that doesn't have a regional convention to attend.

Sixty years old? That's not too many, Meyer... It was a young man's game so many years ago, but now, it's an older man's game, shall we say, as many return for a second stint in the asylum. Twelve- and thirteen-year-olds, if they aren't consumed by the droopy jeans, oversized t-shirt, sports cap and sheet tied around the head, might be interested in gaming, or anime or comics. If they are interested in any communications, it might be a bulletin board or blog. We may be the last fen to fan in the fanzine way. A new image for you? Sounds like you're a product being re-packaged for a new audience. You haven't changed, your audience hasn't changed...just because you're 60+?

For the people around me, I expect some see me as the Old Coot, or perhaps the Silver Fox, especially to some young ladies in local fandom, Old Philosopher, and even Aging Gadfly. However, I think for most, I'm just a BOF they tolerate. But as



Lloyd and Yvonne Penney were among the fans whom the Vegas contingent most enjoyed meeting in Anaheim.

long as they tolerate me...

Ah, yes, I know the route Ted White took...the 192 Airport Rocket Bus to Kipling subway station, probably got off at Yonge & Bloor, and walked south through the parking garage just south. No problem, Ted, you'd just come off a long trip. For this month, the Foxes' Den is undergoing renovations, so in true Tun fashion, we've found an alternate pub not far away called the Devil's Advocate. I hope the Memory Book will appear soon. I wound up being the recording clerk for the auction, and it was interesting to see so many treasures go past my nose, and not really be able to bid for anything myself. Doubt I would have won any actions, anyway. Consoled myself with picking up a C23 shirt, which I expect I will wear to the Worldcon.

Bridget Bradshaw ...she's already been here, and she was a guest at our Third Monday pubnight at Orwell's Pub in the west end. She told us of her previous travels in Boston and New York, especially being the guest of two New York groups, and having to deal with each group telling her how horrible the other was... (Sorry to be telling tales out of school, Bridget, but it was an entertaining story, an indication of how little has changed in NY fandom over the years.)

I wish we could join you in LV just before Worldcon, but we have decided to go to LA a few days before the convention starts. We'll be there the Sunday before, and we will simply enjoy the facilities of the hotel, and lounge about in restful fashion. The next two days will see us gallivanting about the LA area, and going to places like the LA County Coroners' Department gift shop, the California Science Centre and an observatory or two. Then comes the insanity of Worldcon, and the trip home to sleep a day or so. Well, that's the plan, anyway.

Chris Garcia, your head expands and swallows up the nearest organic materials, including pencils? Watch out for lead poisoning! And, check your hair every so often, you never know what you might find. You freaked out at 30? Well, I am now closer to 60 than I am to 30, and as long as you don't let the aches and pains slow you down, you can fanac with the best of them, and party until you fall on your face. And then, like I do, hit the sack by 11...

Just talked to Hope Leibowitz about the Serial Diners in Toronto...they show up in newspapers on a regular basis, and have been the impetus to get similar groups together, including one down the highway in Kitchener-Waterloo. Yvonne and I have not gone to any of the Serial Diners get-togethers because we spend enough money going to both fannish pubnights.

Sounds like fanzine fandom might need a kind of welcomittee to bring new people into the hobby, and also get returnees settled in with a list of contacts for current zines. Welcome back to Lee Lavell...didn't say as much in David Burton's zines, but I didn't know you were returning as much as you have. And welcome to Clare MacDonald, who seems to be making headway into this group quite well on her own.

I am sitting and basting in my own juices, like a Thanksgiving turkey. And now that I've given you an image in your mind that will require years of therapy to remove, I will bid you a fond adieu, and I look forward to the next issue. Worldcon is in three weeks, and I'm sure I'll have stories to relate. Off this letter goes to the LJ. Take care, and stay cool!

*Arnie: Has the time for the Fan Center idea, which captivated many fans in the mid-1940's, including Francis Towner Laney, has arrived? I can see us all now, doddering around some assisted living facility dedicated solely to Fandom.*

*I don't wholeheartedly subscribe to Joyce's concept of the road to Fandom being an obstacle course designed to weed out the unworthy, but I also shrink from wholesale recruiting. I have always thought that Fandom, like the whores of Amsterdam, should be readily available but not pushy. The problem with being too aggressive about newcomers is that it makes it harder to separate those who have the desire to be active from those who only remain active as long as external enthusiasms applied.*

*Here, with some pertinent observations about amateur press associations is the Pride of Great-British Fandom (and we kinda like to brag about him, too)...*

#### **Peter Sullivan**

Apologies for the comparative quiet of late -

nothing especially serious, just a bout of Real Life over the past month or two. Nothing gafia-inducing. Of course, this means that I missed marking your 60th birthday. Given that my plans for this involved finding a moderately insulting birthday card, maybe it was good you were spared this.

Interesting to read Lloyd Penney's idea of making a TV series about de-gafiates, and calling it "The 4400." Of course, if someone's been away long enough, they probably won't even realise that that's actually a tad on the small side for a Worldcon these days...

Robert Lichtman raises an interesting point in relation to roster limits for electronic APAs. In theory, there's no technical reason for an electronic APA to have any roster limits at all. But in practice, e-APA, for instance, has a theoretical roster limit of 15. (I say theoretical, since I don't think we've ever topped 13 places filled at any one point in time.) The original reason for the limit was, as Robert suggests, to keep the distribution file size down. But, even as we all move towards broadband and become less sensitive to multi-megabyte distros, there's another reason as well. If the roster gets too large, then writing Mailing Comments on all of those APAzines starts to become a chore - especially in a monthly APA. (And monthly appears to have become the de facto standard for electronic APAs - this would be less of an issue with a quarterly APA like FAPA.) Of course, I suppose it depends how important people see Mailing Comments as part of the overall APA experience - wasn't there a phase when Mailing Comments almost became extinct in FAPA, for instance? - but for me, they are fundamental to making an APA some kind of community rather than a bunch of fanzines mailed together at random.

*Arnie: Much as I love Fandom, there are times when other priorities rise up for me, too. An increase in professional work, some health problems for Joyce and a lot of visitors can put fanac on the back burner for Joyce and me.*

#### **Shelby Vick**

I hate you, Arnie Katz! -

... Well, in all honesty I deeply envy you. As you mentioned, I'm planning a special ish of con-

fuSon to celebrate rich's life -- and your VFW Memorial just makes it look sick. In fact, you used a few things I was planning on using, like the cartoon strip -- no, WILL use, anyway. After all, *confuSon* has developed a reputation for snitching things.

Oh, I've got some things you didn't use -- including an unpublished story of rich's that I had on file after he sent it to me for comment/critique/rewrite. And I have my own editorial, but nowhere near as masterfully done as yours.

In short, VFW 82 was a classic and should go down in fannish history

*Arnie: It's wonderful that so many fans have made themselves heard in the wake of rich's death. I applaud both you and Dan Steffan for the projects currently in development.*

*One thing's for sure: VFW only scratched the surface.*

*One of Fanzine Fandom's greatest artist/cartoonis offers some pertinent comments about*



Luba attended the con without Merric, who languished in Hawaii on work assignment.

*the rich brown issue of Vegas Fandom Weekly and other topics...*

### **Ross Chamberlain**

Thanks, Arnie, for this issue. I've committed it to paper (something I rarely do, actually), as a keeper. I was intrigued to notice that the "pattern" behind the "Vegas Fandom Weekly" title resolved itself into "Focal Point." A nice commemorative touch.

I was a little sorry that a lot of Mike McInerney's typos survived intact. I couldn't help but think of Rick Sneary's letters, and how some folks retained his mistyping and others didn't. Between that and the unfortunate "mind fart," as Dan Steffan referred to it on another group, where the running joke about rubbing his forehead lost its flavor in the last line (he says he shot out a request to change it afterward, but understood it was too late for catching it before it was released), I'm wondering if you'd consider touching up the issue, including that, and re-issuing it. As a PDF it isn't set in stone, so to speak, as fanzines of yore once were, and it seems like this might be a kind thing to do, at no cost to you but a few minutes of editing. Just a thought.

Meanwhile, and regardless of whether you feel you can do that or not it's a fine issue, and wonderfully captures much of the outpouring of feeling about rich. I wish I'd had something to say, but nothing even yet has occurred to me that I would actually be able to write about.

*Arnie: The fact that an electronic fanzine can be changed doesn't necessarily make that it's a good idea. Bearing in mind that I have, at times, re-issued seriously defective fanzines, I don't want to return to that particular issue. It was very hard for me to do it in the first place. I am glad I did, because I think I owed rich at least that much, but it hurts to think about it too much.*

*I did feel bad about having sent out everything before I got Dan's note. Having sent out over 300 copies, it seemed as though that virtual ship had sailed.*

### **John Purcell**

I am glad to see you back up and running again. Lloyd Penney told me what had hap-



pened to you - besides your own e-mail a copy of my address book - so it is with great pleasure that I read the rich brown memorial issue of VFW.

Perhaps the only thing that I could possibly offer here in terms of a loc is that I envy your friendship with rich, and I am eternally grateful that you, Joyce, Ted, Dans Joy and Steffan, Mike, Linda, Roxanne, Steve, Peter, ShelVy, and Jack shared your stories with those of us who only knew rich in print. Ever since I heard of his death I have been trying to remember if I ever spent any time with him at some long ago convention, or corresponded with him in fanzines. No hits on the internal memory banks. No matter what, the tributes of all of these fine writers are appreciated and are a testament to rich's influence. Thank you everyone for sharing. All of you make me wish that I hadn't been geographically isolated from such a fine individual.

And a special "Thank you" to you, Arnie, for making this publication possible.

*Arnie: I can only add my thanks to all the contributors to the issue. I think rich would be pleased.*

*And speaking of contributors, here a letter from one with observations about rich and our memorial to him...*

### **Mike McInerney**

I read your rich VFW #82. It was very good. Each person who wrote added some facts, or facets of his life that fleshed out the person and helped create a more complete gestalt of who he was. rich was very passionate, opinionated and stubborn. Kinda like me at times. I know a lot of what I wrote was about me but as I said rich had a profound effect on me and I had to write it that way. It was funny to me that I wrote about a single event, waking up one night hearing laughter from the other room, an event that basically was the first time I ever smoked pot, and then I find Steve Stiles writing about that very same night. I didn't name names, but Steve did. I guess he is more tell all than I am. I left some stuff out, but still I guess to modern day readers it may seem that we were druggies or weirdoes. But really it was a different time. Before AIDS, before the

Just Say No and back when experimenting or experiencing was good. I was surprised that more people didn't write about his fanzines or his efforts to help university library collections to get it right. I don't know why nobody else mentioned Proxyboo LTD his attempt to help numerous faneds with their mailing lists. Surely I can't be the only person to remember *The Bay Ridge Reporter* (or whatever the heck it was called) and the other half dozen neighborhood throwaway newspapers that he basically edited in the mid 1960's for Roy Lindberg, NAPA member.

I miss rich a lot. Keep looking to see him on the elists. He was on fmzfen, trufen and timebinders, but he could never remember which one he was on. Neither can I.

Ted White told a side of rich I didn't know. He was probably rich's closest friend. But I always felt that rich was my closest friend. RICH BROWN had a lot of close friends. I hope he knew it.

*Arnie: Rich was a very good and close friend to a lot of us, Mike.*

*He's an artist, a writer and now a fanhistorian! Is there truly no limit to his multiple facets?*

### **Ross Chamberlain**

Not a follow-up to my last message, but a new note on the rich brown memorial VFW, your own lead memoriam specifically. "Dr. Gafia" didn't appear on the cover of Quip #1 but appeared first



VFW's ace photographer identifies this as the "Trek Trike."



(emerging from an abandoned FAPA mailing) in the epic cover of #4, rescuing the Quip Kids from bondage producing *Void* #29... <http://rossworx.net/Quip04.htm>

It's occurred to me, in light of Andy Porter's (probably legitimate) kvetching in trufen, that perhaps I should have checked with you before running these covers in my website. If you do have concerns about that, please let me know. Some fanzines have returned rights to their contributors following publication; I don't recall that you ever explicitly said so in *Quip*. Um... and I do have more Quivers that I could add... If you like...

*Arnie: I think Andy was coming from a friendly place, but I want to make clear that I had absolutely no problem. The covers are more yours than mine. I had the fun of providing most of the scripting and Quip had the honor of publishing them. I don't see how giving them wider exposure in contemporary Fandom can be anything but a positive development.*

*The Sage talks about rich brown and relates it to his own past in another fascinating LoX...*

### **Robert Lichtman**

Thanks so much for the rich brown memorial issue of *VFW*! An obvious labor of both love and mourning, it shines through our collective tears.

In your piece I was struck by the parallels between your early experiences with rich and some of my own interactions during my neofan days. He lent you choice fanzines to read and offered commentary on the people who put them out and the contents of specific issues, while I had Rick Sneary providing the same timebinding and generosity. As I've written any number of times, I would ride my bike over to his house in South Gate and come home with a shopping bag filled with (for instance) complete runs of *Quandry* and *Spacewarp*.

Like rich, there were times when I was feeling less than enthusiastic about fandom—although never to the point of total gafia like him—and would sell off chunks of my fanzine collection in order to lighten my load and to raise some much-needed money for, say, attending a convention. The only specific sale I remember is my complete set of *Xero* going for ten bucks to some lucky (but

unremembered) fan. And when I moved to Tennessee in 1971, I sold and/or gave away my entire fanzine collection—including, foolishly, my file copies of my own stuff.

I have a bound volume similar to yours of the 100th FAPA mailing's postmailings in the form of Bruce Pelz's volume of the non-carbon later run of the Carbon Reproduced Amateur Press (CRAP). Rather than buying it from someone, though, it was given to me by Elayne Pelz after I encountered in the fanzine lounge at the 2002 Westercon where I was fan guest of honor. It contains my only copies of the CRAPzines I produced during my membership with the exception of the first one, which was done when CRAP was still a five-member carbon-copy apa. I was pleased to get, just weeks ago, a photocopy of that first issue from the University of Iowa, where it was in the Horvat collection.

Although as you write rich "seldom talked about his South Pasadena childhood, though it evidently wasn't a very pleasant or nurturing environment," he wrote about it here and there in fanzines whose titles I don't recall. I feel a strong parallel with him in this regard, since my own childhood in Southern California wasn't all that pleasant or nurturing, either. As I recall rich writing about his parents, mine were also suspicious of the fanzines that kept arriving in the mail.

In Ted's piece I was touched by rich's inability to take the job you were offering him in Las Vegas because of his disinclination to leave behind his friends and his sense of roots in the DC/Virginia area. And although I'd heard it before, I was pleased that Ted wrote of Harlan Forbes and how rich came up with that "clever, elegant solution" to Harlan's difficulty in holding his hand of cards.

Dan Steffan's piece on rich and the early years of Fabulous Falls Church Fandom is one of the stand-out items in this memorial issue even though I have no specific comment on it except to admire Dan for his resolve in vowing *never* to open up the envelope containing the Judy-Lynn Benjamin Joke Book. (Well, and to let Dan know that the footage of "the legendary scene where Kong removes Fay Wray's dress" is available on a 2005 DVD re-release. Here's what one Website says: "When the movie was re-released in 1938, morals had tightened. Some of the horror was toned down, and

Kong no longer chewed people with their arms and legs waving out his mouth, or trampled them in the mud. The scene in which he tenderly removes Fay Wray's dress was also chopped. I am glad to say that these details have all been restored for the DVD release." This is the 2005 "collector's edition" DVD, available on Amazon.)

I liked it that Mike McInerney mentioned in his piece about rich's mailing labels service for fanzine editors back in the '80s. I was one of the faneds who availed myself of his generous offer and always appreciated that he would send labels free of charge, except that he wanted you to keep him informed of any changes of address that came your way. That was a more than fair exchange! Mike also writes, "I'm sure he kept his *Cry* 'Letterhack Club' card until his death." As a fellow *Cry* letterhack I had one of those, too. It got away from me when I moved to Tennessee, but on a whim in the late '80s I wrote to Don Franson, who'd created them, and asked if he might have a replacement. As it turned out, he had one left and sent it to me. It now resides proudly in my files of the fanzine itself.

Steve Stiles's piece is another of the stand-outs, in which I especially enjoyed his recounting their mutual Ayn Rand acolyte period and the story of his future mother in law's accusations upon finding rich and Steve in a smoke-filled dressing room before Steve's wedding ceremony and thinking that they'd been getting sercon.

*Arnie: I went through a short period of interest in Ayn Rand and her philosophy. in high school. At that time, rich was past his own infatuation with Objectivism, but not quite ready to junk the whole thing. That worked greatly to my advantage. He listened to my puerile take on Ayn Rand and asked provocative questions that helped keep me from swallowing her philosophy whole.*

*It is always a pleasure to welcome a first-time locker to "ChatBack," especially when it's a fan whose work I've always enjoyed in his fanzine A Propos de Rien...*

### **Jim Caughran**

Good grief, you're still doing weekly fanzines! Substantial ones, too. How do you have

time for anything else? But I suppose that if you're producing a daily web page, a weekly fanzine is tame in comparison.

Weekly fanzines are somewhat intimidating. I put it on the electronic read list, and before I get to it, another arrives. Repeat until there are too many to contemplate. None get read, or locced.

But I'm trying to work on my loc block; thus this'n.

You're producing electronic fanzines, but still formatting for paper. You might at least use single-column text. I find that reformatting my fapazine for screen reading takes less than half an hour. Pages are screen-sized and I leave the column count what it was. Some of the illos have to be resized, but otherwise it's pretty easy.

I find it hard to comment on party reports. People had fun, great, and I get a little bit of vicarious fun in reading about it, but what to say?

I enjoyed meeting Bridget in Toronto, though the party broke into two groups, and I was usually in the other one than she was. One note of interest was that there were 4 canes lined up at the door... Fandom is getting older.

I like your idea of memorial trees, with fuggheads fertilizing. I suppose that volunteer fuggheads would be difficult to find -- no one admits to fuggheadedness. And involuntary fertilizer might involve the Authorities in unpleasant fashion.

*Arnie: The tree-planting idea is entirely Joyce's, proposed originally about 15 years ago. I kind of like it and I know SNAFFU is starting a low-level effort to both clarify the concept and begin a little fundraising.*

*Joyce believes the grove will have a wider ap-*



Fans gathered at poolside at the con hotel.

*peal if it is confined to the masters of professional science fiction and fantasy. Others, including me, incline toward honoring some of Fandom's greats. There's merit in both or some combination. I imagine it'll get discussed at the next couple of SNAFFU Discussion Meeting.*

*Making his first appearance in VFW's letter column and, perhaps, in a letter column in any fanzine, is our group's audio guru...*

### **Bill Mills**

It has been proffered that the technological advances and better internet connectivity of today were clearly leading to the ability to broadcast fan gatherings to allow those unable to attend in person the opportunity to participate, albeit voyeuristically.

We had the idea that we could set up an EARTHCAM "channel" for Las Vegrants to allow others to see the crowd and text chat with various partiers simultaneously. Well, the idea was a good one. And all tests were perfect when the Las Vegrants account was set-up, but the tests were done from my home computer on a DSL line with certain Java software installed that allowed it to run as intended. However, I failed to anticipate the specific configuration of Joyce's computer at the Launch Pad, the machine the WebCam would be actually running on. This was a fatal oversight

After doing the installs and set-up at the Launch Pad we found that Joyce's computer required a Java install that could not be accomplished that night during the party, so sadly our attempt at broadcasting webcam images from the party failed. However, the chat room portion continued to work perfectly and stalwarts John Purcell (online from Texas) and Jean Marie Stine (in Massachusetts) chatted with various members of Las Vegrants in Las Vegas until quite late. So, it was a partial success I suppose. None-the-less, I was embarrassed and disappointed to not be able to make it happen for this great Vegrants gathering. It was a large and lively crowd and would have been a great first virtual Vegrants meeting on cam!

So, I have a few weeks to try to deal with the technical issues and try again. I still believe it's a good idea and a 'coming thing'. And it's just TOO science fiction NOT to try! Eh? With any luck

we'll have 'er up and running by the next Vegrants meeting. We'll keep ya' informed.

It was a great party Saturday night! Roxie and I and our frolicsome ferret Candy Matson thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Candy was as adorable and charming as ever and made many new friends. Those interested can find videos of Candy posted on YouTube ( <http://youtube.com> ). Type "Mills Productions", or "Candy Matson,ferret" and you'll find her easily!

The Launch Pad was overflowing with so many cool people and out-of-town guests. A hel-luva good time! My thanks to Arnie and the party guests for allowing me to debut my new recording of Don Simpson's filk song, 2006 Pegasus Award nominee, "Ship Of Stone" ( based on Spinrad's "Riding The Torch" ) for the group. I was flattered and gratified by the positive reactions and applause. I appreciate it gang! REB Inc. Audio Books is planning to produce an interview with Don to precede the recording as a special audio presentation from REB. We'll let VFW know when it is available.

For those who were not there and might like to hear this new, and rather *un-filk-like*, recording of Don's great song, it is posted on the "Fannish Music" page at TVOF (The Voices Of Fandom). <http://www.thevoicesoffandom.com/music.html>

Remember, "Ship Of Stone" is nominated for a Pegasus Award this year, so if you're a filker do remember to VOTE. Don and the song are worthy of the support! <http://www.ovff.org/pegasus/2006finalballot.html>

Jean Marie, REB and I are also offering up a Las Vegrants Special in honor of WorldCon! You'll find the announcement and instructions on how to get a FREE copy of the eBook "Murder at the Worldcon" in this issue of VFW... courtesy of the Kingfish himself, Arnie Katz. (Thanx A.K.!)

For a guy who has never before contributed a LOC... I have gone on quite long enough I suspect. So, thanks Arnie for the column space and you readers for your time... and I'm outta here.

*Arnie: I especially recommend your online music. I'm hoping that we may, in the near future, have something online by Bill & the Vegrants, America's next unknown fannish garage band.*

*Fresh from his worldcon escapades comes*

*VFW's favorite TAFF candidate with some comments about the Pre-Con Vegas Weekend issue...*

**Chris Garcia**

You can tell how well-done an article on a party is by how much it makes you kick yourself for not being there.

My ass is black-and-blue for not making the drive.

I got a chance to meet many of the folks who were down for the party and weekend at World-Con a week later. I got to talk to Ed Meskys, which was a great thrill, and of course met Bug (at BASFA a couple of days before she headed down to Vegas) and various others who were bragging about being down for the party. What do you wanna bet that it ends up winning Best Vegas Fan Event in next year's VFW poll?

WorldCon was wonderful and I got to hang out with a lot of Vegas fans like David Gordon, Lori Forbes, Teresa Cochrane, James Taylor, and John DeChancie. Good folks, one and all, and I was so pleased that I got a chance to hang with them... even if Merric was in Hawaii instead of causing trouble with me out in Anaheim.

I've got a lot of reviews to write about the con, and I'm sorry to be so brief, but sleep was at a premium and I'm barely holding up my throbbing head at the moment.

*Arnie: Vegas fans all wish we could've coaxed you into making that pre-con drive, too, and we're looking forward to seeing you this fall. Bridget was a great visitor, it's true, but she's likely to get quite a bit of poll competition, including from her husband Simon.*

*There's only one fan I would want to round off this epic letter column. Unfortunately, Burbee is dead. Fortunately, there's my second choice, the Sage of Fandom himself, the top LoCsmith in fanland, the King of the Kommenters. Let's give him a big VFW welcome...*

**Robert Lichtman**

Thanks for VFW No. 83, the latest in a long series of your detailed convention/event reports and quite up to the standard you've set in the past. Interestingly, though, I didn't recognize Bridget from the photo on the cover even though Carol and I had just met her the week before your party when

# 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 Dinner Meeting** Friday, September 8 7:30 PM  
SNAFFood will convene at the Gold Coast Buffet for the monthly group meal.

**Cineholics** Friday, September 8 7:30 PM  
The invitational gilm circle meets weekly at the home of Alan and DeDee White.

**Las Vegrants Meeting** September 16 7:30 PM  
The informal invitational Core Fandom club meets on the first and third Saturdays of every month.

**Sunday Social** Sunday, September 17 2 PM  
One of Vegas' most convivial groups gets together at the Blue Ox for food and chatter.

**GayLesBiTrans SF Club Gathering** Monday, September 25 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** October 1 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** October 7 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** October 7 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** October 8 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, October 13 7:00 PM  
SNAFFood will convene at a restaurant to be announced

**Las Vegrants Meeting** October 14 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, October 15 2 PM  
One of Vegas' most convivial groups gets together at the Blue Ox for food and chatter.

she put in an appearance at Rich Coad and Stacy Scott's house in Point Richmond for World In The Bar Day. Is she also the Page Three Girl this issue?

Your writing that Ed Meskys began watching the *Tom Corbett Space Cadet* shows in 1949 set off a little alarm bell in my long-term memory. My own recollection was that the first TV science-fiction show I saw was *Space Patrol*. Checking the Web I found this at a *Space Patrol* site:

*"Space Patrol* debuted on March 9, 1950, as a fifteen minute show on KECA-TV in Los Angeles, a little over six months before the Tom Corbett series began. The first half hour Saturday show began on December 30, 1950, and lasted until February 26, 1955. The fifteen minute shows were kinescoped for broadcast outside of the Los Angeles area within a week or two of the California broadcast. In June of 1952 the Saturday shows were broadcast live from coast to coast and the

daily fifteen-minute shows continued to be broadcast on the West Coast for at least three years after the coast to coast syndication had ended.”

And by way of confirmation I found this at a Tom Corbett site:

“The TV series began on CBS (October 2, 1950 - December 29, 1950 ), then moved to ABC from January 1, 1951 to September 26, 1952. While on ABC, there were repeats on NBC (as a summer replacement for Victor Borge) from July 1951 to September 1951 . Then, after Kellogg’s canceled the series, it returned on alternate Saturdays for one season on the DuMont network from August 29, 1953, to May 22, 1954.

The last season, for Kraft, ran on NBC from December 11, 1954, to June 25, 1955. The show was broadcast in a Monday, Wednesday and Friday format with 30-minute shows on Saturday.”

This is a small matter in the great cosmic scheme of things, but I wanted to set the record straight both for myself (to confirm my memory’s impressions) and for The Record.

It was interesting to read that the Daughertys’ take on the 2008 Westercon is at odds with yours but “probably the dominant view outside Core Fandom.” Given that, it’s highly unlikely that you’ll find me in Las Vegas for that convention. In fact, other than being fan guest of honor at the 2002 Westercon I haven’t gone to one since 1987 (where I went with Carol for the Terry Carr memorial panel and to see Rotsler).

In that photo of Earl Kemp and his son on page 8, Terry looks very much like Bill Donaho did back in the early ‘60’s — except for more whole-

some (i.e., not drunk).

How great that you have an interested neofan in the form of David Purdy! With any luck he’ll stick around and perhaps even start contributing to fanzines.

*Arnie: I’ll be thrilled to see any Core Fandomites who show up at Westercon ’08, but I join you in being skeptical. The high cost of rooms (\$159/night) and the fact that the hotel is 100 percent non-smoking may undermine Las Vegas’ traditional strong appeal.*

*I don’t think Terry Kemp has quite the heft that Bill Donaho carried. And having met them both, I am reasonably sure that they are Two separate People, Meyer.*

We Also Heard From: Bruce Gillespie, Gregg Trend, Mike Korn, Fred Levy-Haskell, Dick Lupoff, James Taylor, Ross Chamberlain, John Purcell (2), Kent Hastings, Mike Glycer, Dan Joy, Ted White

**Another 30-page issue!** That wasn’t what I planned, but it’s what it took to use all the letters of comment awaiting publication. It is my fond hope that you all will try writing some more.

I do have a few contributions that were crowded out of the issue, but I’ll need them and more for #85.

So if you’ve got something you’d like most of Fandom to read... send it here, please.

— Arnie katz

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

**Vegas Events ::: 1**

**Inside Story ::: Home for Worldcon ::: Arnie ::: 2**

**Katzenjammer ::: Save the Crudzine! ::: Arnie ::: 3**

**EARLetter ::: A Night in Vegas ::: Earl Kemp ::: 8**

**High Risk ::: Remembering Bob Leman ::: John DeChancie::: 13**

**ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column ::: You ::: 20**

**Contact Information ::: 28**

**Calendar ::: 29**

*and a ton of news.*