

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

Bob Tucker Dead

Bob Tucker, the person who did more to create Fandom and its descendant Core Fandom, died on Friday evening, October 6, 2006, at 92. He had been in a Florida hospital for several days. His ashes will be returned to Bloomington, IL, his long-time home and the place where the ashes of his late wife Fern also reside.

There were fans before Bob Tucker and there will be fans after him. That's the nature of the subculture. There was never anyone like him nor could there ever be again like him again and that's the nature of Fandom, too.

Bob Trucker was an award-winning author of many novels and stories, yet he was always the consummate fan. He introduced humor to Fandom and fathered both Insurgentism and Trufannishness. He was the Will Rogers of Fandom.

He will be mourned by the entire SF world and, especially, by his many friends.

The news reached me moments before publication, but I yanked the calendar.

Next issue will be a memorial to Bob Tucker.

SNAFFU Sets Three Discussion Topics!

Joyce Katz, Meeting Director of SNAFFU, has announced the main discussion subjects for the October, November and December SNAFFU Discussion Meetings. The meetings take place on the fourth Sunday of Oct. & Nov., and second Sunday of Dec., at the library.

In honor of Halloween, the discussion topic

for the October meeting is: "Science Fiction or Fantasy: Which is your favorite — and why?"

The November meeting will feature an open discussion of the proposal for a Science Fiction grove. Joyce will have nuts and bolts information such as costs and the members will decide if they want to plant trees to honor fans, pros or shelve the idea.

The feature for December is "Help and Warnings for aspiring writers." It will feature several authors and at least one editor who'll give advice on how to get published — and delve into the pitfalls that stand in the wannabe writer's way.

Halloween Party Set for Bloctober 28!

The 2006 Las Vegas Fandom Halloween Party, the second in the new series begun last year, returns with the same congenial host and setting — and some new facets to make it even better. The

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Inside Story A Name Change?

When I started this fanzine about two years ago, I called it *Vegas Fandom Weekly*. My seriousness may be judged by the fanzine's official motto: "Las Vegas Fandom's Sorta Weekly Newszine."

A lot of things have changed since then. The first issue was four page of news centered on Las Vegas Fandom and now *VFW* usually runs a couple of dozen pages of article, humor, letters and fan photos as well as the latest information about Las Vegas Fandom. There's even news about fandom outside southern Nevada.

The circulation has done from a few local fans to over 300 Core Fandomites all over the world. I still write a lot of the content, obviously, but there is now a cast of outstanding writers whose efforts have greatly enhanced *VFW*.

I never planned to actually publish weekly. Yet I did for more than a year, even though the fanzine became so much larger and more time-consuming to produce. I'd come up to the deadline for an issue and feel a compulsion to do another one. Truthfully, I still feel that way. Only the circumstances have changed.

Having made *VFW* an authentic weekly, it is hard to stick with the name now that most issues are taking more like 10 days to complete. I still aim at weekly frequency, but the increased size and an increase in my professional work make weekly periodicity more of a goal than an accomplishment at the moment.

So I've been toying with the idea of adjusting the name and continuing the fanzine with the same "weekly-as-I-can" policy. Humorous suggestions aside, I've considered a couple alternatives. One is to revert to *Focal Point*, a fanzine of similar editorial mix. The fact that it would create unbelievably Byzantine numbering that will frustrate indexers for years to come is the cherry on top.

I've also thought about calling it *Virtual Fandom World*, which would allow me to keep the initials as continuity. I'm also open to more suggestions from the readers for "VFW" names.

Or – and this probably fits best with my temperament — I can keep the damn name and thumb my nose at any overly sercon types who bring up schedule slippage.

What do you think?

— Arnie

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Art/Photo Credits: Frank Wu (1), Bill Mills (18,26). Bill Kunkel (24), Linda Bushyager (19) all else by Bill Rotsler.

Columnists This Issue: Teresa Cochran, James Taylor

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at the SNAFFU site and at efanzines.com. No friendly fannish animals were harmed during the production of this fanzine.

Member: fwa

Supporter: AFAL

Believer: United Fans of Vegas

Core Fandom's Future **Katzenjammer**

American culture, having caught the mania from the Christian Fundamentalists, is currently obsessed with end-of-the-world scenarios. As so often is the case, Fandom led the trend by several years with Cassandra-like predictions of the imminent death of Fanzine Fandom due to everything from excessive postal rates to endemic old age.

And yet, here we are.

Almost six years into a new decade (and a new century and a new millennium), it appears that Core Fandom will neither stop publishing nor rot like Dracula after Von Helsing pounds in the stake. The influx of returnees, migration from other sectors of Fandom and the arrival of some new fans in their 30s and 40s is renewing Core Fandom, even as some of its leading lights check into the Enchanted Convention (or the Nether-regional).

Expansion into the virtual world reinvigorates Core Fandom, so it's again relevant to ask, "What's next?" (I would've asked, "Whither Fandom?" except that Ted White is already doing an admirable job with that fannish catchphrase in Dave Burton's *Pixel*, available at efanzines.com). Now that Core Fandom appears to *have* a future, it's reasonable to wonder what it will be.

At one time, back in the mid-1940s, some fans believed that the Fan Center embodied the future of Fandom. The usually skeptical Francis Towner Laney was among those who saw much merit in fans buying an apartment house or something like that and filling it entirely with fans. The Fan Center was somewhat like a condo community without standards. (Or rather, with standards that would horrify many residents of Boca Raton.)

The Fan Center concept struck



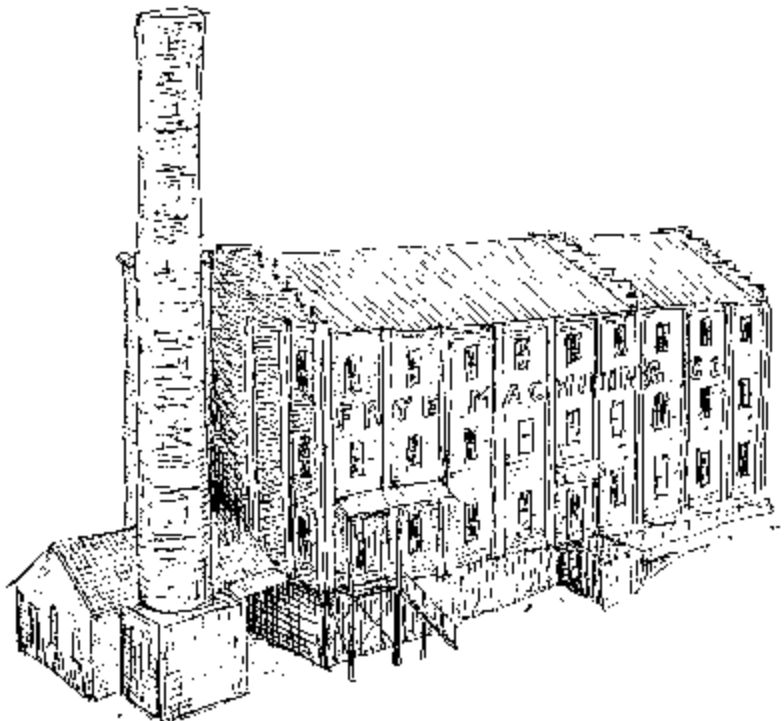
me as a bit farfetched when I first heard it in the 1960s. Now, I'm not so sure. Some fan-owned entities and even a few individuals could fund such a project and serve as landlords. Most likely, it would take the form of an Adult Assisted Living Community; lots

of old fans and tired, sitting in the rec center and ruminating about the Old Days.

Or maybe we could follow the successful example of several other nut cults. We could pick a small town, move there en masse and take over. I don't think it would be especially hard; one town hall meeting with a bunch of folks from LASFS and NESFA will convince nonfans that there are better places to live.

It could be like that town, Eureka, in the current TV series of the same name. It would be even

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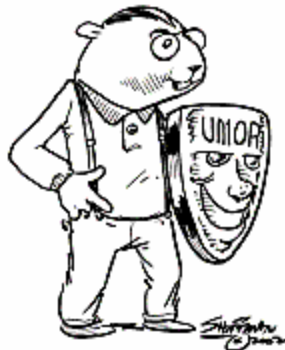


better, though, because none of the fans would ever produce anything that the non-fans in the outside world would want. Outsiders would have little reason to look in our direction and the residency requirement – one fanzine every other month – would be a potent dissuader for any one who contemplated moving there.

I can imagine a Gernsbackian vision of shady streets of Trufan, Nevada, on a pleasant late fall day. As I leisurely glide along Willis Avenue on the moving sidewalk. I am again impressed by the civic buildings of Harris Square: the magnificent library – all the David H. Keller you’d ever want and more – and the front porch of City Hall where Mayor “Smilin’ Earl” Kenp holds forth on lazy afternoons.

I wave to Ken Forman, sweeping the entrance way of the General Store and give a big “Hello!” to Chris Garcia, changing the marquee on the Tucker Theater. I leap nimbly – this is *my* Gernsbackian vision – to the newsstand, where I buy a copy of *Pixel* from the good-natured proprietor Mr. Burns.

And through every open door comes the resonant radio voice of Trufan’s favorite afternoon broadcast host, Bill Mills.



Alas, problems arise when Trufan, NV, tries to go from concept to reality. The economy of Trufan would be horrendous. Assuming that we can take over a town, there would be little or no industry and not much more than social security checks and maybe an occasional payment from Tor Books coming into the community. Fandom may have the money to *start* Trufan, Nevada, but definitely not the money to keep it going without periodic infusions of cash.

Some residents will earn money by writing and editing and others can develop online businesses, but that’s not going to pay the tab for the entire town.

The first step in figuring out how to fund Trufan, NV, I decided, was to inven-



tory our assets. It’s not an encouraging picture.

We might’ve opened a profitable brothel (with a science fiction theme), but the Window of Opportunity has probably closed for Core Fandom on that one.

We’ve got writing ability, but as already explained, the total income from writing and editing is not likely to be large in terms of a whole town.

We’ve got brains, but that doesn’t seem to be a hot commodity these days.

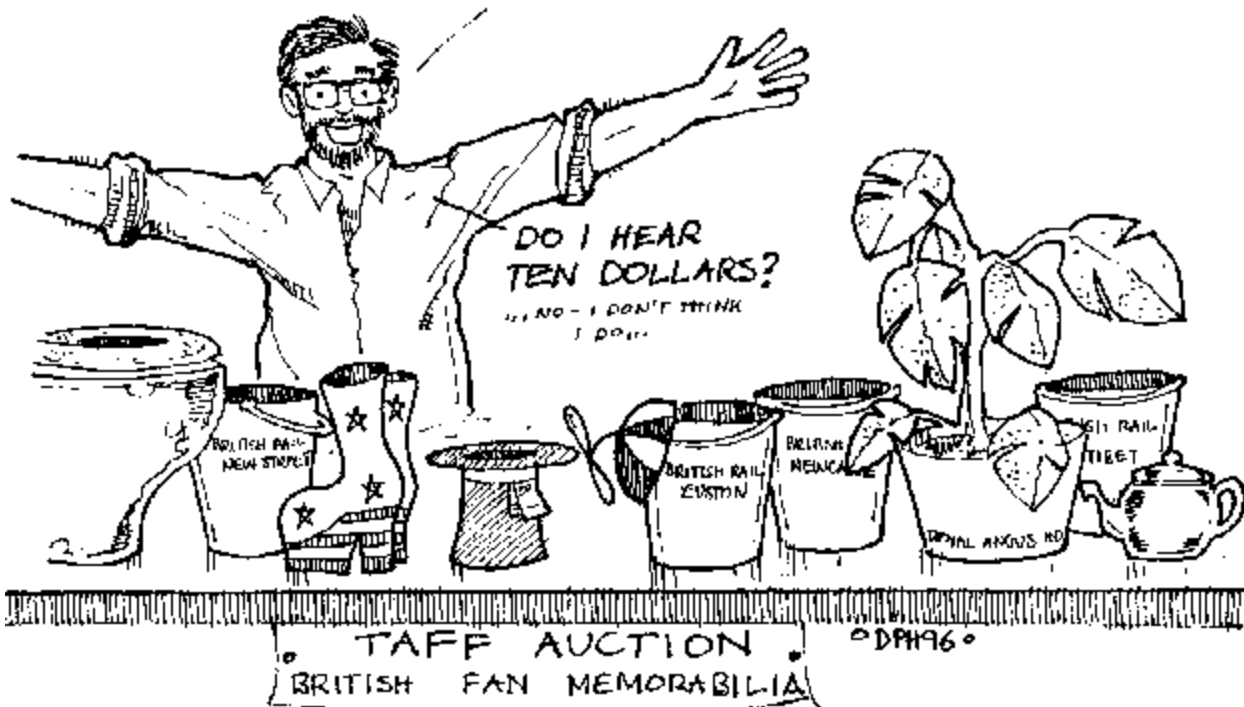
We’ve got knowledge of science fiction, which is worth less than brains.

We’ve got hearty appetites, but I don’t think we’ve got anyone capable of challenging Kobayashi to win Vast Sums at hot dog gulping.

That’s pretty much the whole list. I couldn’t see economic salvation for Trufan, NV, in any of those resources. I was Plunged into Gloom (a small town near Pahrump, settled by those who couldn’t afford the prices). Until I realized I’d



YOU DON'T WANT **HYPHEN!** - NOT WHEN YOU CAN HAVE ONE OF THESE LOVELY FANNISH MOMENTOUS **STEVE GREEN** HAS THROWN UP INTO!!



overlooked something obvious, precisely because it was obvious.

We are weird.

Very, very weird.

We like to gloss over this fact with words like “bohemian” and “individualistic,” but the truth is that most people in Mundane Society think we’re weird. Or they would think that if they knew us better.

We could give them the chance and make money from their becroglement. Trufan could be a cross between Williamsburg, VA, and one of those Old Western Towns! We could parade our eccentricities, act out 24/7 and live the fannish high life.

And then sell tickets to the marks. People like Williamsburg and Renaissance Fairs and all of that colorful, timebinding stuff. Just think how they’ll enjoy seeing Jeff Schalles explain the working of an “antique” mimeograph.

A weaver’s hut has nothing on a fenden for variety and fascinating

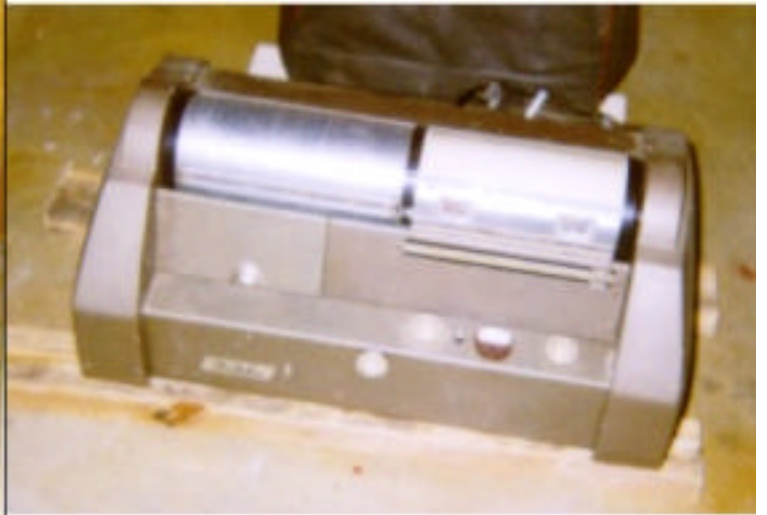
kipple. And the exact recreation of the fan attic at Oblique House will be just as absorbing as some iron-mongers shed. And we can sell copies of the Marilyn Monroe calendar and maybe even play-at-home boxed equipment sets for Ghoodminton.

At 2:00, 6:00 and 10:00 PM, Trufen would present its gala Vintage Convention Bid Voting





Gestefax, Gestetner 300, spare parts



Gestefax



Gestetner 120



Gestetner 320

Meeting. Fans would do it just like in the 1960s, with fiery speeches by a Harlan Ellison imitator and a big victory party (with cash bar).

Visitors will tell their friends to be sure not to miss (even if they can) the Feud Showdown. People think one of those 10-second pretend gunfights at places like Nevada's Bonnie Springs frontier town, are exciting; just wait till they witness the twenty minutes of slam-bang verbal slaughter when Ted White and Dick Eney re-enact their enmity at 10 PM and Midnight. We could even add an "adults only" uncensored 2 AM show.

Once we get the basic operation going, we'll

be able to sell "road show" companies to events. Maybe one of the customers could be the Worldcon, if it hasn't drifted too far from actual Fandom to grasp the show's theme.

This would be much better than a Fanzine Lounge, beginning with the fact that we wouldn't be paying them; they'd be paying us. Why, they might even let us into the green room and give us eager young amateur event planners to cater to our every whim.

Of course, based on the policies of recent worldcons, the committee may feel it is better to keep us separated from the rest of the attendees,

lest our vociferous non-conformism cause unrest among the passive masses.

This might necessitate reviving a somewhat similar idea I had for converting the Fanzine Lounge to a self-sufficient, Plexiglas cage. They put us in there, with all the food and drink we might be expected to consume in three or four days of fan-ish hedonism, and let convention attendees gawk at us and our quaint ways.

Alluring as that prospect may be, we don't want to neglect moneymaking opportunities closer to home. How about a Fandom Fantasy Camp? I see it catering to well-heeled semi-fans, the folks who line up for the panels and the huckster room at the worldcon.

For a suitably exorbitant fee, campers would spend a long weekend, living the life of an active core fan. Three Days of Fanac and two Nights of Snog await the adventurous neofan who comes to Fandom Fantasy Camp.

It's structured like a Corflu, so it should be fairly easy for us to mount this production every weekend. It may not rake in the dough like a Ren Fair, but we should make enough from running, say, 50 Fandom Fantasy Camps a year to finance our own all-expenses-paid annual convention so that fans from outside Trufan can carouse with their friends.

The excitement begins almost as soon as the campers arrive on Friday afternoon. After a Meet-the-Counselors dinner of some third-world cuisine, they attend the Reception (with cash bar). After the formal greeting, one camper is chosen by lot as the Guest of Honor.

The thrill-a-minute experience resumes very early Saturday morning. By not much later than 11:30 – the camp runs on *faanish* time – the campers begin their assault on the looming deadline of the Dynamic United Press Exchange. The campers will write articles, cut stencils, correct typos with authentic correction fluid and wrestle with the mighty Gestetner to turn out the six-page apazine needed to save their (fictitious) membership in



DUPE.

Campers will tour Trufen on Saturday afternoon. They'll see all the regular sites, plus a few open only to participants in the Fandom Fantasy Camp. No one will ever forget the mock worldcon business meeting at which Core Fandom Insurgents seize the podium and deliver their diatribe against commercialism in Fandom. (A DVD of the speech is available for purchase in the gift shop.)

Saturday night is the all-night fan party. Here campers will hear cool repartee by some of Fandom's finest wits. They will actually learn how to tell anecdotes and ridicule fuggheads, just like real fans.

Sunday is another early 11:30 day. Campers attend a detailed and accurate simulation of the annual Corflu banquet. It's all there, from FAAn Awards bestowed on those who distinguished themselves in various aspects of their apazine, to Ted White explaining the fwa. Naturally, the camper who was selected as the Guest of Honor will give a short speech.

The culmination is the election of one camper as the ex-president of the fanzine writers of America. An election party (with cash bar) follows the banquet and wraps up the weekend. Well, except for the Send-off Party (with cash bar).

I'm ready to make my reservation for Fan Town.

-- Arnie

I'll pipe down for now and turn the pages over to Teresa Cochran and James Taylor, for a pair of fascinating worldcon reports.

Tea Time

James and I

Worldcon: An Alternate Universe

got up just as the bats were going to bed at 4:00 am. We'd done most of our packing the night before, but there are always those last-minute things to be done, like remembering a toothbrush, etc.

Rebecca Hardin and her mom Betty arrived at around 6:00 am, and they took Rebecca's bags out to go into Lori Forbes' car for the trip. I could feel excitement in the air already. Even their dog seemed to catch onto the mood, and I found myself wondering what it would be like to take Shadow along.

Lori soon arrived, and we were off. We actually gave a fannish cheer as we pulled out of the cull-de-sac. We had an uneventful trip to Anaheim, and there was even the usual traffic jam in Barstow.

All of us had forgotten, or otherwise decided not to bring music along, but we chattered most of the way, until it was time for the two navigators, James and Rebecca (somehow, they wouldn't let me lead the way) to get us safely to our destination.

Checking in was fairly painless, especially as Lori arranged for valet service and we got upgraded to a sort of parlor suite with a Murphy bed.

We'd squirreled away some booze in our luggage, in case any little Russian artist Vegrants wanted a jill of peach vodka, or certain bat-creatures wanted Scotch, with plenty to spare.

I got a bee in my bonnet to go to the opening ceremonies, as I'd never been to any before at a con. Once we'd registered (another fairly painless process) James was looking at all the various guides and navigational aids to find the venue. We walked all over that vast world of Convention Center and the two hotels until we sort of got a sense of the layout. When we got to the ceremonies, it was standing-room-only, and we weren't able to hear very well, so we stayed there a few minutes and left for the fanzine lounge.

One great thing about the party at the Katz's the week before was that it primed the pump for us to continue conversations in the fan lounge that we'd started at the party. Those there included Hope Leibowitz, Ed Meskys, and Bridget Bradshaw. Oddly enough, we didn't see Art Widner any of the (many) other times we slipped into the fan room.

And of course, there was Milt, Stevens too, just as I remembered him from Loscon several months earlier. At one point during the con, we did run into Clare MacDonald from Australia, who been a no-show the week before in Las Vegas..

All of the fan events, including filking, were on one floor of the Hilton, which was easily reached by the escalator. This made me very happy.

At around 2:30 in the afternoon on Wednesday, after popping into the fan lounge, we made our way to a fan panel about myths in fandom. It was an amazing discussion, at starting off with the common misconceptions of fans, and then moved on to fan feuds and finally completely led into the sociol-



ogy of fandom. There was a point made about the lack of alienation themes in SF, most likely because fans didn't feel alienated in fandom for the most part. John-Henri Holmberg was on the panel, and I made a note to meet with him later, as James and I ended up doing, in the fan lounge.

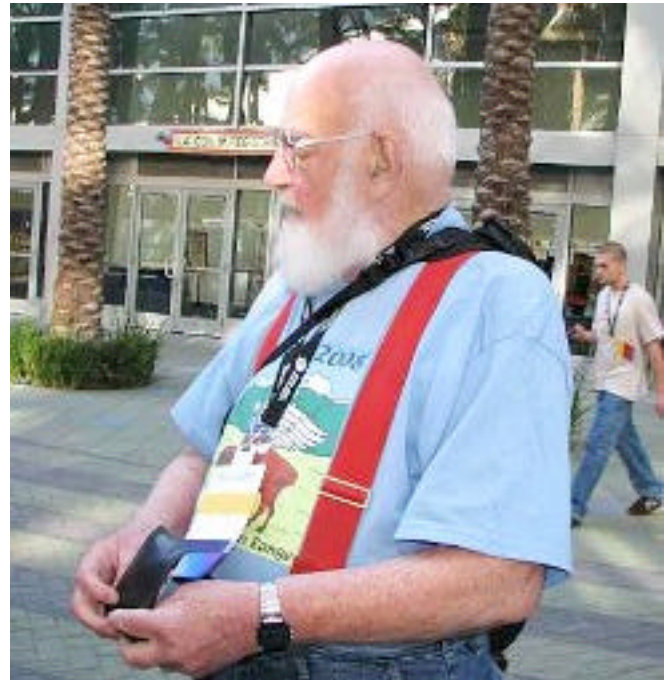
One of my favorite topics brought up: the admission that fandom, like so many other subcultures, is a family. I've experienced this amongst folkies and the underground art community, and Lenny Bailes confirmed this for me when we had a lengthy discussion about it later. Fandom is unique, and so is each of the other subcultures, but there are these striking social similarities that I can't help observing.

The next panel on Wednesday was entitled "Degler's worldcon." It was an intriguing name, but the discussion was wide-ranging and the panel outnumbered the audience. Someone quipped that the "audience" could just sit at the opposite side of the table. That would have suited me just fine. I think I'd prefer round-table discussions to panels.

James and I decided to grab a bite to eat in the restaurant at around 4:30, between panels. There was no one in the restaurant, and we had a decent, if expensive, hamburger. (I was on my increased-red-meat, decreased-caffeine consumption in preparation for the blood drive, and I wanted to get my iron up). It turns out we missed a gaggle of Las Vegas and L.A. fen for dinner. It was difficult to get folks together to go for a meal, since everyone had a wide range of panels and events they wanted to attend, but we did succeed in meeting at the fan room to go to a fabulous Indian restaurant on Saturday.

Later Wednesday evening, there was a filk concert with Leslie Fish, which I enjoyed a lot. Then there were bawdy songs, which were a lot of raunchy fun.

We went to the Vegas party, which was full of unfamiliar folk grazing the food and drink, but soon all the Vegranti began appearing out of the woodwork. Luba Anderson introduced us to a Kansas City fan, and we went outside to the balcony, where there was somewhat less noise. There were so many folks around that it was hard for me to follow the conversations, and James and I were both getting tired, so we headed back to the room.



Art Widner was among the Core Fandomites who attended LACon IV, though he and Teresa apparently didn't meet up there.

Thursday was James' birthday. I was going to buy him a book or two, but he beat me to it. We had a very interesting panel on Kipling's verse as songs, and I briefly met Fred Lerner there.

It's so interesting to meet people through correspondence and then in person. Karen Anderson and Lee Gold led the song circle, and I learned that Kipling was an admirer of technology and engineering. Apparently, Kipling lived near a music hall and he would compose his verse with the music in mind. I always thought of his poems set to music. It would be neat if someone recorded this stuff.

We went to the "Spaceport Lounge" in the convention center to hear John DeChancie play the piano. He plays beautifully, and playfully mixes classical tunes with improvisation.

We weren't sure what to do for dinner, but James had looked at the restaurant guide, so we trekked about a mile, looking for a likely spot. We'd passed an Italian restaurant on the way, but it looked deserted, so we didn't go in. On the way back, we took another look, and were glad we did. We had lasagna and pasta with brazed short ribs on top; very, very good. It was the best Italian food I

think I've eaten, and it isn't my favorite cuisine, but I would have killed for this. Especially the dessert; home-made chocolate gelato! It had a small amount of cocoa powder in it, and tasted just like a cup of cocoa in ice cream form. It was so good I was simply savoring each bite.

We'd looked for the blood drive on Thursday, but the schedule had changed. On Friday, there was life around the ballroom in which it was held, and I missed all the panels that I'd penciled in. The most harrowing part of the "Alien Abduction Blood Drive" was the interrogation period: many questions about health risks, lifestyle, etc. First James read the information to me, and then one of the workers read the questions. The actual blood-letting only took ten minutes, and it went fast.

I got a nicely crafted balloon for my trouble: an alien figure. We tied it to my backpack and went off for lunch at one of the hotel restaurants. In the position I sat, every time someone opened the patio door, the wind grabbed the alien, and he would start boxing my ears and punching me in the nose.

We went to the fanzine lounge after lunch, and Bridget Bradshaw said: "Oh, that's a very nice balloon!"

"Say that twice and it's yours," James replied.

So she then said, "Oh, that's a very nice balloon!" We noticed it was tied to an inflatable kangaroo on subsequent visits.

That night, I decided to spend time in the fan room. John-Henri and I talked about everything



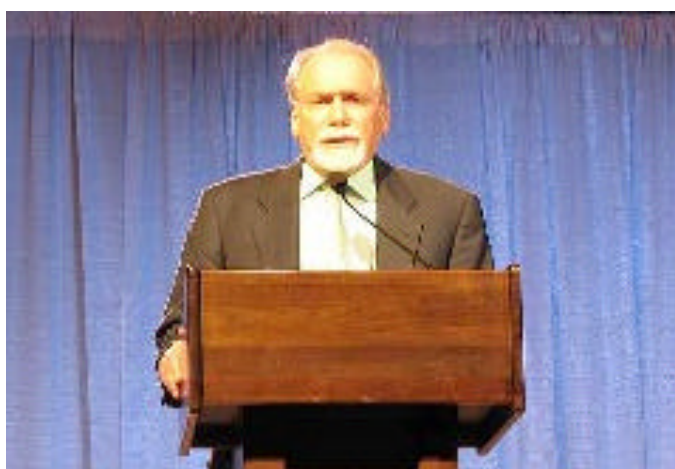
Forry Ackerman (shown here with Joe Moe) actually looked better at LACon IV than he has in some time, due to a run of illness.

under the sun for hours. At one point, after much grumbling about not being allowed to smoke in the hotel, we went out to the pool deck and staked out a table.

John-Henri tried to share a bottle of whiskey, but I was being a good girl and laying off the booze for twenty-four hours after the blood donation. Well, almost. At one point, I couldn't resist a glass of wine.

I talked to Ed Meskys, who told me his guide dog had had to be put down. He said it wasn't too much of a surprise, but very sad, of course. (The next day, there was a wake for Judge in the fan lounge, which I didn't attend.)

John DeChancie and his posse came by later Friday night on the pool deck, and he and John-Henri traded stories about writing and editing.



Robert Silverberg, BNF and Master of Science Fiction, was one of the convention's featured speakers. Sadly, he no longer looks like Czar Nicholas II.

Saturday morning, James and I decided to raid the fan lounge for pastry. At some point, perhaps on our way there on this occasion, I heard a voice say, “Hi, I’m Lenny.” I was almost entirely sure it was Lenny Bailes, but I had to ask. It was one of those occasions that you feel you’ve known a particular person for years. I somehow mentioned Arnie, and Lenny said, ‘Oh, Arnie: he knows how to make fans rise from gafia; they just magically appear out of the woodwork.’ We talked about San Francisco, the underground art scene, folk music, and fandom, and even a bit about SF. I could have talked to him for hours. Somehow I didn’t go to the panels he was on, but I enjoyed talking to him.

There was a lot of flurry around the Hugos, but we skipped them. Part of the reason for me is that I hadn’t read any of the nominations. But we had Keith Kato’s Natural gas company chili party, and I was impressed by the spread of deserts, wine bar, chilies (mild, medium, and hot) and other goodies. We had to try the hot chili, even though we’d just been to a fantastic Indian restaurant with Lori. I like hot food, and that stuff was nuclear.

I wish The Match Game had been scheduled at a different time in retrospect, but it was fun: a sort of risqué version of the 70s game show. We had to go to see Chris Garcia’s antics on the panel, and we weren’t disappointed. I also got to be a contestant, but I didn’t come up with anything earth-shakingly brilliant, though I got one of the panelists to match me on one of my two answers. It was perfectly fun and frivolous.

On our way out to a smoking area, we found the Baen’s Universe lounge, and I wanted to see if I could find some friends there, but we decided to come back later. Unfortunately, it had disappeared. I then had a delayed reaction to the sheer vastness of the Worldcon universe, and I was throwing a conniption fit in my head about it all. I could have done what Ed Meskys did and simply wandered around the party floor asking for help, but I wasn’t in an outgoing mood, so I gave up. But my mood soon improved back in the room, when we found the “hymnal sing” for Sunday morning of the “Rise Up Singing” folk book. This was truly one of the highlights of the



Guest of Honor Connie Willis is shown doing something suitably stefnal as part of the LACon IV program.

con for me. There weren’t many of us (maybe eight or ten) but we made a joyful noise, and I even had a few of the lyrics in my Braille notetaker from other song-collecting projects.

We ran into Sandy Meskys while we were lugging our bags toward the stairs. She seemed to be feeling better from her weekend tummy troubles, but said she would be going to the doctor as soon as she got home.

We dropped our bags in the fan lounge, went for breakfast, and came back. Not many folks were there, and it seemed right that my last sighting of Lenny was on the escalator, telling each other we’d meet at Corflu.

The trip home was another uneventful one. We’d bought CDs at the con, so we listened to a couple of filk CDs and the “O Brother, Where Art Thou” soundtrack. When we got home, we decompressed for an hour and went right on to our favorite Sunday evening haunt, at which our friend Barry Gold was singing country blues. He says he’s been a fan, and was curious about the con, so we gave him highlights. We were going to wear our badges to the bar so our friends there could tell where we’d been, but we left the badges in Lori’s car.

Worldcon is fun, but too big in general for me. I think I’d prefer a Corflu. I’d go to another worldcon to see my friends.

— Teresa Cochran

Taylor-Made Worldcon The Vegas Expedition

We gathered in the driveway at my house at about 6:00 am, Wednesday August 23 for the trip to Anaheim and LACon IV. Rachel Manz was a last-minute addition to our fannish travel party.

When the dust settled a few weeks before the con, it looked like it would be Lori Forbes, Rebecca Hardin, Teresa Cochran and I traveling in Lori's shiny red Suzuki. I was concerned at first until it became clear that Rachel would be driving her own Jeep, four was fine in the Suzuki, but five would have completely changed the inter-group dynamics.

The Suzuki took all the baggage without strain and we were off. There was a breakfast stop at the Bun Boy in Baker. Actually it wasn't bad and we were back on the road quickly.

Since we had mostly forgotten the CDs we had planned to bring, we just talked our way

across California. I did most of the descent out of Victorville into the Los Angeles Basin with my eyes closed. That's strange, because a decade or so ago I drove that descent myself a number of times. White-knuckled to be sure but I had done it. Lori seem to think it was rather fun I think. We negotiated the highways and byways without any great adventures since Rebecca had gotten a route plan from my house to the convention center rather than a generic trip tic from Las Vegas to Anaheim.

Lori revealed the instincts of a long-time Las Vegas resident by using valet parking. My sister did the same thing when she lived here. A short line and a brief conversation with a chirpy young Hilton employee lead to the registration desk. I had requested a King in a smoking room. Of course even then I knew that there was no smoking, but I thought I'd give it a try.



Perhaps to make up for the non-availability of smoking rooms or maybe in an attempt to get people into a room at all costs, I was offered a mini-suite with a queen at the same rate. That sounded good, so I took it. First we followed Lori and Rebecca to their room to await our luggage. Lori had been upgraded to a view of Disneyland and its fireworks. Not sure if she took advantage of that perk during her stay or not.

When we got to our room, we were rather stunned. The queen was a Murphy- type pull-down and the room was so large you could play shuffleboard. It was intended to be used as a hospitality suite. Bedrooms opened off each end, but they were probably rented out separately to other guests. Besides the Murphy bed, we got a wet bar, a desk and chair, a table and chairs, and a couch and side-boy that could be used as a bureau. As important, it became clear during the convention, was its location near both the elevators and the stairs.

The signs weren't up yet, or maybe we just didn't see them, but we found the Convention Center and registration. No line, really, just a nice fem-fan with Australian accents who handed over our badges and bags of goodies. Besides the glossy program book, there was a spiral-bound pocket guide and sheets with each day's programming. I would mostly use the pocket guide the night before to select the items to do, but I saw many people using the pocket guide as their mainstay throughout the convention. Providing both was one of those lessons learned at previous conventions.

After seeing some of the opening ceremonies, which seem hindered rather than helped by the sound system, Teresa and I found an elevator and then what would become our favorite smoking place, between the Convention Center and the Hilton.

As T. lit up her first pipeful, we reviewed the rest of the day's events. We decided on some fannish-sounding things with enough time between for an early dinner. Later there would be some Filking and the Burning Fan party.

The panels were pleasant enough. The only thing that really stuck was that one was run very much by the book and in the other the audience



Harlan Ellison announced his retirement in an emotional speech. No word on dates for the Farewell Tour. It is rumored that opening for Harlan will be The Rolling Stones.

pretty much piped in whenever they felt like it.

“Myths of Fandom” featured Milton Stevens, John-Henry Holmberg and Mary Kay Kare, while “Degler's Worldcon” had Milton Stevens, Mike Glycer, Moshe Feder and Bridgett Bradshaw. I remember rather more of “Degler's Worldcon” than the first panel. The idea was what were the turning points in fannish history and what could have resulted if the other path had been chosen.

Dinner was an introduction to the Hilton's coffee shop with upscale pretensions. The menu was rather creative and nicely thought out, but whoever was doing the cooking was someone different from the one who wrote the menu. It was good, but lacked something. I described it as the difference between a chef and a cook.

And, of course, we paid for a chef and got our food from a cook.

The Filk was fun, but it was clear that time has not stood still for filkers, either.

Then it was off to the BurningFan Westercon 2008 party. After a failed attempt to help set up, we did actually attend.

Lori Forbes played Hostess and the rather small room was packed. People basically moved from the door to the hallway onto the Lanai Courtyard around the Bed.

As a rather irked James Stanley Daugherty observed, only the Hotel could move the Bed and if they caught you doing it yourself it was \$1000. In

do course T. and I migrated on to the Lanai where be found two of The Three Physicists from Los-con, David M. Gordon, Lubov, Lori and Rachel.

Lubov had discovered some killer rum and had become a major "Kansas City in 2009" backer since The David Gordon Express arrived at the con. Except for one drunk who passed through blaming his ruined life on the BurningFan Party it, was pretty mellow. Shortly after Lori and Rachel put their game faces on and disappeared towards a pavilion where younger fandom was making itself known, T and I called it quits and headed for bed.

After a totally adequate breakfast at the coffee shop in the Clarion Hotel, we returned to discover that Milt Stevens was basically providing breakfast in the Fan Lounge.

Oh Well.

As we made our way to the fan lounge, we passed a fan, but he stopped and announced, "You must be Teresa. Hi, I'm Lenny Bailes."

Needless to say, we proceeded to the Fan Lounge to talk.

And Talk.

And Talk.

Then the convention intervened and Lenny was off to a panel and we were off to the Marriott to keep T's appointment with the Vampires. Now T had tried a few weeks before to give blood, but had been turned down due to low iron. So she cut back on the fully leaded coffee and started eating more beef.

Just two problems. If you go directly from the Hilton across to the Marriott, you have to cross a street with six lanes. One is blocked off due to construction and the island that separates the lanes was planted without any provision for pedestrians. I guess the guests of one hotel are not supposed to visit or acknowledge the existence of the other property.

Luckily, there wasn't much traffic most of the time, so the Fire Department Paramedics could concentrate on their chili cooking instead of carting fans to the local emergency room.

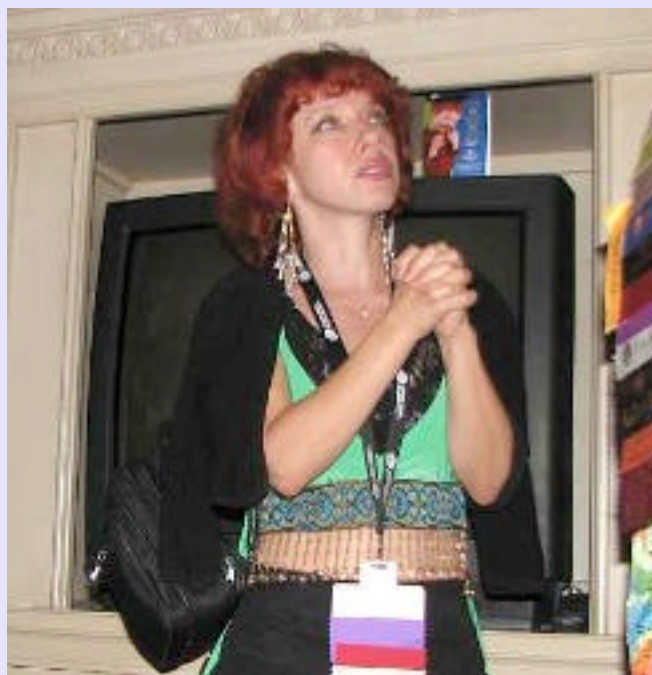
The other problem was that there was no blood drive in progress.

They changed the day. It may have been in the con daily news, but we only read it very hit

and miss. Apparently, this we missed. Finally a harried-looking fan put us and at least one other would-be donor out of our collective befuddlement with the news that the blood drive had been moved to Friday and Saturday rather than Thursday and Friday.

Next we ventured to the Convention Center for the "Fan-Tiques Road Show." Great, if you had something to be appraised, but not really of much interest to anyone else since there was no way to see what was being appraised or hear what was being said about the pieces.

Why Is This Fan Praying?



This photo of our own dear Luba Anderson is a contemporary fannish enigma. Why, for what and to whom is the well-known Las Vegas fan and professional fantasy artist addressing her prayers>

Complicating the analysis of this fascinating picture is that Luba is of Jewish heritage and her co-religionists neither clasp hands nor look to heaven during prayer. Your Inquiring Reporter has determined (from relentless grilling of her husband Merric) that Luba is not contemplating a switch to any of the creeds that *do* worship in that way.

Fans have advanced theories, none of them completely satisfying. Therefore, I'm throwing open speculation to the entire *VFW* readership. Send your best guess for the next letter column.

— Arnie

We moved on. The panel on Rudyard Kipling as Filk writer was very good. Many insights into Kipling were given and several readings took place. But this was in the Hilton, so it was back to the Convention Center for John DeChancie tinkling the ivory keys in the Lounge/Commons. He effortlessly amazed everyone within earshot.

That was around six or eight, which was a huge shame.

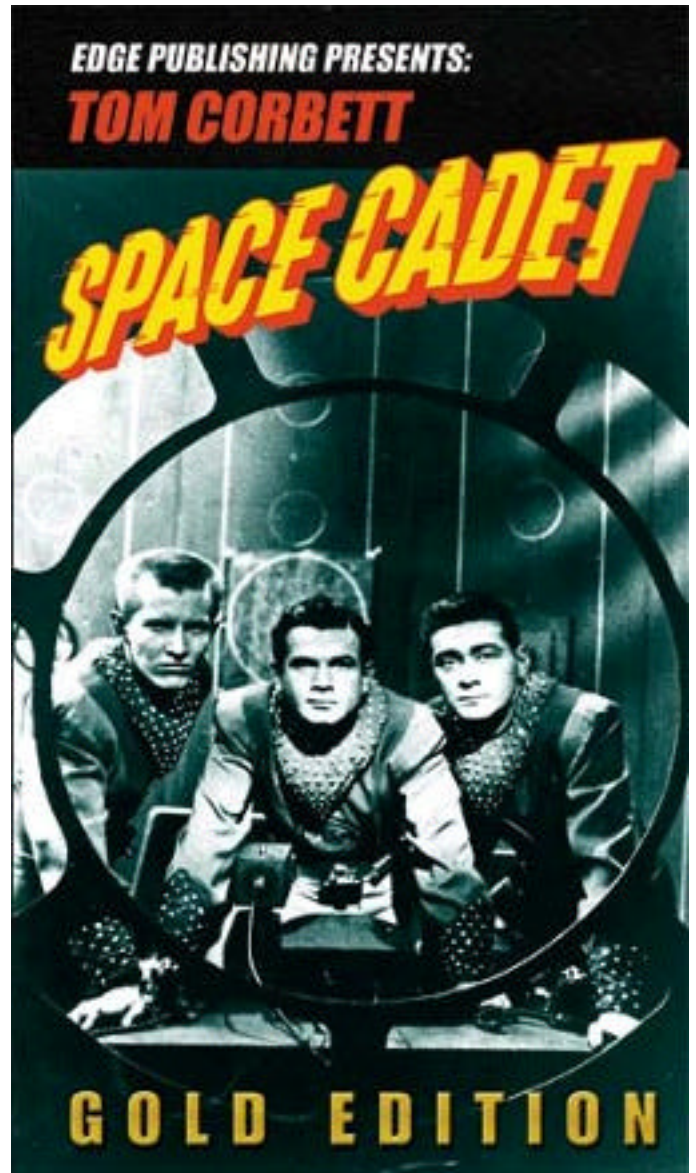
A live performance of *Tom Corbet, Space Cadet* was to take place at 5:30 pm. As we waited for it to begin (sitting in front of the stage in the commons), the stage manager stopped by. He said that he had no idea what was going to happen. No one had been in communication on whether the performance was going ahead or not after the death of Frankie Thomas, the actor who had played Tom Corbet. He was to have a role in this live production. Somehow, in the two-plus months since his death, no word had reached the stage manager as to what would happen. Was it canceled, would there be a stand in or maybe just a tribute to Frankie instead? After the start time came and went, we left.

As it happens, my birthday is August 24th and has been for a rather long time. Unable to make contact with anyone else in the Vegas Expedition, I found an interesting- looking Italian place in the Restaurant Guide provided by the convention. We set out on foot.

After nearly 30 minutes, we stood where it was suppose to be as far as I could tell but it was not anywhere in sight. In our long march we had crossed into the neighboring city Garden Grove. We had passed another Italian place, Ajio, a part of the Doubletree Inn & Suites, maybe 10 minutes from the Hilton.

I had, in passing, looked in. I saw a single dinner, a hostess and a busboy. We had kept on. So now we retraced our way to the Ajio. Things had picked up; maybe 8 people were dining. We were put at a table for two near a window, I guess in case they had an influx of diners. T isn't big on your typical red sauce, but I found her a penne pasta with a cream sauce and short ribs.

Yup, short ribs. Or more correctly, a single very big short rib complete with a single small bone. She loved it.



I had an excellent lasagna that, unlike my last lasagna at Macaroni Grill, did not resemble a pasta soup. We finished with a chocolate gelato that was made on site. You could taste the inconsistencies and cocoa in it. It was worth raving over and we did for the rest of the convention.

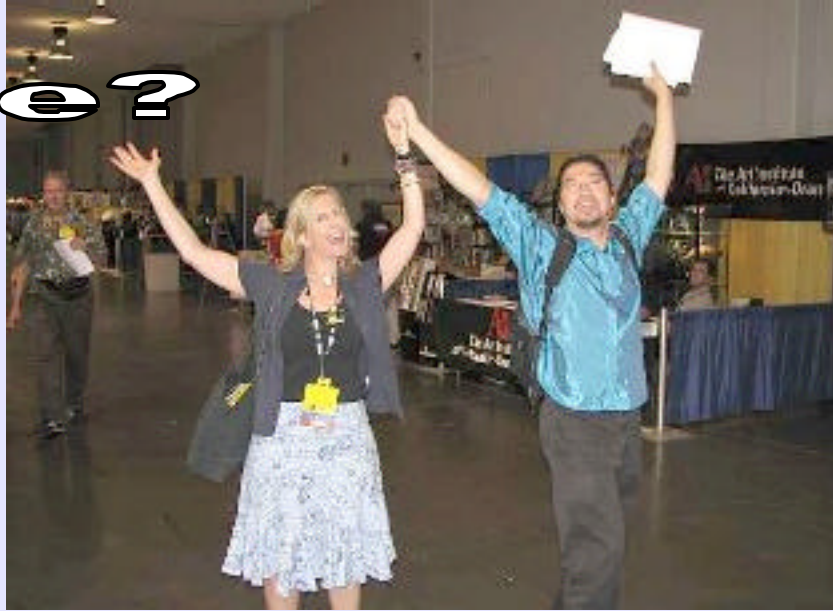
Friday brought the visit to the vampires. Or rather, to the Aliens. Teresa was scheduled for 12:15. Things were so behind that the whole thing took more like 2 hours. As exciting as sitting on a chair can be, I left T in the care of the staff, sitting next to a fan I remembered from my days in LASFS, Elst Weinstein. Not that I had ever talked to him, but I had seen him around. Figured it was safe enough.

Shall We Dance?

Frank Wu and Lisa Spencer appear to be doing the traditional Jewish dance, the Hora, in this LACon IV photo. What they are celebrating and why they chose to express their joy in this quaint and curious way are questions that only Frank and Lisa can authoritatively answer.

Also raising questions is the content of the paper Frank is waving so triumphantly.

Only Frank (or Lisa) can put these questions to rest. This is an open invitation to either or both to share with *VFW* readers the circumstances that led to this captured moment of Boundless Joy. The pages of this fanzine stand ready to present this revelation. — Arnie



By the time I picked her up, she had completely charmed the staff (which was no surprise to anyone in Vegas Fandom). With many fond farewells, we were off to lunch.

It was the best lunch of the convention. The wine bar was serving food to help accommodate the convention goers, but the food came from the Marriott's restaurant.

This was food not just designed by chefs, but prepared by one. We enjoyed it, n between gales whenever the sliding glass doors to the patio opened.

I noticed a group of Older Gentlemen sitting and drinking wine. One was admittedly a ringer, he had the requisite balding skull, but his back was towards me. The other two were wearing suits (no ties,) had white hair and goatees. All three were engaged in a relaxed conversation when a third Gentleman with the required white hair and goatee arrived. They greeted him warmly as "Bob." I knew then I was in the presence of three car dealership owners as I had suspected.

Just kidding.

These were Professional Writers of the most senior kind. As we left, I caught a glimpse of one badge -- Harry Harrison. Still don't know why

older pro SF writers want to look like Colonel Sanders, but maybe it's an SFWA thing.

Most of Saturday was spent in the Fan Lounge, escorting Teresa to the smoking area at Stonehenge between the convention center and the Hilton, and harassing John DeChancie at his signing.

It seems that the previous day he had let on that his "fan" -- yes singular -- would be at the signing in the exhibition hall. So when T and I arrived, we announced that we weren't there to see him, but rather his fan.

John lied. At least three fans, all with bags of books, came and went while we were there. One greeted John with a loud complaint about him not making it to East Coast conventions any more.

I took that as a good time to leave. I did not see any other writer get even one signing during my time there. They seemed alternately bored or envious of John.

Finally, we set off for an early dinner at Gandhi Place. Yes, not only Indian, but named "Gandhi." After the less-than-wonderful recent experience at Gandhi (for a SNAFFood Dinner Meeting) in Las Vegas, we persevered and tried again.

Lori, Teresa and I set out first. We had no trou-

ble finding it without visiting any more adjacent cities. We had the dining room to ourselves at first. The food was fantastic. That's all: fantastic. Before long, a steady stream of fans had filled half the place and a slightly scary group of 20 had the rest of the dining room. We had some difficulty making our way back, we had eaten so much.

Two major events remained for the day. One was Keith Kato's legendary Chili Party and the soon-to-be-legendary Match Game PM. I always seem to have a knack for flustering Keith. I address him as either Dr. or Professor and the retired academician always stutters trying to respond.

I don't do it on purpose, but I really don't know him that well. I'm just trying to be polite when I address him. I have some idea of the work you have to do get a PhD in general and one in Physics is probably towards the upper end in difficulty. So why not give him credit for it?

Anyway, we had an invitation and used it. Teresa and I arrived while last-minute preparations were being completed. We were able to reassure Keith that his choice of dark beer was perfect, a dark Bavarian Lager and would go well with the Chili.

Chili was just the beginning. Wings, salads, desserts of all types were also on the menu. And in a corner, behind a pass-through to the kitchen none other than Elst Weinstein, who had taken charge of the wine and cheese.

Finally, after several decades, I was ready to introduce myself and Teresa. We did not discuss SF, but rather wine, the exotic cheese he had gotten that day, and the Hogu Awards history.

I took a minute to reassure a cute young fem-fan that even having grown up eating hot Mexican or Southwest food did not necessarily prepare you for Keith's Chili. Different spices, I suggested. She was greatly relieved that her honor was intact. My self-worth puffed up to twice its normal size at this good deed.

Still, it was ten o'clock and with a quick wave to a just arriving Alan White and the invisible DeDee, we were off to "Match Game PM."

This was in support of Chris Garcia, who was on one of the panels. Lori and Rebecca had saved us seats and, with some trepidation, I filled out a contestant card for Teresa.

So, of course, she was one of the first chosen. She tried, but there was no way she was going to match the bunch of raving loonies they had as panelists.

Chris held his own in lunacy without any help from us. We could barely keep our seats, because we were laughing so hard.

In due course, Teresa collected her Lovely Parting Gifts and we trekked back to the party floor. Chaos was in full swing. Teresa wanted to stop at a Baen's suite we had seen earlier, but it had seemingly disappeared. After much wandering, we called it a night.

Next morning, we had a full breakfast at the Hilton. Eventually much of the Vegas party was gathered at three tables at one end of the "outside" patio of the coffee shop.

After that, we split up to make our assorted ways home. It went well, barring one trucker's attempt to kill us all outside Barstow. Luckily, both Lori and the Suzuki were up to the challenge. We continued on our merry way, entertaining ourselves with newly purchased filk CD's.

I have made no efforts to cover all the length discussions in the Fan Lounge and other places with Ed Meskys, Milt Stevens (who did such a good job with managing the fan lounge), Lenny Bailes, Bridget Bradshaw and especially John-Henry Holmberg. I still can't figure out how Hope Leibowitz could be in three places at once, sbut tand still for 10 minutes and Hope would come into view.

Nor will I embarrass a well know pro who was seen half off a couch in the lobby of the Hilton one morning, sound asleep. I mean, I couldn't do that to John.... — James Taylor

An Editorial Aside...

These two LACon IV reports, which appeared in their original form in the September SNAPS distribution, are the first worldcon reports either has written. In Teresa's case, it is also an account of her very first worldcon. (James, I believe, attended the two previous LACons.)

I thought you'd like to see what Vegas Fandom's charming couple made of the experience.

— Arnie

Las Vegrants Walking Wounded Party Down

James Taylor and Teresa Cochran arrived fannishly early to help set up for the September 16 Vegrants meeting. Their help is always much appreciated, but their mere presence has an observable, comforting effect on both Joyce and me.

Teresa proudly told us of her newest acquisition, a harp. She has been taking lessons for a while and has progressed to where owning a harp makes sense. She plays mostly Irish folk music and similar. I am very much looking forward to the day when Tee feels confident enough to play a few choruses (with vocal accompaniment) of *Wildwood Flower* or some such. I'd think the harp would complement her high, clear voice very nicely.

Roxanne Mills looked ill when she arrived and she quickly confirmed that that's the way she felt, too. Bill was working against a Renaissance EBooks deadline and could not attend at all, but Roc had decided to come over to say "Hi!" to everyone and, mostly, deliver Tee's now-repaired computer.

Joyce told everyone about her new shoes, designed to help her walk more easily with the fused right ankle.

The Worldcon was still much in the minds of many Vegrants, so it worked its way into the swirling living room conversations during the early part of the evening. The main topic was the myriad of panels presented at LACon UV. Some thought it might be good

to use people on fewer panels, to keep them fresher and more focused.

JoHn Hardin arrived, fresh from the Renaissance Period about a quarter to midnight. He got a late start from his present home in Kingman, AZ, which brought him to the Launch Pad after some of the Vegrants had already left. JoHn's life is a bit complicated at the moment, since he has charge of his oldest son Lucas, but I know that some of those who went home early would've liked to have seen him.

I asked JoHn if he generally wore that costume to work at the UPS Store.

Su talked about Johnny, now grown into a giant, recalling when he wore a Dalmatian suit for Halloween. That led to a description of an incident, one that Johnny probably would as soon forget, in which Johnny in his Dalmatian suit became the focus of the romantic desires of Jazz, Ken and Aileen Forman's huge, mutant Dalmatian.

That reminded Joyce of our cat Foggy's latest miss-adventure. He has surmounted the considerable obstacle of being Fixed to develop a torrid affair with a shaggy little rug in the hall bathroom.

"I think he got it pregnant," I told the group. "It gave birth to three hand towels, but you know how cats are... each was a different color. So we gave away the rug!"

We continued to talk of inconsequentialities well past midnight. It was roughly 1:30 when James and Teresa departed for home, JoHn staked a claim to the guest room and Joyce and I retired to our king-size bed.

Making merry at the Launch Pad were: James Taylor; Teresa Cochran; Alan & DeDee White; Roc Mills; Luba & Merrick Anderson; Ross Chamberlain; JoHn Hardin; Ayesha Ashley; Su Williams; Derek Stazenski; Lori Forbes; David Purdy; Joyce Katz and me...-- Arnie Katz

Next Meeting

The usual revelry, and maybe the third oneshot, will be featured at the next meeting, Saturday, Boctober 21.



Ross Chamberlain, photo'd by Bill Mills at the previous meeting, is always a welcome sight coming through the door on meeting night.

SNAFFood's Buffet **SNAFFU Central**

Seven fans had a great time at SNAFFood, the 2nd Friday night dinner meeting (open to all - so please join us next time) on Sept. 8. This was the first time we tried a buffet.

It was great fun, with James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Lubov Anderson, David Purdy, Rebecca Hardin, and Ron & Linda Bushyager in attendance. The buffet was not crowded, and since we were a smaller group, we were able to sit at a round table, making conversation very easy. The economical Gold Coast buffet only cost \$11.95 for tax and tip, and everyone found the food delicious.

Among the various food stations such as Mexican, Italian, American, Chinese, etc., we found huge mounds of peel-and-eat shrimp, BBQ ribs, lemon chicken, wonton soup, make-your-own stirfry/Mongolian table, BBQ London broil, chicken, swordfish, trout almondine, and much more, as well as a good salad bar.

Ron Bushyager's healthy eating style was of note, as he filled several huge plates with healthy veggies, salad, fruit, and just a little bit of turkey and other protein.

It was Linda's birthday, and David kindly brought her a card, and the table sang Happy Birthday. Linda claimed it was her 39th Birthday, somehow making her just a toddler when she married Ron

The evening's meal had just about ended when a neighboring table added to the festivities by giving us a free bottle of Fusee wine. The wine had a rocket in the logo and a strange description on the back about the future and flying cars and stuff - quite appropriate. Since 6 of the 7 fans had recently attended the Worldcon, a lot of the conversation revolved around the convention and past conventions.

James asked, "What was the worst Worldcon you've ever attended?" leading to a number of convention horror stories.

Linda also told a great "Harlan Ellison story" (as originally told by Robert Silverberg). David wanted to know about the differences between Star Trek and "literary" fandoms and heard a lot about that. The conversation was so good that we sat for about 3 hours, and poor Ron missed his early-bird bedtime. Everyone thought the buffet was a great idea for a change and found the food quality excellent and the price a real bargain.

October's SF dinner will be at "Inka Si Señor" an economical Peruvian restaurant with some Peruvian music too! 4375 S. Buffalo (Flamingo & Buffalo). Time 7pm, Date Oct. 13. Please RSVP as soon as possible to LindaBushyager@aol.com

— Linda Bushyager



Some of the happy diners (*left to right*): James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Ron Bushyager, Luba Anderson and David Purdy. Evidently, someone has just told a very sad story.

Continued from p 1

party is scheduled for October 28 at 8:00 PM at the home of James Willey and Mindy Hutchings. Costumes are strongly encouraged, though not absolutely required. Carol Kern, the driving force behind this (and last) year's party, offered details:

"Our 2006 party will have a new feature - a margarita bar complete with bartender. This is only one of the new items we are planning for this year. You'll have to attend to see what else we've got in our psychotic little minds.

"Like last year, this is a potluck event. Please email Carol Kern (rhatany@earthlink.net) with any food contributions you would like to make. Of course, it's not necessary to bring food to attend, but the more the merrier.

"Anyone wishing to help with decorating - that will happen Friday the 27th and Saturday the 28th. If you are free on either day, let Carol know and she'll get you the times.

"We had such fun with the pumpkin carving last year, we're going to do it again (sort of a pre-Halloween party) on the Saturday before the party."

SNAPS Gains Three Well--Known Members!

SNAPS, the electronic apa based in Las Vegas has taken the first big step in its transition into a Fandom-wide group. Or rather, it has taken its first three steps.

Three accomplished fans from outside southern Nevada have applied for membership and will be on the official roster as of the October distribution. Soon to lend their considerable talents to SNAPS are Robert Lichtman, John Purcell and Laurraine Tutihasi.

You can be part of SNAPS, too, whether you are a current Las Vegas fan, a former Vegas fan (Hiya Aileen, Ken, Ben and Cathi, Ken and Alex and Woody) or from another fan center.

Just drop an email to the Official Editor (me) at crossfire4@cox.net and ask to be added to the roster.

The activity requirement is a modest one page every two months and you have until your second distribution on the roster to make your debut. If you want more info or you need a little help doing a SNAPSzine, just tell me what I can do.

SNAFFU to Give Peru a Second Chance!

The October gathering of SNAFFood (The SNAFFU Dinner Meeting) will return to Inka Si Senior at the Buffalo & Rainbow location. (The Maryland Parkway eatery is history.) It is scheduled for Friday, Oct. 13 at 7 pm. RSVP to Linda Bushyager (LindaBushyager@aol.com).

Future Salon to Host LiftPort Prez!

Michael Laine, president of LiftPort, will be the featured speaker at the Friday, October 13 meeting of the Las Vegas Future Salon (the latest permutation of the LV Futurists).

The meeting starts at 6:30 PM at CCSN's West Charleston Campus (6375 W. Charleston Blvd, Bldg K -- Room 101). You can get more information from Gilda Cabral (gildacabral@hotmail.com).

Heard Around Fandom...

David Gordon has returned from his mountaineering jaunt to the Pyranees. He's got some photos to show at: <http://eutrapelia.blogspot.com/2006/09/dmg-returns.html> and <http://eutrapelia.blogspot.com/2006/09/behind-scenes.html>...

Bill Kunkel came close to Vegas, but he was whizzing through the skies in an airplane at the time. Bill spent last week on the West Coast where he attended the opening of Tommy Telirico's "Games Live" show as one of the celebrities, conferred with a publisher and was on hand when sometimes Vegas fringe fan (and former professional wrestler) Barry Orton presented his movie-in-progress to investors.

Aileen & Ken Forman report all is reasonably well in Flippin, AR. They are happy, if unemployed, at the moment. Ben & Cathi Wilson are working in factories and still contemplating a move into their own place with daughter Megan...

Joshua Andrews is in process of moving and plans to hold an open house (and a naming ceremony) to establish his new abode as a fannish residence...

It looks like my debut as a college instructor will be a bit delayed. The class I was supposed to teach starting on 9/23 failed to attract enough students. The other class, set to start in October, is still alive, but it's on life support...

SNAPS Wants You!

Sunday, 10/8, is the deadline for the October 2006 distribution of SNAPS. It's an electronic, monthly virtual fan party founded right here in Las Vegas in April, 2004.

As the group's recently elected Official Editor (OE), succeeding the admirable Joyce Katz -- I think I've met her -- I'd like to invite all of you to participate in this most entertaining activities. It's fun, it's free and it's a way to have fun with some of your best fan friends (and maybe make a few new ones).

In a unanimous vote, SNAPSters agreed to extend the invitation throughout Fandom. Already, three new members -- Robert Lichtman, Chris Garcia and Laurraine Tutihasi -- have joined. You can, too.

The concept is fairly simple. Members of SNAPS write whatever they want and send the file to the OE (me). I meld them into one electronic bundle and send it to everyone on the SNAPS roster.

The variety of material in each distribution is amazing. Recent pieces have included worldcon reports, social commentary, accounts of great and small adventures, faan fiction and much more.

A unique feature of groups like SNAPS are the Distribution Comments. Members often write comments, some of them almost like full essays, on topics raised in the previous distribution. That creates numerous lively multi-pathed conversations as fans exchange views and information.

You can check out a sample disty at www.snuffu.org and you can write to me directly with any questions. Honest, it's not scary -- and it's a guaranteed good time. — Arnie

Chatback: The VFW Letter Column

Let's get right to it without delay, because there are some mighty intriguing letters on hand this week.

Our intrepid UK fan leads off with musings on the subject of crudzines...

Peter Sullivan

A good piece on crudzines. My first fanzine was a postal games fanzine. And, with this particular genre, there's a certain level of basic content (house rules, lists of game openings, etc.) that means that you pretty much wing your first issue -- always assuming that you've seen at least one postal games fanzine before, of course.

My cruddiest issue was probably the 5th one, where I started to have real problems with getting the duplicator to ink to anything even approaching readability. It was only after I'd sent out what I'd managed to wrest from it that it suddenly occurred to me that I'd never, in all the time I'd been using it, actually used any of the ink refill tubes that had come with it. Issue six had much better legibility...

Arnie: While bad repro in its many guises is closely associated with the classic crudzine, sometimes bad repro happens to good fans. I remember one stretch, back in the '60's, when Mike McInerney struggled to keep Focal Point coming out regularly, despite a very noticeable dent in the drum of his mimeo. Every page had a barren spot that printed faintly or not at all, which caused for some ingenuity to keep Really Important News from breaking in the blank spots.

Next is a master locker who always seems to turn up like a good penny.

Lloyd Penney

I haven't been in an apa in a long time, and I have been toying with the idea of joining FAPA and seeing if I fit into the group. I admit I'm still having lots of fun with locking zines, and my schedule seems pretty full, so I'd wonder what the minac is and how much I'd have to lay down to establish an account.

My Worldcon was fantastic, in more ways than one. Met new friends like Chris Garcia, met lots of Vegas fans like Alan White, Teresa Cochran, James Taylor and David Gordon. Saw people I haven't seen in years or decades. Enjoyed a great fanzine lounge and fan fund auction, saw and did great things, traveled a bit just before the convention, and generally enjoyed the California sun. I'd like nothing better than to do it all over again.

I've probably told you about my first zine, called *The Whole Toronto Fanac Guide*. It was meant to be a reference work, a list of conventions, stores, clubs for anyone in the local community interested in science fiction, comics, games, hobbies, and anything else that might be loosely associated with fandom. I had some help from local fanzine fan Mike Wallis, and he gave me what he said was a Rotsler cartoon to publish... only it wasn't. Bill Rotsler wasn't happy with me on that one, but I was a neofaned, how was I to know?

My little zine saw limited distribution, and I never did another issue. (I remember being sent a copy of a First Fandom fanzine, and it might have been Scien-

tiFiction. I did what was expected, and I wrote an effusive loc, thanked them heartily, and hoped aloud if I might get the next issue. Nope, never did, and not even sure if there were any more.

Ah, now I know who and what the Cineholics are. Any excuse is a good excuse to party.

Alan White took lots of photos of LAcon IV, and he took one of Yvonne and myself. As always, the photographer caught me with my mouth open... (there's proof on page 21) Yvonne and I signed the Wall of Fandom under 1978 and 1977 respectively. Arnie, you say in your response to Robert Lichtman that it used to be that you could have direct contact with those who started it. In some ways, we still do. I met Forry for what I sadly expect will be the last time. I met Walt Willis at Magicon in 1992, and he said he enjoyed my locs. (Not sure how often my feet were actually on the floor that week.) It is still possible. Forry and Walt were gentle and gracious to someone who was still fairly new to the scene, and as we ascend to those lofty fannish heights, we should do no less to those few who find out what we're doing, and think that it's cool to write, communicate, publish and participate.

John Purcell's loc is another vote for what makes a convention a great one...the people. I pray that this kind of social contact will never go away. We need it, possibly more than just being online with each other. It's tough to clink glasses of something alcoholic when you're on opposite ends of the computers.

My loc... the evening at the Devil's Advocate was a good one, and the Foxes' Den has undergone its renovations, not only to the space it's in, but also to its menu. Looks delicious...if only I could say the same about the new prices... We did get to the California Science Centre, and to the Coroners' Department gift shop, and I now have a t-shirt with CORONER in big yellow letters across the back. That should turn some heads at a con or two. I think the idea of a welcomittee, much like what the N3F has, or Trek fandom had, might be a good idea. No recruiting, but some information for the relative newcomer to bring them in and give them the goods once they arrive.

I still think it's an idea to try the Earthcam system again. There's got to be a way to do a little computer-style broadcasting from the party. I've tried using YouTube after my computer refit, and I can't access it. Even though I do have the latest Flash software, it continues to say that I don't have it, or that I've shut down JavaScript. I don't quite know how to turn it on again, and the YouTube people themselves are uncommunicative.

Anything fannish since LAcon? Heck, no! I've been very busy with a seven-day convention assign-

ment, working Exhibitor Registration at the American Association of Otolaryngologists, Head and Neck Surgery Foundation annual convention at the Metro Toronto Convention Centre south building. How exciting... Should be a good paycheque from that, and next Tuesday, there's another show to work for four days at the National Trade Centre. As you say, sometimes, fanac has to be put temporarily aside so that you can earn some money for you can afford the basics that make your fanac possible.

Arnie: FAPA minac is eight pages annually. There are also dues, but they are modest compared to, say, a con membership. And meaning no disrespect to FAPA, I hope you'll consider SNAPS, the electronic monthly apa, as an option. There are no dues, electronic publishing is virtually cost free and the minac is only one contribution every two distributions.

Mouth opening, ready to talk, is a popular posture in candid convention photographs. Fans are like camels and store up great quantities of fannish gabble that bursts free upon arrival at a fan gathering.

I'm sure Bill Mills will try the Earthcam, or something like it, again. I'll let everyone know when we're ready for another attempt. The first couple were pretty frustrating, as you can understand, so it's only fair to give Bill some time to recharge.

The Sage is on vacation as you read this, but he provided a lot of food for thought in this wide-ranging commentary...

Robert Lichtman

Thanks for publicizing the "Get Harry" Fund as your lead item in VFW No. 85 as well as editorializing about it and including a graphic of the artwork on the tee-shirt and other items available through the Web site. As one of the early adopters of the fund myself, I already have my "Get Harry" tee-shirt. In fact, Rich Coad, Bruce Townley and I were the first three fans in the U.S. to have them, and I wore mine prominently at a Sunday evening gathering at San Francisco's Beach Chalet bar and restaurant in honor of a visit by Pat and Graham Charnock (and their two sons, James and Daniel, and James's significant other, Michelle) to the Bay Area as part of their west coast tour that started in Seattle and made its way down the coast. My particular "Get Harry" shirt was rendered on a lovely black tee-shirt by that nice Dr. Jackson himself and airmailed to me so it would be available in time for that gathering.

As for your comments about Special Funds vs. the continuing funds such as TAFF and DUFF, in my view there's room for both to peacefully coexist even in

years when there aren't candidates as compelling as Chris Garcia. The overhead costs for both are quite similar, and the main difference is that the established funds have institutional support (from conventions, for instance) while the Special Funds find their own constituency and conduct more focused fund-raising from within that group (for the most part).

I have copies in my collection of both Art Widner's *Interplanetary* (you say *Triplanetary* but I think this is what you mean) and Bruce and Dian Pelz's *The Game of Fandom*, and I agree with you that neither of them is *really* the fannish game either of us would want to play. If there are other fannish games, which you suggest as a possibility, I'm blissfully unaware of them. For the most part I share your view that simply Brandonizing existing board games such as Monopoly to include fannish components is kind of lame, but a fannish Trivial Pursuit might be an exception. I remember Ted and me being wiped out in such a quiz at Corflu Blackjack by Sandra Bond, whose brain cells are much younger than either of ours and thus retain more—and who has made a study of fannish history and events, while Ted and I merely lived through them.

Thanks to Bill Mills for assembling "Rich brown's Early Days," which in some ways bear a resemblance to my own. My parents never tore up any of my fanzines, but there was one period where they thought they ought to have veto power over what went into them and wanted to see a copy of each before it went out into the world. Although annoying, this caused no problems until one fateful OMPazine was published that included a lengthy excerpt from Rich Alex Kirs's "How The Other Half" column from Boyd Raeburn's estimable *À Bas* about "nice girls" and "vice girls." Somehow this reference to *sex* set them off (but politics, even the radical social views expressed in fanzines like the early *Habakkuk*, mysteriously made the cut) and I was forced—forced, I tell you, and totally against my will—to recast the sheet on which that excerpt appeared and send off an alternate version. Back then I secretly saved three or four copies of the *real* issue, but those went away when I gafiated, gave away and/or sold all my fanzines including my own file copies, and moved to Tennessee. But the sting remains (although faint at this 45-year remove), and I know exactly how rich felt. It wasn't too many months after this incident that, fed up, I also left ("ran away from") home and moved to Berkeley for six months, returning only when more favorable terms were negotiated.

One small correction to rich's perceptions of the Los Angeles River: It does not "flow out of the Arroyo Seco"—its origins are in the far reaches of the San Fernando Valley—but the Arroyo Seco flows into it near

downtown Los Angeles.

I enjoyed John Purcell's article about how a Google search for "fanzines" got him back into fandom—and it is definitely true that "old-time fans are returning to the fold and becoming quite active, sometimes much more active than their first time around." John names me as an example, and it's true. I was involved with fanzine for a dozen years the first time around, and for the last three or four of those years my activity was pretty minimal—near the end I maintained only my FAPA membership on a minac basis and wrote LoCs to a small handful of favorite fanzines. What was going on in San Francisco in the late '60s was much more interesting to me than fandom. Now I've been active for just over a quarter century and have published more issues of *Trap Door* (going on 24) than all my previous genzines combined (9 issues of *Psi-Phi* from 1959 to 1964, 6 issues of *Frap* 1963-64, and a single *Outworlds* in 1959—about which Bill Bowers didn't know when he started his own in '66). I've also been in FAPA (22 years vs. 9) and SAPS (23 years vs. 6) much longer, and served as the former's Secretary-Treasurer for two decades. I could go on, but you get the idea.

In your Vegrants post-Worldcon party coverage you write, "Teresa's curiosity about a jalapeno bread Joyce was serving led to a discussion of home-baked bread. Joyce blamed my parochial tastes in food for the fact that she generally makes only white or rye." This raises a couple of questions. Did Joyce make the jalapeno bread and, if not, who did? And *why* do you have such "parochial tastes in food" and is there no hope that you might expand your grazing range? I think we should be told!

Somehow I can't imagine that there would be enough people driving from points west of Las Vegas to the 2008 Denver Worldcon that a Toner in Vegas would be a viable enterprise. Vegas isn't necessarily on the way from any points outside of Southern California, where it's a straight shot up the 15 to the 70, through the Eisenhower tunnel under the Rockies and land at the convention center—but as Peter Sullivan points out Denver's over a ten-hour drive from Vegas, and that after making a five-hour drive from Los Angeles.

It's nice to read that James and Teresa have agreed to run the fanzine lounge at the 2008 Westercon, but I agree with your view that the combination of membership price and hotel rates (leave alone the non-smoking policy at the hotel) are a major disincentive to drawing attendees from Core Fandom. Meanwhile, I see that next year's Westercon appears to have moved from San Jose to San Mateo. This would subtract many

FOR MY NEXT
TRICK I'LL NEED
A, UM, NEW VOLUNTEER.



miles of urban driving from my vantage point in Oakland, but looking at their Web page I'm unexcited at the choice of guests and at the \$60 membership fee through the end of September I'm not at all tempted to take the bait and join at that not-so-low rate. If I show up there at all, I'll be "ghosting" and only checking out parties—and that will depend on who else will be there.

Lloyd Penney writes that Bridget Bradshaw "was hosted by two separate NYC fannish groups, both of whom spent a good amount of time informing her how bad the other group was." Apparently nothing has changed in NYC area fandom since the days chronicled in *The Immortal Storm* or as reported by Walt Willis in *The Harp Stateside*.

Yes, it was me who noted Terry Kemp's resemblance (at least in my eyes) to the late Bill Donaho.

I'm glad I did so, even though Terry disagrees with me, since it resulted in his writing a delightful set of reminiscences of Big Bill. I wasn't living in the Bay Area myself in 1972, so of course I wonder which house was the "fabulous house" to which Terry refers. And of course, even more so I wonder who the Naked Guy was who left the remains of a key sitting around in the kitchen for Terry to sample (and approve of).

John Purcell writes, concerning the late Helen Wesson, that he was "just rereading *A Wealth of Fable* a couple of nights ago, and Helen figured prominently in the first chapter (and elsewhere in the book)." I wonder if he has Helen mixed up with someone else, because I just skimmed closely through the quite long first chapter and found no reference to Helen at all. Elsewhere she's quoted on page 188 in a couple sentences where she "summed up FAPA's value early in 1957." A photo of her with Dick Eney appears on that page as well. And on page 270 it's mentioned that although Helen lived in Japan for many years she never contacted any of the indigenous fans. If one turns to Harry's other fan history, *All Our Yesterdays*, on page 302 her move to Tokyo in 1946 is mentioned, as is the fact that she became acquainted with fandom "through acquisition of several issues of *The Acolyte*. She contacted Laney, and immediately became celebrated as the only known woman who had kept him up all night just talking." And on page 136 it's noted that when F. Towner Laney folded *The Acolyte* he "turned the material over to Helen Wesson." That must have been some conversation!

Arnie: As someone who strongly supports the idea of bringing Harry Bell to Corflu, I hope the effort will go beyond selling a bunch of logo merchandise. I'm hoping that the two administrators, who are both on the distribution list, will take this as an invitation to flood VFW with Bell-icose fund-raising publicity. Corflu Quire is only five months away.

Of course the continuing funds and special funds can co-exist. Nothing I said indicated that I think it's an either-or choice. At present, I am actively supporting Chris Garcia for TAFF and am also behind the Hertz and Bell special funds.

I agree that a fannish Trivial Pursuit is an outstanding idea. It just isn't a game I feel personally moved to design. I'd certainly help with questions, if asked, but I'd rather create a different sort of contest.

I believe the fan who got "wiped out" along with you by the fanhistorical brilliance of Sandra Bond was me, not Ted. It is true that I was standing in for Ted and, briefly, offered a vocal imitation, but I distinctly recall sitting next to you, Richard Lichtman.

Joyce did not, bake the bread in question. Vegrants

gives her a good excuse to buy varieties that are not normally appealing to me without feeling that a lot of it will go to waste. There are many theories about why my taste in food is so narrow. I rather like the one that involves the deros, the Yeti and the Scotch Rite Masons. Maybe Gordon Eklund will expose this incredible story.

One of the subjects of the next letter is miniatures, but the LOC itself is definitely full size...

John Purcell

The "Get Harry Fund" is a grand idea. Man, I would love to meet him. His cartoons were always so much fun, and I think I actually got an illo from him at one point in the late 70s. He's had a long, distinguished fannish career, and deserves the chance to get over to Corflu.

I read this "Game of Fandom" thing in SNAPS when you were first developing this concept, and so I'll reiterate a few comments I made there (well, "will make there" since the 17th disty won't be out until October sometime). This is a truly berserk idea, and It Just Might Work. Will players be able to blacklist and block other players from cons? *The Game of Fandom* is a fun idea. I am just wondering if people will be ordering the Ted White figurines just to stick pins into. (Just kidding, Ted!)

The classic reprint of rich brown's article reminds me of two things. One, when my folks threw out a whole mess of comic books, baseball and football trading cards, and even *gasp* fanzines when they were getting ready to move down to Sun City, Arizona for their retirement. They had sold their house in St. Louis Park, Minnesota where I had basically grown up; over the course of living in one place and raising two boys from 1963-1984, there was a lot of stuff piled up. My brother and I were long gone by then, living on our own (heck, I was in my first marriage at the time), so the folks decided to just get vicious and chuck all sorts of stuff without asking either of us for input on what to keep or sell. Oy, if only I had known. . .

The other thing rich makes me remember is when I used to caddy at a local golf course. Chuck Boone (a junior high school chum) and I would ride our bikes over to the club and team caddy each weekend. We'd make some pretty good money doing that. One time Chuck and I caddied for a foursome (we each carried two full sets of clubs) that played 18 holes, took a beer break and bought us soft drinks for our efforts, then went back out for another 18 holes! That was the only time we ever did that - mainly because we were hurting big time by the time it was all over - but we each

earned \$50 for our efforts. Two summers of doing that, plus having a paper route for almost three years, helped me earn close to \$3,000 for college, and back in the 1960's, that was a decent chunk of change to earn.

So *that's* what Bill Burns looks like! Thanks for the picture, Arnie. If Bill's at Quireflu he's gonna get a big ol' hug from me, I guarandamntee it.

I also enjoyed your post-worldcon article and photos. Sorry I missed out on the live broadcast attempt. However, it is good to note that yet another one-shot shall soon spew forth from The Glitter City Gangstas, or whatever you're going to have the "G" stand for next issue.

Two of your letterhacks feature prominently in my latest effort, *In A Prior Lifetime #15*, now posted at efanzines. In a way, it's kind of like dueling fan articles at size-11 font paces.

Doggone, but I do hope that Robert Lichtman makes it to Corflu. His letters are like a visit to the fannish history museum, and I love every single loc that he writes.

Well, I think I'll sign off here. Thanks again for a fine, fine issue, young feller, and I hope to see you in Austin!

Arnie: Joyce used to be a terrific miniatures painter. The Compleat Strategist in Manhattan featured her work in their special display case for several years. Unfortunately, her eyes have gone back enough to diminish both her skill and her joy at this activity.

Miniatures aren't very good for pin-sticking, you need larger, plush dolls. Maybe the folks who used to make Beanie Babies could be persuaded to produce Beanie Bhoys - the first line of collectible, plush fan dolls. Personally, I never warmed to that stuff. I'm content with my fully painted set of Group Mind miniatures. I am getting pretty eager for the Fuggheads Pack, though, so they'll have someone to battle.

Let me add my fervent recommendation that everyone log onto efanzines.com and pick up the latest issue of IAPL.

And now another energetic LoC from a fan who'd be a perfect candidate to be my sidekick if he didn't think I was his sidekick...

Bill Mills

Another wonderful issue of VFW! Entertaining, educational... tasty and nutritious too!

Being late September, it's finally beginning to cool off in the Vegas valley, but still quite warm enough to make the Ice Cream Social sound like a heck of a good idea. I'm sure it will be a lot of fun. Hot tubs, warm fans and cold ice cream... can't miss! Roxie and I hope

to be able to attend, as I have been invited to bring my guitar and entertain... or least play and sing. Even after all these years that's always a flattering and attractive offer and a hard-to-resist sucker-bet kinda thang for an old performer like myself. People actually inviting me to inflict my musical self upon them? Gosh, just like the good ol' days. If there was a nearby smoke filled hotel room it would be even more like the good ol' daze! And they were fine times indeed.

Back in 1969, when my then partner and friend Bob Short and I were originally introduced to fandom through our association with David McDaniel (Ted Johnstone) and the LASFS, we were known as the U.N.C.L.E. guys.

And with good and legitimate reasons. Our first big splash in the fannish pool was the display of our collection of authentic props from the TV series "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." at Westercon XXIII in 1970 (a rare pic of McDaniel and company staged in that exhibit area can be found in the Mills Photo Archive <http://www.billmills.net/coppermine/displayimage.php?pos=213>).

For the most part that was Bob's entire focus when attending a LASFS meeting or an SF or media convention. My involvement in fandom was a bit more broad, and involved a few more broads, than my ex-partner's. Though I was never a filker, throughout most of my fannish life, my musical persona loomed large and I was either seen toting my guitar case, or being attended by various lovely ladies who happily played 'roadie' and lugged my musical equipment around the conven-



Schmendrick is the feline Vegrant. He's also called Franken-kitty, because he looks like he was built from spare parts.

tion hotel. I played at more room parties than I actually attended because frequently I would be found, fawned over, and finally foisted upon a room full of fen at the host's insistence. Then, after performing awhile I would end up whisked off again to yet another room party to be plied while I played. Fan parties and pro parties. Lobby parties, hall parties... even stairwell parties. One night I shared some fine smoke with, and then musically accompanied, Nichelle Nicols who sang and danced for the attendees of one such room party... ooooooh they were fine and heady times INDEED!

I enjoyed reading the text version of John Purcell's "How I Found Fandom" story. Obviously, I had heard a condensed version of this fan-tale because John was one of the brave stalwarts who contributed his voice to the 'Vegrants Audio One-Shot'. In print John was able to be more thorough and detailed and it was fun to read. But it was fun to hear too. It is, of course, available as an audio file on the '**Vegrants Audio One-Shot**' page of "**The Voices Of Fandom**" web site. It can be found here: <http://www.thevoicesoffandom.com/vegrants/audio-one-shot.html>

As a reminder, it's still a work-in-progress and there is an 'in-browser' recorder page available at **The Voices Of Fandom** for anyone with a mic attached to their computer to be able to contribute their voice and story to the on-going project. It's really very easy to use and it's software is smart enough to change your computer's mixer settings to allow the recording and then return your settings to their original configuration. Just go to TVOF's main page and find the "*Leave a Voice Message*" link. It's slick... try it.

At the Sept. 2nd Vegrants meeting, I thought that Joyce looked wonderful and was in remarkably good, albeit drugged, spirits and appeared to be quite able to enjoy the gathering in spite of being so soon after her unscrewing. "Unscrewing," now there's a term worthy of a bit more thought. A fine, and undoubtedly well-practiced, art this 'unscrewing' thang. I'd guess that it was developed as a quick-fix for those embarrassingly bad 'morning after' experiences. I'm sure it would be a profitable self-help market for Joyce. I can just hear the ad now... "*Had a baaaaad date? Wish you could take it alllllll back? Wellllllll... UNSCREW HIM! Let Joyce "Joy Joy" Katz teach YOU how! Get the complete course on DVD. Just tear off the top of your local neighborhood pharmacy and send it in with the entire contents of your wallet to...*"

Yeah, there were some emotionally charged words exchanged when a fellow Vegrant, who did not know that Charles Lee Jackson is not a friend of mine, he IS family (in fact he was a Groomsman when Roc and I

married), mentioned C. L. and described him in what I considered an unflattering manner. I spoke up as quickly and as fervently as if someone had spoken ill of Joyce or Arnie (or any other loved one for that matter) and/or had characterized them in conversation in some way that I found less than accurate or fair. That conversation was ultimately humorous due to its total absurdity... dissolving quickly into an escalating backpeddle from the fellow Vegrant who eventually described Charles as that wacko who was "obsessed with the Man from U.N.C.L.E.". This last statement is not only wildly inaccurate, but laughable because, now he was not only wrong about C. L. but was clearly describing ME (as I noted at the beginning of this LOC), and digging himself in deeper with every word. So, it might not be too hard for the casual observer to see how it became both heated and hysterically funny.

The sidebar on that exchange was with Arnie about Charlie Jackson not having lived up to his "fannish potential." I am not Charlie's p.r. guy and I don't have his resume in front of me, but I know that C. L. has been an active member of the LASFS for these 30 plus years, serving in one official capacity or another repeatedly during that time. He has continued to contribute to APA-L both with his writing and the enumerable covers and other artsy bits for the 'zine. Though his ability and resources for travel has been limited over the years, thus confining his conventioning primarily to his local Los Angeles area, he has been involved in various ways with just about all relevant local cons for years and is on the 'A' list of convention planning committees for panel participants or moderators, frequently being on several panels in the course of one convention (as in the recent Worldcon where he was scheduled for 7 panels over 3 days). You can hear his telling of his Worldcon 2006 experiences by clicking the following link to this podcast excerpt: http://www.thevoicesoffandom.com/mp3/c_l_jackson_worldcon_2006.mp3. And being that he *is* 'family' I am truly proud to announce that C. L. was nominated this previous Thursday at the LASFS (Sept. 21) for the Forry Award (for contributions to Fandom!). Against a field of 30-plus nominees, that included Karen Anderson and other BNF notables, Charles survived each round of eliminations and in the final tally Charles Lee Jackson II came in third behind Joss Whedon (the television writer/director/producer), and this year's winner SF author William Tenn (aka Phillip Klass). Anyway, from my admittedly potentially myopic p.o.v., C. L. has consistently 'lived up' to his fannish potential more than some I could name... myself and my darlin' Roxanne included (who have only this year returned from nearly

20 years of Gafiation). I rest assured that you'll correct me if you think I am wrong.

I know this LOC is going to be too long again so I will save the webcam debacle story for another LOC. Except to say thanks to Arnie for the kind and gentle manner in which he depicted the process and the disappointing results.

My thanks to Mr. Lichtman for the ego-nod... that was thoughtful and I appreciate it sincerely. As for taking my advice and going to Dian Crayne's web site, this 'caused me some confusion. Ms. Crayne doesn't HAVE a web site, however where I sent anyone who was interested was to the Author Bios & Books page for her at Renaissance eBooks. I also do the order processing for the site, so I knew when you came and got your free copy of "Murder At The Worldcon" and I was very pleased to see it. But, the confusion turned to consternation when you said you could get a print copy for a price lower than if you printed it for yourself... however neither the author or the publisher have authorized any such print copies to be sold, so your comment has spurred a bit of a search to see if, how and/or who might be printing and profiting from these unauthorized sales. Thanks for the comment, it did give us a heads up we wouldn't have gotten otherwise. Any further info, if there was any, would certainly be appreciated, but either way... we're much obliged, sir.

The Candyland day is a great idea for an outing and sounds Truly Scrumptious (oh great, now I'll have that damned song from "ChittyChitty BangBang" in my head for days!), and we will try to work it into our calendar.

The thrill of the thought of getting to attend a Westercon for the first time in years, and as a local event no less, was quickly quashed with the details of the various limitations that will result from the choice of venues and the non-smoking requirements. I am depressed by the thought, but I suspect that Roc and I will not be attending after all.

Finally, and meaning no disrespect, I'm obliged to mention two last points dear Editor; firstly in *VFW #85* the caption under the photo of the Mills' and their beloved ferret (aside from misspelling Roxanne's name as Roxane, easily forgivable as a typical typo), has again identified our wacky weasel inaccurately. And for an OTR fan you should be ashamed of yourself, Artie. Perhaps you're intentionally trying to goad Roxie or I into some "Bickersons" style repartee in response to your idea of The Name Game. But, that would be awfully cavalier of a guy who prides himself both on being a seasoned and professional editor as well as on his knowledge of Old Time Radio, so we must presume you have yet to grok that she is named after THE

Candy Matson of radio detective fame and are accidentally, and consistently, making this error. We have previously corrected you as gently as possible. I even gave you a CD of my Audio Archive audio book which includes a mini-documentary on the show and two 30 min "Candy Matson, Yukon 2-8209" episodes, in hopes that you'd 'get it' (hear a preview clip of that show here:<http://www.renebooks.com/mp3/samples/aa-matson-preview.mp3>). So, that having failed we now attempt a more assertive clarification. Her name is MATSON as in "Son of Matt"... Matt's Son, Matson... not Maddson, Madison, Matheson... or yo momma... oops I got a lil' carried away there. Sorry, Ernie.

And secondly, the photos on pages 12 to 16 in VFW # 85 are mis-credited. The photo that has Candy, Roc and I (mentioned above), and the one of me at the computer, are Alan's and thank you Mr. White for taking the great pics! But the rest... are mine... just for the record.

Typically, I have written as verbosely as I speak and so I have, as always, gone on too long. Therefore, I'll save my further comments for my further comments. Sorry this missive was a bit plug heavy, but then in the words of Tom Jones "If ya' got it, flaunt it. And if ya' don't, just stick a sock down the front of yer pants

Arnie: I was distantly aware of your earliest esca-

pades in Fandom. I didn't catch your name: You were "one of the guys in the THRUSH suits." And now your odyssey through Fandom continues with your present exploration of Core Fandom.

I remember once, in the long ago, sitting with rich and (then) Colleen Brown as rich launched into the subject of unscrewability. As he explained it with his soberest demeanor, since Asians are deemed "inscrutable," he wanted to know if she could be unscrewed and which parts would come off. He affected to be concerned that, by mischance, that she could be unscrewed. (Actually, he had little to worry about, since Colleen was very well put together.)

Geez, Bill, you'll have Charles Jackson believing that Vegas Fandom maligns his character as idle chit-terchatter. I heard the comment and, honestly, it seemed like an off-the-cuff opinion that you, as Charles' friend, very rightly corrected. It certainly wasn't an attack; just an unsuccessful attempt to describe him to another fan who didn't know the name.

I only know my friends and family, but all of them have actual flaws. Not as many as me, at least in most cases, but I can tell you that I don't have a single perfect friend or relative. I always stand by my friends, but contrary opinions are possible.

I recently wrote an article for the outstanding British fanzine Banana Wings called "Just Plain Lovable"

Contact! Las Vegas Club Directory

Las Vegrants

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

SNAFFU:

Michael Bernstein
Email: webmaven@cox.net
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

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

Las Vegas Fan Events Calendar.

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 Inka Si Senior. To RSVP or get imfp email Linda Bushyager (LindaBushyager@aol.com)

Cineholics Friday, October 13 7:30 PM

The invitational film circle meets weekly at the home of Alan and DeDee White

Las Vegas Future Salon Friday, October 13 6:30

Michael Laine, president of LiftPort will be the guest speaker at CCSN-West Charleston Campus, 6375 W. Charleston Blvd, Bldg K -- Room 101

VSFA Sunday Social Sunday, October 15 2 PM

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

Cineholics Friday, October 20 7:30 PM

The invitational film circle meets weekly at the home of Alan and DeDee White

Las Vegrants Meeting Saturday, October 21 7:30 PM

The informal invitational Core Fandom club meets on the first and third Saturdays at the Launch Pad.

SNAFFU Discussion Meeting Sunday, October 22 1:30 PM

The city's oldest formal SF club meets at the library. The main discussion topic is: "Science Fiction or Fantasy — Which do you prefer and why?"

Las Vegas Fandom Halloween Party Saturday, October 28 7:00

For the second year in a row, the good folks at VSFA will host the city's fan Halloween party. Full details in VFW and, directly, from Carol Kern (av_queen@yahoo.com)

First Friday Video Group Friday, November 3 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 November 4 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 November 4 7:30 PM

The informal invitational Core Fandom club meets on the first and third Saturdays at the Launch Pad.

in which I divided the world into people who are innately lovable and those who are not (including me). That means there are people who might fix upon one or more of my negative qualities instead of fastening on my good ones. They're entitled, though I hope friends might speak in my defense. If someone called me

"egotistical," I'd disagree, but it would also be their right to make that judgment. I wouldn't want to be the one to restrict discourse in Fandom.

The best new Core Fandomite in years bumbles about the impending Corflu Quire, fan games and

more...

Chris Garcia

Leadin' off with the Get Harry fund note. I'm excited as I just bought my membership and I'm chompin' at the bit to go to Austin. I never thought I'd be saying that!

I do have to agree that personal funds like BBB and such are a very good thing, but they do have the problem of being a one-time only thing. TAFF and DUFF and GUFF and CUFF all have a continuance thing that pays off by making it seem more important to produce your Trip Report, makes it easier to raise funds and gives you a network for support. I think we might actually have too many big funds this year with John Hertz's Japan collection, Get Harry and the JETS fund.

True, this is a strange year with WorldCon being in Japan, but I'm interested in seeing how things play out. You're right though, TAFF got a big shot in the arm with the excellent visit from Bug this year. I'm just hoping that everything goes as well for the next TAFF trip.

Ooh! Ice Cream Social! Make sure LASFS doesn't get wind of it as they may cry gimmick infringement!

You know, I've spent a little time designing board games over the years. I was inspired by the greatest game playing mind of all-time, James Earnest, founder of Cheapass Games. I really wanna play Triplanetary. A FPS about WorldCon, where you had to wander the halls trying to shoot bad guys and avoid spending too much at the Dealer's Room would be fun. I'm surprised no one from the company that does Theme Park and Theme Hospital has tried to make Theme Convention. That'd be fun. SimCon would be fun too, but only if they keep the Monster Attacking the City they have in SimCity.

I actually own a slightly ragged copy of that issue of Sensation Comics. It's just so freakin' surreal.

We're living in an age of Returnees, there's no question. Bill Burns has given us hope and an easy and cheap way for folks who 'have been traveling' to come back home again and pub their ish. Of the zines I regularly read, several are from announced GAFIAtes who came back at least partly due to the electronic fanzine age (Burton, Purcell, Kemp).

Sounds like another successful party was thrown Post-WorldCon. At BASFA, the meetings the weeks immediately proceeding and after a major con are almost always dead, maybe a dozen people, while a couple of weeks following major cons are usually very lively, sometimes topping thirty of us hellraisers. There's a certain aspect of decompression, as the Burning Man crew will tell you. You have to get used to the real world again. It was harder for me this year because WorldCon was so wonderful, and it was so nice to be swaddled in the blanket of fandom, that going to work the day after I drove back was hellish.

I love Terry's Bill Donaho stories. I come across folks who have stories of Bill far too infrequently. I really wanna hear more about that guy.

Arnie: Joyce and I are hoping to go to Corflu Quire, though the cancellation of the courses I was supposed to teach at UNLV Outreach has put the trip in jeopardy. We'll do our best.

The Ice Cream Social turned out great. A lot of fans showed up, everyone had a good time and Roxanne Gibbs put out a sumptuous feast of ice cream, toppings, sinfully rich brownies, and two kinds of homemade peach cobbler..

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and a ton of news.