

# VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

## Vegas Fan Events

**Cineholics Meeting  
Friday (12/29) 7:30 PM**

**Vegas Fandom New Year's Eve Open House  
Sunday (12/31) 7:30 PM**

*Check out the Calendar  
and preview stories*

Rules apply. The living room, dining room and kitchen are designated as non-smoking areas. The Launch Pad has both indoor and outdoor areas for those who want to light up and a smoke-free Livingroom, Dining Room and Kitch for those who don't.

For directions and questions, either write to Joyce (joyceworley1@cox.net) or call us at: 702-648-5677. You never know who'll show up — last year's Open House saw the debut of Bill and Roxanne Mills and John DeChancie.

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### **Katzes to Host Vegas New Years Bash!**

All local fans, and any from Afar who decide to venture to Glitter City on Sunday December 31, are invited to see in the New Year with Joyce, me and the rest of the Vegrants at the Las Vegas Fandom New Years Eve Open House. The Katzes began hosting this annual gathering in 1991 at Toner Hall and have continued right through the Launch Pad era.

Arrive any time after 7:30, partake of the food drink and fangab and either stay to watch the ball drop on TV or continue on to whatever other New Years plans you may have.

There'll be plenty of food, highlighted by Joyce's celebrated Auld Lang Syne Buffet and an enhanced version of the SNAFFU bar. Contributions of food or drink are encouraged and gratefully accepted.

The normal Vegrants Party Smoking



# Inside Story Fight Depression!

It's a normal reaction. The recent deaths of fans — Bob Tucker, rich brown, Bob Leman, Jack Williamson, Brian Burley and Helen Wesson — has instilled Fear in the hearts of some Core Fandomites. They see the leading lights of Fandom's past slipping away and they grow afraid that it is all about to end.

Everything ends, but the deaths of even such luminaries doesn't signal the end of Core Fandom. (All Known Fandom, 250,000 people, is largely unaffected.) Great losses though they are, those fans would've been the first to say that Fandom is bigger than any fan — or any fan generation.

I say this, even as I see those of my own fannish generation sicken, daily reminding me of my own mortality. I think I'll be haunting your inboxes (and a Corflu when I can manage the finances) for some years to come, but it doesn't matter in the long run.

It's not going to end when I die, either, though I hope you'll miss me a little when I go.

Fandom isn't one person or even a single clique. It's an endless parade (and mobile carnival), with new marchers joining even as some of the older ones falter and drop away).

Core Fandom, and its antecedent Fanzine Fandom, has never been a numbers game. It is about who we are and what we do, not how many we are. Core Fandom, like Fanzine Fandom over the last three decades, will never be more than a mote in All Known Fandom's eye and an occasional saddle burr under its thick hide.

We can't replace the Fallen Mighty, because each of them was so special, so individual. But other very special and individual people have joined our parent in recent years. Some have returned from the Glade of Gafia (David Burton, Earl Kemp., John Purcell), some have come from other Fandoms and other sections of All Known Fandom (Peter Sullivan, Curt Phillips, Bill Mills) and still others have come to us straight from Mundania (Teresa Cochran, Clare McDonald) and still others were apparently born into it (Chris Garcia, Roxanne Mills). The accessibility of electronic Fandom suggests that Core Fandom will continue to lure the unusual and gifted for many years to come.

— Arnie

**Vegas Fandom Weekly #90, Volume 3 Number 2, December 25, 2006**, is written and produced by Arnie Katz (909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145; Email: crossfire4@cox.net; phone: 702-648-5677).

**Special Thanks to** Roxanne Gibbs (many things), Bill Burns (posting), David Gordon (Mountaineering Consultant), Alan White (arty fella), Bill Mills (technical advisor) and Joyce Katz (proofreading and So Much More). Special Thanks to Robert Lichtman for the *Fantasia* covers and Pacificon heirloom.

**Reporters this issue:** Linda Bushyager, Alan White, Suzle Thompkins and Joyce Katz

**Art/Photo Credits:** Ross Chamberlain (1), Alan White (11), Laurie Mann (12), Bill Kunkel (25) all else by Bill Rotsler.

**Columnists This Issue:** Shelby Vick, John DeChancie

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at the SNAFFU site and at efanazines.com. No British funeral hecklers were harmed during the production of this fanzine.

Member: fwa

Supporter: AFAL

Believer: United Fans of Vegas

# The SF Grove Katzenjammer

*SNAFFU, Las Vegas' formal Science Fiction club, is currently deliberating a proposal to set up a Science Fiction Grove in any of several park areas.*

*SNAFFU discussed the idea at its November Discussion Meeting. After some back-and-forth, a ratification vote deadlocked and the discussion is continued to the January '07 Discussion Meeting.*

*At Joyce's request — she's currently SNAFFU's vice president — I circulated a document through the group's listserv and in the 18th eMailing of SNAPS as a basis for discussion. I support the basic concept, but the presentation is relatively even handed, I think.*

*Although the idea originates in Glitter City, this is something that would potentially impact all of Fandom. It is also possible that, after a decent interval to let SNAFFU decide, Fandom as a whole might wish to pick up the discarded project, modify it to taste and go forward.*

*The goal is to start a discussion. I'll be looking forward to printing your thoughts about the value of the project and how it might run if implemented.*



Wilson "Bob" Tucker, a superb fan and pro.

Joyce Katz deserves credit for thinking up the idea of honoring greats of the Science Fiction world with a memorial grove in a Las Vegas park. The Science Fiction grove would be a rallying point for local Fandom and a sight worth seeing for the many fans who visit Las Vegas each year.

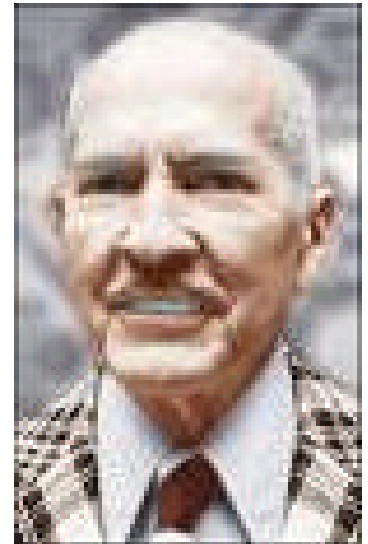
Joyce first proposed the Science Fiction Grove more than a decade ago. SNAFFU (and the rest of Las Vegas Fandom) wasn't ready. It wasn't yet healthy enough (or plugged into Fandom enough) to make the perfect practical. Joyce pulled the proposal, but she kept the concept on the back burner.

She has now turned up the heat on it, again. Whether it comes to fruition depends on this discussion and the ones going on within Las Vegas Fandom.

There is not, to my knowledge, anything like the Science Fiction Grove in the wide world of Science Fiction Fandom, so SNAFFU (and Vegas Fandom) would be making a very special contribution to the hobby as a whole. Well, assuming you think it's worth doing in the first place.

The nuts and bolts of planting a tree are straight-forward. For \$200, they'll plant a commemorative tree and they'll put a three-line plaque near it for an additional \$20. The park takes care of the tree; we periodically clean the plaque.

As often as fans come up with the money, the park folks will stick another tree in the SF Grove.



Robert Heinlein

Continued on next page





Isaac Asimov

The park will be suitably sensitive to conservation issues and the trees do serve a positive purpose by holding moisture in the ground.

There are many questions that would have to be answered before a long-term project like this could go forward. It begins with the most basic one:

**Is it a good idea?** I like the concept of the Science Fiction Grove very much. It would be a unique way of honoring some of the greatest contributors to our hobby. It's not the only way to honor them and it may not even be the best, but a grove of tree would be a fitting memorial to those who have caused so many to be cut down in the service of Science Fiction.

In the event that SNAFFU passes on this, it would be up to Fandom to evaluate the idea. It probably would be practical if a solid core of support rallied around it.

If Fandom elects to go ahead on the idea after SNAFFU has declined the opportunity, we would also have to discuss the location of the Grove. Among cities that seem appropriate, assuming we can get a similar planting deal, would be Los Angeles (home of Fandom's oldest continuing club),

San Francisco (Forry Ackerman's base when he started to fan), New York (site of the first worldcon) or such cradles of Fandom as San Francisco, Boston, Philadelphia, Seattle, Toronto, London and Melbourne. I'd still like to see it in Las Vegas, of course, but that wouldn't be my decision to make.

**Can we do it?** A lot of good-sounding ideas are impractical or inadvisable; this may or may not be one of them. The time, money and energy to do it are not particularly daunting, though this is definitely a sustained effort, a project for the long haul.

If the Science Fiction Grove depends on the SNAFFU treasury, the verdict is an emphatic, "No!" The club can't collect dues, since it meets at a public library. Consequently, SNAFFU doesn't have nearly the financial resources needed to fund this program. Besides, the club already has a financial commitment to the SNAFFU Library and must redeem that pledge before any other big expenses.

The good news is that SNAFFU doesn't *have* to fund the Science Fiction Grove. Contributions from individual Las Vegas fans can get things started. After that, the SF Grove should look for ways to raise money — perhaps through special publications — and solicit contribution from other clubs and fans around the world.

I am sure that many will want to participate. For instance, I would hope that LASFS would pony up \$200 to honor Bruce Pelz or that the Worldcon would sponsor trees for its pro and fan Guests of Honor.

#### **Who should be enshrined in this manner?**

This is a fascinating question — and one that has a lot of possible "right" answers.

I am wholeheartedly in favor of making this a posthumous honor. I like the idea of a memorial to those who are no longer here with us and I also think that a posthumous award will be less vulnerable to fan politics and the inflated self-images of some still-breathing fans.

A more pertinent, and less easily decided, question is what criteria will qualify someone for a tree in the Science Fiction Grove. Three (of many)

possible ways to define whom we honor:

Outstanding Science Fiction professionals. Focusing on the world of professional science fiction would give the SF Grove conceptual unity and create a memorial likely to be more recognizable to casual visitors than one that also honors fans.

Some possibilities include Robert A. Heinlein, Hugo Gerenback, Isaac Asimov, John W. Campell, Frank R. Paul and Virgil Finlay.

Outstanding fans. Some may feel that the pros have sufficient honors with the Hugos, Nebulas and the various elaborations and permutations of those honors. An SF Grove that honored fans would mean little to nonfans, but it might seem *more* relevant to fans who visit this organic shrine.

Good candidates include Charles Burbee, Francis Towner Laney, rich brown, Walt Willis, Thom Perry, and Chuch Harris.

Outstanding individuals who contributed significant as both pros and fans. Some individuals have made a significant mark in both the fan and professional aspects of the SF World. This criterion almost guarantees that those honored will be of significant stature and it would also emphasize the connection between Fandom and Prodom.

Possibilities include Bob Tucker, Terry Carr, Don Wolheim, Robert Bloch, Sam Moskowitz and Ray Palmer.

A middle road might be to devote the Grove to distinguished fans *and* pros, possibly with special consideration to those who shone in both arenas. My own preference leans in this direction.

**How should it be organized?** Though I hate to add another potentially bureaucratic institution to Fandom, which already has too many of them,

but the SF Grove is intrinsically a long-range project with continuing responsibilities. That means some degree of organization — and *that* means that those who see paper-shuffling as their favorite form of fanac will be attracted to it like print fanzine publisher to a low-cost copy shop.

Still, the need for organization is not a reason to automatically reject the SF Grove idea. Sometimes, the result justifies the bullshit, like DUFF.

I propose a three-fan committee, two from Las Vegas and one prominent fan from outside southern Nevada to represent the rest of Fandom. I would recommend that the Vegas fans serve at the pleasure of the SNAFFU membership, while the out-of-towner could serve a two-year term with elections conducted electronically. It's easy enough to take such a vote electronically — or it could be used as fundraiser by charging a dollar or two for the privilege of casting a ballot.

To start things out, I'd recommend a committee composed of Roxanne Gibbs, Joyce Katz and Robert Lichtman. They have the knowledge and ability to set things up, get things rolling. They are also unlikely to aggrandize this into some kind of power trip. Others who'd be suitable include Las Vegas fans James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Roxanne Mills and Alan White, The third spot could be capably filled by many outstanding fans, including Rob Hansen, Andy Hooper, Marty Cantor, Bill Burns, Joe Siclari and John Purcell.

The committee's main jobs will be to collect the money and work with fans and pros who might want to sponsor a tree. That means the committee will have to be open to good suggestions and strong enough to gracefully deflect bad ones, should they arise.

If SNAFFU decides not to spearhead the Science Fiction Grove, the committee could be structured as one fan in the city that hosts the SF Grove (to handle local details) and two fans elected to two-year terms. These positions could be filled in alternate years.

So, what do you folks think? The letter column awaits your opinions.

— Arnie

# High Risk

## William Tenn Rides Again!



It was a throwback to my halcyon days in Pittsburgh. There I was driving Phil and Fruma Klass around again, only this time in Los Angeles. Scott Beckstead had phoned me early in the evening. "Phil wants to visit the clubhouse, and tonight is the only night they can do it. I can't get down there—can you pick them up and take them to the club?" Short notice, but I was willing.

I first saw William Tenn—a.k.a. Philip Klass—at a small regional con in State College, Pennsylvania, the site of Penn State University, where he was a professor of English literature. The year was in the early 1980s, as I remember. He struck me as a forceful speaker, a man of infinite jest, and a guy with a head of frizzy gray hair that stuck straight up. He was full-voiced and articulate, could gab and shmooze, and was a very able raconteur, with an endless repertoire of anecdotes concerning the impressively famous and glittery, many of whom he knew personally. He was quick on his feet, able to hold his own in any

battle of wits, and could counterpunch like a veteran club fighter. Here was no introverted man of letters, mild of manner and wallflowerish; just like his bravura writing, he commanded attention. He made you take notice. In current parlance, he had an in-your-face style. On a personal level, he spoke directly to you, often like the narrator of his stories. "Tell them, Alvarez..." He spoke—he speaks—in the second person singular, and you are that singular person. A few years later, when I became a professional writer, he sought me out and suggested our getting together to chat. Talk about an authentic SF writer—here was a guy who had made a living in New York for years writing for the leading SF magazines, and he was proposing we socialize. We became friends, and after he and his family moved to my city, we saw each other regularly. Phil's output of fiction had decreased since he had taken his teaching post, but when

he gave me a new story to read—sometime in the middle of the 1990s—I found that he had not lost his touch. He sold that story to *Playboy*, a top market to be sure. He was still a top pro. And although Phil is now well into his eighties, he still has the real stuff.

Over the previous weekend, at Loscon 33, I had presented Phil with the Forry Ackerman Award for conspicuous contributions to the field of Science Fiction.

I picked up Phil and Fruma at the front entrance of the LAX Marriott. They came out on foot. Both of them can walk fairly well, but they'd spent the weekend whizzing around the hotel on their Scooters, having enormous fun. I beeped and did the chauffer thing, opening the passenger side front and back doors. My car is fannishly cluttered, and the plan was to put Phil in the front, Fruma in the back. They got in. It takes a while for old people to get in and out of a car. I know, because I have slowed down considerably myself



in the last few years. They made it in, strapped themselves up, and we were off.

"Do you want to go direct, or the scenic route?" I asked.

"How long is the scenic route?" Phil countered.

"About fifteen minutes more."

"By all means."

I veered off the 405 North onto Mulholland, and as we followed its twisting way across the ridge of the Santa Monica Mountains, the bright lights of the San Fernando Valley sparkled off to the left. Phil and Fruma were impressed with the view. "Harlan lives down this road," I said as we descended from the crest. Neither Phil nor Fruma suggested we drop in. I would have vetoed it anyway.

We got to the club. Of all times to visit, I thought. But this was the only time available, apparently. It was Truck Unloading Night. Convention equipment lay everywhere. Stacks of boxes filled Frehafer Hall, piles of art show, green room, registration, and operations paraphernalia littered the courtyard. It was a mess. Phil and Fruma were delighted. They had never seen a permanent fan clubhouse before. The library wowed them, and the meeting hall, funky and dilapidated to us who inhabit it, was a wondrous edifice to them, something on the order of the Parthenon.

The fans there, working to pack everything back into Monstro, the storage shed, stopped what



they were doing and took note of an historic occasion, the visit of one more Science Fiction icon to the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, which has seen many in the past.

Phil and Fruma finally settled down to enjoy a soda in the meeting hall, and Phil delivered an impromptu talk composed mainly of the many anecdotes he has on mental file in that encyclopedic mind of his. I was amazed how easily he slid into public-speaking mode. It was an effortless performance.

The evening was not over. "We haven't eaten," Phil told me.

"Let us take you to dinner!" Fruma said.

We ate at the Coral Café, in Burbank. We talked and talked about old times and new. Toward the end of the meal, I was nodding; it has been a long evening, but Phil and Fruma were still chattering away. They were two dynamos. At last, I got them into the car and back to the Marriott.

It's true that LASFAS has seen the visits of many icons of the field. However, this one is the last of the Old Breed, the Golden Agers, workhorses in the Campbell Stables, still writing, still active, still very much alive. This was William Tenn's first, and probably his only, visit to the LASFAS.

And of course in quite another sense, the likes of William Tenn will not come again.

— John DeChancie



# NOW & Again Space Opera!

When I named my column “Now and Again” it was intended to convey a certain sporadic meaning – but I hadn’t meant for it to be THIS sporadic! I mean, it’s been MONTHS! But, after reading VFW’s Second Annish, I realized I had to Come Back.

Now, a word of warning (well, SEVERAL words, but anyway. . . .) This column is a Shameless Plug! While it isn’t a fanzine, my Planetary Stories is really aimed at fans. For those of you who don’t know (shame, shame!) it’s my attempt to return to the pulps of yore, back when Our Hero existed, when Babes were saved from BEMS, where a battery and a hairpin can be converted into a raygun, when planets were blasted and time was traveled and all that. And Our Hero, beset tho he might be by villains, always won. You don’t read the stories to see IF he survived, only HOW he survived.

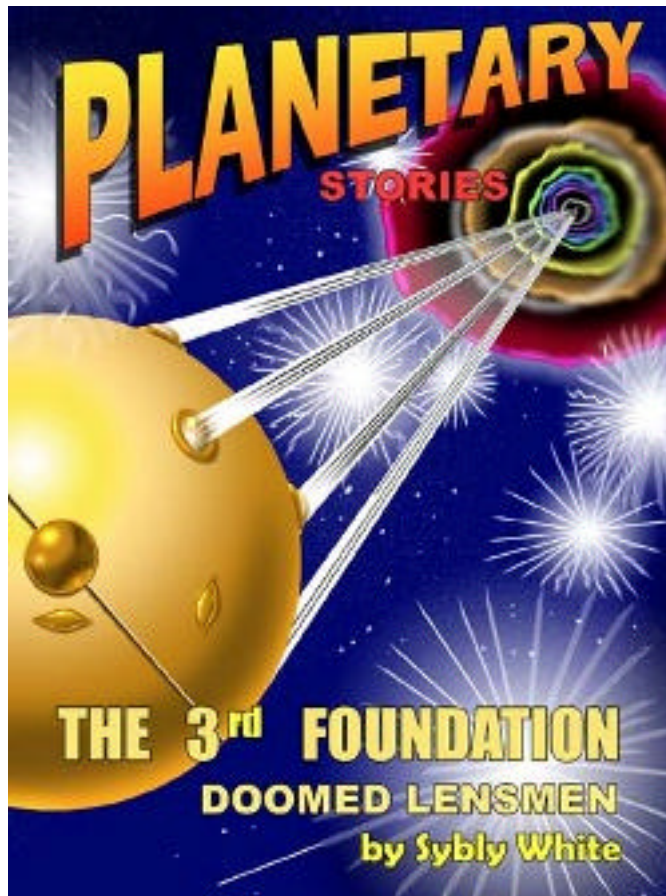
Space Opera needs to return!

–Oh, yes; it’s at <http://www.planetarystories.com> and is always available. . . that is, if our system doesn’t shut down, which it has been known to do.

We have columns as well as stories, INCLUDING a letter column, ruled over by the attractive Lt Luna, who tries to keep order ‘mongst the rabble-rousers. In issue five, which went online just a few weeks ago, we’re also running not one but TWO contests, one giving away original artwork and one giving the winner a chance to actually be in one of our stories.

Check it out!

I should also mention that, thanx to Jerry Robinette, we also have the kinda columns that are part of format; instead of continuous lines, they’re divided into two columns, just like the old pulps.



Yeah, yeah, I know; Arnie has had columns in VFW all the time – but putting columns in a PDF are not the same as doing it in html!

Also, Number Five starts something else – a sister mag named Wonderlust, for fantasies. No columns there, becos Wonderlust is not an attempt to bring back the old fantasy mags; just a way to have fantasy content.

While it’s not a promag, we have lots of pros represented, both fiction and art; Number Five is just LOADED with illos! Got so many contributions that Number Six is already in the works; should come out in February.

–One other Very Important Matter: Please write us! Letters are the life-blood for Planetary Stories, just as they are for fanzines. I mean, hey! That’s the way we get paid!

— Shelby Vick

# PLANETARY STORIES



# Max Miller – Fanwriter!

## *The Cheeky Chappie – comedian Max Miller considered as a fanwriter*

Listen, I was in Spain four years ago and in Spain all the girls wear little knives in the top of their stockings. (pause) I found that out. (pause) So I said to myself, I'll find out exactly what the idea is so I said, "What's the idea of wearing a knife at the top of the stocking?" She said, "That's to defend my honour." I said, "What, a little tiny knife like that?" I said, "If you were in Brighton, you'd want a set of carvers!"

Max Miller was probably the most famous comedian in England of the middle years of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, despite (or perhaps because of) his virtual exclusion from BBC radio. He was also, whether he or anybody else realised it, a fanwriter in disguise. Now whilst his famous stage outfits ("Don't I wear nice clothes, ladies?") would not be too out of place in a convention masquerade, that's not quite what I mean. His style of humour, delivery and stage presence were all very similar to the riff that a good fanwriter works.

In a profession where *artistes* are known to bang on about "the sanctity of the fourth wall," Max Miller used to not so much breach it, as demolish it outright, with a common opening being a demand to "put the lights up, put the lights up" so that he could see the audience. The connection with his audience was vital to Max Miller's humour, just in the same way that a sense of audience is vital to a fannish article. He would feed off the "egoboo" from his audience, and would carefully graduate his level of humour (and the level of double entendres) to the audience's reaction.

Whereas most stage comedians would have reference books of material which they would keep well out of sight, Max was perfectly willing to bring the famous "blue book" on stage, if only to get the audience to incite him into reading a particularly ribald joke from within. There would also be references to the stage manager trying to censor material – obviously exaggerated (any stage manager booking Max knew exactly what they were getting) but symbolic of a society where

the local watch committees or the Lord Chamberlain's Office still had power over what was said on stage than today.

This links to two common themes in fannish writing – humorous exaggeration and a propensity to refer to the mechanics of production (what I've heard referred to as "interior monologue"). How many lettercolumns or editorials have there been started "I've got nine billion nanoseconds to finish this piece before I have to start cranking the mimeograph" or similar?

He also referred to himself in the same way that a fan historian might, managing to express his view of his own historic importance without sounding pretentious over it - "Max Miller's the name, lady. There'll never be another, see."

Equally fannish was his habit of taking personal foibles or long-running jokes, and infusing them with a veneer of topicality to make them appear original again. The outbreak of World War II in 1939 gave him lots of scope for jokes about such ostensibly non-humorous subjects as air raid wardens, the blitz and the other privations of wartime life. "I like the blackout, me. All dark and no petrol..."

Barry Took, who made his name as a comedy radio writer, liked to tell the story of the official BBC guidelines (the "Green Book") on subjects to avoid. The list reads like a straight lift from a typical Max Miller act. No references to lodgers or commercial travellers, no honeymooning couples, no rabbits. Even references to the weather – "winter draws on" – had to be properly vetted for double-meanings. Unsurprisingly, Max had little exposure on BBC radio, and did most of his radio work on Radio Luxembourg, where he must have made a striking contrast to the Ovalteenies.

But variety theatre, before, during and after World War II, was Max Miller's true home. Popular and populist, it was disregarded by the intelligentsia, who were perfectly capable of dismissing "that lewd Max Miller stuff" just as easily as "that crazy Buck Rodgers stuff," without any real experience or exposure to either. — Peter Sullivan

# Las Vegrants

## Happy Holiday!

The Vegrants meeting started to come together quite a bit earlier than the normal starting time, which was fine with me. It had already been a long and eventful day, due to my speech at Las Vegas College, and I'm not sure I'd have stayed awake if required to sit quietly for a couple of hours.

Su Williams arrived around 6 pm with a shopping bag stuffed with goodies for the meeting. There were cheeses and sweets included, a combination sure to make everyone happy.

We talked of absent friends and holiday plans – Su is going to Maryland to see family at New Year's time – for a while. Su worries a lot, I think, but I find that she has an enjoyably mellowing effect on me.

Unfortunately, Su was still suffering from an alarmingly persistent cold. While we enjoyed her vocal imitation of Marlene Dietrich, we were disappointed when Su announced that she was going to go home and try to nurse herself back to health. We did exact a promise that she'll come to the next Vegrants meeting.

A welcome sight at the front door of the Launch Pad was Ayesha Ashley. She apologized for cruising in about 45 minutes early, but I was very pleased to see the Vegrants Platinum Doll after a hiatus of about a month. She chatted with Joyce while I took a few minutes to wade through the 400 or so emails that had accumulated during the day.

James Taylor and Teresa Cochran arrived. At the risk of sounding like a typical Las Vegas resident, always complaining about the Vast Distances between the East and West sides of town, I wish they didn't live 'way across the city in Henderson. They are wonderful companions and I regret that hectic schedules have kept the two couples from socializing as much in the last month or so as usual.

And I would say that even if they didn't arrive at the meeting, as they always do, with an armload of treats. James also gave me a three-pack of primo chocolate bars that didn't hurt his standing, either.

Ayesha and Tee immediately fell into animated conversation about an upcoming concert sponsored by the Guitar Society. Ayesha will be performing, so James, Tee, Joyce and I made plans to go to the event on Tuesday (12/5).

Merric Anderson and his wife Lubov – I am still working on a way to give them their desired billing without it sounding awkward -- arrived on the early

side, too. The reason became clear when Merric revealed that an emergency assignment would be sending him to Tucson on Sunday morning. They, too, brought food, including some very taste Russian sausage and a chocolate-and-vanilla bobka-like cake that won universal praise.

Bill and Roxanne Mills also brought contributions to the heavily loaded table. They also escorted one of the two Animal members of the Vegrants, Candy Matson. The amiable ferret seemed delighted to be among fans again and happily went from lap to lap when she wasn't sleeping or eying Joyce's collection of feral cats that clusters around our back door.

Truth to tell, that collection of felines seems to fascinate several Vegrants. Both Luba and Roxanne have a tendency to drift over toward the door to coo at the kitties.

Digital cameras continue to proliferate within the Vegrants, so VFW may benefit with even more photos of the carryings on at various local fan events. Bill Mills tested out his camera by trying to photograph the two large, framed blow-ups of classic *Amazing* and *Fantastic* covers that hang on the wall opposite the door to my office. He was surprised to discover that the surfaces of the two covers are far more reflective than he might've expected, so he shot at an angle and may have gotten some good pictures of the poster-size enlargements.

Food night continued with Ray and Marcy Waldie, who sent half the group into sugar shock with a large supply of Krispy Kreme doughnuts. Marcy had gotten an award as the most influential teacher at Las Vegas College, as voted by the students, so I announced the honor to the living room crowd. I'm extremely proud of Marcy's achievements, but that didn't stop me from kidding her about the fact that the students have voted her this award *five* times in a row. "You're the Dave Langford of pedagogy!"

Ayesha told us about her second teaching job, the one which pretty much knocked her out of local fanatic. Her primary job is teaching at a women's prison. The men's prison has one women's unit and they asked Ayesha to come set up a school. Although she went into it with a lot of hope, she quickly found that there were almost no facilities and resources. Added to the extra-long commute, it created a very bad experience.

As of last Tuesday, AA informed us, she no longer is doing that second job. She found another teacher who could really use the money and stepped aside. I



think she'll probably be happier with a lighter workload – and we'll be happier to see her more frequent at Vegrants meetings.

DeDee White and I marveled about the commercials for Jitterbug, a new cell phone that appears to target the elderly and senile in its ads.

That brought in Walgreen's doomed-to-failure effort to convince people with digital camera that they should send their file to Walgreens to get prints instead of doing it themselves.

Roxanne told us about a "Secret Santa" for pets. It appears to work a lot like the Alien Auction at the annual Las Vegas Christmas Party. Candy Matson is reportedly doing Very Well in the presents department, though she is said to be somewhat lacking in the True Religious Spirit of Christmas.

Bill Mills had upbeat news about *The Fall of the House of Usher*, a tour-de-force by Mr. Mills and the professional acting debut of C. Ross Chamberlain, henceforth to be known as "The Olivier of Glitter City." According to Bill, sales of the show have been excellent in the weeks since its release. It is still number five on the Fictionwise Bestseller List for audio books. I always thought Ross would be a terrific voice actor and this new production bears out that hope.

Somehow, we got onto the subject of entertainers whose careers changed radically. Bill Mills offers Myrna Loy and Baby Rosemarie as examples. I added Fanny Brice (who became Baby Snooks) and Francis Langford (who went from singing hottie to Blanche Bickerson).

It made me wonder whether any fans had made such radical transformations. It would have to be something more radical than the gradual shift from sercon to fannish that most Core Fandomite's make as they gain experience.

I could hardly keep from laughing as Roxanne Mills described the insidious trap that is SNAPS, the electronic apa of which she and I are both members. She explained that it started innocently enough with her writing an article. The article drew comments, so she felt compelled to provide another article as well as replies to those comments. In addition, she thought it only right that she comment on other members' contribution.

"And then they'll comment on those comments," she said, a horrified expression stealing over her face. "And I'll want to comment on those comments."

"Glad you understand it," I told her, laughing the laugh of a happy Official Editor. "Back in the 1950's, the same cycle led SAPS to generate 860-odd pages for its 50<sup>th</sup> mailing with only 25 or 30 members."

I don't think SNAPS will endanger that monumental productivity, but Roc has been a very good addition to the group. Hope she keeps it up.

David Prdy returned to Vegrants as a guest after disappearing from local Fandom for a couple of months. Continuing the meeting's theme, David brought a pizza and beer with him when he arrived around 10 PM. Sadly, circumstances dictated an early night for a number of Vegrants, so only about half the original group was still there when he arrived.

David shows a lot of interest in our subculture, but it is still hard to tell how much has gotten through and what he thinks about it. James, Tee, Joyce, David and I sat around until close to 3 AM, chatting away about this or that aspect of Fandom.

I think the hardest concept for David has been the fact that Fandom, at least the part of it the other four inhabit, is not a cheering section for pro-dom. It has a validity and an existence that no longer requires science fiction, although SF and Fantasy remain "common ground" for almost all fans.

It was a pleasant way to end a long day, but eventually, Joyce reached the point at which staying up any more would've been impossible. We sent the late-stayers in the night and closed the books on another lively and entertaining Vegrants meeting.

Joining in the revels were: Su Williams; Ayesha Ashley; James Taylor Teresa Cochran; Alan & DeDee White Lubov; Merric Anderson; Ross Chamberlain; Bill & Roc Mills; Ray & Marcy Waldie Dave Purdy; Joyce Katz and me — Arnie Katz



Continued from p 1

### TAFF Race Canceled!

The recently announced Trans Atlantic Fan Fund race between Chris Garcia (yay!) and Mary Kay Clare won't take place as anticipated. An understandable, if unfortunate, chain of events has led to its postponement to 2007.

The trouble started when the 2006 Eastercon (British National Convention) ran into hotel trouble. The committee ultimately decided that it could not proceed and a preliminary announcement declared Eastercon canceled for '06. Since the Eastercon is the traditional destination of US-to-UK TAFF trips, the fund's administrators decided to pull the plug before candidates and supporters expended any more effort.

It seemed like a good idea at the time. Considering the time frame in which it was made, it probably was the best course of action.

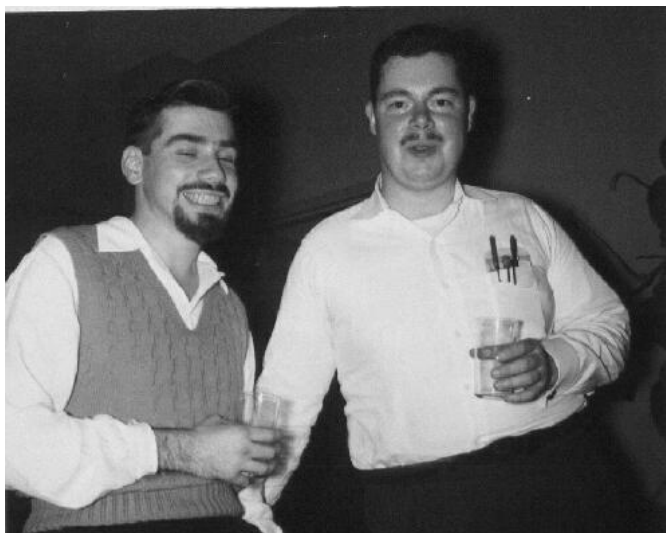
In any case, British Fandom then rose up to its full height and re-launched the convention. The move came too late, the administrators felt, to reverse the decision about TAFF.

### Stroke Claims Dick Eney



Richard H. Eney (photo by Laurie Mann)

A stroke, believed to be the most recent of several, has ended the life of Richard H. Eney at age 74. The sometimes-controversial Dikini spent



Robert Silverberg (left) is shown with Dick Eney as they looked back in the 1950's.

more than a half-century in Fandom, during which he made some monumental contributions to the hobby.

All of Dick's fanzines bore the legend, "It's Eney's Fault," and that inscription appeared on some landmark publications, most notably *Fancy-clopedia II* (1958) and *A Sense of FAPA* (1963). The former represents the only complete updating of the original encyclopedic dictionary of Fandom while the latter presents some of the gems from the first hundred mailings of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Eney also served FAPA as an officer during his long association with the apa.).

### Fanzine Wiki Proposed

Several fans have suggested an online encyclopedic dictionary of Fanzine Fandom — what we call "Core Fandom" around here in deference to those who produce fannish content outside the traditional fanzine format — somewhat modeled after the wiki-pedia.

No details appear to be settled yet, so this should be good grist for the next installment of *ChatBack* (in *VFW* #91).

Among the questions that need to be considered: Should we do it? Who should be in charge? What qualifications should be set for posters? Who will see to integrating existing efforts — Dr. Gafia's Dictionary, The Trufan's Advisor and The Neofan's Guide — into the wiki? Who will provide web hosting? Let's air out this one.

### Warner Pro & Fmz Collections Sold!

The fate of Harry Warner's fanzine and prozines, frustratingly murky at the time of his death, has clarified somewhat in the last week. Diligent research by Robert Lichtman and Murray Moore has unearthed some significant INFORMATION.

Jerry Weist, known as a science fiction dealer, is in process of selling over 170 lots of Warner's SF collection on eBay. In a letter to Lichtman, he revealed that he sold the fanzines as a group to an unidentified "private buyer" in Texas. Robert has asked the obvious follow-up questions, but unless the Unknown Collector turns out to be Pat Virzi or John Purcell, we may not see that collection again.

I'll update as new info arrives.

### **SNAFFood Sets January Dinner!**

The January meeting of SNAFFood will be held at Red Robin (Decatur & Maryland) on 1/12 at 7:00 PM. This site answers the request for some place a little easier on the pocketbook and ought to be a nice, casual venue. You can RSVP to: Lindabushyager@aol.com.

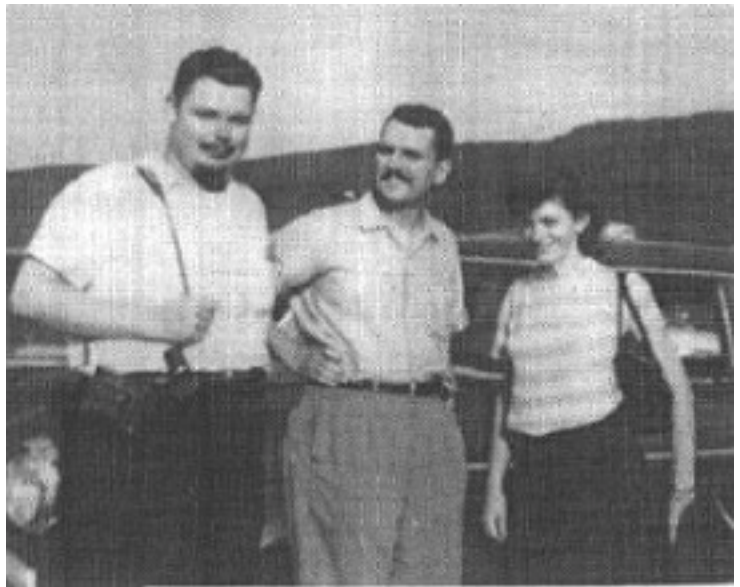
### **Heard around Fandom...**

Michael Bernstein, president of SNAFFU, has become the second local fan to have facial surgery in the last two months. (Roxanne Mills was the other, as detailed in *VFW* #88). Michael is already home, recuperating from the operation, aimed at clearing up some sinus-related problems. He reported considerable pain when I talked to him last Sunday, but he is definitely progressing satisfactorily...

Dan O'Leary, who attended Vegrants meeting regularly while living here earlier this year, is in a Salt Lake City VA hospital. He'll be there for seven weeks, getting his prostate cancer irradiated. His email is: danielo\_59715@yahoo.com...

Lloyd Penney, eminent letterhack and frequent contributor to *VFW*, may need surgery to repair a recently diagnosed partially detached retina...

Joshua Andrews has left Las Vegas! The sporadically active LV fan now makes his home in Oklahoma, near Tulsa. He just completed a trip that took him to San Diego and, briefly, Vegas, but he wasn't here long enough to make visiting possible. Maybe next time...



Dick Eney (left) chats with John Boardman (center) and Lee Hoffman.

Arnie (me) gave the Commencement Address to the graduating class of Las Vegas College. The ceremony took place at Cashman Theater on Saturday, December 2.

### **ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column**

*Make way! Make way! It's time for the finest cast of letter-writers in Fandom to strut their stuff.*

*The first letter, all the way from the Lone Star State, begins with some talk of the great fannish losses and then proceeds to cogent comments on other matters...*

### **John Purcell**

I know how you feel. Working on *In a Prior Lifetime* #17 has been a welcome change from the weight of producing last issue's Tucker tribute article, even though the rest of zine was relatively fannish in content and tone. It is definitely a sad thing to note the passing of old friends, but they would want us to carry on as usual, which usually means our usual type of carrying on. So I will, and it is good to see you are too.

Sorry for musing aloud about how 2006 will be remembered by fanhistorians; I ended up contemplating the year as "the Year of our Sorrow" in my zine only because of the old friends we have lost. In no way does it equate with the Year of the Jackpot (1958) because those deaths were so unexpected and tragic, while this year's, though still sad losses, were relatively expected when you consider the ages of our departed friends. With all this being said to put the old ad finito on the

# Snapshots What a Difference!

Last year, SNAPS, the electronic apa, skipped its December 2005 eMailing due to rampant lukewarm interest. This time, the group continued its run of strong bundles with a 38-page collection of contributions from some of today's most entertaining fan-writers. A few of the regulars had to skip, but strong contributions from Joyce Katz, Robert Lichtman and John Purcell (to name three) produced a very enjoyable eMailing.

We'd like to have you give it a try. The first step is to check out one or more of the past eMailings, available as free downloads at [snaffu.org](http://snaffu.org). After that, if you think you'd like to participate, just drop me an email and we'll work it out. — Arnie

## Deadline for Jan. eMailing: 1/14

subject, I will do everything possible to refrain from getting sick and/or dying. No problem there.

My answer to the call for material is a hearty, "Okay, boss!" That and joining SNAPS ought to do it. As mentioned in my initial entry for SNAPS, one of my ulterior motives for joining is to acquire new material for my zine. Heck, you do it all the time: witness the "Scent of a Femmefan" in this current VFW. Roxanne is a fine writer and her work deserves a wider audience instead of being limited to the members of SNAPS. Getting permission to run apa contributions is a long-time tradition for faneditors; except for its letter column, the contents of Marty Cantor's No Award #16 is completely culled from e-lists, apas, and list-serves, displaying some of the finest fanwriting that otherwise would not be read by fanzine fans at large. There is a lot of wonderful material floating around, and I will proudly do my part in producing solid fanzines.

Of course, faneds can always ask, coerce, and pry articles and artwork out of people, which also can bring great enjoyment to a faned's heart. Fred Haskell used a subtle approach when asking me to write book reviews for Rune, while Lee Pelton would hound me incessantly to write something for Rune when he edited that clubzine. Completely different editorial acquisition styles. I have begun asking people for material, but using auxiliary modals of polite request in the process: "Would you please write..." or "Say, can you please write..." or even "Say! that could be an arkle in my zine!" are typical opening phrases that I have found to be quite effective. Of course, reprinting old articles is a great way to procure material, too. Just look at what Dave Burton does, or me, for that matter.

You are so right, Arnie: talking about stuff like this is such a nice "touch of the normal." Our fannish forefathers would be proud of us.

I see I contributed a phantom column for this issue. Sneaky tactic, bud. You're trying to coerce me to write something for VFW by making me a contributing regular columnist, aren't you? (This is also an effective ruse employed by veteran faneds. I am so proud of you!)

The Joe Walcott faan fiction piece was fun. Many moons ago I had this character named Emmanuel T. Bullshit, who was the surrogate pretentious fan that I used to poke fun at the smoffers who lurk among us. Your boy Joe W. seems to have suffered a similar problem that most fan writers are afflicted with from time to time, and responded to it in a most appropriate fashion: blame it on somebody else, or pull a Bob Dole and write about himself in the second person. But then again, I have to wonder if Joe Walcott is real and Arnie Katz is the fictional character. This is a bit too much to consider at the moment. I think I need another cup of coffee before I continue with this loc.

You know, Arnie, I believe this is the first time in my entire fannish career - both incarnations included - that my name has cropped up in a piece of faan fiction. This is either a Good Thing or a Bad Thing, I just haven't decided which yet. Now I could treat it like being Tuckerized and consider it a compliment, which makes sense.

Thank you for running Roxanne Mills' article. Like I said earlier, she's a good writer who deserves wider exposure via the hands of the faneds in SNAPS. (Hint-hint, Roxanne. Or let me put this another way:

Faunch!!!

That should cover it. Great illoes/illos (what exactly is the accepted plural form of "illo," anyway? There seems to be no ready answer to this question, so let's toss it out to the masses and see what happens) to accompany the article, Arnie.

And since you asked, which type of reading do I



prefer - SF or F - for my relaxation reading, I would have to answer science fiction, but a close second would be mysteries. I love the mental exercise of trying to decipher the story-line to solve the crime. Even better are the hybrids science fiction+mystery or historical mysteries (like the Brother Cadfael novels). Very enjoyable reading. As long as it's a good story, I'm hooked. That has to be part of the equation.

One comment based on Robert Lichtman's loc and then I'm outta here. I would enthusiastically buy fanzines in support of TAFF, DUFF, GUFF, and other fan funds, and would sell fanzines in support of these, too. For a good cause, absolutely, and I look forward to Corflu's fan fund auction as an excellent means of building my zine collection. My feelings run along the lines of what Arnie wrote a couple issues ago: it's more about passing along zines to someone who cares about fanzines and their meaning rather than to someone more interested in the financial bottom line. 'Nuff said.

Thanks again for the zine, Arnie, and if you ask real nice like, maybe I'll get that phantom column in to you.

*Arnie: I found that the recent deaths of rich brown and Bob Tucker, and those two memorial issues of VFW, affected me more than I realized. It only hit nme after I'd returned to fanac-as-usual; something like a person who only starts shaking after he has come safely through a close-shave on the interstate. In my case, I discovered the need to "catch my breath" before plunging into another year of VFW.*

*There are probably enough items in SNAPS to benefit several genzines. Of course, like the guitarist, I always have my pick. I hope a few fans will read about SNAPS and check out one or more of the free eMailings at SNAFFU.org. The group is moving forward well, but it could certainly use a few more participants.*

*Welcome yet another reviving BNF to VFW. I had a teenage crush on her in 1965 and she's ever bit as charming today...*

### **Dian Crayne**

Yeah, I like the idea of an assisted living community for Old Fans and Tired (as Burb used to put it). We could sit around swapping stories, reviving old feuds, and flinging spoonful of mashed potatoes and mush at each other. It would be a magic time, sitting there in the evenings, bitching about the lack of tape over the staples, and bellowing the contents of quote cards into each other's hearing aids. Magic indeed!

I'm really sorry to hear that Bob Tucker has checked out of the hotel. When Jean-Marie Stine and I were talking about a fannish murder mystery, I said

that I might put some actual people in it. She said, "Yeah! Tuckerize the hell out of it!"

That's REAL fannish immortality for you.

Thanks for the issue. Wonderful use of color pics. We sure didn't have that back in the ditto days. I remember how we hoarded colored ditto sheets and used every last little bit of pigment on the things. Wow! What a difference.

*Arnie: I can tell from the tenor of your comments about what we would do in the Ackermansion for the Fannishly Old and Tired, that you have not yet attended a Corflu.*

*Rising to the defense of FAPA's sainted name is the gentlefan from the BArea...*

### **Mike McInerney**

I enjoy your zine Arnie. Call it anything you want, I'll still read it.

The initials aren't fixed in stone either. They remind me of the group my father was in as a WWII Vet.

I am writing in response to your comments to Lloyd Penney since you seem to be discouraging him from joining FAPA. I suggest that anyone who might be interested in what is happening in FAPA might like to go to EFANZINES.COM and click on the latest issue of my zine *Number One* wherein I do almost complete mailing comments, listing and discussing most of the latest FAPA mailing. Where else but FAPA can you get zines from Robert Silberberg, Jack Speer, A Langley Searles to name just 3. I suggest that if you already do a virtual zine there is nothing to stop you from printing our 44 copies at least once a year of at least 8 pages and sending in \$15 dues. These are very minimal requirements for a very maximum return. Besides the prestige of belonging to Fandom's Oldest Apa. No Waiting List either. Contact Robert Lichtman if interested, he will sign you up immediately. This offer is good for John Purcell, too and anyone else reading this.

OK I'm off my soapbox again!

*Arnie: I was a member of FAPA for something like 15 years, I've served as President and Vice President and my Pavlat Poll finishes indicate that I wasn't just taking up space and hogging the titles. I've essentially given up hard copy publishing, which is the main reason I'm not in the group.*

*FAPA is great for those who want a print apa. My aim was to entice Lloyd Penney, whom I like quite a bit, to join SNAPS. I should also mention that Mike McInerney, whom I also like quite a bit, would be a fine addition to the electronic group. Actually, I encourage everyone to hit snaffu.org and take a look at*

# Fantasia



January  
1941

the last couple of eMailings.

*Chatback* is blessed with many outstanding letterhacks, but the *Uncrowned King* is surely the Sage of Fandom. Here's the first, of several contributions to this letter column...

## Robert Lichtman

As I wrote in my article for *VFW*'s special Tucker issue, it was in downloading your 86th issue the morning after Carol and I returned from ten days in Arizona and New Mexico that I first learned of Bob's passing. It was a considerable shock, but given his age not quite on the level of rich brown's death, who was within a few weeks of the same age as me. Still, Bob's death further reduces the shrinking ranks of True First Fandomites. Without exhaustively researching the matter, I think the oldest living fan from those days now might be Art Widner, who turned 89 back on September 16th. Happily, Art still appears to be in fine condition and I hope will stick around to break the record of such long-lived fans as Bill Danner (who lived to age 94) and G.M. Carr (97 at her death). I wonder: has any fan lived to age 100 or longer?

The idea SNAFFU is entertaining about establishing a Science Fiction Grove in which trees will be planted to honor fans and pros is an intriguing one, and

raises some questions. Where would this grove be located? How much space is available? What sort of trees are eligible for planting? How will which fans/pros are honored by tree plantings be determined? (Will individual donors be permitted to select their own honoree or will it get bogged down, NFFF-like, in endless committees and discussion?) And will fans other than members of the club be able to contribute to the grove?

While I tend to agree with you that keeping *VFW*'s name as presently constituted is the way to go, I *do* like your alternate title of *Virtual Fandom World*. I *don't* think changing it to *Focal Point* is a good idea because that joke has been done once and, as we all agree, there is no focal point fanzine anymore and hasn't been for quite some time. *VFW* has attracted a cadre of regular contributors, particularly in the lettercol, that ebbs and flows in much the same way that (in most recent fan-history) *Apparatchik* did about ten years ago, *Cry of the Nameless* did in its time in the late '50s and into the '60s, and going way back *Voice of the Imagi-Nation* did in ancient times. (I note with some pleasure that I was one of the active letterhacks in all but the last-named.)

In your article on "Core Fandom's Future" I chuckled at your reference to the "Netherregional" as counterpoint to "The Enchanted Convention"—and thought that there might well be a delightfully macabre faan fiction story that could be written using this concept. Are you game?

In your reference to potential activities at Trufen, NV, I was particularly taken with the gift shop associated with "the exact recreation of the fan attic at Oblique House" where one could buy "play-at-home boxed equipment sets for Ghoodminton." But then I thought that was a very last-century concept, and that what's really called for in this bright new future (except for Bush and the neocons) we find ourselves in is a videogame of Ghoodminton. Coupling that with your mention of nightly recreations "of slam-ban verbal slaughter when Ted White and Dick Eney re-enact their emnity," combining this with Ghoodminton in the videogame would be one way that particularly long-lived feud could play itself out without harm to anyone and providing an extra \*kick\* to the game. Taking this further, the White/Eney feud could be a choice of player personas—an alternative to, say, James White and John Berry. Are there any game developers in *VFW*'s readership?

I really enjoyed reading both Teresa's and James's interlocking reports on LACon IV. Both of them are thoroughly competent wordsmiths and did an excellent job of making the convention live on paper (or in elec-

tronic form for those who don't print their *VFWs* like I do). Teresa's was a particular treat since, as you point out in your sidebar, it was her first Worldcon and one could view the scene through her, er, virgin eyes with lines such as "It's so interesting to meet people through correspondence and then in person."

Turning to the letter column, it was encouraging to read that Lloyd Penney has "been toying with the idea of joining FAPA" and that he wonders "what the minac is" and "how much [*he'd*] have to lay down to establish an account." As FAPA's Secretary-Treasurer for the past two decades in charge of membership matters, I can easily answer these questions for Lloyd and anyone else who might be interested in a "traditional" paper apa—in FAPA's case the original one in fandom. Dues are \$15 a year starting in 2007 (up from \$12 a year, a figure that's held for a long time but has finally become inadequate due to postal rate increases). Mailings are quarterly (in February, May, August and November) and minimum activity is a mere eight pages a year. There are currently 37 members, and the copy count requirement generally runs four or five above membership to allow for replacing lost mailings (which do happen at least once a year) and to make back mailings available to prospective members. If Lloyd or anyone is interested in seeing a recent mailing, contact Milt Stevens ([miltstevens@earthlink.net](mailto:miltstevens@earthlink.net)) for information. Rates will vary depending on where you live.

In response to my mention of the Get Harry fund you write, "I hope the effort will go beyond selling a bunch of logo merchandise." I'm not sure just how far it will go, but I know that shortly copies of *Bellissimo*, a one-off fanzines featuring scads of Harry's artwork and writing about Harry by a variety of contributors (including me), will be available via the fund administrators. Watch for an announcement shortly.

Thanks to John Purcell for referring to my letters here as being "like a visit to the fannish history museum."

And thanks to Bill Mills for clarifying the misinformation in my letter about Dian Crayne's *Murder at the Worldcon*. I'm afraid I didn't pay close enough attention when I was downloading the book and somehow got the impression that a print copy was available, when in fact there *is* no such thing.

*Arnie: Let's not forget Jack Speer and A. Langley Searle's among contemporary long-lived fans. Still, Meyer, you and I are edging toward the top of that list. Is Jack Williamson the fan who lived the longest?*

*I'm a firm believer that it's best not to "go home" again, so there was no serious intent to return to the name "Focal Point." It was meant as a spin of the beanie to rich brown, with whom I co-edited the newsz-*

*ine version.*

*You raise excellent points about the Science Fiction Grove. They would all need answering before the project could be implemented, though the main question at the moment is whether or not to do it.*

*See? I gave you full rein to recruit for FAPA, even though I am Official Editor (and therefore, recruiter) for SNAPS. I like to think that Core Fandom benefits from diversity. (So let's mention eAPA, which has sample eMailings available for free at [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com).)*

*The administrators of the Get Harry Fund are on the mailing list for VFW and I am still hoping to hear from them about the fund in time to do it some good in these pages. It's a worthy cause; one I enthusiastically support!*

*England will have to wait just a little longer, but ChatBack readers can enjoy him right now...*

### **Chris Garcia**

A new *Vegas Fandom Weekly* hits the streets and my eMail just happens to start working minutes later. Behold! The Healing Power of Fandom!!!

There are universals throughout the ages of fandom. That shot of Bob Tucker shirtless at the keyboard of his typewriter exactly echoes the fact that I'm typing this LoC shirtless at my computer. It makes me think of the shot of Hyman Roth in *Godfather II*.

I am starting to hate these memorial issues of various zines. They just make me sad that I missed out on meeting all of these huge figures in fandom.

Jack Speer doesn't show up in fanzines nearly enough these days, even with folks reprinting his stuff. I'd love to hear more from him about what he sees fandom as today. That's one thing I would love to get more of in various zines: how do the fans of yesterday see us today. I know these views will vary from highly positive to very negative, but I'd love to know the wheres and whys.

I'm taking up smooooooooothing at cons from this point forward. I like Jim Bean, and that is what I shall use, though I'll choose the Rye version to the standard. Tradition and New Beginnings all in one.

I've never found that divide between fans and pros, but I know that I'm a special case in things like that. I've often mixed with the pros, even the ones that a lot of folks would seem to think were stars, but I've always just interacted with them as fans because that's what almost all of them are. I heard a great story about Tucker introducing a friend of mine to one of the really big name writers (I think it was Crichton) and the three of them had a nice long chat.

I hadn't heard that the NASFiC next year was being



dedicated to his memory, but I'm glad it is. I'll be there and I'll make sure to do his memory proud.

Ted mentions something that I've heard a lot of folks mention: the twinkle in Bob's eyes. Even in the photos of him that I've seen, there's a twinkle in those eyes. I don't know how or why, but it's there.

I've never read the *Neofen's Guide*, but that's what I'm reading next, right after I get back from my Westercon meeting where I'll be talking far too much about Tucker and trying to get folks to tell me their stories about the big guy.

You know, it's getting harder. I'm reading these beautiful stories from Lichtman, Earl, Linda, Dick Lupoff and ShelVy and wishing more and more than I'd had the chance. It's just a damn shame. It's another connection to the past lost to all of us fen and one that will continue to annoy me that I didn't get to make that connection.

I can only hope I run into him waiting for the elevator of the Tucker Hotel, because we'll see it built and from everything I've heard, he's almost certain to haunt.

*Arnie: That photo of Tucker at the keyboard is one of my favorites, too. Even more evocative for me, and I suspect for other older fans, are photos of fans toiling at their mimeographs and spirit duplicators. I'd welcome similarly iconic fan photos from anyone who cares to share them with the Vast VFW readership.*

*Tucker's The Neofan's Guide inspired my own Trufan's Advisor, though I veered away from the successive updates of Bob's original publication done by various public-spirited fans. I've just about finished a second edition, which I'll announce in due course.*

*Here with comments on the Bob Tucker Memorial issue is that ChatBack stalwart from the Lone Star State...*

### **John Purcell**

What a wonderful tribute issue! You certainly had a wealth of fine contributors, all with their own takes on their long association with Bob Tucker. These fine folks make me wish that I had known Bob even better than I did, but I was a Johnny-come-lately to fandom compared to the lot you assembled in this issue: besides your own contribution, Kemp, White, Vick, Bushyager, Speer, Lichtman, Eney, and Lupoff. Seeing these names makes me a bit glad my piece wasn't included; I think it would have seemed out of place.

Linda's piece is a mere one year off; that Byobcon she was Fan GoH at (the fifth in the series, too) was in July of 1975, and I do remember meeting Linda there. Tucker was in his element, and that weekend solidified my desire to remain in fandom and pub my own zine

because of the wonderful camaraderie and great fun that saturated that Byobcon. It was glorious fun. Heck, I had a great time talking with James Gunn and Harlan Ellison a few times over the weekend. The daily *Bullsheet* the concommittee put out had this marvelous one-liner on the Saturday morning edition: "The author of *Psycho* is in this hotel. Shower with a friend." Ah, me. Grand memories.

Even though my time in fandom has been relatively short compared to you all, that doesn't negate my feeling about Bob. He was a great person to know, and I was always glad to see him. It still astonishes me to this day that he would remember *me*, of all people, at the cons we would meet. Just an incredibly nice, honest man. You don't find many men like Bob Tucker anywhere in the world, let alone fandom.

With everyone else in this issue, allow me to echo their common refrain: Goodbye, Bob. We'll meet again in that great consuite in the sky.

*Arnie: Did someone denigrate your feelings about Tucker? Even in today's diverse and Balkanized All Known Fandom, a very small number of people are able to bridge all those divisions. One of them was Bob Tucker. His passing seemed to touch every corner of Fandom.*

*He's contributed voluminously to my past fanzines, but this is his first appearance in VFW, so let's welcome the Phannish Physicist...*

### **Greg Benford**

I've been reading you quite some time on efanzines, & liked the Tucker issue so much I thought I'd write. His passing is a momentous one, for he was the really first fan-turned-pro who had an impact equally on the genre and its fans. Good issue! Moving. Brought tears to the ole eyes...

*Arnie: Let's not forget Robert Bloch, Tucker's best friend, who was also a fan-turned-pro who contributed much to both aspects of the sf/fnal world. I agree that Tucker is the greatest, though Don Wolheim also deserves consideration.*

*Our favorite electronic book publisher weighs in with some thoughts on the immortal BT...*

### **Jean Marie Stine**

In 1951 or so I stood sipping a coke in the moldering, but quite wonderful, little drugstore in Bradley, Ark., pop. 600, where my grandmother was the lone operator of the local freight train station for the Cotton Belt railroad, when what to my wondering 11 year-old science fiction crazed brain should appear but a

small wire rack sitting on a counter with maybe 20 or so paperbacks in it and one cover shouted *The Man from Tomorrow*, a book on which I gladly spent my last two dimes and five pennies and took home and devoured with such pleasure as no meal I have ever eaten at any restaurant or dinner table in the world since has ever given me. To this day I remember personally being at the 1935 or so world's fair which the hero visits in a wonderfully autobiographical (for Tucker had visited that fair) and unforgettable sequence of chapters, in fact, I just reread the book for the umpteenth time last year. With what wonder did I, 8 years later, listen to Dave McDaniel/Ted Johnstone describe Tuckerizing, a technique Dave himself would raise to a fine art in his man from U.N.C.L.E. novels.

But my favorite Tuckerization occurs in a book by Ted White and brings us back to the subject of a previous memorial issue, for the protagonist noticed that the bare earth lay in a rich brown mat under his feet, which reminds me of the time Robert Bloch's taxi broke down about a mile from the Westercon where he was toastmaster, just minutes before the banquet was to start and he had, Bloch was younger then, to run to the hotel to make it on time, and when he arrived was Bob Tucker....

*Arnie: I can well understand your pleasure; it's important to bring as much pro and fan work as possible with us as we move into an era beyond traditional print-based information. There is a very strong, worrisome possibility that anything that is not digitized will die, left behind and made unavailable to those who might otherwise want it.*

*Now, some heartfelt thoughts and pertinent observations on the Tucker Memorial from one of Fandom premier letterhacks – and **ChatBack** stalwart...*

### Lloyd Penney

I'm falling behind again, and I want to get moving ahead with lots of locs, so next up is one on issue 87 of *Vegas Fandom Weekly*.

This is the issue you never wanted to put out. But then, you didn't want to put out the rich brown memorial issue, either. I've written this in other locs just lately...I met Bob only once, and that was at the 1991 Worldcon in Chicago. Chicon V saw me on my first Worldcon panel, and I think it may have been Steven Silver who put me on that panel with Tucker. I can't recall the topic, but it quickly shifted to fannish traditions. After asking a "granddaughter" to fetch and return a bottle of Beam from his room, he taught us all how to smooooth. A fine tradition, and I can only imagine how many bottles of something potent have

been quaffed in his memory.

Devore, brown, Tucker, and I could list more from past years...our giants fall one by one, and we can honour them by remembering them, but we can honour them more by stepping forward to do as they have done. I can't think of a better role model with which to deal with your fellow fan than Bob Tucker. (That didn't quite come out right, but I think you know what I mean. Thinking *What Would Bob Do?* might sound a little trite, but you know, with this gentle man's character, it might not be a bad idea.

(Smoothing Diet Coke? Well, I glug it down fairly frequently, and hurray for not having an aspartame intolerance, but I wouldn't call it smoothing. Not me, anyway. Let me get down there, and I'll smooooth Diet Coke with the lot of you as much as you like.)

If only this was another Tucker Death Hoax... we're not that lucky this time. Take care, be a little closer to each other, and see you in a happier issue. I hope that will be the next one.

*Arnie: So, it appears that we are Brothers in Diet Coke. I switched from sugared soft drinks (Peosu) many years ago. I usually go for the caffeine-free version,*

*Direct from the glamorous fan center of Toronto,*

# Fantasia



**April  
1941**



Canada, comes word of a very worthwhile project and additional comments, too....

### Taral Wayne

Strangely, I have that same Rocky & Bullwinkle RPG game that the Penney's picked up at a yard sale. I was once considered furry fandom's number one expert on the Jay Ward show by virtue of writing a semi-serious interview with Rocky. So someone gave me a copy of the game. I never played it, but it wasn't too difficult to work out the rules. You put the puppet over your hand (actually, it was more like a ziploc baggie with the face of Boris Badenov or Bullwinkle printed on it, and gets sweaty extremely fast), then you talk in a goofy voice. Supposedly you make up your own stories. The spinner and other paraphernalis is just to introduce random factors. Would anyone wonder *why* I never played it?

Lately I've been troubled by an artist I know who has had to have a couple of feet of his lower colon removed surgically. Not a fan artist, so it's not exactly a matter for *Ansible* or *File 770*.

More upbeat, I've completed scanning Ah, Sweet Idiocy for eventual CD re-publication. Curiosity sent me to ABE books to see if anyone was offering copies for sale, and I found one dealer who was. He was asking \$45 for a xerox copy of the 1962 second printing. I

think there's definitely room for a CD re-printing the 1948 original for ten or twenty, especially as I see no reason not to add a half dozen other essential fan historical documents to the same disk.

I figure on having my first two CD's ready by the end of the year. One will be a re-edit of the Corflu 23 disk. Since nobody seems to have gotten their supporting membership packages, only a handful of fans have seen the original version, unfortunately. Not much I can do about it, since I can't afford to run off twenty or thirty and mail them out at my expense. But the re-edit should be more or less similar and "you want it, you pay for it". That way I can afford to mail them out.

The other will be the Energuman/Xenium collection, with *The Hat Goes Home* and other Glicksohnomania. The material is all scanned and there's only an interview with Mike to conduct by e-mail to finish off the job.

*Arnie: Both of those CD's sound like "must haves" to me. Please let us know about ordering info and so forth. Now, if you can get that hat-wearer to step into the 21<sup>st</sup> Century and try a bit of digital fanac, you'd be doing Fandom an outstanding service. I miss Mike, but I am not sure that one can fully participate in Core Fandom these days without at least access to electronic fanzines, sites and listservs.*

*One the Southern Fandom's top fanzine fans makes a welcome return to **ChatBack** with a typically to-the-point LoC about the Tucker Memorial issue...*

### Rich Dengrove

Better late than never on Wilson "Bob" Tucker. I imagine that he, being as faanish as he was, would not mind some good fan hoaxes in his name. I had one idea. People these days love to expose famous people as having feet of clay. However, more often than not, they show they themselves have feet of clay. I just wish I could figure out a good ricochet expose.

Obviously, the problem would be Wilson did not recognize the debunker was the center of the world. Mispronouncing his name is not good enough. Maybe that Bob spoke to someone else would be. Anyone have any ideas?

*Arnie: At the risk of triggering a storm of hoaxes, I must say that theyre haven't been many good ones in Fandom in recent years. Several fans have written articles and stories about doing them, but actual hoaxes have become rarities. And good ones are pretty much non-existent.*

*The hoax fugghead is often attempted, but rarely successful. It is hard to invent a fan as outrageously obtuse and nnoying as some of the real ones who've*



*flirted with Fandom.*

*A relatively new Australian fan comments on the passing of the legendary Tucker – and other topics.....*

### **Clare McDonald**

It was fascinating to read the Bob Tucker Memorial Issue - I learned a lot about the man, and about the fen who knew and admired him. But it was also very sad to think that this means I will never have a chance to get to know him, even at a distance, except through his past work.

I enjoyed reading your faan fiction in the latest issue of *VFW* (my suggestion of Vegas Fandom Weakly has been pre-empted). It made me laugh and gave me an idea about how to begin writing something myself. I'm currently taking a course in Professional Writing and Editing and it's a bit strange sometimes, because I'm often the only one in the class who is looking at it from the point of view of editing, rather than writing. Next year (our school years roughly match our calendar years in Australia) I'm taking two subjects: Short Story, and Popular Fiction (mostly because I've already done all the editing-type subjects available) and I'm finding the idea of having to write one short story a week a bit daunting. Not to mention the idea of coming up with 15,000 words of a novel - the theory goes that 'everyone has a novel under the bed' but I'm an exception to the rule. I don't think of myself as the creative type, I'd much rather polish someone else's work for them. Anyway, thanks: it helped!

As to the question of SF or Fantasy - for me it depends on my mood at any given time. Mostly I prefer SF, but often, as Michael Bernstein suggested, I'm looking for 'comfort food' and that's when I turn to Fantasy. I like having the chance to totally suspend my disbelief and just read, just imagine the world that's being suggested, just pretend for a while that I could be the girl who discovers her amazing powers (and incidentally saves the world) purely by chance.

*Arne: One of my favourite things about Core Fandom is that it has embraced so many truly unique and colourful characters. I count myself lucky to have known so many of them, from Forry Ackerman, Don Wolheim and SaMoskowitz to Charles Burbee, Elmer Perdue and Bill Rotsler to Walt Willis, Chuch Harris, Bob Shaw and James White to indelible characters of today's Core Fandom like Ted White, Art Widner, Shelby Vick and Jack Speer, contemporaries of mine like those two sercon wild men, Pete Weston and Bruce*



*Gillespie and such relative newcomers as Teresa Cochran and Chris Garcia.*

*If you're tired and a bit run down/ can't seem to get your feet off the ground. Try the Garcia Cure for a Bad Day...*

### **Chris Garcia**

I'm sitting at my computer, recently returned from an unsatisfactory date, limping due to a displaced bone in my foot, and to top it off: the Taff Race was cancelled. It's OK though. I've got my looks, right?

I've got time now and I'll try and write something up for ya shortly. You also have Jack Williamson, TWO OF THEM!, to add to the list of those who have passed this year. I'm saddened that one of my all-time fave writers passed away.

I'm positively giggling about the "Let's Repossess Langford's Hugos" line. Strangely, I see a few too many portions of Joe "Don't Call Me Jersey" Walcott in myself, especially the virus part. I have to say that the

ending was just about as brilliant as you could get.

Roxanne and I are nearly opposite in the realm of smells. I have a strong sense of smell and have used it frequently at work to detect various issues with machines. I once tracked down a lost machine by smelling for it's deteriorating wiring through dense storage. Even I thought that was pretty freakin' good. I'm glad to hear she's got a regular sniffer again.

Sounds like a little meeting at the Pad, and what's weird is that I'm betting I'll be having dinner with at least four of them come LosCon time. I'm really excited about LosCon. It'll be the first time I've seen Merric Anderson since I was down there in April. I've gotta get down there again sometime. I've never seen an Omnichord. It sounds like one of those instruments that I'd love to play around with. I'd probably commit a great many crimes against music with it, but it'd still be fun.

Like Joyce, I'm not a big fantasy fan myself, but I love Clark Ashton Smith. A Northern California boy like myself and a damn fine writer. I also love Ghost Stories, but most horror fans don't cotton to Ghost Stories as a part of the genre.

Jean Rogers was a babe. I remember watching those old serials and being so attracted to her. Once again, I was born far too late.

For me, it's not Science Fiction or Fantasy, the only way I can appreciate Fantasy is through its meeting with Science Fiction. My man China Mieville is a perfect example, especially since he throws in a splash of Horror.

Another strong issue and it certainly brightened my rough day.

*Arnie: Since LosCon is about 11 months away, maybe you could visit Vegas and have dinner with even more of your friends here. Why, you could eat every single meal with a bunch of Vegas fans if you chose to do so! The mind reels...*

*Roxanne Mills' account of her restored olfactory sense sparks this observation from a venerable fan and amateur journalist...*

### Harold Chaney

The article by Roxanne Mills on her sense of smell brought two things to mind.

First, I recall a SF story from long ago about someone who discovers a cure for the common cold. Wonderful? Seems so at first. But as time passes the subject of the cure soon begins to be assailed with ever stronger, and ever more offensive, odors.

As they become unbearable, the scientists come to realize that our "common cold" is an evolutionary

development that enables us to survive in a really nauseous world. In the end they have to develop a new strain of the common cold, resistant to their new-found cure.

Second -- the Coffee poster. A succinct version of the final verse in Housman's "Reveille."

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover  
Breath's a ware that will not keep

Up, lad; when the journey's over  
There'll be time enough to sleep.

*Arnie: The National Amateur, the official organ of the National Amateur Press Association, of which Hal is the Official Editor, has a very nice tribute to Helen Wesson.*

*The rest of the publication is pretty interesting, too; seeing it made me wish that you, Hal, was doing the First Fandom magazine.*

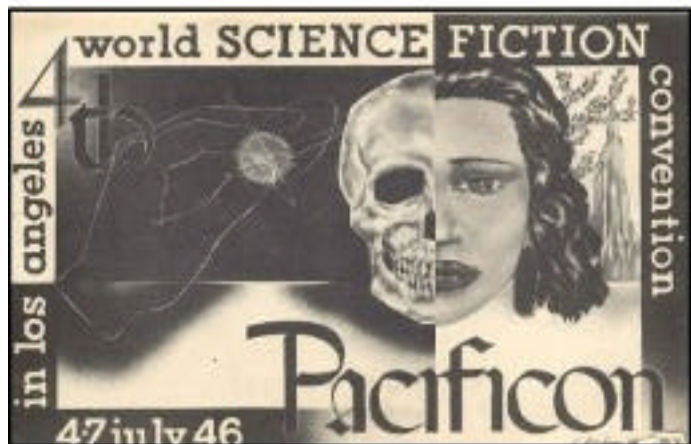
*One of British Fandom's Leading Lights offers what she calls "not exactly a loc," but I'll take it gladly...*

### Claire Brialy

This isn't a proper letter of comment; although I hope some day soon to send you one or more of those, I'm also conscious that I have Form where your fanzines are concerned.

Somewhere in the house or on the PC I have half-written letters of comment to *crifanac*, *Flicker*, *Baloney* and *Corflatch Considered as a Series of Semi-Precious Stones*. And I've been kidding myself for over a year now that I can catch up with *VFW* and start to respond in a way that understands the whole context of its development.

But as I was writing a piece for *BW* (which should



# The Fannish 12 Days of Christmas

TVoFacts

Just in time to fulfill any lingering post-holiday urge to hear yet one more Christmas song... comes a brand new (=a rather hastily written and produced recording) Holiday FILK Song. It's performed by me (Bill Mills) in a desperate rush to get something that was both fannish and Christmas-ish up on The Voices Of Fandom website for a December offering.

You can hear it in one of three ways:

- 1) At the site, by going to <http://www.thevoicesoffandom.com> and then going to PAGE TWO of the 'Fannish Music Pages'
- 2) Going to the site and listening to the December TVoF podcast.
- 3) Stream or download it directly using the following link:  
<http://www.thevoicesoffandom.com/mp3/fannish-12-days.mp3>

Roxie, TVoF and I wish everyone the fuggiest of Fannish Holiday and a Helluva New Year

— Bill Mills

be with you in the next week or two; we'll post it as soon as we get back from Novacon this weekend) I realised that I'm failing to engage with an active fanzine culture at all because I fear I can't do it as well as I'd like to. So this is my attempt to get with the programme.

Mostly, therefore, I'm making a start by writing simply to say that I appreciate the existence of *VFW* and to thank you for producing it. This really isn't a proper LoC, but I wanted to thank you for the Tucker memorial issue which -- like your moving tribute issue for rich brown -- was a fitting description of what the man meant to so many people. Memorial is somewhat on my mind: we also recently lost David Stewart, a prominent Irish fan and a lovely man, and (within the last week) Ron Bennett, who is actually indirectly responsible for me finally getting around to writing to you since it was rekeying some issues of *Skyrack* for webbing that started the train of thought which led me here.

While I'm here, and to avoid becoming too sombre, I can't resist commenting on a recent back issue (well, OK, #80. But at your rate of productivity they're all recent). The updated *Fannish Worry Book* was very useful.

In my time I've worked my way through many fannish worries -- including being co-opted onto the committee of the British Science Fiction Association over ten years ago in an attempt to release Maureen

Speller, then Administrator of the BSFA, from her burden of worrying about the whole organisation (it didn't work. It just meant that we could both worry about everything, including whether the other one was worrying either sufficiently or too much). So it was very reassuring to realise that in fact most of my fannish worries are Basic ones -- for several whole seconds, before I began to worry whether I should start worrying about the Baroque ones precisely because no one else might be...

Also, I have a technical query. Having realised how many of the fans on the list on page 21 I do know, I feel it's important to find out whether I should be worrying \*about\* them or simply on their behalf.

Meanwhile, I shall go and continue to worry about the packing for Novacon, a process that isn't alleviated as much by actually doing it as it is by making a list. And one day I really do hope to send you a proper LoC.

*Arnie: I'm shocked and hurt. You mean you didn't write any half-finished letters of comment on Jackpot or Xtreme? What do you say we forget the missteps of the past and let you start fresh by writing comments on this issue?*

*Here to deliver his verdict on the almost completed fannish year is a fan who is becoming a familiar byline in VFW and an increasingly important fan here in Glitter City...*



## Bill Mills

I must say, it has been a *helluva* year! And as 2006 nears it's end I can't help but reminisce about the last twelve months. Firstly, I began my journey with Las Vegrants at the Launch Pad on New Years Eve of 2005 and it's been an interesting, entertaining and gratifying trip so far. Interesting because of all the neat people I've met there, entertaining because of the neat events that take place there and gratifying for many reasons starting with just being included in the list of *the invited* of this invitational social group, to have had Roxanne's 41<sup>st</sup> birthday celebrated at the Launch Pad with cake and friends and fen (our friendly ferret Candy celebrated her *1st birthday* with the Vegrants as well), and that, after not performing music for an audience for literally the last five years, I've been allowed to dust off my guitar and perform for the group to encouraging applause and approval... but also because I have been able to contribute in various ways.

Like helping Jolie LaChance on some SNAFFU Library construction, assisting in getting both Joyce's electronic keyboard and her beloved Omnichord functional thus once again enabling her to wallow in her musical creativity to her heart's content and making digital audio recordings of various members of Las Vegrants for posterity (*and* for showcasing on TVOF, my fannish audio website ).

I offered up a few helpful suggestions to our erstwhile editor Arnie Katz regarding electronic publishing thus earning myself the regular credit as 'Technical Advisor' in subsequent issues of VFW. I attempted a little 'Buck Rogers' videocam thang , to broadcast images from a Vegrants meeting, which was sadly unsuccessful in it's first incarnation, but which may yet again surface in the new year. By beginning to scan and post photos from our personal collections of fannish photo-

graphs (to a gallery officially called The Mills Photo Archive ) my wife Roxanne and I officially ended a gafiation that essentially amounted to a twenty year leave of absence from fandom and legitimate fanac... and we can blame... er, can THANK Arnie and Joyce and Las Vegrants for that.

I have made my first-ever contribution to a fanzine by writing my first-ever LOC for *Vegas Fandom Weekly-ish*, Roxie is writing for SNAPS, I have started the aforementioned fannish audio website called The Voices Of Fandom ( <http://thevoicesoffandom.com> ), and we hope to engage in even more *fanacity* as time permits.

The ongoing contract I have with REB to produce audiobooks has had to take a backseat for several months to allow me to focus on the design and construction of the site and it's maintenance during it's infancy. But, Mills Audio Productions still managed to produce and release several titles for REB throughout the year resulting in our biggest distributor (FictionWise.com) placing our audiobooks in their Top 10 BestSellers list several times this year, including hitting and holding the number one spot for several weeks with our "Thin Man" show. And, I am proud to say that, our "Fall of the House of Usher" ( which featured the voice of Las Vegrants member Ross Chamberlain in his debut acting performance ) has been in the top 25 since it's release and even today, ( this being written Nov. 28<sup>th</sup> , a month after it's premiere ) it is still holding the #5 position on their Top 10 Bestsellers list!

Roxie and I celebrated our sixth wedding anniversary Nov. 18<sup>th</sup> by going to Mesquite Nevada for a pampering three days in a lovely suite with an in-room hot-tub/jacuzzi, nice meals and frivolous gambling. A frakin' great time to be sure! We engaged wantonly in what Roc called "The Four S's: soak, sex, sleep and

## Percolations Two Years and Counting

Sometimes I am simply amazed at the staying power and perseverance of fans, especially those who pub zines. Arnie Katz is a member of this group. His creation of and dedication to *Vegas Fandom Weekly* is a testament to the love he has for fandom, and the love we have for him.

Either that, or we are simply glad that he's doing it and not us.

No matter the reason, allow me to extend a congratulatory "thank you, Arnie" for two years of consistently top quality material, even when the zine doesn't meet the scheduling demands of its title. It is an honor and a privilege to be included in the pages of VFW, and I look forward to many more issues of the zine. (Aren't you glad I didn't say "many more *years* of the zine"? Your eyes probably would have glazed over at that phrase.)

Now, about that article I want you to write for *my* zine... — John Purcell

somegambling". I think she made that last one up just so she could work the poker playing into the list. She's sneaky that way. Thanksgiving was a big affair with Roc's family coming from out of town to be at the Mills' for dinner and hanging out. Now the big rush toward the Christmas holiday with all the attendant planning, shopping, decorating, socializing. Additionally, we have actual construction going on inside and outside our house adding to the chaos and I am still hoping to get at least one more REB audiobook out for December in the midst of it all.

Yeah, it's been a *helluva* year... and from all I've learned in the course of it... the best I can predict is that in about twelve months from now I'll be saying "Yeah, it's been a *helluva* year!"

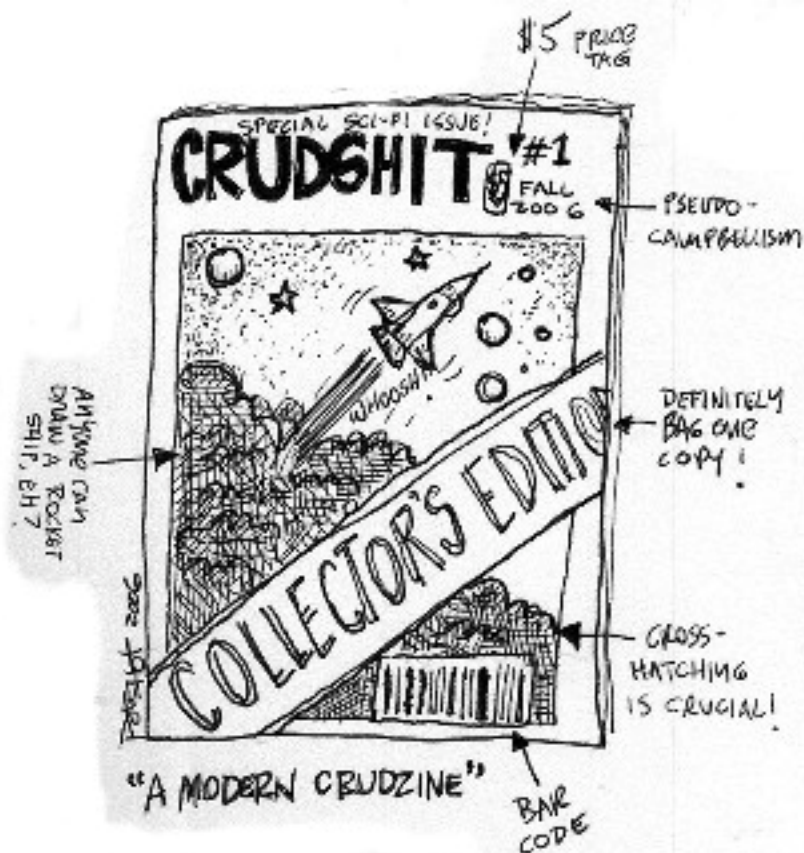
*Arnie: You and Roxue have added immeasurably to the Vegnants and to Las Vegas Fandom since you began coming around regularly a year ago. I'd guess that both of you will figure prominently when this year's Las Vegas Fan Awards Poll ballots are tallied. I can plug as well as anyone, Meyer.*

*Who better to bring it on home than the reigning Lord of Letterhacks, the Sage of Fandom, himself...*

### Robert Lichtman

Apparently when you were writing "Back to Normal" for your "Inside Story" column in *VFW* No. 88, you hadn't yet heard that Ron Bennett had passed away on Sunday, November 5th. As his son Andrew wrote in an e-mail to me and others, "He had a brief, but extremely brave, fight against leukemia, and thankfully passed away peacefully in hospital." I responded expressing Carol's and my sympathy, and noting that in recent e-mails Ron had complained of what he referred to as an infection on his ankle, but apparently it spread rapidly. Andrew wrote back: "It was definitely all very quick. The infection on my dad's leg led to a diagnosis of leukemia and then the last couple of weeks went extremely quickly. It was all, crazily, over in a total of 4-5 weeks. I must say that if I hadn't seen it myself I would never have believed that someone could be so brave as my dad was in the last couple of weeks."

Andrew further wrote: "Instead of flowers I think my dad would have liked donations to Candlelighters,



which is an excellent children's cancer charity (for example they supply extra nurses to cancer wards)." This seemed like a good idea to Carol and me, and we made a donation at their Website: <http://www.charitygiving.co.uk/minisites/default.asp?subname=thecandlelighterstrust>

I would encourage anyone who remembers Ron and would like to help a fine charity to do the same. At the site you'll notice the contact name of Sally Amos, who acknowledged our donation personally in addition to an auto-response from the Web site.

Regarding your Joe Walcott story in this issue, you wrote in the sidebar that the first was in *Quip* No. 1 and that there was another "done a few years later." Naturally I wanted to read them all in the proper order. So I immediately pulled that first *Quip* out of my giant chrome and black plastic files and reread it for the first time since 1966. Ghod, it was fun—took me back to a time when there was a huge waiting list to get into FAPA, among other things. I had to search a little for the second story, and I hoped that it was also published in *Quip* since otherwise I'd be frustrated in my completist efforts. I went forward through my *Quip* file issue by issue, perusing the tables of contents in each—pausing to eyetrack your inserted note soliciting mate-

rial from Redd Boggs tucked into the third issue and a similar note to Burbee between the pages of the seventh—and finally hit pay dirt with No. 11, where I learned that Joe was an FBI agent and that made his friends leery of getting sercon around him (although of course that term hadn't been invented in 1969).

Rereading these two previous stories gave me the necessary background with which to approach "The Big Burn-Out of '06." It became clear to me that after his near-gafia in 1966, out of which he was roused by hitting the number one position on the FAPA waiting list and having to struggle to come up with valid "credentials" in order to join, Joe must have managed to continue to maintain an active fan life *and* his career as a lawyer and FBI agent (which is, after all, sort of like Mike Glycer being an IRS agent). He'd changed along with Core Fandom, converting to electronic fanzines when the time was right. (It isn't clear whether or not he'd retired from the FBI, though if he was attending Corflu he either must have or he was successfully compartmentalizing his work and his fan life.) The temporary loss of Something To Say to fandom is a familiar one that afflicts many of us (or at least some of us in a transient way)—it often hits me when I'm faced with writing a *Trap Door* editorial, for instance, although sometimes it's not absence of subject matter but too much that slows me down. I enjoyed the beginning

of Joe's resolution, and hope it won't be another 37 years before the next Joe Walcott story.

Roxanne Mills wrote in her delightful article, "For as long as I can remember, I've had a severely impaired sense of smell," but her subsequent writing on the subject (all very enjoyable, by the way) tends to contradict this. It would appear to me that her range of smell is in other directions than most people's. Thus, she doesn't smell bad chemical smells, while she can't detect a difference between Ivory soap, Chanel No. 5™ and a bunch of flowers. But she *does* smell things like petrochemical emissions, only unlike most people she regards them as pleasant. One place Roxanne and I intersect is in used bookstores: "By far my favorite odor has always been that of old books. The mustier, the better. I'd walk into a used bookstore and stop, close my eyes, and just breath through my nose until someone or something brought me out of my reverie. If I could have bought 'old books' incense, bath soap, perfume, and air freshener, I would have!" My conscious mind *knows* that this is the smell of low-level mold—and I get a little upset when I encounter it in some of the file drawers housing my fanzine collection—but otherwise I'm completely on the same page (so to speak) about this smell. It was interesting to read of her belated treatment for this "malady," and I'm looking forward to reading about her first visit to a used bookstore to see if

# Contact! Las Vegas Club Directory

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

## Las Vegrants

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

## SNAFFU:

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

## VSFA:

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

## GayLesBiTrans SF Club

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



## Las Vegas Fan Events Calendar

**Cineholics** Friday, December 29 7:30 PM

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

**Las Vegas Fandom New Years Eve Open House** Sunday, December 31 7:30 PM

Joyce and I (and the Vegrants, invite al of Las Vegas Fandom (and out-of-town visitors) to attend the 15th annual New Years Eve Open House. Come and stay a little while or see in the new year. It'll be held at the Launch Pad (909 Eugene Cernan St.). For info, directions and offers of help: Call Joyce at 648-5677.

**Cineholics** Friday, January 5 7:30 PM

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

**Las Vegrants Meeting** Saturday, January 6, 7:30 PM

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

**SNAFFU Dinner Meeting** Friday, January 12 7:00 PM

SNAFFood will convene at Red Robin (Decatur & Sahara). To RSVP or get info, email Linda Bushyager ([LindaBushyager@aol.com](mailto:LindaBushyager@aol.com))

**Cineholics** Friday, January 12 7:30 PM

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

**SNAPS Deadline** Sunday, January 14

Contributions should be sent to Official Editor Arnie Katz ([crossfire4@cox.net](mailto:crossfire4@cox.net)). Everyone is invited to participate in this popular and enjoyable fan activity.

**Second Sunday Movie Screening** December 14 6:00 PM

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

**Las Vegrants Meeting** Saturday, January 20 7:30 PM

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

**VSFA Monthly Meeting** Saturday, January 20 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.

**SNAFFU Discussion Meeting** Sunday, January 28 2:00 PM

The city's oldest formal SF club meets at the library. Featured is a "show and tell" of Science Fiction and Fannish collectibles. Bring your treasures.

it's still her favorite smell.

Science Fiction vs. Fantasy!? I'm pretty much with you and Joyce on this question. I prefer SF, but in my reading past I've found great enjoyment in the

Tolkien trilogy (not to overlook *The Hobbit* and some of his minor works) and John Myers Myers's *Silverlock*. And let's not forget H. P. Lovecraft! I also find that there's a fair amount of cross-over between the

genres, as in (for instance) some of the stories of Phil Dick. And in general I find that I'm not as fond of "hard" science fiction as the softer stuff, which would explain my love of PKD and also Fredric Brown.

Near the end of the SF vs. fantasy article, there's some commentary about juvenile science fiction. "And that led, for unguessable reasons, to Joyce ragging Michael about why he 'wastes time' reading children's books. The victim defended himself ably, pointing out that many such books are written on more than one level and have something for adults as well as the young ones." Within limits, I agree with Michael. Dan Steffan introduced me last year to the work of author/illustrator William Joyce, whose books are delightful and don't insult one's intelligence. I would particularly recommend *A Day With Wilbur Robinson* and *Dinosaur Bob*.

About taking over a small town and establishing a fan community John Purcell writes, "My wife and I have talked about how great it would be to live in Eureka, since the geeks and freaks there would fit right in with fans." I suspect that John actually means Arcata, which is near Eureka but whose populace much more closely resembles his impressions. The problem with both is that they're *not* small towns. In 2005's best estimates, Arcata's population is over 17,000; Eureka is ever larger at 26,000. A much smaller town that actually was for sale this year was the tiny hamlet of Bridgeville, California, not all that far from Eureka and Arcata, but it's not listed currently. However, if you Google for "town for sale" you'll find a number of listings, including towns in Oregon, Arizona and even France. (I'm reminded that another California town was on the auction block in the last year or two as well, and it's one that would be familiar to you: Amboy,

California. This is the wide spot on old Highway 66 where we caravanned from Las Vegas in the late '90s for the spreading of Burbee's ashes near the famous Amboy crater.)

One of John DeChancie's suggestions for changing the name of VFW has already been taken. The title *Fantasia* was used for three issues of a delightful fanzine by Lou Goldstone that appeared in 1941. (Covers attached for your delectation, all of them by Lou, who's also well-known for his cover art for the 1946 Worldcon program book, also attached.) Yes, that was a long time ago, but there was also this movie...

Thanks to Terry Kemp for his teeshirt story, one worthy of his father.

*Arnie: Your letter brought the news of Ron Bennett's death. I only knew him through his fanzines, because he ceased Skyrack shortly after I got into Fandom and I had not yet connected with him since he began to dabble in literary fanac, again.*

*Skyrack was a terrific fanzine, one of the influences on my own approach to the form and I also enjoyed Ron's TAFF Report "Colonial Excursion." A lot of fans I respect thought awfully well of Ron Bennett; I'm sorry I didn't get the chance to make closer acquaintance.*

*Those covers are incredible. I'm sharing them with everyone in This Very Letter column.*

WAHF: Mike Korn, Shelby Vick, Ed Meskys, Bruce Townley, Pete Weston, Jean Marie Stine.

The next issue will follow more quickly, so please send LoCs, contributions and news. The more response, the sooner I'll publish. — Arnie

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