

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

Vote in the 2007 FAAn Awards!

The annual voting for the Fan Achievement Awards (FAAn Awards) has started and there is a huge change that will affect quite a few fans. For the first time, all voting will be conducted via email and hardcopy mail, with no voting at the con itself as in past years.

So, now is the time for all good fans to dole out the all-important egoboo by casting a 2007 Fan Achievement Awards Ballot. The FAAn Awards have done a good job of recognizing a lot of outstanding fannish achievements since Corflu Vegas brought them back more than a decade ago

I'm sending an email version of the ballot to the entire mailing list, but the voting form is so brief and simple that anyone can create a facsimile in just a few minutes.

It only takes a few minutes to fill in a ballot, either. That's not much of an investment in time and effort, considering the pleasure the results will bring to so many deserving Core Fandomites.

The five categories are: Best Fanzine, Best Fanwriter, Best Fan Artist, Best Letterhack and Best New Fan. The ballot has three spaces per category for votes.

The Arn-ish

With no conscious planning, this turns out to be an issue written entirely by me and the brave loccers of ChatBack.

Next issue will be much more diverse (while I recharge), but I hope you enjoy this one as much as I had fun putting it together,

The ballots can be emailed to teller Murray Moore at corflu24faan@yahoo.ca. Those who desire to support the Post Office can snail-mail a ballot to Murray at: 1065 Henley Rd., Mississauga, Ontario L4Y 1C8 Canada.

SNAFFood: No Januarys Dinner!

Linda Bushyager, who coordinates the monthly event, has announced that the January SNAFFU Dinner Meeting at Red Robin, originally scheduled for 1/12, has been cancelled. The cited reason is that Linda didn't receive any RSVPs.

As the person with the responsibility, it's clearly Linda's call, but I wonder if this wasn't a precipitous decision. Potential attendees may have

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Vegas Fan Events

Cineholics Meeting Friday (1/12) 7:30 PM
SNAPS Deadline Sunday (1/14)

Check out the Calendar and preview stories

Inside Story Fight Depression!

I didn't make any New Years resolutions at the Las Vegas New Years Open House, which Joyce and I hosted for 23 reasonably well-behaved fans (with some exceptions). It would have gotten this short article off to a better start if I had, but I didn't think of it.

JoHn Hardin, who came all the way from Kingman, AZ, used the guest bedroom and stayed until early afternoon on New Years Day. We talked about many things, a number of them definitely fan-ish, but it still didn't occur to me to make any resolutions.

It wasn't until Tuesday, January 2, when I say down to write this section of the issue, that I understood the full implications of this seemingly trivial oversight. Let's face it, I'm not exactly the New Years Resolution kind of guy.

If I was, this would be the first issue of Volume Three, not the third, and I would be vowing punctuality, accuracy and timeliness. Those are certainly my *aims*, but I'm willing to fall short of that goal, if necessary.

Still, it's a fannish tradition to make such resolutions in the first issue after New Years, and I have the fanhistorian's respect for tradition. Yet I do not feel prompted to announce a Big Prize Contest or Declare that "this is *your* fanzine!" so I am clearly willing and able to flout tradition when I feel it's right to do so.

With that spirit in mind, let me say that I am not going to make any damn New Years resolutions, not even if you ask. Not even if you ask *nicely*. Not even if you ask nicely and you're a sexy woman.

I certainly won't vow to write or publish more, because I don't think I can. Besides, I may be saturating the demand already. Having redefined the length of a week in the *VFW Annual* (#89) — it's now 14 days — I don't think I could get much mileage out of promising to publish weekly this year, anyway.

I won't be making any resolutions and that's final. You can quote me. I'm promising nothing and I hope you will all like it enough to send a contribution of art or writing to *VFW*. — Arnie

Vegas Fandom Weekly #91, Volume 3 Number 3, January 12, 2007, 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), Joyce Katz (proofreading and So Much More) and Murray Moore (FAAn Awards ballot)

Reporters this issue: Taral Wayne, Robert Lichtman, Andy Porter, Alan White. Pat Vrzi and Joyce Katz

Art/Photo Credits: Ross Chamberlain (3), Alan White (8-11, 16), Bill Mills (19) Bill Kunkel (24) 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 SNAFFU.org and efanzines.com. No recovering revelers were harmed during the production of this fanzine.

Member: fwa

Supporter: AFAL

Believer: United Fans of Vegas

The FAAn Awards **Katzenjammer**

The 2007 Fan Achievement Awards (FAAn Awards) are up for voting with the winners to be announced at Corflu Quire (February 9-11 in Austin, TX). Note that, for the first time, no votes will be accepted at Corflu; the deadline is a firm January 31.

All fans may vote.

The FAAn Awards are the primary way to render egoboo to those whose activity so richly deserves it. The ballot is out, the deadline is set for 1/31 and it's time to offer up some of my thoughts on some of the most worthy potential recipients.

What follows is a rundown of some of the choices I'm considering, presented in alphabetical order. At the end of each category, I mention some possibilities that aren't quite at the top of my list, but which may well be at the top of yours. I just want to make it easier for folks to prepare their ballots, not blackjack anyone into copying mine. I've also included the names on my actual ballot, in case you want to know how I see things.

Since I don't vote for myself or my fanzine, I

won't be covering those possibilities.

Best Fanzine

The year just ended saw electronic fanzines make great strides. Hardcopy publishing is declining, though there are still a few major fanzines that are solely paper and ink. For the first time, though, it looks like the electronic fanzines are dominating the field.

Banana Wings continues to be the best current British fanzine. Co-editors Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer draw heavily from their local fan group for contributors, but they also get solid essays from a wide cross section of Fandom. It's also one of the best-designed UK fanzines

Chunga slowed down a bit in 2006, but it remains an intelligent, literate and impeccable publication. It doesn't hurt that both Andy Hooper and Randy Byers write very well.

eI has published enough good material in the last year to fill 10 traditional hardcopy fanzines. Earl Kemp has a zesty range of interests and knows how to turn them into fanzine material. The layout, designed to promote easy on-screen reading, is very attractive.

In a Prior Lifetime comes out monthly and always has outstanding fannish material by editor John Purcell and friends. In its first year of publication, *IaPL* has become one of the cornerstones of the electronic fanzine field.

Pixel is the upgraded successor to the enjoyable *Catchpenny Gazette*. It features a strong roster of columnists led by Ted White and fanzine reviewer Peter Sullivan and also features Dave Locke and Lee Lavell every issue. *Pixel* definitely has the inside track on my first-place vote in this category.

The Drink Tank has left all other fanzines, including this one, in the dust when it comes to sustained frequent publishing. The rocketing pace has rocketed the fanzine forward with in-



Continued on next page



credible momentum as Chris Garcia learns in weeks the lessons it took the rest of us years to master with quarterly (or even less frequent) schedules.

Worth consideration: *Ansible*, *File 770*.

My Picks: *Pixel*, *Banana Wings*, *eI*

Best Fanwriter

There's a lot of fine writing in Fandom and, as Sturgeon decreed, a whole lot of crap, too. Much as some might like to burn the bad writers at the stake, honoring some of the good ones seems like a saner course of action.

John DeChancie has a good professional resume, but his fanwriting was not well known outside Los Angeles until this year. The excellence of his writing changed that situation in a hurry.

Andy Hooper is one of Fandom's most erudite essayists. His byline is a guarantee of a well-written, authoritative and intelligent article.

Joyce Katz added to her legend with many fine

articles in her *Hard Science Stories* and other fanzines as well as timely contributions to the Trufen and Fmzfen listservs.

Earl Kemp has the wonderful ability to write entertainingly about the subjects that capture his interest. He is *eI*'s foremost writing asset.

Dick Lupoff made a memorable return to active fanwriting in 2006. His articles have run the gamut from personal memoirs to nostalgia to con reports, all done with the usual Lupoff panache.

Ted White doesn't publish many fanzines any more, but his fanwriting is as great as ever. His *Pixel* column, articles in other fanzines and copious listserv posts feature the forceful writing, individualistic insights and compelling logic that makes Ted one of the all-time greats.

Worth considering; John Purcell, Chris Garcia, Shelby Vick, Claire Brialey

My Picks: Dick Lupoff, Ted White, Joyce Katz

Best Fan Artist

How ironic that, just as electronic reproduction raises the technical standard, death, age and gaffia-tion have claimed an inordinate number of the "grand masters" in recent years. One very lively master, Steve Stiles, has taken the high road and removed himself from this category after dominating it for as long as this incarnation of the FAAn Awards has existed. He combines superb illustration with topflight humor.

Ross Chamberlain wasn't especially active in '96 as he pursued some avenues that didn't translate well to Fandom. His Rossworx.com website is a tour de force of his work and establishes his credentials as one of the subculture's best cartoonists.

Bill Kunkel is the Angry Old Cartoonist. His cartoons have real bite. Burbee said that if Laney had been a cartoonist, he would've been Bill Kunkel.

Dan Steffan has been relatively quiet in Fandom in the last year or two as he and Lynn moved across country and acclimated to the new surroundings. In many ways, he is the fannish heir to Steve Stiles in that he, too, draws exceptionally well and is also a good humorist.

Bill Rotsler has gone to the Enchanted Convention, but new material continues to appear due to the backlog in the hands of every fanzine editor

in the known world. I prefer to vote for the living, but Rotsler is probably still the king based on his output.

Taral Wayne returned to Fandom after some years among the Furies. There's no question that he is better than ever and now ranks as one of Fandom's most accomplished and skilled illustrators and artists.

Alan White combines excellent graphic sensibilities with slick drawing and a sly sense of humor. His fannish and stfnal artwork is uniformly excellent and he continues to do some of the best hard copy fanzine covers.

Worth Considering: Frank Wu, D. West

My Picks: Alan White, Ross Chamberlain, Bill Kunkel

Best Letterhack

There'll never be another Harry Warner, which is why they hung that clunky Serious Name – The Harry Warner Jr. Memorial Award or some such – but there are some terrific letter-writers enlivening the lettercols these days.

Chris Garcia, last year's "Best New Fan," is now one of the sprightliest letterhacks in Fandom. He always has interesting stories to embellish whatever was in the last issue and his enthusiasm and energy are precious qualities for any letter column.

Robert Lichtman is a sensational letter-writer whose LoCs are often like well-crafted columns, full of information, insights and good-natured fun. The only reason I haven't drafted Robert as a *VFW* columnist is that I hate to think of not getting his magnificent commentaries after every issue.

Lloyd Penney perhaps comes closest to the indefatigable Warner when it comes to giving fanzine editors the response they so strongly desire. His constancy and thoroughness have put "Lloyd Penney-style loc" into the fannish dictionary.

John Purcell's return to Fandom has certainly proven to be good news for fanzine editors! His well-written letters of comment are always a highlight of any letter column,

Peter Sullivan has still not begun the fine genre many think lies within him, so he makes his presence felt in two main ways: articles and letters of comment. His LoCs are amazingly sophisticated

and mature for such a new fan, even if he insists on "zeen" as a spelling.

Worth consideration: Richard Lupoff, Ted White, Jean Marie Stine, Shelby Vick.

My Picks: Robert Lichtman, Lloyd Penney, John Purcell.

Best New Fan

This category has always seemed a bit tricky to me. The others operate on a more-or-less-strict calendar year basis. If you vote for Robert Lichtman as "Best Letterhack," as I plan to do, that vote is based on his 2006 output.

Some neofans burst on the scene, luminous new stars, but it's more typical for a newcomer to ease into the subculture and take as much as a couple of years to become widely known. The picture is further complicated, because some of the newest recruits to Core Fandom have actually been around for years, only their activity has not previously been done within our little cabal.

My approach focuses on those who have become fans since the last winner. You probably have your own view of the category, which is fine.

Teresa Cochran is the first person to enter and become active in Core Fandom despite being blind. (Ed Meskys was sighted when he entered Fandom and published most of the issue of *Niekas*.) Last year, Las Vegas fans chose her as the "Best Addition to Vegas Fandom" in the annual poll; this year, she goes national.

Bill Mills has been a fan for over 30 years, but 2006 saw him turn his fine mind to Core Fandom. His *The Voices of Fandom* is pioneering a major new type of fan activity. He's maybe gonna kill me for putting him on this list, but I believe that he has faced much the same learning curve as Chris Garcia, who was born into Fandom.

Peter Sullivan has shown more love for, and sympathy with, North American Fandom than any recent new British fan and has become hugely popular as an essayist, fanzine reviewer and letterhack. Note to TAFFniks: Send Us Sullivan!

Worth Consideration: Claire McDonald, Jeff Redmond.

My Picks: Peter Sullivan, Bill Mills, Teresa Cochran

Now — go vote! — Arnie

KJ Annex

CAT SCRATCH FEVER

You may have heard or read about Joyce's bloody battle with our cat Foggy, but you haven't heard The Truth.



Yet,

What you've gotten, until now, is a highly subjective account from the viewpoint of the person who was largely responsible. In fact, since there was no other *person* involved in the incident, it stands to reason that she is the person solely responsible for the brutal encounter.

Joyce likes to think of herself as the Friend of Animals. Not in the PITA sense, but she is eager to over-feed and name any creature that comes her way. Back in Toner Hall days, she had a flock of birds that met her on the driveway in front of the house and an army of slugs that patrolled the lawn in back.



My mother didn't want pets of any kind when I was growing up, so the sight of Joyce in the midst of thousands and thousands of obedient birds or leading a phalanx of slugs against invading ants gave me a few shudders – and a bad dream



or two. This was especially so after Joyce let it be known around Las Vegas Fandom that crossing her could bring swift retribution from the sky or similar, if slower, retribution from beneath the ground!



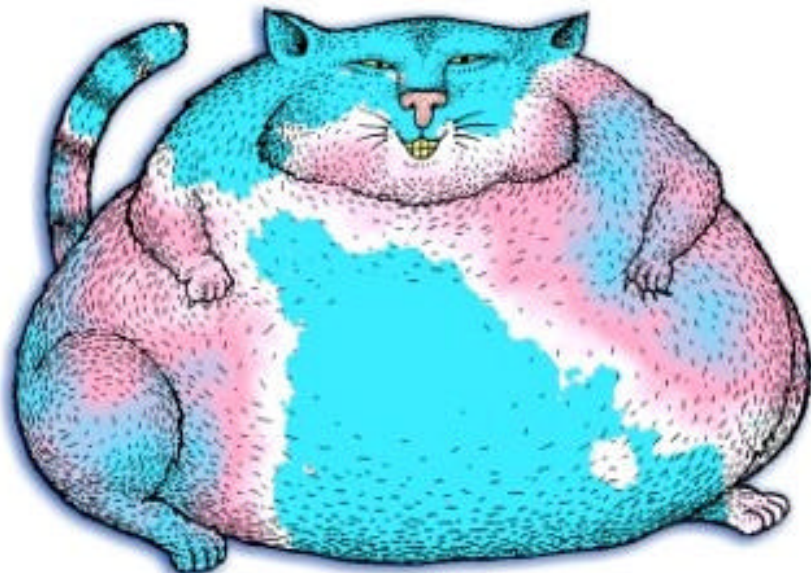
I've always thought of Joyce as smarter than me and she also

has a reputation for wisdom and balance among her many friends and admirers. It is mostly me, her husband, who is aware that those qualities fly out the window when it is anything that touches her heart. This flightiness, coupled with the aforementioned love of animals, though not particularly harmful by themselves, is a veritable witches' brew in combination. She becomes so in tune with the animals that she is oblivious to potential consequences and dangers.

Throwing intelligence and wisdom to the winds can have disastrous consequences. Joyce's attack on Foggy Is one of them.

Yes, you read that correctly. Previous accounts of this situation notwithstanding any impartial observer can only conclude that Joyce pushed the pacifistic Foggy beyond the bounds of feline endurance and paid the expectable price for her actions.

It started when Joyce decided that Foggy, an indoor cat all his life, should occasionally go outside to enjoy the scrawny tufts of grass and, to a limited extent, hobnob with the eleventeen other cats that collect at our back door several times a day for Joyce's generous feedings.



I warned her that taking him out on a leash might lead to problems if, for instance, another cat he didn't like came around and he decided to chase it. She breezily ignored this advice and undoubtedly felt vindicated when Foggy's first few forays outside went smoothly.

The cats that patronize Joyce's Feline Soup Kitchen are all closely related and are very comfortable within their family group. They're also very used to seeing Foggy through the sliding glass door. Joyce occasionally left the door ajar while filling the food and water bowls on the back porch and I have seen Foggy and several different cats affectionately touching rubbing snouts through the narrow opening.

When Joyce began to let Foggy make his excursions into the backyard, Joyce's band of feral cats greeted him with utter indifference. They neither ignored him nor challenged him. His large size, coupled with his passive demeanor, made for easy acceptance.

Foggy showed no hostility to the other cats. Foggy's main interest was the grass – who said cats don't resemble their owners? -- and the other cats were much more interested in the food.

Joyce brazenly gloated as Foggy made trip after trip to the backyard without incident. She even bought him a very handsome collar and Roc Mills gave him a leash so that the other cats would think he was wealthy.

Then, on Wednesday (1/3) at about 9:00 AM, my admonition came to fruition. Joyce had just let Foggy out when a very cute little grey kitty in heat came over the fence into our yard. Foggy immediately discarded his love of the grass and replaced it with irresistible desire for the little grey kitty.

This was quite a surprise to Joyce, because Foggy was castrated early in his life and is, therefore, supposedly incapable of such lustful feelings. Defying medical science, our horny cat – who says pets don't take after their owners? – tried to rush after the little grey kitty.

Joyce lost control of the leash, panicked and scooped up Foggy.

The passive, gentle Norwegian forest cat went bonkers. Joyce got clawed and bitten a total of 23 times. Foggy dealt out cuts and gashes with manic intensity as he strove to break free and fulfill his ambition to ravish the interloper.

Joyce's right arm looked bad right from the start, but she rejected the idea until about 8:00 PM that night. By then, her arm had swollen like a big pink watermelon. It had grown tender to the touch and she couldn't use it well enough to drive herself to Urgent Care. Thanks to a timely rescue by Bill Mills, Joyce got to the medical facility by 8:30. It was after midnight before Bill and I brought her back from Urgent Care.

Joyce had to go back the next morning to start two-a-day treatment sessions during which they fed her antibiotics through an IV. They didn't release her from that until after her Friday morning visit. They gave her a prescription for antibiotic pills and told her to take them three times a day for the next 10 days.

Foggy was completely demoralized and traumatized by the uproar. He threw up everywhere and then settled into his bed for a nice, two-day nap until things cooled down. Ordinarily timid, he sought solitude in his time of stress, somewhere safe from the once-kind owner who had unaccountably thwarted his primal desire.

Joyce, perhaps fearful that Foggy will renew his protest against her performance as chaperone, mostly avoided her beloved pet for the next few days. Good-hearted Foggy was willing to forgive and forget within hours of the spat, but Joyce greeted all his advances with Stern Looks.

Joyce and Foggy have settled into a semblance of normalcy, but only a semblance. It is an uneasy truce, but of such small milestones is the Lasting Peace built.

— Arnie

Legit Medical Update. For those who are understandably concerned, I want to assure you that Foggy is all right now. Joyce has finished her UV treatments and is diligently taking her medicine.

UEV Action Revel with a Cause

As the informal RSVP's mounted up before the party, I began to realize that this years Las Vegas Fandom Open House was likely to be the biggest. And when the last fans had headed for their homes or the Launch Pad's sleeping accommodations, 23 fans had spent all or part of the evening.

That continued the upward trend; the Open House drew 12 fans in '04 and 19 in '05. Fandom isn't about numbers, of course, so there were disappointments despite the record turn-out. John DeChancie, Su Williams, Ayesha Ashley, Michael Bernstein, Kent Hasings and David Gordon, all Vegrants stalwarts, weren't with us. I was also sorry that no VSFA members joined the festivities.

Preparations started earlier than usual and revved into high gear when James Taylor and Teresa Cochran arrived at a little after 6:00 PM to help. The extra hands were welcome, of course, but Joyce and I were especially eager to see Tee and James, who'd just returned from a trip to England and Scotland.

They came with tales of their journey and a bag of goodies for the buffet. James handed me two primo quality chocolate bars, saying, "Here's some crack for you." They were good, too, though

Teresa and James take their turn at the buffet table.



I wanted more to recapture that special feeling after only a few minutes.



Arnie and Joyce survey their handiwork from a position of relative safety.

James showed pictures, some of which depicted Teresa's visits to several museums. She doesn't really get much out of audio tours, she explained, but there were a couple of interesting places that permitted a "hands on" experience.



Teresa and I talked about Fandom's 2006, which turned out to be a warm-up for the 23-minute audio segment Bill Mills later recorded for TheVoicesOfFandom.com. (The site has a lot more than me; I think it's the cutting edge of today's Fandom — and a terrific batch of entertaining stuff.)

The most intriguing question, at least to me, that came out of the discussion concerned the "Great Divide," the point at which it is impossible for a neofan to enter Core fandom without a significant electronic/online presence.

I'm not sure we have reached that Great Divide yet, but it seems to be approaching. A neofan who doesn't participate in Core Fandom's electronic

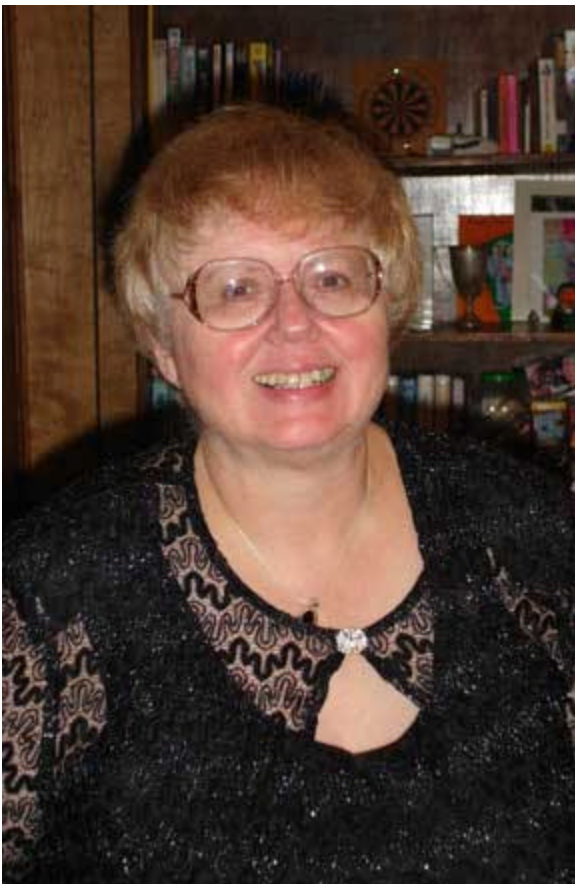
(Upper Left) James Taylor helps Teresa Cochran pick from among the many good choices.

(Lower Left) Merric Anderson and the inimitable Lubov enjoyed their second New Year's Eve with the Vegas fans.



(Below) Bryan and Darlene Follins made their Launch Pad debut at the New Year's Open House.





(Left) *Linda Bushyager looks happy to see the arrival of a (hopefully better) new year.*

(Above) *The living room coffee table, laden with eats.*

aspects is missing a lot — listservs, websites and electronic fanzines — so it might be hard to really become part of the subculture.

Lori Forbes and I talked about the SNAFFU Library, which is still under construction. She has tentatively scheduled a work-session in January, but the club is startlingly apathetic about helping get the library into shape for actually lending books.

I hear a lot of lip-service paid to science fiction and fantasy at SNAFFU meetings, but the voices are strangely silent when it comes to getting this major stfnal resource to the point that it would benefit local Fandom.

The party, as often happens at large Launch Pad events, spread through the house. One group hovered over the food, another collected in the dining room and kitchen area and a third gaggle in my office.

Bill Mills talked about his recently purchased DVD of *The Stuntman*, a movie with obvious special meaning for the former stunt specialist. As always, Bill talked very

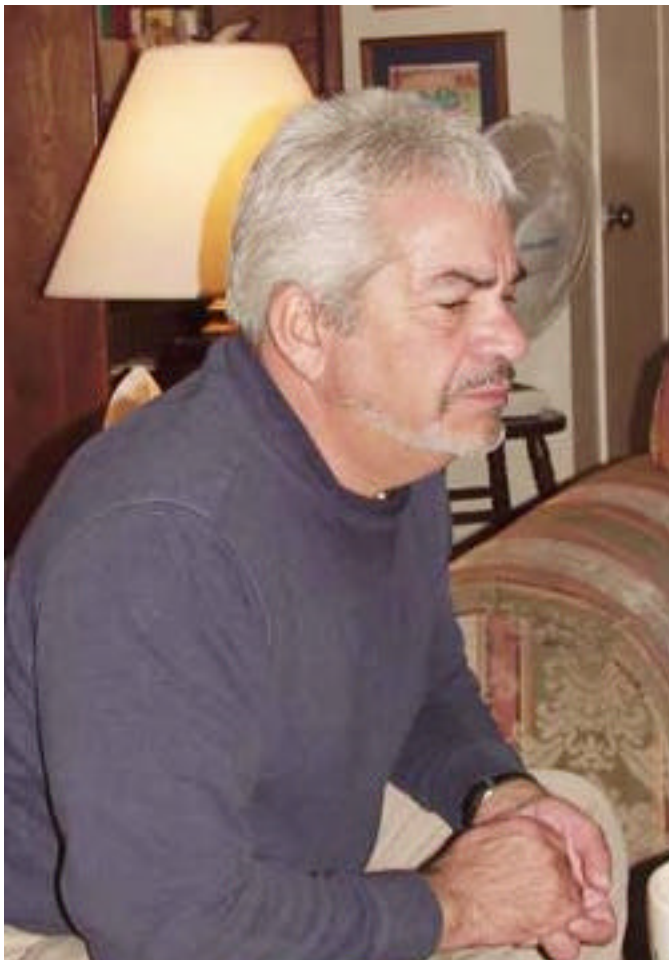


The distinctive peals of Lori Forbes' laughter ring out at the Launch Pad's living room as a bemused JoHn Hardin looks on benignly.



(Above) JoHn Hardin and Lori Forbes look on as Merric Anderson communes with his Blackberry,

(Below) Jim Colletti met the Vegrants for the first time — and lived.



knowledgeably about the background of the movie and the Byzantine machinations that kept the project alive during many swerves and delays.

A few fans left relatively early. About half were just plain tired, while others had other destinations in mind for the midnight moment. Still, about a dozen fans drank champagne and watched the celebratory fireworks on the Las Vegas Strip.

The New Years Open House always draws a few newcomers. This year, they were Bryan & Darlene Follins and Jim “The Silver Fox” Colletti. Bryan has attended a few SNAFFU meetings,

where he came across as intelligent and a good guy, even if he does have a fondness for that Crazy Buck Rogers Stuff.

Jim Colletti is opinionated and articulate, good fan qualities, though he takes SF too seriously. Alas, his desire to discuss various stfnal extrapolations collided with the frivolous spirit of the evening. I’ll be interested to how he’ll adapt as he learns more.

A small group composed of James and Teresa, JoHn Hardin, Lori Forbes, Dave Purdy and Joyce and me stayed up for another hour or so, chatting about the intricacies of Fandom. Dave is our current neofan project. He asks lots of excellent questions, but he hasn’t yet done much about actively engaging with Fandom. That will either change in the next month or so, or we might have to conclude that his fannish future, if any, lies in some other direction.

Making the evening a merry one were: James Taylor; Teresa Cochran; JoHn Hardin; Ray & Marcy Waldie; Bill & Roxanne Mills; Lori Forbes; Alan & DeDee White; Lubov; Merric Anderson; Ross Chamberlain; Linda & Ron Bushyager; Rochelle Uhlenkott; Bryan & Darlene Follins; James Daugherty; Derek Stazenski;

Fann Fiction

One PacifiCon Night

He was sitting in the corner of the con suite when I spotted him. It was Monday night at Detention, unless you're one of those sticklers who insist on calling it Tuesday morning. Big Hearted Howard had packed up his stuff, the Goon had departed for his next destination on his Berry Fund progress across America and a lot of others had rushed home to go to work at the end of the Labor Day weekend.

Charley Gentry wasn't exactly alone, but I could see that a worldcon packed with fabulous fannish festivities had taken its toll.

Charley sat back in his chair, eyes half closed. Meanwhile, the fans around him were intent on cramming as much partying into what remained of the Detention as they could. They were like camels, storing up fannish contact for the long, fan-less winter ahead.

I sat down next to Charley, whom I knew mostly from SAPS and FAPA. I nodded, without overt comment, toward the frantically snogging couple sitting on the bed a foot or two from us. He acted as though he hadn't even noticed them,



though the sounds of heavy breathing were audible even in a room full of chattering fans.

"Everyone has their own agenda," Charley said, pointedly looking away from the frenetically groping pair.

"I can tell it's not your scene," I said.

"Yeah, not really," he readily admitted. "Not that there's anything wrong with it. I just don't chase in Fandom."

"I've noticed that, Charley," I said. "Yet you were known as sort of a ladies' man back in the old days." I bit my tongue as soon as the words escaped my mouth. What I'd said was true, but it sounded bad when I heard the words, like I was telling him he was past it.

I didn't think he was. Charley was better looking than fannish average and no one could deny that he was smart, amusing and reasonably charming. Something other than an inability to catch femmefans was responsible for his decision not to

chase them.

“That was back in the ‘40’s,” Charley said. He looked into the chorp dimension as though seeing his youthful self. “Things were different then.”

“Different?”

“Yes,” he said. “Life changes you.”

His comment, so unexpectedly revelatory, made me start. Gentleman Charley seldom got very personal. He was friendly and open, but he tended to keep his feelings to himself.

“Sounds like there’s a story,” I prompted. I was in my “oral history” phase and wanted to hear every story from the bomb on Art Rapp’s lawn to lurid tales of wife-swapping at the Hydra Club.

“Well, you know, I guess there is,” Charley made a face as he remembered.

“So tell me,” I encouraged. “I want to hear about it.”

“Well...”

I could tell that he sort of wanted to confide it.



“I’ll consider it DNQ, if you want.”

“It’s not that bad, but I don’t know if I should tell it,” he hedged.

“I’d really like to hear it,” I said.

He looked at me and nodded slightly, as if he’d made a decision. He didn’t speak loudly, but I leaned forward to catch every word.

It was at the Pacificon,” he began, “the first worldcon after the end of the war...”

I was sitting in the coffee shop when she came in...

I didn’t recognize her, but then, Pacificon pulled in a lot of new people. I knew I’d have remembered her if we’d ever met, because good-looking femmefans were even rarer then than they are now.

I wasn’t the only fan sizing her up when she walked into the coffee shop on those stiletto heels. If they’d been wearing beanies, like in a Ray Nelson cartoon, the propellers would’ve been spinning from excitement.

She was tall and slim, nicely curved, with long legs. You could see plenty of those legs, too, because she had on the shortest skirt I’d ever seen on a non-streetwalker – and it had a slit! As she walked, a garter, like one of those brides wear except that it was red and jeweled, played hide and seek with the hem of her dress.

Not that she looked like a prostie. Well, not a cheap one at any rate. Even though she wore a lot of make-up, she looked sleek, not cheap. Her short, curly black hair framed a face dominated by two unforgettable eyes and a pouty mouth.

I saw she had a Pacificon name badge that read “Betty,” so as she wiggled past my table, I stopped her by asking how she liked the convention.

“I love it so much,” she said, “but my mean old boss wouldn’t let me off for the whole weekend.”

“Where do you do all that work?” I asked. “I didn’t think they had salt mines in southern California.”

“Ohhhh, it’s just almost as bad,” she said, “I work in Hollywood.”

I gestured toward the empty seat across from me in the little booth. “Who don’t you sit down?” I’d eaten a burger and French fries before she came into the restaurant, but I was prepared to go

another meal if it meant spending it with this fangirl.

“What a friendly sort of invitation,” she cooed as she slid into the booth with a startling show of legs... and beyond..

“I’m glad your boss let you loose for a day, but what a shame that you couldn’t have been here the whole time. You know, they haven’t had one of these conventions since 1941!”

“Uncle Max is really an old softie,” she amended. “He just likes me to be around when he wants me.”

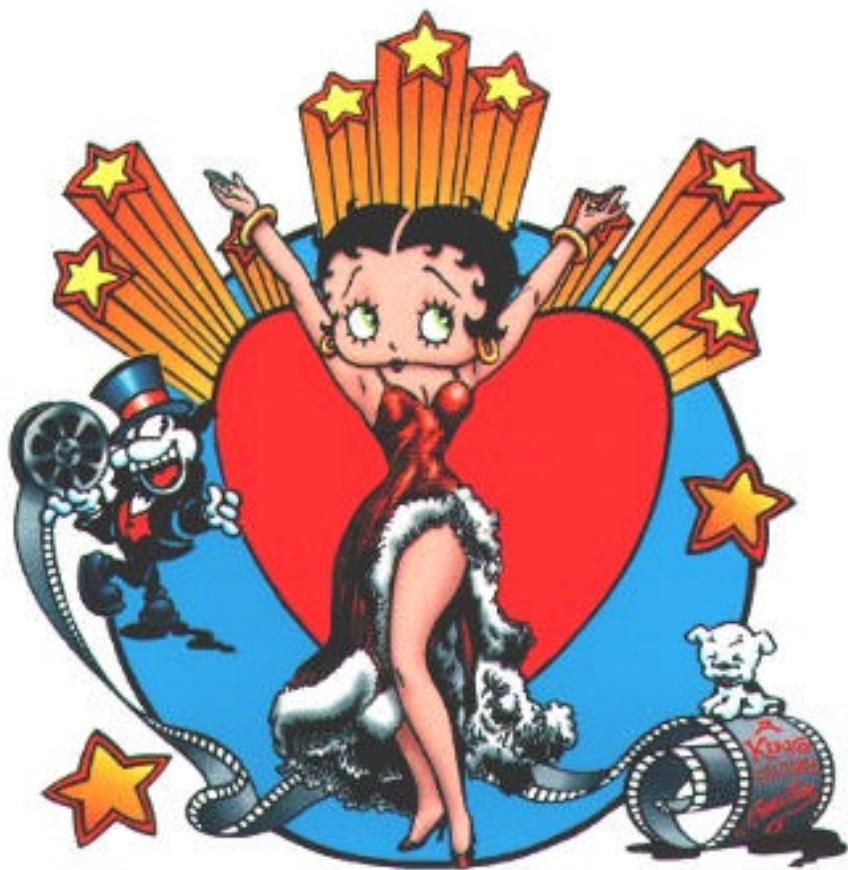
“I can see why he’d like that,” I said, slowly and obviously looking her up and down.

“Your head will fall over, because you’ve got too much on your mind,” she teased in that little-girl voice that had no doubt captivated every man she had ever met. And that, I suspected, most definitely included that “Uncle Max,” whom I suspected might not be any blood kin.

We talked our way through dinner, which filled two hours and stretched the waitress’ patience to the breaking point. I didn’t want to take her to the hotel bar, because I knew that some of the fans and pros who hung out there might divert Betty’s attention. I didn’t want her to think about anyone but me.

So I suggested we go to a bar I saw around the corner. Her eyes lit up. “Are you trying to audition me for a compromising position?” she asked with a trilling laugh.

Betty didn’t wait for an answer. She jumped up and headed to the door. She knew I would be right behind her.



Of course, she was right. What a walk! I’m not usually a butt man, but I thought maybe she might convert me with that keister.

The bar was dark and smoky. We sat down opposite each other at a small table. She took out a cigarette and paused. It took me what seemed like an eternity to realize that she was waiting for me to light it for her.

I’d never lit a woman’s cigarette before, but I fumbled with the match and then stared into the luminous depths of her eyes as she inhaled.

She ordered a scotch on the rocks and I picked a Schlitz. We talked and drank. And then we ordered another round and talked some more. She could’ve read me the N3F roster in that voice and I would’ve been happy to listen.

Reality Alert This is a work of Faan Fiction (fiction about fans). It is, therefore, not an actual con report or a personal memoir. I hope you are enjoying the recent run of such stories, since I seem to be producing them on a regular basis at the moment.

She told me about what I can only call her adventures. She'd gone to the South Seas, played on a woman's baseball team and fifty other things. Berrt claimed to have done so much that I wasn't sure whether she was even telling me something real or just writing a colorful story with herself as heroine.

I told her about my aspirations as a science fiction writer and she acted impressed by my two short story sales to *Startling* and the encouraging letter of rejection from Ray Palmer, the top man at *Amazing* and *Fantastic Adventures*.

The hours passed. The rest of the bar seemed to drop away, become vague and formless as my focus on her tightened. I had never met anyone like her.

When she suggested we move to one of the larger booths in a secluded corner, I couldn't agree fast enough. Well, I hung back just a little so I could walk behind her.

I wasn't exactly surprised when she slid in next to me on my side of the table, but her hand on my thigh made me jump. She started to withdraw it. "Don't pull away," I whispered hoarsely. Her hand came back and I drew her close.

We carried on like that a long time. We drank several more drinks each.

Through the alcoholic haze and the sexual tension, I began to think of her and what might happen after the con. I imagined all sorts of things, some of them domestic and others downright pornographic.

And then, it ended as suddenly as it began.

Two odd characters appeared at our table. I tried to ignore them, but one was so dogged that he forced me to let him whisper something to Betty. The other, some clown named Koko — an actual and literal clown, with big shoes and a pointy hat — stood there watching, but I sensed he was ready to get involved if things didn't go smoothly.

Of course, they did.

"Uncle Max sent them to get me," she said, apologetically. "He says I need my rest for work tomorrow. It's so annoying when he is right."

She leaned forward and gave me a kiss on the cheek. After what we'd been doing just moments earlier, I knew that was the kiss-off. There wasn't going to be anything for us but a memory of a



night at the end of the Pacificon.

Before I could react, Betty was well on her way to the door with her two bodyguards flanking her. Every undulating step carried her that much closer to her world and that much farther from mine.

"I've never forgotten that night," Charley said. "I moped around for months. I even folded *Fanopticon*, because I just couldn't get into the right mood. It's hard to be funny when you're wallowing in self-pity.

"I got over it eventually, of course. Started *Balloon* and went back to fanning. But I never wanted to let myself in for something like that. So now, I don't get involved in convention romances. "Not that I've had so many offers."

We both laughed and then the conversation turned in a much safer direction, the next TAFF race.

I won't forget the sadness in his eyes as he spoke of her, a love unexpectedly met and suddenly lost forever.

— Arnie Katz

Continued from p 1

felt that, since no reservations are needed at Red Robin, that they could make a last minute decision to be there.

Corflu Quire Issues Final Progress Report!

Pat Virzi, chairman of Corflu Quire has released the final progress report for the 24th edition of the Core Fandom Worldcon. It's scheduled for Austin, TX, February 9-11, 2006.

Attending membership is \$65, which includes the Sunday banquet. A supporting membership is an economical \$20.

The Doubletree Hotel is the site for Corflu Quire. Pat warns that rooms in the convention bloc will only be held until January 18.

Lichtman Readyng Laney Anthology!

Robert Lichtman has announced the imminent publication of *Ah, Sweet Laney! — Writings of a Great Big Man*, an anthology of 29 pieces by Francis Towner Laney. The collection, with a Dan Steffan cover and William Rotsler cartoons, also has articles about Laney by Robert Bloch, Charles Burbee and Jack Speer as well as the text of the letter the N3F welcomittee sent to Burb that served as the basis for one of Burbee's funniest articles, *N3F, Ave et Vale*.

Best known as the author of the memoir (and Insurgent manifesto) *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!* and his literate, fantasy-oriented fanzine *The Acolyte*, Laney was a brilliant essayist who combined humor with remorseless honesty. He and Charles Burbee, as leaders of the LA Insurgents in the 1940's, pioneered an approach to Fandom that is still very much present in today's Core Fandom.

Considering both the content and Lichtman's well-known mania for perfection, this should be a "Must Buy" when it comes out in conjunction with Corflu Quire in mid-February.

I'll print ordering instructions for those who won't be at the convention as soon as they are available.

Heard Around Fandom

Mike Glicksohn got good news from the doctor; his test for bladder cancer came back



“negative.” He'll have to be tested regularly for a while but things look good.

Andy Porter will have major surgery this week, probably on 1/17. The long-time active fan (and my former roommate in the antediluvian past) has been feeling poorly and medical exam and tests revealed the internal problem. We're pullin' for ya, Andy!...

Greg Benford reports that he will be spending a good portion of March and April in Asia. Upon his return, after a decent interval to get re-acclimated, he will be making a business trip to Las Vegas and hopes to spend some time with his old friends and maybe make some new ones...

Woody Bernardi, in a New Year's Day call, sent a holiday greeting to all his Vegas Fandom buddies. Woody reports that he has changed jobs to a customer service position, is in good health and is enjoying a reasonably good social life. He promises a visit to Vegas in '07, though it's a bit too soon to talk about his itinerary...

Steve Stiles has again shown why he's known as a "class act" by removing his name from consideration for this year's FAAn Awards, The perennial winner graciously stepped aside to give other deserving fans a chance at some egoboo.

ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column

Strike up the virtual band – and strike off electronic medals for all the stalwart letterhacks who've roused themselves from post-holiday torpor to entertain us all...

What better way to start off the year's first letter column than with Fandom's most prolific letterhack...

Lloyd Penney

Many thanks for the latest VFWs, which probably are the latest ones...I haven't seen anything from you since the annish. But then, I haven't seen a lot. You've seen what that great Purcell guy put on Trufen.net... my right eye is healing nicely, so much so that my ophthalmologist has given me the green light to attack the computer and catch up. Here goes...

88... A shame that TAFF had to be cancelled. Chris Garcia had such momentum going. I have no doubt that if he keeps going, and like that Eveready bunny, he probably will, we'll get him exiled to Britain in no time.

This is a normal issue, but everything in it happened in November. I hope a normal issue will arrive soon, and I can get caught up with y'all.

I know of some people in fandom who have an intolerance to perfumes of any strength, and that sometimes extends to an intolerance for the people with the perfume. Some of you may know what fan I'm talking about. For some of the conventions I go to, a little too much perfume on some fans is certainly more preferable to those great unwashed who could use some. I'll be glad when my eye heals up entirely...I find that I am a little light-sensitive, and a sunny day can be painful.

You can delete VFW when it arrives? Not a chance! There's too much work that goes into it. This is the concern of lots of e-faneds. (By the way, I have two copies of the *Weird Tales* shown on page 14. I think this is the first issue of the third revival of WT.) I enjoyed the Robinson Mars trilogy, especially reading one after the other, as I did.

I've only given fanzines away to those who might have asked for them, and in giving issues back to a club that might have lost their archive. I have given fanzines away for sale in a fanzine lounge, but never have I sold them. However, never might have a limited lifespan...

I don't think Harlan Ellison so much announced his retirement at the Worldcon but announced he'd had enough going to conventions, and I think he's had enough of fandom, too. Now that he's left with us all talking about him (not sure

what's come with his groping of Connie Willis), do you think he's gotten exactly what he wanted?

My loc... I mentioned the Rocky and Bullwinkle RP game in another zine, and Taral responded by saying that he's got it, too, I think more for the characters than the gameplaying. The saving of funds to get us both to Dallas in 2007 isn't looking good...I think Yvonne will be going by herself. The main thing is for her to go, see what an ISDC is like and be ready to stage the same in 2009.

Our conventions...after our trip to Montreal for Con*cept, we did two trips in November. First was a trip to Rochester, NY for the annual Astronomicon, and to Ottawa the weekend after for the 2006 Canadian Space Summit at Carleton University. Great fun, both, and different kinds of fun, too. Got to meet Canadian astronaut Chris Hadfield in Ottawa, and also went on a tour of the David Florida Laboratories, part of the Canadian Space Agency.

89, the Second Annish...seeing a lot of this is reprints from the second year of VFW, there might not be much more to add, but I could be wrong..

Hey, Arnie, Luba might hit you a different way next time...maybe she's got a spanking in mind. That's when you can ask her, "How hard?"

There's been lots of criticism of the Corflu 23 committee since the Toronto Corflu earlier this year, but I did have myself a good time. Now, Corflu Quire is close by, and I have no chance of going. Pout! I should scrape \$20 for a supporting membership, but it just won't be the same. Pat Virzi looks so coordinated and organized, it'll make the rest of us look bad.

Immunity from Gafia? I'm not sure I've had my shots yet. If I start foaming at the mouth, I guess the answer will be no. I admit there have been times when Gafia may seem a welcome respite, but there's too much fun to have, too much to do, and too many people to be with and socialize with. Hey, Arnie, I miss *Folly*, and *Wild Heirs*, and many of the Vagrant zines you produced. Wonder if it might be an idea to scan the pages of past *Follys* and *Wild Heirs*, and post them on eFanzines? I've noticed one fan who is reappearing in fanzines is that fine fellow Peter Weston, with whom I've already had a lengthy e-mail conversation.

I'm going to let this sorry attempt drop, and hope for a more creative muse with the next issue.

Snapshots The Deadline

This is deadline week for SNAPS, the electronic amateur press association that started in Las Vegas and is now Fandom-wide (with a Vegas beat). The members are all working hard on finishing their contributions in time. It's too late for you to have something in the 20th eMailing (unless you're one of those old-time Publishing Giants who *hasn't* lost your edge), but it's not too early to start work on something for the 21st 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. 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

By that time, I should have two working eyes, all the better to egoscan and leave eye tracks everywhere, my dear... Take care, hope Hanukkah and Christmas are/were fun for all, and see you in a happier and healthier 2007.

Arnie: This letter is ample evidence that you are recovering nicely from eye surgery, good news for Fandom as well as for you. Things also appear to be taking a positive turn for Shelby Vick's eye problems, so perhaps the Spirit of Trufandom has decided to take a firm stand against such infirmities.

Sometimes "the great unwashed" does become too literal at conventions. Corflu has been less odiferous than most, another point in its favor, I guess.

Perhaps you are correct that Harlan Ellison has lost his taste for cons and All Known Fandom, but I doubt HE plans to jettison lifelong friends.

Thanks for the kind words about Folly and Wild Heirs. I'll have to look into the possibility of posting some of them. Folly is tough, though, because it was done with an archaic pMAC program called Publish It Easy and I no longer have Mac equipment, that program or any means to unlock the discs.

Making his ChatBack debut is one of the pillars of the fannish listservs. Welcome aboard – and many happy returns...

Jim Linwood

What a splendid Xmas issue. I was intrigued

by Peter Sullivan's *Max Miller – Fanwriter* as I had half promised Earl Kemp sometime back that I would write up my reminiscences of the English music hall and Max in particular for *el*.

I caught the last days of British music hall as a nipper in the 40's & 50's at the Nottingham Empire. The shows were run by the Moss Empire and usually had 10 acts with a well-known singer or comic as top billing who was only on stage for 10-15 minutes.

Most of the headliners were long past their sell-by date although I did catch Tony Hancock and Lonnie Donegan when they were rising stars as well as Anton Karas doing a tour with his zither when *The Third Man* premiered.

The saddest act I saw was "Laurel and Hardy's Christmas Party" in 1953 in which two sick old men performed a short sketch about stuffing a turkey. Both Stan and Ollie were broke by then and their appearance in Nottingham was to finance a trip to see Stan's brother who lived nearby.

My folks took me to see Max perform at the Empire. He was probably past his 40s peak but still held the audience. He was dressed like a Brighton spiv or Piccadilly ponce and asked if his audience wanted to hear jokes either from his "White Book" or "Blue Book". Everyone choose the Blue Book of course and he then entered into a conspiracy with the punters hinting that the manager was off-stage with the police waiting to drag him off or worse should he tell a blue joke. After crouching by the footlights with his finger over his lips he came out with such double entendres as "I

was walking along a clifftop path when I saw a naked lady walking towards me. I didn't know whether to toss myself off or block her passage.” There was also the story that got him banned from one theatre about a young lady of 18 who swallowed a needle but didn't feel a prick until she was 21. Or the incomplete jokes left for the audience to finish:

“When roses are red
They're ready for plucking.
When girls are sixteen
They're ready for....'ere!”

These jokes soon found their way into the school playground although we barely understood them, we just knew they were dirty and bound to upset our teachers.

Offstage, Miller shed his colourful outfits, donned a conventional suit, avoided “showbiz” people and returned to his fearsome wife in his home town of Brighton at weekends to tend the garden of his house. In 2005, the Max Miller Appreciation Society erected a statue of Max opposite the Theatre Royal in Brighton.

Arnie: It's always unfortunate to see someone, once great, trying to give a performance and falling short of his or her own standards. American baseball fans of a Certain Age have similar bittersweet memories of Willie Mays stumbling around center field for the New York Mets.

Adorned with promises of future columns comes a letter from one of VFW's main contributors that features an unexpected encounter with Czar Nicholas II or maybe Bob Silverberg...

Dick Lupoff

Well, a happy new year to one and all, and may 2007 feature more happy events for the SF and fan worlds than did '06, with the deaths of Bob Tucker, Jack Williamson,

Nelson S. Bond, and Dick Eney. The color photo that you ran looks a lot more like Greg (or maybe Jim) Benford than Eney, BTW, despite the fact that the person in the pic is wearing a Dick Eney nametag. Very odd.

The photo of Eney with Bob Silverberg was really evocative, and made me think of an incident that happened just a few days ago. It was Christmas Eve, in fact, which day also happens to be the birthday of our younger son, Tom's, wife, Francie. Pat and I, Tommy and Francie, and our granddaughter, Marla (age 20), were sharing a celebratory dinner at a nifty Chinese restaurant up on Solano Avenue.

Just as I was about to munch on some Chinese "flat bread" I felt a hand on my shoulder and turned around to see Bob Silverberg. He and Karen had been sitting at a nearby table and spotted us. Of course Bob has known Pat and me for decades, and Tommy since our teeny tiny tot (as he is sometimes known) was an infant. Oh, the "tot" now stands six-foot-five. We introduced Bob



Fandom's foremost kosher superheroes... Dick and Pat Lupoff in their costumes as Capt. Marvel and Mary Marvel. (Photo courtesy of the Bill Mills Collection.)

to Francie and to Marla. Once everyone was sorted out, Bob got a pained look in his eyes, nodded toward Marla, and said, choking, "I don't do granddaughters."

Well, the world keeps moving on. I'm happy to report to Bob and Karen both looked great and remain in buoyant good health. Save for the hirsute adornments, which are no longer the dark shade of the Silverberg-and-Eney photo, Bob has hardly changed. I suspect that there's a painting of him in the attic that keeps getting older while Bob remains the same.

Arnie: Well, Greg (or possibly Jim) Benford is a good deal handsomer than Dick Eney and I am closer to Greg (or even Jim), than to the late Dikini, so I don't mind featuring them in the pages of this fanzine. Still, I am hoping that Greg (or perhaps Jim) will enlighten us as to the circumstances that caused him to don a "Dick Eney" nametag.

Next, with what he swears is "the usual fannish trick," is America's favorite British neofan...

Peter Sullivan

I'm going to do the usual fannish trick of ignoring the main thrust of your piece on the SF Grove, and pick up on a minor point instead. You seem to go excessively on the defensive about adding "another potentially bureaucratic institution to Fandom."

I realise that the concept of organisations will inevitably weigh heavy on your Insurgentist heart. But really I would have said that the proper Insurgent attitude to organisations is to, yes, shun them when they are unnecessary - but where they are needed, they should be just as organised as they need to be in order to achieve their goals, and no more. The idea of a three-person committee fits into this model pretty well.

Many of the more successful and long-lived fannish institutions seem to work on the basis of 'just enough' organisation to survive, and no more." TAFF/DUFF/GUFF ("the previous guy/gal runs it"), APA-L ("bring n fanzines, take 1 completed distribution") and Corflu (with its famous non-competitive bidding) are all good examples of 'just enough' organisation. Meanwhile, despite the highly for-

malised organisation and multi-layered bureaucracy of a typical Worldcon committee, not a single one of them have gone on to run Worldcon more than once...

I'm not sure that a pure wiki is the best structure for an online encyclopedia of fanzine fandom - pure wikis have a tradition of allowing anyone to edit anything, and are hence prone to either being ignored or vandalism. However, something 'wiki-like' would be very effective. I suspect that you'd need a hard core of at least half a dozen key contributors for the thing to reach critical mass -- once you get to that point, you have enough material that the whole thing hopefully becomes self-sustaining.

I'd like to see the "qualification" for posters set as low as possible -- ideally at the level of "register your name and e-mail address, and not be a known spammer." You never know when someone who registers initially just to fix an obvious typo ("No, it's Willis, not Willies") may become a regular and valued contributor.

I would agree about integrating existing efforts such as Dr. Gafia's Dictionary and so on - I assume that there would be no copyright problems with any of these?

As far as web hosting goes, there are multiple options:

a) Pretty much any small web hosting package that has the ability to run scripts (i.e. more than static web pages) would be fine - there are loads of these available from \$10 a month or even less. For a small project like this, I guess the amount of bandwidth we would be using wouldn't be an issue.

b) There is an organization called Wikia (www.wikia.org) which offers free web hosting for wikis - one of their more popular wikis is the Star Trek wiki Memory Alpha, so there's a fannish link there.

c) Alternatively, we could abandon the idea of a separate fanzine fandom wiki, and just focus a team effort on expanding the existing entries on Wikipedia. (I note that both you and Joyce are cited in Wikipedia but don't have separate pages. And Shelby Vick has a disambigua-

tion page, just in case anyone gets him mixed up with "Katie Vick, fictional character in World Wrestling Entertainment.")

Arnie: My dislike of organization is twofold. First, I am repulsed by petty fan-political wrangling and bureaucracy leads to it with the same inevitability that joining the N3F brings contact with fuggheads. The other is that I am in Fandom, because I communicating with and entertaining highly creative people who share a basic approach to life that some might call "artistic" or "alternatives" or even "bohemian."

I like just about anything that attracts such people to Core Fandom – and I'm leery of anything that encourages people to enter Core Fandom who really like wielding bureaucratic power. It makes me less enthusiastic about anything that creates a continuing bureaucracy, but I also recognize that institutions have their place and can accomplish many things.

The 2005 FAAn Awards "Best Neofan" continues to fulfill the promise of that fine start, even if we couldn't get Britain to take him off our hands this year. Well, as Dodgers fans are wont to say, "Wait 'till Next Year!" Meanwhile, let's enjoy his latest entertaining letter of comment...



Three studious fans (left to right): Robert Bloch, Dean Grennell and Bob Tucker

Chris Garcia

Vegas Fandom Weekly dropped more than 24 hours ago and I was recovering from my LA visit which included a stint at LASFS for the first time. I feel like I have forgotten to do my duty in a timely manner. I beg forgiveness.

Hope y'all have a nice New Year. All I know is that Gen, my friend Natasha and I are going to Red Lobster for dinner and then probably back to Gen's place to watch the countdown. These things happen. Wish I could be down there, but time and money don't allow yet another trip. I gotta find a way down there.

Every minute, a new fan is born, and every year or so, five or six of them come into the fold. I was thinking about this when I was figuring out whom to vote for for Best New Fan in the FAAn awards.

I came up with seven new fanzine fans: Espana Sheriff (Artist and Writer for *SF/SF* and *The Drink Tank* sometimes, plus has started letterhacking others), John Coxon (edits *Procrastinations*), Jean Martin (co-edits *SF/SF*), David Moyce (*SF/SF*), Howeird (*SF/SF* and *The Drink Tank*), Eva Kent (Layout for *SF/SF*), Jason Schachat (*The Drink Tank*) and Leigh Ann Hildebrand (letterhack for *The Drink Tank*).

There are probably others that I'm forgetting, but those come to mind. It's odd that so many of them seem to be coming from the BArea. Yeah, they'll never replace those we've lost to time, tragedy and trickery, but it's nice to see that we can count on their being a tomorrow for those like us.

I love the thinking behind the Science Fiction Grove, and I'd love to see it in San Francisco or Berkeley. Oddly, both have hosted two World-Cons (SF in '54 and '93, Berk in '64 and '68), and both have strong connections. SF was the home of Forry in his early days, of Fritz Lieber later in his life, Terry Carr at some point as I understand it, the Lupoffs and a ton of others. Berk has Greyhaven, the founding of the SCA in Diana Paxson's backyard, the famous SCA demo, Another Change of Hobbit, and a ton of fans who went to UC Berkeley (including

Guy Lillian). Plus, I'd be around to give tours! Honestly, there's hardly a bad place for the Grove.

I could make excellent arguments for LA, Vegas, Chicago, Boston, New York, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Seattle, Portland, Denver and Philly and nearly as good an argument for about 50 other cities. The more I think about it, the more St. Louis and San Francisco sound like great ideas. St. Louis had a very important WorldCon, an excellent long-standing club, many notable fans, and a long-running con. HmMMMM.

There are so many that would fit into each category. I love the idea of honouring fans of great value, but I could easily make a list of 300 fans that are worthy and I'm not nearly as well-versed as most folks of a generation or two before me who could probably make a much longer and better list. True, it would mean little to those outside of fandom, which is why I completely agree with you that the best way to go is with the duel solution. I'd hate to add another layer of consideration, but I'd say anytime a tree is added, it should include one for a worthy fan and one for a worthy pro.

If a group is appointed to make things happen with The Grove, I'll be happy to assist them in any way I can, which likely includes money that I'd be happy to donate to help make it happen. I'd also like to help with interpretation. A grove as a memorial is only a strand of trees without an explanation of what's being honoured.

I didn't get to meet Phil Klass at Loscon, though I did hear him read. A wonderful story it was too. There were a lot of people in the room for it and he got a wonderful reaction. He is one of the last of that generation and certainly the only one who is still producing regularly.

I have to say that Planetary Stories is a wonderful read. I've missed the last issue, but the ones I've read were wonderful and full of an age of science fiction that I missed first-run due to being born too late. Get it!

I've never heard any Max Miller. I'm fairly certain I've heard him referred to by other comedians as influences (maybe Bill Connely?) but never heard any of his stuff. Sounds like a pre-Carlin George Carlin.

Another delightful sounding meeting. I gotta get down there!!!

It was sad to hear that TAFF was cancelled, but what are you gonna do other than stock up reserves and prepare for 2008!

I was sad to hear that Dick Eney had passed. I met him at WorldCon and he was a very nice guy. I must get ahold of A Sense of FAPA at some point. I've heard of it as one of those massively important fan published things.

A Fanzine Wiki would be interesting if we could gather enough potential editors. I know I'd be there, though my additions would mostly be of things that are very current.

The Private Buyer in Texas is an interesting case. I've not heard of anyone interested in buying it from the community that's from Texas (and if it was Pat Virzi, we'd probably have heard unless we're having it sprung on us at CorFlu, which would be great!) but I'm thinking it'll turn up again because there's a limited number of potentially interested parties in them.

They'll either end up resold on eBay or a massive single auction, or they'll go to a University. I'm almost thinking that a Private Uni would love to have them, which makes me think of Rice as a potential buying institution. They'd have an interest, that's for sure, and the resources. We'll have to see and I plan on playing a little detective.

Lots of surgeries this year too. I've made it through without one, so I count myself as lucky!

Arnie: Thanks for the rundown on BArea neo-fan. Sounds like I need to add some names to my distribution list.

You make a strong case for the BArea as the site of a possible Science Fiction Grove. If SNAFFU doesn't carry through – and the club seems to have other problems that might require its prime attention – then the Bay Area would be a fine choice. You might be overreaching a little with some of the supporting evidence, though.

Here's a letter with cogent comments on a wide range of topics, from the passing of fans to the meeting of pros.

John Purcell

Ah, fanac on a fine, sunny, moderately cool New Year's Eve Day in SouthCentralEastern Texas. Wonder what I should grill today for din-

THE KINGFISH: Caught on Mic!

Las Vegas'

TV of Fanta

hottest fannish site continues to add new material as editor Bill Mills serves up an increasingly diverse menu of audio and video treats. There are now three Podcasts, two pages of fannish clips, the *Voices of Fandom* oneshot and many other delightful surprises. And don't forget to tune into some of the fannish music.

If you feel you haven't had the full Fannish Holiday Experience, TheVoicesOfFandom.com has two noteworthy new items. One is a POV video clip of walking into the Launch Pad on a party night and looking around before settling in the dining room to hear Bill Mills sing and the other is a 23-minute audio that Bill recorded at the Launch Pad while we wait for Joyce to come out of emergency in which he prodded me to analyze the fannish year 2006 and look forward to 2007.

TheVoicesofFandom.com is one of my Internet favorites. The eAddress is:

<http://www.thevoicesoffandom.com>

You'll quickly find out why when you browse Bill Mills' fascinating collection of fannish goodies.

— Arnie

ner? Steak? Beef ribs? Thick, juicy burgers to be topped with lettuce, tomato, onion, and pickle? What to do, what to do; such a quandary I am in...

Uh, I really hate to tell you folks this, but that "private buyer" in Texas of Harry Warner's fanzine collection was not me. I do, however, think I know who it might be: Dr. Halbert Hall, who is a curator at Texas A&M University's Evans Library, and is the main man in charge of the SF collection housed in the Cushing Special Collections Library there. If he is indeed the mystery buyer, the collection is in excellent hands and will be treated with respect. I have been meaning to contact Dr. Hall anyway, so I'll ask him what he might know about this and the possible fate of Harry's collection.

Good to hear - or read, that is - about ShelVy's wonderful e-zine, *Planetary Stories*. If anybody has not visited efanazines to peruse it, or gone to the URL ShelVy gave us in this column cum shameless plug, do so and enjoy. There's wonderful artwork and fiction in *PS* that is so much fun. Can't wait for the sixth issue, ShelVy!

I do hope that I get the chance to meet with other pro writers in the near future. (Going to more conventions would help, I suppose.) William

Tenn/Phillip Klass is one who falls into this class. Thank you, JoHn, for this wonderful little article. This is one writer whose work I have never really read in the past. In the latest *Argentus*, Ted White's appreciation of Phil Klass was followed by a recommended reading list of Klass's work, that will definitely come in handy. Used bookstores, here I come - and the Internet, of course.

So sad to hear about Dick Eney. Never met him, but I most definitely appreciate all that he's done for fandom. How well did you know him, Arnie? I am wondering about Dick's age, too: so far I have seen his age listed as 69, 73, and 74 in obituaries about him. A little clarification here, please.

I will have to think long and hard about joining FAPA mainly because I have my doctoral preliminary exams staring me in the face and dissertation research to do and write. I'm starting to turn the far corner off the back stretch on the race track called my degree plan, and the pack is starting to thin out. There's a clear path opening before me, and my steed is beginning to pick up the pace. I'd better hang on tight before this extended metaphor throws me to the ground and stomps all over my

flailing body.

Sorry about that. But Mike McInerney's invitation has been duly noted and appreciated. I just don't know about this idea just yet. Like I said, let me mull this over for a couple months or so.

Arnie, you asked if somebody had denigrated my feelings about Bob Tucker. No, not at all. I made my comment that my tribute to our good friend was best suited for my zine and not written in the same vein as the contributors to your Tucker Tribute Issue. And that's alright by me. I said what I wanted to say in my forum, and the response has been universally favorable.

I have never heard of a soft drink called "Peosu" - see your response to Lloyd Penney's loc - unless it's from some alternate dimension, which can account for why you switched to Diet Coke. Buying six packs from a local dimension is probably much more affordable, I would think.

A short loc for me, comparatively speaking, but that's okay. Lots of wonderful letters from people I haven't seen in print for quite a while.

Many thanks for another wonderful issue, and I look forward to seeing the next one Real Soon Now.

Arnie: Interesting slant on the fate of the Warner fanzine collection. I remain ambivalent about large fanzine collections going to universities. The chances of a university collection getting properly preserved and put in order are higher than for a private collection, but the odds against a typical fan getting to see such a collection are much slimmer.

I was not referring to your Tucker tribute in any way with comments asking about negative comments. I thought your article was excellent and, as you may recall, plugged it insistently in VFW.

I had very little direct contact with Dick Eney, either in person or through written communication. I knew him mostly in the way we know other fans with whom we are not especially

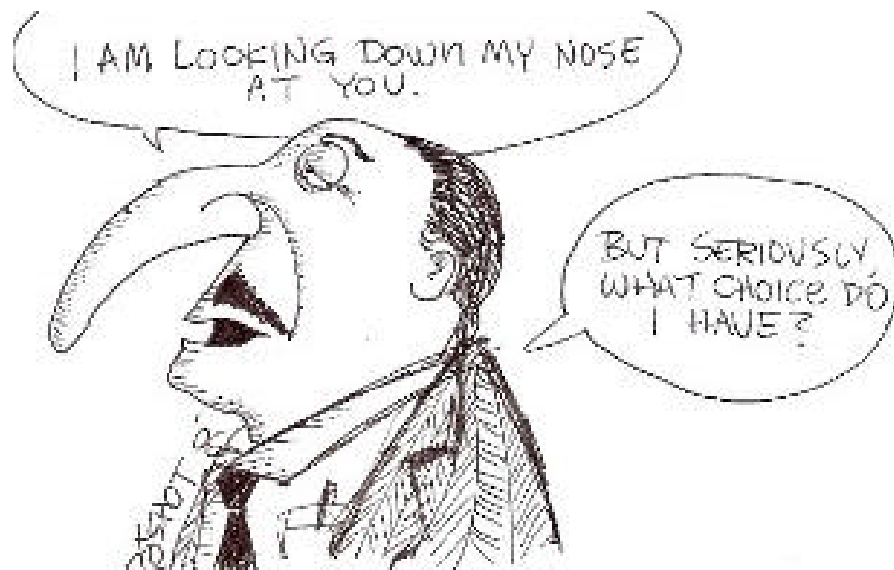
close: I read his fanzines and I assume he read mine.

I guess "Peosi" might be a new formulation that includes the needed protein and necessary nutrition of Soylent Green. "The Secret of our soft drink is good people" is the company's motto.

The next letterhack is surprised, but it's no surprise that the Sage of Fandom has crafted another blockbuster missive...

Robert Lichtman

I was a little surprised to see your article, "The SF Grove," in VFW No. 90 since I thought the subject had already been brought up in these pages—and indeed I comment on the concept in the first of my two letters in this issue. You write: "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 don't know about most of those cities, but I'm quite sure that there would be no room in San Francisco for such a grove—and even if there was, the nature of political discussion in S.F. is such that it could get bogged down for years over multiple points of minutiae. I also rather doubt



that any of those other cities would offer such a good deal as Vegas in terms of planting and maintenance. Two hundred bucks to install a tree, which *they* would maintain as part of a park, and another twenty for a plaque that local fans would keep clean is very reasonable.

As for that three-fan committee you propose should SNAFFU decide to go ahead with the grove, I'd be happy to serve on it—although if doing so would necessitate trips to Las Vegas and/or a large and ongoing demand on my time (that part about the committee's main job being "to collect the money and work with fans and pros who might want to sponsor a tree" is a little intimidating) I would have to think twice. I'll be interested to see the wider range of response your article will attract (other than, I'm quite sure, suggestions for outstanding pros, fans and pro/fans beyond what those you listed).

It was good to see John DeChancie and Shelby Vick appearing in *VFW* once again, although I have no specific comment on their respective articles. Peter Sullivan's article did not capture my attention, I'm afraid.

In your holiday party report I smiled when I ran across Roxanne Mills's trepidation over the possibility that participating in SNAPS might lead to (gasp!) more activity than she thought she was signing on for—that by thinking it "only right that she comment on other members' contribution" she might end up (dare I say it!?) an apa-hack. "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."

You responded to her, stifling your laughter, that "back in the 1950's the same cycle led SAPS to generate 860-odd pages for its 50th mailing with only 25 or 30 members." Actually, there were 33 members at the time of that mailing (and actually 36 participants since three of the memberships were husband and wife: Busby, Carr and Jacobs). And there were 21 people on the waiting list. (Of those 33 members, five are still on the SAPS roster today.) I was in my third mailing of membership at that time and put a 35-page zine into the mailing. Also, you had the page count wrong—it was only 817 pages. (That should give Roxanne some relief.) Also the decade, though just barely—that mailing appeared in January 1960.

Although the idea of a fanzine wiki is appealing, the amount of work likely to be involved is to me daunting—perhaps I finally *have* become an old fan and tired!—and my suggestion to those "several fans" who've proposed it is that *they* should do the heavy lifting, get the thing up and running, and be cool with the many points of view about what's there and what should be there that something as open as a wiki will engender.

John Purcell writes, "Getting permission to run apa contributions is a long-time tradition for faneditors." Indeed it is. I've been using material in *Trap Door* that first appeared in apas as far back as the second issue, when I ran the first of many pieces by Redd Boggs that he'd published for either FAPA or SAPS. The most recent *published* issue had Bob Silverberg's "Grand Master" article reprinted from his FAPazine, and the one coming up any week now has got several pieces that first appeared either in apas or on an e-list.

John also muses, "I believe this is the first time in my entire fannish career...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." Unless you feel the character in the story with your name has done something you wouldn't consider doing yourself, that *is* the best thing to do. Relax and enjoy it. (I speak as someone whose name Arnie's used many times and others have now and then.)

It was a pleasant surprise to see Dian Crayne's name cropping up in the lettercol, but further proof that eventually *everyone* returns. She doesn't mention it in her letter, but as "J. D. Crayne" she's the author of quite a few books including one called *Murder at the Worldcon* which she made available for free download a number of months ago. I did so at the time, but haven't had an opportunity to read it yet. It's a 522 KB PDF, and I wonder if she would make it available to *VFW*'s readership (or, alternatively, allow me to send it to interested parties on a strictly fan-to-fan non-commercial basis).

She writes, "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.” As one of those back then who did just that, I add that it was quite enjoyable being able to turn out a multi-colored zine in a low-tech way and very much appreciated the European fans who would send me unusual ditto colors that were completely unavailable in the U.S.

Thanks for printing both my and Mike McInerney’s plugs for FAPA this issue. Since the mediums are so different, I don’t feel that FAPA is luring away fans who might otherwise join SNAPS. If anything, it’s the other way around.

Chris Garcia writes, “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.” There are some fans from the early days who are still very much engaged in present day Core Fandom, but I don’t think Jack is one of them. His primary activity for quite some time seems to be his participation in FAPA, where he’s the sole remaining charter member—to clar-

ify, he joined with the *first* mailing back in 1937 and has remained continuously active throughout the apa’s entire existence (not counting a minor glitch in 1946 where his dues weren’t properly credited but which didn’t knock him off the membership rolls). I think Art Widner would be a more likely suspect. He’s been active about as long as Speer (and is also a long-time FAPA member) but has been more connected with a larger circle of Our Kind of Fandom.

Surely Jean Stine’s statement, “To this day I remember personally being at the 1935 world’s fair,” is a typographical error since per the opening of his letter he was eleven years old in “1951 or so...[as he] stood sipping a coke in the moldering, but quite wonderful, little drugstore in Bradley, Ark., pop. 600, where [his] grandmother was the lone operator of the local freight station for the Cotton Belt Railroad.”

My eyes popped out when I read Taral’s statement that he’s “completed scanning *Ah, Sweet Idiocy* for eventual CD re-publication.” As you know, Arnie, Damien Warman down in Australia has been speaking of doing a reprint of *ASI* for quite some time—for which, as I understand it,

Contact! Las Vegas Club Directory

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

Las Vegants

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

SN AFFU:

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, 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). Everyone is invited to participate in this popular and enjoyable fan activity.

Second Sunday Movie Screening January 14 6:00 PM

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

Cineholics Friday, January 19 7:30 PM

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

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.

Cineholics Friday, January 26 7:30 PM

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

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.

Cineholics Friday, February 2 7:30 PM

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

VSFA Monthly Meeting Saturday, February 3 11 AM

The small, but active formal club meets at Dead Poet Books (937 South Rainbow Blvd.). The meeting usually focuses on club business, followed by a socially oriented after-meeting meal or snack.

Las Vegrants Meeting Saturday, February 3, 7:30 PM

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

SNAFFU Dinner Meeting Friday, February 8 7:00 PM

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

you've written a lengthy introduction. I quizzed him recently about this on the Fmzfen list and he responded that he was busy with school and that he felt he should complete a GUFF report before going ahead with *ASI*. It's my view that Damien should gracefully step aside, let Taral use your introduction, and speed the re-release of *ASI* to a

waiting fandom.

Thanks for the information that there's a tribute to Helen Wesson in the latest *National Amateur*. I've written to Hal Cheney asking after a copy and hope to hear from him soon. The most recent issue of *The Fossil*—the official publication of mainstream amateur journalism's equivalent to

First Fandom—also had many pages devoted to remembering Helen. This is available at <http://www.thefossils.org/fossil/fos330.pdf>.

On the last page you write, “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.” I only met Ron for the first time at the 2002 Worldcon in San Jose, and we got together a couple of other times after that when he and his friend Shirley were in the Bay Area visiting Ron’s son, who lives near Silicon Valley. But for decades before that Ron was a strong presence in my fannish life: a regular correspondent, a frequent contributor to *Trap Door* and a reliable writer of letters of comment.

Arnie: Mr. Lichtman, meet Mr. Garcia. If SNAFFU does pass on the SF Grove idea, maybe one or both of you could check into the feasibility. Meanwhile, I figure we ought to give SNAFFU until its February meeting to do something before we start to make Other Plans.

I could be wrong, but I assumed your comments in the last letter column derived from an item I printed about the then-forthcoming SNAFFU Discussion Meeting, which featured a discussion of the SF Grove or the explanation of that topic in the report on the meeting. The “Katzenjammer” I devoted to it was a revised version of a piece that I ran through SNAPS.

I don’t know how the imaginary committee for this so-far-none-existent SF Grove would work, either. I suppose fans would write to the commit-

tee, proposing a tree honoree and pledging a certain amount of money to implement the request, if approved. The Committee would vote on the suitability of the nominatiuon. If approved, the committee would announce either that a tree will be planted (if the amount pledged is sufficient) or that someone is collecting money for that person (if the nominator hasn’t pledged the full necessary amount, they would be on the hook to raise the balance.

Whether it’s Taral or Damien, I would sure like to see a complete, electronic reprint of ASI. And to tell the truth, I sure would like to have the rest of you read the very long article I wrote about Laney as an introduction. I don’t want to pull the plug on Damian Warman if there is ay reasonable chance we might see his version soon. Since he’s on the VFW list, maybe this discussion will prompt an update.

WAHF: Dian Crayne,

That wraps up another issue. I’ll be back in seven-ten days with a new one, this time featuring such excellent contributors as Bhub Stewart and Terry Kemp.

And if you write or draw something, it could feature you, which would make me very happy.

— Arnie

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... and a ton of news.