

IMPLICATIONS

Las Vegas Fandom - Unleashed!

#2 September 2005



IMPLICATIONS

Implications #2, September 2005, is published monthly by Joyce Katz (joyceworley1@cox.net), JoHn Hardin

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Implications receives hard copy mail at: 330 S. Decatur Blvd., PMB 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107).

Fans visiting Vegas are heartily encouraged to get in touch. *Vegas Fandom Weekly*, available where you got this, has a full schedule of events.

Implications is available as a free download at efanzines.com and other quality sites.

You can obtain a hard copy version from Joyce and Arnie for a \$5 donation to Toner II. Rest assured, your money will be frittered away on frivolity and decadence.

Implications hopes to introduce current Fanzine Fandom to contemporary Vegas Fandom and its New Generation and gave Vegas fans another way to encounter Fandom beyond Glitter City.

This won't keep us from working Vegas' Old Generation stalwarts like pack mules.

You can gladden the hearts of three deserving fans (us) by sending a letter of comment or a contribution of art or prose.

September 20, 2005.

Member: fwa
Supporter: AFAL
Believer: United Fans of Vegas
Toner II in '06

This issue is dedicated to something very significant. Wish we could remember what it was.

Last Fan Standing

When I said, last issue, that you'd be seeing more of Las Vegas' New Generation of fans, I didn't actually envision it quite this way. Circumstances (and sloth) have temporarily left me in command of *Implications* with a willing, if slightly inexperienced crew. JoHn and Joyce may yet rouse themselves in time to have something in this issue, but as I write this, it looks like it's me and the newbies.

Well... not entirely. I chanced upon a wonderful Redd Boggs fanzine called *Glorious Spool*, done for FAPA in 1950. Unless it was republished during my years of Gafia, this may be the first time even long-time fans have seen this partial transcript of "Sneary at Bay." It's comforting to know that Burbee, Rotsler, Dewey and Sneary are along for the ride this time.

Let's call this the "Insurgent Issue" of *Implications*.

Hope you enjoy the issue — and that my two co-editors recover soon.

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Bill Rotsler ::: 6, 7, 9, 10-16, 23, 24, 27, Bacover
Alan White ::: Cover, 17

TALKING OUT LOUD

The Rime of the Ancient Faneditor

editorial by Arnie Katz

The Ancient Mariner, according to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, stoppeth one of three. Cruel circumstance, however, has had an even more disastrous effect on *Implications'* editorial triumvirate. Only one of the three stalwarts who bring you this fanzine each and every month (except last month) is actually here in mind, body and fannish spirit. And in an ironic twist to the metaphor, I am the only one who is here to tell the tale and give you the bird.

It may well be that both Joyce and JoHn will put in an appearance. They may, indeed, dredge up some lightly circulated effusion from their past to avert the shame of totally forsaking their very own fanzine. One or both of them may do this and then venture into the bright sunshine and pretend to be as righteous as other fans.

Yet we know differently, don't we? We see them for the sad playthings of destiny that they have become. JoHn is mired in the midst of his family's second move in little more than a month and Joyce is too fixated on her impending ankle fusion to think about much else. And as if *that* weren't enough, good friend and artistic collaborator Alan White is recuperating from prostate surgery. Even I can't quite bring myself to dun him for illos for this issue. (I think Ross Chamberlain may be hiding out lest he be forced to withstand my undiluted desire for artwork with Alan to shoulder part of the burden. I'm a lot bigger than an albatross — and I don't just hang dumbly around the neck, either.)

So here I am, temporarily shorn of my comrades, as I begin what I think of as the first "real" issue of *Implications*. Literalists will be relieved to know that there was a first issue at the end of July. You didn't dream it.

Still, this is the first one that incorporates some of Las Vegas' New Generation. I wish we had more of them willing to take the leap, but the New Generation



is well-represented by James Taylor and Teresa Cochran.

Joyce claims that current Las Vegas Fandom was assembled by Central Casting. We have an exotic Russian émigré and a man named for his great uncle, a notorious Texas gun fighter. Our group boasts both a veritable Amazon and perhaps the tiniest adult fan in the world. We've got a blonde who sings more sweetly than a bird — and a fantasy writer who'd just as soon belt out an Irish folksong (with Hungarian overtones).

Vegas Fandom includes an African-American Republican and NRA member as well and a spirited champion of the Libertarian cause.

And let's not forget that gallant blind girl with a cane in one hand and a bottle of vodka in the other.

All we need is a wisecracking fan from Brooklyn — oh wait... I guess that'd be me — and we're ready to make a gritty movie about the lives of fans during the Bergeron Wars — and the femmefans who loved them.

Either that or staff the next Village People Reunion Tour.

It'll take a while to get to know all of them, but I thought a brief guide to Las Vegas Fandom 2005 might be helpful.

Although Las Vegas has lost a number of fans due to relocation, plus a few to other typical causes of gafia, there are some around and active. Besides *Implications'* three editors, Ross Chamberlain, Alan & DeDee White, Bill Kunkel and Su Williams are still on hand from the *Wild Heirs* era of the 1990's.

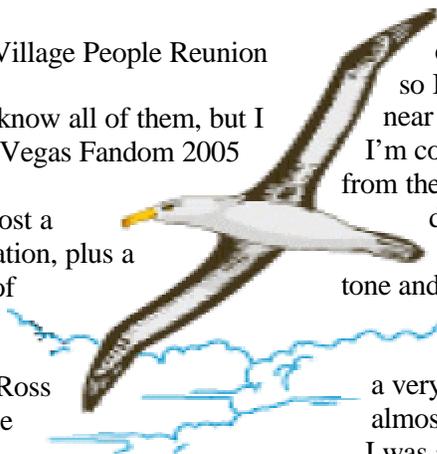
Marcy & Ray Waldie, Don Miller, Derek Stazenski and Laurie Kunkel all remain in the mix, though none has yet resumed full activity either nationally or in Las Vegas.

Those folks need little or no introduction, so let's move along to the New Generation. They don't cling to that group identity in any serious way, as Peter Vorzimmer did with his premature "Seventh Fandom," but they do represent a wave of dynamic newcomers.

Closest to my heart, of course, are the New Generation fans who have already cast their lot with Las Vegants. Confronted by the temptation of decadent outlaw bohemianism, they have shown the courage to succumb to it completely. I want to call them the Vigilantes, but they have not yet embraced that name; they seem partial to the "Insurgent" banner,

Merric and Lubov Anderson, like Jack Calvert and Peter Sullivan, are not new to Fandom, only to Fanzine Fandom and the Classic Fandom subculture of which it is a part. They met at a Windycon and have attended quite a few conventions while living in Chicago and Phoenix, though they didn't have any appreciable contact with Fandom in either city.

Luba, as she's known to friends, emigrated from St. Petersburg, Russia, as a teenager circa 1980. She is an accomplished professional fantasy artist whose work, which often has a distinctive Russian flavor, has appeared in many fan and non-fan art shows. Joyce has dropped Broad Hints about the delights of illustrating fanzines, but Luba has fielded them



deftly. Joyce can be pretty persuasive, though, so I look forward to Luba's fanzine debut in the near future.

I'm coming to the belief that her family and mine, from the same general area of Europe, must be at least distantly related. The first thing I noticed about Luba is her voice, which is the same in both tone and accent to the sexiest of my older relatives. I'll leave it to the Freudians to say if Luba's physical resemblance to my mom when I was a very young boy heightens or lessens this offbeat, almost subliminal appeal.

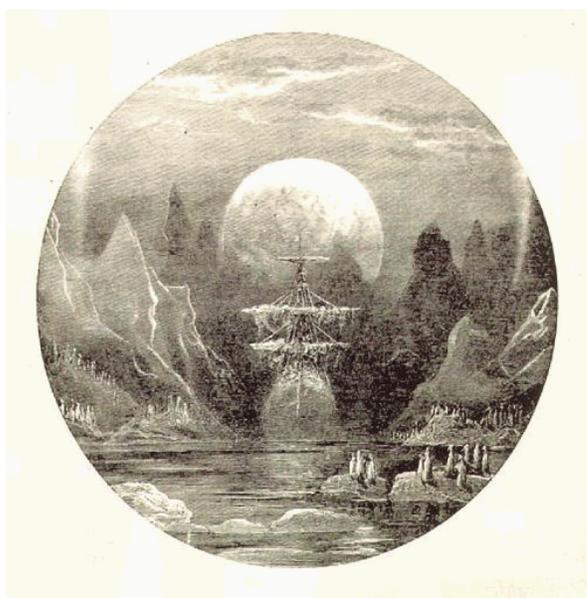
I was a little worried when the person who introduced himself as "Scott Anderson" in his first email asked me to call him by another name. The fact that I'd misread it as "Merrie" did nothing to calm my fears; I wondered if Frodo and Gandalf could be far behind. As it turns out, the name he favors is "Merric." Disquieting, yes, but not actually cause for alarm.

Merric will tell you he can't write, but I know better. He and I exchanged numerous letters in the weeks between his appearance on the VSFA listserv and the Andersons in-person debut. In his highly enjoyable letters, Merric showed he could tell an anecdote very nicely, so his protestations of ineptitude can't dissuade my efforts to bully him into writing something for *Implications*. I've got a hunch that he'll write something as soon as his company stops sending him on week-long business trips.

James Taylor has rapidly become one of the leaders of Las Vegants. It's almost unfair to include him with the New Generation, because he has been around Fandom and Las Vegas for many years, but his fannish enthusiasm only reached critical mass in 2005.

This is his second stint with Las Vegas Fandom, after a long time on the fringe of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. He's one of the most active fans on the local level and is also one of those pushing hardest for more contact with kindred fans outside LV.

I think it's fair to say that James' first passage through the local fan community was pleasant and quiet. Everyone liked him well enough so that he was always welcome, but he didn't emerge as an active fan on the same level as Ben Wilson or John Hardin.



He gaffiated for over a year and returned a different fan. Always a really pleasant guy, he seems to be more outgoing and there are few in Vegas who can match his insight into people and his understanding of Fandom.

Ayesha Ashley is the latest to carry the banner of a time-honorable fannish tradition. Las Vegrants, like every similar invitational fannish fan club I know, sometimes accepts individuals who are neither avid SF readers/viewers nor that motivated toward fan activity.

Yes, Ayesha Ashley — who has *still* not said “You bastard!” — is Las Vegrants’ latest fakefan! I doubt she reads or watches more science fiction and fantasy than the average person. We’re hopeful that Ayesha will eventually write for fanzines, but she’s a valuable member of Las Vegrants even if she doesn’t allow her effervescent personality to spill over a fanzine page.

Blondie made her Vegas Fandom debut at one of the VSFA Sunday Socials. By the time she’d said two-dozen words, Vegrants at the large “U”-shaped table were exchanging Meaningful Looks. Ayesha had a combination of quirky charm and vivacity that marked her as a future Vegrant.

In conversation with a bunch of us, Ayesha revealed that she had heard about the Socials through the LV Futurists. This very serious book discussion group and its loose network of clubs in other cities, has had some contact here in Las Vegas. The Futurists, rightly, don’t consider themselves in any way part of Science Fiction Fando0m, though there are points of common interest.

When Ayesha mentioned the Futurists, I thought I ought to give her fair warning about us. (This has always seemed to me to be sporting when Dracula does it.)

“The Vegrants are pretty different than the LV Futurists,” I noted. I like to warn fans in advance to lessen the impact of culture shock when they go from the formal clubs to Las Vegrants.

“Different? How?” she asked.

“There’s a big difference in attitude,” I confided. “The LV Futurists want to discuss the future; the Vegrants just want to play in it.”

Her eyes flashed and she grinned mischievously. “Sounds good,” she said and we made plans for her to attend the first of what has proven to be



Ayesha Ashley is one of the leaders of the Vegas Music Circle.

many Vegrants meetings.

Ayesha teaches school in a women’s prison, but she has a professional-caliber voice and is also an accomplished accompanist on the guitar. Her tastes run to blues, folk, rock and world music. Her “Nobody Loves You When You’re Down and Out” is better than most recorded versions I’ve heard. Ayesha may get around to some of the finer points of Fandom after a while, but I have a hunch she’ll be as popular with the rest of fanzine fandom as she is with the Glitter City contingent. I know it’s just about inevitable that some lucky male fan will take her

away from us to his home in Ghu-knows-where, but it is a pleasure havin her around in the meanwhile.

Teresa Cochran couldn’t have been the type of fan she has become without the words-to-speech technology. I respect the way she maintains her independence despite her total blindness and I am very happy that science allows me to share fan stuff with her.

I don’t have any children, at least as far as I know, but if I could pick a daughter, I think it would be Teresa. She’s extremely sweet, but there’s also a strong



Old Guard meets the New Generation. Ross Chamberlain (left) chats with Lubov Anderson (right). A third Vegas artist, Alan White, took the photo.

streak of independence there, too, and I notice that she is gradually becoming comfortable enough to give us the benefit of her insights and opinions. She's one of the most beloved fans in Las Vegas and I consider the Vegrants fortunate to have won her allegiance.

I hadn't thought of Lori Forbes as a member of the New Generation until very recently, probably because she has been active on the local level for a long time. She even served as SNAFFU president for a couple of years, Friendly and always good company, Lori had never quite translated her affection for the company of fans into identification with Fandom. She's very intelligent, but also very busy with two jobs and school.

Maybe it's just a change in my perception, but it seems like the concept of Fandom has suddenly clicked into place for her. She now contributes to SNAPS, attends a few more local events and has a clearer vision of the group to which she has given a lot of time and energy.

Chris Harraway has the same problem as Lori Forbes, work-Fandom schedule conflicts. A casino worker, he generally works on Saturday night, which rules out Vegrants meetings.

That's a real shame, because his few appearances have already proven that he is a nice guy and his writ-

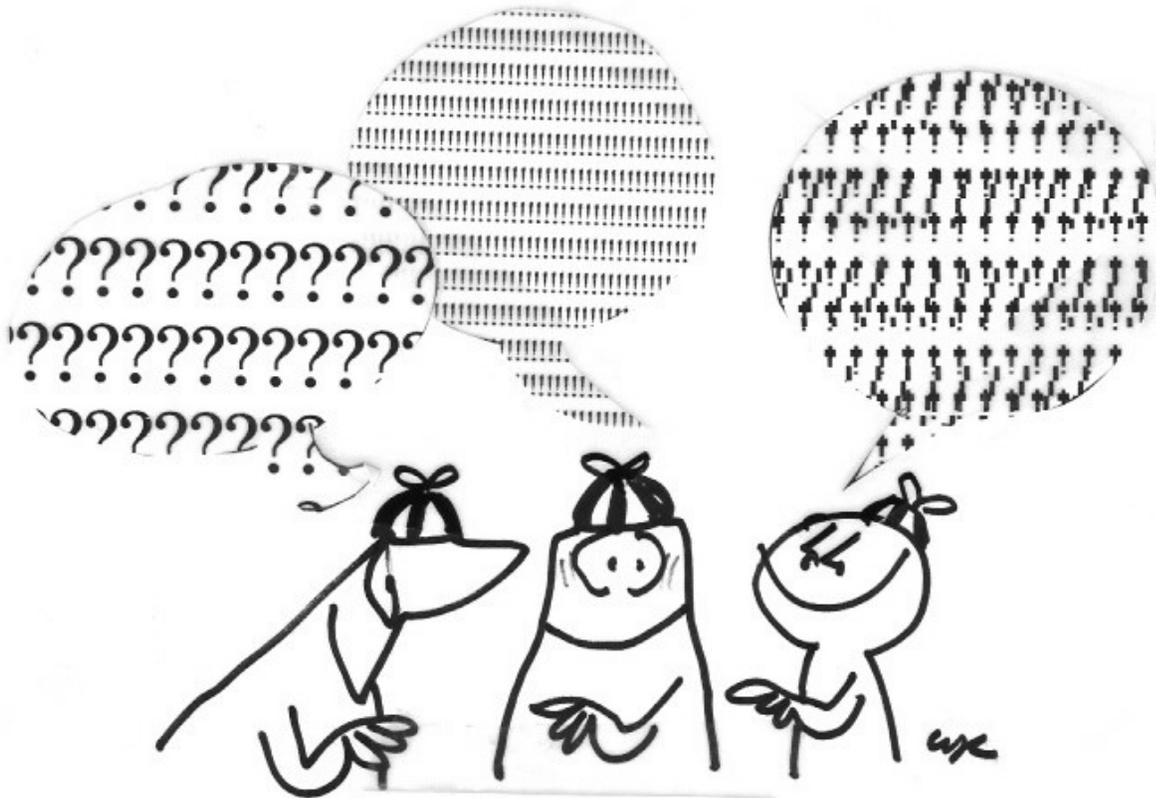
ings demonstrate that he is a very talented one. I think Chris has the desire and talent to become a selling professional science fiction writer — and also writes non-fiction essays that will fit very nicely into the more fan-ish fanzines. (I'll try to get one for the next issue.)

Kent Hastings is a remarkably likeable fellow, especially for a militant libertarian.

Las Vegas Fandom also has a number of worthies who aren't regulars at Las Vegrants, but do attend occasionally: Ron & Linda Bushyager, Michael Bernstein, Roxanne Gibbs and April & Leigh Reckling. Roxanne used to come to Vegrants regularly, but she has had horrible health for well over a year and seldom ventures out of her home. The Launch Pad, with its resident hairy feline — I mean Foggy, not me, you jokers — would be a virtual death sentence.

Despite her shut-in status, Roxy is the glue that holds the local fan community together. If something requires work or planning, she's usually involved in it.

Our resident con smofs — well, when they aren't at one of their other two residences — are James & Kathryn Daugherty. Despite their con-running activities, I think this is their first extended contact with both Las Vegas Fandom and fanzine folk. They've shown a willingness to try new things and have gotten most of the



NEOPHANS

Vegas fan community pretty excited about the possibility of a Westercon here in 2008.

Then there's the Vegas Science Fiction Association, the residue of Woody Bernardi's brilliance as a recruiter (and failure as a teacher). They are very nice individually, but their club has many of the same ailments as classic N3F. Attendance at their "first Monday" meetings is generally in the single digits, but four of them are on VSFA's Board of Director and they hold a pre-business meeting a week before the Monday session, which opens with a 45-minute business meeting, too. It's their club, of course, but those antics keep many local fans away from the meetings, though they participate enthusiastically in VSFA's notable successes: the VSFA listserv, the Dinner and a Movie outings and the Sunday Socials.

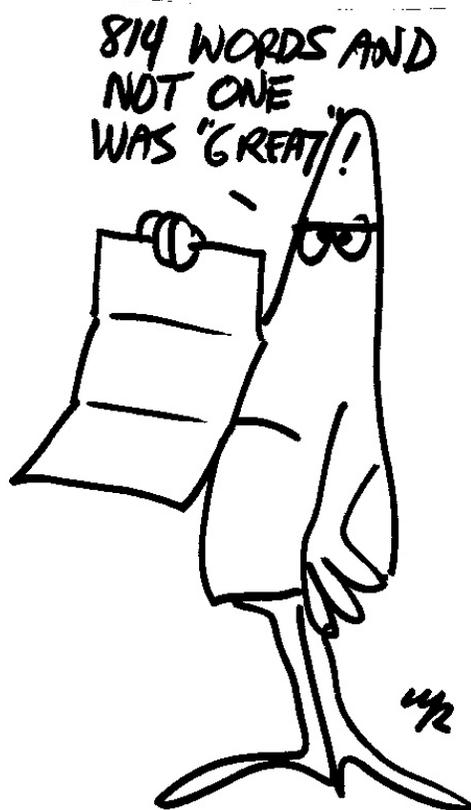
I don't think many of the VSFAnS will ever be known to Fandom outside Las Vegas, but the fact that they are almost all intelligent, capable and pleasant suggests that they may arrive at an accommodation with All Known Fandom something like SNAFFU has developed over the years.

We've also got a couple of enigmas. David Gordon made a big splash when he joined Las Vegrants and it seemed like he was well on his way to be a major fan. Curiously, though he claimed only the barest fan experience when I first met him, each conversation revealed more and more of a fannish background.

This inspired me to begin writing a faan fiction epic, but he then announced that for a variety of reasons he had decided to take a respite from local Fandom.

And now, just as mysteriously as it began, his mini-gafiation has ended with his surprise appearance at the 9/17 Vegrants meeting. His warm reception may encourage David to cast aside his gafia and rejoin his friends. Now that he's back, I can print a terrific article he wrote that we've been holding — and I may even get a chance to finish my faan fiction story!

Joelle Barnes, all 4'7" of her, is the other intriguingly unknown quantity. The 37-year-old is smart and fairly pretty, but she comes to Fandom with the unlikely background of a strict and church-oriented life.



On the surface, she seemed destined for VSFA, where a number of folks also like to do a lot of praying, but she has evidenced a fascination for the Vegrants. She's not a member of the club, but has attended all of its recent "open" events and also seeks out our colorful band of reprobates at every opportunity.

This often results in a classic conflict between her sheltered upbringing and the more free-wheeling view of life most Vegrants espouse. Every time I see her, she's getting rocked on her heels by some kind of bombshell from the mouth of a Vegrant — *but she keeps coming back*. And her views on many subjects have begun to moderate and broaden.

She makes her full share of neofannish mistakes, but she is learning. I figure she'll either run screaming

from us or become one hell of an interesting fan.

That isn't everyone, especially since the influx of newcomers is pretty constant, but I'd say that covers most of the fans you're likely to come in contact with in the near future. And I am happy to say that none of them deserves a Fugghead Advisory. They may not enjoy the same activities we do, but there don't appear to be any knaves among them.

I'll admit I was wrong. When I said that most fan apas would be dead by the end of the decade, I grossly underestimated the speed of the decay. All the apas aren't actually going to expire, but a number of them — including FAPA and SAPS — might be on the critical list.

A letter from Mark L. Blackman reminded me of the Shrinking Apa phenomenon. His letter wasn't a total surprise since I'd written to him after spotting his email address in a Southern Fandom Classic listserv post. I was delighted to get his reply, which indicated that he was the Very Same Mark Blackman who had lured Joyce and me back to Fandom.

A lot to answer for? Sure! I'd lost touch with him after my brief sojourn among the TAPSites and had been hoping to find him to offer a well-deserved "thanks!" (He claimed, not seriously, that he feared I

was trying to track him down to kill him for ending my blissful gaffiation.)

Mark's fateful 1989 postcard informed me that TAPS, an apa Lenny Bailes and I formed in the mid-1970's was about to celebrate its 25th anniversary. He thought that I, as the co-founder, might wish to participate.

I guess it was just the right time. Two years earlier, I'd gotten a letter from Willis that contemplated a new issue of *Hyphen* to which WAW wanted me to contribute. I felt the fannish stirrings, but somehow managed to do nothing. So did Walt and the issue never appeared.

Mark's request, however, drew a letter for the anniversary issue of *The Terrean*. Yes, that is misspelled. Yes, it was my fault.) The warm reception caused me to stick around TAPS for a while, until my yearning for old friends and hot fanzines made me decide to resume full activity with *Folly*.

In his new email, Mark informed me that TAPS, which would've celebrated its 40th anniversary the year, has succumbed. The way the membership rosters of FAPA and SAPS are shrinking, it won't be long before they, too, merit fannish death notices.

There are good reasons for the problems apas are now experiencing: the time lag between mailings seems endless in these days of electronic listservs and the cost of doing something substantial is hard cash.

It occurred to me that the format of TAPS, revved up for the digital age, might be a great format for an electronic apa. eAPA, SNAPS on a local Las Vegas level and N'APA (for members of the N3F) have shown that an electronic apa can work, but I think one can work even better with a roster full of experienced apa publishers. A lot of the participants in the three groups I mentioned have little or no apa experience, so the groups are being a little slow to pick up that authentic apa flavor.

TAPS, like *The Cult*, is based on the rotating principle, rather than a centralized mailer who bundles individually submitted fanzines and dispatches the packets to the members.

In a rotating apa, a form pioneered by *The Cult* in the mid-1950's, there is an Official Organ which is published, in rotation, by each of the members. The other members, plus those who are on the waitlist send letters to the person whose turn it is to publish. These letters, unexpurgated, are the meat of the fanzine, the place where members carry on extended discussions.

The designated publisher can add as little or as much to this forum, including articles, artwork and anything else they think the other members might enjoy.

Electronic publishing has taken just about all the bor-

ing work out of doing such an apa. The designated editor no longer has to retype the letters, there is no publish cost and the members gain time to work on their contributions due to the fact that the mails aren't used to send contributions or the finished zine.

This proposed new electronic apa could come out anywhere from monthly (like TAPS) to every three weeks (like *The Cult*) to every other week (not hard with electronic publishing.)

If you're reading this and find the idea interesting, send me a note and we'll get a discussion going among potential participants.

Last night (9/17) was the mid-month Las Vegrants meeting. We had a banner turnout, including the Return of Gordon and a visit from Los Angeles writer John DeChauncey (courtesy of Kent Hastings). A total of 19 fans stayed until 1 AM — and I think it would've gone even later if Joyce wasn't so obviously tired. ("I can hear you yawning over there," Teresa Cochran told her.)

John deChauncey knows the LASFS, including at least some of its history, but the Vegrants may've been a bit unexpected. My impression is that his excursions into Fandom have not previously brought him into contact with our wordy little tribe. What he thought of our approach to Fandom is hard to say; he may well enlighten us in some manner.

When he mentioned that he participates in Apa L — an apa that is very definitely *not* at death's door — I startled him by saying that I am a founding member, along with several other Fanoclasts and two LA fans Bruce Pelz and Don Fitch. (Fred Patten was in the first mailing, as I recall, but he was more a Charter Member than an actual Founder.)

I'm told that John is a Controversial Figure in Los Angeles Fandom. He seemed perfectly nice to me and I'm hoping to get to know him better through subsequent visits.

I mention the meeting, though, because it gave me a chance to harangue both of my co-editors about the privilege and honor it would bring to *Implications* if only they would bestir themselves to greater literary efforts.

Both made vaguely affirmative noises. JoHn was reading my edition of *The Incomplete Burbee* and Joyce seemed to be verbally rehearsing an essay, so by the time you get toward the back of the issue, you may find one or both of them. I'll be just as surprised as you, maybe even more so.

Whether they do or not, there's a lot of good stuff ahead. And that's my cue to get out of the way and let some of the others do their stuff. — Arnie

SWEET GOOD-BYE

A Letter from a Wonderful Friend

a response from Aileen Forman

It's been very difficult for me to take my leave of Vegas fandom, as was witnessed by many fen during the last Vegrant's meeting we attended. When we moved to Yucaipa, it felt as though we were just moving down the street. It was easy to take that four-hour trip up to see our friends. Now, it's going to require major planning and a bundle of bucks.

We're off on another adventure and I'm excited about the future but memories of the past haunt me and I just can't imagine leaving such good friends behind. I can't think about it – I'll just have to view it the way Su Williams said: "You're not leaving us, you're just stretching."

Well, we're stretching quite a bit – and it hurts. It hurts to leave you all in the way that it would hurt to have my heart stretched out of my chest. The nights that we talked until almost dawn. The parties where we laughed so much our stomach

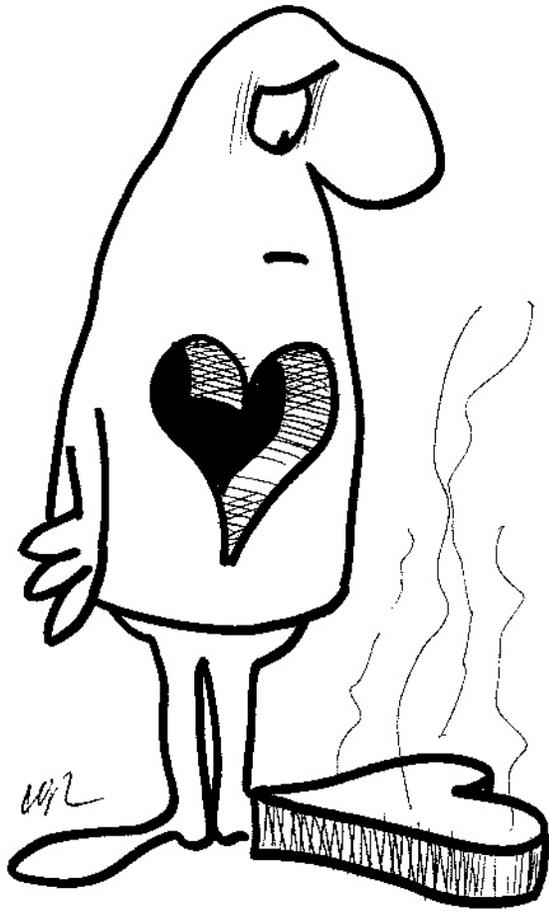
OH, AND WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?



muscles ached in the morning. The endless debates about inconsequential topics (the inspiration for my column in SitNorm "Sadistic Equine Necromancy") and the heartbreaks caused by conventions or fights that were only bearable because all my friends were there behind me with a soft hand or a willing shoulder.

I've improved my friendship skills, mostly due to friends acquired through SNAFFU. I've learned that, if you give them time, almost all people are worth knowing. And I've learned how to (somewhat less than diplomatically) get rid of those few who aren't worth knowing!

Arnie – you and I knocked heads a lot in the beginning. I thought you disliked me for years. However, I came to realize that the conflict came



from you trying to get me to do things the fannish way while I just wanted to do things my way. I hope that one of the reasons why we get along far better now is that I've learned the fannish way. Thank you, oh Fannish Zen Master.

Lori – don't ever lose that giggle. You've put many years of effort into SNAFFU with little repayment, even in the area of respect. Well, I'd like to give you that respect. I think you originally started coming to meetings because your sister came and stayed because you found unexpected

friendships. Well, I'm one of those friends and always will be. I hope you never find cause to leave SNAFFU but if you do, know that my friendship stays.

JoHn – I'll always remember the first time I noticed you. This was not the first time I met you, however. You were a wallflower, a shy gamer who was reluctant to even play a vociferous character. You've changed for the better. You are one of the best writers I've ever met and that says a lot. I wish you'd do more, but I recognize the time constraints you have between family and work. Still, don't ever stop writing. Please. It would make the world a worse place.

Ross – It took me a while to get to know you but I'm very glad that we finally got the chance to know one another. You and JoHn both sat on the sidelines for a long time but you both were well worth reaching out toward. Your artistry and wit make you one of the most interesting people I know. Your quiet way of talking, however, makes you one of the more difficult people to understand in a crowded room! I wish we'd had the chance to talk more often in quieter circumstances.

Joyce – As Dorothy said to the Scarecrow, "I think I'll miss you most of all." Although you certainly have no need to visit the wizard for a brain, I'm sure you'd appreciate a new ankle! I wish it could be that simple. No words could tell you how special you are or how much I love you. All I can say is that I will never let you go out of my life. You are a shining bit of light in a world of shadows, warmth in a cold night.

I could address each and every one of my friends here, but I've already done so in person. You all know how much I love you and how special you are to me. I guess it's time for that stretch now. Goodbye. — Aileen Forman

Come to Toner II

Ten years ago, on the weekend before the LA Worldcon, Ben & Cathi Wilson and Tom & Tammy Springer, with help from the Vegrants, hosted an informal convention that drew a delightful group of about 65 Trufen, including both the TAFF (Martin Tudor) and DUFF (Perry Middlemiss) winner.

It's going to happen again.

LACon 4 is scheduled for 2007 and there will be another Toner the weekend before it in Las Vegas. Hosts this time are Merric & Luba Anderson. They're planning a convention that evokes the first Toner and adds some entertaining new elements. Toner will be a low-pressure fannish weekend with a dash of programming and a ton of hospitality.

We'll have more specifics in the next few issues, but meanwhile, we all hope you'll add Las Vegas to your itinerary for that worldcon trip. I wouldn't be the same fabulous fannish time without you.

G LORIOUS SPOOL

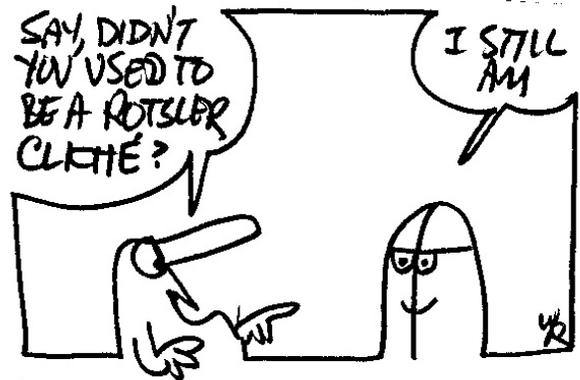
Heirloom Reprint: Sneary at Bay

transcribed by Redd Boggs

Glorious Spool, number one, edited and published by Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin Street N. E., Minneapolis 18, Minnesota, for the Autumn 1950 FAPA mailing (#53). A Gafia Press publication.

SNEARY AT BAY

THIS IS A TRANSCRIPT excerpted from "Sneary at Bay", the fabulous wirecording made at the Wild Warp session of 5 August 1950. You read about it in the September 1950 Spacewarp (the best single issue of a fanzine in 1950). In the interests of art, some editing has been done on this version. Some side remarks have been omitted, and in places I have condensed a little. But very seldom did I paraphrase, or



otherwise distort the actual remarks as they were recorded on the spool.

This is, however, only a small portion of the hour-long conversation, which touched upon many

Let Me Tell You about... Glorious Spool...

This is a reprint of a fanzine that most current fans have never seen. The legendary Redd Boggs published this partial transcript of "Sneary at Bay" in 1950.

The reason for the session that produced the wire recording was to produce the second, and larger, issue of the "Insurgent" *Spacewarp*. *Swarp*, edited by Art Rapp, served as the focal point fanzine of the late-1940's. Art produced the lively, humorous fanzine monthly until the Army sent Sgt. Arthur H. Rapp to the Korean War. Perhaps sensing that *Warp* faced an uncertain future as a monthly, Rapp turned to a pair of fans who seemed to be drifting away from it all, Charles Burbee and Francis Towner Laney.

One reason for Rapp's choice is that Burbee and Laney had popularized Insurgentism on a national scale and Rapp had been part of the Wolverine Insurgents in Michigan. Laney contributed to *Spacewarp*, one of his last links to general fanzines. The removal of Burbee as editor of *Shangri-L'Affaires* by glory-grabbing LASFS members was a long-standing Insurgent grievance and the "guest editor" role would give Burbee a chance to show his editorial brilliance without forcing him to commit to doing a regular fanzine (which he didn't want to do.)

Laney was not at the publishing session that produced the larger, second Insurgent *Spacewarp*, though he made mammoth contributions to the fanzine. Three of the four fans — Burbee, Rotsler and Dewey — were part of the informal residue of the early '40's LA Insurgents, less active than at their peak, but still young and vigorous fans.

The fourth fan, Rick Sneary, was of more recent vintage, having come to prominence in the late 1940's. The LA Insurgents had become friendly with Rick, one of the most irresistibly lovable fans of all time, but he didn't hang out with them enough to be one of them. He was younger, more naïve and maybe too enthusiastic for them.

This is the Boggs' transcript, with the exception of some things that Redd didn't have at his disposal, such as italics. Other than that, I felt no urge to tamper with this funny, spontaneous Insurgent romp.

other things besides the Outlanders. It is not, as a matter of fact, all the remarks made about that club that -- according to Burbee -- Sneary runs "like Walter J. Daugherty runs the LASFS," but, as conversations will, the talk drifted on to other subjects without rising to any definite climax, and I had to end this transcribed version at the best punchline I could find. A lot of very lovely stuff is omitted here, but the only way to bring you the ripe, full-bodied flavor of the whole recording would be to play it for you.

This is quite impossible, and will perhaps remain so until Burbee wills the recording "Sneary at Bay" to the Fantasy Foundation, where it will be made available to all qualified scholars engaged in research.

Those taking part in the following tendril-session are: Richard (Rick) Sneary (RS); Charles Burbee (VB); Gordon Dewey (GD); and William Rotsler (WR). -- Editor.

WR: Who is the head of the Outlanders?

RS: There is nobody the head of the Outlanders. The Outlanders are a completely equal group.

CB: Anarchistic, eh?

RS: Phooey! Anarchistic! All Outlanders are born equal.

CB: And by god if they're not equal when they come in, we chop 'em down to size!

GD: Are all of them eligible to hold office?

RS: There are no offices; we have no constitution; we have no elected officers. . .

WR: Just rabble, huh?

RS: ...we have no dues, and only three rules.

CB: Rules? Who made these rules?

RS: They are unwritten rules.

CB: Oh, I see. Who un-wrote them?

RS: The entire group.

CB: All at one time. They all got this idea spontaneously. Boy, that's remarkable! Well, go ahead.

RS: No. They were formulated by one Len Moffatt and myself, but the others agreed....

CB: Aha!

GD: *Not* the entire group!

WR: You twisted the others to your will!

RS: Twisted them? We thought of them before they were there.

CB: What do you mean, you 'thought of them before they were there'? That doesn't make sense.

RS: Well, there were just four of us in the beginning. And the others have joined since. But they've agreed...

GD: In the beginning there was only God.

CB: Why, they're three-up on God! "In the beginning there were four of us..." Is that the way your bible goes? You've got a bible, haven't you? An unwritten one, that is?

RS: No. our bible -- if you wish to call it that -- is only The Outlander, which is revised quarterly.

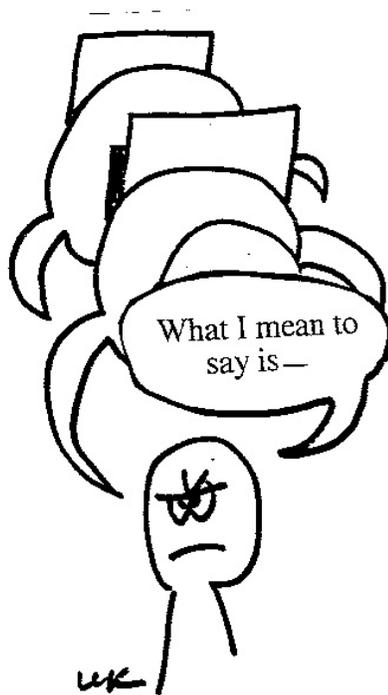
GD: That's better than God does; he doesn't revise his bible.

CB: Tell me, what do you have to do to be an Outlander? Of course I'm going to be eligible, you know, to be an Outlander when I move out to Whittier.

RS: Well, I've been doing a great deal of thinking about what makes an eligible Outlander. After considering all the reasons why a person should be an Outlander, I find that only three of the people who are now Outlanders are eligible to be members. And Rick Sneary is not one of them.

GD: According to your rules.

RS: According to my own rules, yes. But of course each person



makes up his own rules, and he's equally right. Anyone in the club can refuse membership to any new possible member. Therefore, no one that anybody objects to can get in. Therefore, there can be no feuding.

GD: How can there be just three rules, when anyone can make any rules he wants at any time?

WR: What are the three rules?

RS: The three rules are that there can be no offices, written constitution, or dues; that no one can be a member who lives within the Los Angeles city limits -- or, presumably, outside of the radius of a day's drive by car; and that no one can join the club without the unanimous approval of all current members.

GD: Do you go out after members, or do members come to you, begging to get in?

RS: Well, a little of both. In the beginning we did go out after members --

WR: "Come join our nameless group!"

CB: "And there was darkness on the face of South Gate."

RS: There was loneliness on the face of South Gate. And then I received a word out of the wilderness. And his name was Van Couvering.

CB: Oh, my god! I've seen Van Couvering. I've heard him speak. He walked through a glass door.

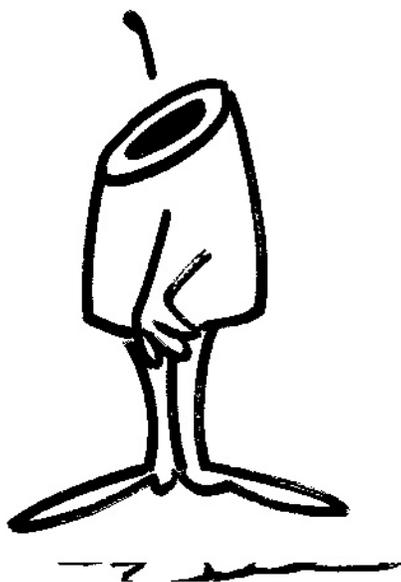
RS: That he did, that he did. The Downey Public Library door.

CB: How many times had he been in that place?

RS: Who knows? He reads a lot -- he reads more than I do.

CB: So he walked through the damned door after his 50th visit to that place.

RS: I doubt if it was merely his 50th. It was probably somewhere around his 5,000th. But it was a *clean* glass door, I'll have you know.



CB: You mean it had not been clean on his 4,999 other visits to this library?

GD: Maybe when he walked through this glass door, he was creating the Outlanders.

WR: But this was recent.

RS: Yes, the Outlanders, I'll have you know, are almost two years old.

CB: This amorphous group is two years old. Now, supposing you want to throw somebody out of there, how do you do that?

RS: We don't have to throw anybody out.

CB: You mean the group mind just knows that little cell is no longer wanted and they defecate it?

RS: Why no. We have got real powerful minds. We see into the future.

CB: Tell me, when you stand around in a circle and join hands, does a great lens appear mistily about you?

RS: We don't join hands. Not all at once.

GD: Supposing somebody arouses the displeasure of someone else, since one single vote can bar a prospective member from membership, can the displeasure of one individual expel another member from the group?

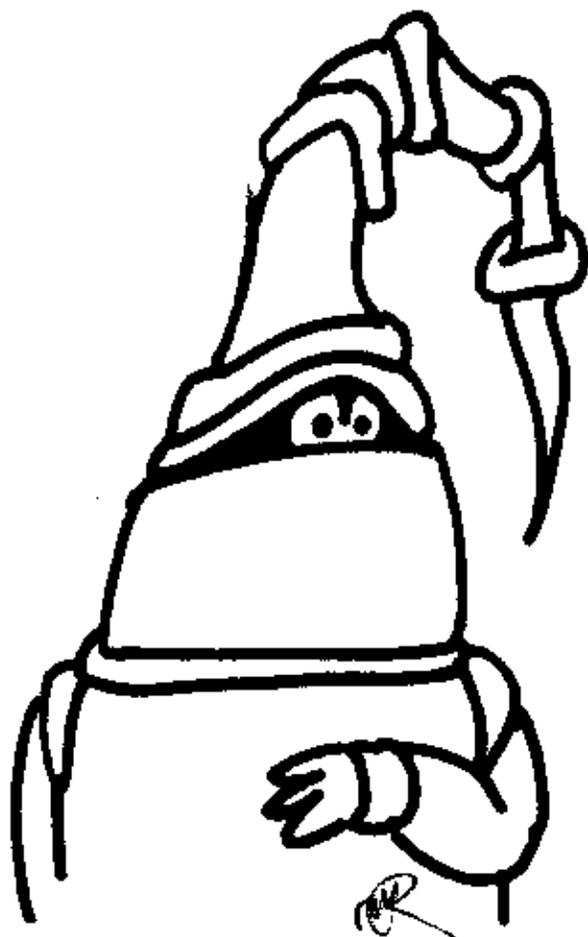
RS: It don't figure. I really couldn't say, because it's never happened.

CB: But it's almost happened. Our boy Van Couvering -- the man who walked through the glass door -- was the subject of the wrath of one Freddie Hershey.

RS: That was because she just met him. Everybody hates Van Couvering when they first meet him. It takes awhile to get used to him.

GD: If everybody hates Van Couvering, how did he get into the Outlanders?

RS: The Outlanders were formed after we'd known him quite a while. Moffatt, Pederson, Woolston, had



already known Van Covering a number of years or months before the Outlanders were officially formed.

WR: Officially? "There shall be no officials in the Outlanders."

RS: There's an official forming date, though.

GD: How can there be? That word "official" comes from "office." If there are no officers, there can be nothing official.

RS: Oh, we have officers.

CB: You just said you didn't have any.

RS: We don't have any elective officers. They aren't actually officers. I serve the purpose of Welcomer.

GD: What other officers are there in

the Outlanders?

CB: Yeah, that you don't have, you know.

RS: Weil, we've got to have a secretary.

CB: Who elected himself or herself to that position?

RS: The unanimous group.

CB: The group mind!

RS: The group mind unanimously elected Freddie Hershey as unofficial official secretary-treasurer.

GD: Now we have officers elected to these non-elective offices!

RS: Certainly. But it's only because the people want to be.

CB: Want to be what?

RS: Officers. They wouldn't be elected unless they wanted to be.

GD: But they already agreed they wouldn't be.

RS: They aren't really officers, you see, because they don't hold office. What they really do is hold not-offices. The non-officers hold not-offices.

GD: Non-hold non-offices.

CB: I'm sorry. The non-officers non-hold non-offices. And nothing gets done!

RS: Oh, on the contrary! We turn out The Outlander, we hold Westercons.

CB: You held *one* Westercon.

RS: We held one Westercon.

CB: You see, when I know the facts, I can cut you down. You can lie to me about other things, but you can't lie to me about Westercons.

RS: We've held one Westercon *so far*. We are thinking of going on tour and holding Westercons everywhere.



GD: In the East?

CB: Why, naturally! It figures. Well, go ahead.

RS: That's all.

CB: What do you mean, that's all? How about the Westercons of the South and the North, man?

RS: It sounds dianetically un-pure.

CB: *Impure*. Do you have your own language down there in South Gate? Tell me, what is the official Outlander city?

RS: South Gate -- because that's where we're going to hold the convention in '58. . ~

CB: The Outlanders? Are you going to last that long?

RS: Sure, if we don't get blown up, we're going to last that long.

CB: Just one big happy family, huh? Don't you think -- well, Freddie Hershey is a woman of some discernment, no doubt; of mature years and perhaps mature mind, for all we know?

RS: Most assuredly! All Outlanders are mature and discerning -- except the juvenile ones. And that's only because *they're* young.

CB: If they're juvenile, they're young -- now, that figures.

RS: Most fan clubs have juveniles that aren't young.

CB: They have juveniles that aren't young....

RS: They're only juvenile in the mind. Second childhood that is.

CB: Let's see, how many Outlanders are there altogether?

RS: At the current there are nine, with one in Minnesota -- or rather he's now in Pittsburgh.



GD: How can you have a member in Pittsburgh when you said members must live within the radius of a day's drive?

RS: That's Pederson, who was out here to begin with. You see, he's merely on vacation. He's been gone a year, but that's really a vacation. He actually lives out here.

GD: Once an Outlander always an Outlander, no matter where you go?

RS: As long as you remain active.

CB: Does death release you?

RS: Oh, there's some people retired from the Outlanders.

CB: *Does death release you?*

RS: Certainly. We have no way of sending a chain letter to

heaven or hell.

GD: Why? "In the beginning there were four..."

RS: Oh, there were more than four. Matter of fact, there were less than one.

GD: Less than one? Rick, you're killing me!

RS: That was my intention. You see, if I kill all you people, I can carry that electrical typewriter home with me.

CB: You couldn't even bring your own mechanical typewriter over here. How the hell are you going to lug that electrical one home?

RS: I don't like my mechanical typewriter. I have no interest in it. I need one with an as -- ast -- as --

GD: They don't make 'em with that.

C B: Machines don't need those, bud. It's time you learned. You came in from Outlandia just to hear about machines that don't have those things. They really don't!

RS: That's a bold-faced lie! You've got one on your machine.

CB: I have? I'll have to pat that thing more familiarly after this on the pistol pocket.

RS: It looks like a star, only it's got more points than one.

CB: Oh, one of *those* things! No, my typewriter has not got an asterisk.

WR: What does the Outlander group image look like?

RS: We have never been able to formulate it into a visual image. It's all mental.

WR: Well, mentally visual then.

RS: You'd have to be an Outlander to see it.

CB: Look, we'll kneel before you and you thwack us across the shoulders and make temporary Outlanders of us.

RS: It's impossible. I'm just one member.

CB: You're a pseudo-part of the group mind, aren't you?

GD: And ore member can make his own rules for the group.

RS: Up to a certain point -- as long as they agree with the others.

GD: Oh, there are limitations? Then you have a constitution of some kind?



RS: No.

GD: Then there are no limitations.

RS: The others have to agree with him. But he can suggest rules. You see we don't worry about rules and constitutions.

GD: But you *have* rules.

WR: *And* elected officers.

RS: But we don't think about such things. When we need them --

CB: That doesn't mean you haven't got 'em, because you don't think about 'em.

RS: We don't worry about them. You worry about them.

CB: We're not worried about them. We've got you worried now.

WR: We've got you backed into a corner.

GD: You know, the Outlanders emerge as a rather rigid group.

CB: Damned rigid!

RS: We are the most exclusive fan club in South Gate1

THE END

A RANDOM EXCERPT FROM THE SPOOL

"They used to ask me when I was a little kid, 'Are you a hero worshipper?' I'd say, 'Certainly I am -- and then other times I just hate myself!'"

Tell Us a Story...

We'd like to put together a little forum or symposium build around the topic "My Best and/or Worst Moments in Fandom." You can write about either or both facets of memorable moments — and there's no need to confine yourself to a single recollection.

The round-robin editorial has been a frequent feature of Las Vegas fanzines, including *Wild Heirs*, *Crazy from the Heat* and even the first issue of *Implications*. The three of us have agreed that this would be a good thing to *not* have in this fanzine, if only to help differentiate it from other Vegas titles. Still, we wanted to give fans who want to do something more than LoC, but maybe a little less than a full-dress article, a way to participate.

So you write 'em and we'll put them together into as much of a special section as needed.

The Road to Vegas

How I Found Glitter City

autobiography by James Taylor

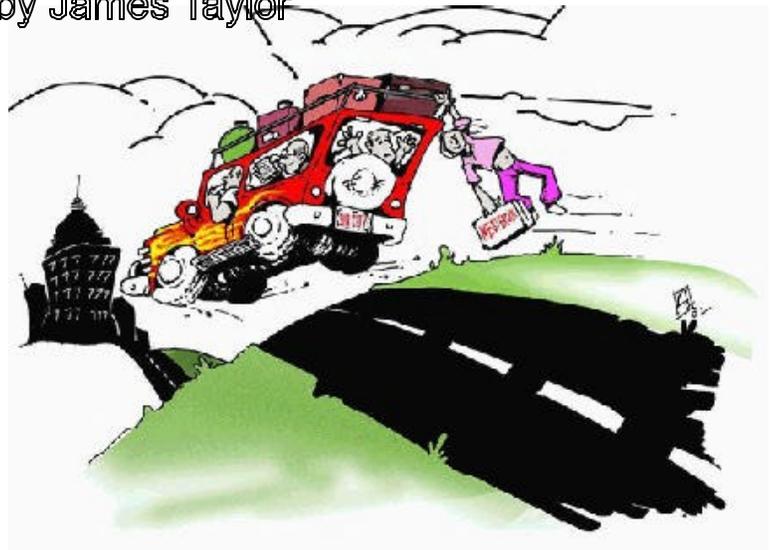
Despite having been born in Detroit I spent most of my first years in Richmond, IN. At intervals my father would pack us off to somewhere more exotic (Texas, London) and then after about six months, move us back. His employer didn't seem to mind.

The break from this cycle came in 1959, when I was six and we moved to San Francisco. Perhaps my father's passing though during the war made him pick it. He never said.

I remember some of San Francisco, but after about 18 months it was off to Mountain View in the South Bay area. It was there that I somehow overcame my reading problems. Nobody remembers what happened; I just started reading. Understand that my whole family read, so it just might have been a virus.

After maybe a year, we relocated to San Jose. We moved into a house on English Court and stayed for 10 years. My father continued to work as a comptroller for builders. Well really the same builders; the company just changed names.

Prospect HS was built just in time for me to attend, but only for a year and a half. My father decided that the building industry was entering a down spell -- they still had them back then -- and joined the Internal Revenue Service. His goal was to become a CPA. To do that, you had to not only pass a multipart test, but also have qualifying experiences. Most people pass the Test and then work for an accounting firm. Working for the IRS was another way to fulfill the requirement. I don't think my father had a high regard, even then, for the Big Eight Accounting Firms.



My mother had gone back to school to get her Masters (San Jose State) and then a PhD (UC Berkley), both in Sociology. She began to teach and eventually got a position at California State College- Hayward, which is about halfway between San Jose and Oakland.

My parents decided to equalize the commutes by moving to Fremont. In those days, Fremont was five little towns orbiting a very strange upside-down City Hall. The BART station was surrounded by farm fields. Silicon Valley was better known for LED watches than computers.

After graduation, I got to go to University of New Mexico in Albuquerque. My parents were very careful through my entire life to balance things between my sister and me. If she got to go to UC Riverside, then I got to go to UNM.

It helped that UNM had an open enrollment policy, since my grades were "undistinguished" and I had no math or languages. It was my first time away and I asked not to go back. So my second year was at Ohlone College, the local junior college. I successfully trans-

ferred to UC Santa Barbara, Surfer U as it was sometimes known.

I greatly enjoyed my time at UCSB. I majored in Geography, although in the end I took almost as many history classes as Geography classes. My parents didn't care in the slightest what my degree was in as long as I got one.

There's only one problem with a degree in geography. Jobs. Basically, you taught or you worked for the government in intelligence. I knew I didn't want to teach and the government required a language. Somehow I had graduated without a language.

After killing some time at home, working various security jobs, I got a job with the IRS, but in Glendale in southern California. So I packed up the Pinto and moved.

This lasted only five months or so. Despite what people say, you *can* lose a government job. I certainly did. The ulcer it gave me also encouraged a reassessment of career paths.

Within a couple of weeks, I landed a job as a Trainee at a Title Company. I had no idea what a title company was. It turned out to actually use some of my training in Geography. And collage grads were as rare as hen's teeth. At the time, the managers all rose though the ranks from messenger and you did time at every level on the way.

I knew there was a fandom, but I had never gone looking for it. While I'd never stopped reading SF, I had concentrated on military history since junior high.

One week I went to LASFS... Just as Arnie Katz's first clubs forever shaped his fannish self, so LASFS became my yardstick for all things fannish. I was older when this happened, so I was able to shake off some of its effects over time.

Conventions followed: Loscons, Westercons and finally LA Con II. I also was introduced to a group of animation fans that met over the Cartoonist Union Hall in Studio City. This was my introduction to modern Japanese animation.

I found I liked title work and I still work for a title company to this day. Even after an unsuccessful try at management, my income grew enough to offset my profligate spending habits.

As the real estate market boomed, the number of title companies grew from maybe 10 to 32 over 10 years. Things rolled along for a while. I moved to Pasadena and began working downtown in the Hall of Records. I learned how to do recordings, court abstracting, and public records searches, unavailable in title places that the title companies jointly maintained.

My parents retired, first to Lake Havasu City. After a decade, they grew tired of the desert and moved to

Oregon. The pressure on me to leave southern California increased greatly. My sister had left banking after Valley Bank of Nevada was bought out by Bank of America. After a short time in Tucson, she moved to Oregon as well.

I gave in and moved, too. Six months after I left, the state declared the company I'd worked for insolvent. I walked away with everything, but those who remained with it never even came close to getting what they were owed.

My mother, who had been sick for sometime, died shortly after my arrival in Oregon.

I got work with a local title company and, despite the fact that I held down the fort when seven of nine title examiners/title officers left to go to another company, they axed me as soon as they could paper my file sufficiently. I surprised the accountant they had brought in to run things by handing him my resignation as soon as he finished his little speech. Once again, I had dodged a bullet and found work with Oregon Title which was opening an office in Salem.

It was one of the best companies I have ever worked for. Our manger was Karen Estrada. I sometimes called her a barracuda. but she was *our* barracuda. It's a good sign when the corner office space, that most mangers would love, was instead turned into the break room, Her office was no larger than any one else's.

The president of the company (Pat Ritz) was one of the founders and visited at least every quarter to review all the employees' results. He'd compare branch performance and goals in detail. No Oower Point then, but there were transparencies on an overhead projector. Nothing like this had ever happened at any other company I had worked for. Employees were very motivated, to say the least.

My sister's job with the State Government was coming to a bad end and she wanted to move someplace warm, very warm. My dad talked her out of Mexico and they mutually agreed to move back to her house in Las Vegas. Since I had one room in each of the houses, which were side by side, I more or less had little choice but to go along.

Thus I arrived in Las Vegas and the rest is history.

— James Taylor

Come to
T o n e r 2
in
2006!

D r Fankind & Mr. Smight

A Cautionary Tale of Fandom

faan fiction
by Arnie Katz

One of the discussion threads in recent issues of *Vegas Fandom Weekly* put me in mind of the strange story of Percy Fankind. You may not recall the guy we called “Fairweather Fankind,” because his demeanor was perpetually as bright and sunny as a Vegas spring day.

Fairweather Fankind — he didn’t like the name “Percy” any better than you might expect — was one of those fans who is welcome everywhere. Maybe he didn’t have a lot of close friends, but just about everyone had a good word to say about him.

And why shouldn’t they? He was always friendly, always courteous, always helpful. If someone was moving, he’d haul their furniture in his truck. If a fan needed a lift to a SNAFFU or Las Vegrants meeting, he was almost always the first to volunteer a ride, even if the needy fan lived in far-off Henderson. If someone broke a leg or caught a cold, he always emailed his best wishes.

Despite his apparent meekness, Fankind wasn’t unattractive to the opposite sex. (His ultra-polite rebuff of a member of the Gay/Les/Bi/Trans SF Club who misread his mild manner as an indication of potential eligibility for membership in that group was the talk of Vegas Fandom for about a week, but his indifference to the incidence caused the clucking to fade away.)

A bachelor of 30 when he entered Vegas Fandom, Fairweather soon met Chrissie Ponderment at a meeting of the LV Futurists, where both of her parents were well-known regulars. The two began a cautious courtship under the watchful eyes of Frank and Joanne Ponderment. Some Vegrants would smile slyly at Fankind. “Fairweather,” they would say, “have you and Chrissie gotten Really Close?” You could actually hear the capital letters — and the innuendo.



Fairweather took the kidding good-naturedly, but declined to say anything specific. He may have been protecting her reputation — an odd concept for Fandom, but... — or he may just have been timid about her parents reaction to the possibility of sexual intimacy, but whatever the reason, he left us all to our speculations.

No one was very surprised when the couple announced their engagement and began hand-holding in public. Everyone was very glad for them.

Who knows how Fairweather’s subsequent fan career might have gone had it not been for what happened when a group of fans went out for dinner on Sunday night at the close of Toner I.

It was over spaghetti at Battista’s Hole in the Wall that Fairweather stunned fellow diners with his revolutionary theory.

The conversation had veered to my then-recent article “The Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory.” I noticed that Fairweather seemed unusual animated as the group discussed the seven major philosophies that I contended shaped the overall attitude of Fandom at any point in time.



I’d never seen him so excited by anything, much less anything I’d written. Wringing a chuckle out of him even with my funniest stuff was an achievement. Yet here he was, bobbing up and down in his chair with barely controlled excitement!

Everyone was burling at once, as fans will do after a weekend of non-stop partying, but a hush came over us as Percy Fankind began to speak. His voice was soft, yet insistent. And what he had to say was riveting:

“The Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory has given me an idea I’d never considered,” he said. “Arnie has identified seven philosophies. That may or may not be the correct number, but what matters are the ideas that the consensus in Fandom comes from the interaction of those philosophies and that each fan is also an amalgam of the various ideas.

“I’m thinking that, just as the philosophies struggle for the hearts and minds of Fandom as a whole, they struggle for dominance within each fan.”

“That’s reasonable,” Joyce assured him.

“If these philosophies are at war within each of us,” he went on, “then that means that a ruthless Insurgent hides inside the most cooperative and idealistic Trufan.”

“Are you saying that even the most serious and intelligent science fiction enthusiast is, on some level, a decadent rabble-rouser?” Frank Ponderment asked. Without waiting for an answer, he added, “That’s ridiculous.”

“I’m sure Percy didn’t mean it that way,” said Chrissie, suddenly nervous. Her father’s face had colored noticeably, a sure storm warning.

“No, Chrissie, I meant it,” Percy cut in. “I meant it very seriously.”

“Now, now, let’s not have any disagreements at the table,” Joanne Ponderment twittered. She liked things to stay polite, like at a fancy tea party.

“No one can disagree with my idea until I actually state it,” said Fankind. “And I’m just getting to it.”

“Oh,” Joanne said.

“There’s *more*?” James Ponderment said, his voice rising an octave and a dozen decibels at the same time. His wife put a restraining hand on his.

“Let the boy talk,” she whispered. “Maybe it will sound better when you have heard it all.” James humped, but subsided.

“I want to take Arnie’s theory to the next level,” explained Fairweather. “If there is a combative Insurgent inside every peaceful Trufan, then there is a friendly Trufen inside every money-crazed Commercialist, every dour Sercon fan.

“In short, could we not isolate and perhaps exorcize the negative aspects of every fan?” Fairweather declared. “Could we not make Fandom the friendly and mature hobby we all wish it to be?”

“That’s bullshit!” James said as he thumped the table with his fat right fist.

“James!” squealed Joanne. She wasn’t used to hearing him swear and it frightened her a little.

“I don’t think it is!” Percy shot back just as vehemently. “If we could only map the fannish psyche, we could remove the pointless feuding, the social climbing, the ass-kissing of second rate pros and all the other evils that frustrate fans’ finer, more creative impulses!”

“You are a disgrace to Fandom,” James roared. “You’re tampering with fans’ minds, with their fannish souls!”

“You are the disgrace!” Fankind retorted. “You and your closed mind.”

“Here’s to Broad Mental Horizons!” Joyce proclaimed as she lifted her glass of diet cola. Several of us, relieved for any break in what seemed like a family quarrel, quickly copied her gesture. Much clinking of glasses and a couple more toasts buried the acrimony.

But the idea continued to linger in Fairweather Fankind’s mind. We did not know it at the time, but he began to devote his late-night hours to delving into this concept.

Oh, we noticed the circles under his eyes and his engagement didn’t seem to be going as well as it had at first, but we ignored the signs. Fairweather Fankind dropped out of SAPS and then, after a decade of nearly quarterly publication, let his FAPazine lapse as well.

“He’s just in a lull,” we told each other at Vegrants meetings.

“Yeah, and he’s got a lot of demands on his time,” others suggested. He was still a likeable fellow when he came around, but those visits became progressively more infrequent. Some of the more sensitive Vegrants might’ve taken it personally, but it did seem to be part of a generally retrenchment. Knowing that fannish enthusiasm rises and falls periodically, we were content

to think friendly thoughts in his general direction and leave him to his own devices.

Oh! Had we known!

Then things began to heat up in Las Vegas Fandom. The catalyst was the emergence of Petrel Smight. No one had heard of him when he began publishing *Horse-laugh* biweekly, but everyone heard of him pretty quickly once he got rolling.

He wrote every issue himself, except for the letter column, which grew like Bill Donaho's *Habakkuk*. And no wonder! Smight attacked what he called fugghead-ness without fear or favor. If someone did something even half-way dumb, they were bound to read about it in *Horselaugh*'s fire-breathing, yet wickedly humorous prose.

Smight wrote essays, faan fiction, Derrogations... anything that would pound home his message. Nothing stopped him or even slowed him down.

Then Smight began coming to meetings. His raspy voice soon became all too familiar as he heckled every word out of Michael Bernstein's mouth at SNAFFU and even crossed verbal swords with Bill Kunkel at one nightmarish Vegrants get-together.

That was the night that Petrel Smight first revealed that he could draw acid-etched cartoons, too. The paper missiles flew furiously and, at the end, even Bill was willing to call all the drawing a draw.

Things went from bad to worse in Vegas Fandom. It was like a fever — or maybe a plague. Fans became uncanny at ferreting out each other's imperfections and, all of us being human, there was no shortage of fodder.

Soon, you couldn't find a Las Vegas fanzine that wasn't spitting bullets at every other Vegas fan. It got so bad that a Vegrants meeting had just Joyce, Ross Chamberlain and me. SNAFFU degenerated into a chaotic shambles; every discussion topic turned into a shouting match. The after-meeting dinners stopped dead; by the end of a meeting, the SNAFFUties had the urge to put distance between themselves and the other members.

Petrel Smight's girlfriend, when he introduced her, didn't help matters. Destiny St. Velour was a bi-polar pole dancer whose manic episodes were foul-mouthed screaming fits and whose lows were loud, self-pitying crying jags. Either could disrupt a tranquil meeting in a minute — and Las Vegas no longer had tranquil anything.

Fans in other cities began to notice. No one called Las Vegas "The Fandom of Good Cheer" any more. Andy Hooper coined the term "Gory Gulch," and it stuck.

One night we got a call from a very upset Chrissie Ponderment. She said she had something she had to

talk about to someone. We invited her over.

Through copious tears, Chrissie told her of a meeting with Petrel Smight. She had gone to Fairweather Fankind's home to find out why he hadn't even called her in two weeks.

Instead of her fiancé, she found herself face to face with Petrel Smight. "He said he was sharing the house with Percy," she said. "I told him I didn't know and he said there was no reason why I should because I was yesterday's news and that Percy didn't want an uptight, narrow-minded skank like me!"

"That's horrible, Chrissie," Joyce said. "No one should act like that!"

"It was worse," the girl wailed. "It was worse!" Little by little, the rest of the story came out. Smight had suddenly grown more friendly, smiling and moving closer to her.

Then he grabbed her and thrown her onto the carpet. "This'll do you a world of good," he said, laughing cruelly and he kissed and fondled her.

"I kicked him... d-down *t-there*," she said. He bel-lowed some curses. I told him he was a maniac and a disgrace to Fandom. I ran out of there."

"You did the right thing," Joyce assured her.

"Did you tell Percy about this?" I asked. "I'm sure Fairweather wouldn't want this Smight jerk under his roof."

"I call and called, but he would never answer," she blubbered. "I think he was scre-screening his calls!"

"I didn't hear from him for three days. Not until today, in fact," she said. "And his message was so strange. He left it on my answering machine. He said that he could see that Petrel Smight was a terrible fan and a cancer in the Vegas fan community."

"That's not far off the mark," I told her. "The Smighter has come close to destroying our beloved Vegas Fandom," I blurted. I knew I should focus on the girl's broken heart, but the constant feuding and fussing of the last few months had taken its toll. I'll admit it: like too many Vegas fans, I'd become obsessed by the local fanwar.

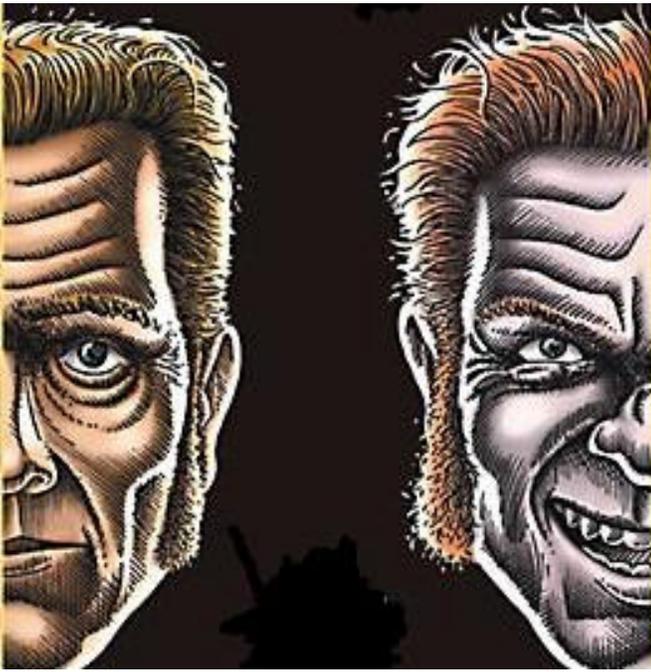
"He said Smight would never bother me or any other fan again," she said. "I hope he isn't going to do something terrible. That kind of talk is so unlike my Percy."

"Is there anything we can do?" Joyce asked.

"C-could you go to Percy's house and see what's going on?"

It wasn't something I wanted to do, I can tell you that, but Chrissie's woeful expression convinced me I had to do it.

I got to Fairweather Fankind's house and knocked on the big wooden door. I banged on it several times,



before a complete stranger opened the door.

“Where is Mr. Fankind?” I asked of the shabbily dressed woman who had allowed me to step into the hallway. I could see that the living room was total empty. On closer inspection, I could see that there wasn’t anything in the hall except a worn floor mat.

“He’s moved,” she said with a wave to the interior of the empty house. “I’m here to give it a good cleaning before the new tenants move in next week. I’ll say this for him, he kept a neat house,” she said. “Do you know him well?”

“I’m Arnie Katz,” I said, knowing that could mean nothing to her unless she was a secret visitor to efan-zines.com. “I’ve known him for years.”

“Did you say ‘Arnie Katz?’” the housekeeper asked, her interest suddenly heightened.

“Yes, I’m Arnie Katz.”

“There’s a letter here with your name on it.”

“A letter?”

“From Mr. Fankind,” she continued. “I guess he meant to send it to you — or maybe he thought you’d come by before he left.”

“Can I have it?” I extended my hand and she handed over the letter. She’d folded the envelope to put it in her pocket and that may not have been the cleanest place to store it, either.

I saw no sense in continuing the discussion, so I thanked her and left.

Outside, I could not restrain myself. I tore open the envelope and, to my shock, read these words:

Dear Arnie:

If you are reading this, then you have come to the

house and know that I am leaving town. I don’t quite know what I will do, but I know I am not right for Chrissie and that I can’t stay in Las Vegas Fandom. There is no future for me here. I have burned bridges in ways that I don’t think anyone will ever believe or even understand, so it’s best that I go.

My good news for you is that Petrel Smight is gone and will never set fan against fan in Las Vegas again. His beastly behavior toward Chrissie convinced me he had to go and my threat of legal action for attempted rape caused him to see the merit of my position.

I am sure you’ll recall the dinner on the last night of Toner at which I got into an argument with James Ponderment (and others) about my idea that we could purify Fandom by helping fans rid themselves of all but the most benign and pacifistic philosophies. I have since studied this idea long and hard and I have come to the inescapable conclusion that it is not a good idea.

We need a mix of all the philosophies to give each fan individually, and Fandom collectively, its strength and vitality. The Philosophy of Trufannishness is great, but we need a touch of Insurgentism to keep us grounded in reality, we need a dash of commercialism to help us make our conventions run without financial disaster, we need Serconishness to maintain the ties to Fandom’s wellspring and so on.

None of the philosophies are beneficial when stripped away from the overall balance. The Trufannish thoughts of even the most dedicated Insurgent keep him from becoming inhumane, insensitive and wantonly destructive.

In seeking a greater perfection, a sweeter and nobler Fandom, I have fallen into grave error. I will pay for my mistakes in ways yet unknown.

Now I take my leave. Please do not look for me or try to determine my whereabouts. If it is possible to return from my journey I will do so, but I feel in my heart that it is a one-way trip to the Glades of Gafia from which I will surely not return.

Fannishly,

Fairweather Fankind

I’ve kept my silence from that day to this. I have watched and waited for Fairweather’s return, but neither I nor any other fan has heard from him. Enough time has passed that I feel I can tell this story, which is a cautionary tale, to be sure.

The moral is clear: Even the best philosophy, carried to extreme, is wasteful and destructive, in or out of Fandom.

You know what, though, I miss Fairweather. Sometimes, very occasionally, I even miss Smight’s cartoons. — Arnie Katz

LIFE IS A WAY OF FANDOM

Our Fan in the UK Debuts

by Peter Sullivan

It's a scene that's probably been repeated since time immemorial. Or at least, since conventions began, which pretty much amounts to the same thing, unless you are Forry Ackerman. Two Big-Name Fans are deep in discussion at the convention, with an eager neo-fan listening in, trying to extract as much fannish wisdom as he can. It doesn't really matter what the ostensible topic is – whether it was something interesting that Ted White once said to one of the BNFs, or how one of them managed to change sides three times in the Great Staple War without anyone noticing. But at some point, one of the BNFs will add, "But then, FIAWOL."

The neo-fan will pause slightly, whilst he works out that this is indeed meant to be part of the conversation, and not merely an unusual sinus condition. "Wossat?" he will ask. This will give one of the BNFs (by tradition, it should be the one who did *not* say the original phrase, but the etiquette is fairly flexible in this regard) the opportunity to explain that "Fandom Is A Way Of Life," and also the opposite theory of "Fandom Is Just A Goddam Hobby." The neo-fan, who never got beyond "C" in the Fancyclopedia, will be suitably impressed and educated.

So, Fandom Is A Way Of Life. So much so, that some people have even been known to use it as a fanzine title. What has, however, become increasingly obvious over the past ten years or so is that the opposite is also true, and that Life Is A Way Of Fandom. That is, fannish-like activities are creeping out more and more into Real Life.

It doesn't take long to realise that SF fanzine fandom is not about what it appears to be about. It's not entirely clear what fanzine fandom actually *is* about – the most popular answers usually being "everything," "nothing" or "itself" – but it's not primarily about science fiction. But then real life is increasingly full of



examples of things that are not about what they appear to be about.

Beavis and Butthead were probably an early example, in that the music videos that were the ostensible focus were, in reality, subservient to the commentary thereon. The same principle applied to movies brought us Mystery Science Theatre 3000 (MST3K). Moving slightly more mainstream, the worldwide manifestations of Pop Idol have been successful not because of its basic structure as yet another talent show (a genre that was tired even in the days of Opportunity Knocks or The Gong Show), but because we all like to tune in to see Simon Cowell be nasty to people. The same principle applies to The Weakest Link.

But then, there is a whole genre in British television of non-quiz quizzes – where the basic structure of a quiz or panel game is subservient to the interaction

Bat-Hunter!

article by Teresa Cochran



I'm back, hail and hearty, so now I can tell you about my first contact with bats, creatures over which I seem to have taken some sort of awed stewardship. Well, there's a good deal of fascination there, too, of course! Here are these little beings, which have functional eyesight, contrary to popular belief, yet also the sense of echolocation. In a way, they share a rich world of sound with me, and there is something appealing in this.

I have a friend who has had a lifelong interest in bats, as well. We've been attending various presentations given by the Nevada State museum in Las Vegas' Lorenzi Park, the last two of which took place on May twenty-fourth and twenty-sixth.

Tuesday's presentation was a lecture given by some local biologists. The highlight for me was my friend Mike asking one of them if I could touch one of the mounted bats, which they'd brought for display. Not only did I get to touch it; I got to hold it! I was amazed at the large amount of wing and the small amount of anything else, except, perhaps fur. I somehow assumed that bats aren't very furry, maybe because of a preconception of flying critters as having either scales or feathers.

The wings were also very different from birds' wings. They actually have vestigial "fingers". So I learned by touch what I'd grasped only faintly in an intellectual way: bat evolution of flight has nothing to do with bird or reptile flight development; it is a parallel and yet equally efficient adaptation.

Two days later was the actual field trip to Red Rock. I'd learned that the biologists were going to try to use a "mist net" to capture a bat for observation and tagging. I don't think I can describe a mist net adequately, but suffice it to say that they are giant fine-mesh bags of a sort. Depending on how the net is posi-

tioned, bats can be fooled; not seeing or hearing them until it's too late. Also, it is tricky to keep them contained in the net without tangling.

In any case, no bats got near the mist net. We all car-pooled from the visitors' center at Red Rock to the site, around a scenic loop. There was a small water-hole, and twenty of us clustered around it. I think this spooked the bats, as the scientists said they could see them swooping over and then veering off to less populated areas. But I got out my bat detector, which is a device about the size of a Walkman. And I was elated to hear echolocation clicks! One of Mike's little nephews was so excited, he was dancing all around, and he decided he wanted to help me aim the device toward his visual sighting. I let the five-year-old and his eight-year-old brother take turns with it; they were good and stayed nearby so I could hear it.

There weren't as many bats as I thought there might be, but there were some, and I got to hear them! That is all I wanted out of this trip. I'm definitely looking forward to more of these adventures.

— Teresa Cochran

B BLUE JAUNT

Tracking the Gathering Storm

editorial by Joyce Katz

Implications is supposed to mark the transition from one Vegas fandom into the next, and that's fine by me. It marks some personal transitions for me as well, or at least that's my hope. I'm now in the final phases of my own recovery from the accident I had shortly after Corflu 21, Blackjack Corflu, here in town. Right now, according to the current flock of doctors, I'm three months away from return to mobility.

I doubt that Vegas fandom is only three months away from return to its most favored state, but its recuperation is well underway. There's a good group of experienced fans left to carry on, a rather exciting mélange of new and old. And so, fueled by the old familiar Katzian energy, here's a new fanzine fluttering into your electronic mailbox.

There's a big enough fan pool here to provide audience (of varying sizes) for several clubs. And it seems likely a great deal of the entertainment value of these groups will come from their tug-and-pull. Although many of the newbies coming into Vegas fandom start by omnivorous activity, they generally gravitate painlessly into one or another of the clubs. At this point, it's fairly frictionless. But I think it's safe as storm and mayhem to predict this won't continue indefinitely.

The Vegrants are still strong and sassy, and primarily insurgents. The Snaffuties are literate and reasonable...mostly. The VSFA's are the enigmas of the group, highly social and oriented toward group activities and outings, yet with a strong tendency toward organization and structure. The Neon Rainbow (just renamed by the Gay Les Bi Trans et al group) avows no purpose except to make each other comfortable. With such well-determined personalities, you can almost imagine a conversation between the four clubs:

Snaffu (in a deep voice, serious yet melodious): We



welcome everyone – and we revere science fiction.

Vegrants (snarling): Well, we don't revere nuttin'... we're Bhad Bhoys, and don't own no welcome mats.

VSFA (buzzing like energetic bees): Watch us! Watch us fly! We're so beautiful; see our wings glitter.

Neon Rainbow (whispers): Sprinkle some of that glitter on us! We just want to be loved.

Vegrants: You'll get no love here. But we do like sparkle-dust.

Snaffu: Come drink our booze, borrow our books. We'll never turn anyone away.

Neon: Free liquor? We'll help you shelve the library.

VSFA: We should vote first.

Vegrants: Tell me what you're for, so we can be against it!

Predicting storm clouds is safe. But I wouldn't miss the action for anything!

— Joyce Katz

THE QUEUE

|||||
The Rime of the Ancient

|||||
editorial by Arnie Katz

Curt Phillips

In the subject line, you wrote:

"Implications \$1 -- a new fanzine for you!"

Did you mean to type "#1", or do we all owe you a dollar now?

Arnie: I'm tempted to admit it was just another typo, but the idea of people sending me money sounds great. Why stop at a buck, though? A 10-spot costs no more postage to send.

Teresa Cochran

What a wonderful journey was that ish, guys!

In reading about first encounters with Ken and Aileen Forman, I was again reminded of my own advice to myself over the years: watch and learn, as things aren't always what they seem. That guiding principle has made life interesting for me, but then I was always the one turning over the rocks to find out what was underneath them.

As for the alternate history, I'm glad my coffee cup was empty at the moment I came across it; otherwise, I would have been a mess of spewage and spillage. And I was amazed at the accuracy of my little biography. Well, just you wait and see; you never know when your friends come in handy.

Arnie: Ah, but that principle flies in the face of the fannish tradition of bleating off about everything under the sun as if the speaker actually knows what he is talking about. If everyone starts listening and learning, who will tell long-winded stories at fan partie?

Two issues – two bios! You're living large, Little Tee.

Ross Chamberlain

I went into my "Fannish" e-mail box and realized I hadn't yet absorbed *Implications #1*, tossed as it was



between issues of *VFW* and party announcements -- well, a party announcement -- so I allowed Adobe Acrobat to bring the fanzine to my screen. Interesting formatting... (Today's equivalent of "nice paper," I suppose.)

I was befuddled and bemused when attempting to add my "roast/hug" to the initial presentation, "Farewell Foremans." (In typing that out, just now, my fingers wanted to write "Farewell to the Foremans," in an apparent mental association with "Farewell to the Master" -- but literature must default to art, so Klaatu barada nikto anyway.) I didn't have the history with the Foremans that you Katzes and JoHn have so had to come from a different angle. Not that it helped. But I love Bill's cover, which says much about what I do know and love about 'em... I can only wish them well in Flippin, and only hope that it's not as rife with the red-neck/bible-belt ethos as Joy-Lynd found in her time in Pulaski, VA.

Not, it appears, that one can escape some aspects of

that element even here, to judge from JoHn's fearsome tale of his return from the 4th of July fireworks. I guess one can meet belligerent drunks anywhere, though -- There's a gritty lowlife underbelly to almost any place one can go. In retrospect, I lived blandly on the edge of it for years in New York City, especially in my East First Street days. But at least my neighbors didn't screech through the streets in their pickups, shooting at random (unless you count the Hells Angels chapter in the next street)... Joy-Lynd told me stories (from second hand, mostly) about the back woods and mountain roads of western Virginia.

Fandom is a Pyramid Scheme... The perfect metaphor for Fandom has yet to be found, I think, though I expect Arnie's quest for it will net at least a few more articles. All of which perhaps should eventually be collected in a single volume: "Fandom Is Like a Box of Chocolates."

Arnie: Well, some fans are soft in the center and others are assuredly nuts, so maybe even your title could eventually produce a decent metaphor.

Lloyd Penney

Hi, folks, here's another zine from your area, and I know you're already working on the second issue. So, I have *Implications I* here, and I'd better get with it if I know what's good for me.

I've been pretty lucky to keep most of the friends I've been able to build up over my 46 years. There's only been a few who were friends at first, and enemies later. Some of these came from the Torcon bid, you might expect.

Then, there's been all the personal definitions of fandom that clash with each other, and yet, we compromise, and understand where the other is coming from, and friends stay friends, even if we drive each other up the wall. (By the way, anyone from Flippin is a Flippino. Sounds right, anyway.)

The best part about fandom is that it is complex enough to accommodate all abilities, all interests and all personalities, although there's a few personalities I wish it could do without. Not interested in fanzines? Well, you might like to host con suites, or manage the gopher hole, at the local con. Most people can channel their creativity into the range of fannish activities available, and those who can't...are probably those personalities I mentioned....

Yup, another fanzine, and the title shortage rages on unabated. I'm sure the phrase "I've been thinking..." strikes terror into Joyce's enormous heart, making her think, "What's he up to NOW?"

Moving across the country...the only time I did this was in 1977. Literally days after I graduated from

high school, we packed our bags and moved from Orillia, Ontario, north of Toronto, to Victoria, British Columbia, northwest of Seattle. Were we hesitant about moving so far away, and into unfamiliar territory? Heck, no. We were looking forward to a fresh start. Orillia is a small city, and back then, it had minds to match. I found very little work in Orillia because I was judged on who my father was. I don't know your father, I don't know you, I'm not hiring you. Orillia was the place I thought of when I would hear Simon and Garfunkle sing "My Little Town" on the radio. Victoria was fresh and new. I met my first girlfriend there, my first long-term job there, and I got into fandom there. Victoria meant a re-birth for the whole family, and my brother Steven still lives out there. We all needed the fresh start, and I certainly got it.

I hope you'll keep us all updated on the Fanzine Fandom recruitment technique courses, available online, of course. Just don't let on that it has any resemblance to Amway, and you should clean up on these correspondence courses. That's it...higher grades when you correspond with fanzines! This idea could save Fanzine Fandom as we know it.

(The illo on page 18 is from David R. Haugh! Now there's a name (and a style of illo) I haven't seen in a very long time. I've also been in touch with Benoit Girard (*The Frozen Frog*) just lately, too.)

An alternate Vegas fanhistory? I think I like the actual better. Less violent.

Hey, it's a start. I guess you'll have a local, but even if you don't, many thanks for the new zine. Looking forward to more VFWs, and I have a couple of issues to catch up on.

Arnie: Are you implying that someone previously used the title of this fanzine? Please enlighten, I would never want to steal a fanzine title, at least not from anyone capable of making a stink about it.

You may rest easy in the knowledge that I am nowhere close to running out of fanzine titles. I think It'll be Implications for a while, though.

That's All, Folks

And so we conclude the second issue of *Implications*. Joyce did get in a short editorial and I live in hope that next issue will see both my co-editors restored to full fannish vitality.

Meanwhile, letters of comment, art and content would be very welcome here (crossfire4@cox.net). See you next month!

