

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY



Corflu Silver
One More Time!

Inside Story The Wasted HOUR

The debut of The Virtual Consuite at Corflu Silver and its further development as The Virtual Fan Lounge is a major event in the history of Core Fandom. I've discussed some of that in my recent con report *A Study in Silver* so I won't plow old ground here.

What I hadn't thought through at the time I wrote was the potential impact on me. What that impact will be is not completely known now, of course, but it is already having a measurable effect on my fanac.

Bill Mills had already set up a camera in the Launch Pad's living room during the 4/17 Vegrants meeting as a pre-Corflu test of the system, but that was more like one of those nature-lover voyeur cams (minus the tiger eating the gazelle) or maybe the naked sorority house (minus the nudity and sex). Bill positioned the camera so that it covered a fair section of the room and whatever happened in the dining room went out on the audio/video feed.

At the May 17 Vegrants meeting, however, I took the next step with the debut of the first original, scheduled program to hit the Virtual Fan Lounge. It's called "The Wasted Hour" and it airs on the first and third Saturdays of the month at 8:00 PM. If you haven't visited the Virtual Fan Lounge yet, just go to www.lasvegrants.com and follow the link to the VFL. I call it "the fastest hour in Fandom," since I only plan to do 30 minutes.

At this point "The Wasted Hour" has about the same adherence to timing as a Grateful Dead concert. It starts as close to 8:00 PM as glitches and sidebars allow and it runs until I figure we've Said Enough.

The first episode was fairly primitive, despite my producer Bill Mills' valiant efforts to add some gingerbread in the form of an opening theme and some musical bumpers. I'll be looking to add those kind of touches and also have plans to take phone calls live and other things aimed at widening the range of content. It'll probably stay a format where I serve as host and bring on people to chat and so forth. You can count on regular appearances by Joyce, since our team act seems to go over pretty well.

This also seems a good place to give a strenuous plug to the *TV Guide* of the Virtual Fan Lounge and the nascent Fan Channel, Peter Sullivan's *Virtual Tucker Hotel*. It's available for free at efanzines.com and has a lot of material by and about the VFL.

And I hope you'll stop by to see "The Wasted Hour." I'll be glad you did and quite possibly you will be glad, too.

— Arnie

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Columnists This Issue: Shelby Vick, Bill Mills

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at efanzines.com and LasVegrants.com. No Unusual Suspects were harmed during the production of this fanzine..

Member: fwa

Supporter: AFAL

Corflu Zed in 2009!

son and I can't do things by myself. Not one of you can. We need to have fresh faces and skills to keep things going. Do people want to continue with the Club? If so, energies are needed. If not, then we need to think on things.

If things are to continue, membership drives need to be made. It needs to be certain that services are in place for those who are seeking out the Club. The Club needs to be responsive to currentfannish needs.

What do you think??? What about the June zine???

Sally

“Sally” is Sally Syrjala (Ssyrala@aol.com), the current President of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. She sure has mastered the nefferish skill of writing her alibis at tedious length in preference to actually doing something.

Make no mistake, it's a marvelous letter. It reeks of despair and imminent surrender with just that soupcon of self-pity and self-righteousness that N3F officials – so many chiefs, so little leadership – have displayed so many times in the past. Only an NFFF President would use housework as an excuse for not attempting to do something to improve the club that elected her.

Notice how she coyly distances herself from the perpetual farce that is the National Fantasy Fan Federation with talk of making her community a better place and supporting her local church. She isn't kicking the National Fantasy Fan Federation to the curb in its hour of need; she's taking on a twofold Great Crusade for Good, Truth and Piety.

You'd never guess from all her hand wringing that Sally bears some responsibility for the pathetic state to which the N3F has now sunk.

One point comes through crystal clear: the N3F is tottering and might fall off the cliff into fanhistory. All it will take is a little inaction, or even a little more of the same wrongheaded action, to put the final nail in the coffin of this begotten mess of an organization.

Though All Known Fandom increased from about 250 people in 1940 when the N3F first reared its head, to 250,000 today, the organization has never grown much even during its brief periods of sanity and progress, and has declined precipitously in recent years,

One estimate is that the N3F has no more than 60 or 70 members, many of whom don't pay dues or inter-

act with the club in any detectable way. The National Fantasy Fan Federation may not have more than 25 active, dues-paying members at the present time.

Sally's plea for others to shoulder the work is a response to the very real problem that no one in the N3F appears to want to do much. I checked out the club's web site and saw that it lists the editorship of each of the next several issues of *The Fan* as “Open.”

That's incredible in light of an email from the N3F Board of Directors that Jeff Redmond received a few months ago. A budding science fiction writer with some electronic sales, Redmond had also volunteered to do the group's official organ *The Fan*. As I recall, he did one issue, which was heavily and arbitrarily re-edited by some all-knowing N3F honcho without even the courtesy of informing Redmond.

Despite that slap in the face, Jeff Redmond did another issue of *The Fan*. The neffers shredded it for no apparent reason and then sent him this:

Date: Mon, 22 Oct 2007 14:37:56 -0700

To: redmondjeff@hotmail.com

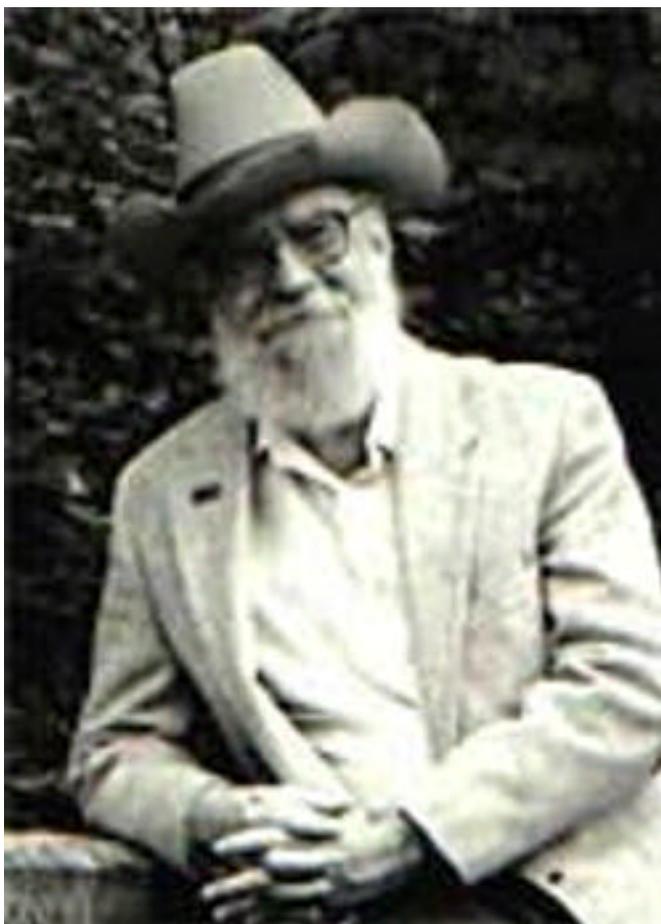
From: dldavis9@roadrunner.com

Subject: N3F email

The Directorate has decided to release you from your duties as one of the Editorial Staff. The N3F depends on volunteers to give

Art Widner, shown here at this year's Corflu, published the article that spawned the NFFF in his fanzine *Fan Fare*.





Damon knight proposed the N3F in an article called “Unite or Fie!” Sometimes a great idea inspires Great Works. Other times, you may get The National Fantasy Fan Federation.

freely of their time and talent which you have done willingly. However, we feel you deserve a break from the rigors of editing. The Directorate as a whole wishes to sincerely thank you for all your hard work on The Fan. It is much appreciated!

What a kiss off! Never mind the insulting, smarmy tone; this note got rid of one of the few people in the N3F who actually volunteered to do something. Since *The Fan* is one of the only actual benefits of N3F membership, you’d think that they would have at least had someone ready to sit in the editor’s chair if they wanted to dispense with Jeff’s help. Obviously, properly continuing *The Fan* was not as important as killing Redmond’s enthusiasm and making him feel like two cents.

With that policy, it’s little wonder that the National Fantasy Fan Federation is at death’s door. That being the case, a huge question flops onto the table.

The question -- and the reason for this Emergency Column -- is: Should we allow that to happen?

Fans who are familiar with the long and checkered

history of the N3F may find that question remarkable, possibly even absurd. Fannish Insurgents, from Burbee and Laney to Rick Sneary and Joyce Katz, have made the desirability of the demise of the NFFF “common wisdom” for most of Core Fandom.

The N3F has long represented the epitome of fussy bureaucracy, insularity, pettiness, defensiveness and fannish xenophobia. Though it began with high-minded, if a trifle nebulous, ideals, the National Fantasy Fan Federation has a history of nearly seven decades, and the bright spots -- yes, there are some -- are merely pauses between disasters and commotions.

It has a constitution lengthy and detailed enough to run a country, let alone a small science fiction club. And the NFFF has had enough different constitutions to operate at least a dozen clubs.

The club also has squandered its members’ potentially valuable energy on an array of time-wasting and redundant projects. It has failed in its original purpose of uniting Fandom under its banner and also failed in its more recently proclaimed goal of helping neofans adapt to Fandom.

I readily concede all that and more. I can understand how it is the secret desire of every red-blooded Insurgent to piss on the N3F’s grave and send it into oblivion with curses and derisive laughter. I’ll bet the news that the N3F is teetering on the precipice has already got several flies at half-mast.

While that’s the first, and the most natural, impulse of any fan, it may actually not be the best course of action. I propose that there are sound reasons for keeping the NFFF treading water for as long as possible.

Shocking? Perhaps, but I think there are some relevant considerations that may lead to that conclusion:

The N3F is a Bulwark of Core Fandom.

Many people enter All Known Fandom and most of them are not temperamentally, intellectually or creatively suited to Core Fandom. They would not be happy with us and, understandably, would try to change Core Fandom to be more to their liking. Unfortunately, that would make it less to *our* liking.

There are so many of them and so few of us that it would be a futile waste of time for us to actually track all the newcomers and determine which segment of All Known Fandom is right for each.

Being both clever and lazy, Core Fandom has opted for a system of automatic self-selection. The path up the Mountain of Trufandom has a lot of siren calls that painlessly deflect the unsuitable from entering our door.

The N3F snares the officious, the bureaucratic and

the mundane. If it didn't exist, those people might find their way into Core Fandom and plague the rest of us. One reason for the decline in N3F membership may be that there are now segments of All Known Fandom that are very receptive to people with those qualities.

The N3F Reduces the Amount of Fuggheadedness

The same people who are fuggheaded in the N3F would be fuggheaded in Core Fandom if the club didn't exist. This is an example of the puzzler: "If a tree falls in the forest, does it make a sound?" My opinion is that it takes an ear to interpret the vibrations as sound.

By the same logic, when someone does something fuggheaded in the NFFF, it doesn't impact those of us who have no contact with the club. If you don't know about something fuggheaded, it is as if that thing doesn't exist.

The N3F Is Educational

The N3F is an illustrative example of what Core Fandom might be like if we traded in our subculture for something more like the Elks or Rotarians. When fans ask why we're so against bureaucracy, fan politics and empire-building in our hobby, all we have to do is (while holding our noses) point to the National Fantasy Fan Federation.

The N3F can't serve this important, educative function if it no longer exists. It might be to Core Fandom's advantage to keep it functioning so that fans can learn from study of its idiosyncratic operation.

The N3F Is a Preventative

The N3F deters well-meaning fans who might otherwise wander down that bumpy road. Sometimes good-hearted fans are struck by an affliction that compels them to start grandiose organizations. The N3F's record is bad enough to give most of them second thoughts.

In the era before the N3F established its hegemony over fan organizations, Claude Degler erred in that direction. He started countless clubs, associations and alliances, each more useless and ephemeral than the last. No one can say for sure, but the example of the N3F as it is today might have given even the Cosmic One pause before he launched yet another fan organization.

Why, without the NFFF, we might well have lost the fight against the establishment of an on-going governing body for the world science fiction convention. If not for the N3F, we could today be saddled with a

predatory organization run by a lot of power-hungry, officious bean-counters. Oh wait...

Well, anyway...

That sort of thing belongs to the con-runners and I am happy to have Serious and Powerful Organizations centered in their subculture rather than ours. The N3F is a fannish scarecrow that keeps us from suffering the presence of other organizations that might ruin our fun.

The N3F Serves as an Outlet

Adult cats often fear the rambunctious and kinetic kittens. In the same way, Core Fandom's Venerables may well rue the high-minded enthusiasm and boundless energy of the neofan. Those are fine qualities, but only when tempered with a full understanding of the subculture and the importance of not expecting too much from any of us. As things stand, a particularly energetic neofan can sometimes ensnare established fans who plunge into inadvisably arduous projects rather than dampen the newcomer's spirit.

The National Fantasy Fan Federation is the antidote to runaway enthusiasm and an unbridled desire to Improve Fandom. The story of Chris Garcia is instructive in this regard. When Chris first appeared on the scene, he had the explosive enthusiasm and energy of a hyperactive ferret on speed.

Then Chris served a one-year term as President of the NFFF. Now, he is relaxed, even languid. No one compares him to a hyperactive ferret on speed (just a regular hyperactive ferret).

The N3F Trains Our Neofans

The N3F, which is unable to educate its members in the ways of Fandom, is crucial to the training of Core Fandom's neofans.

Ironic, but true!

The N3F is the fannish equivalent of a first-level monster in *Dungeons & Dragons*. It has a lot of flash and pyrotechnics, but it is essentially too weak to do much damage to inexperienced, sensitive newcomers. They can "make their bones," as they say in another colorful subculture, by zinging the National Fantasy Fan Federation without lasting repercussions.

Better that our cubs sharpen their claws on toothless old N3F than on any of us.

The N3F Supports Fan Humor

Well, it doesn't so much *support* fan humor as provide the occasion for it. Sometimes fannish humorists run dry. It's usually a temporary condition, but it can be

quite inconvenient due to deadlines and other imperatives.

When that happens, the veteran fan humorists always have an ace in the hole; they can write about the N3F. Core Fandomites always seem to enjoy such material, even when they have no direct experience with the club.

The N3F has inspired many fine pieces of humor that have entertained generations of fans, from Burbie's "N3F Ave et Vale" and continuing through JoHN Hardin's deathless line: "So, which of the 'F's stands for 'fugghead'?"

When I discussed this article with Joyce, she was dubious. "No one has ever been able to fix what's wrong with the N3F," she declared. "What makes you think you can succeed where so many have failed?"

The answer is simple: I don't propose to fix the N3F. That would be way too much work and, as Joyce says, is unlikely to accomplish its goal.

My aim is more modest. I only want to keep the N3F in play so that it continues to provide the advantages to Core Fandom that I described earlier in this essay. I would never undertake a daunting task like rehabilitating the N3F.

Keeping the N3F alive is far easier than repairing its chronic damage. If Sally Syrjala is too busy to perform Presidential duties, it's likely that some other naffer will step forward, eager to do the same nothing in a grand way.

In the unlikely event there is no one left in the club who craves a high-flown, meaningless title, I do have a Plan B.

If the members of the N3F don't have the resolve to continue their organization, we can do it for them.

And, again, I am *not* talking about "fixing" the National Fantasy Fan Federation. This may seem a bit radical at first, but why couldn't we perpetuate the club as a purely imaginary group?

The N3F could become to Fandom what Coventry was to amateur fantasy fiction. For those not familiar with the 1960's phenomenon, Coventry was based on a fantasy world created by Paul Stanberry. A number of Los Angeles fans saw the potential of this creation as the backdrop for fantasy stories. They all wrote stories within the Coventry universe and several of them gained enough writing savvy to progress to professional writing careers.

We could do the same thing with the N3F, except that we would write faan fiction (fiction about fans and fandom) instead of fantasy fiction. A steady stream of satires, parodies, burlesques and lampoons would keep the N3F alive, in a metaphorical sense, so that we could continue to profit in all the ways I've enumerated.

Those steeped in fanhistory may quibble that Coventry ran into some problem. That is true, but I don't think a fictionalized National Fantasy Fan Federation would fall victim to the same difficulties. I am fairly sure that writers would think twice about placing themselves into the stories, which led to real-world consequences. And I'm positive that no one will seek to use drugs to propel them full-time into the world of the N3F.

OK, everybody — Fandom 102% behind Good Old NFFF!

— Arnie

Fannish Links

LasVegrants.com

This would be the official site of Las Vegrants, the informal invitational fan club, if Las Vegrants had anything official. Bill Mills is the genial host and posts a lot of timely material.

TheVoicesOfFandom.com

Bill Mills covers Fandom in sound and images on this often fascinating video and audio site. There are always new entries, including Bill's series of podcasts.

Cineholics.com

Alan White runs this increasingly interesting site that reports on the doings of the film-oriented Las Vegas club.

Efanzines.com

Bill Burns operates the free online fanzine newsstand.

Fanac.org

This large and varied site has a lot of information about Fandom as well as archives of some excellent old fanzines.

Phlizz.com

Chuck Connor is doing a very innovative and entertaining site-based ezine. He tends to post big chunks of interesting material and there's a sizable archive.

SNAFFU.org

CochTayl (Teresa Cochran & James Taylor) now operate this site for Las Vegas' formal science fiction club.

VirtualFanLounge

Fans get together for chats and there are also scheduled audio and video feeds. The best way for first-timers to enter is through LasVegrants.com. Follow the link, register your name and have fun!.

Fannish Fx My Corflu Silver CON REPORT

"Good Ghu! Where do we start?"
— Andy Hooper's play "The Price of Pugwash".

As of this writing, the glow of Corflu Silver is far from over for Roxie and me. We spent several days surrounded by the best company any old fans like us could imagine. As Ted White was overheard saying in a con suite conversation; "The convention is absolutely full of diverse and interesting people, each of whom I would like to spend time with and talk to." That it was.

Corflu Silver was my first Corflu. Of course, I don't know about anyone else's, but personally, my Corflu was just amazing. From the Las Vegrants Open Party/Corflu Silver Pre-Opening Party on Thursday night right straight through the next three days. How often in my life can I expect to have several successive days in which I wake up excited knowing that from the first encounter in the morning until the last one at night my day will be filled with nice people, fine fannish friends, wonderful intelligent conversationalists, creative and entertaining Trufen, a stimulating and exciting environment, a loving family demonstrably thrilled to be in each others company again? Not enough to be cavalier about them, that's for certain.

For Roc and me, the names of Core Fandom's many luminaries are, simply put, fannish Demigods from our youth and early days in the L.A. fan community. To us, it was like being invited to a meeting of 'The Kewl Kids Klub' and then being treated as though we belonged. Or more specifically, like we had always belonged. For myself, it was truly more than I could have hoped. We made memories and we made friends. The memories, I am sure, will last a lifetime. I can only hope that the friendships will too.

And then there's the nearly 70,000 wonderfully fannish words churned out by the online attendees of the 'fanhistoric' Corflu Silver Virtual Con Suite, the transcript of which Roxie and I began reading on Monday night after dinner, quitting after two and a half hours and a long way from finished. We repeated the process each of the next two nights and it felt, in a most surreal way, as if the con hadn't actually ended the past Sunday. For us anyway, it hadn't.

In my opinion, the con itself was quite a success. If it was intended as a Core Fandom Family Reunion then I'd say it was delivered 'as advertised'. As I understand it, Corflu cons are traditionally low key affairs with little programming and marginal events. Corflu Silver may have veered off that path slightly with its inclusion of music as part of its opening ceremony, but I think that otherwise you could say it was pretty much business as usual. A single panel discussion, a fannish trivia contest, a performance of Andy Hooper's play "The Price of Pugwash" was just enough programming to meet the requirement and not interfere too severely with the all important partying! Good planning by Joyce and Arnie. As an event, the auction was a bit longer than I expected, but I understand that that's traditional too.



Roc models the Official Corflu Silver Tee-shirt, designed by Ross Chamberlain.

Now, that's not to infer that there were no rough edges or disappointments during the course of the three days. But, (with the exception of the Xanadu pizza frenzy fiasco), hardly enough to mention and certainly not enough to diminish the experience. The hospitality crew did a tremendous job in the con suite keeping the bheer cold and the munchies plentiful. The Bushyagers, the Taylors and the Formans all deserve thanks and gratitude for their fine efforts. I have a few personal regrets attached to my Corflu memories. But only a few. However, the one that lingers is my regret that I was either occupied with stuph or exhausted from doing stuph so much of the weekend that I rarely got to spend time with the friends, old and new, that make up the best part of the Corflu experience. Whenever I needed to

Continued on next page



collapse and relax for a scant few minutes, the non-smoking con suite was always such a hubbub of activity and a din of voices that it was impractical for that purpose. So, I did spend more time with the gang in the smoking con suite where it was calmer and quieter (at least it was on the occasions when I had some time to take a break). There I could actually relax and have some wonderful conversations with the, uh, er... 'usual suspects'. But, there were so many more folks that I really wanted to chat with and didn't that it will undoubtedly remain my biggest regret.

From my p.o.v., two more undersung heroes of the con are Ross Chamberlain and Jolie LaChance. Sadly, when the opportunity came to recognize their contributions publically, for instance during Thank You speeches at the banquet, it seems that Arnie hadn't composed a list and was working from top to bottom of his head. The result was that he failed to mention the effort Ross made in designing and drawing the wonderful art for the 'Official Corflu Silver Tee Shirt' and missed the chance to thank LaChance for her stalwart efforts and dedication to manning the tee shirt sales table and assisting with the auction sales among other things. Yes, when my honey Roxie saw that Jolie could use assistance at the shirt table she jumped right in to give her fellow Vegrant some respite help, but to give her thanks at the banquet for her great work 'with the tee shirts' was both misleading ("did she design them?") and a bit neglectful of Jolie's efforts. But then Roxie Mills' contributions went far beyond sitting and selling shirts.

Aside from all the lifting, toting and set up of equipment she did (despite a terribly painful occurrence of carpal tunnel syndrome in her right wrist), there simply may not have been a Corflu Silver Virtual Con Suite online without her computer skills and commitment to getting us connected, and keeping us connected, to the wireless internet system at the Plaza Hotel.

My original intention was to set up the computer (a

standard desktop tower PC!) in the actual Con Suite to watch and chat with the partiers. And we attempted that for the Thursday night party. But that room was on the 23rd floor of the hotel and was too far from the wireless transmitters to allow us to get connected and get online. It was a terrible disappointment for me.

It was also a real pain to have to lug this equipment into the ever more crowded room, set it all up, try it out and then, having failed, break it all down again and lug it off to a safe spot for storage overnight. When we realized that the main event room was on the third floor of the hotel we elected to try again on Friday to get a strong enough signal to get online. But by that point on Friday, I had my hands full setting up sound equipment for the opening ceremonies and could not have devoted the necessary time to troubleshooting the problems, verifying that we could indeed get a connection from that location, signing up with and paying for a wireless account with the hotel to use that connection, and manning the uStream.tv control panel for the Live Broadcast feature.

She called me when she had a problem that required my input or previous knowledge of the system, but Roxie took the lead and got 'er done! It was indeed a plane that I had built, but Roxie was the one who got it in the air!

Once the Virtual Con Suite was operational, various others were occasionally given the controls, so that Roc could tend to other matters, like helping Jolie at the shirt sales table. Still others joined the room via their own laptop computers at the con and became our representatives online. We knew Lenny Bailes could be counted on to man the controls when needed and he did a grand job. Bill Burns chatted with our online attendees, answering questions and typed out a running narrative of the proceedings for those who couldn't hear the audio well. I don't believe the experiment would



Roxanne & Bill Mills received a Special Award at the banquet for their work on The Virtual Fan Lounge.



The ebullient Steve Stiles was a welcome participant at Corflu Silver.

have been as successful without their invaluable help and support. For which I offer my sincere thanks.

A few months ago, being so immersed in Corflu prep and the excitement of anticipation of the con, I was inspired to write a little fanzine fan blues filk song which, being the blues fans they are, Joyce and Arnie really liked. This is a good thing, since it was written for all of my fanzine fan friends and dedicated to the Katz'! Friday evening was the official start of the convention and I am proud to say that I had been asked to take part in the Opening Ceremonies by performing my filk blues song "The Goin' To Corflu Blues" at the end of the official business and then sing a few numbers in duet with Teresa Cochran, the Vegrants' resident singing bat... er I mean songbird, before leading into an informal jam with others invited to join in.

Originally, it was intended that John Purcell and John DeChancie (on guitar and keyboard respectively) would join me to make up an informal trio. In fact Arnie continually referred in print to this musical ensemble as a 'blues/jug band'. This was a bit misleading as a description, but I suspect it was intended as an easy way to alert folks that there would be, non-traditional and unexpected as it is, a music event at Corflu Silver.

To my regret however, John Purcell was unable to attend the convention. He tried every reasonable way he could, but family matters rightfully took precedence and simply wouldn't allow for the expense. I was particularly looking forward to playing with Guitarzan Purcell, so his absence was a great personal loss for me. John DeChancie continually suggested he might not

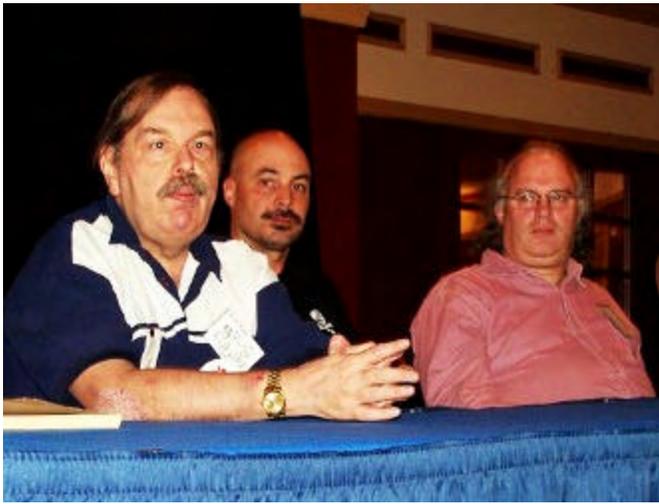
make it to the con, but ultimately did. And he even brought his own keyboard with him. However, he didn't want to play with me. So, he didn't. 'Nuff said.

A few days before the con, I was also asked to help out by playing a little part in a brief bit of humorous theatrics conceived by Arnie Katz as a fun way to lead up to Joyce's 'Welcome To Corflu Silver' greeting to the audience. So, once the assembled multitudes had settled into their seats, we did our bit in which I acted as the 'host' of the game show "Whose Fannish Line IS it Anyway?" and the Katz' took the roles of comedians playing the 'game'. It ended with Joyce's Welcome speech and was followed by the selection of the con's Guest of Honor. Teresa Cochran picked a slip of paper from a 'hat' (I'm still not sure she didn't peek) to reveal Andy Hooper's name as GoH. This was met with great applause and appreciation by the audience.

Then I took the stage again to do my number. One of the delightful surprises of the event for me was that Len Bailes had brought his own rack of harmonicas with him and was willing, and anxious, to join me on stage for "The Corflu Blues" on which he played perfect 'blues harp' accompaniment to my guitar and vocal. Thank you Lenny! An mp3 of the song is available on page Four of the Fannish music pages at TVoF.info and at The Filk Archive <http://www.filkarchive.org.uk/cgi-bin/index.cgi>, where it's already had #1 Top Download status (and continues to ride high in the monthly chart for May!). Then Teresa and I sang our duets and opened the floor to others which resulted in Nic Farey performing two original fanzine filk songs and a historic performance by Art Widner of a blues song of his own composition (about being stuck in some jerk-water town trying to get home from a convention in 1942!) and what he claims is the first filk ever written, "What A Mighty Fortress Is Our APA." which he credits to Jack Speer.

It may have been a bit of a departure from the traditional programming for a Corflu, but it was a wonderful time and I hope the audience enjoyed hearing the short musical program as much as we enjoyed doing it. You can hear the entire 30 minute mp3 file of the Opening Ceremonies by going to the Oral History Project page at <http://TVoF.info> or the main page at <http://LasVegrants.com>.

On Friday Andy Hooper invited me to read a part in his play "The Price of Pugwash" in it's Saturday performance. I was pleased and proud to be asked. But, being committed to the rehearsal time and the performance itself did contribute to the reasons I had little time on Saturday to do much else. Roc and I had to get into the event room early to set up the computer, cam and the sound equipment. That was barely done when the



Arnie Katz, Randy Byers and Andy Hooper appear on the Fan Panel on Saturday morning.

panel discussion "Fandom; where is it going and how do we get there?" began and Roxie and I tried to stay close to the computer and watch the control board for the duration of the event. I even managed to set up my digital video camera, video tape about thirty minutes of the event, and shoot some still photos as well.

When the panel ended the cast for Andy's play assembled and rehearsed the lines for an hour or so while everyone else went off to lunch. Pretty much as soon as we were finished rehearsing, the room began to fill up again as the audience returned to watch the 'Merikans challenge the Brits in a Fanzine/Fandom Trivia Contest written and conducted by Ken Forman. We stayed long enough to be sure our computer and web cam were in good hands and rushed downstairs to the convenient McDonald's in the Plaza's modest food court.

We snarfed down some burgers and hustled our buns back to the event room in time for the last twenty minutes of the contest. Roxie did a little tweaking of the controls for the web cam and even spent some time standing and holding the camera in a better location so the web viewers could see more (when we had first set up the computer and monitor in this room the only power outlet we had found appropriate to our needs was just to the right of the stage area. Not a good location for the camera).

I was busy preparing my digital audio recorder to capture the play and taking photos of the contestants and audience members. The contest didn't go quite the way Ken planned it and he took a lot of razzing from the crowd and ragging on from Ted White. All in all, it was still a hoot! Mind you now, I don't know that he does, but Ken shouldn't feel too bad about the outcome. It was supposed to be entertaining and it was.

When the contest ended Andy and the cast took the

stage to perform the play. Just before the performance, while I was adjusting the p.a. levels, my amplifier blew a circuit and, to my embarrassment, could not be used to mic the performers. I was mortified and angry at myself for the gaffe. I had let the gang down and it is second on my small list of real regrets of the con. The audience was seated, the cast and the director were impatiently waiting. There was nothing for me to do but shake off my anger, switch hats from engineer to actor, take my seat and play the part of John Barkenhorst in Andy's opus. None-the-less, the cast did their best to project and, even without microphones, the audience appeared to have been able to hear us well enough to keep them in their seats for the entire 30 plus minutes of the play's duration. The players were treated to loud and appreciative applause at the play's conclusion.

The room emptied out pretty quickly as the Xanadu sponsored promotional pizza party was imminent and most folks wanted to be in the con suite when the chow arrived. Roxie and I however had to break down all the equipment and stow it, out of harm's way because before we'd be able to get back into the room again, the hotel banquet staff would be in it setting up tables and such for the banquet/brunch planned for 11:30 the next morning. We simply could not lug it all away and bring it back in the morning, nor could we leave all the expensive equipment sitting out and at risk. We rushed through it as fast as the two of could by ourselves, but by the time we were able to get the Turf Club's doors locked up and get up to the con suite... there wasn't a single piece of pizza left for us. It was disappointing.

But, in truth, it really worked out quite well for us in the bigger picture. Upon hearing that we were s.o.l. for pizza from Xanadu, we elected to have our own 'pizza party' and went down to the Plaza's casino floor to find their little pizza joint. And lo and behold, who do we walk up behind in the line but Steve and Elaine Stiles doing the same thing! So the Mills' and the Stiles' had a

The 25th Core Fandom World Con
CORFLU
SILVER
 April 25th - 27th, 2008
 Las Vegas, Nevada

lovely pizza party and fine fannish company and conversation. I suspect we would not have enjoyed the con suite pizza half as much. It was a pleasure to break bread with new friends and get to know these two nice folks a little better.

Roxanne was not feeling well by Saturday evening and went to our room and to bed fairly early. I attempted to visit with friends in the Smoking Con Suite for a few more hours, but knowing that the morning would come early and require us to get into the banquet room to repeat the process of setting up the computer and cam before the event began, I too faded back to the room by midnight to cuddle with my honey and dream of an endless convention in the Tucker Hotel.

The banquet was a breakfast/luncheon brunch style spread planned to begin at 11:30 am Sunday morning. Again Roc and I had to get into the room before the crowd to set everything up, this time while the catering staff set up dining and food serving tables. Roxie discovered an ac outlet on the wall facing the stage. Even though we would not have the convenience of a table and would need to work with everything on the floor, it was decided to move the computer and cameras to give the Corflu Silver Virtual Con Suite attendees a better view of the proceedings. It had its risks, but was well worth it and a good decision.

The food was pretty good for this type of an affair, but it was nothing to write home about. The table chatter on the other hand was delicious as our 80-some Corfluties broke bread together, one more time. Perhaps it really feels most like a family reunion during the banquet.

After the grub was gulped down, it was time for the traditional Thank You speeches from the convention Chair Joyce Katz, her left hand fan Arnie Katz and the presentation of the Fan Achievement Awards. Arnie introduced Murray Moore who spoke at length about many things... just what I can't be certain. Perhaps a careful analysis of the audio recordings will someday reveal the details (and the point) of Mr. Moore's oratory. It was something about toilets, doors and Mormons, I think. I can attest that he did get several loud and hearty laughs, so he must have been doing something right as he continued on about rain in Boston, Pat Virzi's gun permit and sex with Nic Farey in the laundry room.

Eventually he *did* get around to announcing the names of, and handing out the certificates to, the FaaN Award recipients, the complete list of which I'm sure you can find in Arnie's Corflu Silver con report when it's published. Be sure to check the Corflu.org or LasVegrants.com web sites, and/or eFanzines.com, for a copy.

Then came the biggest and most wonderful surprise I could ever imagine. The award presentation concluded, but Arnie announced that there was one last special bit of business to which he needed to attend. He then introduced Lenny Bailes who claimed that he had been 'deputized by Ken Forman' (who he was certain was 'off somewhere writing next year's trivia questions') to perform this special task. Apparently, unbeknownst to me, a quiet conspiracy amongst the Corflu Silver online community, (with the approval of Joyce and Arnie and a great deal of help from on-site co-conspirators) had resulted in their secretly arranging to present Roxanne and me with a special certificate of Thanks for creating the Corflu Silver Virtual Con Suite thus allowing them to virtually attend and participate in a convention they would have otherwise missed.

I was happy enough that my idea had worked and that our online friends were enjoying the experience so much. But this, to be so honored at Corflu as well, was the sweetest of icings for that cake and a thrill I will never forget.

I swelled with fannish pride when Andy Hooper said "Bill Mills, your name is now the answer to a fannish trivia question!" Ahhhh sweet fannish fame at last. The certificate is inscribed with the names of many of the individuals responsible for creating and bestowing this honor upon us and they are all names I hold in high regard from my years of fanning since my neo days of 1969. I was sincerely overwhelmed, surprised and touched by the thoughtfulness and Roxanne and I are very proud to have been recognized for contributing something of merit to a community that has given us so much and added so much to our lives over the years.

The entire weekend... the con, the fine fannish folk, the unique honor of being given a special award...

Good Ghu! Simply put, it was an old Fan Boy's dream come true! — Bill Mills

Bill Mills is one of the best arguments for leaving the limitations of the term "Fanzine Fandom" behind and embracing the more inclusive "Core Fandom." He is a highly active fan, but this is probably the longest piece he has ever done for a fanzine.

To see Bill's fanac at its most interesting, check out TheVoicesOfFandom.com and LasVegrants.com. The latter will also give you a well-marked route to the Virtual Fan Lounge with its chat room, slide shows, audio clips and video programs. — Arnie

The Puffin-Master Goes **CORFLU SILVER!** **Now & Again**

Originally, my Convention Report was going to be along the order of: Went to Corflu Silver in Las Vegas. (The 25th Corflu.) Met lots of old friends. Took pictures. Met lots of new friends. Took pictures. Went to the Auction. Took pictures. Went to the banquet. Took pictures. Stayed with Joyce and Arnie afterwards. Took pictures. Enjoyed myself tremendously. Took pictures. Went home.

Took LOTS of pictures. In fact, the bulk of the report was gonna be pictures, with a few lines under each one.

On the trip home, I lost my camera! I made no notes, so this report is rather jumbled. I had depended on my photos for notes. And I certainly can't depend on my memory! Aweel. . . .

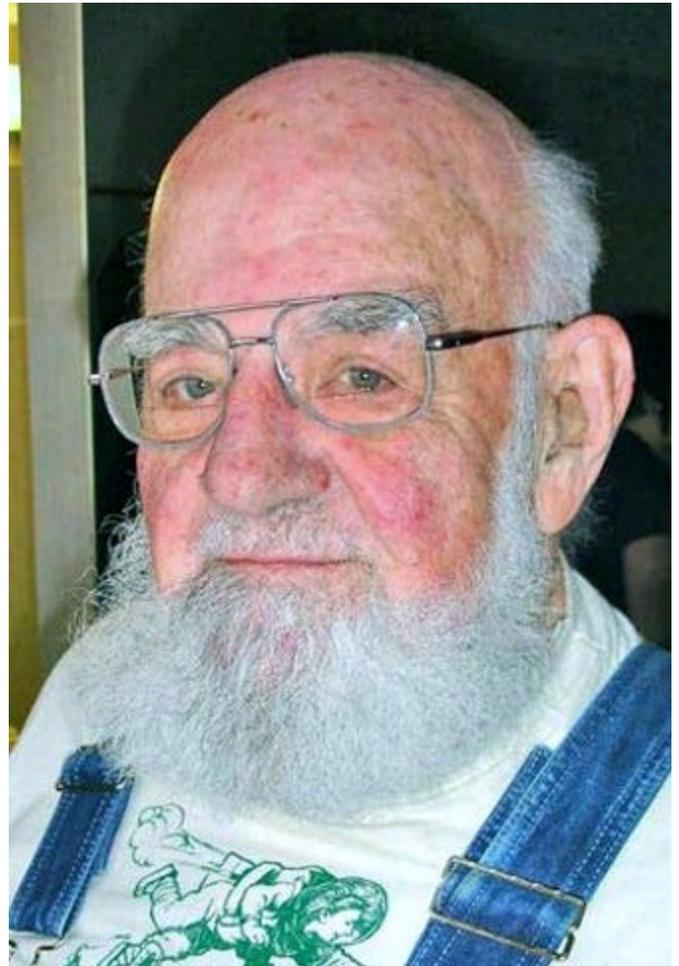
Now, I know some science-fiction fans who took pics themselves, and I'm gonna try to get some from them, but – it just ain't the same. So, you're unlucky – I'm doing a WRITTEN report! So let me tell you about it.

To begin with, I shopped online for the best flight price. Unfortunately, that resulted in my departure being 4:25 PM Friday, after things had already started. And returning on Tuesday night, well after things were over.

Arrived in Vegas around 9:30 Vegas time. At least, that's when deplaning began. Unfortunately, it took a good forty-five minutes from deplaning up to my reaching the shuttle-buses. And, partly due to Vegas traffic, but mostly due to all the stops the shuttle made, it took about an hour to reach the Plaza, where the convention was held. And another fifteen minutes to find the right elevator.

Now, the Chocolate Lovers' Feast began at midnight, but had been really dug into when I got there – not that I didn't get some! Eventually met my good friends, Joyce and Arnie Katz in room 2350 and talked. And talked. And . . . well, you get the idea.

Several people really stood out for me: Joyce and Arnie Katz, it goes without saying, as well as the encyclopedic Ted White. And then there was Art Widner, who recently had his ninetieth birthday. I told Art I was already saving up to be able to make it to his hundredth birthday – partly becós I wanted



Art Widner ponders Infinite Fanac.

Thanx to Gary S. Mattingly for the use of con photos, which I snagged, willy-nilly, from <http://www.flickr.com/photos/gsmattingly/>!

A substantially different presentation of this column will appear in my FAPazine.

Check out Planetary Stories, my pulpish fanzine. The latest issue, #10, is now available at: www.PlanetaryStories.com. Back issues are. Also posted for free download.

Continued on next page



I presented Arnie Katz with this Puffin Shirt.

to make it obvious to him that I'm all in favor of his hanging around that long, as well as me surviving as well.

Bill and Roxie Mills did a fantastic job of setting up a virtual con room. At the auction, online fans had a chance to, text-wise, comment whilst watching the pro-

Teresa Cochran, one of the leading Vegas fans, performed on the violin with Bill Mills at the opening ceremony and was much in evidence in the consuites, too.



ceedings. At this point, the sound is strictly oneway, as is the video, but I have complete faith in Bill. One day, he'll manage it so's it's *two* way, I'm very sure.

Bill Mills amazes me! I've heard of people having an adrenalin rush. Bill IS an adrenalin rush! He and his wife, Roxanne, arranged the Virtual Con Suite that was a big hit. As many as 38 other fans from across the web attended Corflu Silver thanks to his efforts – that's 38 AT ONE TIME, by the way. Got to meet many of them and say 'Hi!' thru Bill's efforts. And he was always recording things for his The Voice of Fandom. Once he played back for me a recording he did of one of my articles and, thru his efforts, I found myself laughing at myself!

Amazing. Also astounding, startling, a real thrilling wonder. The famous fantastic mystery is how he does it without burning out!

The auction was a pleasant surprise for me. For one thing, I managed to grab FANORAMA, a reprint of Walt Willis's Nebula columns. The Electric Fan. Robert Lichtman had run 150 of them, and this is number 16. For another, two items I had donated did well. One, the program booklet for Pacificon back in, I think, 1946, went for forty dollars. That was no surprise. What *did* surprise me was another item, a 45rpm record of the radio broadcast of the first moon landing, It, as well, brought forty dollars. Partly, I think, becoss it was an antique, being a 45. These days, it takes a special machine to be able to play it. (Jack Speer sat just ahead of me.)





Roc Mills contributed a lot to the real and the virtual versions of Corflu Silver.

idea what we ate, but it was enjoyable. No rubber chicken! And, of course, LOTS of fans., LOTS of fans.

I just realized this is a really lousy Con Report – I’ve not given much at all about the Con Program! Oh, I’ve referred to the auction and the banquet, but didn’t mention when they were or wha hoppent.

Happens when you don’t make notes

SHOULD mention, however, that Andy Hooper was chosen Guest of Honor. (For those unfamiliar with Corflu, Guest of Honor is chosen AFTER things begin, so’s the GOH has little chance to prepare.) As expected, Andy did a great job delivering his acceptance speech.

Of course, there was the banquet. Announcement of Guest of Honor, revealing poll results (Arnie was elected Fan Face of the Year.) I haven’t the slightest

In the non-smoking con suite they had many goodies – including, very important, coffee. With the coffee were some very novel cups. Alan White had taken a hundred or so four-ounce cups and decorated them!

I managed to grab a couple for myself. Without my camera, I had to do the above on my scanner.



Jack Speer (and wife Ruth) delighted everyone by making the trip to Las Vegas for Corflu.



Core Fandom



Among those sitting at Table #1 at the banquet were (left to right): Arnie Katz, Lenny Bailes and James Taylor.

Doesn't do them full justice, but I think it gets the idea across. The one on the left says "I'll sneak up on this one", in case it isn't properly legible. Just imagine – coffee cups especially designed for Corflu Silver!

This is aggravating. There were so many interesting people I met, so many great conversations I had – and I made no notes! Shoulda had one of those gadgets Arnie had, a small recorder where he would, occasionally, make comments. –Or at least a pen and a notebook!

I met Lenny Bailes, who was a fount of fannish/rock info. I had a long chat with Ken Forman on origami, that fascinating paper-folding craft.

I have a confession to make. Due to my cheap-rate schedule, I had to move in with Joyce and Arnie on Monday as my flight didn't leave until eleven PM

Tuesday. –No, that's not the confession! Ted White and Frank Lunney were along as well, as they didn't fly out until Monday night. The confession is that, during the conversation in the living room, much background was dealt with concerning a section of fandom I was unfamiliar with. Now, a true fan would have been thrilled with the depth of it all, but it was so beyond me than I pled the need to update my FAPA Egoboo Poll with Jack Speer's ballot, and excused myself to Joyce's computer to do so.

I should explain I had emailed the poll results to Robert Lichtman, so all I had to do to access it was pull up my Yahoo account and download it. Now, I hadn't used a spreadsheet program; all I had done was manu-

Joyce Katz and Teresa Cochran were two of my dinner companions at the Corflu Silver banquet.



Andy Hooper (Guest of Honor) and Carrie Root wait for Arnie to summon the GoH to the podium at the banquet.



ally count up the values, put them in, then rearrange the order in which they fell. In my clumsy fashion, I did so.

Yeah, yeah; you're saying this was all forgivable becous I was still doing fannish stuff, activity that was necessary.



That's not the worst of it. *I played Solitaire!*

Now the secret is out. Whilst great fanning was going on in the living room, I sat at the computer, brought up my Pogo gameroom, and played solitaire while great fannish conversation was going on!

Once Frank came back and watched for a while. Being the polite sort, only a few times did he murmur, "Shelby, you could play. . . ." Y'see, I'm handi-capped in my playing due to my eyesight. I often miss plays to the extreme right, as my right eye is next-to-useless. Further, I just downright MISS some plays. Even so, I've built up well in excess of a million points.

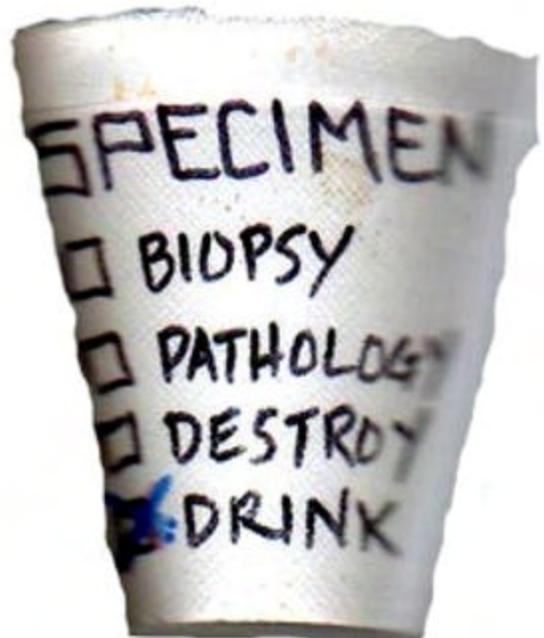
What good are they?

Well, I can use them to bet on the daily, weekly

Shelby Vick and Peter Sullivan will host a Virtual Fanzine on Sunday, June 15 in the Virtual Fan Lounge. It is scheduled for 11 AM Central Daylight Time. It will include video, audio, real-time written chat and, perhaps, psychic emanations.

If you haven't looked into the Virtual Fan Lounge, you're missing one of Fandom's newest (and most enjoyable) activities. You can reach it through the link at www.LasVegrants.com. The link, located at the top-center of the site's front page will ease you into what is a very system.

There will be a scheduled rebroadcast of "The Wasted Hour" episode 3 at 1 PM Central.. Arnie Kately will be live in the chat room.



Alan white drew cartoons on some cups and seeded them in with the regular supply in the Main Consuite.

or monthly drawing for Real Cash. In fact, I've already wasted about another million points just trying that – to no avail. There are *lots* of members on Pogo.

That night, Arnie took us out to Hush Puppy for supper. Much interesting conversation there – and, noteless, I can tell you nothing about it! All I have to say is that I ordered Seafood Gumbo and was served. . .well, an interesting dish. Tasted good – but I could detect no seafood, no okra, no tomatoes.

Good dish, but I would never call it gumbo. (Someone commented that I was used to Creole cook-



Graham Charnock returned to Corflu for the second consecutive year. The UK contingent added a lot to Corflu Silver.



ing, which was its own universe, and I couldn't disagree.)

Corflu Silver also leads to ANOTHER CONFES-
SION: Listening to all those fans discussing plans behind this'n'that, hearing all the accumulated intellect and hearing both interesting facts and trivia brought forth in an instant leads me to admit: I've just stumbled thru everything! It was a fortunate accident that led me into being one of the few who were aware Lee Hoffman was HoffWoman. It was my total lack of anything but enthusiasm that led me to create the Willis Campaign. . .which, incidentally, would not have succeeded had it not been for the drive known as Walt Willis. Truth be known, Walt was the secret of the success. He turned out tons of humor – as well as sold much of his sf collection – to make the campaign a success. My fanzine, confusion, rode the coattails of Quandry – and shakily, at that. I only printed about 60 copies, so it wasn't exactly widespread. Even so, I was deluged with material from Robert Bloch, Max Keasler, LeeH and Walt and on and on. . .just becous they were so great and generous.

I didn't plan it – I was just fortunate enuf to be part of a Happening. I hafta admit that I've enjoyed it!

I also enjoyed meeting everybody, as well as the great and generous hospitality of Joyce and Arnie Katz.

Okay. I'm thru. Wrote it down. . . Don't you wish I hadn't lost my camera? — Shelby Vick

Knee-Deep in PUERTO RICAN PIMPS!



... and Other Impressions of the Strip

Yes, yes, I'll be *getting* to that, but it would be seriously remiss of me not to thank Las Vegants generally and Joyce, Arnie, James and Bill particularly for a fine Corflu which has left me energized, at least when I can get past enervated, and thanks to Shelby Vick (*VFW #105*) for making OK to be lazy. Not *too* much CfAg stuff, since the full review *in situ* is slated for *Banana Wings* and who would want to trample the corns of the fishlifters? Move along please, nothing to see here.

Well a few things perhaps, and the Vegants pics from #105 serve to remind me of the suggestion that Joyce, Roc Mills, Jolie LaChance and Pat Virzi among others might like to form some kind of splinter group we could call Cor! Fandom. But I digress. Frequently, as the wise but diminutive Alan J Sullivan is wont to observe in one of his occasional lucid moments.

BB's middle one, Danny, has been at *auteur* school in LA for the last couple years, and the CfAg Monday coincided with his 21st birthday, so he and squeeze Holly arranged to drive up to Vegas on the Sunday, for which I had arranged a room for them at grot towers in the Plaza and booked tickets for a show & dinner. Balking at the approximately 4 million dollars required to witness the Blue Man Group (and being a contractor, I know how expensive paint is these days), I find Toxic Audio at the V Theater to be quite reasonable and with an interesting premise. At the time I'd booked, this was advertised as the only show in Vegas which had been on Broadway, and consists of three chaps & two ladies (and a soundman who gets his own paean) with nothing but their voices.

While offering the *very* occasional piece of straight *a capella* (an astounding version of "Route 66"), most of the act is comedy, and I had tears of laughter streaming down my face for most of the show! I'd gotten a couple of samples from their website, which as it turns out did no justice to the live show, and I couldn't recommend this joint highly enough to either locals or visitors.

We decide to decode our dinner vouchers at the Italian place right across from the theater, and this

Continued on next page

proves to be an excellent choice indeed! In common with every meal we've had in Vegas apart from one (er - dinner buffet at the Plaza, although the breakfast was rather good indeed), the food is outstanding, and the chianti (at a mere \$8.50 a glass) making me wish I'd bought a bottle. Danny's girlfriend/cohabitee Holly has an impressive shelf, proving that he's not likely to compete with his elder brother for the birds, since that one prefers toothpicks (along with the younger sister who also likes em young, dumb and dramatic, at least so far). Danny's looking good - he's a big lad but not a lot of fat on him, and his 14th attempt at a beard, while not about to rival the Garcias of the world, is nevertheless starting to come in a bit.

So we adjourn to the Strip, a sojourn which has everyone but me fired up. Seeing as how I'm known to be a bit lazy (c. S Vick) the thought of grunting up & down the concrete in my cowboy boots is less than desirable, despite the fact that we tod past a number of wonderfully tacky li'l tourist trap stores, including the ruinous t-shirt place of which I shall subsequently relate. Now to me, all that fuckin neon looks the same after about 50 yards, so I am quickly bored, apart from the occasional semi-hidden sign for "COLD BEER". I had resolved several days previously to take advantage of the town's liberal open container laws at every waking moment, and indeed do so at this time.

BB requires some more comfortable walking wear from her semi-FMs, so while she is attaining these I take the opportunity to browse the filth store next door with its plethora of appealingly sloganed hats & shirts, deeming "I'm not drunk, I'm still drinking" appropriate for m'good self, a smokin' Seuss shirt ("Slammed I am") as a gift for Joyce & Arnie and a hat bearing the legend "Fuck Off" for one G Charnock, which daft bastard later manages to lose. That shit was expensive too.

We stroll past building sites, knee-deep in Puerto Rican pimps who have spent all day practicing obtaining a loud flick from cards bearing the names of various slags who will presumably visit your room and take their clothes off while chewing gum and affecting the bored expressions of those who have nothing but contempt for the rest of the human race. I have no gosh wow left at this point, it all looks the goddam same, and hint seriously that I would much rather be back at the Plaza organizing the final (for CfAg) get-together of the Unusual Suspects and NOT WEARING THESE FUCKIN BOOTS. My view is eventually allowed to prevail, and we attain the welcome confines of grot central around 10ish.

(continued in *Banana Wings...*)

(Continued from *Banana Wings...*)

Monday brings accidental farewells, and it is of course pure pleasure to run into The Inevitable Byers and the fishlifters, among others, as we check out and prepare to assault The Strip in daylight.

Now *this* is more interesting to me, as I peruse some of the thoroughly impractical architecture on display. BB has decided we must go via Excalibur, as being a dragon collector she figures that would be a good place to find one. Not so, as it turns out, but as we arrive I get a phone call from Luther, an alumnus of the famed Barstow Hilton whom I have missed getting together with prior to our trip, despite the best efforts of mice, men and (jail)birds. Having figured I was probably still in Vegas, we make suitably vague plans to get together upon my return and I am admonished to "put a bet on for me, seven the hard way". Having already lost a garment or two (though not my ass, which is still on its inevitable spread) at the poker tables, I figure what the hell, and knowing by now that the happy acolytes of the Ghods of chance will be more than happy to assist, make my way to the well-appointed crap table at the Excalibur.

Explaining the situation to the suited flunky, and offering \$10 as Luther's bet, assuring all the while that I know *nothing* about craps (though I've always been fascinated by it), I am informed that the bet is on, "just tell me which roll you want to play". "Next one I guess", wanting it over with. Inevitably, Luther gets the win and I am rewarded with \$50 in chips which I cash in with alacrity, calling immediately to share the news. As is my wont, I levy 10%, so less the stake he's gonna get \$35 for a mere phone call, monies which will be delivered tonight as we are due to watch the race at his joint. I celebrate for him with a vodka tonic.

As we have to drive back to LA for dinner with Holly's mom, we judge there may be *just* enough time to belt down the other end of the strip to the NASCAR cafe, where those of us so inclined (not BB) will partake of the "Speed" rollercoaster ride, which although quite short is well good and worth the trip. (We will later hit the "Desperado" ride at the state line, which at 2:48 is a looong ride and fuckin amazingly out of control for a steel coaster: *very* well designed). A little gift buying later, we are out of there and on the road. Arnie has been kind enough to issue an open invitation of lodgings should we deign to return (and if you didn't tell Joyce it's too fuckin late now), and I do feel I would like to do so at some time and just be a *tourist* for a few days. Well that and lech over Jolie some more.

The Puerto Rican pimps are still knee-deep and unsleeping as we return to toke a valet. Perhaps we shall return. — Nic Farey

ChatBack

The VFW Lettercol

ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column

Having shorted the letter column in #105 and skipped it in #106, it's time to catch up on Fandom's liveliest letter column. Take it away, stalwarts!

Leading off the issue, fittingly enough, is one of Fandom's most prolific letterhacks and a "ChatBack" mainstay.

Lloyd Penney

My own great fannish moments? Two Auroras, four FAAns, guesting at a handful of cons...they are numerous, and all are treasured. They may be short-lived, but they are mildly addictive, and you hope there may be more in the future. If not...oh, well, I shall be satisfied.

I never knew that Calvin Demmon worked for a newspaper in Edmonton. I'm not sure I'd move that far for work, even in my own country. We never know the whole person, even when we fan with them. I didn't know he was a working journalist, something I'd always aspired to be, and never was, even after schooling. Same goes for Hank Reinhardt, we never know the whole person and what they do even within fandom. The intricacies of fandom and the immensities of geography keep us apart.

Linda Bushyager's report on cataract surgery reminds me of my latest ophthalmologist's report. Dr. Berger has announced that my retinas look like they're going to stay where they're supposed to. However, it looks like I will need cataract surgery myself sometime in the next two years. One has just started in my right eye, and I gather surgery is no big deal, at least, not like it used to be.

Greetings to Joe Fillinger, long absent from fanzine's pages. I am pleased that I was able to get some old friends back together again. Joe, I hope Ken is able to join us for that fanzine panel we're doing at Eeriecon. And, I gather that Terry Kemp and Ken have gotten back in touch, too. All is good.

My loc... good news in that issue, bad news in this one. The CNIB hired me on September 24, but let me

go on December 12. All I was told was that it wasn't working out; I have no real idea if it was something I did or something I didn't do. A few people have suggested that the CNIB might be one of those companies that will hire someone and let them go just before their three months is up; a way to get the job done, and save money on reduced salaries and not having to deal with benefits. It is a charitable organization, after all.

So, the job hunt is on again, and I already have a solid nibble from a print house that needs an experienced proofreader. What I did for the CNIB? I was an editorial specialist, and I was coding books for use in what's called Alternative Text Services, and possible conversion into Braille.

I thought I was learning the job and speeding up. I was looking forward to going into the next-door recording studios to work on some voiced books, etc., etc., and now that's all gone.

104...Congrats on the third Annish! Chris Wins TAFF! Yeah, Arnie, we gotta bring him back. This is TAFF, not MAFF... I haven't seen the final voting results yet, so I hope they will be available in this issue. I don't know how long he'll be in Britain, but I still expect him to produce five issues of *The Drink Tank* while he's there.

Are we still keeping in touch with Joel Nydahl? Great to see him once corresponding, but has he gone again? I got the feeling that his teenaged stay in the happy asylum was enough. I expect I'll be around fandom for the long haul. This month marks 30 years in the fannish trenches for me, and Yvonne has been around a little longer.

Steve Stiles' essay reminds me of running into the ex-girlfriend at the Dutch Worldcon in 1990, and introducing her to Yvonne. Yeah, I should write that up sometime...

Wonderful reminiscences from John Purcell. We used to have a few guitarists around Toronto fandom, but these days, anyone with a guitar is a filker, and they usually shut themselves away in a dark room at a dark time. Some filk is great, and then... I read recently that

May. eMailing SETS RECORD! SNAP Shots

Contributions from 17 members swelled the May eMailing to a record 86 pages. Shelby Vick had the largest contribution at 12 pages, so the high page count is more a product of strong apa-wide activity rather than a few monster-sized contribution.

1 (Arnie) got re-elected Official Editor, running unopposed.

SNAPS is a monthly electronic apa that welcomes new members. There are no dues and the activity requirement is a paltry one page per two months. If you'd like more information about the apa or if you'd like to see a sample emailing, please contact me at crossfire4@cox.net.

— Arnie

Deadline for June eMailing: 6/16

Eric Mayer...

It's been quite some time since I've written. In fact I haven't produced more than a handful of LoCs in the past six months.

One thing I've come to realize is that I am rarely up to commenting on everything in an issue, no matter how deserving. Perhaps I am getting old. I always figured the best LoCs were those which doled out some egoboo to all the contributors. When I was doing my own zine, which was rarely more than 12 pages long, I would chop up all the letters I received and any comments on anything contributors said which I had no room to print I'd sent to them. I wrote most of my material myself so it wasn't a big chore. Now, though, I often feel so overwhelmed at the prospect of writing a "good" LoC that I don't write one at all. And really, when I was an editor a "good" LoC was any LoC that was actually sent to me. Having said that I can tell you that I found the information about Joel Nydahl most interesting. What exactly did he do after departing fandom?

Has this ever been revealed?

Faneds who are able to develop top notch zines at an early age often have some talent. I can't help think of Mike Gorra, who published excellent zines while he was in high school (even if I did do writing and illustrations for them) and went on to review books for the New York Times Review of Books and recently, I noticed, had a travel book published. I've often wondered why Mike never dipped a toe back into fandom.

There's no doubt that finances used to be a limiting factor for faneds. I started my zine while I was in school (not high school, law school) and continued it during a period when most of my income was going toward things like diapers and kid's shoes etc etc. (It's a

good thing my kids were not like Joel Nydahl else the family budget would've had to go towards fanzine supplies for them I suppose) I cut down publishing costs by using a hectograph and a hand cranked spirit duper. But that still left postage, which was daunting even for the few copies the hectograph produced. Even though I'm not publishing these days, those are painful memories and I have decided to limit myself strictly to e-zines, which probably has offended some folks who still produce paper zines but, you see, I do have my reasons, not to mention deep psychological scars. Get thee to eFanzines is what I say.

Costs aside, there is the problem of coming up with enough material and that pretty effectively would prevent me from doing a monthly zine let alone a weekly one. It isn't that I can't come up with enough ideas for essays but rather that the ideas I come up with tend to be ones I already came up with last year, or a decade ago, or in 1973. I have caught myself repeating myself on my blog, which I can search. If only I could search my memory with Google, or all the zines I've written for, or the LoCs I've sent to people or the comments I've left on blogs.

I have seriously considered whether I might recycle all this material. A two sentence comment on someone else's blog might become a short entry at my own blog which might in turn become a longer fanzine article. Likewise a LoC might be expanded. Would that offend anyone? If I can't remember what I wrote some other place some other time why would anyone else? However, I don't want to become a garrulous old man repeating himself. Just becoming a garrulous old man is bad enough.

Arnie: I don't think anyone expects you to comment on everything in an issue. Ghod, if I did that, I'd end up

writing letters that are longer than the actual fanzines on which they comment. I enjoy your letters, though, and hope you will comment on some things some of the time.

S'funny you mention Mike Gorra, because I was thinking about him only the other day. I'm about to write an article and, as I recalled, I had written something about it for Mike's fanzine way back when. It would be great to see Mike dabble a little. Anyone got an email address?

Oue Lone Star Stalwart has a lot to say, including some good comments about Nydahl's Disease.

John Purcell

Rats! It is a bit early in the day, but that's alright. I just need to get the kinks worked out of my fingers so I can stop making typos, then I'll be fine.

Yes, congratulations are in order for our favorite TAFF delegate, Mr. Christopher J. Garcia. Here is hoping a nice chunk of change was accumulated from the voting process.

You ask if we should bring him back? Well, I suppose so. The alternative is that Chris runs for and wins the East-to-West TAFF race for the following year to come home again. That would somehow be appropriate of our Mr. Garcia,

Nydahl's Disease is a condition that faneditors flirt with from time to time whenever they pursue a big fan publishing project. You, Arnie, seem to have flirted dangerously close to Nydahl's Disease by producing that massive four-part 100th Issue of VFW and seem to come away with nary a scratch. My hat is doffed in your general direction, and I am glad that you are apparently unaffected. Well, maybe you were affected a little bit in terms of being burned out by the effort, which you must admit was quite the endeavor. For now it does look like you have found an antidote to Nydahl's Disease: immediately pub another ish. It worked for you, so therefore it should work for others.

How terribly maudlin to publicly muse about your fannish demise! Okay, I will admit I sometimes wonder about this, but push the thought forcefully out of my mind because it really doesn't matter that much to me. When it happens, it happens. Hopefully, like you, my End Will Come while I'm in the throes of pubbing yet another ish.

The other ultimate is to die at a convention, which wasn't John Brunner's idea, true (he shucked this mortal coil at a WorldCon, no less), but what better way for a fan to go out than at a con? Ready made wake all set to go complete with a bunch of your friends already there, saving them time and money for making a funerary

trip.

Yeah. Just wing it, Arnie. It ain't worth losing sleep over. Get back to that next issue already and keep on writing.

Shelby Vick's little article about the battle between e-zines and paper zines was cute. A virtual fannish holy war. It was bound to happen.

Way back during my Neanderthal years as a single male, I had my share of breakups with lady-friends, but nothing like what happened to Steve Stiles. All I can say is that in the long run Steve came out with a much better deal; I mean, he and Elaine have now been married for 26 years (Mazel Tov, you two!), and that Turkey Lady has now turned gray. Chances are that she didn't recognize Steve this past November and probably didn't remember a damn thing about what had happened 31 years prior. People like that tend to blot out memories they don't care about. However, I really do have to wonder along with Steve about that final question he asks: has intelligent life elsewhere in the universe developed modern jazz? That is a really good question, especially if they understand it better than we do. Who knows? Music: the universal language, the music of the spheres, 5-tone handshakes, and all that nuttiness. Maybe Tommy Lee Jones was right in *Men in Black*: "Elvis isn't dead; he's merely gone home."

Great pictures of Midwestcon 1952. Of all of those pictured, the only person I actually met was Bob Bloch, and that was only briefly in 1975. Great guy. I can't wait to read what some of your readers are going to say about this convention; fan history - especially reminiscences of long ago cons - are quite interesting.

Cravats: A most uncomfortable device. Neckties I don't mind, and wear them nearly every work day. But cravats look painful to me, though they are nowhere near as painfully restrictive as corsets. (Never understood that clothing item, either.) And I really wish the name Arthur Leo Cravat would stop popping into my head. It's not funny anymore!

Those Internet search pictures I sent you came out very well. Nice placement. Many thanks for running that piece, which is one that has been niggling at the back of my brain for many years. I am glad it's finally out so I can get onto some other writing projects.

For some reason, the time-binding aspect of SNAPS is quite appealing: the deadline for the November disty is December 29th. Right. Makes perfect sense to me.

As far as anything in the lettercolumn goes for commenting, there is one thing: the number of blowjobs you've received exceeds the number of fanzines produced in your fannish career. Sounds like a fanzine article to me.

Las Vegas June Fan Events Calendar

Cineholics Friday, June 7 7:30 PM

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

VSFA Monthly Meeting Saturday June 7 11:00 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, June 7 7:30 PM

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

Cineholics Friday, June 13 7:30 PM

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

SNAFFood June Dinner Saturday, June 14 6:30 PM

The dinner meeting will take place at Ricardo's. Contact LindaBushyager@aol.com for details

SNAPS Deadline Tuesday, June 17

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

Cineholics Friday, June 20 7:30 PM

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

Las Vegrants Meeting Saturday, June 21 7:30 PM

The informal invitational Core Fandom club meets on the first and third Saturdays at the Launch Pad, the home of Arnie & Joyce Katz. Vegrants has added quite a few new members in the last two years, so don't be afraid.

SNAFFU Discussion Meeting Sunday, June 29 2:00 PM

Vegas' formal science fiction club meets for a lively discussion meeting once a month at the Clark County public library on Flamingo (near Maryland.)

My eyes are burning. Time to wrap up. Many thanks for the fine issue, and I look forward to the next fascinating installment.

Arnie: Honestly, I don't think the Third Annish was the reason I flirted with Nydahl's Disease. It was as much incipient fafia due to work overload as anything. Since I am a recovered former gafiante, perhaps I had some innate resistance to the pernicious Nydahl's Disease virus.

This is the third VFW since Corflu Silver, so I guess I've recaptured at least some momentum. I plan to have another issue out about 10 days from when you get this.

I wouldn't like to die at a convention (which would pretty much have to be Corflu). What a buzz-kill for everyone else! An updated (and more fannish) copy of

Forry Ackerman's self-predicted end wouldn't be bad: sitting at the computer, my fingers on the letters "f-a-n."

Make way! Make Way! It's time for the Sage of Fandom to do his stuff...

Robert Lichtman

Nice Stiles cover on VFW this time around! And good news at the bottom of the page that the pre-Corflu party is increasingly well-funded and that there'll be a restaurant guide to help take us away from the Plaza's on-site offerings. On page 2, your urging fans to break out their FAAn award ballots and vote has caused me to do exactly that. I was able to fill out all but the "Best New Fan" category. I don't recall that we had

any this past year.

In “The Fan Olympics” you write, “Classic Fandom is vanishing, much as the American West did 120 years earlier. The cherished ways of our fancestors are dying, along with the colorful pioneers who practiced them.” This was brought home to me quite starkly in the category for “art stenciling.” Offhand, I think that Ted White would win if this was actually a program item at Corflu, but I would be a fairly close contender and Steve Stiles would probably be nipping at both our heels. The real problem, though, would be to find decent stencils (or perhaps even stencils at all).

I might well win in the collating category, both solo and team. When Seth Goldberg was alive and was FAPA’s Official Editor he used to hold collation parties where, typically, I would show up along with (variously) Dave Rike, Art Widner, and Bill Donaho—all of whom would be marveling at the pace I set walking along the collating racks Seth had set up. As for solo, I single-handedly hand-collated most of the issues of Trap Door except in more recent times (i.e. since the advent of digital copiers) when I’ve ceded this to the copy shop. However, I continue to hand-fold and hand-staple each and every copy.

Shelby’s story of computer travails was so...um, er...horribly typical that instead of making me cry it made me laugh. Sympathetically, of course, but knowing that he worked it out or else he wouldn’t be writing about it. Shelby wrote, “Arnie, remember the days of lettering guides, where you had a bunch of sheets of plastic with letters to trace to your stencils?” I also remember those days, and in fact I have a cigar box full of lettering guides, stylii, shading plates and wheels, inherited from the late Terry Carr. In the early days of Trap Door I used some of them for doing headings. I found that a Pilot Razor Point would fit in most of them, and it was very cool to have mimeo-style lettered headings in my resolutely photocopied fanzines.

Taral’s history of OSFIC was pretty interesting reading, but as he informs me in a recent e-mail, the several dozen footnotes (as noted in the phrase, “With Footnotes Added,” in the subtitle of the piece) that would flesh out the article were not included. He sent me the complete article as a Word document, and indeed the footnotes do add much to the picture. In the interests of presenting a complete picture of the times, people and events Taral writes about, it would be good if the footnoted version could be placed on Bill Burns’s Website in the VFW section and a link to that published in your next issue.

I enjoyed muchly Alan White’s illustrated LosCon 2007 report (which you incorrectly list as a Westercon 2007 report on the back page contents listing). Because

I go to few conventions other than the occasional Corflu or (when it’s in S.F.) Potlatch, I haven’t seen some of the people in these photos in ages. Alan mentions Bjo a few times but has no photo of her—was she not there? I’ve had some off and on contact with her in recent years over her and John first finding and then arranging to have a DVD made (if possible) of the 1960 Unicorn film production, *The Musquite Kid*, based on the late Lee Jacobs’s SAPS saga. (If you’re unfamiliar with it, Google for “musquite unicorn” for a few locations where it’s mentioned/discussed.) The finding of the old 16 mm. film has happened, and last I knew (quite a while ago now) it was being checked out for conversion to DVD. (I have a special interest in this project because I had a minor role in the film, including being in a shoot-out—see photo—with Burbee.)

Like you, I also reject Uncle Timmy’s assertion that fanzines are dying. As he and you both point out, there continue to be plenty of them, but nowadays if one wants to have a copy to hold in one’s hands of an electronic fanzine one must undergo the expense of printing it out. With inexpensive and fast laser printers, both color and black & white, this isn’t all that much of a burden unless one is really strapped for cash—and in that case, reading fanzines on one’s computer screen is always available. Given the cost of production and (especially) postage for doing paper fanzines, it’s likely that we’ll see a continued decline in them. It’s fortunate that the technology exists these days to easily produce an electronic fanzine—and that because of this fanzines will likely continue to (as you put it) thrive.

It was interesting to read that Michael Dobson visited Vegas on January 13th, and I look forward to an account of his meeting with you, Joyce and/or the Veggrants (either by y’all or him).

In his letter Lloyd Penney raises the specter that Canadian fans who “have decided they want to go to one big con every year” would choose Dragoncon instead of the Montreal worldcon in 2009. He notes, “Will they be going to the Montreal Worldcon in 2009? Only if Dragoncon isn’t on.” I can’t imagine a scenario in which Dragoncon wouldn’t happen short of something in the realm of fantastical faan fiction, so a drain on local attendees of the Montreal worldcon seems a distinct possibility. Sad!

I see that in your never-ending efforts to recruit more participants in Core Fandom you’ve roped in Ira Katz, who (I presume from context) is your brother (younger or older?). I enjoyed his memories of going off to buy paper together back in the day. Like New York fans and Pace Paper, Los Angeles area fans had their own favored outlet for inexpensive materials for fanzine production. I don’t recall the name of the place

Contact! Las Vegas Club Directory

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

Cinaholics

Alan & DeDee White
Email: podmogul@cox.net
Website: <http://fanbase1.com/cineholics/cineholics.html>.

Las Vegrants

Arnie & Joyce Katz,
909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145
Email: JoyceWorley1@cox.net
Phone: 702-648-5677
Website: LasVegrants.com

SNAFFU:

James Taylor
Email: dfh1@cox.net
Phone: 702-434-5784
Website: SNAFFU.org

and am too lazy to surf around in '60s L.A. fanzines in search of it, but I visited it a number of times myself in search of the cheapest ditto paper for Psi-Phi and my various apazines.

And, of course, I'm *one* with you and Ira in fond memories of the buzz available legally from ditto fluid.

Bill Kunkel writes, "Last words, services, etc. I recently compiled a list of seven songs I want played at my memorial service, keeping costs low. I had no problem coming up with the appropriate Lucky 7 and wrote short dedications to accompany each song." Having stayed with Bill on a number of occasions back in the '90s (to save hotel costs for the Silvercons and the first Vegas Corflu) I would say that the most appropriate aural background at Bill's memorial service (and extremely low cost) would be a television playing loudly and randomly.

Chris Garcia wonders if anyone has "tried to find this Nydahl character." And then he writes of a Joel Nydahl at Broward Community College—who is the legendary editor of Vega and whose sudden gafiation back in 1953 gave birth to the fannish terms "Nydahl's Disease" and "annishthesia." Unless he's already done so based on the comments in my LoC in this issue, Chris should go now to Bill Burns's Website and check out Trap Door No. 21, in which is Joel's article, "Revisiting Nydahl's Disease."

In your comments on my letter in this issue you write, "I understand your feelings about Jeff Redmond, who certainly came on far too bratty toward you and

several other esteemed fans. And if Jeff is re-posting material without permission, he needs to understand that this is wrong – and that he should be especially sensitive, as a writer. I also think that Jeff is a typically brash neofan with some upside potential." I don't see it that way at all. To expand briefly on what I wrote previously, I see Jeff as a small-time pro writer of fantasy and SF who's seized upon fandom as a possible means of advancing his career, much as John Scalzi has done in his self-promotion for a best fanwriter Hugo. The biographical notes on him at <http://www.erdabooks.net/> end with this: "His chief love is to help others to improve their lives, and to offer them all the encouragement he can." If that's what he was trying to do when he trashed me and set up bogus e-mail addresses to impersonate me, he has an odd way of helping.

Arnie: You've correctly handicapped the favorites in the "Art Stencil" event, though I'd also add Ross Chamberlain to that list of contents.

I remember that I tended to pick short, punchy titles for my fanzines back in those days, because of the difficulty I had getting the lettering done with a stylus and guides to come out evenly spaced. There was a lot less chance of error with a title like "Quip."

I wish both DragonCon and the World Science Fiction Convention luck, but my interest in which reigns supreme is academic rather than personal. I don't plan to attend either of them. I have a slight, sentimental attachment to the World Science Fiction Convention,

but the extreme officiousness and commercialism has worn a lot of my good feelings. Neither one seems a lot like the aspects of Fandom I enjoy, so I tend to shy away,

My younger brother Ira has been a borderline fan for about 40 years or so. He's never going to be an actfan, but those who've met him seem to enjoy the company of he and his wife Carol. I've never hesitated to put them in the mix and have never had any thing but good results. The letter of comment was an unexpected bonus.

He's back again for another round of comments, this time with emphasis on Corflu and VoicesOfFandom.com...

John Purcell

You know, that cover by Steve Stiles looks like the Iguanacon Masquerade, if I remember incorrectly.

Amusing, this is. Love it!

I see my Corflu check has been returned to the bank, and all is now in place - well nearly all - for my meandering out to Vegas at the end of April. My latest SNAPS zine has the scoop about that, but the main thing is that I am now registered and am very much looking forward to the party. The cast of characters is growing!

A few days ago I listened to Bill Mills' latest Voices of Fandom podcast, and enjoyed it. The plans for Corflu sound like they are proceeding apace. Tell Bill that his podcast sounds remarkably professional. I am quite impressed. He's another of the Vegas loonies I am looking forward to meeting; Bill strikes me as particularly deranged, judging from the podcasts. We shall see if my audio impressions match with the visual, firsthand impressions.

The Fan Olympics is an interesting concept that Just Might Work. However, it appears to be incom-

Potshot's Cartoon Theater



plete. Categories missing are the Twelve-Ounce Curls, Crud-Zine Toss (similar to the discus throw), and Mail Box Relay Event, in which teams of four fans compete to see who can race to the mailbox the fastest to retrieve the most zines in a limited time. Of course nobody would want to miss the head-to-head e-zine shootout between Garcia and Purcell. The Vegas oddsmakers have the latter down as a major underdog (- 6 zine spread), but Garcia's got a girlfriend now, and that might give Purcell the opening he needs to close the gap. It promises to be a spirited event.

My condolences to Shelby Vick on the death of his computer. Ours has acted up recently, but recovered fully after getting a lobotomy. All is well now.

Taral's OSFIC history was very informative and contains mentions of fans I knew long ago: Mike Harper, Jo-Anne McBride, Mike Wallis. This certainly filled in some gaps about the club, and for that I thank Taral. By the way, that photo of Heidi Saha on page 11 makes me wonder something. Does anybody still wear costumes like this anymore at worldcons? It's been thirty years since I've been to one, so I have no idea what the masquerade competition is like anymore.

Ah-hah! An article about "The Fanzine Evolution." I disagree with Tim Bolgero that fanzines are dying. Hardly. If one looks at the new zines being posted to Bill Burns' wonderful website efanazines.com, there has been quite a recent growth spurt: Procrastinations, Consonant Enigma, From Alien Shores, Procrastinations, and Motorway Dreamer are just a handful of titles that I

can recall offhand. Plus, many older fans are pubbing again, Once could argue that e-pubbing has breathed new life into old-pharts like Earl Kemp, Peter Weston, Rob Jackson, and you and me, giving us the chance to create zines again. My feeling is that the field is much healthier than what the doomsayers are saying.

But yes, zines are evolving. In fact, fanzines have always reflected the reproductive technology of their times. We fen love to communicate with each other. Webzines are becoming more common, and who knows what the next development might be? I love paper zines, no argument there, but I love e-zines too. It's all fanzines to me, and that is all that matters in this fan's mind.

One final thought before I get back to other stuff here at home. You said in response to my loc that you "hate to see a relative[ly] new fan who doesn't at least try the various types of creative fanac." I agree. This is all part of the fun to me, otherwise I wouldn't be doing it. Involvement in anything increases the amount of enjoyment that someone gets in return.

Anywho, I thank you for the zine, and promise to get something else written for you some day soon. Don't hold your breath, though; school work comes first around here nowadays.

Arnie: We were all very disappointed not to finally get to meet you at Corflu Silver, John. I hope we can entice you to visit Vegas when circumstances for travel are more favorable for you. You've become quite well known, even among the more reclusive Vegants, and it

Sounds of Corflu *TVoFacts*

You've read about Corflu silver and seen lots of photos, but TheVoicesOfFandom.com's latest podcast, #15, brings the sounds of the CoreFandom World Convention home to your computer. Here's Bill Mills' description of the nearly one-hour show:

TVoF Podcast \$15April-May 2008

Includes a history of fanzines, interview with Scott Anderson about Xanadu Las Vegas, report on upcoming comic/anime/RPG cons from Pacific Fen Spotlight, the Katz' explain Corflu cons, excerpt from 1958 radio show "The Party Line" with Arthur C. Clarke.

You can check it out at: <http://TheVoicesOfFandom.com/history.html>

Besides a lot of new content, both audio and video, likely to interest fans, there's a new audio recorder that allows you to leave audio comments. It's simple and easy, so you might want to give it a try.

Bill will be back next issue with a complete update.

– Bill Mills & Arnie Katz

would sure be a great excuse for a huge celebration if you came to Glitter City.

I can't argue with you about Bill Mills' talent. He is still learning the Core Fandom aesthetic, but he has already made some outstanding contributions to our subculture.

The biggest problem Vegas Fandom has is that so many are watchers and so few actually try to produce anything of interest or worth. The situation has improved and no doubt will continue to do so, but it would gladden my heart to see more of them test some of the activities rather than staying perpetual wallflowers.

Don't know if this has been mentioned, but Gestetner has now stopped making mimeographs. The company plans to cease support for the machines, which means no more parts or factory service, within a year.

Let's wrap up this issue's "ChatBack" with another fine contribution from the King of Canadian Letterhacks...

Lloyd Penney

If not the Olympics, how about a parody on the old The Man Show on Spike? The Fan Show would not only show us how to run a Gestetner, but also show the best of fan parties, and perhaps a dead body or two lying on the ground. We've got to show the crowd what we're all about. It's not the Stupor Bowl, so we don't get to watch overpriced commercials at half-time.

Taral's essay brings back some memories. I didn't find fandom in Toronto until the early 80s, but I did know Captain George Henderson, John Millard (only in his initial involvement with the Toronto in 2003 bid), Jim Allan, Phil Paine (shows up at our fannish pub-nights from time to time), Elizabeth Pearse (I was never a member, but I do have a Draco Film Society pin) Henry Argasinski (chairman of the first convention I ever attended), Mike Harper, Mike Wallis and Lloyd Wasser. I remember Bakka Books being in two stores at my first visit to the store when I was a university student, and I was brought to the store by fellow journalism student and now-pro D&D author Ed Greenwood.

I am always amazed at how some fans go off the deep end simply because a hotel/club/fellow fan/etc. dared to do something other than the way that fan would do it. Are we that eager to be mortally offended? Is it Loscon, or is it local fandom with a molecule-thin hide? Xanadu Vegas sounds like it will be a good time indeed, and I must presume that Corflu Silver will be a preview of it. What brought about the deep hatred of Vegas fandom on the part of Mike Wildmouth? (Wide

Mouth? Snide Mouth? That name is too good to pass up...)

The caption contest on page 18..."Whatever that is you've got, I'll bet you can't get it into this tiiiiiiiiiny little hole..." Chris is a walking caption contest...

I have enjoyed a few glasses of mead, and it is delicious and sweet. One glass was homemade, and knocked me down. The other glasses were from a commercial bottle of mead, and it was pretty good, too, but left me standing. Warren, can you spare a glass or two? It's been a while.

I have voted for the FAAns, in DUFF (better luck next time, Murray), and nominated for the Auroras. I voted in TAFF, too. Are there any more ballots I have to fill out? I didn't know there'd be so much paperwork... I mention the Montréal Worldcon here, and can now say that Yvonne is working on the space and science programming track and in finance, and I will be running the fanzine lounge. I've got lots of notes and ideas ready, and now need to see what kind of budget I have, and how much space I can put it in.

Off it goes, into the wild blue yonder. We continue to make our plans about what to see in Vegas when we arrive the Monday before the convention, and our biggest job right now is to arrange our airline tickets. More plans are afoot, and they will soon be settled. Looking forward to issue 105!

Steven Brust is quite ill, enduring some kind of syndrome that won't go away with a few pills.

Ross Chamberlain, that coloured scarf made me wonder if you're another one of those Gallifreyan Time Lords. A dash into the usual costumer's wardrobe, seeing you're not close to the BBC Props Department, would have made it complete.

Arnie: Neither of us is the first to note the power of the Internet to reconnect people, but I certainly do enjoy the results. I think there are a lot of people out there who used to be fans who, when offered the chance to become reacquainted with us, will choose to do so. Joe Fillinger is an example of a long-time fan who has not ventured much into Core Fandom in recent years; I hope he won't be a stranger in the future.

I had cataract surgery in both eyes. The two operations were so far apart, chronologically, that I'm one of those folks who had the old-style cataract surgery in my left eye and the contemporary method for my right eye. Neither was exactly on the level of heart or brain surgery, but the first used a much more invasive approach. The way they do it now leads to quick healing and very, very few complications. It doesn't really hurt, either.— And that's the letter column for this time. I have a few more in the backlog, but anyone who writes to this issue will be in the next one. — Arnie



KINGFISH SAYS

Three issues in five weeks may not be a “weekly” schedule, but it feels like I’m stepping’ pretty lively. That’s especially true, because I happen to know that *VFW #108* is well underway and should be out to you in about 10 days.

In that connection, I want to apologize to the contributors whose fine work got pushed back to that issue. This one, somewhat unexpectedly, turned into mostly another Corflu Silver-fest.

I want to welcome back Bill “Potshot” Kunkel, whose “Potshot’s Cartoon Theater” returns after an absence of well over a year. A little renewed interest on Kunkel’s part and the more leisurely schedule on mine paved the way for the return.

I know quite a few of you are not in the habit of writing letters of comment. I hope that, as you read the fanzine and thoughts occur, that you’ll write them down and share them with the other 500 or so *VFW* readers. I won’t belly-ache about how hard it is to do a fanzine, but it is true that letters of comment (and other fanzines in trade) are my prime compensation.

See you all again soon!

— Arnie Katz

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