

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

Vegas Fan Events This Week

**Las Vegrants Meeting
Saturday (1/21) 7:30 PM**

**SNAPS Deadline
Sunday (1/22)**

**Ayesha Ashley Sings
Sunday (1/22) 6:00 PM**

*Check out the Calendar
and preview stories*

Linda Bushyager continues as Dinner Meeting Coordinator.)

SNAPS Deadline Is Sunday Jan 21!

SNAPS (the Southern Nevada Amateur Press Society) will break into double digits this month. The local apa's 10th distribution has a deadline of Sunday, January 21, for submitting contributions.

"A little letdown after last month's great distribution may be inevitable," said OE (Official Editor) Joyce Katz, "but I 'm hoping that the December bundle will encourage more Las Vegas fans to participate."

SNAPS, founded by Joyce, JoHn Hardin and me, is a congenial group in which local fans can exchanges ideas and opinions and get a taste of fanzine fanac. There are no dues and free and the OE is ready to help anyone turn their written thoughts into a genuine SNAPSzine.

Continued on page 15

SNAFFU Election Now Underway!

The SNAFFU 2006 Election is underway, says club president Michael Bernstein, who promises a ballot Real Soon Now — or even soon. While there's no sure thing until the ballots are counted — and sometimes not even then, eh Democrats? — only one candidate has emerged for each office. Thank Ghu, they're good choices and will make an outstanding leadership team for the next year.

Michael Bernstein is the only official candidate for President and Joyce Katz is in a similar position in the Vice Presidential election.

Joyce has said that, if elected, she hopes to combine her current appointed post as Formal Meeting Coordinator with the largely ceremonial position of vice President into the elective office of Meeting Director. As such, she will be in charge of planning and conducting the "second Friday" formal meetings. (Naturally,



Inside Story Faan Fiction in VFW?

Faan fiction in a newszine? Well, *VFW* is definitely not your fancestor's newszine, but even so, the usual idea in journalism is to tell the truth in an informative and insightful way. That's certainly what I try to do. Well, most of the time. (Some of you may recall the detailed description of the visit to a SNAFFU meeting by a voluptuous, bikini'd space alien. In my defense, I think reality sometimes needs a helping hand.)

Still, I haven't published a single piece of faan fiction — stories about fans and fandom — in the preceding 61 issues, so this is definitely breaking the boundaries of the established format. I figure it may deserve a little explanation.

I'm doing it, because David Gordon mentioned that he wondered when the fan fiction yarn I wrote about him (and only distributed in SNAPS) might be brought to the notice of Fandom at large. I am always interested in requests and suggestions from other Vegrants, but I'm especially eager to grant his wish, because Dave did something so spectacularly nice for Joyce and me that I can hardly find the words to tell you all about it.

David heard Joyce's lamentations about the troubles we've had with our TV set. We called a repairman to fix a non-critical problem, since we have been buying service contracts for 11 years on the thing. That was about mid-December, but it wasn't until the 28th that the repairman visited. He quickly transformed the slight problem into a total system failure — and departed until he could get the parts he needed to fix the set. They called us 10 days later to say that they had the parts, though they then took an additional week to actual dispatch a repairman to the Launch Pad. It was the same guy, though he seemed bent on pretending it was his first time in our home. When he opened the set, he quickly determined that he could not actually fix it, even with the new parts. He said he would ask for authorization to give us a replacement set — and then started telling us about how other customers sometimes waited six months for such make-goods.

David heard all this and, moved by a noble faanish impulse, showed up Saturday evening after we returned home from the *VFW* Anniversary Celebration with Luba Anderson and Rochelle Uhlenkott and *gave us a brand new Sony 32-inch TV!* This incredible generosity, especially from someone who has only been around the Las Vegas fan scene for about a year, blew my Fine Fannish Mind, Broad Mental Horizons and all.

I sat there, stunned, as the mighty brain trust that is Las Vegrants — David, Rochelle and James Taylor in this case — wrestled the gorgeous new set into position and got it connected. I hardly knew what to say in the face of such friendship and open-handedness.

As he was about to leave, though, David referred to the story I'd written. If anyone deserves to have his wish granted, it is surely David. And so you will find, for the first time ever, a faan fiction story in *VFW*.

— Arnie

Vegas Fandom Weekly #62, Volume 2 Number 8, January 20, 2005, is written and produced by Arnie Katz (909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145; Email: crossfire4@cox.net; phone: 702-648-5677).

Special Thanks to Roxanne Gibbs (many things), Bill Burns (posting), Mindy Hutchings (posting), David Gordon (Futurists liaison), Alan White (arty fella) and Joyce Katz (proofreading).

Reporters this issue: Roxanne Gibbs, Michael Bernstein, Teresa Cochran, David Gordon, Linda Bushyager, Rebecca Hardin and Joyce Katz

Art/Photo Credits: Ray Nelson (1, 3), David Gordon (8, 9), all else by Bill Rotsler.

Columnists This Issue : Dick Lupoff, Shelby Vick

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

Member: fwa. Supporter: AFAL. Believer: United Fans of Vegas; Toner II in 2006! Vegas Westercon in '08!

The Terror! The Terror!

Katzenjammer

“Would you please tell Robert Lichtman that you are not a shrimp?” I pleaded with Joyce as we put away the just-delivered groceries from Albertson’s.

Well, I put the groceries away while Joyce, who is not allowed to bend or lift as a result of her cataract surgery, directed the placement of each item as I pulled it from the plastic bags that covered about half of the kitchen floor.

We’ve evolved this method over the last year or so when, for one malady or another, Joyce has been unable to go to the supermarket or unpack the groceries in our somewhat small kitchen. It gets everything to its assigned spot and also gives Joyce a chance to be imperious,

“I am not a shrimp,” she said emphatically.

“You’re five-foot-four,” I said. “Prego Spaghetti Sauce.”

“Put it in the cabinet above the microwave,” she commanded.

I opened the cabinet door and looked for a place on the shelves large enough to accommodate the big glass jar.

“No, no,” she said, plainly vexed. “The second cabinet!”

Then, deciding that perhaps my brain, somewhat occupied with Higher Faanish Thoughts, might not be attentive to her order, she repeated more slowly, “The... second... cabinet.”

I opened the cabinet to the left of the one above the microwave.



There was just enough space to squeeze in the sauce jar. “Why didn’t you say you meant the one to the left of the one above the microwave?” I asked.

“You know I don’t know my left from my dark,” she said. “Anyway, I’m really five-two,” she said, belated contradicting my assertion. “I’m five-two if stand on tiptoe.”

“But you always tell people you’re five-foot-four,” I insisted.

“I only tell that to *doctors*,” she replied and struck a virtuous pose. Joyce feels that lying to one’s physician makes the medical exam more challenging, and, therefore, more exciting. I personally do not recommend following Joyce’s example in this one thing.

OK, there are some other things you might not want to do, either, but it’s best not to dwell on them now. There are articles to be written in the future, too. I’ve stayed active in Fandom a lot longer than I originally expected, so I’ve had to ration my topics or go over entirely to reruns.

“What do you mean, you only tell doctors?” I repeated, incredulous, but not so shocked that I didn’t know how to pick up the dialogue after an amusing narrative interlude.

“I only tell doctors I’m five-four,” she insisted. “I’m really five-foot-two.” A sudden frown crossed her face. “I used to be five-three-and-a-half, but I shrank.”

“But you’re certainly not a shrimp,” I asked.

“I am not a shrimp,” Joyce said, rising to her full, if uncertain, height. Well, maybe not her *full* height. After all, she is still recuperating from ankle surgery and cannot stand on tiptoe. “I am a giantess.”

“Wait a minute! Now that I think of it,” I said, “you always write and tell fans that you are five-foot-four!”

“I only tell them that when I want to terrify them,” she said.

She cracked her whip menacingly and I went back to unpacking the groceries. — Arnie

NOW & Again Last Issue?

Issue #4 of *Planetary Stories*

(www.planetarystories.com) (as if you didn't know!) is likely to be the last one. Finale. Finis.

Why?

Becos I haven't been paid!

Yeah, yeah; I know – it's on the web, anyone can pull it up, there is no price listed on the cover. So what do I mean, 'paid'?

Well, I explain it in a feature I titled 'Write!' In it, I explain that payment is in the form of LoCs and contributions.

Now, contributions have been great! Bill Jackson, artist, is one of many who volunteered their services. His covers have been fabulous! Then there was the Very First Cover, by Ross Chamberlain. Thanx again, Ross! As well as the interiors by Clif Jackson, including his rendition of Lt Luna, which really captured the look I wanted. Also, fiction by Gerald Page, Rick Brooks, Lee Gold, and newcomers Lorenzo Baehne and P J Lozito. And –

Ahrvid Engholm.

AhrvId Engholm!

I owe Ahrvid multiple apologies. For Way Too Long, I had his name misspelled on the cover!

ANYway, contributions were fabulous. I even just got an email from Gerald Page asking if I needed something of his for the next issue. Naturally, I told him YES! So, as I said, the problems were not lack of contributions – altho, if I DO continue, I will always need more! No, that wasn't the reason this might be The Last Issue.

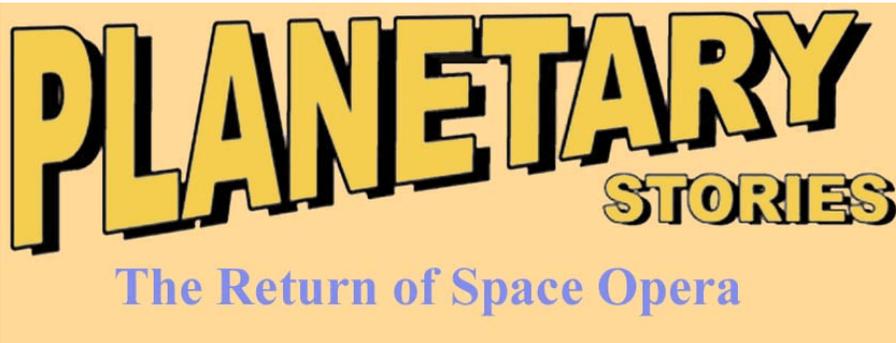
LoCs!

The first issue stirred lots of favorable comments and suggestions. But, from then on it was MISERABLE!

I even faked a letter or two! (Well, got friends to write me what I directed.)

Issue #3 has been out since late November,

and – even tho I made changes that I thot would increase comment, like Pulp Fiction and faanfic-



tion and all – LoCs have been Next To Nothing! I did get one very unexpected LoC from Joe Green who had been very anti-PS. He said there were enuf cliches already, and a publication DEVOTED to cliches turned him off. However, he wrote me this:

Hi;

Jerry Page copied me on a note saying "Look at Planetary No. 3," so I just did. You have essentially converted it to a fanzine with this issue, which is a vast improvement over a magazine making a serious effort to restore pulp SF. A cover which has "Galaxies Smashed" and such on it, and announces fan fiction within, is clearly not a professional magazine, One of the characteristics of the old SF pulps was that they took themselves seriously, that is, presented and sold themselves as purveyors of serious fiction. At first I thought you were going to do exactly that. Glad I was wrong.

Some of the best filmed satires of the action/adventure movie were the three "Indiana Jones" movies (with supposedly another set to come, if Harrison Ford's old joints will allow the moves). That's be-

cause, within the context of what the viewer sees, the action/adventure is taken perfectly seriously (even including a great scene in the first one where a German sub goes underwater with Jones clinging to the conning tower -- and surfaces days later, with Jones still there). Since you the viewer are outside the context, the resulting impossibilities can be hilariously funny. Presenting the material tongue-in-cheek, as with the first (and only, because the producers just didn't get it) Doc Savage movie, isn't nearly so funny as a movie that presents the absurd in a perfectly straight-forward manner.

Unless you were trying to create a humor magazine, though, *PLANETARY* wasn't going to work well as originally started. Glad to see the changes. (Oh, and I didn't and don't read the pulp. Enjoyed the Page/Burge article on Bergey, though.)

All best,

Joe

Now, Joe got the idea. Took a letter from Page to get his attention, but it worked. I wasn't trying to be a professional man; the idea was to recapture the 'feeling' of the old pulp days, one way or another. In fact, as I said in my first issue, PS was due to Joe Green in the first place. He kept criticizing stories I sent him, saying they read like something from the '40s or '50s. So -- I created my own market!

Don't misunderstand! I've had lotsa fun with PS. There was much work involved, yeah -- but what fan exists who hasn't spent much time an effort in his activities? It has been quite enjoyable. BUT -- am I succeeding?

What's the point of going on, if I don't know whether I am getting anywhere or not?

To this point, my 'counter' indicates that nearly 400 hits have been made on the current ish.



This counter is a little more sophisticated than the earlier version. It tells me, among other things, that many of those hits are from the same person, just showing when they pull up a different section. Total number of First Time Visitors was 156 -- plenty to see enuf to give me some feedback.

Yeah.

So -- this next ish will be the last one, unless I find out if I'm getting where I wanted to be.

— Shelby Vick

If You Enjoy Now & Again, you are really missing out by not getting some of Shelby Vick's other fanzines. Go to efanzines.com and have a great time with one of Core Fandom's most unique and appealing personalities.

See also Shelby's recent electronic fanzine reprints of *Odd* and his own *confusion*.

Them Daze Before Sunrise

Sometime before sunrise on the morning of January 1, 1958, I asked my sweetheart, then known as Patricia Loring, to become my bride. To my astonishment and delight, she accepted my invitation. I offered, as tangible evidence of my love, a ring bearing a large piece of red glass that I had found in a box of Crackerjack the previous afternoon.

Pat and I had spent our New Years Eve and early morning bar-hopping and club-crawling in Manhattan. We had listened to a fine and now undeservedly forgotten cabaret singer named (if my memory serves aright) Lovelady Porter, a protégé of the then ultimately hip impresario, Julius Monk. We had been abused verbally by a cab driver who felt that his tip was of inadequate size. We had been captured for a while by a friendly lush who explained to us at great length the only proper way of preparing pastrami for human consumption. It was his theory that the soil of Rumania was necessary for this process. I suspect that he had the preparation of pastrami confused with the traditional sleeping arrangement of vampires.

When we got back to Pat's digs at 88th Street and Madison Avenue a light rain was falling. We



Dick & Pat Lupoff, circa 1970.

hurried inside the apartment house and it was just outside the door to her (and her parents') apartment that I popped the question. In retrospect, I wonder if she didn't doubt my sincerity when she received her toy engagement ring. Hmmm.

A few days later she headed back to Connecticut to finish her last semester at college and I headed back to Indiana to finish my last few months in the Army.

By April I was back in civvies and back in New York, putting up temporarily with my brother and sister-in-law on Long Island. I went out job-hunting and ran into the bane of first-time job-seekers. Nobody wanted to hire a kid with no experience and said kid couldn't get any experience until he found a job. Every morning I would pour myself into a suit and tie, pick up a copy of *The New York Times*, turn to the want ads and start my discouraging trek. I even had a résumé full of self-praising adjectives. Over the next few years as I started adding real credits to the document the adjectives slowly dissipated. Eventually I stopped using the thing altogether.

Of course it was necessary to economize, what with having no income and even the most minimal expenses. I got a little shaggy after a while, and to spruce myself up for the continuing job hunt I stopped into a cheap barber shop, literally underground, located adjacent to the IRT subway station at Fourth Avenue and 23rd Street. None of the barbers seemed to have had any training, and none of them spoke English, so it was not easy to get anything other than their standard butcher job, but I guess that was better than looking like a wild man. (A few years later the wild man look became fashionable, but in 1958 it was not.)

As I sat there listening to the snip of scissors and the barbers' conversation in Kazakhstani or whatever language they were speaking, I heard my name called. I was able to turn far enough to see a familiar figure in the adjacent barber chair. It turned out to be an old college friend, Alex Tassos.

After we were both shorn, Alex invited me to have lunch with him – on his expense account. Wow! It turned out that he was employed in the advertising department of the somewhat clumsily named Remington Rand Univac Division of the Sperry Rand Corporation. Their offices were located on the very corner above us.

After lunch, Alex invited me up to see his office. I inquired if there was any chance of my getting a job, or even an interview, with his department. He told me there were no vacancies in advertising, but he thought there might be a technical writing job available. He introduced me to a wonderful gray-haired gentleman named James F. Foley. I shook his proffered hand and said, “Pleased to meet you, Mr. Foley.”

He got a very sad look on his face and said, “I’m sorry to tell you, but Mr. Foley died many years ago. He was my dad. I’m his boy Jim.”

I wound up working for Univac for five years, then for their competitor IBM for seven, before braving the chilly waters of the freelance world.

That was June, 1958. Pat and I were married on August 27, spent our wedding night at the splendid old Essex House on Central Park South, and flew to Bermuda the next day. We had a lovely honeymoon on a lovely island. We rode in a horse-drawn carriage, bought a lovely clock that stands on our mantelpiece to this day, played on a lovely beach and swam in the Atlantic Ocean.

One day when we were walking on the beach a gorgeous canine spotted us and came running across the sand. She – I think the creature was a she – was slim and muscular, a lovely tawny color with white markings. She was a boxer, one of my favorite breeds of dog. I was flattered that she came straight at me. I put out my right hand to pet her. She seized it in her mouth, gently but firmly.

I petted her with my left hand. She seemed pleased. I attempted to withdraw my right hand from her mouth. She clamped down. Not enough to cause injury or bleeding, but enough to let me know that I’d better stop pulling.

Okay, I tried the “Nice doggie, please let go of my hand,” approach without success. I tried pulling my hand free, again, and she clamped down tighter than ever. I tried prying her jaws open with my free hand, and she growled menacingly. My

bride of a few days stood by, deeply concerned – but what could she do?

The beach was not exactly packed, but there were a good many people there, most of them honeymooners or vacationers. Before long a crowd gathered. Some people offered suggestions. Some just watched, curious or amused or both. One fellow in a straw hat and swimming trunks with huge red flowers on them thought the scene was very funny. He stood there laughing his head off.

Just about when the situation was starting to segue from annoying to frightening, an idea occurred to me.

Speaking gently and reassuringly to the boxer and scratching her behind the ears with my free hand, I started walking slowly toward the ocean.

When the doggie and I reached the edge of the water, I kept going. She kept going with me. She seemed very pleased with my line of chatter and with being scratched behind the ears. She did not, however, loosen her grip on my hand.

The beach continued to slope gently downward. The water rose to my ankles, then my knees, then my thighs. The doggie continued to accompany me, powerful jaw holding my hand prisoner.

At last we came to a drop-off. Suddenly water was over both our heads. I’m a pretty good swimmer, or at least I was in those days, and happily switched from vertical to horizontal posture and began to dog paddle with my one free hand. The doggie, however, was not happy. Clearly she could swim, but she was not in the mood. She released my hand, turned away from me, cast one dreadfully hurt look back over her shoulder, and set out for the shore.

After she was a safe distance ahead of me, I followed.

In short order, the boxer waded onto the beach. Still keeping a safe distance from her, I did the same. My bride embraced me. The crowd of onlookers applauded. The boxer studied these personages, spotted the fellow in the red-flowered bathing trunks, flung herself happily upon him and seized his hand firmly in her powerful jaws. Pat and I returned to our hotel room to shower and do other things that honeymooning couples do.

Oh, them wuz the days.

-- Dick Lupoff

Futuristics Wil McCarthy Speaks!

Wil McCarthy has come and gone, and successfully conquered Las Vegas Fandom in the process.

Members of the Las Vegas Futurists and SNAFFU — and quite a few other fans and non-fans — congregated at Borders Bookstore to meet the scientist and science fiction writer, hear him speak entertainingly and (in some cases) obtain autographed copies of some of his acclaimed science



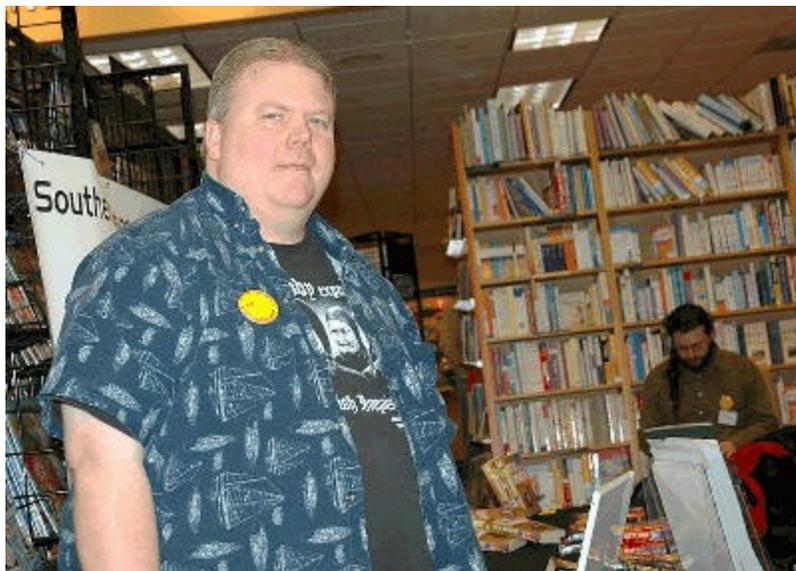
Wil McCarthy obligingly autographed his books, which sold out at the bookstore.

fiction novels such as *Collapsium*.

Wil enlightened, illumined, and even entertained a crowd of 39 people — comprised of the Las Vegas Future Salon, SNAFFU (the local SF club), and even several members from the local chapter of MENSA — before selling out all 50 copies of his books that were available for the event.

And so the evening proved to be a success for all. Wil found the group to be quite engaging, the audience members were alert and participatory throughout, and BORDERS bookstore sold out its supply of books authored by Wil.

— David Gordon.



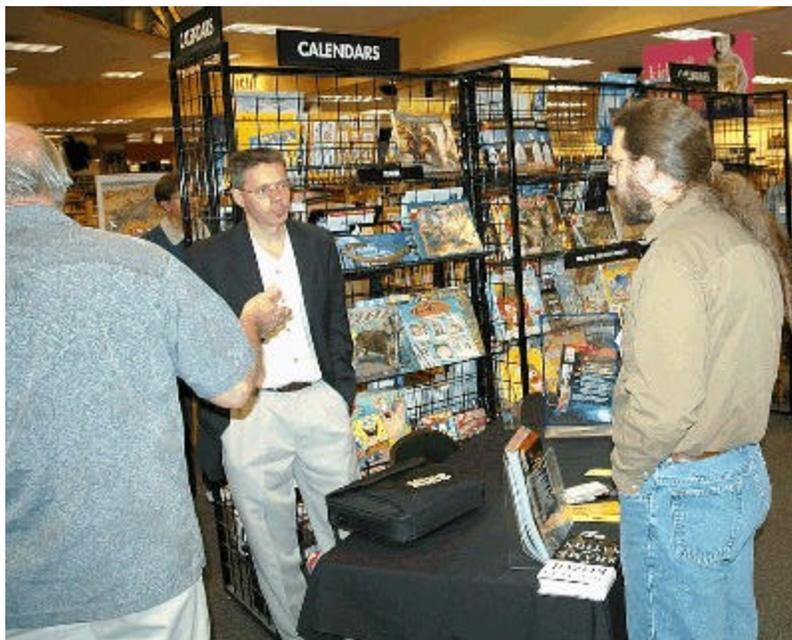
Kent Hastings, Vegrant, vice president of SNAFFU and co-author of *Anarchia* was another local fan and pro who came to see McCarthy do his stuff.

SNAFFU Central



Michael Bernstein, as SNAFFU's president, ably represented the club at the event and also helped spread the word among SNAFFU members.

Cornered in the book store aisle, Wil McCarthy chatted affably with attendees. The scientist and author packed a lot into his formal presentation, but his winning personality kept things very entertaining.



Arnie adds : What David is too modest to mention is that the major share of the credit is his for what turned out to be the largest local event since the Las Vegas Fantasy & Science Fiction Day last March. It was also good to see the Futurists and SNAFFU collaborate. The Futurists are a book-discussion group and a separate Fandom unto themselves (with clubs in several cities and spreading), but they are intelligent folks and share an interest in some of the same subjects that appeal to sercon SF fans. I hope we'll see more cross-fertilization in the future, including the 2006 Fantasy & Science Fiction Day.

It has taken time to ferret out the Really True Truth about one of the newest additions to Las Vegas Fandom. And don't think I am being coy, postponing the revelation of the name of the fan in question. The title of this article is "The Real Truth about David Gordon," so the cat is pretty much out of the bag.

No, my reticence in naming him immediately results from uncertainty about what to call him. That is only one of the mysteries that swirl around him. While a good many fans know him as "David Gordon" or even "David M. Gordon," some repeatedly address him as "Tony" and Alan White captions all photos taken of him as "Don." When I pointed out this unusual haziness about his identity to Joyce, at first she claimed not to know him.

I showed her a photo of "Don" and she immediately brightened. "Oh, you mean 'Flash Gordon'!" Joyce exclaimed.

David Gordon came to Vegas Fandom's attention, shortly after he moved here from, it is suspected, California (or maybe New York). Toronto's Lloyd Penny pointed him out to me. Then, when I asked about him later, Lloyd could offer no details and did not even seem to recall his name. (Maybe he knew him as "Tony"...)

I've been a journalist for 35 years and have become fairly adept at eliciting information from people in conversation, but David proved as inscrutable as the Sphinx. Though he at first claimed no knowledge of Fandom, he subsequently mentioned a number of different conventions he had attended as a lover of science fiction.

Then, in casual conversation, he mentioned knowing Harlan Ellison. A week or so later, he let slip that he had attended quite a few conventions *with* Harlan, who had introduced him to fans and pros as they went from party to party. After that he asked me questions about a number of well known fans whom he had evidently met at conventions.

In other words, the more I talk to David, the deeper and broader his fannish background became. The mysteries multiplied until I had no choice but to dust off my credentials as an investigative reporter.

I confess that his cloudy origins frustrated a complete and thorough investigation. We may never fully know the circumstances and heritage that shaped the young David Gordon (or whatever his name was at that time), but the story I unearthed is pretty hot stuff and well worth the telling (and your reading).

I have done my research and I am sure of my facts. Everything that follows is true, though I will attempt to tell it in a fittingly dramatic way. It is truly the stuff of faan fiction...

Francis Towner Laney, the Stormy Petrel of Fandom, lay dying. There was no hope and even the patient knew it. The doctors and nurses clustered around him in the heavy atmosphere of the warm, damp hospital room.

They watched for signs of the end, a clinically detached deathwatch.

Charles Burbee knew the score as he stared down at his friend's shrunken, discolored body in the narrow bed. At least Ackerman wouldn't see Fran this way or that gerbil-brain Ashley, either. They would have the satisfaction of out-living him and that was already more than they deserved.

They would find out that Laney died "somewhere in Missouri," Burbee thought, but they wouldn't know about this depressing room, the moaning and all the rest of it.

Laney's heavy breathing filled the room as Burbee reviewed the events that had brought him from sunny southern California to sweltering Bridgton, Missouri.

He'd always expected to hear from Fran once the hot-head got through whatever it was that caused him to beat it out of town. He just hadn't expected this. Sure, Fran wasn't especially healthy in LA, but Frank liked to complain. It gave him something to do between dates and trips to the jazz clubs.

He smiled as he remembered the night Fran started to complain to him about his date a couple of nights earlier.

"She was terrible," said Laney.

"Wouldn't give you a good-night kiss, eh?" Burbee had said.

"She blew me," he replied.

"She blew you? What the hell's your complaint?" he'd asked his friend.

"Yeah, but it wasn't a really good blow job," Laney had told him in total seriousness.

He wasn't surprised when he got the letter with "Laney" in the return address block, though he hadn't known that Fran was in Missouri. The letter itself was a shock. Instead of his customary errorless typing, Fran had hand-written it in a very shaky scrawl.

The message was straight-forward. Fran was sick. He thought he was probably dying. He wanted to see Burbee again and he had enclosed a check to cover the round-trip air fare.

He'd thought about trashing the letter and the check. He could pretend it had never arrived. The more he thought about it, though, the more he wanted to go. He couldn't kick it around with Perdue or Rotsler, because Fran had expressly forbidden that, so he had to decide on his own.

He decided to go.

And now, he was here, at Fran's deathbed.

"Bring in the boy," he heard someone say and a nurse

led a child up to Fran's bed. He couldn't have been more than seven or eight and he fidgeted constantly.

"Come closer," Fran said almost in a whisper. He managed to raise one boney hand off the bed and crooked a finger. "I won't hurt you."

"Y-yes," the child managed as he looked down at the emaciated, wrinkle figure."

Burbee had heard about the kid. He was an orphan or something, name of Tony. Laney was going to leave him a stipend that would insure his education and a good start in life. Laney wanted the kid to do something in return, but he hadn't told Burbee what.

"There's something I want you to do," Laney said to the boy. "Something I need you to do after... I'm gone."

"You've been swell to me," the boy replied. "I d-d-on't know what you w-want."

"I spent many years trying to make Science Fiction Fandom a better place, a good place for a well-adjusted adult." Fran said. "I told them where they went wrong and I tried to help them throw off their mental illness."

"I don't understand," Tony protested.

"You will in time," said Laney. "I wrote it all down for you. This man..." He looked right at Burbee. "This man will teach you all about it.

"For now, all you need to know is that I made some very bad mistakes," FTL said. Sweat ran down the furrows of his face with the effort. "I forgot that I had problems and they made me see things the wrong way."

"The w-wrong way?" Tony repeated.

"I wanted to do the right thing, but sometimes I did the wrong thing," Laney said. "I didn't mean to do the wrong

things, but I did them.

"I want you, Tony, to do what I can't do," Laney said, his voice rising a little. "I want you to balance the scales."

"Balance the scales?"

"Yes, I hurt Fandom, but you can help it."

"I can?"

"You will when you are a little older," Laney said. "Now promise me."

The boy looked at him with bulging eyes. "I d-don't know."

"Please, Tony," Fran persisted. "I've helped you. You must help me. Promise me you will."

"OK." It was tentative, shaky, but it seemed to satisfy Laney, who contorted his skull-like face into what he must have imagined was a smile.

"Take my hand," Laney instructed. He could barely lift his head to look fixedly at the youngster.

With a great deal of reluctance, the boy inched forward and timidly stretched out his hand to the dying man. Laney clasped it.

For a moment, the boy and the stricken man locked eyes.

Then Laney made a sound in his throat that might have been a sardonic laugh. His head fell back on the pillow and the light went out of his eyes.

And so it came to pass that Tony received an education, not just in the generally accepted sense, but also in the ways of Fandom. He read all the classics of literature and science fiction (including the few books that fit both categories) and also the great works of Fandom, from *Apparatchik* to *War-hoon*, from *The Enchanted Duplicator* to Francis Towner Laney's own *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!*

Then, on his 16th birthday, a stranger appeared at his door. He knew someone would be coming, but he'd expected that nice Mr. Burbee. The man at the door was broader, younger and handsomer.

"Pleased to meet you, Tony," the man said. "I'm Rotsler. William Rotsler."

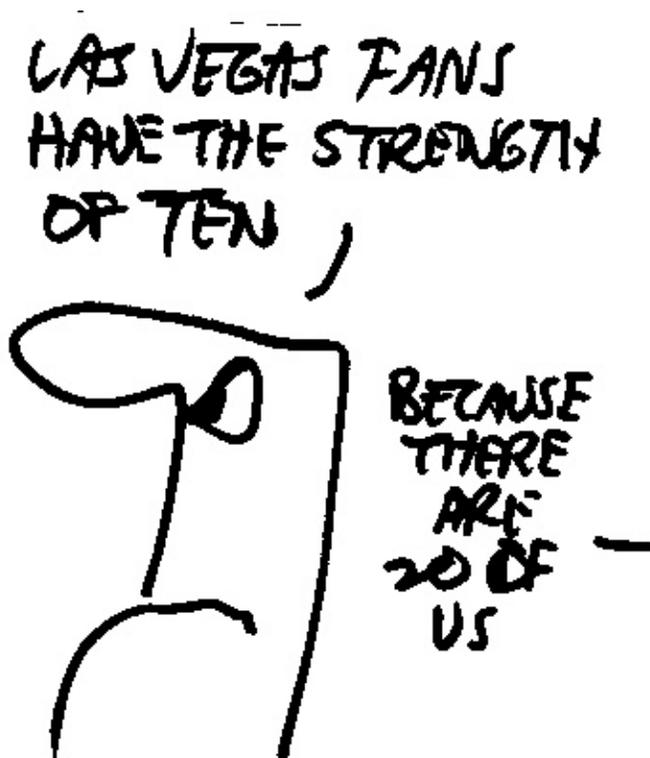
Tony knew the name well. Not only one of Fandom's all-time greats, but a close friend of his deceased benefactor. He stepped back from the door and gestured for Rotsler to enter. Bill immediately walked past him and into the living room, where he sat down on a couch.

"I have two things for you," Rotsler explained. "One is this book, the unpublished sequel to *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!* and a letter from Towner Laney." Rotsler looked at the young man, looking for physical resemblance and wondering if this was more than just a randomly chosen orphan.

They talked for awhile longer. Rotsler told him a few stories about FTL. Tony listened with half his attention. As interesting as he found the stories, the manuscript and letter had seized his mind.

And then Rotsler was moving toward the door, saying "good-bye" and shaking Tony's hand. As he reached the front stoop, Rotsler turned back and said, "He's counting on you."

Then Rotsler was down the path and gone.



Tony put in a very late night. First he read *A Mirror for Insurgents*. It consisted of a re-evaluation of many things written about in *ASI* and a detailed account of the balance of Laney's fan career.

Laney's prose still packed a punch and he hadn't run out of targets. The biggest was Laney himself. FTL accused himself of almost every flaw he had attributed to Ackerman, Daugherty and the others whom he had called sick, compulsive and emotionally stunted.

The big difference between *AMI* and *ASI*, is that Laney trained his critical guns on the Mundane world as well as Fandom. Whereas the earlier book had condemned fans for their failings and preached "Why don't you quit Fandom?" *A Mirror for Insurgents* found FTL even more antagonistic to mainstream America than he had ever been to the Ackfaction of LASFS.

"Fandom has plenty of room for improvement, but it's the best option" was the message this time. Laney didn't soften his allegations against fans, but he did hold out a little more hope for the hobby, if not of those specific people. And even there, he was a little more optimistic. If he could change, as he felt he had, maybe there was still a chance for some of the other "misfits and degenerates."

Tony read *A Mirror for Insurgents* cover to cover in one sitting. Maybe he didn't get every nuance – that would come with future readings – but he got the message. His benefactor's words stirred him as had nothing else before in his guided explorations of Fandom.

And he believed. He had been prepared to do what Mr. Laney requested out of gratitude to repay him for the better life he had gotten as a result of his benefactor's generosity, but now he *wanted* to do something to further Francis Towner Laney's epiphanic new vision of Fandom.

The letter, when he read it, only intensified the young man's determination to do as Laney's letter instructed. As the sun rose on a new day, he looked up from the long, detailed letter and vowed that he would devote his leisure time – to devote his *life* would not be the Insurgent way – to carrying out the mission given to him by the ghostly hand of the Stormy Petrel.

Wouldn't Fandom be surprised...

Tony, now David M. Gordon, the name his kindly foster parents had bestowed upon him when they found the alien rocket in the field, grew into an articulate and capable young man, attended college and began a successful career. (My research has not yet turned up the exact nature of this work, though James Taylor believes that Tony is an international spymaster and the Merric Anderson is his ace field operative.)

Slowly, imperceptible, Tony began to edge closer to Fandom. Cautious by nature, he had little problem following Laney's injunction to stay anonymous. So though he sometimes yearned for the warmth of fannish companionship and the welcoming arms of a buxom femmefans, he instead became the proverbial Innocent Bystander.

Fans would see him at every con, every club meeting, yet few knew even one of his aliases, much less his real name. He was one of those familiar, yet unknown, figures.

New arrivals at the worldcon would see him, perhaps loitering near the registration desk, and think to themselves, "Ah, he's a fan. This must be the right place."

David, to call him the name by which we know him today, met Harlan Ellison through intermediaries. They didn't tell Harlan the whole story, but they told him enough that he began to take the young man around conventions to the various parties and meetings.

It was at the '65 Ozarkcon, a small regional in St. Louis, that David took the first hesitant step on the road Laney had paved for him. First he egged on the fans when they started to talk about the strange statements and actions emanating from Columbus fandom in their bid for the 1969 WorldCon.

There was a lot to talk about, even at that early stage of the bid. The fans in the con suite were soon getting pretty agitated about some of the shenanigans they were hearing about for the first time.

In accordance with Laney's instructions, David gradually withdrew to the sidelines as the discussion grew hotter. Soon he was standing in another part of the suite, leering down at a slim brunette. He bent over and whispered something to her.

She nodded and looked thoughtful.

David left, smiling.

Anyone who'd seen it might have thought it was an attempt at a convention hook-up, perhaps successful, perhaps not. No one had heard him whisper, "You should bid for the worldcon and stop those fakefan animals from taking over," to Joyce Worley Fisher.

There were many other such incidents after that first one. David would bide his time and wait for the precise moment when the minimum of interference would produce the maximum effect.

And always he kept to the shadows, stayed in the background, as Francis Towner Laney instructed him to do in his posthumous *A Mirror for Insurgents* and the letter Rotsler delivered to him at the same time.

Some of David's more notable exploits have included:

Enough years later for it to be legal, David found himself sitting on a bar stool in a trendy Manhattan watering hole. He looked at his watch, hoping that his calculations were right.

Just when he was about to call it a night, his quarry entered the bar and made a beeline for the empty stool next to his. David looked disgustingly at the TV set above the bar. "That's all they ever want to watch, sports," he said to no one in particular.

With this wedge, David soon had the stranger on the next stool involved in one of those desultory conversations that arise between fellow drinkers a hundred times a night.

It turned out that both of them had a mild interest in science fiction. The stranger mentioned, in passing, that he had done a little amateur publishing – and David told him that he, too, had put together a little something "for family and friends." David explained how he had gathered together

all the family newsletters his mother had sent out over the years and published them as a keepsake for his whole family.

“That gives me an idea,” the man told David. “I think I’ll gather all the things a friend of mine has written and send it to a bunch of mutual friends.” As soon as he could do so without arousing suspicion, David excused himself. The man hardly noticed, so immersed was Richard Bergeron in thoughts of producing that special *Warhoon* #28.

“Who’s that guy?” said one denizen of The Farm to another. The second, a tall, angular man, shrugged his shoulders.

“I don’t know, but it’s my turn to show around a visitor,” he replied.

And so he showed David what the commune was doing and might have to offer a prospective new resident, even though David didn’t really look like a genuine candidate.

“What happens if you want to leave The Farm for one reason or another?” David inquired of him.

“Then you leave,” was the reply.

“That makes sense,” the visitor commented. “I’ll bet you miss your family and your old friends.”

“Good times,” the guide replied. “They were good friends.”

“If I was here and ever left,” David offered, “I think the first thing I would do is look up those old friend, rebuild those relationships.” He looked at his host. “Maybe even get them all together for a reunion or something like that.”

“I guess I’ll have to think about that,” said Robert Lichtman,

David thought if he heard the words “TAFF” and “Wimpy Zone” one more time that night, his eardrums would burst. Yet he continued to observe the heated discussion about the TAFF race and the rumored Martha Beck write-in candidacy.

It was nothing against Martha, the fans assured each other over and over, but the idea of a revenge vote didn’t feel right.

“Couldn’t you get a few more people to vote for the people on the ballot?” David asked with seeming innocence.

“There isn’t time,” several fans told him in unison.

“When’s the deadline?” David wanted to know. It all seemed natural, as if he hadn’t steered the conversation, stoked its fires and then asked about the deadline (which he already knew.)

“It’s tomorrow,” one fan told him.

“And how many votes does Martha Beck have?” he continued, allowing no particular emotion to color his voice.

“It’s secret, but maybe one or two,” the fan said.

“Well, if they don’t come in by the deadline, then just enforce the rule and don’t count them,” David said.

The crowd was so busy discussing the deadline that they hardly noticed David slipping out the con suite door.

“You’ll love it there,” David said to the couple sitting in the other two seats of his row on the 767 to Las Vegas.

“I think we will,” said the man, giving his sleeping wife a sideways glance to make sure that the chatter wasn’t rousing her from her flight-long nap. “We’ve visited a bunch of times and living there should be even better. The climate... the cost of living... the excitement...”

“It’s a great place,” said David. “Well, except for one thing.”

“What’s that?” demanded his fellow passenger, sounding like a man who fears that his gullibility is about to be exposed.

“Well... people are nice in Las Vegas,” David began. “They are very polite, helpful, all of that.”

“But?”

“They don’t look for friends,” David said with the air of a man confessing a secret sin. “It’s still a transient town. People don’t want to waste energy on attachments that will end in a few months anyway when they leave for someplace else.”

“Makes sense,” the passenger acknowledged. “What can you do about that?” He wore the expression of a small child whose birthday cake turns out *not* to be made of chocolate ice cream.

“I don’t live in Las Vegas,” said David, “but if I did, I think I would look for a club or a hobby group or something like that, a ready-made circle of friends.”

The conversation might’ve continued, but the stewardesses came through the cabin to collect the trash and get everyone to put their seats in an upright and locked position for the landing.

David, who was staying on the flight to its ultimate destination in Los Angeles, could not resist a smile as he saw the couple inch their way to the exit and their new life in Las Vegas. “I was talking to a guy who said we might have trouble finding friends out here,” the big guy said to his petite companion.

“Maybe we ought to get in touch with them,” she suggested.

“I’ll think about it, Joyce,” he said as he helped her through the airplane door into the tunnel to the terminal. “Fandom, huh? Maybe”

And so it went for many years. I don’t know what happened to make David depart from Laney’s plan. Perhaps the change was in the plan itself. Whatever the reason, he has come out of the shadows, come into Fandom, and even Francis Towner Laney must be smiling, somewhere.

And that’s the story. Hope you enjoyed — and that you all realize that this is meant in fun. If I didn’t like David a lot, I wouldn’t have put so much energy into fabricating his story.

I wonder... should I try to investigate his career as the international ringmaster of intrigue?

— Arnie Katz

2006 Las Vegas Fan Awards Poll

The 2006 Las Vegas Fan Awards Poll salutes 2005 fan activity in southern Nevada. It's a way for our fan community (and friends in other fan centers) to dish out some egoboo to deserving fans.

Who Can Vote: Any current Las Vegas fan, or any fan who lived in southern Nevada for at least four months in 2005 may vote in all six categories. Non-Vegas fans are invited to vote in the "Outstanding New Las Vegas Fan," "Outstanding Addition to Las Vegas Fandom" and "Outstanding Las Vegas Fan" categories.

Who Can Receive Votes: You may vote for any event or happening that occurred in southern Nevada in 2005 and for any fan who resides in southern Nevada for at least six months during 2005. Since the main reason for the awards is honor our fellow fans, no self-votes will be counted.

How to Vote: You can use the ballot distributed in email, cut and paste the one on the listservs, download a ballot from SNAFFU.org, fill out a hard copy form or call Arnie Katz (648-5677) and dictate it. The important thing is to vote.

You do not have to vote in every category or nominate three choices in each category. The write-ups that accompany this flyer are for memory-jogging purposes only; you can vote for anyone or any thing that is eligible.

Deadline: Sunday, February 6

Survey Tellers: Arnie Katz (crossfire4@cox.net) or Joyce Katz (joyceworley1@cox.net)

2006 Ballot

Most Important Happening in Las Vegas Fandom in 2005

What was the most significant thing that occurred in Las Vegas Fandom during 2005.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Outstanding Local Event of 2005

What was the most enjoyable and entertaining event of 2005?

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Outstanding Non-Vegas Fan

Who do Las Vegas fans esteem as the top fan outside southern Nevada?

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Outstanding New Las Vegas Fan of 2005

This category honors the best Las Vegas neofan of 2005.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Outstanding Addition to Las Vegas Fandom in 2005

This category honors fans who've come to Las Vegas from other areas.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Outstanding Las Vegas Fan

This category recognizes the top Las Vegas fans based on their fanac in 2005.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

NAME _____

Continued from p 2

It's easy to take part in the fun. All you have to do is write some stuff — any topic or topics you want are fine — and then send it electronically to Joyce (Joyceworley1@cox.net). A .PDG file is best, but you can send a file in *Microsoft Publisher*, *Word* or even *Notebook*. Joyce will work with you and help you put it into an attractive fanzine format.

Shortly after the deadline, Joyce will send the bundle, with a copy of each contribution, to every participant. She also posts it at snaffu.org. (You can go to the SNAFFU web site and read past Distributions to get an idea of what goes on...) Since the Distributions are *not* posted at any of the general fan sites. It is a fine arena in which to try some fan writing and publishing without the pressure of doing so in front of the hobby's Big Name Fans and Elder Ghods.

Joyce Has Successful Surgery!

Joyce has had cataract surgery on her left eye and is home. All appears to be going well, though she is experiencing a great deal of leg pain. That's a hang-over of her ankle fusion, exacerbated by the fact that she is not allowed to take anything stronger than Tylenol at the moment.

The operation itself proved shorter than the prelude and nearly as long as it took us to get our Med-Ride trip back home. Med-Ride picked us up at 10:30 and we got to the Southwest Medical Center about 11 AM. Though that was a half-hour earlier than Joyce was due, 11:30, it turned out that Dr. Westfield was backed up and didn't actually take her out of the waiting room until 1:00 PM.

I hardly had time to read some of the Greg Pickersgill anthology and eat a Kit Kat bar before Joyce was ready to go home. The operation and post-op recovery took less than an hour, total.

Library Holds Work Session, Schedules Next One!

With the holidays receding in the rearview mirror along with most of Joyce Katz's medical miseries, the SNAFFU Library Committee has resumed work toward setting up the club's mammoth science fiction book and magazine collection in its new home in the Launch Pad's garage.

Led by Lori Forbes, the committee's chairman, a crew assembled on Tuesday, January 18 and made substantial progress clearing space in the garage in preparation for assembling some of the shelves as a test. On hand to help were James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Joyce Katz and me.

The next session is scheduled for Thursday, Janu-

ary 26. Lori has called for volunteers to help with that night's work.

Ayesha Ashley Sings on Sunday!

Vegas Fandom's resident platinum blonde, Ayesha Ashley, will be demonstrating her singing and playing at a professional appearance this coming Sunday (1/22) at the E-String in Henderson at 6:00 PM. Her set will last approximately a half-hour.

Ayesha has flashed her wonderful singing and playing talent at a couple of fan functions; this is a chance to see her in front of a live audience. It's also a chance to support one of our own.

SNAFFU Dinner Meeting Changes Time!

The restaurant (Lotus of Siam) and the date (Friday, January 27) remain the same, but Linda Bushyager reports that logistics have caused a change in the time for the first SNAFFU Dinner Meeting.

Says Linda:

"Fortunately I called early to begin the reservation process at Lotus of Siam and found out they already have some bookings so we have to change the time to 6:30 pm for Fri. Jan. 27. I made a tentative reservation for 10 people

"We have 5 definitely confirmed. They now say (different from what they said before) - maximum at 1 table will be 15 - larger group and we go to separate tables.

"Due to the fact that this is an extremely popular restaurant on busy Friday- please let me know ASAP if you are coming so I can adjust the reservation up or down as needed."

Kunkels Endure Address Change!

Problems with package reception have caused Bill & Laurie Kunkel to change their snail mail address. This is especially important for packages, which the Post Office now declines to deliver to their street address.

The new address is: PMB #88, 420 N. Nellis Blvd., A3, Las Vegas, NV 89110.

Heard Around Vegas (and the Rest of) Fandom...

Merric Anderson was a rare no show at last weekend's events. Once again, his job rose up and captured him; some problems in the overall project forced him to stay in the BArea over the weekend. At least he got to hang out with Chris Garcia...

Rochelle Uhlenkott, who spent quite a bit of time with the Vegas contingent at Loscon, visited Glitter City over the weekend and attended both the Wil McCarthy Futurists/SNAFFU Joint Meeting and the

VFW Annish Pizza Party. Not having Learned Her Lesson, Rochelle is planning to attend the February 18 Vegrants meeting...

Su Williams also missed the Big Weekend, but for happier reasons. She spent it among the medieval merriment supplied by the SCA in California...

All-time great fan cartoonist Steve Stiles will be Art Guest of Honor at ConFusion in Detroit — note name, ShelVy — this coming weekend...

Linda & Ron Bushyager won a free Caribbean cruise! They on it now and, hopefully, we'll hear all about it in SNAPS when Linda and Ron return in about a week.

ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column

Hey, fans, what time is it? It's letters of comment time! Yaaay!

First up is the Pride of Vegas Fandom with a heartfelt plea concerning Joyce's recent heinous physical abuse...

Teresa Cochran

Maybe one thing to add to the warnings about getting married would be this paraphrase from the movie *A Christmas Story*: "Don't do it; you'll put your eye out. (Or knock your head off? or insert your own customized admonition here!)"

Please, both of you, be careful; I don't want to lose friends or start a major war, in local Fandom, but well, it is interesting.

*Arnie: I wouldn't want you to fret unnecessarily, so I will promise that Joyce and I will **not** get a divorce as a result of her vicious and unprovoked attack on my defenseless (and undefended) head. I must admit, however, that I now prepare for bed by donning the same gear Barry Bonds wears for batting.*

Weighing in with a LoC that includes, among other things, an account of Merric Anderson's sojourn in San Francisco, is our young Publishing Giant.....

Chris Garcia

I am recently returned to my home in the beautiful city of Santa Clara after a day in San Francisco hanging with a gentleman...well, a man at least, called Merric Anderson.

You see, Merric, as a part of his job, was bored in SF and I came up on BART for the day and the two of us had a very good time. We had lunch after roaming around in the freeze and the rain for far longer than we had to.

The two of us had a lovely Italian lunch at a lovely little North Beach joint where Merric had an Anchovy and Green Olive pizza while I enjoyed baby cow parm. Good, good stuff.

We wandered around, had a fine cigar each, watched a cock fight in Chinatown, did a bit of shopping, battled each other in a weird duel of sorts, got a good filet mignon, ran from the cops after we were involved in a minor altercation

LAS VEGAS FANS
DO NOT KNOW THE
MEANING OF FEAR



that I won't get into, and then we finished the evening with a drink at The Crowbar. Good day hanging with another one of my favorite Vegas folks.

In the middle of everything, we stopped by Merric's hotel's business centre and I made sure I got a look at VFW. It seemed like a good idea to do while I was hangin' with a Vegasoid.

There's a BASFA tradition that comes up once in a while. Let's say you're making a movie in 48 hours. Let's say that you've called a theoretical person, let's call him F. Wu... no wait, Frank W. You want him to hurry up so you can shoot his scene. The best way to get him to hurry is to say the following: "Frank, you've got ten minutes or we're gonna elect you BASFA president."

It never fails to get folks, even someone as often late as Frank Wu... I mean the theoretical guy called Frank W... I was elected VP of BASFA without even being in the same city. It sounds like SNAFFU has taken steps to prevent that from happening. Good for them.

You might not know this, but I do a lot of research as a part of my job. A lot of research, and some of it is even for projects at work. I love collecting things, especially books which happen to be the second book in a trilogy where I have not bought or read the first book. Genevieve is a pirate girl, so if you ever need to get her a gift, you can go with something pirate-y. I'll have to remember that Joyce is a Swan Woman.

Another Puffin picture in the ShelVy article! I'm having a good time catching up with *Odd* and reading *Planetary Stories*. He mentioned his good friend Joe Green and I couldn't help but wonder if he was the guy who was shot through the eye while he got a massage. Then I remembered that only happened in *The Godfather*, which was directed by Francis

Ford Coppola, whose nephew is a friend of mine, and who owns a restaurant called Niebaum-Coppola which me and Merric walked by today.

Your note about Earl Kemp is well-taken. I think *eI* might be my favorite fanzine.

Sadly, I must take exception with Dick Lupoff. I had a wonderful experience in those years called High School. I had a wonderful time, perhaps the second-best period of my life (there was a stretch in the late 1990's that surpassed it and the phase that I'm in right now is pretty damn close).

It might be the fact that I so loved High School, and even the drama that came with it, that I so love Teen Comedy movies. I found a notebook from high school which even complained that my Senior year was a great time that means that I'll never have a long career as a writer or filmmaker since I loved and did well in high school.

That's a great photo of Luba and Merric. Merric said it was the first photo of him to appear in *VFW*, but I pointed out that the two of us showed up in a *VFW* photo. Point: Garcia.

Another wonderful article from Jack Avery. I love old toys. This looks like a good exhibit too. I've seen a lot of private collections of Space Toys and this one sounds pretty good despite it not having any Flash Gordon or Buck Rogers stuff. The one at the top of the article is pretty rare, I've only seen a couple of them (one of which is in the Smithsonian and the other is in the collection of a photographer that I know). What I wouldn't give to have one.

You point out in responding to my LoC that I am American and Jewish. This is almost correct: I am American and Jew-eseque. Also, I'd like to thank Lloyd for reminding me that he owes me an article for The Drink Tank. I'll have to write him and bug him for it. I had forgotten.

OK, that's enough. I've got wrestling and Saturday Night Live to watch and then I want to finish at least part of Kung-Fu Hustle. That, and I need to brush my teeth again and try to remove the cigar mouth that I'm currently suffering from. Well, it's not entirely suffering.

Arnie You and Merric were in an altercation and you didn't describe every lurid detail? This will never do, Chris. It's even worse than the time, in **Crazy from the Heat #2**, that Ken Forman wrote, "without further ado..." I have forgiven Ken, and I will forgive you, too, but only if you write it up for *VFW*.

Actually, since your mom is Jewish, Mosaic Law also certifies you as a fully-accredited Jew. Don't worry, if the Bad Guys round us up again, you're going, too.

I wish I could similarly energize Frank W (or F. Wu if you prefer...). Every day, I watch the mail queue in vain for sight of a letter from him, perhaps even with an illo or two to feed the voracious cartoon-gobbler I publish weekly.

Out of the courtroom and into Chatback comes our modern-day Matlock with another insightful letter. Remember, "if it's a fanzine from me, you must L-o-C"...

Creath Thorne

I want to thank you for including me on the *VFW* distribution list for the past several weeks, even though I've not

responded. I had a whole series of trials and hearings that consumed most of my time and then a house-full of children, children's spouses and fiancées, and guests around Christmas that kept us busy.

It seems to me that you're doing at least three things with *VFW*: first, providing a good clubzine with reports and community-building; second, carrying out painless acts of education in the rich history of fandom for those newer to it; third, providing a venue for some wonderful fan-writers who've been at it for years and years. And it's a good mix, always nicely put together. I am impressed.

I have been particularly taken by Robert Lichtman's letters of comment. He seems to have read every fanzine ever published & to remember most of the contents. If someone were to undertake the task of writing a comprehensive history of fanzine fandom, I'd nominate Robert for the task. (I still remember the deep disappointment over Harry Warner's *A Wealth of Fable* when it was first published. And my sense is that Harry was similarly deeply disappointed that fandom as a whole did not appreciate the years of work he put into his project.)

A few issues ago you mentioned that Jack Speer was ill. I hope this is not serious. When I was a teacher many, many years ago, one of my older colleagues gave me this advice when I started: "There will be a young boy who will raise his hand and want to take issue with everything you say. Your first instinct will be to shut him up. Don't. He is probably the only student in that room listening to you."

As I look back, I feel that Jack was actually listening to, actually reading my fanzines, actually catching, to my great horror, the twenty-five or thirty mistakes of grammar, syntax, and fact that I made every time out. At this point, I feel nothing but gratitude for such a careful reader. I still have, somewhere, in my files letters of comment from Jack which I would now describe as showing, beneath the requirements of exactitude, a generosity of spirit.

Arnie: Although you were *missed*, I must point out that the brisk pace of *VFW* sometimes telescopes time a bit. In other words, write when you can, miss when you must and keep a good thought about your fan friends.

There's no further word on Jack, except that he is undergoing treatment and we are all hopeful of a good result. Though he is known to be a curmudgeon, especially where grammar and orthography are concerned, Jack is one of the nicest, sweetest guys I've met in Fandom. And since he isn't constantly reminding us of his achievements, it is easy to let it slip our minds how much he has contributed to our hobby. He wrote the first fanhistory, created the *Fancyclopedia*, pulled the first major fan hoax and co-invented (with Dan McPhail) the mailing comment. A continuing fannish sadness is that Juffus has not ventured into the rapidly expanding digital fanzine arena.

One of our Southern Stars has an observation about people with strange collections (and don't look at me, I collected LoCs).

Rich Dengrove

About people with curious collections and curious sto-

ries, a friend of mine wanted to have a collection that no one else had. One where he wouldn't have to spend a lot of money.

He figured that light bulb collecting would do that. At first, for very little, he had an Edison light bulb and a Masonic light bulb, with a filament in the form of a cross.

However, the strategy didn't work over the long run. Others jumped into light bulb collecting and the price of old light bulbs jumped. Now he has to sell his old light bulbs at extortionate prices to get new light bulbs at extortionate prices.

Arnie: By an odd coincidence, I heard Phil Hendry do a bit about a supposed light bulb collector on the radio just the other day. Your perspective on this collectible is quite... illuminating.

Robert Lichtman

That "big smudge right under the 'Potshot's Cartoon Theater' marquee" was lower down on the copy of *VFW No. 60* I received and printed. The title and first three panels were perfectly clear and the remaining two rows of panels (as it was presented in that issue) were so artfully smudged that I thought it was, like, an avant garde *effect* that Bill was trying out. And my viewpoint was reinforced by being able, through the schmutz, to clearly read "Isn't it obvious?"

It's almost, therefore, anti-climactic to read that it wasn't meant that way. No doubt my take on this is unique, but then I followed the artwork of the Beats back in the '50s and '60's and one of the first dozen or so fanzines I received back in 1985 was Lars Bourne's Beat-ish *Brillig*.

That said, I'm sorry to hear that Bill is taking a sabbatical from *VFW* but can totally relate to the need to recharge and, after all, he *is* getting ready to make a cross-country move.

In "The Brown Death," you surprised me by writing that

being Jewish causes one to be "especially susceptible to this chronic malady." This may be the case, but I've known plenty of goys who are also afflicted, both in and out of fandom -- and I imagine if you took a survey of the *VFW* readership you'd find a high percentage of them are similarly addicted and they're not all of the Jewish persuasion.

As for those "73% Dark Chocolate bars from Trader Joe's" -- yes, they *are* "especially fiendish," but Carol's and my current dark chocolate mainline is (and has been for quite some time, though *not* to the exclusion of Other Chocolate) Dove's Promises. These seductive little individually wrapped dark morsels come in 11-ounce bags containing about forty pieces, and they're often on sale at various big-big retailers. When they are, we pounce on the store and buy a large quantity in hopes of that being sufficient to sustain us until the next sale. If we had to pay full retail for them, it might put a crimp in our "fixed income." Yes, we eat that many!

I'm happy to read that my sending Shelby those photocopies of two issues of *confusion* added to the joy of his Christmas season. In return he's been keeping me entertained with those PDFs of Ray and Joyce Fisher's *Odds*. It pleases me to see that Shelby is clearly enjoying full retirement as much as I am, and that like me it's added the time he needed and wanted to fully pursue fanac.

Dick is certainly correct that high-school-as-"happiest possible time of life" is "a load of bull-pucky." I remember as a high school freshman being in a class assembly early on in which the principal made that assertion -- how we would all look back on high school later as some sort of Golden Age of our life -- and wonder in retrospect if he was Just Kidding. Except for a few teachers and a few friends, I thought that High School sucked and was glad to get away from it -- indeed, I should say "survive it" -- and go off to the university. I can see one way in particular that high school

Contact! Las Vegas Club Directory

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

Las Vegrants

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

SNAFFU:

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

VSFA:

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

Las Vegas Fan Events Calendar

.Las Vegrants Meeting January 21 7:30 PM

The informal invitational Core Fandom club meets on the first and third Saturdays of every month.

SNAPS Deadline Sunday, January 22

Las Vegas Fandom own electronic amateur press association has its deadline for contributions to the January distribution. Send your file to Joyce Katz (Joyccworley1@cox.net).

SNAFFU Dinner January 27 7:00 PM

The SNAFFU Dinner Meeting will take place at Lotus of Siam, a Thai restaurant at the corner of Sahara and S. Maryland.

First Friday Video Group February 3 6:00

James Willey hosts this monthly get-together. They are currently doing *Farscape*. More info from Mindy Hutchings (204-4332).

Second Sunday Movie Screening February 12 6:00

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

warped Dick: I find absolutely no resemblance between Pat Lupoff and Veronica Lodge.

In "Happy New Year," you write, "I don't remember the portion of the party after Joyce smacked me in the head nearly as well." No doubt you went deep into Personal Guilt, where you belonged, and that led to the short-term memory loss you report here. Bear that in mind, Meyer, if you're ever at a convention with the intention of writing up one of your justifiably famous Full Reports. Keep your "loveliest shrimp" viewpoint to yourself.

Your mention of "Artem, a highly recommended Russian restaurant," as the site of February's SNAFFU Dinner Meeting sent me off to the Web to check it out. Interestingly, at: <http://www.thebestrestaurantguide.com/index.php> one can select an ethnicity in a restaurant search, there is no Russian restaurant listed. But if you search by restaurant name you come up with Artem Eliseevsky on Flamingo, which admits to no ethnicity but lists three "signature dishes": "River Primadonna, Gourmand Duck and Kamchatka Shrimp." Duck has never particularly appealed to me, but I suspect I would enjoy the Kamchatka Shrimp (even though I think of Kamchatka as a fictional country on the Risk game board) and I'm curious to know what River Primadonna might be. I notice that the restaurant was voted 2002's Best Ethnic Restaurant by the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*.

My sympathies to Ayesha Ashley for her impending "root canal oral surgery," but I would add that I had that surgery about five years ago and found it uncomfortable (because one has to keep one's mouth open for so long) but otherwise no big deal.

It would be Very Cool if some fellow Las Vegas fans rented that house next to yours!

I'm not quite sure what Chris Garcia means, regarding putting old fanzines on-line, "All it will take is for someone with a large collection to get the ear of the right person at Google." I hadn't read anywhere that Google has any interest in creating that sort of content. I know that with Google Maps you can get a close-up map of every fan's house for whom you have a physical address, but that's easier than dealing with delicate old fanzines that would have to be surgically unstapled before scanning. I've done that, but there are some zines I've hesitated to unstaple because of the condition of the surrounding paper -- and I'm pretty sure I'd have endless sleepless nights if I entrusted any portion of my collection to a Google technician.

Chris also writes, "I'd actually like to be a part of SAPS, but I've never found the info to inquire about joining." Like FAPA, the Spectator Amateur Press Society -- fandom's second-oldest still-operational apa -- has a number of open membership slots. Also like FAPA, mailings are quarterly (January, April, July and October). Dues are only \$5 a year, and minimum activity is six pages every other mailing. Since most SAPS members are on the (let's not mince words here) *older* side, Chris's joining could bring the median age down by at least a decade. If you'd like more information, Chris, please contact me.

You write, "Anyone who plans to sell their pulp magazines would be advised to start doing so now if they haven't done so already. Prices are likely to start trending down." Considering the laws of supply and demand coupled with all-important *condition*, I would venture to say that anyone's whose pulps are in pristine or near-pristine condition has no worries in these regards. But if one's collection is more typical, your assertion is probably more true. For more on this, see <http://www.lwcurrey.com/>. At Currey's you can



select specific catalogues for individual pulps or general pulp listings. Just reading his descriptions, even if you don't intend to order, is a heady experience. And for fanzine collectors, I recommend <http://www.lwcurrey.com/FMPro>, where terrific old fanzines are listed at (in many cases) terrifically high prices. (As

a side note, when this catalogue was first issued it's where I found nearly my entire collection of Shelby's '50's fanzine, *confusion*, at a price too good to refuse. So you can "blame" Lloyd Currey for the PDFs of it that Shelby's put up.)

Speaking of Shelby, he complains that WordPerfect 12's "Grammatik" feature keeps talking back to him, such as it "keeps wanting to substitute 'they're' for 'their,' no matter how many times I tell it otherwise!" My advice to Shelby would be to turn the damn' thing off. To do so, from the pull-down menus go to Tools, then Proofread, then uncheck/unselect Grammar-As-You-Go. You'll be *much* happier without it.

Yes, it was definitely "Walt Willis who wrote a tirade about the profligate over-use of lettuce." I can't find the original tirade itself, but on page 166 of *WARHOON* No. 28 at makes this reference: "I stared at my first dish in horror. Had I not written a widely disseminated article designed to alert all America as to my tastes in food? And yet, at this banquet expressly designed in my honor, what do they serve me? LETTUCE! Oh, the horror of it. I toyed with the idea of throwing the plate in the faces of the Committee and stalking out, ignoring their piteous please to return, I knew fandom would be behind me. From LASFS to QSFL fans would breathe to one another in shocked whispers: 'Did you hear what they served Willis at the Chicon?' ... 'Not--?' 'Yes, *lettuce*!'"

No doubt the "widely disseminated article" is somewhere else in *Warhoon* No. 28, but I don't want to leave rich brown without something to do.

John Purcell writes, "I have long suspected that Roger Ebert was or used to be a fan." Indeed, I have a fanzine of his, *Stymie* No. 2, published back in 1960. (There was only one other issue, which is in the Bruce Pelz collection as listed at <http://lib.ucr.edu/cdd/spcol/fanzine.php?index=0> if one searches for either Ebert or the title. Ebert was a regular contributor to my first fanzine, *Psi-Phi*, with a book review

column in five of the seven genzine issues -- and a memory piece, "Soliloquy on a Second-Run House," about the beloved Princess Theater of his childhood in one of the other issues.

You inquire, "Have you ever noticed that honorifics in Fanzine Fandom are based on fame, while the ones in Convention Fandom relate to power?" Not being that au courant with the latter, I haven't. Would you care to elaborate? (Actually, I suspect that someone in the *VFW* readership who knows both fandoms, such as Geri Sullivan [if she's indeed a *VFW* reader], would be better qualified to

comment on this subject.)

I noticed three places in your presentation of my letter where a new paragraph was started where I had neither placed nor intended one. Wonder what that was about!?! I also noticed that your automatic spelling correcter changed my "just assing around" to "just assign around," which sort of messed up the meaning. Turn it off, or at least remove the assing/assign auto correction.

Lloyd Penney writes, "I must say that I prefer Word with its pull-down menus." But then he notes that the last version of *WordPerfect* he used was 5.1, which was the final DOS edition. No DOS programs had pull-down menus, Lloyd, but WordPerfect has had them ever since it made the leap to the Windows platform -- and it has *reveal codes*, which allow you to micro-manage your text and layout in a way virtually impossible with Word. As I wrote to Jack Calvert in No. 61, you can get a current version of *WordPerfect* for around \$25 from an eBay seller who offers them up in buy-it-now auctions.

Expanding my confirmation to rich brown that it was E. Everett Evans who edited *The Time-Binder*, I would note that it saw eight issues between 1944 and 1946 -- the final one being an 8-pager that appeared as part of the wonderful *Pacificon Combozine*. I have three of them, and find them on the dry side though with good production values.

Arnie: Now that you've seen Bill's cartoon in its proper form, you can see how thoroughly I messed up the first presentation. Call it a well-meant experiment on my part that failed miserably.

I think the Jewish "sweet tooth" is a well-known phenomenon, Robert, but that doesn't mean that non-Jews don't also have this tendency or that there aren't Jews who are not afflicted by it.

You'll get no argument about Dove chocolate here. I still remember fondly the oversized Dove ice cream bars Joyce and I used to get in Greenwich Village before Dove became a national chocolate phenomenon. I sometimes buy the Dove bars sold in supermarkets, but they've been down-sized enough to lose their awe-inspiring size. Of course, they are also a lot easier to eat now.

Joyce is a regal 5'4", at least by her own measurement

system, and would bitterly resent being called a shrimp, love-liest or otherwise. Luba, at 4"10", is a more appropriate candidate.

The comment you mention is a (minor) aspect of one of my fannish theories. This one holds that that each sub-Fandom is a simulation of what the participants want, but do not necessarily find in the Mundane World. I did a piece in crifanac, I think, but I'll try to write about it again soon.

Hear to speak of Czar Nicholas II and other important matters is a fine ecent addition to ChatBack...

John Purcell

Nice blurry pic of Tsar Nicholas II on page 4. At any rate, I am beginning to think that there is a distinct correlation between Dick Lupoff's reminiscences of his military days and the fact that VFW doesn't just stand for *Vegas Fandom Weekly*, if you get my drift. No matter what, I am thoroughly enjoying his articles; speaking of which, there is a Frazee, Minnesota, up in the frozen hinterlands of northwestern Minnesota. Damn cold up there in winter. Subzero highs for a month at a stretch --- and that's during a warm winter! Too cold for man, beast, or machine. But a great area for fishing seven months out of the year.

John DeChancie was making me hungry while reading his bit. that fried fish sounds lovely. You should try fried smelt some time. Every year the smelt runs up along Minnesota's north shore bring out crowds of people who pull in pails and nets full of this fish as it attempts to make its spawning runs. The DNR makes sure that people stick to their limits, though, to ensure that enough get through to keep the fish stock up.

Jack Avery's bit about the "Pulp Magazine Cover Artwork" display was both good and disappointing. I, too, wish they had included information about the artists, publication dates, and so forth; there's a big coffee-table book about science fiction and fantasy pulp magazines at the Half-Price Bookstore in town for \$9 that I MUST HAVE!!!

Plus, that last comment is cute, especially since I lived in Iowa for seven years. Cats and cornfields. And baseball fields. And contrary to what Kevin Costner said, Iowa is NOT heaven. Limbo is more like it. Purgatory is in Kansas.

Robert Lichtman makes the comment that VFW is becoming "something of a focal point," which is what some fanzines used to be way back when. I am not sure if Core Fandom has any kind of a focal point nowadays, things are so spread out. If anything, efanazines.com and Truefen.net are a binary system around which electronic fanzine fandom may spin, gyrate, or do whatever it does (a drunken Irish jig may be more like it). I don't know about this one. What you do folks think? Does a "focal point" exist in contemporary Core Fandom? For what it's worth, I don't think there really is one because the dead-tree version of fanzines seems to be a dying breed (I apologize for the accidental pun). My feeling is that establishing an Internet focal point is the way to go, which points directly to the efforts of Bill Burns, the folks over at Fanac.org and Trufen.net. I am very interested to see what other people may think about this one.

Finally, in answer to Peter Sullivan's loc and the attendant definitions of the term "one-shot," allow me to quote from the book *Science Fiction Fandom*, edited by Joe Sanders (1994):

"ONESHOT: Special, one-time fanzine. Sometimes produced to celebrate special gatherings or events. May be impromptu casual natterings or a substantial reprint collection." (268)

That covers both what you and Peter say. As a result, oneshots can be either wonderful, funny, surreal, or just plain worthless blatherings. Some one-shots would be worth preserving on-line, such as special worldcon issues of *Le Zombie* or other zines from the late 30s. I agree with you, Arnie, when it comes down to putting zines online: do the quality zines first. The quantity will eventually come along.

Arnie: I agree with you about the impossibility of a fanzine being the focal point of All Known Fandom. Most of those 25,000 people don't even look at fanzines, much less care what's in them. It might be more reasonable to talk about a focal point for Core Fandom, but these things are more easily determined a few years after the fact.

Future travel plans and more figure prominently in this letter from one of VFW's premier contributors...

Dick Lupoff

Shelby Vick's comments about the death of Big Hearted Howard Devore struck home with me. Howard was in the huckster room of the first science fiction convention I ever attended, the Midwestcon of 1957. That was quite a gathering. Just a bunch of fans (and a couple of pro's) checking into a motel near Cincinnati. We spent the weekend lounging around the pool. A few brave souls actually went swimming. There were poker games each night. I actually won money from "bad" Marty Greenberg. The closest thing to a program or formal proceeding that took place was a sort of communal dinner at a nearby Italian restaurant on Saturday night.

Some to think of it, there were more than "a couple" of pros. Let's see, who was there? As I recall, Doc Smith, L. Sprague de Camp, P. Schuyler Miller, Isaac Asimov, Wilson Tucker and Robert Bloch. Bloch and Tucker got up in front of the assembled gang at the end of that Saturday dinner and put on a marvelous two-man show, including Tucker doing a hilarious reading of a story of Bloch's that had run in *Other Worlds*.

When I say that Howard de Vore was in the huckster room, I misstate the actual state of affairs. Howard was the huckster room. He was the only dealer present, at least as I remember the event. And the huckster "room" was actually the trunk of Howard's car. What kind of car? Not sure but I have a vague inkling that it was a huge, ancient Dodge sedan. I'm probably wrong.

took a bunch of photos at that convention, and asked bystanders to take a few with me in 'em. They're posted on some fan site. They've been there for years. The captions are screwed up, and I've been writing to the fans who posted the

UK Bulletin Sullivan on Sick List!

Peter Sullivan, the outstanding British newcomer who has become such a favorite among Vegas fans, has run into some medical problems. Just before the end of the year, symptoms led him to the doctor who diagnosed him with angina — and a 90% blockage of the left descending artery. They immediately scheduled him for an angiogram and an angioplasty.

Because of the degree of blockage, Peter is being kept in hospital until he rises to the top of the list for surgery. The prognosis is good, but for now he's getting some enforced rest (and probably the dubious bonus of mandatory boredom.)

Peter, whose email address is, peter@burdonvale.co.uk, asks that ezine publishers send him their issues directly, if possible, since he can't surf the web. He ought to be back at full fanning strength in two or three weeks.

pix for years, giving them the correct information. They won't even acknowledge my emails, no less fix the caps. If you feel like surfing a little I'm sure you can find the page, and if you feel like sending abusive messages to the people who maintain the site, demanding that they fix the caps, please do so with my blessings.

Listen, Arnie, Shelvie, and the rest of you guys:

When we get to that Big Con in the Sky I'm going to head straight for the huckster room and the first guy I'm going to see there will be Howard Devore. I know that for a fact.

Well, maybe that's the second place I'll head. First, I'll pop in and see who's down in the bar.

Arnie: If I find myself at the Enchanted Convention, my first will be to see Burbee and Rotsler (and Perdue and Laney), unless you think maybe I should be looking for them

Good Night

This issue is a day or so later than it might've been, but I am sure you all appreciate the circumstances as outlined in the news. Things ought to be back to normal in plenty of time for next week's issue, so I'm looking forward to your letters of comment, contributions of art or writing and news of fans and Fandom.

I want to thank Michael Bernstein and Roxanne Gibbs for an absolutely fantastic Annish Party. I'll have my report and photos by David Gordon in the next *Vegas Fandom Weekly*. I didn't want to add more pages to an issue that is already fairly hefty.

See you all next week — and don't forge the 2006 Las Vegas Fan Awards Poll.

— Arnie Katz

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... and a ton of news.