

# VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

## Vegas Fan Events

**First Friday Video Group**  
Friday (1/7) 6:00 PM

**Second Sunday Movie Screening**  
Sunday (4/9) 6:00 PM

**SNAFFU Discussion Meeting**  
Friday (4/14) 8:00 PM

*Check out the Calendar and preview stories*

ing to visit Las Vegas Fandom! According to an email a few days ago, his trip to Glitter City will coincide with the 4/15 Vegrants meeting.

His avowed purpose is to participate in *Fannish Voices #1*, the audio oneshot the Vegrants plan to do that Saturday evening.

Of course, Chris doesn't actually *have* to come to town to do that, since Bill Mills has set up a web site (<http://www.billmills.net/vegrants-odeo.html>) that allows anyone to make one or more three-minute segments and send them to him for inclusion in the oneshot.

We've decided to give this groundbreaking effort some focus by instituting a theme: "How I Found Fandom or It Found Me." The Vegrants would very much like as many as possible to send in segments for this fanhistory-making oneshot.

### Vegrants Write Third Oneshot!

The full report of the 4/1 Vegrants meeting will appear in the next issue of *VFW*, but one definite item of note is that the invitational Core Fandom fan club made good on its promise to produce the round-robin editorial and other materials for the third oneshot in the current series.

There are some details to finish, including getting the letter column together so participants can write comments, but it should be out in about a week.

Meanwhile, the Vegrants are revving up for the Audio Oneshot, *Fannish Voices #1*, under the editorship of Bill Mills.

The Vegrants have invited fans from outside Las Vegas to contribute to this oneshot, which has the theme "How I Found Fandom or It Found Me." See the window on page 22 for full details about how you can record your comments, either through your computer or the telephone.

### Chris Garcia Coming to Visit!

Chris Garcia, demon publisher and lovable president of the NFFF, is com-

### Ross Chamberlain Heads for Surgery!

April 17 is tentatively selected for throat surgery for fan

*Continued on page 13*



# Inside Story April First

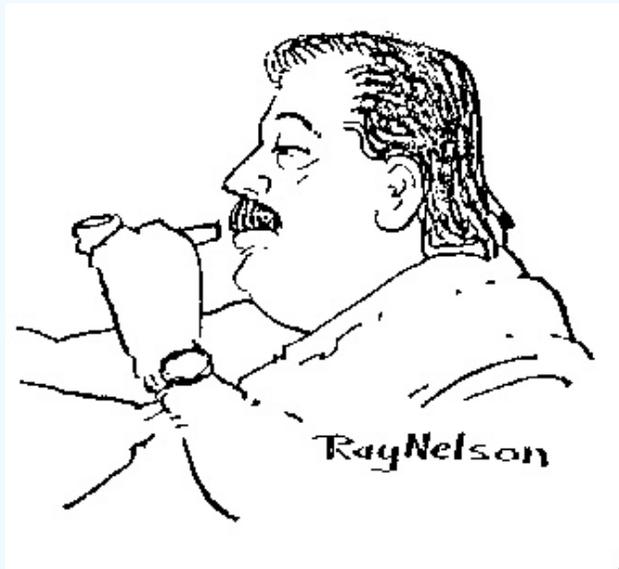
When I started this little column — if *VFW* had a Dollar Menu, *Inside Story* would be on it, I thought it would be a good place to talk about the current issue or “housekeeping” stuff about the zine that would otherwise be too dull to mention. Sometimes, I’ve actually used it for that purpose.,

This is one of those times, because I want to comment on a couple of pieces. This week’s *Katzenjammer* is faan fiction. I mention this because when I recent wrote a faan fiction story about a Jekyll & Hyde fan, I got a letter from a *VFW* reader wrote to ask if it was a true story. Come back next week for the pulse-pounding sequel.

David Gordon, as it happens, was also the subject of a recent faan fiction story, *The Mystery of David M. Gordon/* After I published it in *VFW*, some fans wondered if David is real or if I made him up. He has provided a very entertaining and informative autobiography, so you can now judge for yourself if “Tony” is for real or a figment of Las Vegas Fandom’s overheated collective imagination.

Finally, I want to apologize for the lack of some kind of April Fools prank. I thought I might do something, but I couldn’t think up anything that I really wanted to do. Or rather, I thought up one thing that I wanted to do — and I decided to do it as part of the oneshot that Vegas fans will produce on April Fools Day at the Vegrants meeting.

So, except for the fact that the entire issue was written and edited by rich brown, I guess you’ll have to wait until next year for some kind of April Fooler. —  
Amie



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**Columnists This Issue :** Joyce Katz, David Gordon, Lloyd Penney.

*VFW* is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at the SNAFFU site and at [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com). No healthy fanzine editors were permanently harmed during the production of this fanzine.

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

# The End of Vegas Fandom! Katzenjammer

*Deep within the recesses of a dilapidated convention hotel is a room not reachable from any public hallway on a floor at which the lurching elevator does not stop unless a special key is inserted into the control panel.*

*The elevator groaned under the weigh of the three fans who crowded into the narrow compartment. Two waited silently, motionlessly, as the third fitted the key into the lock and turned it.*

*The elevator rumbled and strained as it slowly rose to the upper floors. It stopped suddenly, heaving to the side in a way that nearly took the three fans off their feet.*

*The door slid open and they exited directly into a large, opulent conference room dominated by an ob-long walnut table that shone so brightly you could count the ceiling lights by their reflections.*

*They smiled at each other. It was good to be back at SMOF headquarters.*

I feel the fannish impulses slipping away. I no longer care about fanzines or Corflu or even my oldest and dearest friends. No, I am a gafiation-in-progress, one with no reprieve and no possible return.

Right now, I feel I will miss Fandom, miss it terribly. Yet I know that the inexorable process has already begun that will take me deep into the Glades of Gafia, deep into a forgetting of Fandom.

My only hope is that I can tell you all about this, warn you all about the danger, before it engulfs you and snuffs out Fandom as we knew and loved it.

I see that I typed the previous sentence in the past tense. Gafia is gaining on me. I had better tell you about it.

I didn't realize what was happening when it began. I will always blame myself, though Joyce says there was truly no way to know. Anyway, it began nearly a year ago with the sudden departure of Woody Bernardi to Boston.

Not gafia, you may say, just a relocation. And that is exactly how it seemed at the time. We assumed that Woody would join every club in the Boston area, enlist on the Boskone con committee and maybe even do some fanzine publishing. I recall telling Joyce that I was waiting for the latest permutation of *Marquee/The Gay Blade*. I waited, but it never came.

For Woody did not become a hyper-active Boston fan. In fact, he soon found a more congenial environ-

ment in Boston's extensive gay community.

Then Joshua Andrews announced he was moving to Winnepeg, Alberta, Canada. He never did go, but his minimal fanac fell off to nothing. He might as well have been in the frozen North for all that we heard of him in Glitter City.

Then it was JoHn Hardin moving to Kingman, AZ, to work in his brother's plumbing business and Ruth Davidson taking her daughter to Yuba City in the aftermath of a marital storm. John DeChancie pulled up stakes and returned to Los Angeles and David Del Valle followed suit. When Bill and Laurie Kunkel began packing for a move to northern Michigan, it became obvious that Something Was Happening.

*"You have the serum?" asked the man in the tight robe. He supposed it was meant to be loose and flowing. It was the fault of the manufacturer for not making a 7XL.*

*"Yes, our scientists, working under the cover of the NFFF have developed the Gafia Serum." said the SMOF to his right.*

*"And we are immune?" the leader's right wanted to know?*

*"Not immune.. Resistant," came the reply.*

*"What do we have to do?" asked the SMOF on the left. "One drop in a bheer or soft drink and the target is forcibly driven to the extremes of gafia."*

*"That's amazing, astounding, fantastic!" the leader chortled. He normally avoided even the hint of a sense of humor, but he thought this situation merited a modicum of jocularly. "How does it work?"*

*"It directly attacks the so-called 'Trufannish Impulses'! Those Core Fandom people won't stand a chance!"*

*"So there is no potential danger to us?" the leader reiterated. "We don't want to wipe out our lovely Fandom. Just remove those bigmouth troublemakers. They just don't fit in our business plan!"*

*"That's for sure!" agreed the SMOF on the right. "I won't say there's no danger, but the serum in its present form is not likely to bother any of us."*

*"We must test it before we use it to wipe Core Fandom from the face of the earth," said the SMOF to*

Continued on next page

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the leader's left. He was known as a fan who always carried a cell phone and a walkie-talkie at conventions.

"Yes, we must have a test of its effectiveness before we target our prime objective."

"You mean..." asked the SMoG on the right.

"Yes, the con suites at the next Corflu!" the leader said, a note of triumph in his voice. "We'll get them all at once. Finish those loose-cannon literates once and for all!"

"And the test" the SMoF on the left asked eagerly.

"We will destroy Las Vegas Fandom with the serum!" said the Leader.

"Yes!" cried his two companions in unison.

"Why is everyone gafiating?" Joyce asked me worriedly over dinner one evening.

"I don't know, but this is for sure: Someone is gafiating the fans of Las Vegas," I had not realized it was true until I heard my own voice say the words. "If I'm right, we have only seen the start of this."

"People gafiate," she said, hoping to calm me. "We did for 15 years."

"Yes, but look how many fans have disappeared from the Las Vegas fan scene in the last year," I argued. "Did you ever think Teresa would go on tour with her dulcimer?"

"I was glad that James Taylor went with her as her manager. He'll keep her safe in the dog eat dog soulless, money-grubbing world of show business."

"Yes," she said. "He's been to LASFS and everything."

"It's too many, too quickly," I said, pressing the issue.

"You may be right," she said dubiously. "I know I've been spending a lot more time playing games on the Internet and less writing and publishing."

Then she said something that chilled me to the bone and drained the color from my sensitive fannish face. "Do you think someone else could host the Vegants?"

"Joyce!" I said. I could hardly think of what to say. This was the last thing I expected. Yet, I could see some advantages to giving up the club...

I focused my mind on resisting this unwelcome idea. And yet...

"Where is he?" one SMoF said to the other. They were no longer at the left and right of the Leader, so it was harder for even them to know which was which. Sadly, they were not authorized to use actual names.

"He went to get batteries," said the SMoG who usually got to be at the Leader's right hand.

"Ah, batteries," said the other. "A fan never has

enough batteries."

"There's something I want to talk to you about," said the SMoF who had brought the Gafia Serum to the meeting.

"What is it?"

"This test," he explained. "I want it to go... well."

"Naturally."

"But the Serum is not a cut-and-dried... it's not so absolute... it's —"

"You mean it might not work?" said his companion.

"The serum will do what I said it will," said the SMoF, huffily. "It's simply that it can't directly cause Gafia. It sets the person up to experience the feelings that lead to Gafia, but some of the stronger ones may need a —"

"Need a push in the right direction?" he colleague finished for him.

"Yes. Exactly. A push in the right direction to make the Gafiating effect kick in strongly enough to cause the break with Fandom."

"I see your concern, but I think there is a remedy."

"Yes?"

"I have friends. You have friends. Could we not get them to provide those needed nudges?"

"That's brilliant!" said the SMoG whose status would rise or crash on the basis of the Gafia Serum's success. "The serum will set them up — and then our nudges will push them right out of Fandom!"

They laughed.

Somewhere, a pair of unseen eyes widen in disbelief. The rumors were true. He hoped there was still time to save Core Fandom and wondered if it was already too late for Las Vegas.

He had two important calls to make.

Things began to accelerate...

James Willey and Mindy Hutchings announced they were going to concentrate on refurbishing the house they expect to live in together after marriage. It would be a two-year project and, well, fandom didn't fit into the couple's plans for at least that long.

Their gafia had a domino effect on the few remaining VSFans. Soon, no one even got together to watch old television shows and the shiny new constitution went unratified. The group's garish site continued to flash and twinkle hyperbolically, but there was no one to update it and, besides, there were fewer and fewer Las Vegas fans who cared to visit it.

Not that the SNAFFU site fared any better once its prime movers joined their fellow Vegas fans in gafia.

Roxanne Gibbs moved to a small town in Montana, said to have the purest air in North America. It is

still not certain that even moving there will mean she won't have to retreat into a large plastic bubble. It seemed like the logical step after Michael Bernstein failed to return from a trip to Isreal, because he was drafted into the tank corps.

Merric Anderson met gafia far from southern Nevada. While installing a room security system at a Best Western in eastern Oregon, he found himself unexpected stranded in the remote outpost.

Unaware of Merric's vow to never write anything, the manager of the Best Western asked him for a written report of the job. He offered to give an oral report, but the manager, a Mr. Don Rogers, would not allow this small deviation from his Official Standard Procedure.

Merric is still there, as far as I know, living in the palatial Herbert Hoover suite of the Best Western, unwilling to comply and, therefore, unable to leave. He would be dead already if it wasn't for room service. Lubov joined him in his upholstered prison after the second weeks. They say she paints mostly weodsy scenes now.

Joelle Barnes' life changed when her panties were thrown onto the stage of a concert. She was in them, tossed to the performer's feet by an over-zealous fellow fan. She had cause to thank that still-unknown fellow enthusiast. The star took one look at her, felt the stirrings of love in her heart and the next day she became Joelle Manilow.

I guess he *wasn't* gay,

Alan and DeDee White now delight listeners on New York's WOR. Someone called them "The New Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald" and Bill Mills compared them to Tex and Jinx before he left for California to join the "Morning Zoo" mornings on an Orange County radio station. The station is talking about giving Roxie a call-in show about pets on Sunday at 7:00 AM.

*"It's over," said Dick Lupoff. He unlimbered a great sigh. They had worked feverishly for days, worked against the clock to derail this insane plan.*

*"I can hardly believe all of this. It sounds like one of Arnie's faan fiction stories," Robert Lichtman observed. "Hmmm... I guess we won't be reading many of those in the future?"*

*"I thought they were immune to their own Bullshit," Dick Lupoff said. "Wha' happen?"*

*"They could've resisted the original serum, but not our reformulated version," Chris Garcia answered with some satisfaction. He had captured the National Fantasy Fan Federation presidency, so necessary to emergencies like this. In effect, he had fallen on the*

*grenade for the god of Fandom. "We carefully extracted one of the ingredients and substituted another."*

*"And this new ingredient — ?" Lichtman wondered.*

*"Yes, it's as effective against their vile machinations as the original Gafia Serum proved to be against us," Chris explained. "Turned out all we had to do was carefully extract the fan-political bullshit — I had to wear gloves and a face mask — and add some Sensa Yuma,."*

*"And they're gone?" Lupoff asked.*

*"Yes, they all went home about 15 minutes after Chris, dressed as a room service man, delivered the tub of ice filled with the doctored bheers."*

*"I think they're going to open an event planning business in Cody, WY," Robert added. "I think they'll enjoy that."*

My story is almost over, which is fortunate, because I'm sort of losing interest in writing it. I think you get the basic idea: Las Vegas fans gafiated in droves.

Even though it doesn't mean much to me at the mment, it's hard to forget SNAFFU's final meeting. One minute the last five SNAFFUties were talking about the novels of Ursula K LeGuin and the next they all stood up and dispersed into Borders bookstore's "Self-Help" and "Gun Sport" aisles.

None of them spoke a word. They just walked back into their Mundane lives.

Not that Vegrants fared better. Far from it. Attendance dwindled steadily, although Joyce and I at first tried to stem the tide with more varied activities.

We had a oneshot. I opened it and Joyce closed it.

We had a musical evening. No one sang and no one played, except Joyce and the neighbors' complaints soon put a stop to that.

When we realized that no one was coming to the house any more, we stopped sending out invitations.

I guess this is as good a time as any to announce that Joyce and I are moving to Baja California — sorry, but I'd prefer not to say exactly where — so that Joyce and I can devote ourselves to our new passion — metal diction. We've got his and hers metal detectors and we find it just fascinating to walk back and forth and see what might be buried in someone else's backyard (when they aren't home). — Arnold D. Katz

**Is THIS  
the END  
of Vegas Fandom???**

# Blitz Jazant

## Chapter 3

# How I Found FANDOM

I was explaining about how I found out about fandom. Even after Ray Fisher told me about it, it took years to actually find fandom. But once I spoke to Jim Hall in that bookstore on a Saturday afternoon in the mid-1960s, things started to happen. His son, Dave Hall telephoned us that very evening, to invite us to his house the next weekend.

The Halls lived down in Crystal City, about an hour's drive from our St. Louis apartment, and I was keenly excited by the time we reached their home. There was a roomful of people waiting to meet us; David had spent the week rounding up all the science fiction readers he knew. There was Dave, his dad Jim, Harold Steele and his son, Paul Gilster, Rich Wannan, Hank Luttrell, and maybe one or two others.

We formed the Ozark Science Fiction Association (OSFA) that afternoon, talked late into the evening about books and magazines, our favorite authors, and fanzine publishing. Dave, Hank and Paul were publishing several titles each, since each belonged to multiple apas (amateur press associations) and each of them were also already publishing, or getting ready to publish a genzine (general subject fanzine.)

Although the subject didn't appeal to me, the group also started talking about hosting a convention that very weekend. It seemed to me that it was premature to discuss it; after all, we were only just forming the club. But Dave, in particular, was wildly enthusiastic about the idea. He and Jim had attended a convention the year before, and really enjoyed the glitz.

Dave even had someone in mind to invite as Guest of Honor. "We'll ask Ted White," he shouted in his enthusiasm. "He's traveling around the country now, bidding for the

worldcon." Personally, I'd never heard his name before, but I was going to hear a lot more of it in the months (and years) to follow.

Before Ray and I left that day, Dave loaned me a stack of fanzines. I recall that all of them were apazines, and a great many came from southern fans. The Apa 45 zines (an apa for fans born after 1945) were very unpolished, very juvenile (as to be expected from members all under 20). The ones from the southern group were much more approachable, with at least a little bit more meat.

Everybody left that day filled with excitement, even joy. We'd founded a new club, set a date for the next meeting, and talked about science fiction and fandom all afternoon. We'd begun discussing a convention. And, best of all, we'd started the steps toward friendships.

Well, I guess you can imagine how I devoured the borrowed fanzines in the following week. I read them all, cover to cover, and even the most juvenile of them seemed wonderful to me. And, I wrote letters to all the editors, asking to be included on their mailing list. I sent quarters and nickels and dimes to those who'd take money, then leaned back to wait for the replies.

It's a hard and lonely thing to be a fan, at least when you're just starting out. Every afternoon, I'd rush home from work to check the mail. It took a long time, or at least it seemed so to me. But eventually I got the first one: a wrinkled up, crushed and torn fanzine that looked like it'd been rolled through a mud puddle. I grabbed onto it like it was gold.

I don't actually remember who sent me that first zine. I think it was one of the southern guys...Lon Atkins, Al Andrews, or Dave Hulan seem likeliest; they were among my first contacts. I do recall that there wasn't much



to it, but it seemed wonderful to me.

Eventually I got one with a fanzine review column, and then I sent quarters, or wrote letters, to every address on that list. And gradually, very slowly, there built to be a trickle of apazines plopping into the mailbox, and even an occasional letter from someone I'd written.

I believe it was probably Dave Hall who brought me my first real genzine. He came to visit, with a copy of *Yandro*. This was definitely the most sophisticated fanzine I'd seen since making contact, and I was overjoyed. I felt like I was finally getting somewhere. I wasn't quite yet an insider, but at least I was near the door.



pleasant enough evening; they were charming and articulate. But Rich was off fandom in a big way.

"Why would you want to do that?" he snarled when Ray spoke about getting back into it, and refused to give us any addresses for any of the old friends Ray remembered from the 50s.

There was another setback when we received an issue of *Warhoon* from Richard Bergeron. Definitely the best fanzine we'd seen to that point, nonetheless it had the reverse effect on Ray, because it was the issue in which Bergeron rehashed the entire Boondoggle affair. I guess Ray was thinking of G.M. Carr and the Clean Up Fandom campaign that censored zines (and got Odd barred from the mails) in the early 50s. When he read about

#### Chapter 4

We Were Talking about what it was like for me when I first made contact with fandom. I owe a lot to Dave Hall for hooking me up with my first zines, and for getting the original group together to form the Ozark Science Fiction Association.

Dave was really my first good buddy in fandom. He was a senior in high school when we met, charming and eager and bright in that half-crazy way that describes so many young fans. His dad, Jim Hall, was also pulled into the excitement of the new club, even though he'd originally said he wasn't into fandom. We saw them almost every weekend, and Dave frequently drove up to St. Louis from his home in Crystal City for mid-week visits, too.

The entire group, all of the OSFAns, was made up of publishing fans. At first, most of the activity was centered around various apas, and through Dave, Hank and the others, I quickly started correspondences with Lon Atkins, Dave Hulan, Al Andrews, and other southern publishers. Although I didn't join any of the apas, I did read most of them during the mid-60s; that's where I started building knowledge about more active fandom.

Ray was somewhat more reluctant to get involved. I think seeing the nonstop spatting between the Apa 45 members reminded him of the fan feuding in his own youth. At one point, I convinced him to get in touch with his old co-editor, Richard Elsberry, and he and his wife actually came to visit us in St. Louis. We spent a

the Boondoggle, he was so antagonized that he laid aside all thoughts of fanzines, saying "It's just like before; bickering and backbiting. I don't want to be in it again."

Yet nothing could actually stop us at that point. We were spending most of our social time with the OSFAns; we were getting quite a few zines in the mail; we were actively participating in the new club. And I was getting more and more anxious for us to start publishing a fanzine of our own. Then, too, there was a convention coming up.

And, the fact is, Ray wanted to publish again. It was a growing passion with him. He and I were avid readers of underground papers and zines, and devoted followers of the counter culture movement. He wanted to be part of the Revolution; he wanted to mold opinions by editorializing against the Establishment, against the War, against Mundane Conventionality. And he had this vision of a magazine in which every aspect, from the poetry to the articles and even the art worked on the heart and mind of the reader to make him or her see the injustices of the world.

There was never any question about what he'd name the new publication. He'd loved *ODD* back when he was a teenaged fan publisher, and the fact he'd been unjustly forced to give it up made him all the more determined to revive it. So although his plans for the new *Odd* were much more organized than when he'd been in fandom before, he definitely planned to bring it back to life.

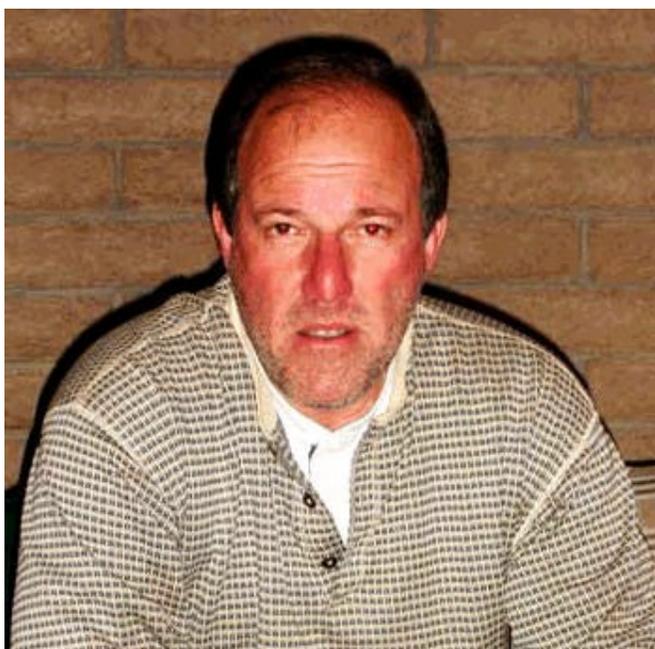
— Joyce Katz

# Flashes Life Is Change

It is axiomatic that life is change, and yet we each yearn for a long-gone time when life was *less* constrained and *more* carefree, when smiles and laughter were prevailing emotions rather than life's frustrations of mounting bills and thickening waistlines. Although my personal and professional life are each a construct that enables me to survive, thrive, and even to profit from change the tendency remains to grow wistful for these days of innocence.

I recall with fondness my first World Science Fiction Convention, the *Wor/dCon* in 1973 - **TorCon II**. I had recently become an 'adult'. This passage of the calendar bestowed upon me the arrogance to inform my parents that I was now old enough to travel on my own to a country I had not previously been and to an event at which I knew no one among the thousands in attendance. To my surprise, they agreed. Before departing, however, I made a pact with myself that I would travel with an open mind and open arms. And was *wowed* for the effort.

I met many people at the convention - fans and professionals ("pros") alike. For example, during one segment of my trip to Toronto, I recognized several fellow SF fans, and we spent the next sev-



eral hours acquainting ourselves with each other. By the time we pulled into Toronto, we were fast friends; friendships, in fact, that have endured for decades. During the convention, I recall seeing and meeting such luminaries as *Alfred Bester*, *R. A. Lafferty*, *Robert Bloch*, and *Ben Bova*; too many pros, in fact, to list. I recall their availability to fans. I recall their *joie de vivre* and their experiential wisdom they were happy to share. So they did.

I sat and listened to *Alfred Bester*. He told us (I was not the sole person to sit uncomfortably on that cold, hard floor!) who he was, where he came from, why he wrote, why he was an editor, why he stopped writing (for awhile), and why he was at the convention. I could not get enough. I turned to *R.A. Lafferty*, and introduced myself. Boy could this guy *spien* I repeated this experience with the other pros, and after meeting *all* the pros, with other fans. I was insatiable to *see, meet, talk, and listen* to others. I could not get enough; I went the next four nights without sleep. (Does this sound familiar...?) Renowned fan, *Keith Kato*, named me *The All-Nighter Kid*. I grew, changed, and became a better person as a result of my experiences at this convention. This mere passage of the calendar had transmuted itself into a *rite of passage*: I had learned to *listen*.

Times change. We get older. Our perception of the world outside ourselves narrows. We tend even to ossify against change. So it was with some trepidation that I decided to attend thirty years later, **TorCon III**. Despite the fact that my fannish participation sometimes diminished for decades at a stretch, I knew that convention life had to have changed; after all, life *is* change. How might the reality of the present day *Wor/dCon* measure up to my memories?

Attending the Con, I discovered that a nomenclature has arisen that soon had me scratching my head in befuddlement - a *patois* with words such as *mundane*, *fan*, *fen*, and *filk*. Perhaps the item of particular note was the seeming sequester of the pros. The *Wor/dCon*, once a joyous gathering of

fans, had morphed into a business meeting for the pros who now were found only in bars, restaurants, Green Rooms, or the *SFWA* suite discussing sales, contracts, publication rights, etc. Due mostly to those private meetings and the hectic scheduling of multi-track programming, the pros regrettably had become unavailable to the fans that had traveled great distances to hobnob with them.

I understand this particular change, difficult though it might be to accept. It is no less than a mirror image of society - as the business of life assumes a paramount importance. Life itself takes a back seat to business. Nonetheless, this partitioning of seller from buyer, buyer from seller, and fan from pro at a convention of like-minded people ("Hey, we are all fans!") is not a change for which I am copacetic; it tends to a type of intellectual, cultural, and social staleness.

What is, is. How, then, to make the best of this new situation? Unfortunately, TorCon III was planned for more attendees than actually arrived. Whereas thirty years ago all the events took place at the *Royal York Hotel*, now the central hall was a gargantuan convention center. Back then, the fans all hovelled in a single hotel. Now they were dispersed over a number of hotels. You were lucky to see the same person twice as you made the stroll from hotel to convention center. Hmm, perhaps the pros are on to something with their scheduled business meetings, as they squeeze in a panel appearance here, an autograph session or kofffeek-latsch there...? Should fans mimic the business efforts of the pros in order to assure sightings of each other?

In a word, no. Leave to the pros the appointments, the full-to-bursting social and business calendars, and the harried lives, and leave instead happenstance to the fans, to us. Of course, I attend World Cons to meet the writers, the editors, and the publishers, in a quixotic attempt to understand better the dynamics of writing and publishing. But I also attend to smile, to laugh, and to make new friends; to create new memories.

As I recall that weekend's proceedings, I discover that I have many positive memories. I recall the delight of retracing my footsteps through the *Royal York*, a trip down memory lane. I recall a delightful dinner with several fans, including



*Kristine Smith*, a professional writer. That dinner conversation soon left the world of SF and assumed broader, deeper, and richer levels. I recall another dinner off-premises at a lousy restaurant with lousy service with a gaggle of professional writers and publishers; our cheeriness trumped the restaurant staffs boorishness. Moreover, I recall forming deeper relationships with many people, but especially *Keith Kato*, *Kenn Bates*, and *Rochelle Uhlenkott*. Our conversations were phenomenal fun, as well as personally instructive.

Alas, the opportunity to break bread with the pros during the *HUGO* awards banquets is no more. Rubber chicken notwithstanding, this change is personally disappointing, as, in some measure, it jeopardizes our commonality. What we share - fan and pro alike - is a similar sense of wonder, a love of reading, especially science fiction, and our willingness to share those interests with others, including strangers. These are the ties that bind us, that bring us together year after year after year.

What has yet to change, at least materially, is when *Wor/dCon* typically occurs (Labor Day) although that too I suppose is open to change. The sole constant then, and what I finally understand, is that I attend SF conventions to meet and speak with each of you, whether pro or fan. That is. I come to meet *you*.

-- David Gordon

# Canadians Return to Pubnight!

Hello, all...last time I had an article here, it was all about the First Thursday, Toronto fandom's main pubnight. I say main because there is a second general fannish pubnight here, conveniently called the Third Monday.

This pubnight started almost nine years ago because fans living in the west end of Toronto didn't want to go all the way downtown, and they didn't want to leave their own favorite watering hole. Orwell's Pub and Grill (Established 1984) is a short walk away from one of the westernmost subway stations in the city, and it is a short five-minute drive from where we live, so we're there most Third Mondays. Where many pubnights have had to change location from time to time, Orwell's is the only place this pubnight has ever been, so we are valued customers. Yvonne informs local fandom of the Third Monday through her e-newsletter, but this pubnight was founded by local fan Chris Ellis.

The March Third Monday was on the 20<sup>th</sup>, which was also the first day of spring. As soon as I did some banking and mailed off a loc (yes in a mailbox, of all things), I was off to Orwell's. I like the event, the whole of the event, so I like to get there early, and as usual, I was the first one there



in a quiet bar at 5:30pm. The atmosphere at Orwell's is always nice, even when the place is mostly empty. I ordered the chicken curry, and sat back to see people arrive.

As laughing children close by added to the atmosphere, Chris and Emily Knight arrived with Amy Tucker. Chris and Emily run the Ad Astra green room every year, and Emily is in charge of all hospitality functions with the con. I helped get her into fandom more than 15 years ago, and now, she and Chris live just up the street from us, and

are relatively new regulars at the Third Monday. Amy's worked with them for a few years now, and this is her first time at Orwell's. Hope Leibowitz arrived just after them with a Cape Canaveral gift catalogue for Yvonne, who arrives about five minutes afterwards. Hope is having a great time doing the restaurant guide for Corflu Toronto; I'm going to be producing the badges for it. Lance Sibley calls to ask where people are, because he has Gaylaxicon mail for Yvonne. While people oooohh and aaaahh and OhMiGhod! over the Cape Canaveral catalogue, Charles Levi, Chris Ellis, Don Hutton, Lisa, Irwin and Ian Tan and Drew Mathers



all arrive within minutes. Little Ian has toys to show off, and Don leaves his pillbox behind. Sandra Ignatiuk, who lives just around the corner from the bar arrives for just a short time. The chat moves around to Ad Astra, favorite restaurants, and then the Serial Diners, devotees of restaurants in Toronto alphabetically, some of whom are with us this evening.

Seeing Ad Astra was part of the evening's discussions, we told people that we'd made the decision to retire from con-running after 25 years of being on the committee. Some said congratulations, some asked, "Why now?", seeing that World Horror will be in Toronto in 2007, and it's expected it will draw a number of committee members away from Ad Astra (on the same weekend, too), and some said, "Yeah, sure, I'll believe it when I see it." Over the years, we've become fixtures on the committee locally, and in Buffalo, Ottawa, Montreal and Rochester. Yvonne wants to finally get her pilot's license, and I want to write more for zines.

At the First Thursday and the Foxes' Den, we have a room with seating for about 25 and space to move about and visit with others. At Orwell's, we can seat about 14 comfortably in the Upper Snug,



on a raised platform at the front of the bar. We have 13 people, and we're quite used to being planted where we are. Some of us wind up on each others' laps, and for some of the young ladies who frequent the pubnight, I have no complaints whatsoever. Eventually, Lance Sibley shows up with the promised mail for Yvonne. The chicken curry was delicious, so much that Hope orders it too, and I split a bake sale brownie with Hope and Charles.

Our waitress for the evening is Nicole. She's fairly new to the bar, she's very new to waitressing, and she is very nice, but this evening, she could not have screwed up our bills as much this evening if she was trying. While she tries to straighten out the bills, and creates new screw-ups, we discuss job hunting, what we'd do if we won the lottery, and how we'd pay our screwed-up bills. Eventually, the bills are straightened, and Nicole is frazzled.

Drew leaves around 7:55, and because I work in the evenings, I leave at about 8pm. I hate walking out in the middle of a party, but I am assured that no one else arrived after I left. The party is good, but the people are more a part of the evening for me. As always, I can hardly wait for the next pubnight.

— Lloyd Penney

## Vote in the 2006 FAAn Awards

Colin Hinz of the 2006 Corflu hosts in Toronto, has announced that the 2006 FAAn Awards (Fan Activity Achievement) are now open for voting at <http://www.trufen.net>. The FAAn Awards are the highest honor that Core Fandom can bestow on its own. (The FAAn Awards also have a special connection to the Las Vegas Fan Community, because Corflu Vegas revived them after a hiatus and they have now been going strong for 16 years.)

There are six categories. This year, they're: Best Fanzine, Best Fanwriter, Best Fan Artist, Best New Fan and the Harry Warner Memorial Award for Best Fan Correspondent. You can vote for up to three fans in each category.

The FAAn Awards voting process is very simple and it doesn't cost anything to participate. Most importantly this is a terrific opportunity to give some egoboo to the editors, writers and artists who make hard copy and electronic Fandom so enjoyable for all of us.

— Arnie

# SNAFFood - ...Cool Cuba!

Circumstances prevented Joyce and me from attending the first two highly successful meetings of SNAFFood — the monthly SNAFFU Dinner Meeting that has replaced the “fourth Friday” eastside Discussion Meetings.

We were eager to get in step with SNAFFood for several reasons. The first two sounded like a lot of fun, visiting fans Judy Bemis and Tony Parker would be among the diners and we had fond memories of Cuban food from our New York days.

Thanks to the kindness of Lori Forbes, who drove us to the Cool Cuba restaurant, we arrived as the long table set aside for the club was about half-way to the eventual total attendance of 18 fans.

Among them were the two Florida fans, who were in Las Vegas to do some tourist stuff and, of course, see the fans. Judy and Tony talked about the Vegas production of *Hairspray* they’d seen the previous evening. By coincidence, Joyce and I had discussed the show a few hours earlier; hiring Tony Award-winning Harvey Firestein, we thought, was a good attempt at making Vegas’ burgeoning theater scene seem like something more than a flock of road show companies.



Joyce Katz (left) and Judi Bemis have a chat over dinner.

It was good to see Darmon Thorton. He sat at the far end of the table from Joyce and me, which might as well have been a parallel universe, but he found his way to our part of the dinner for a nice chat. Darmon lamented the amount of work still undone following his move, though I’m fairly sure he preferred a couple of hours with his fan friends to the same amount of time unpacking cartons.

Judy told us that our friend Chris Garcia is involved in some kind of hoax worldcon bid. I am too involved in Las Vegas’ long-standing bid for the 1973 worldcon (against Minneapolis) that I don’t think I can take on another obligation of that type, but I am hoping that Chris will write an article for *VFW* that will enlighten us about the bid’s salient points.

Juliet and Gina Ruiz also made successful journeys from their end of the tale to ours. It was good to see these fine folks, who seldom appear at fan events these days.

I am hoping that they’ll follow up on my invitation to come visit the Vegrants. Juliet is struggling to complete a first novel and would probably find the company of a group that has so many professional writers and editors stimulating.

Darmon, April, Lori, Joyce and I talked about some recent unpleasantness on the SNAFFU listserv. We were all bothered by posts that put more effort into invective than enlightenment. Local fan Charles Fuller posted an insult-laden piece about New Orleans that drew a shorter, but equally intemperate, reply from JoHN Hardin. It added up to pointless negativity, which disturbed Darmon and others.

The convivial assembly included: Ron & Raven Pehr (and Chazz and Cindy who came with them), Lori Forbes, April Reckling, Judy Bemis, Tony Parker, Joelle Barnes, Teresa Cochran, James Taylor, Gino & Juliet Ruiz, Lynn McGiboney, Darmon Thornton, Joyce Katz and me — Arnie

Continued from p 1

artist legend and long-time Las Vegas fan Ross Chamberlain. Ross, who has been in generally good health, discovered that he had developed dreticulitis.

The operation will address the condition. The effect on Ross' celebrated mellifluous voice won't be known until after the procedure.

I'm sure the entire Vegas Fan community and his many friends around Fandom will be beaming their positive thoughts and prayer in his direction. I'll have updates when there's something to tell.

### **Worldcon Offers Trial Memberships!**

LACon IV, scheduled for August 23-27, 2006, has announced "Taster Memberships." The idea is to allow fans who've not previously experienced a worldcon to give it a try to see if they like it at a fairly reasonable price. Since most of Las Vegas Fandom's "New Generation" falls into that category, it may be something of interest to the local community.

Though visitors to the convention can buy a one day ticket for \$50-\$75, the Taster Membership is an even smaller investment — \$20 for three hours.

You can get full information at the worldcon's website: <http://www.laconiv.org/>. It might make the worldcon a nice "day trip" for those who don't want to attend the whole thing.

### **Time to RSVP for Next SNAFFood Dinner!**

The Friday, April 28 SNAFFU Dinner Meeting will be held at Buca di Beppo, a family-style Italian restaurant.

Here's the basic information, courtesy of Linda Bushyager:

*April 28, 2006 - Buca di Beppo - (Italian - family style) - 7pm*

*RSVP by April 21 to [LindaBushyager@aol.com](mailto:LindaBushyager@aol.com)*

*412 E. Flamingo (Flamingo & Paradise)*

*Phone: 8662867*

*Recommended by: Lori Forbes*

*Non-smoking area*

*Cost \$ (\$20-30 for entrée but entries are large enough to share)*

*Private areas available.*

*Smaller groups could choose nonsmoking or smoking areas.*

*Gratuity added as you like*

*Comments: The portions are LARGE and meant to be shared family style. Good economical choice.*

*Restaurant Reviews: [http://las-vegas-hotels.tripadvisor.com/Restaurant\\_Review-g45963-d422814-Reviews-Buca\\_di\\_Beppo\\_Las\\_Vegas\\_Paradise-Las\\_Vegas\\_Nevada.html](http://las-vegas-hotels.tripadvisor.com/Restaurant_Review-g45963-d422814-Reviews-Buca_di_Beppo_Las_Vegas_Paradise-Las_Vegas_Nevada.html)*

*Website: <http://www.bucadibeppo.com/>*

### **Heard Around Fandom...**

Ron & Linda Bushyager have returned from their trip to Italy and Greece, where they saw the eclipse (among other things). Linda says she came back with a severe cold, but she

has also hit the ground running when it comes to organizing the 4/28 SNAFFood meeting...

Robert Lichtman has sent a notice to his auction list that the drive to generate enough dough to publish the next *Trap Door*. In fact, he says the old fanzine auction piled up enough money to do the issue after next, too...

Jolie LaChance has continued to research the problem of adding to the shelving of the SNAFFU library. She recently presented a new option: pre-made shelves. This could be the way to finish off the shelving needed to get the collection onto accessible shelves...

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

*Here come the letters! Let's see what's stuffed into the virtual mailbag this week!*

*This week's lead-off letter comes from a popular fan who minds his "P"s, but not always his "Q"s...*

### **Chris Garcia**

Another week and VFW crosses my screen and makes me pause and comment. It always seems to come just as I'm about to start slacking anyways.

You may also find some extra Qs in this one. I've spilled water on my keyboard and the ramifications are just now becoming annoying.

Whoa, it sounds like Ken got lucky that the injuries weren't more serious. I hope he's OK somewhere in the order of soon. Good thing Aileen managed to flag a cop down. Here's to a speedy recovery, Ken!

When is the Bernstein-Gibbs yard sale? I must know. Please let it be April 15...when I'll be out for another visit to my favourite fandom in the state of Nevada!

I liked the list of Fanzines nominated. It's good to see File 770 back on the list (and I'm betting it'll give *Plokta* a run for its money) and John Hertz was a nice add to the Fan Writer list. That's a very familiar list for Best Fan Artist. I'm rooting for Frank Wu, but it would be very nice to see Steve Stiles get it.

Good long article on Core Fandom. Love the photos. The one from the 1939 WorldCon is one that I don't think I've seen before. I always try to attend the R. Twidner slide show if I know it's going on. He has so many great slides. I should ask him if he'll let me scan them.

You know, I love Santa Cruz and I'm a big fan of Mexican food and I think I know the place that Dick mentions in his article. Good Pollo con Crema, if it's the same place. I would have loved to have gone to a panel discussion like that, but sadly I don't get over to QSanta Cruz for much. If Mr. Lupoff was too old to get ER Burroughs fever, I'm far too young to appreciate him so much. I've tried, I really have, but reading that stuff isn't easy on me. I actually prefer Phillip Jose Farmer's takes on the loin-clothed one to Burroughs, though I must admit, the Tarzan stories as envisioned by William Seward Burroughs that someone was doing in the 1970s were hilarious. Farmer might have done one of those too.

Must read *Then!* Must read *Then!* Must Read *Then!* I hear a lot about British fans, and a full 1/3 of the zines that I

regularly read are British, but I know so precious little. Must educate myself.

Wow, you all suffered through Two waves. I thought those highly charged waves of radiation would have caused mutations in any creature they touched. It does seem as if one of the party-goers became a ferret, so I guess my hypothesis was right! It's incredible that the party managed to survive until the second wave and participants arrived from Ayesha's concert.

QI love UFOs. I always have. As a giant fan of Conspiracy QTheory and the Paranormal, I've researched a lot into the world of the Flying Triangles and the like. The weird thing is that I've met people who are skeptics and ones who are believers and they are both so convincing. They also inevitably start verbal brawls with one another that it's almost humorous.

An audio one-shot sounds delightful, especially since I'll be there to take part. I've been announcing various stunts for a friend of mine, giving a certain gravitas to the proceedings, so my voice is ready to go.

QGood to hear that more love has been found in Fandom. When will it be my turn?

Sad to hear of another Southern Hemisphere fan passing away. QI really wish I got more zines that occur in that part of the world. At least I get QBruce's zines on eFanzines.

As far as navel gazing goes, I'll be doing a fair bit of that in my N3Fness, but I'm a multi-tasker! I can gaze at my navel AND manage to do things like send a hundred emails! Things in the N3F are coming. I know I can't change all the perceptions, but I can maybe make the harsher ones a little less valid.

For Robert, the site I was referring to was SFlovers.com, which I understand is going away any minute now. IT maintained a lot of really important info on cons, in particular. I'm sad to see it go since it was one of those that I used in the days before the WWW. In the same LoC, Bob mentions Peter's mention of Sandra Bond. Why, WHY, have I never seen an issue of QQuasiQuote? I've heard of it and about it, but read an ish? Nope, not at all. As I understand it, Sandra's roughly my age, so why isn't she on the 'once weekly eZine' plan? Also, no offense at all about the Not-Hugo worthy comment. Much like one can be a good actor or a good movie star, I've chosen to go for fun fanzine instead of Good fanzine...not that I COULD do a really good zine even if I wanted to. That Holland stuff is really interesting too. I hope we find a way to properly include it in the official history, though it's kinda tangential.

Dick also mentions someone who wants a Caste system in fandom. As long as I can find a way to be a Brahmin, I'm OK, but who are the untouchables? (if the answer is anything other than Furrries, I'm retiring)

*Arnie* I feel bad that you did "another week, another issue" just as I skipped a week – and for the second time in the last four months! I had an unusual amount of professional work and, coupled with a somewhat rough recuperative week for Joyce, it made skipping a week look mighty attractive. I take some solace that I have already produced 224 pages of VFW in calendar 2006, a hefty

total and considerable more than I produced over the same stretch of 2005.

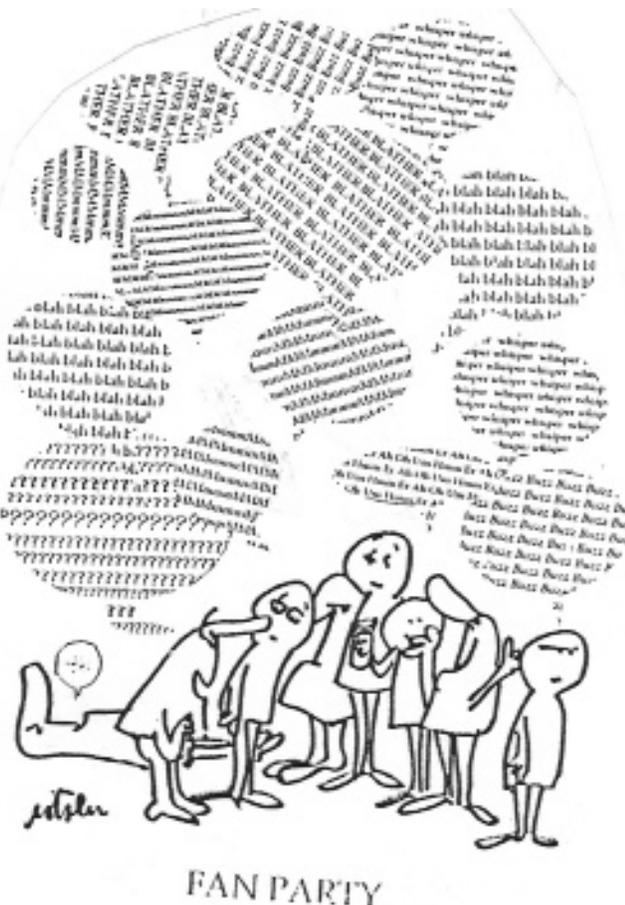
Yes, Ken Forman was extremely lucky. According to the doctor, if the electric saw had connected in another spot, it might well have severed his hand or sheared off some fingers. And everyone here in Las Vegas Fandom joins in your good wishes for the slightly dinged Mainspring.

One of Seattle's finest fans reapportions the guilt in the recent Hugo nominations ballot.

### Randy Byers

Another great issue, and I particularly enjoyed Rob Hansen's piece about the North London reunion and your Katzenjammer column on Core Fandom. It occurs to me that one defining characteristic of Core Fandom is the tradition of membership-driven conventions rather than customer-driven conventions. This was something I only became aware of myself from reading rec.arts.sf.fandom, where people coming from the customer-driven model frequently crash uncomprehendingly against the fannish ideals of membership and participation. For longtime fans, it's an important distinction, and it seems to me a significant part of what defines traditional fannish culture. Indeed, perhaps Traditional Fandom would be a good phrase for what you're trying to point at, although Core Fandom has the advantage of brevity.

Regarding this year's list of Hugo nominees in the Best



Fanzine category, you wrote, 'I think the Hugo Awards committee this year tried to do something good by moving Certain Titles out of the "Best Fanzine" category, but it was philosophically dead wrong. I don't like the implications that the best fanzines aspire to be semi-prozines or that a successful fanzine is "rewarded" by ascending to semi-pro status.'

Actually, if you are referring to the appearance of ANSIBLE and EMERALD CITY on the Semi-prozine list, that was not a committee decision but rather a voluntary decision by Dave Langford and Cheryl Morgan. Langford did it last year, too, and actually won over LOCUS.

In both cases, I think part of what drove the decision was that their distribution via the Internet gives them a broader exposure than a typical fanzine gets. Also, there were those who argued that EMERALD CITY wasn't a true fanzine, because it doesn't, for example, have a letter column where readers can participate in the zine via their responses. (Neither does ANSIBLE, although Dave does run comments from readers now and then.)

The semi-prozine category was created initially to get LOCUS out of the fanzine category, wasn't it? So ANSIBLE and EMERALD CITY are just following the same process voluntarily. It's not a "reward" ... uh, it's an adventure?

*Arnie: Nice of you to absolve the committee of my allegations that they made a mistake by moving two fanzines into the "semi-prozine" category, since they could've stopped the "voluntary" self-aggrandizement very easily, though, I am not sure this puts them in a much better light.*

*Let's say, hypothetically, that Ansible and Emerald City are not fanzines. Where were these scruples in past years? And by what alchemy does not being a fanzine qualify a publication as a semi-prozine? If the editors of those publications merely wanted to prevent repetitive Hugo awards, they could've simply removed their fanzines from consideration.*

*A loyal loccer who should certainly know, salutes the advantage of electronic publishing – and talks about some classic science fiction, too....*

### **Jean Marie Stine**

Holy smoke! Am I really writing another LoC?

Lupoff on Burroughs reminds me that few seem to have written about REB's penchant for trenchant satire of the human race. It is the true subject matter of all the Tarzan books after Jane departs the series and occupies most of the Mars books after Warlord (there are plenty of cutting jabs in the earlier books, but there it consists of observations tossed off along the way), and really most of Burroughs' work after, say 1927.

You can call it heavy-handed, I suppose. But it means Burroughs can hardly be dismissed as a mere writer of juvenile adventure fiction. Lightning struck me at the tender age of something-or-other when I read *Tarzan the Terrible*, and got to the part where the two civilizations who otherwise agreed on everything about their religions are at war over whether or not god has a tail!

It illuminated religion for me as nothing else yet had. Norman Spinrad and I debated this point rather warmly once on a panel, as I remember. However, he hadn't actually read

much Burroughs, which may account for his failure in this regard, as Norman is normally a most perceptive critic.

And yes, Richard, there is a Toffee, if only in ebook form. I have sacrificed several *Fantastic Adventures* and clutch of *Imaginative Tales* to scan the Toffee tales and publish them. They are PD, of course. I have looked everywhere for Myers or his descendents, as I am holding royalties, but no luck. I am about 60% through reprinting the series, which I am bringing out in the order in which they were written. One advantage of owning an ebook company is that the cost is so minimal to bring out a title, mostly the time that goes into prep, that among the money-earners, I can publish all kinds loony stuff to please myself, and some real gems, out of the old pulps I borrowed and read as a kid.

And though I have read numerous histories of sf, have lulled myself to sleep with Tuck and Bradford Day's bibliographies, and there are few issues of the top of the line pulps, *Astounding*, *Startling*, *Thrilling Wonder*, *Super Science*, *Planet*, that I haven't read at least two or three times (I blush to admit reading habits so plebeian).

I keep discovering lost future histories and, I think, important lost series, that are unrecorded anywhere. That old pulpster, mostly for the late lamented *Planet Stories*, Henry Hasse wrote a twenty-some story future history set in an expanding solar system that seems to cover at least three centuries. Yet, I have never seen it mentioned in any non-fiction work about sf. The same is true for a shorter future history by Raymond Z. Gallun that he began in the early 1950s. It consists of two novels and a handful of short stories. One of his final two stories, which appeared in *Analog* in the mid-seventies, is firmly set in this milieu. And Ross Rocklynn penned an amazingly advanced series for, of all places, *Planet*, in the early 1940s, whose protagonist is sent out, at some expense to his conscience, to save Earth by destroying or undermining whole civilizations and worlds.

And yes, Arnie, I know what you mean about e-publishing versus print. I'd shoot myself before becoming an old fashioned print publisher, though we will be moving into print on demand, soon. The headaches and financial risks are too great. Whereas with electronic publishing, for practically no cost, one person can make a bigger goof and make it almost instantaneously available for more people to see than at any other time in human history!

Besides a dying friend thrust the company into my hands. What you gonna do?

*Arnie: While not denying that some SF stories have incorporated concepts that later came to fruition, I'm not sold on science fiction as predictive literature. With so many stories, some are bound to anticipate some actual developments.*

*More interesting to me is the use of science fiction as a fictive technique that allows the author to explore facets of the human condition that may not be accessible in the context of a mainstream contemporary novel.*

*The next contributor credits the Internet with his current fannish contact. Almost made me want to send a bouquet in gratitude to Al Gore.*

## Hal Hughes

I sympathize with your illness, but I suspect you may just be being trendy - I can't remember a time when sickness has been so popular - everybody's doin' it! I may have passed 60, but I try not to regale my pals with tales of illness - mine are pretty boring. I have noticed, though, that despite the fact that I've only owned one automobile in my life, for a couple of years in the mid-sixties, I can tell car stories for hours. F

For some reason that, and Dick Lupoff's ongoing army tales, remind me of a Fanoclast evening at Ted White's when lots of us shared stories of how we'd gotten out of the draft (which was still very much in place), or wiggled out of the military (which is still far too much in far too many places). They were so entertaining that someone, either rich brown or Steve Stiles said that would make a great book. It's fairly remarkable that no one has put one together, to my knowledge.

Bookshelves! I love bookshelves, and was delighted to finally see a photo of the fabled fledgling SNAFFU library. It did make me a bit envious, though. For most of my life I've had a lot more books than shelves - books in boxes, books in piles, even books holding up my bed. Through most of the '70s and '80s I worked at the (now legendary) Philosophers Stone bookstore in San Francisco, accumulating books at a frightening pace. The one good thing about its finally closing in 1989 was that I inherited all the bookcases I could haul away. I was living in a fantastic nine-room flat in the North Mission, and for the first time since I was a child, I was able to put ALL of my books on shelves - and all of my sizeable comic collection, and a bunch of doodads and gizmos and tchachkes and whatever I wanted. That blissful state lasted for several years, till the owner of the place got caught up in the fever of the dot-com boom and sold the place out from under me. Since then I've been squeezed into quarters too small for more than a tiny sample of my library - most of it's been in storage for (can it be?) almost a decade. My ceiling's too low to even get those great shelves into the room now, alas. Just seeing a photo of all those beautiful shelves waiting to be filled gives me a thrill!

Never having pubbed an ish, I'm not sure how much my comments weigh, but I'm all in favor of this digital stuff. If not for e-mail and the Internet, it's quite likely I'd have stayed out of contact with fandom altogether. On the other hand, the handful of paper zines that found their way to me in the '60s are still at hand, and give me a smile and warm feeling whenever I come across them.

There were entire decades when they were my only connection to all you good folks. I have, however been involved with just about every possible form of printing over the years, and I must say that I can easily understand an attachment to letterpress. That's the one printing process that allows for the kind of fine craftsmanship that can transcend its functionality. It also has such a long history and tradition that I found it moving and inspiring to be part of it, if only for a short while. To me there's still nothing quite like holding a beautifully printed and bound letterpress book.

I'd like to echo Dick L's egalitarian concept of fandom. I've only sort of nibbled around the edges, but from my first

encounters, I especially appreciated that I was welcomed as an equal by most all the fans I met. The handful of exceptions were easy enough to deal with, as they were having too much fun patting themselves on the back to bother with me. That warm welcome and ongoing straight-across way of relating accounts for why I feel as connected across all the time and distance that's come between. Cookies helped.

*Arnie: My cold did slow me down a little and limited keyboard time, but I haven't really come down sick - as in stay in bed and suffer - for some time. One of the few things I don't like about working at home is that it is very hard for me to resist dragging myself to the computer to work when it is so handy. Many times, I end up working when ill, because getting to the "job" is so easy.*

*Thanks to the Internet, Core Fandom's Secret Weapon can be summed up in the phrase: "Everybody comes back." OK, so it's not literally true. But it's true enough that we've had a steady stream of returnees in the last decade or so. I remember how amazing everyone thought it was when Joyce and I came back after 15 years, but we've since had such fine fans as David Burton return after much longer gaffations. And just this week I got back in contact with Tim Kyger and John Boston.*

*The Sage offers a range of perceptive comments, including some good advice for potential Hugo voters...*

## Robert Lichtman

When I wrote in my letter in VFW No. 70, "I hope you'll be able to get Su Williams to write up her visit to Flip-pin for VFW following her return," I really wasn't expecting that she wouldn't wait that long *and* that the news would be so horrific. A couple days after it happened and not (of course) yet knowing about it, I wrote Ken a cordial e-mail of comment on the first two issues of *The Flippin' Times*, his wonderful new perzine about life in Arkansas done up in the style of a local newspaper.

I assume you and Joyce got it, too, and I think it'd be great if Ken would post it on efanazines.com for a wider audience. Anyway, reading Su's account closely it appears that Ken was lucky and although it'll be a drag and a lifelong reminder of the incident that he'll "have some numbness in the webbing between his thumb and forefinger, and at the base of his thumb and forefinger," it could have been much worse.

What a pleasure to read that the Bernstein-Gibbs family has given "six cartons of prime books" to the SNAFFU library. My collector's ears perked up when I read further that there are "hundreds" of other books available for sale. I quickly cooled down when I realized I don't really *need* to own great gobs of science fiction let alone get caught up in the logistics of determining what there is, the price thereof, and the cost of postage to get it/them to me. So a want list will not be forthcoming (semi-alas!).

Allow me to enthusiastically second your suggestion that Steve Stiles is *way* overdue for a best fan artist rocket! I *am* able to vote, and he will be my first choice among the nominees. I also plan to vote for Claire Brialey in the fan

writer category, but haven't quite made up my mind about the best fanzine—both *Chunga* and *Banana Wings* are excellent choices but I can't decide which to put first. Too bad tie first-place votes aren't allowed.

Hard on the heels of your publishing a photo of Not Lucy Huntzinger in the last issue, you've topped yourself with a photo of Not Forrest J Ackerman this time around. Checking Google Images, I see the one you used; but judging from the URL it appears to be a Hungarian Web site—and although my ancestry goes back to that country I'm afraid my command of the language is insufficient to figure out just who this is in the photo instead of Forry.

Turning again to the subject of "Core Fandom," I don't think that any of the alternative names you suggest really cover the concept adequately and/or suggest an exclusivity of one sort or another. Not that "Core Fandom" isn't exclusive, either, but it's a \*concept\* that can be embraced by people who weren't around during "the 1930-1964 period that preceded the population boom, specialization and Balkanization" that occurred roughly after that period. For instance, no one would dispute that Sandra Bond—who wasn't, I believe, even born in 1964—is not a member of "Core Fandom," especially those of us who were soundly trounced in the fan history quiz at Corflu Blackjack.

I can subscribe to your notion that listservs and apas are on equal footing in terms of intent and content. I also agree that blogs equate to personalzines in many ways. Perhaps your raising these points will get more people on board even if no one comes up with a name for "Core Fandom" that's somehow better and/or more universally acceptable.

The book Dick Lupoff mentions (and is represented in), *Poe's Lighthouse*, edited by Chris Conlon, may be (as he writes) "hitting the bookstores this spring," but according to Amazon.com and a sweep of Bookfinder.com it hasn't yet come up on the radar of the bookselling world. However, doing a general search for it I found a listing at the publisher's Website... <http://www.cemeterydance.com/page/CDP/PROD/conlon01>

...where I agree with Dick that it "costs more than *Vegas Fandom Weekly*" at \$40 a copy for the "limited edition of 1,000 copies signed by all living authors except Earl Hamner." For those finding this insufficiently expensive, there's also the "Traycased Lettered Edition of 52 signed and lettered copies bound in leather, with satin ribbon page marker and additional artwork, to be signed by all living authors including Earl Hamner" at \$200. I hope to get to read Dick's "Fourth Avenue Interlude," based as it is on Dick's real-life experiences working for the Jacks Biblio and Tannen, but I might have to read it from Dick's copy or standing up in a bookstore. However, it appears from a link at another site that it will be available via Amazon and perhaps they'll offer a decent discount.

My own life experience concerning Burroughs's *Tarzan of the Apes* is quite different than Dick's coming home one day and finding Pat "immersed" in a copy of it. For me it was early childhood reading, and the copy I had (and still have!) of it was a battered, jacketless hardcover published by the A. L. Burt Company of New York. On the copyright

page it says it's copyright by "A. C. McClurg & Co." in 1914, and below that the statement that it was "Published June, 1914." This copy originally belonged to my Uncle Joe Hoffman, who according to a penciled note on the inside front flyleaf resided at 3270 E. 118th Street in Cleveland. My mother carefully crossed that out and wrote my name and address below. She also placed the book in a protective paper wrapper supplied by the Monumental Life Insurance Company of Baltimore, Maryland, which had a "This Book Belongs To" section for my name, address, title of the book, grade and school. I was in fifth grade when she did this. Elsewhere on the paper cover I am cautioned to "obey traffic lights" and "use handkerchief when you cough or sneeze," with appropriate illustrations. The binding is in awful condition, weak overall and with some of the front pages held in by tape hinges. I also have *The Beasts of Tarzan* in hardcover from the same era, published by Grosset & Dunlap in March 1916. This copy was also previously owned by ol' Uncle Joe (and by his brother Albert). It doesn't have a paper cover, but is in *much* better condition. Apparently Uncles Joe and Albert didn't like it as much, and as I recall (it's been over fifty years) neither did I.

Rob Hansen writes: "Such is the scale of London, such is the sheer size, such the density of its dizzyingly varied and multiethnic population, that even after more than a quarter century of living in the capital there are still many parts of it I've never visited." I could say the same about Los Angeles and its immediate surrounding area (a hodge podge of originally small towns and cities that have all grown together into one huge metropolis), a city of similar size and mixed ethnicity in which I grew up. There was just too much of it, and no reason to go to quite a few parts of it. After I left and came back to visit, I did drive on some roads previously not traveled but there remain blank areas on my personal L.A. map rather like those ancient maps inscribed with legends such as "Here there be tigers." That aside, I enjoyed Rob's account of the Turnpike Lane gathering—a good counterpoint to the various write-ups of it I read on the In The Bar list.

Those are good-looking bookcases in the photo accompanying your Vegrants meeting report, Arnie, but I have to wonder why the ones in the foreground aren't as high as the three to their left. Is access required to something behind them, or—what? Lacking explanation, it's somewhat unseemly that full use of the cases' footprint isn't being made.

John DeChancie concludes his article on The Power Of Science Fiction with, "One day, fandom will be the world, and the world will be fandom. Fans will rule—over a world of fans." This immediately made me wonder if John is familiar with Robert Bloch's classic piece of faan fiction, "A Way of Life," and reprinted in a number of places, most recently in the *Out of My Head* collection published by NESFA Press in 1986. Unfortunately that title is out of print and copies are pricey, but it's available cheaper in 1962's *Eighth Stage of Fandom*, which I find several copies of for under \$30 in a Bookfinder search. And the ultimate cheapest way to get a copy is to buy *The Fantastic Universe Omnibus*, which lists as low as a single dollar with several hundred

copies available. But probably at least one of these versions is in your and/or the SNAFFU library

Lloyd Penney incorrectly attributes the phrase, “the medium is the message,” to Buckminster Fuller. Actually, it was Marshall McLuhan who came up with it in his 1964 book, *Understanding Media*.

Like Lloyd I am also “LJ-free”—although I hasten to add this doesn’t imply condemnation of LJ, only a lack of time to personally deal with it (except, occasionally, when specifically pointed to something interesting there)—and to some extent I agree with him that “the novelty of starting a new project like a website or a blog is quickly replaced by the drudgery of having to continuously find new content for it.” I say “to some extent” because for some this isn’t a problem. One thing I’ve often wondered about Lloyd and his position as premiere LoC-meister of present-day fandom is why he doesn’t do an electronic fanzine himself.

“Try issue 56,” Chris Garcia suggests to me in response to my finding “the single most Sex-laden issue of *TDT* to view.” I did take a look, and it’s a nice genzine-like issue. I was particularly caught by the section entitled “Who Will Be Remembered: Fandom in the Future,” where I’m a footnote to Lloyd Penney for both of us accepting electronic fanzines “as seriously as paper zines.” Also in that article I entirely agree that Richard Bergeron should be remembered best for his fanac *before* the TAFF Wars and that *Warhoon* in its prime was an incredible fanzine. (Its first five issues in the early ‘50s are pretty forgettable, though.)

Chris, if you don’t come up with a copy of the No-reason 3 Program Book (or first progress report) with Art’s “History of the Stranger Club,” let me know and I’ll photocopy it for you. It only runs seven pages amidst a bunch of advertising.

Chris’s comment about the “Corflu Mafia,” which you properly challenged him on, Arnie, reminds me of the “Corflu Cult” smear that “E. B. Frohvet” has harped on in numerous fanzines in recent years.

I laughed when I read Dick Lupoff’s account of Jerry Pournelle trying to punch him out after Dick’s speech favoring “egalitarianism in the science fiction community.” Someone as self-important as Jerry—who I remember as one of the minor young fuggheads of my waning days of attending LASFS meetings in the mid ‘60s—would of course be pushed out of shape by something threatening his so-called position in the cosmic scheme of things.

I hope Dick will favor *VFW* with a full account of his adventures at the 27th annual Paperback Show!

*Arnie: Since I’m not a member of the worldcon, I won’t be voting for the Hugo, but it’s hard to fault your ballot – and I would face the same hard choice between Chunga and Banana Wings. Well, actually, my choice for “best Fanzine” isn’t even nominated – big surprise! But Trap Door remains at the top of my personal list.*

*My apologies to Lucy and Forry, of course, but I should point out that my vision is poor enough that it’s a goddamn miracle I can pick out myself in the bathroom mirror each morning.*

*Much as I liked your “old book” story, redolent of both*

*literary treasure and family roots, I think on the whole I would rather discover Burroughs by coming home and finding Pat Lupoff reading one of his books.*

*The library shelves are two different heights, because that’s the way they were at Borders book store before a group of fans led by Lori Forbes scavenged them for the library. Believe me, there are enough books to fill all the shelves and then some, so the extra height would have been a plus – if it had been an option.*

*I wasn’t active in Fandom during the Bergeron Wars/ Topic A, so I don’t have the store of bitterness that some fans still apparently harbor toward him. At the same time, I am not comfortable with many of the things said and done during the 1980’s due to this protracted fan feud and its serious, negative effect on Core Fandom. So for me personally, it is a little easier to see Bergeron’s outstanding achievements and large contributions to Fanzine Fandom.*

*Our next stalwart says he’s no crank – and we certainly seem to have caught him in a happily nostalgic mood...*

### **Dick Lupoff**

One small addendum to my recent comment that pdf’s are an ideal way to publish fanzines. You can include photographs, paintings, and all manner of wondrous graphics in ezines, that are difficult or impossible to include in paper fanzines.

And through the use of links, you can even furnish audio and video content.

No way I could crank that through my old Gestetner. But the Faithful Beast still lurks in the basement, not far from Washing Machine and Dryer. Any time you feel like pubbing an ish the old school way, just show up on my doorstep.

I wonder, though, do they still manufacture stencils and mimeo ink?

While I’m writing, a small anecdote: Back in the 1970’s when our kids were first out of diapers and my darling spouse, Pat, was starting to look for employment outside the home, she worked for a while as an office temp. One office where she worked had a mimeograph in it. Orders came down from the executive suite to turn out some publications on the mimeo. Everybody stood around looking thunderstruck. They barely knew what a mimeograph was, no less how to use one.

Then Pat volunteered that she knew how to cut stencils and run the machine. All around her were Amazed, Astonished, Thrilled, Startled, and Astounded. She was a major hero.

See what fanac does for you?

*Arnie: I’m in tenterhooks about the next wave of electronic publishing technology. As I’ve mentioned, some of the techno-progress needs to be in the form of better home computers, cable modem and increased processing speeds, but even a higher compression rate would make some of things that are possible into things that are practical. Although *VFW* fulfills some of my fondest fannish fantasies for look and feel, a little improvement, like doubling or tripling the*

compression rate, would enable me to do things that can be done, but have an excessive memory cost for a fanzine this size.

Pat's experience relates directly to the theme of *Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator* by Walt Willis and James White. Jophan uses skills learned in Fandom to achieve success in his real-world occupation. My life reflects some of that, too. I owe a lot more to Fandom than to formal schooling for my career as a writer and editor. The practice I got in Fandom made me an advanced prospect compared to a lot of others coming out of university and grad school when I went looking for my first full-time editorial job. That extra experience didn't help me get a job, but it helped me make the most of it.

My participation in Fandom sure helped me get that first job, too. First, my roommate Andy Porter recommended me to his boss. (Andy worked in the art and production department of *Quick Frozen Foods* magazine, which hired me as an editorial assistant.) Moreover, the decisive factor in editor/associate publisher Sam Martin's decision was that Andy told him I was a fanzine fan. Since he'd been a fanzine fan, as Sam Moskowitz, that made the crucial difference. It was probably just as well that he didn't realize that my mentor was Ted White whom he'd sued (unsuccessfully).

From the slowly unfreezing North comes one of the ChatBack pillars with comments on a diverse range of topics, including the future of the fan Hugos.

### Lloyd Penney

In a few days, we're off to our big local literary convention, Ad Astra, as it celebrates its 25th anniversary. Just a few things need to fall into place, and while I'm waiting for that to happen, I can write a loc. Here's some commentary on issues 69 and 70 of VFW.

69...If Chris Garcia had the Sex issue for *The Drink Tank* 69, I had to wonder what VFW 69 would look like. (If Earl Kemp gets to *eI* 69, well, I'm not sure my heart could take it.)

I will be at Corflu 23, and I'm looking forward to it. Having it in town is about the only way I could get to it. Because I've never been to one, I really have no expectations, so I hope it will be fun. I will be there by myself...Yvonne will be at another convention, the International Space Development Conference at LAX. I will be commuting from home to the con and back. I've got the basic design of the con badges done; I just have to get some more art from Taral, and get the badge printed and cut. For those who did not receive the Corflu Progress Report, it is now available at eFanzines.com.

I've been chairman, president, vice-president, etc. of various fannish organizations here, and while it's neat to have that kind of position, we usually work together so that



we are all mere position-filler. Somebody's got to do the job. With our retirement from con-running, we won't be taking those positions any more. Sure hope there's a fannish version of a gold watch waiting for us somewhere, or at least we can take advantage of the lucrative fannish pension plan...

...And now, Chris Garcia is discovering what it's like to be the president. Good luck on the new job, Chris, and serves you right. If the N3F has been as isolated as I've read, I'm sure you can bring it out into the open, and change that rep.

The audio fanzine Vagrant Voices #1 sounds like a unique idea. To jump ahead a little, yes, how you found fandom was the theme of *Contract!*, and I thought there might be a second issue coming out. I'll have to see if I have recording capability, but if you do send out an audio fanzine, you might like an audio loc?

This LP-style loc label is getting out of hand, folks...the jargon police will be here any moment now. Yes, we have no crudzines, we have no crudzines today, and that doesn't scan. Most of the criticisms we read/hear these days are of the contents of the zine, rather than the repro methods. Maybe there's crud-articles, and from me, no doubt, a lot of crudlocs. (Crudlocs...sounds like a snack food, good with French onion dip...) I expect Chris to be somewhere in the FAAn award winners this year. Wish he was coming to Toronto, even though he has an attending membership. Maybe he's going to pull a fast one, and show up anyway.

70...I hope Ken Forman heals up quickly. I've had a hand injury myself, but was lucky that no nerves were damaged. For me, it was my left hand, and I'm right-handed, so I was lucky there, too. My father is a master carpenter, and he's had similar injuries himself, but nothing permanent.

Hugo nominees...well, I hope I did well, and seeing the list of nomination-getters after the rockets are handed out will be interesting to see. I hope the rockets will be distrib-

uted to those who haven't won before. Next year, the Worldcon will be in Japan, and given how busy Japanese fandom is, there will be lots of new names on the ballot. We just won't recognize many of them.

If Chris didn't have a sense of humour, we wouldn't see so many issues of *The Drink Tank*. Heck, I haven't even met him yet, and I've gotten away with calling him an animated cartoon and an old crank.

I certainly prefer an egalitarian model of fandom, without castes or classes. I have not been a raving fanboy in front of any of my favorite authors, but now, some of my fellow local fans are pro authors themselves, like Rob Sawyer and Tanya Huff. I've never been starstruck by some of the actors I've met over the years, unlike so many local mediafen who fawn and grovel. I can't see doing that, and I won't.

. See you then!

*Arnie: I purposely ignored the connotations that some place on the number "69." Let me give you a metaphor: There are athletes and then there are people who watch athletes and write about their tremendous physical feats.*

*I, sir, am an athlete.*

Actually, Earl Kemp produced a highly memorable anthology of fan contact stories called *Why a Fan?* in the 1960's. Incidentally, we've retitled the audio oneshot **Fan-nish Voices** to express our desire that fans go to the website and use the simple recorder system to produce one or two short segments for inclusion in the oneshot.

*He's back after a short hiatus with a short LoC that may start a long discussion about obscure movies...*

#### **Rich Dengrove**

Core Fandom? Does that have anything to do with The

Fan. That was the villain in the 1936 movie *Ace Drummond*. Or was it The Dragon? I remember him as being The Fan. Anyway, he wanted to prevent airlines from coming to Mongolia, and to seize a mountain of Jade.

Of course, that doesn't have much relevance to your discussion, Arnie, does it?

*Arnie: No, it doesn't, but I'm always delighted to hear from you, Rich, I suspect that one of the film experts in the crowd – Alan White? David Del Valle? Richard Brandt? – will fill in the blanks.*

*Raking it home this week is one of ChatBack's current stalwarts, back after a rare skipped issue.*

#### **John Purcell**

Well, the 69th issue of *your* zine passed by without any overtly sexual material, but that's okay by me. I definitely had my fill from *Drink Tank* #69. Talk about your themed issues! Seems to me that Chris Garcia has some issues, and he's publishing them as fast as he can.

I really can't believe it's been almost a whole week since I've written a loc to anybody; I just rattled one off to Jan Stinson on *Peregrine Nations* 5.2, which is a lovely little zine. Must be a slow time over on efanazines.com. But then again, I just poked my electronic nose over there 12 minutes ago and the latest *eI* is up, the 25th issue. And, oh my gawd, but it's a lovely, lovely issue. Here's how it goes: Earl puts out something like that, David Burton polishes up and morphs *Catchpenny Gazette* into *Pixel*, and all I feel like doing is download all my files, pack up my PC, and steal away into the swampy morass of my back yard - it's the monsoon season over here in SouthCentralEastern Texas - and wallow in the muck of my despair.

# 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

### **First Friday Video Group** April 7 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** April 9 6:00

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

### **SNAFFU Discussion Meeting** April 14 8:00 PM

This formal SF club meets the second and fourth Friday's of each month. This time, it will be held at Borders bookstore on Sahara. Topic: What SF concept would you most like to see come true?

### **Las Vegrants Meeting** April 15 7:30 PM

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

### **Sunday Social** April 16 2 PM

One of Vegas' most convivial groups gets together at the Blue Ox for food and chatter.

### **SNAPS Deadline** Sunday, April 23

Las Vegas Fandom's own electronic amateur press association has its deadline for contributions to the February distribution. Send your file to Joyce Katz (Joyceworley1@cox.net).

### **SNAFFU Dinner** April 27 7:00 PM

The SNAFFU Dinner Meeting will take place at Cool Cuba (2055 E. Tropicana (Burnham near Eastern). RSVP (this time only) to Joyce (joyceworley1@cox.net).

### **VSFA Monthly Meeting** May 6 11 AM

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

### **Las Vegrants Meeting** May 6 7:30 PM

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

Ghod, but I **Love** fanzine fandom!

So why the hell don't we just call it that and be done with it? As a term, "Core Fandom" works because, as you point out, fanzines were the way that fans back in the day maintained contact with one another. True, they were omnifans, and remained that way into the early 60s. Without question, the whole reason why science fiction fandom developed was because the early fans were supremely whacked-out over this "crazy Buck Rogers stuff," besides being so few and far between that the craving to network and communicate with each other made letters and fanzines the natural evolutionary design of things to come. Without this happening, Fandom As We Know It would be just a momentary cog in Twentieth Century social evolution. (Shit, I'm starting to sound rather Darwinian about this. Oh, well.)

I disagree with you a bit, Arnie, that "fanzine fan" will become an increasingly inaccurate label, nor a misnomer. I think the term provides a solid link to our communal past, and we should be proud of it.

Your reasoning for arriving at the term "Core Fandom" is sound, and I kinda like the term. It does neatly define our particular subgroup of contemporary science fiction fandom, what has been now labeled as All Known Fandom. Some people may think "Core Fandom" has an elitist ring to it, but I think that the basic urge of people needing to feel that they are a part of a group - or tribe, if you will - shall maintain the label "fanzine fan" until the sun fades in the heavens and we're all still sitting here nattering away in the dark. People love labels; always have. It is just easier to *understand* things that way.

But I still think that we who love to read, write, and dialogue about our microcosmic ghods do so, because we are "[devoted] to the written word" and are thus firmly rooted to the tree of Fandom from which we have all fallen. We really *are* just a big pile of nuts, you know.

Pass along to Dick Lupoff that I'll be on the lookout for *Poe's Lighthouse*. Sounds like a fun book. It could be fun reading for my students to see how a current author is still influenced and moved by Edgar Allan Poe.

Many thanks for the piece by Rob Hansen and the web address for "Then". Must Check This Out. I had very little physical contact with British fans in the 70s and 80s; but thanks to the wonderful world of fanzines, I was able to read a lot of their writings and feel as if I actually *know* these Britfen that Rob wrote about. Good, fun fan writing. (This is now a theme-loc, I guess. This cannot go on much longer.)

One final comment based on Chris Garcia's loc: Chris, in my mind you are not an Insurgent, you are a Divergent. And, I suspect, you are right proud of that fact, too!

*Arnie: Oh, I wasn't saying that we won't use the term "fanzine fan," just because it won't really be accurate. We all use the word "fan," despite that drawback. And let's not forget the fwa, where the literal meaning is erroneous.*

We Also Heard From: Dick Lupoff, John DeChancie, Steven Kent, Mike Legg, Judy Bemis, Andrew Porter.

**Bye for Now!**

See you all next Wednesday — Arnie Katz

### The Audio Oneshot

The editor of *Fannish Voices #1*, Bill Mills has put together a website (<http://www.billmills.net/vegrants-odeo.html>) that makes it easy to take advantage of the Vegrants' invitation to the rest of Fandom to participate in the audio oneshot the group plans to do at the 4/15 Vegrants meeting.

Bill offered these comments on the site and its use:

*"This is an all-in-one type of web page, built on standard html, which includes the Odeo in-browser PLAYER, to hear our 'welcome' audio... And an obvious and simple little box that says "Send Me A Voice Message" below it (which is all vocalized in the audio mentioned above)...*

*"Clicking that box/link takes the user to a specific (and much simpler to use) in-browser RECORDER on which users can leave their 3 min message(s)."*

Bill will also preside over recording at the meeting, so those who want to make their contributions on Saturday will be able to do so, although there may be a little wait for your crack at the microphone.

To give contributors to the audio oneshot something to talk about and to give the whole thing some coherence, Vegrants will talk on the theme "How I Found Fandom — or It Found Me." Individual contributions must, of necessity, be held to six minutes (two messages generated using the Audio Oneshot site). Bill will assemble the whole thing into an MP3 that we will distribute as a free download and, possible, a disk.

This is really something a little unusual, but it looks like it could be a lot of fun. I hope Vegrants and other sterling fans — especially those who are regular contributors to *VFW* — will give it a try. If you aren't happy with your first try, delete it and the second is sure to be better.

— Arnie

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... *and a ton of news.*