

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

Vegas Fan Events

SNAFFU Discussion Meeting
Friday (5/12) 8:00 PM

VSFA Second Sunday Movie Group
Sunday (5/14) 6:00 PM

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Las Vegrants Meeting
Saturday (5/20) 7:30 PM

VSFA May Sunday Social
Sunday (5/21) 2:00 PM

SNAPS May Distribution Deadline
Sunday (5/21)

Check out the Calendar and preview stories

dinner that his current plans call for a return to Glitter City by the end of May.

Merric was in Huntington Beach, CA, this week, doing his security system thing at the Hyatt Regency and had a chance to spend a little time with the temporary exile.

SNAFFood Sets May, June Dinners!

The details for the May and June SNAFFU dinner meetings are set and, thanks to Dinner Coordinator Linda Bushyager, we've got the full scoop on both "fourth Friday" meetings.

May 26, 2006 - 7pm - RSVP by May 19 to
LindaBushyager@aol.com
Shiraz Cafe

Continued on page 14

Vegrants Revel till the Wee Hours!!

The Vegrants arrived early and stayed late at the "first Saturday" May meeting of the informal Core Fandom fan club. Even the no-show of expected guest Dave O'Neil couldn't dent the high spirits as 15 fans consoled each other about their non-attendance of Corflu in Toronto.

I'll have a full report in next week's *VFW*.

DeChancie Plans Return to Vegas!

John DeChancie is coming back to Las Vegas! The popular Vegrant, compelled by financial circumstances to return to Los Angeles, told Merric Anderson over



Inside Story Bolt from the Blue!

When it came, it took away my breath and the room spun like a fire in *Doom* when my wife hit. With her latest thought, I hasten to add, not another one of her lethal punches and martial arts strikes.

What she told me surprised me as much as I think it will surprise you: Joyce wants to host another Corflu. The Sweetheart of Fanac Falls said that if they didn't have someone come forward at Corflu in Toronto, she was of a mind to call long distance to put in her bid.

"Don't worry, Joyce," I told her, trying to calm this sudden, unexpected flare-up of project-itis, "there's always someone who'll take the torch." (As things turned out, the next Corflu will be in Austin, TX., in the capable hands of [Pat Virzi](#))

This assertion had the desired tranquilizing effect, so the rest of our conversation proceeded at a more leisurely pace. She'd evidently given the matter quite a bit of thought, because she had already assigned jobs to every local fan she thought she could dragoon into the effort.

I pointed out that [Andy Hooper](#) has already mentioned his desire to put on the next West Coast Corflu and that the New Generation of Vegas Fandom really needs to attend a Corflu before they try to stage one. "Things will be in a better position in three-to-five years," I suggested.

Joyce agreed to wait, but I don't know how long I can hold her off.

You have been warned. — Arnie



Vegas Fandom Weekly #74, Volume 2 Number 21, May 7, 2006, is written and produced by Arnie Katz (909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145; Email: crossfire4@cox.net; phone: 702-648-5677).

Special Thanks to Roxanne Gibbs (many things), Bill Burns (posting), David Gordon (Futurists liaison), Alan White (arty fella), Bill Mills (technical advisor) and Joyce Katz (proofreading and So Much More).

Reporters this issue: Linda Bushyager, Don Fitch, Roxanne Gibbs and Joyce Katz

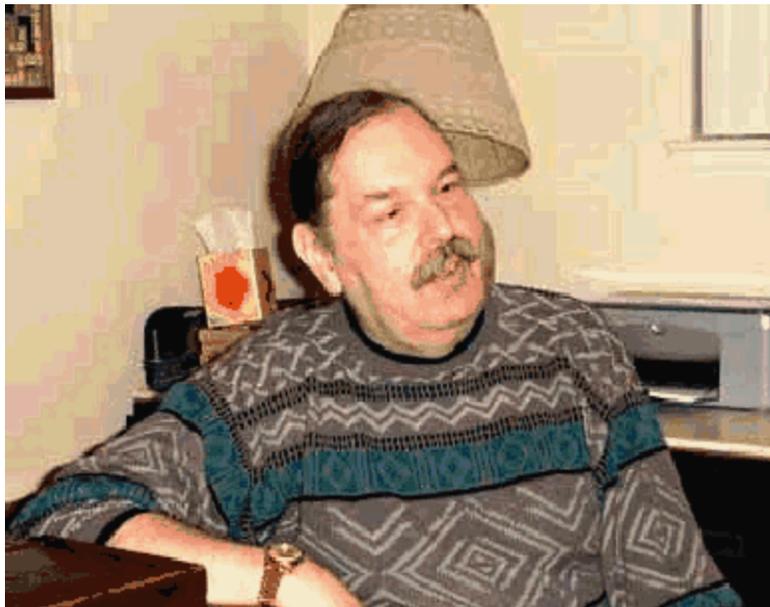
Art/Photo Credits: Steve Stiles (1), Ray Nelson (2), Alan White (3), Linda Bushyager (12, 13), all else by Bill Rotsler.

Columnists This Issue: Richard Lupoff, John Purcell

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

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

Farewell to a Fan Friend Katzenjammer



Brian Burley died last week. He slipped away quietly in his sleep, which doesn't exactly seem like His Way, but I hope it means that he died with no pain. Brian was sometimes wrong-headed, but seldom mean-spirited or knowingly hurtful. If anyone deserved a gentle finish it was him.

The characteristic that immediately comes to mind when I think of Brian is "honesty." He and I often discussed the subject and we always disagreed about the value of sometimes holding back the truth. No matter how outlandish his actions, he always stood by them completely, publicly. Brian insisted on presenting all possible aspects of himself, even when some of those facets were sure to evoke negative responses.

I don't think you're going to read a lot of eulogies about Brian Burley. He was a sincere and enthusiastic fan for 40 years, but no one ever

ranked him among the BNFs like Charles Burbee – or even Charles Brown. A lot of his fan friends probably aren't too comfortable with turning pixels into words.

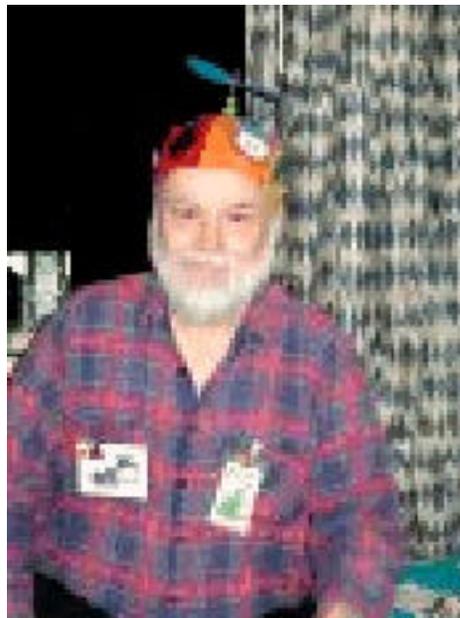
So let me tell you about him. In his memory, I'll be as candid about him now as he was about himself in life. Well, maybe almost.

Brian Burley wasn't a Big Name Fan. No one should make that sort of claim for him, since no one would have bestowed that honor when he could've enjoyed the compliment. The reason is simple: Brian Burley never really did anything that would've earned him that mild distinction.

He was a fan. Brian loved Fandom and he tried his hand at everything it had to offer. Although conventions and local clubs were his main fanac, he appreciated all the other facets of All Known Fandom, from costuming to fanzines.

As a SMoF, Brian Burley was Willy Loman. He had fine intentions and a decent enough vision of the wonderful worldcon he so wanted to create for Fandom. He knew how he wanted it to be, how he felt it should be.

Yet, somehow, practicalities never failed to trip up Brian. Others envied the purity of his fannish desire and sabotaged his chances with a ferocity and cunning that he couldn't match. Associates sometimes proved false, using him to fulfill their fan political agendas..



Brian Burley, my late fan friend, loved conventions with Trufannish intensity.

Continued on next page

His “tragic flaw” was bad timing. Brian might have become a power in con-running circles had he shown up in the mid-1950’s instead of the mid-1960’s. Intelligent and affable, Brian could’ve gotten along well with the fans who ran Midwest worldcons from the end of World War II to the Tricon in ’66.

But Brian didn’t enter Fandom in the ’50’s. Even as he established his con-running credentials, the nature of con-running went through a major change. Con running became a much bigger deal with a lot more at stake than when a worldcon might draw 600 fans.

The things I always liked best about Brian, the things that connected him to what we now call Core Fandom, seemed to be the very qualities that denied him the success he so strongly craved.

Brian Burley was just too damn nice, too kind-hearted, for the kind of power plays and double-dealing that became standard operating procedure in the convention-running arena in which he battled. He wanted to be a con-runner and a Trufan – and discovered all too often that the two goals were incompatible.

I first became aware of Brian when St. Louis and Columbus squared off in a bidding war for the 1969 worldcon. Columbus announced first, which sent a chill through enough of us that Ray and Joyce Fisher took up the battle on behalf of Trufandom. (They won it, too, which is how Joyce came to be a worldcon chairman...)



Shown here on a panel are (left to right): Elliot Shorter, Fred Lerner, Tony Lewis, Andy Porter and Brian Burley.

Columbus Fandom would probably spark little comment in today’s All Known Fandom. To us at that time, Columbus Fandom represented everything we despised in Fandom. They were tacky, square, middle class and unfannish. They wore shiny green bowling shirts, for Ghu’s sake!

The tactics that horrified us were meat and drink to them. In fact, it sometimes seemed like the reason for the bid was to give the likes of Danny Plachta and Larry Smith an excuse to try them out.

My own passions were engaged when one of the really nice Columbus fans – there were a few – warned me that the Columbus con committee had decided that as a matter of policy, they would bar one major fan from the convention – to show that they could. Coming so soon after the despicable expulsion of Walter Breen from the 1964 Pacificcon II, this sent me running to the typewriter.

Anyway, one of Columbus’ weirdest stratagems was to get Brian to move to St. Louis. His mission: to ingratiate himself with the group and then spy on their activities and sow dissension among the major St. Louis fans. Brian had enough employment flexibility to make this possible and he was soon in the Mound City, trying to spin his web of espionage.

How little the Columbus fans understood their operative! He was the last fan you’d send on such a duplicitous errand. Brian quickly became friendly with all the fans he was supposed to undermine and just couldn’t bring himself to pull any dirty tricks.

Of course, the St. Louis fans realized that Brian, a known gossip, would tell juicy tidbits to Columbus’ committee. Brian was no more likely to withhold information about Columbus than he would be to hide anything about himself.

St. Louis Fandom did such a thorough job of converting Brian that when Brian was among those who welcomed Joyce when she moved to New York City in 1970. Although most

of our friends were members of the Brooklyn Insurgents or the Fanoclasts, we always got along well with Brian and often visited back-and-forth.

When Brian and his woman of that era, Judy Harrow, became hosts of FISTFA (the biweekly informal fan club founded by Mike McInerney, rich brown and eever), Joyce and I regularly made the trek from Brooklyn Heights to the far reaches of upper Manhattan.

There were a few bumps right from the start as Brian attempted to mix his circle of fan friends and his circle of swinging friends. Generally, fans arriving at a Burley-hosted FISFA meeting for the first time did a double take – unless they did a *triple*-take – when they saw the huge photo of Brian and Judy that hung in the living room.

In colors vivid enough for Swedish Erotica and as large as a poster were Brian and Judy in the nude. Physically, they did not resemble John Holmes and Seka, but it certainly was an unflinching statement of who they were. The problem was, some fans did, indeed, flinch – and promptly ceased attending FISTFA.

The clash of lifestyles came to a ludicrous end – I will not use the word “climax” in this situation for reasons that will become clear – at a giant FISFA party the Burley’s threw for the Meara’s when they British fan couple visited the US in the mid-1970’s.

Local Fandom turned out in force to meet the visitor. Brian, so open and non-judgmental himself, couldn’t see that also inviting his circle of swing friends might cause a problem. He saw things in much more straight forward terms: He and Judy were having a big party and the swingers were at least as much their friends as the fans.

Combining the two groups wasn’t necessarily a bad idea, but the same can’t be said about combining the two groups’ activities. The fans showed up for a party for Mike and Pat Meara, but the swingers came prepared for an orgy. Fans idly roaming through the party sometimes blundered into heaving piles of some of the butt-ugliest folks you’ll ever see naked and suffered varying degrees of shock. Somewhat more sensational was the sudden entry into a living room of chattering fans of a mostly naked woman who had just taken on a group of men and looked (and smelled) like it.

This wildly inappropriate scene blew about

half the fans out of the place, never to return to another function of any kind. Brian suffered and did not understand, because he practiced the live-and-let-live attitude he preached so vocally.

My purpose isn’t to tell a semi-titillating anecdote (though I am quite aware of the readership’s boundless love of semi-titillation). The fact is, it’s all too typical of the kind of things that happened to Brian. Loyalty to his friends and open-mindedness somehow became *negatives* in the minds of too many fans who couldn’t match his tolerance and mellowness.

And where Brian Burley would have told others directly how he felt, the disaffected fans talked to each other – and to Joyce and me when we encouraged them to “meet us at FISTFA.”

“Tell Brian how you feel,” we urged those who took strong exception to what they’d seen. “He’ll be reasonable.” I know that, because Joyce and I had raised the point with Brian and found him very sympathetic.

Yet none of them ever did talk to Brian. They just stayed away. Joyce and I made it a point to attend the next few FISTFA meetings as a show of support, but the Burley era of FISTFA was doomed. When it became clear that we were about the *only* fans who would be there besides Brian and Judy, we stopped making the trip.

Not that we stopped contact with Brian and Judy. In fact, Brian actually began attending Brooklyn Insurgents to assuage his fanning impulses (and used those now-vacant Friday evenings to satisfy other desires.)

When Joyce and I de-gafiated, we also got back in touch with Brian. He visited us in Las Vegas two or three times when circumstances took him out this way.

Both of us looked forward to his Vegas excursions. The conversation was always entertaining and Brian was always a pleasant lunch or dinner companion. (And he picked up the check!)

There won’t be a Brian Burley fanthology or hours of reverent tributes at the next worldcon. They wouldn’t be right and Brian would be the first to recognize it. What I think he would like, though, is for his many friends to raise a drink in his name and think about a guy who didn’t always get from Fandom what he deserved, but who was very rich in fannish friendship. — Arnie

Them Daze Three Teachers

For the better part of thirty years I've been doing a radio show at KPFA here in Berkeley. Working with a couple of partners I used to do a lot a interviews, most of them with authors. Recently I've cut way back on that. It slowly dawned on me that I wasn't willing to spend several days reading a book, researching the subject and author, and preparing questions...in order to tape a 45-minute interview...that would be edited down to a 28-minute radio show...that I wouldn't even get paid for.



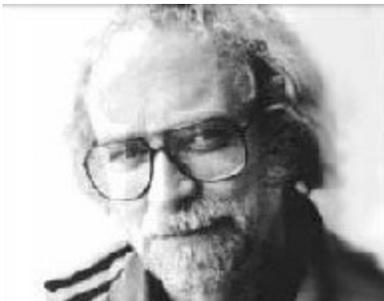
I guess I'm a slow learner.

My producer and studio partner, a fellow named Richard Wolinsky, asked if I would still come back every so often for a show devoted to book reviews and publishing industry news, and I agreed. But no more of

those long hours of prep for short hours of air-time.

Some years ago, howsomever, while I was still interviewing, we scheduled W. P. Kinsella for an air-slot. He had a new book just out, and the film *Field of Dreams*, based on his earlier novel *Shoeless Joe*, was about to hit the theaters.

Wolinsky and I are both baseball fans of long standing, and we hit it off with Kinsella. Taped our program and headed out to a local eatery for lunch. I think it was Saul's Delicatessen in North Berkeley. Kinsella lived in Vancouver at the time, and



W.P. Kinsella



Richard A. Lupoff

said that he was a fan of the Seattle Mariners. They were a terrible team back then.

"Being a Mariners fan is like owning a sick puppy," Kinsella said. "He has accidents on the carpet all the time and you despair of his recovery, but he's yours and you love him anyway."

After a while our baseball talk came around to the topic of baseball phonies. I'd never heard of such a thing. "They're

guys who tend to hang around bars. They'll get into a conversation with you and mention that they were once big league ballplayers. Of course nobody is going to claim to be Sandy Koufax or Yogi Berra; they'd never get away with it. So they'll research some marginal player, a backup infielder for the Milwaukee Brewers, for instance, or a onetime middle reliever for the Kansas City Royals. They'll know their batting averages and have some anecdotes about their more famous teammates, and first thing you know you've bought 'em a drink or a couple of drinks or maybe even a good dinner."

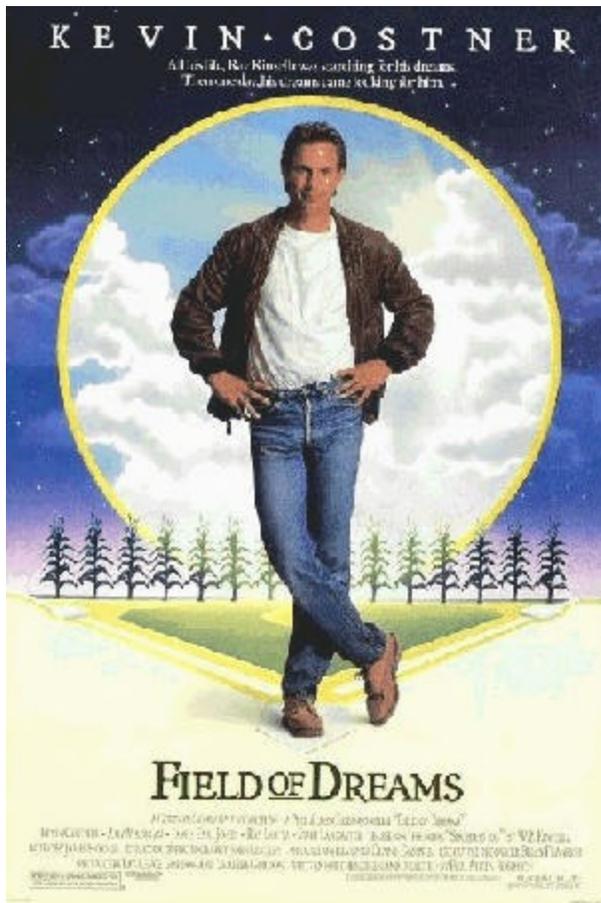
Wolinsky and I got a laugh out of that. It's just a petty grift, of

course. One of many. Some bozo got himself busted in Oakland a while ago for going to department stores or expensive restaurants, running up bills and charging them to Phil Lesh or Bob Weir of the Grateful Dead.

He wouldn't have claimed to be Jerry Garcia, even when Garcia was alive. Too well known. But Lesh's and Weir's faces were not as familiar and this grifter happened to look something like Lesh.



Richard Wolinsky



Or was it Weir? Well, whichever.

Similar grift, slightly bigger stakes, got the guy minor jail time.

I told Kinsella that my high school faculty had included two former major league ballplayers.

He said, “Are you sure?”

I said I’d never doubted them, but that I’d check ‘em out. Went home and opened a baseball encyclopedia. The internet wasn’t around yet.

As it turned out, they were both telling the truth. That is, I’m pretty sure they were. I remembered their names and the details, rather minimal, that had ever been mentioned of their careers. I don’t remember either of them talking about their



baseball lives very much. As is typical of such situations, most information is passed through schoolyard scuttlebutt.

But just to be doubly certain I looked ‘em up again this morning, this time using several baseball websites and cross-checking them against one another. Yep, there they were. I don’t think these two guys would carry the impersonation so far as to become schoolteachers under stolen identities.

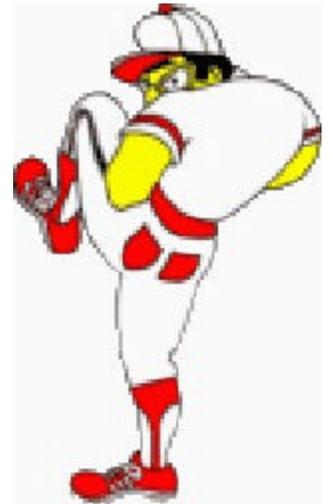
I don’t think they would.

Their names were Al Verdel and J. Henry Eisenhart. Their statistical lines were remarkably similar. Both had reached the majors in 1944. Both of them were pitchers. Here are their entries:

Al Verdel, Pitcher, Philadelphia Phillies, 1944
 Wins – 0 Losses – 0 Earned Run Average – 0.00 Games – 1 Innings Pitched – 1

Jake Eisenhart,
 Pitcher, Cincinnati Reds,
 1944

Wins – 0 Losses – 0 Earned Run Average – 0.00 Games – 1 Innings Pitched - .1



Very much alike. If you want more stats such as fielding and hitting you can look ‘em up but I’ll tell you right now that all you’ll find are goose eggs. Each of these guys appeared in one game that summer. Neither won, neither lost, neither gave up any earned runs. The only difference is in “innings pitched.” Al Verdel pitched one inning. Jake Eisenhart pitched one-third of an inning. (In baseball stats that shows as “.1” but that’s based on three-outs-per-inning, not “tenths.”)

What had the life paths of these two men been, to lead them to the major leagues? Most American males play baseball in one form and at one level, sometime in their lives. Not as many females, I think, but still a great many.

You start out in sandlot or schoolyard games, maybe continue on through Little League and other amateur forms of the game, and make it onto your high school team. A lot of players sign professional contracts out of high school. Others go



on to college and then sign.

But that isn't the end of the process, it's really just the beginning. You play in rookie instructional leagues, low-level minors, higher minors. You get invited to a big league spring training camp and compete for a spot on the roster. Prob-

ably you don't make it on the first try, and it's back to minors for more seasoning. Sometimes on the second try, sometimes on the third try, you make the big league roster. Or maybe you're a mid-season call-up.

You report to the big league team's locker room, climb into your uniform and take the field. You've made it. You're in the majors. It's the culmination of a lifetime of hopes and struggles. And you go on to wealth and fame.

Of course in the 1940's there was a lot of fame but very little wealth. Professional sports were a blue-collar enterprise back then. A typical ballplayer, even a major leaguer, had an off-season job. Many were farmers. Some were coal miners or steel workers. Still, it was part of the American



Dream to be the next generation's Babe Ruth, Ted Williams, Joe DiMaggio, Walter Johnson, Dizzy Dean, Hal Newhouser.

Jake Eisenhart and Al Verdel both made it to the majors, but neither stuck. Neither even lasted out a season. In fact, Verdel only lasted one inning and Eisenhart one third of an inning.

What happened? What went wrong? Did they go back to the minors? Did they come to spring training in 1945 and not make the roster? What does it do to you, to work all your life (well, until you're in your twenties, anyway) to attain a goal, and then have happen, what happened to these two men? And what do you do with the rest of your life?

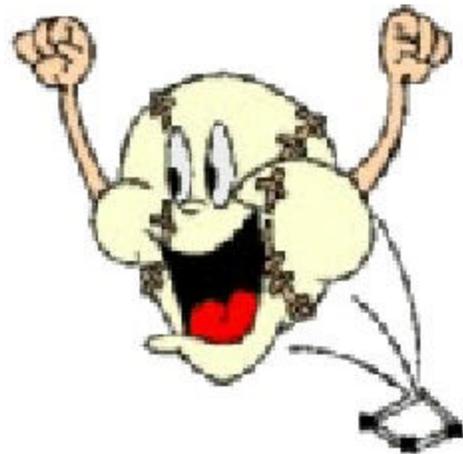
Al and Jake both became schoolteachers at a private boys' school in New Jersey. I was a student there. I got to know them both, although Verdel not very well and Eisenhart better than I wanted.

Al Verdel taught English and coached several sports teams. He was a stocky man with a swarthy complexion and curly, graying hair. He was soft-

spoken, gentle, sympathetic to students and popular. He mostly worked with pitchers and infielders on our school's

varsity baseball team. He was much beloved, not just of the jocks on campus but of just about everyone.

Jake Eisenhart was a brass-plated son of a bitch. He taught geography. He was a tall, rangy guy with light brown hair. He was bitter. He loved to give long classroom assignments. "Copy out the questions at the end of Chapter Six and Chapter Seven and answer them, in writing. You, you, and you – take the even numbered questions. You, you, and you – take the odd numbered questions. All answers must be in the form of complete sentences." These questions would be on the order of,



“Name the five major cities, six largest rivers, and seven chief exports of Paraguay.”

While the students worked at this assignment in complete silence Jake would fish a pair of mirrored aviator glasses from his desk drawer and slip them on. He would put his feet on his desk, ankles crossed, fold his hands behind his head, and lean back in his chair. His chin would rest against his collar-bone. Was he asleep? Or pretending to sleep? Was he spying on his own students?

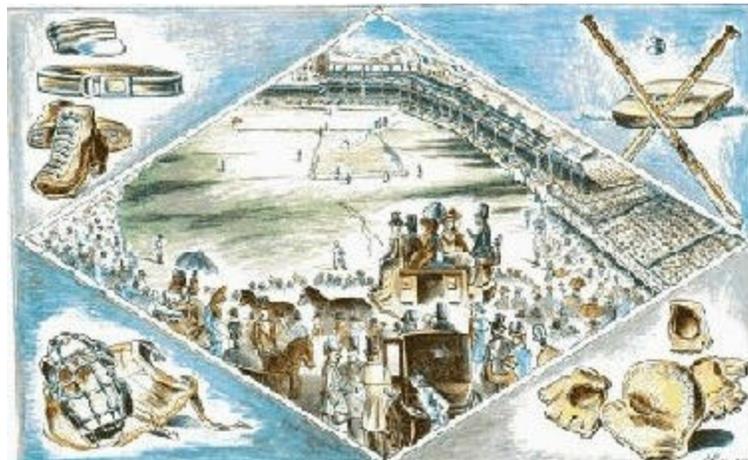
He delighted in catching students sharing work, passing notes, sneaking snacks into the classroom. He would come down on such miscreants like the wrath of God.

He was also violently anti-Semitic. Among other things, he hated the name Jake. His full name was Jacob Henry Eisenhart, of Pennsylvania Dutch descent. He used the form “J. Henry Eisenhart” so nobody would mistake him for a Jew. He may have been mistakenly teased as Jew in his baseball life, thanks to that name “Jake.” Now we were in the years just after World War Two, and there was much discussion of the proposed founding of the State of Israel.

Eisenhart’s angry comment was, “The Jews have all the money, why don’t they just buy Palestine?”

In his classroom, when I was a student there, there were only two Jewish students. I was one of them. The other Jew, by coincidence, had the same initials as I. I’ll call him Raymond Adam Liebowitz. Ray’s facial features and mannerisms were, I suppose one would say, more typically “Jewish” than my own.

Jake Eisenhart singled him out for his wrath. Jake had nicknames for the students in the class,



KIDS AND BASEBALL of- ten

Then and Now



calling kids by the names of Disney characters, especially the Seven Dwarfs. I had protuberant ears in those days, and since there were more than seven kids in the class, I was dubbed “Dumbo.” Poor Ray Liebowitz didn’t get a Disney appellation. Jake Eisenhart called him “Rabbi.” He never missed an opportunity to pick on Ray, to rag on him in class, to humiliate him in every possible manner.

No one came to Ray’s assistance, including me. In retrospect, I am ashamed of my silence. I should have stood up and shouted. I should have marched to the principal’s office and blown the whistle on that bastard Eisenhart. But I was afraid. I was terrified of the reprisals that might come. Yes, I was cowardly. Poor Ray Liebowitz was taking the abuse. I was escaping it. So I let him suffer.

Ray, if you’re out there today, and on the incredibly remote chance that you’re reading this, Ray, I’m sorry.

That’s what it was like in them daze.

I titled this column “Three Teachers” and I’ve only written about two. The third teacher I was going to write about was named Percy William Downing, informally known as The Duke. But I have baseball tickets for tonight’s game, the Oakland Athletics versus the Detroit Tigers, so I’ll have to boot down. Next time, if I remember, I’ll write about The Duke.

If I forget, remind me, Arnie. We codgers get forgetful.

— Dick Lupoff

Percolations

Doofus!

Ideas for articles, stories, poems, and songs come to me at the weirdest times, always when I'm in the middle of something dreadfully important. It is not that I can't concentrate on the job at hand, far from it. It is just that my subconscious mind never stops *thinking*, which can get rather irritating at times. Fortunately, some of these unbidden ideas aren't as irritating as remembering that I have to pay the utility bills this coming weekend, or get one of our cars registered by the end of the month, scoop the poop in the backyard, or take care of other varied mundane tasks that life plunks down in front of me. Sometimes my subconscious mind gets rather fannish, and

when this happens, I just have to stop what I'm doing and write the idea down so I can get back to and finish my original task.

For instance, about an hour and a half ago, while grading papers on-line, the idea to write this little literary piece popped into my head thanks to a conversation that Steven Brust and I had had two weekends ago during Aggiecon 37. For a quick background history lesson here, Steven and I became fans back in the 1970's up in Minneapolis; I joined Minn-stf in 1973, Steven in 1976. Both of us being fans and amateur musicians, for many years thereafter we were fixtures in music parties in the club, at Minicons, and other Upper



John Purcell is shown here in friendly association with Las Vegas pro (and sometimes fan) Steve Brust.

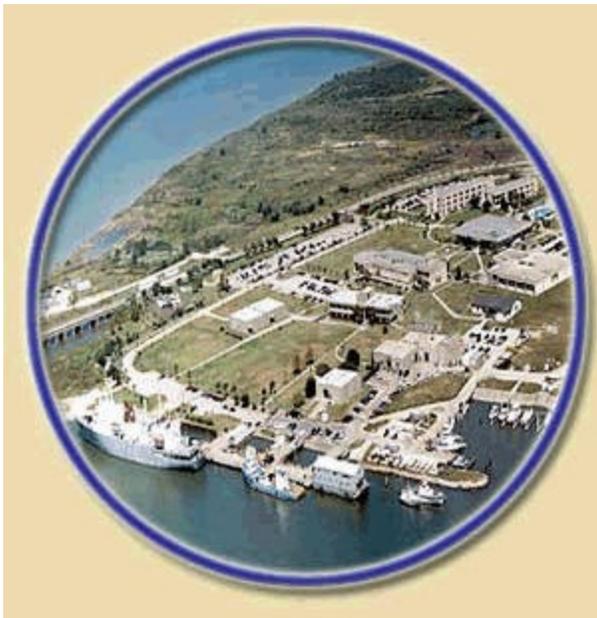
Midwestern conventions. It was fun, we got better, and A Good Time Was Had By All .

Fast forward to Aggiecon 37, March 23-26, 2006, College Station, Texas: Steven Brust was the Writer Guest of Honor, Peter Mayhew the Media Guest of Honor, and Brian Stelfreeze, the Artist Guest of Honor. It was my first convention since Minicon 27, and I was pleased as hell to see Steven again. (Go see *and furthermore...#3* at efanzines.com to read more about this.)

We were chatting it up and catching up on what had gone on in our lives since last we met (in April of 1992), and we both agreed that our contact with Minn-stf had simply dwindled off to sporadic contact since that's what had happened to our lives.

Which is exactly what *had* happened: we really *did* get lives! Steve became a successful professional author, went through various life changes, eventually moving to Las Vegas in January of 2001. Myself, I had married my current wife, Valerie, in November, 1989, and the duties of fatherhood and career resulted in my eventually drifting out of the fannish sphere of influence after Minicon 27. My family moved first from Minneapolis to Marshalltown, Iowa; from there, we came down to College Station, Texas, in July of 2001.

So there Steve and I were, standing outside Texas A&M University's Rudder Tower on a quite lovely Friday night of the con, sort-of filling each other in on what little we knew of our old friends in Minn-stf. All I knew was what I had learned off Minn-stf's website and past on-line issues of *Einblatt*, the club's info-zine. Since he was actually more active in the science fiction and fantasy world than I was (my only contact with fandom has been on-line, especially only since last fall), Steve informed me that Kate Worley had died of cancer, that Emma Bull and Will Shetterly had moved to California, Kathy Marschall had mar-



ried in 1999, and other people-news like that. Even worse, we started asking each other about our *kids*. How mundane is that?

So we stood there. Steve puffed on a cigarette, I watched my 10-year old son running around us like some sort of demented Anime character stoked on sugar and caffeine (Dan always acts like that, too. He doesn't need any chemical help to act weird. He's ten, remember?), both of us quietly ruminating on

the passage of time.

Steve looked at me and said, "Well, y'know, it really shouldn't surprise us, when you stop and think about it. You and I got busy with our lives and simply drifted out of fandom."

"Yeah, I suppose." I wanly smiled at him, and said, "I think it's called DAFIA: Drifting Away From It All."

Steve nodded. "Makes sense. Gafia, fafia, dafia: it's one acronym or another."

"Yup."

Then my subconscious mind reared its ugly head again – right in the presence of Steve Brust. He never would have noticed it if I hadn't opened my mouth. "I guess we've both become a DOOFUS."

He blinked through a cloud of smoke. "A what?"

"A DOOFUS," I repeated: "Drifted Out Of Fandom, Unnecessarily So."

The cigarette butt barely missed my left ear. Still, I saw that Steve was smiling.

— John Purcell

If you enjoyed this article, I heartily recommend John's fanzine *In a Prior Lifetime*. It's frequent, fannish and full of John's observations on life, times and fanac.

Like just about all electronic fanzines, *In a Prior Lifetime* is available as a free download at efanzines.com.

SNAFFU Central Manga Mania!

April's 4th Friday

SNAFFood event was held at Buca di Beppo, a very good, fun, family-style Italian restaurant. The major drawback was the noise level, which was quite high. Since most dishes were large enough to feed 4-6 people, most of us shared the items, which included two types of chicken, two kinds of salad, and two pasta dishes, plus thick garlic bread. Unfortunately the restaurant didn't want to issue separate checks, so this spooked Raven who arrived with her group of three, and they left, rather than deal with either eating a joint meal, or having to figure out the bill. Merric and Lubov also wanted a separate check, but were content to just add their order to the main bill and then have this figured out at the end (actually the waiter was able to split them off for a separate check any-



Linda & Ron Bushyager enjoy a moment of table-side togetherness at the SNAFFood event.

way). The rest of the group consisted of Teresa, James T., Sylvia (Teresa's delightful Mom), Ron, Linda, Rachel Mainz, Lori, April, Rebecca, Joelle, and Lynn (or is it Lyn? - our fezz-loving Taxi

driver). For those sharing the large meal, the bill came to about \$19.50 per person including tax, tip, and drink, which really seemed reasonable for the delicious food.

One drawback of a Friday night dinner for so many people is that we often end up in one long table during busy dining hours. I may ask if we can be divided up into smaller tables for the future. (What do you think?) SNAFFood participants seemed to love the fact that we are trying all sorts of ethnic restaurants around town, and even though not all are super-economical, they seemed



Here are those sweet stfnal sisters, April Reckling (left) and Lori Forbes!



Teresa Cochran and James Taylor were among the happy dinners at the April incarnation of what has become a very popular local fan activity.

will be at Shiraz Cafe (Stephanie & Warm Springs in Henderson), an economical Persian/American restaurant on May 26, 2006 at 7pm. This non-smoking restaurant has food such as gyros (\$7.95), burgers, all day breakfasts, plus dinner entrees such as grilled chicken breast (\$9.95), country fried steak (\$8.95), fried Shrimp (\$10.95), Amazing berries and chicken kabob (\$13.95), etc. Please RSVP by May 19 to LindaBushyager@aol.com.

Also Ron and Linda could use a ride to and from this Henderson eatery from vicinity of Jones and Flamingo. Please contact them if you are driving and can provide a ride next month.

— Linda Bushyager

to feel that it is worth a little extra to have a once a month meal at a great place. You could eat cheaper at Burger King, but do you really want to go there? A few even think that we might want to consider a few more "splurgey" meals in the \$25-30 bracket, including perhaps a top casino buffet or sushi in the future. Certainly any and all suggestions continue to be greatly appreciated, and should be sent to coordinator Linda at LindaBushyager@aol.com.

Some of the group wanted to continue conversations somewhere quieter after dinner, and ended up at a nearby Starbucks.

Next month's SNAFFood



Merric Anderson appears to have the situation well in hand. Jolle Barnes is on his left and Luba Anderson is on his right.

Brokeback Film Night

Alan & DeDee White hosted a video get-together of film connoisseurs that included Merric & Luba Anderson, David Dal Valle and Joyce and I. The food was wonderful, the company was convivial and the movie of the evening was *Brokeback Mountain*. While the movie did not induce anyone present to change his or her sexual orientation — the gays stayed gay, the bi's stayed bi and the straights stayed straight — but we all found ways to relate to *Brokeback Mountain's* theme. It was easy for fans to identify with the problem of people who are so afraid of the society around them that they deny themselves any chance at real happiness. — Arnie

Continued from p 1

375 N. Stephanie St.(Stephanie & Warm Springs)

Henderson, NV 89104

Phone 933-6682

Recommended by: James Taylor

Non-Smoking Restaurant

Cost \$ - Economical

No private area

Gratuuity:18% for group

Comments:Very economical Persian/Middle Eastern cafe with gyros (\$7.95), burgers, all day breakfasts, plus dinner entrees such as grilled chicken breast (\$9.95), country fried steak (\$8.95), fried Shrimp (\$10.95), Amazing berries and chicken kabob (\$13.95), etc.

June 23, 2006.7pm.RSVP by June 16 if at all possible to

LindaBushyager@aol.com

Joyful House - Chinese

4601 West Spring Mountain (Spring Mountain and Decatur)

(702) 889-8881

Recommended by: Lori Forbes

Non-smoking area

Cost \$\$ - fairly economical(main entrees as low as \$8)

No private area - will seat at 2 tables

Gratuuity:18% added on for group

Review:[http://www.tasteofvegas.com/html/](http://www.tasteofvegas.com/html/joyful_house.html)

joyful_house.html

Review:[http://www.reviewjournal.com/bestoflv/2006/](http://www.reviewjournal.com/bestoflv/2006/LongReturns.jsp?bestID=8911&shortList=true)

LongReturns.jsp?bestID=8911&shortList=true

Comments: excellent Chinese food with varied menu.

Heard Around Fandom...

Ayesha Ashley will be playing and singing in a pro gig at Barnes & Noble on Friday (5//11) between 7:00-9:00 PM.

Su Williams won't be at this Saturday's Vegnants meeting. She in Maryland, visiting family....

Also out of town is David Dal Valle. He's in Los Angeles, doing something connected with his role as a movie memorabilia maven....

JoHn Hardin, who now lives in Kingman, AZ, reports that he has access to a car and a license to drive, so Las Vegas fans should expect to see him soon. He has certainly been missed at Vegnants and SNAFFU...

ChatBack: The VFW Letter Column

The letters, thankfully, keep coming in plentitude, so let's get right to this issue's tasty batch of comments...

A Lloyd Penney-style letter is a wonderful way to start off a letter column. And the best fan to write it/ Why, it's...

Lloyd Penney

Time to clear out some more fanzines from

the hopper. I've got issues 71 and 72 of Vegas Fandom Weekly, and they are next...

71...I meant to get to recording a contribution for the third one-shot...I need more time and more memory. I can say that about a lot of things...

Chris has been talking about his trip to Vegas...more details, and did he need bail money? Wherever he goes, he seems to have a good time, and he leaves a wake. And a good tip, too.

SMOF HQ! Look, Robin, it's the SMOF signal! Quick, to the SMOFmobile! A serum that will turn you into a super-SMOF? I sure hope this treatment comes with a substantial deposit in your bank account. The end of Vegas fandom? Not while you're around to give it a goose every so often, Arnie...

There's a topic for discussion, courtesy of Joyce. What was the first fanzine you ever received? Mine was Q36 from Eric Lindsay in Australia. When I got it, I was pleased, but had no idea what to do with it. I was lucky to get some gentle and constructive guidance from a number of big names, and I haven't looked back.

Helo, David Gordon... I wish I'd been at Torcon II, but that predated my entry into fandom by four years. I'd met R.A. Lafferty several times at Worldcons, but he often seemed content to roam the hallways and observe the chaos around him, often with an amused look on his face. I wish Torcon III had been better, but the inexperience of the committee made them concentrate on the bare bones of the convention, and not on anything different or really imaginative.

Good to see my pubnight article fill up about two pages. I'll jump ahead to issue 72 for a moment...Ted White comments that I write so many locs because I leave pubnights early? Nope, I'd rather see these parties right to the end, but because I work in the evenings at the Globe and Mail newspaper, I leave the pubnight at 8pm to be at work for 8:45pm when my work is automatically dispensed from the G&M server. When I'm not at a day-time assignment from an agency, I am at home, cranking out locs and searching the job websites for some leads. The pubnights can go as late as midnight, but of course, both pubnights take place during the week. If there was a pubnight on First Friday, you can bet we'd be there until First Saturday.

Robert Lichtman is correct when I mistakenly attributed "the medium is the message" to Bucky Fuller instead of Marshall McLuhan. And McLuhan's Canadian, too...I gotta get more sleep. I have considered an electronic fanzine, and had bandied about the idea of a Canadian national fanzine news zine, but the response was apathetic and occasionally hostile, so I've let it slide. With my retirement from con-running, I will have more time for zines, and my own e-zine is an idea I have thought of. I just need to figure out what to put in it. I need a direction or theme or reason to publish, and I must also design something pleasing to the eye.

72...Hi, Chris! Yup, owe you an article, and will get on it RSN. It's on my list of Things I Gotta Do.

A couple of things wrong with Randy Byers' idea to rename Core Fandom Roots Fandom... first of all, there's a chain of clothing stores in Canada called Roots, with nothing to do with fandom. Second, in Australia, Roots means something else entirely. Some fannish content, but not enough... roots (v.) means the same as f*cks or screws. (When Australians come to Canada and see a Roots clothing store, once they stop laughing, they go in and buy as much as they can carry. The shock value once they get the stuff back home is priceless.)

I'm all done, and my eyes keep closing, which is tough on someone like me who makes all kinds of typos when he is looking, and utter crap when he isn't. I will take my leave of you, and look forward to more from Vegas on the eFanzines.com site. Until then...

*Arnie: My explanation of the oneshots must have sown confusion instead of spreading enlightenment. The "third in a series" oneshot is the written one. I am putting the finishing touches on it now and it should clog up your mail queue Very Soon (which I swear is not the same as Real Soon Now). The audio oneshot, **Voices of Fandom #1**, is the one for which we solicited recorded contributions. It is very far along toward completion under the skilled direction of Bill Mills. I have heard what Bill considers as preliminary versions of contributions from about 10 fans, I found it a very enjoyable hour and have a hunch that less of a perfectionist than Bill would not consider these slickly*

produced segments "preliminary." If Bill gets a good reaction, it's possible that there'll be sequels.

*The first fanzine I ever read, not counting **Cursed #1** (which Lenny Bailes and I co-edited) was **The Free Radical** by Judi Beatty Sephton. I thought the fanzine was ok, that the photos of the female fans were encouraging and that Lenny and I had a lot of room to improve on **Cursed #1**.*

*That's a powerful argument for calling it **Roots Fandom**. If I were an Australian fan, I would cast my vote in that direction. Since I'm not, I'll stick with **Core Fandom** for now.*

Next comes a fan who appears to be lugging a crystal ball. He's got some thoughts on 2011, too!

Chris Garcia

And now you're back from Outer Space. Just Turn around now, with that fanzine still in place.

I'm sorry I opened this missive with a bit of filk.

Ah, 2011. I shall be 37 Years old, the same age Uma Thurman turned on April 29th of this year. I do agree with many of your thoughts on those days, but I certainly differ on a few. I actually think we'll see the Blockbuster fanzines that exist as full atoms (Chunga, Plokta, Banana Wings, Tortoise, Trap Door, etc) stick around, maybe go slightly south in the number of issues a year (or years between issues, right Mr. Lichtman?) and eventually fold due to the typical reasons (full-blown GAFIA, new projects, evil FANAC-eating mongoose invasions, you know...the usual). I do think at least one widely-available print-only fanzine will arise and join those on the list.

I don't think we'll lose too many APAs between now and 2011. FAPA is secure and non-electronic. I don't think SAPS will go fully electronic, but I don't think it'll fold either. The locals are the interesting ones to me. I don't know enough about the local APAs to comment. Is the Southern APA still active? Certainly electronic APAs will continue to pop up (I know of four know) and I'm betting at least one or two more will come by.

Electronic fanzines will grow. On eFanzines.com are a cadre of madmen who are respon-

sible for a very high percentage of the material. I'm betting WE are the ones that will exemplify the words of Blade Runner: The star that burns twice as bright burns half as long, and you, eFanEd, have burned so very bright. We'll be replaced by younger fans. For eFanzines to continue to thrive after we've gone away (or at least slowed down), new folks will have to start pubbing their ish. This will not be easy. I really think that eFanzines doesn't get enough coverage or readership. The Hugo nod last year ago didn't hurt, though.

Trufen is a great site, and maybe it's my hyper-FANAC imagination, but it seems to have slowed a bit lately. There'll be other sites and they'll add themselves to the long list of fannish web resources (and if I have anything to do about it, nfff.org will be one web destination)

The webzine is a concept I want to understand better. There are sites like EmCit, which combine blog with zine availability, but I'm not sure that counts. In the olden tymes, there were eZine sites that would be current issue, they didn't save an archive so you could only read the present. My now-very-pregnant friend M ran one of those around 1995. Is that the concept? I can say I've read one or two email zines, and I kinda doubt they'll stick around much because of the ability to send small enough PDFs that won't blow up people's mailboxes.

Blogs will be huge in 2011. They're big now, but trust me, they'll be ginormous. Will many of the blogs of today be around in 2011? Well, if you'd asked in 1976 'Will many of the fanzines of today be around in 1981?' you'd get the same answer. The ones made by dedicated people who are able to keep them up will stick around.

I've never much taken to listservs myself, save for Timebinders, and probably won't get very much into them. I'm saying that many will be replaced by the electronic communities that live in place like Tribe.net and MySpace. These will grow and change and will be, in many ways, the electronic versions of the clubs of days gone by. They'll be very important and, when you can communicate through an eGroup, you'll see wider participation.

A wonderful short write-up of my time in Vegas. I've written a review of my trip for *The Drink Tank*, and a more thorough review for *SF*

SF which should be along in a week or two. I had a wonderful time and I'll be coming out more once both my Uncle Wayne and my Moms buy a place in North Vegas (Wayne's just about bought it and Moms is in the final search stage). I'll be out for holidays and likely once or twice more a year. All good things from where I stand.

I'm 'attending' Corflu, though I won't be there, so I guess I can 'attend' the Can't Go to Corflu' party and not be there either!

Nice meeting reports. I wish I had stuck around to enjoy myself for longer, but again, I will return.

There's always been a lot of rooting among fanzine fans for Steve Stiles for Best Fan Artist. I'd like to see him win, but another guy who I'd love to win (or at least nominated) is Dan Steffan. That would be a good one too. It was good to see Teresa too when I was out there. I'm sure I'll run into her and many of my other Vegas faves when I'm at Worldcon. Tim Kyger was born exactly one week before my mother and about 80 miles apart.

John Purcell points out that there was a moment of Post-Modernism in the last faan fic that I was delivered. Thank you much, Arnie!

Arnie: I pegged predictions to 2011, because it was reasonably close. I enjoyed reading your speculations – and I'll enjoy seeing which of us hits closer to the mark. Somehow, though, the “my wild speculation is better than your wild speculation” debate does not appeal. Let's just see what happens when we get there. (I don't think we're getting our personal aircars by then, though.)

A fakefan confesses in the next letter. He's cranky, but we still love him...

Bill Kunkel

I don't think Teresa would make it as a Ted White-Designated Fakefan. I know because I'm one. And Ted was absolutely correct when he said it and it's an absolutely accurate description of me today, in that I am somebody who has many good friends and associates within fandom and even appears in fanzines on a limited basis, but I do not define myself as a fan.

I don't *feel* like a fan. None of the fan values resonate with me. I got into fandom because I wanted to write and publish my own magazine. I

don't even (get ready for a big gasp here) much enjoy the writings of Walt Willis (though I remain, personally and as a writer, a totally loyal Bosh fan) or Laney or oh so many of the Elder Ghods. Much preferred the *Void*, *Innuendo* type of stuff when I read through Arnie's old collection back in Brooklyn in the '70's.

So Teresa, if it's true that one homosexual/junkie/Dylan fan/werewolf/etc. can instantly sense another of their kind, I do not sense the True Force of Fakefandom within you.

Arnie: Your taste is your taste, Bill. I love my friends in Fandom and, I must confess, the subculture itself. It has been very good to me on many levels – and I get a tremendous amount of enjoyment out of Willis, Laney and that Void-Innuendo stuff (and Trap Door-Banana Wings stuff). If I didn't, I would give Fandom and my friends the time and effort I do.

The next letter is in English. I thought I should mention that.

Art Widner

In all my 27+10 yrs in Fandom, ive not herd of the "Chorp Dimension." Xplain, please. At any rate, i'd like to know HOW it hapend, since i'd like to prevent it from happening ever, ever, EVER agn! I was looking 4wd to a pleasant evening w old frends, & it turnd into the evening from Hell.

Living in LV as U do, i dunno if Uve ever experienced the bad of trying to find a motel there on a Sat nite. I cald U once from Russel Rd abt sunset, but Ud already gone to wherever U went that nite. I hadnt cald earlier bcoz i was abt to lv the Famly Reonion Piknik in Lake Havasu City when a late arival showd up with no less than THREE Marie Callender pies, wch r very close to homade, so i had to stay a little longer while somebody went to get whipt crm & i. c. Then with a late start, i decided not to make myself even later by finding a fone & calling, since i was fairly sure that U xpected me some time that eve, altho i wasnt certn xactly when i'd aryv. I recald that U did say the last time we talkt that i shd call agn "when i had decided what i wantd to do." I thot that was a litl od, since i was quite specific that i'd b there Sat nite sometime & stay over. Its enuf to make me get a cell fone, altho i dont

object to the price of the fone itself, but the hefty monthly bill for maybe one call in my case.

Anyway, i spoze i cdv cald from Searchlite, but when i got there i was so busy avoiding the w.k. speed trap, that i begrujd the time it wd take to hunt up a fone & go thru the elab rigamarole withe credit card. So i pusht on.

Being on the ej of senility, i found the complicated bowl of spageti that rt 95 runs into around Henderson, & half blinded by driving into the setting sun, i cdnt manage to folo my pland course of finding Rainbow & then Charleston & yr place, so i wound up on Tropicana in the midl of the Strip Sat Nite Crunch.

Finally, i arivd at 909 Cernan, much bedraggled & frazld, & breathd a great si of relief until i nokt on the door & got no response. O well, i thot, they got tired of waiting & went to dinner, maybe w other Vegrants Arnie had mentiond myt sho on a nonmeeting nite. Pity. i'l xplor a bit & come back.

I did that & came back abt a haf hr later. Cdnt understand y U left all the lites on, unless mayb to discouraj burglars. Went away agn & found a Jackinthebox (wil do an artikl later on the improvement of fastfood in the US). By the time i got back it was around 10p. After listening to my radio & CDs a while , it suddenly struk me that i had better find alternate accomodations.

So i struk out southwd along Rainbo, wch is singularly lacking in motels, so "struk out" is a good description of what hapend. Agn i mist conexions w I-15, & wanderd a long time in the wasteland of trax -a -bilding, until i finally found a ramp that got me on I-15. By this tym i was ryteously pist. Driving @ 70-80 on a freeway at nite is sheer agony where i dont kno what i'm doing or cant see much of anything. If i go slower, i'm getting in other drivers way, wch is even mor dangerous. At long last, i got to Jean, went nto Nevada Landing, wch was totally sold out, then over to Goldstrike, where i was forst to take rackrate on the last rm they had.

As i say, i was pist, but i got over it. I felt i was left hi & dry, w no reason y, so i'd still like an xplanation.

Arnie: As I understand it, the Chorp Dimension is a generic Other Plane of Existence, parallel to (but separate from) our own. Perhaps rich

brown or Ted White might have additional information to share.

Joyce and I very much regret missing you, Art. In fairness, when you called earlier in the week, I told you that Saturday was not good for a visit and that I would appreciate you calling before you began your drive here. Since we had not heard from you on Saturday and didn't expect you, we went to the movie showing described on page 13 at Alan & DeDee White's home. Alas, we didn't return home until shortly after your final check at our door. We always love to have you visit, Art, so I'm sure we can plan a little tighter next time.

I'd tell you about the next, most welcome, letter of comment, but I think I'll do it after I print it....

Jack Calvert

I was glad to see you endorse laziness, indolence, and procrastination (LIP) as fannish virtues. They are qualities that I have in abundance. In fact, in my case, since I believe in keeping up with the latest trends in fandom, it's Computer-assisted LIP or CLIP.

I have a stack (a virtual stack) of VFWs on my desktop that I meant to respond to, but put aside for a little while. Perhaps in the not too distant future, artificially intelligent computers will entirely take over this process, removing the meatware fan from the loop and not sending locs, then archiving the zines entirely without human intervention. As of now, it seems that when one sets aside electronic fanzines, they treat the computer as a culture medium and multiply.

Like everyone else, I was amazed to see Chris Garcia take over as President of the n3f. I am ambivalent about that organization. There is the Bureaucratic Thing, and the naïveté, but it does have a deep taproot into fan history. I wish Chris success with his effort.

I greatly enjoyed the fanfic about the Great Las Vegas Gafiation -- nice tying of various fan's traits into the story. And also Joyce's story of her discovery of fandom. And Richard Lupoff's comments on Howard Fast. I read many of Fast's novels in my twenties, *Spartacus* was one of my favorites. I still have a soft spot for leftie epics, and dip into John dos Passos's *_USA_* now and then.

Arnie: I would debate with you the question of which of us is more prone to laziness and procrastination, but it just sounds like so damn much work. Maybe I'll do it next issue. Or the one after that.

John Purcell

Well, Arnie, here's to your health and lower back pain. Hope the former is doing great, and the latter is not a bother.

Good news about Ross Chamberlain's surgery going well. My best wishes are still being winged in his general direction. Can't wait to hear him and the rest of usual - or is that unusual? - gang of suspects on the audio one shot. Just say the word, Meyer, and I'll be on it like flies on a pile of Texas cow flop.

Hey, I'm glad to see that I'm in good company when it comes down to procrastination and laziness. No-one has ever accused me of being indolent, or at least, not to my face, but that's probably because they don't know what the word *means*. However, I do hear you when you describe yourself as being drained; a weekly newszine of any length takes a serious time commitment and is physically challenging, too. If it helps at all, your efforts are greatly appreciated. Take a break if you have to.

Your Katzenjammer editorial on what future fanzines will be like is very interesting, and there's little for me to disagree with you upon. I kept nodding all the way through -- in agreement, not as in "falling asleep" - at your points, finding the idea of an e-mail fanzine kind of an interesting little info tidbit. Why not? I have never been one for blogs, so it doesn't surprise me that these things are already going the way of all e-flesh, so no great loss there as far as I'm concerned. But I, too, am looking forward to the future of fanzine fanactivity. The way I look at it, no matter the format, it's fun, and like you, I am enjoying what I am doing with it right now. Nothing wrong with that attitude.

Dick Lupoff's piece is so well-written, that I have no pithy, in depth comment to make except that I enjoyed it so, so, *so* very much. More, sir!

And now I see that Mr. Garcia's visage is gracing your pages. Glad to hear/read that he had a good time; one of his most recent *Drink Tanks* recounts his trip and visit to your neck of the woods.

(Which issue that is, I can't remember, he's back to pubbing them so damn fast again! He's gonna get a Lloyd-Penny style loc from me again, I'm afraid.) Even more important, Vegas fandom *survived* yet another visit from Chris.

Can't wait to meet the crankmeister from San Jose.

Teresa Cochran and I are actually very much in agreement when it comes down to what fandom is all about. Her last line in her loc "it simply suggests a long history and tradition, and I like that" is exactly how I feel. Core Fandom, Roots Fandom, Fanzine Fandom, whatever; it's still fanac to me, and I'm enjoying it. So there.

Tim Kyger sent a loc! Dang! There's a blast from the past. Good to see he's still knocking about.

Lots of great locs, but not enough time to respond to them. Too much school matters to attend to. I will be completely done with finals, grading, and the attendant hoo-hah by May 15th, so I shall be back in zine production at that time.

Arnie: No member of the New Generation of Las Vegas Fandom is more Trufannish than Tee, Her instinctive understanding of the essence of Core Fandom is a great delight to we more experienced Las Vegas fans – and I think all of you will agree with our high opinion of her once she get a chance to know her better.

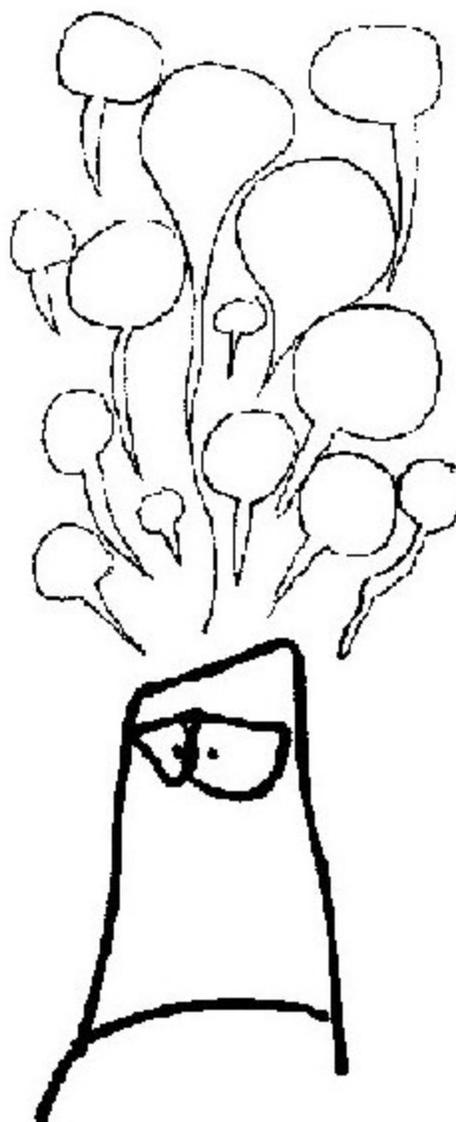
Robert Lichtman

I was certainly happy to read in the lead-off to *VFW* No. 73 that Ross's throat surgery was a complete success and that it left him "in full possession of his remarkable voice." Since he mentioned prior to the surgery that there was a job possibility as a reader for a series of electronic books, this is particularly good news. Perhaps that will allow him to either retire from or at least cut back the number of hours he has to stand around at Fry's. I'm looking forward to hearing his golden tones on *Fannish Voices* No. 1.

Like you, I was sorry to hear from Shelby Vick recently that family-related circumstances force him to cut back his most enjoyable fanac, and I certainly hope that this is only a temporary state of affairs. Balancing this somewhat, it's good to read that Jason Burnett will be returning to fan activity this month. And it was fun to dig into

Chris Garcia's *Drink Tank* issues on efanazines to find the one you refer to in which he writes up his latest Vegas visit. Assuming that it would be in his latest issue, I went there only to find not a word about it. But I did enjoy his article on being shocked at who's a Scientologist and who's not in the most current issue. And then I found his Vegas report two issues back. Now there's a guy who really *does* publish weekly or perhaps even more often.

I looked in vain for the "logo of the first issue, reproduced below," which you mention parenthetically *and in italics, no less*, in the first paragraph of this issue's "Inside Show." I was finally reduced to going to my giant chrome and black



plastic files (remember that allusion?) and digging out the Actual First Issue to have a look—after which I shrugged, put it back, and wondered what’s the big deal. But perhaps the clue is at the end of the first section of this issue where, in referring to the fanzine’s launch, you write, “It probably won’t *really* come out weekly, but I liked the name.” Overall, you’ve done well living up to it.

In “Future Fanac” you write about the influence of Bill Mills, “Some suggestions...have cut the memory size of an average issue of *VFW* nearly in half at no sacrifice in visual quality.” I would contest that last point, since I’ve noticed that both on-screen and in the printed version I make of each issue *all* the photos and other graphics are more pixilated than they used to be. I wouldn’t object if you were to offer two versions of *VFW*: one high- and one low-resolution. I would print the former.

All else being equal—and assuming that I can successfully continue to attract quality contributors and to periodically auction off old fanzines to pay the bills—I fully expect to still be publishing *Trap Door* on its usual highly irregular schedule and on paper come 2011. It’s an interesting notion that old-line apas like FAPA and SAPS will either fold or go electronic by then. I

can imagine SAPS going by the wayside because a third of its existing membership (of fifteen) is old-time Seattle area fans all of whom are in their 70s and 80s. Another third of the membership is other old-time fans of similar age. I’ve been a member (on my second time around) since 1983 and would kind of miss it, but I imagine its demise (at least as a paper apa) is inevitable. I’m not so sure the same applies to FAPA, although I see a continuing loss of membership. It could become a small, cosy paper apa and regain the sense of intimacy and connectedness it used to have back in the day—but beyond that vision, I wonder if it *did* go electronic if it also would regain the cachet it had back in the ‘60s and attract a large waiting list of fans clamoring to get in. (Yes, a waiting list—unlike the non-fannish apas, I think our groups work better with a restricted number of members in terms of interactivity and reasonable-sized mailings.)

Elsewhere in the article you wrote, “Listservs: This form of written electronic fanac is now firmly established as an integral part of Core Fandom, online. Trufen, Wegenheim and InThe-Bar may still be the main ones....” This has been the source of a certain amount of amusement and bemusement In The Bar, given that most of the members don’t consider themselves to be Core

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
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Las Vegas Fan Events Calendar

SNAFFU Discussion Meeting May 12 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: Should Science Fiction Be Predictive?

Second Sunday Movie Screening May 14 6:00 OM

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

Las Vegrants Meeting May 20 7:30 PM

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

Sunday Social May 21 2 PM

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

SNAPS Deadline Sunday, May 21

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

First Friday Video Group June 2 6:00

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

VSFA Monthly Meeting June 3 11 AM

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

Las Vegrants Meeting June 2 7:30 PM

The informal invitational Core Fandom club meets on the first and third Saturdays of the month at the Launch Pad, the home of Arnie & Joyce Katz.

Fans. It *is* consistently the most active of the lists, but that's due to a synergy between the members more than the group being part of Core Fandom. It's too bad you're not there, but you *are* a member of Trufen and Wegenheim and I don't see your presence in those quarters, either, for the most part. But I imagine doing *VFW* consumes all available fanac time most weeks.

Dick Lupoff's "Shameless Self-Promotion" was an interesting read, especially to learn that there were classes in high school "for which I had no aptitude and in which I had no interest: algebra, geometry, trigonometry, chemistry, physics." I took all of these and did reasonably well in them,

though less well in chemistry and physics than in the various math courses. I can't think of any specifics of chemistry, physics or trig that I used in my subsequent life, but elements of algebra and geometry (the most basic ones) have been helpful at various times. I also didn't know the story of how "the English system of education, which was never suited for more than a very narrow stratum of society, was imported to the American colonies" and has stuck to this day. As for his latest book, *Terrors*, I followed his advice and went to the Web site of Elder Signs Press to see about ordering it there, although much cheaper copies are available from a wide range of sources. Annoy-

ingly, there's no information on the site about shipping costs without first having to give them the story of your life. I find this a serious shortcoming and have e-mailed them to ask for the costs before considering from which source I'll get the book.

Thanks for offering to publish my input for *Fannish Voices* No. 1 that I sent to Bill Mills in text form, but I don't seem to have saved it. But the story of how I found fandom is pretty well-known. I was originally both a media and a print science fiction fan, starting off with the old "Space Patrol" radio show and with SF comic books when I was maybe six or seven years old. Always a precocious reader, I graduated to books before long—"juvenile" science fiction by the likes of Heinlein, Clarke and Del Rey checked out of the library. I didn't discover science fiction magazines until I was fourteen, and it wasn't until I was near my sixteenth birthday that I purchased what turned out to be the final issue of Hamling's *Imagination*, in which I found Robert Bloch's "Fandora's Box" column. I sent away for a few fanzines, was totally fantisted by what came, and have stuck with it ever since. Curiously, though, a couple years before that I was hanging out in Larson's, a huge and long-gone used bookstore in Hollywood, where they had a wall of pulps. I noticed the Rog Phillips "Club House" columns in the late '40s *Amazings*, was quite taken with the concept of fanzines, and spent hours reading them.

But somehow it didn't occur to me that the existence of fandom in 1947 and 1948 might mean it still existed nearly ten years later.

So John Purcell reads fanzines to help him "unwind at night so I can sleep better without thinking about what else I have to do for the next week or two at school." Fanzines have the opposite effect on me for the most part. Once I get into reading them late at night (which is when I almost always read the latest *VFW*), I find I often have to turn to something else in order to get sleepy. Of late this has been Avram Davidson's *Vergil in Averno*—a wonderful book (the middle volume of a trilogy) but extremely dense so that one can read only a few pages at a time under such late-night conditions.

*Arnie: I don't know what I'm gonna do with you, Meyer. First you tell me that Pat Lupoff does not resemble Archie's girlfriend Veronica. Then you tell me that it isn't Forry Ackerman in one photo or Dick Lupoff in another. You even stated that Robert Silverberg does not bear an intriguing likeness to Czar Nicholas II. Now, it's that *InTheBar* is not composed of Core Fandomites. I say, if they look like ducks and quack like ducks, we can broil 'em for dinner.*

Time to PDF...

... and get this out to you. Please, please write. I love to hear from you.

— Arnie Katz

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... *and a ton of news.*