

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY

Sunday Social Gets a New Home!

Rebecca Hardin gladdened the fans at last Monday's (9/5) VSFA Luncheon with the news that VSFA has found a location to continue the monthly Socials now that the football season has pushed the group out of The Tap House until at least January '06.

The Blue Ox (5825 Sahara near Dunesville), located in the near West part of town, will be the new venue, starting on September 18th at the usual 2:00 PM start time. The September Social will not have an "official topic," but there's never a lack of good conversation. The Blue Ox has a good, inexpensive menu and the staff is looking forward to making us feel comfortable in the unfamiliar setting.

(See report elsewhere in this issue.)



The two JoycesL Joyce Katz & DeDee (Joyce) White.

Library Committee Next Phase!

Lori Forbes, who heads the SNAFFU Library

The Joyce Katz Medical Update

Joyce had her ankle fusion on Wednesday, starting at about 8:00 AM. I talked with Dr. Morris when he came out of the operating room (about 30 minutes-to-an-hour earlier than expected) and he seemed to be one pleased sawbones. The operation apparently proved a little less complicated than feared and the doctor says that Joyce has a very good chance to be pain free and walking reasonably well when she emerges from her three-month recuperation period.

On Thursday evening, the Senior Dimensions case manager moved her to the Vegas Valley Rehab Center (702-735-7179, room 224). Unfortunately, Joyce passed a very pain-filled night and had still not seen a doctor on Friday morning when Sue Williams brought me to the hospital. It took a couple of phone calls (and a slight edge to my voice), but finally the medical staff seemed to realize they had a patient and Joyce has started to get first class care. She's getting some serious painkillers.

It will be approximately six weeks before Joyce will be able to put the right foot on the ground, a total of three months until she can resume driving. The hospital therapist doesn't plan to have Joyce use crutches, but rather navigate using the walker and a foot-sliding technique designed to protect the mending ankle.

Joyce is hoping you'll visit as soon as she returns home. Meanwhile, feel free to call.

Inside Story Mostly, It's Lonely

There are some fascinating news stories in this issue, not to mention reports and columns and cartoons, but the one that grips me by the nads and shakes is, of course, Joyce's ankle fusion. The facts are in the front page story, but I'd be kidding if I didn't admit that my heart and mind are not exactly focused on the art and science of Fanzine Creation at this moment. My butt is parked in front of the keyboard, but my thoughts are somewhere in Sunrise Hospital, where my wife lies in a fairly impressive narcotic haze.

Yet the Show, as Richard A. Lupoff might say, Must Go On. And even if it doesn't necessarily *have* to go on, *Vegas Fandom Weekly* is pretty good therapy for a lonely and fretting husband.

Since I have already written an article (last year) about pseudo-bachelor hood, I'll spare you that here. Go find it on the Internet and smirk as you picture me floundering around the Launch Pad, trying not to break anything irreparably.

And now you may laugh at the thought that I am proofreading this issue. Yes, the fan who is writing a story called *Typoland* is going to assure the orthographic quality of this fanzine. I figure if anything can get Joyce home and fanning again, this dire situation will do it.

— Arnie

Committee, has decided that a good step on the way to setting up all the books and magazines is to do something about putting the fanzines. Putting them in order, says Lori, will not only clear up a lot of garage space, but also make it easier to do fanhistorical research and reprinting, both of value to local Fandom.

She plans to schedule a Sorting Session just as soon as Joyce feels up to having company.

Laurie Kunkel Set to Make Fanzine Return in SNAPS!

Laurie Kunkel was the first Las Vegas fan to sit down in front of the Macintosh on my desk at Toner Hall and write an entry in the first *Vegas All-Stars* oneshot at Vegas NonCon I in 1990. She also contributed to other local fanzines such as

Wild Heirs and co-edited *Doodlebug* with her husband, Bill "Potshot" Kunkel. Now, after a hiatus of several years, Laurie has returned to fanzine publishing with a substantial contribution to the September SNAPS Distribution.

SNAPS (Southern Nevada Amateur Press Association) is a local amateur press association open to all Las Vegas fans at absolutely no charge. In fact, since the mailings are distributed electronically (via email to participants and also posted on the SNAFFU and VSFA web sites), the only cost is printing out your own copy of the mailing. And no one's going to stop you from saving even that expense by reading it directly online.

An apa (amateur press association) is a fanzine

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Vegas Fandom Weekly #43, September 9, 2005, is written and produced by Arnie Katz (PMB 152, 330 S. Decatur Blvd., Las Vegas, NV 89107; Email: crossfire4@cox.net; phone: 702-648-5677).

Special Thanks to everyone who has helped Joyce and I this week, especially Su Williams.

Reporters this issue: Roxanne Gibbs, DeDee White, Rebecca Hardin and Joyce Katz

Art/Photo Credits: Alan White (1), Bill Wright (8), David Haugh (13), Bill "Potshot" Kunkel (11), Bill Rotsler (all other cartoons)

Columnists This Issue: Bruce Gillespie

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at the SNAFFU and VSFA sites as well as at efanzines.com. No lonely BNFs were harmed during the production of this fanzine.

Abnormality Forever! Katzenjammer

Everybody knows that I love Fandom. I mean, I've been doing it for 40 years and I still perform fanac *several* times a week. I can still leave a co-editor Limp with Smiles. So when I regret some of the changes in the basic substance of All Known Fandom, you'll understand that I still love Fandom every bit as much — and we all know that Fandom doesn't have to be any more perfect than anything else to be worth our time and energy.

I'm also known as something of a fanhistorian, but I'd never say that everything older is automatically better. My favorite fanzine (*Void*) and fanwriter ([Walt Willis](#)) are classic, but I like a lot of current fanwriters and fanzines, too. I think Shakespeare is the greatest English playwright, but I cling to the hope that his peer or superior can rise in the future.

Fandom has had some incredible people, but it *still* has participants as colorful, gifted and original as their fancesors. If WAW is the greatest fanwriter as of September 8, 2005, it doesn't necessarily follow that he will still be the greatest on the same date in 2020.

All Known Fandom — everyone who does something beyond being part of the SF/Fantasy audience — certainly has changed, and not for the better. Yet I'd also argue that the part of Fandom that remains true to its classic values, ethics, standards and aesthetics is healthier than it has ever been, though it does face a problem.

Subjectivity distorts perception. UI hear a lot about how Classic Fandom is dying, but the facts support the opposite conclusion.

The population of Fanzine Fandom has grown steadily over the years. After the crash of the printed fanzines in the 1930's, which effectively weeded out passive fans (subscribers), the typical fanzine went to 50 recipients. That's how many copies you could get with a hectograph.

[Lee Hoffman](#) sent out 100-125 copies of *Quandry* in the early 1950's while today [Robert Lichtman](#) distributes over 200 copies of each *Trap Door*. And Lee was certainly covering a much larger percentage of active Fandom than Robert is. (I don't know the exactly circulation of *Vegas Fandom Weekly*, but it appears to be at least several hundred.)

So why do these "classic fans" often bemoan the imminent dying of their strange tribe? It's because that nicely growing little circle is part of All Known Fandom, which has grown exponentially during the same period.

Classic fans hark back to a time when their approach to Fandom represented the dominant consensus. It would be ridiculous to claim that's still the case. All Known Fandom had no more than 1,000 participants in 1945, but it had grown tenfold by 1995. The Internet and activities like forums, news groups and listservs may have swelled that number to over 25,000! So knowledgeable active fans, who might've constituted as much as 50% of mid-1940's Fan-

dom represent less than 5% today — and that doesn't even count the thousands who are spectators at large conventions.

Classic Fandom has changed a little with the times, as it should, but that other, much larger group is distinctly different than it was in the past. The acceptance of SF/Fantasy themes, the swing from science fiction toward fantasy and the decline of fan literacy are all factors that attract a different kind of person from the ones who embraced Fandom before those forces came into play.

That's fine. I like diversity, though I will always gravitate toward activities that involve my friends. Yet it also reduces the odds that someone coming into All Known Fandom will fit that classic paradigm.

What's missing? Whether you go with [Jack Speer's](#) Handicap Theory of Fandom, my Special Needs Concept or Laney's description of fans as neurotic messes, one thing is clear, Classic Fans are a lot less "well-adjusted," a lot less "normal," than most of the fine folks who now fill All Known Fandom.

What made Classic Fandom great is that so many of its practitioners put energy into the hobby that their alienation prevented them from employing in mainstream society. You can call them "inner directed," "outlaws" or "social misfits," but it's what gives Classic Fandom a lot of its zest. (Some other parts of Fandom could use a stronger application of Zest or Ivory or Palm Olive, but that's another topic.)

The problem for Classic Fandom is that All Known Fandom is no longer a filter that deposits these glorious square pegs on our front doorstep. Where will the pariahs of tomorrow come from? We need the men and women who will maintain this complex subculture in basic opposition to the inhospitable mainstream society.

The glib answer is: Scour the sanitariums!" Unfortunately, while that will produce plenty o nuts, they won't be quite the type we want. We want the brilliant neurotics not the victims of borderline personality disorder (though we have a few of them, anyway).

All Known Fandom has a place for all kinds of people, including the stiff, stolid folks we used to think of as Mundanes. What we have to do is nurture the uncommon men and women who still feel the pull of the unfettered literature of imagination so that we mine for Our Kind more efficiently.

When we don't do that, we lose people who might've become our friends and who would've done their best to entertain us. And the very type of person we want might, alas, be the same type that would encounter Fandom and, if they didn't find us quick, move onto something that better fitted their counter-cultural (in the true sense) worldview.

— Arnie

The Pleasure Principle

Arnie reports on the 9/3 Chicago SF League meeting

Long-time members of the Chicago Science Fiction League found a pleasant surprise waiting for them when they arrived at Chicago Hotdog on Saturday, September 3, for the September 2005 meeting of the venerable Vegas fan organization. Maybe it's because former Chapter Director Joyce Katz won't be able to go out for three months following her coming ankle fusion or because there won't be another CSFL meeting until at least December, but 10 prominent fans filled a long table next to the big front window.

As Chapter President, I try to keep business from impeding our main activity, wolfing down a variety of Vienna Beef products, greasy French fries and assorted soft drinks. Although I was again largely successful, there *was* club business that simply *had* to be brought to the notice of CSFLers. (Fortunately, we don't take up a lot of time during the business portion of the get-together with things like discussion and voting. We are all of the same mind when it comes to the aims and goals of our organization, so we usually just hurl a few insults in the direction of whatever target we have mutually selected and grumble affirmatively.)

After I'd silenced the sounds of happy munchers, however briefly, I reminded everyone of our earlier decision to augment our demands for reparations. The CSFL is the legal constituted descendant of the Chicago Science Fiction League and, therefore, claim a fair share of the

profits of any convention held in its territory since the 1940 Chicon I.

Now we want justice from the individual fans who attended all those Chicago conventions. They received entertainment, but the CSFL has received nothing. It's only fair — and everyone down at Chicago Hot Dog agreed with this or ignored it — that fans express their appreciation for the venue that contributed to their happiness and well being.

James Taylor is preparing a full list of fees and prices. He has promised to Get Right on This. Since sexual intercourse is pegged at a buck, acts that are considered "lesser" intimacies will naturally be priced at less than \$1. This should give a new, fannish meaning to the phrase "two-bit [insert 10-letter c-bomb here]." Warming to his task in a discussion during the VSFA Monday Luncheon, James postulated that if sexual acts of less significance than full intercourse are priced at less than a dollar, we ought to charge a premium for more esoteric specialties. Sometime Real Soon

Now, we're all going to get together and work out the prices of some of those... variations. All I can tell you for now is that if you like to have sex wearing a furry animal suit while you watch *Star Trek* reruns (original series, of course), you're going to have to send the CSFL a hefty hunk of dough. (Attention Tucker: You have been grandfathered in. Besides, you are now the patriarch of the CSFL and are exempt from taxation in any case.)



Merric & Luba Anderson don't have to pay.

As of the CSFL's September meeting, we have invoked only the intercourse provision of the CSFL Pleasure Tax.

What could be more pleasurable than sex? Even finding a first edition A Merritt pales by comparison to a good, earth-rocking orgasm. Fans who have met sexual partners at Chicago conventions, therefore, owe the CSFL a debt of gratitude.

We considered establishing an email address to which satiated fans could write each and every time they enjoyed the fruits of the initial experience for which Chicago provided such a felicitous setting. This seemed unusual cumbersome and time-consuming for the fans, so we have generously decided to let all those fans who owe us appreciation to express their gratitude in gelt. By agreement at the September CSFL meeting, one dollar per incident of sexual congress should be forwarded to the CSFL (care of this fanzine).

We're going to run the whole thing like the gas company. A CSFL member will periodically visit your home and, using his or her expertise, estimate the number of times you may have had sex since the last "reading" and tender the bill.

And remember, if you don't pay your bill, we reserve the right to cut off your sex. Words to the wise should be sufficient in this matter.

It was also agreed, in the spirit of tribal unity, that we will not levy this tax upon Merric & Luba, who met at a Windycon. It would just be taking money out of one picket to put it back in another.

Everyone at the CSFL meeting wanted to know about how Alan White is doing. As Joyce explained, the cancer surgery went flawlessly, but the post-operative care has produced a series of harrowing, if unnecessary crises. Despite these setbacks, Alan's making good overall progress and should be back among the Vegrants very soon.

That led to a discussion of a very enjoyable Tuesday afternoon we'd spent with Alan and DeDee earlier the week. Alan showed us a movie



called *The Ghouls*. This low-budget horror flick appeared to be some sort of allegory about the LASFS and its... energetic... pursuit of donations.

In the movie, the author represented the fundraising committee as a pack of blood-drinking ghouls who fall upon unwary loners in Los Angeles and rip them to shreds in a frenzy of uncontrolled appetite.

Joyce brought up Alan's intriguing suggestion that we do our own low-budget movie. *The Ghouls* was done with one camera, no sets and a bit of less-than-subtle artificial gore and, Alan told us, actually had attained at least some distribution through the Blockbuster chain. Alan reasons that we could do at least as well as moviemakers and Joyce is his first

enthusiastic recruit. I think she already sees herself swaggering back and forth in a nervous frenzy in her riding breeches and baseball cap, megaphone in hand. "Lights! Camera! Action!" she cries as critics proclaim her the new Orson Welles.

She has already started casting this film classic-in-the-making, unhampered by a script or even a treatment. Joyce has already announced that Joelle Barnes and Lubov Anderson will play aliens, because of their diminutive stature. I think this is short-sighted of her, since they are also two of Vegas Fandom's most attractive women. Unless we're doing a first contact story in which earth dwellers encounter 1950's style sexpot aliens, this may not be the most effective casting.

My movie ambitions are far more rudimentary. I think it would be fun to write and produce a fanish sitcom — and flog it to each and every one of you at \$20 a crack. Not exactly riches, but enough to fund the project and maybe jumpstart a more ambitious one along the lines Alan and Joyce envision.

Partaking in the aura of saintliness that surrounds the CSFL were: James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Ron & Linda Bushyager, Merric & Luba Anderson, Joelle Barnes, Joyce and — Arnie

Supernatural Being

Bruce Gillespie reports on the 8/18 Nova Mob Special



Karen Joy Fowler was the special guest of Australian fan group, the Nova Mob,

Last Thursday, 18 August, was a special Nova Mob meeting to meet Karen Joy Fowler, who was in town for the Melbourne Writers Festival. She didn't remember meeting me ten years ago when she was in Melbourne. But I remembered her. She looks exactly the same as she did ten years ago. She's only a few years younger than me, yet she looks as if she's hardly hit thirty. Some writers are supernatural beings.

Karen had just come off a fourteen-hour flight from Los Angeles, yet she managed to speak and field questions for nearly two hours without umming and ah-ing, without hesitation, and keeping us in captive silence. Mesmerising stuff, although I suppose all she was telling us was how she became a writer (without knowing what sacrifices

the process would take) and how she achieved some of her more notable triumphs (by 'not knowing any better').

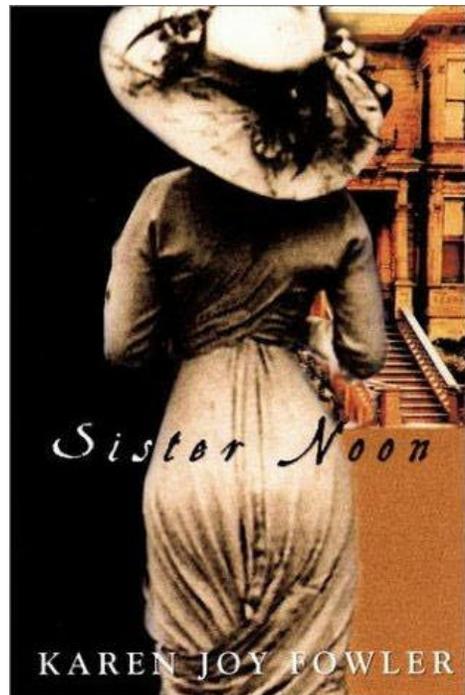
Her modesty is no doubt genuine, but a bit hard to believe nevertheless. A certain steeliness underlies the affability and modesty. She took six years to achieve her first sales -- with, at first, a contract with her husband by which she would 'find a job' if she didn't achieve a sale within one year; then a five-year extension of the contract... and those sales took all that time.

Many writers tell similar stories of waiting years before their first sales. How do they do it? Why do they do it? Writers are indeed alien beings. I could not stand rejection for six years.

I probably could not stay in the game after the first rejection, even if I had any ideas for fiction. Compare this process with fanzine publishing. In 1968 nobody knew who I was when I turned up at the Melbourne SF Conference.

Exactly a year later I was greeted on all sides because I had published SF Commentary 1 and a few apazines. No wonder I publish fanzines.

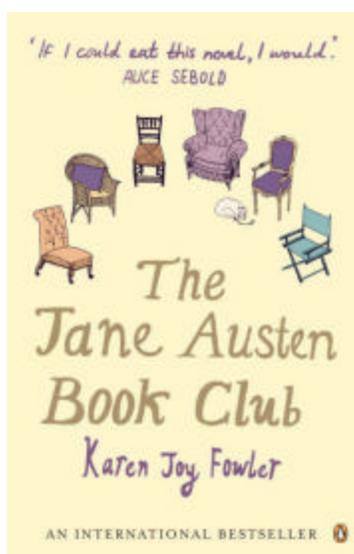
Karen had lots of good yarns: about her appreciation of the work of James



Tiptree Jr, and how she and Pat Murphy set up the James Tiptree Awards. About the extreme difficulty of selling her first novel *Sarah Canary*, although it had been commissioned originally by Bantam Spectra.

About the origins of *Sister Moon*, not only the only Fowler book I don't own, but the only one I had never heard of. Justin Ackroyd says he can get it; if he can't, I really will get on the Internet in search of it.

Karen brought up the issue of the kind of writer she is. On the one hand, her career leads her toward science fiction, and her great pleasure was discovering the world of SF writers and fans; on the other



hand, there are fewer and fewer SF and fantasy elements in her main books. When she rang her current agent, on the eve of the publication of *The Jane Austen Book Club*, to tell her that a story had won a Nebula, her agent said 'Shit!' and made sure this fact did not appear on the cover of the new book.

However, Karen finds that the audiences for SF and Jane Austen are very similar, and their conventions are even similar. It was still judged that the kind of reader who enjoys *The Jane Austen Book Club* will not want to know that the author has ever had anything to do with science fiction. That's even more so in Australia; I wonder how Karen will fare during her sessions at the Writers' Festival.

— Bruce Gillespie

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trading club. Each member prepares a contribution and sends it, electronically to the Official Editor. (Normally, that is Joyce Katz or Emergency OE JoHn Hardin, but this time only it's the Emergency Emergency OE... me (crossfire4@cox.net.) The Official Editor then assembles the individual contributions into an electronic fanzine, complete with cover and contents page.

You can submit your publication as an Acrobat (*.pdf) file, which is always best, but Microsoft Publisher is usable and I will take your Microsoft Word file and put it into the proper form if you like. I can also work with text (*.txt) files.

You can write about absolutely anything you like. A lot of participants also produce comments on material in the previous distribution. When enough members do them, such comments become very interesting multi-pathed discussions.

Although there is no official subject, Joyce, JoHn and I have suggested that members might like to write about their best and/or worst moments as a fan.

The deadline for submitting a contribution to the 6th Distribution is Monday, September 12.

Las Vegas Clubs Will Pull Together

To Bring Back Halloween Party!

Friendly discussions among the leaders of Las Vegrants, SNAFFU and VSFA have led to an informal agreement to work together to revive the Las Vegas fannish tradition of an annual Halloween Party. Ken & Aileen Forman hosted an incredibly successful series of such events, under the nominal sponsorship of SNAFFU, but things fell apart after they moved to California.

The strength of the entire Las Vegas fan community should be able to reverse this sad trend and bring back what was once an enjoyable activity.

Anyone who'd like to host the party should contact me (at crossfire4@cox.net). SNAFFU, VSFA and Las Vegrants hope to have a joint announcement about the location of this year's party within the next two weeks.

Heard Around Vegas Fandom...

Roxanne Gibbs enjoyed a lamentably rare fannish outing this week, a visit to see the impress landscaping James Taylor now has in his backyard. Also on hand were Teresa Cochran and Natasha Moore. According to confidential correspondent Scribe JT, Natasha was shopping for elements for her Halloween costume. That might be reason enough to attend the Las Vegas Fandom Halloween Party, says I...

Bill & Laurie Kunkel got some disappointing news. Laurie must be here to attend a hearing on her disability claim so the move must be postponed until at least May. We'd like to have them stay, of course, but we certainly sympathize with the setback...

Dick & Leah Smith, after weighing all the factors, have decided not to move to Las Vegas. Leah reportedly had a nice job offer that tempted her, but the overall situation did not convince them to relocate halfway across the country...

Chris Garcia is tentatively planning a trip to Las Vegas. The BArea fan, a fixture in the VGW letter column, will be coming here to pick up some materials Joyce and I are donating to the Computer Museum. If the visit comes off as scheduled, Chris will be the Featured Guest at the October 1 Vegrants meeting...

Chatback: The VFW Letter Column

Now it's time for one of my favorite part of doing the fanzine, delving into the great letters that come in from the readers.

First up is one of Fandom's star letterhacks...

Lloyd Penney

Well, I hope Woody's move was smooth. Moving across the continent like that probably means a little liquidation of personal effects. I did that one time, but I hope I'll never have to do that again. Too stressful, and while the new place was a breath of fresh air, it took a long time for life to get back to relative normal.

Yvonne and I have decided to look into the idea of scraping together what money we can, and going down to LA for the 2006 Worldcon on the supercheap. I'd like nothing better than to detour to LV for Toner 2, but getting there will take a lottery win on our part to afford. Getting to LA will be half the battle.

As long as there aren't any storage costs when it

comes to e-mail, you should have received my loc on Implications 1. It's a good start, and you know what you want to do with it. Any hard, or even soft, deadline for issue 2?

I think I can guarantee that the All-Social will be a success. Toronto fandom has two pubnights a month, modeled after the Tun in London (Seattle isn't the only city in North American with its own Tun...we're coming up on ten years now!) We're on the First Thursday, following with tradition, and the Third Monday, mostly because that's wing night at the pub at which it's held. E-mail me if you're heading into Toronto, and we'll get you to one or the other.

39...A busy time, is it past? I saw days of the week, but no particular dates. I hate moving...I like the Star Trek idea. Everything you own can be moved into a transporter pad, stored in the transporter buffer, or onto some kind of storage device...everything is on a disk, to be taken to the new place where everything is reassembled on another transporter pad. Or, simply beam all your things over to the new place. Roddenberry cooked up a great idea, just wish the laws of physics would cooperate.

There are no clubs in Toronto similar to VSFA or the Vegrants, anything you pay dues for, or are invited to join. With that in mind, we often try to be all-encompassing when it comes to any events we're in charge of. I've dealt with too many groups that are exclusive, and make well-known that they are, and too many people feel left-out. Fandom makes much of being included and excluded.

Pic of the Litter



Bill Wright described his recent exotic trip in last issue's letter column. Here's a photo of Bill with his new friend the Thai Tiger.

With the Sunday Social about to arrive, I'd say that a social doesn't need a topic, but might to give people something to say to each other. After all, with all the activities in Vegas keeping everyone busy and in each other's faces on a fairly regular basis, I'd wonder if some people are thinking we're just getting a little too familiar with

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The Labor Day Party *Las Vegrants*

One of the ways I rate the success of a Vegrants meeting is how long people stay. If everyone goes home at 10:00, the evening probably wasn't as interesting and entertaining to them as if they stayed till the wee hours.

By that measure, the Vegrants "Good Luck Joyce" Open Party might seem a little suspect. Just about everyone had left by Midnight and the Launch Pad was quiet enough for Foggy to emerge from hiding by 12:30 AM.

On the other hand, the party turned out to be a continuation of the Chicago Science Fiction League gathering that preceded it. Since festivities started about two hours early over all, and at least an hour earlier than usual at the Launch Pad, it looks like the fans had a pretty good time on the last big fannish Saturday before Joyce's ankle fusion surgery.

Joyce and I headed for home to start preparations about 6:15 and the rest of the CSFLers weren't more than a few minutes behind us. James Taylor and Teresa Cochran, bearing a bottle of wine, were the first to arrive. "I'm going to steamroller over you," shouted James jovially as he burst through the doorway.

"That's what you think," I taunted. "I was raised in a harder Fandom than that!" We agreed to call it a draw and sealed the deal by both of us not contributing to the LASFS Building Fund.

Thanks to the generosity of Ron & Linda Bushyager, Merric Anderson told us, he, Luba and Joelle Barnes went to see Englebert Humperdink. Merric got some mileage out of teasing Joelle about her enthusiastic appreciation of the show's star, though he reluctantly admitted that she hadn't thrown her panties on the stage.

Not that she hadn't tried to rush the stage. "I almost shook his hand," she said, wistfully.

"That wasn't his hand," quipped Merric.

Bill Kunkel, perhaps psyching himself for the move to rural Michigan, and Linda Bushyager, still in the throes of her honeymoon with Vegas, got into a debate about the public transportation system. I'm not a bus rider — too hard to see the street signs and such to make it very comfortable

— but I suspect reality lies somewhere in the middle.

Somehow, James, Teresa, Ross Chamberlain and I got talking about New York's Greenwich Village and the East Village. Ross and I vented a little nostalgia for old haunts — and that led to comments about how a neighborhood like the Village goes from artist outpost to yuppie chic, losing what made it special in the process. I've been told that my old neighborhood, Brooklyn Heights, has now gone through that cycle and is declining into the kind of picturesque shabby gentility that might attract artists and writers and start a new cycle.

Teresa got laughs with a lighthearted analysis of the way TV advertisers zero in on specific audiences at various times of the day. Late at night, it's all bail bondsmen and payday loans; in the afternoon the commercials are often about finding a new career and personal injury legal action. That still doesn't explain the preponderance of tampon and Depends during the normal dinner hour.

Robert Ainsworth, making his Launch Pad debut, had what might be called a checkered evening. I, and several others, had perfectly friendly, low-key conversations, but he also showed a propensity to bellow political opinions at fans as they cleared out of his vicinity. I tend to put it down to first-time jitters and hope he'll come around more often and get comfortable with the freewheeling Vegas fan scene.

Robert was suitably urbane when he sat with the last lingerers, Teresa, James, Joelle and James. Talk drifted in a Trufannish direction, centering on the bonds that unite the fans with whom the Vegrants are in league. (You know who you are. And why haven't you written?)

Helping to make it another fine fannish evening were: Ayesha Ashley, Bill & Laurie Kunkel, Ross Chamberlain, Alan & DeDee White, Joelle Barnes, Teresa Cochran, James Taylor, Merric & Lubov Anderson, Linda & Ron Bushyager, Richard Brandt, Robert Ainsworth, Kathryn Dougherty, Elisa Sheets (from San Diego), David Mills (from San Diego), Joyce and... — Arnie

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each other? Some of my closest friends in TO I see about twice a month, maybe three times, and some I miss, and some I think I may see too often.

Arnie The average Las Vegas event draws 12-15, which is a good deal smaller than the number of fans in the area. I doubt people are sick of seeing each other, though if they are, the remedy seems pretty self-evident. As it turned out, most local fans want to try the Social with a formal program, so that will start with the September Social next Sunday.

Stepping up next is one of the South's most active and popular fans...

Curt Phillips

LV fanzine archive: your suggestion that any effective effort should start with an index or listing is the obvious one, of course, as experienced fanzine fans all learn one way or another. I have no idea what the older LV fanzines are, but if I have any in my collection I'll be glad to donate them to the cause. I would just need the titles

SNAFFU (sp?) book and prozine library: is that *your* collection that you've written about in recent VFW's? It occurs to me that since I have several hundred duplicate magazines that any

other such collection might also, and that perhaps some modest trading might be arranged to mutual benefit. Who's the person to ask?

Arnie Our Vegas fans, many of whom are still learning the ropes, don't necessarily think in the same time-frame as we oldpharts. The "old fanzines" mentioned would be Wild Heirs, qANT Suf, Xtreme, Glamour, Dalmataon Alley and other titles from the mid-to-late 1990's. I have those fanzines, of course, but I don't plan to donate anything until I see evidence of a concrete plan and a mechanism for perpetuating the archive beyond one neofan's transient interest. (The fact that it hasn't been mentioned since is Not a Good Sign.

SNAFFU has a large book collection, the result of great effort by Ken & Aileen Forman. Joyce and I are in process of donating most of our book and magazine collection to NAFFU which, when added to what they already have, will make the collection the largest in this region of the country.

Eric Mayer mentioned the character "Profan" in *The Enchanted Duplicator*. Dr. Gafia is here to fill in the gaps and tell an entertaining anecdote about it...

rich brown

Eric Mayer was wondering of Profan in *The Enchanted Duplicator*/ was modeled after anyone. (Actually, it's typo'd "Pofan" but I'm pretty sure there was no one by that name in TED.) The answer to the question, if it's what I've interpreted it to be, is yes: Eric Frank Russell.

Willis remarked upon it, well, at couple of places. Russell wasn't a fan and did not get into prodom via fandom (as Profan does in *TED*), but he wrote comments that, iirc, wound up in *Slant and Hyphen*. Willis struck up a correspondence with Russell fairly early on and was charmed by his affability and utter lack of pretension

There's a great story associated with how Willis began writing to Russell, which I tend to think shows how Willis first charmed him, but I honestly can't recall the source. Maybe just as well; it's not for a family fanzine. I mean, I recall it was something Walt wrote about it, but I can't recall where he describes it. Walt wrote Russell



with an anecdote about Ezra Pound, knowing that Russell appreciated his poetry.

Willis told him about this young literary maven and wannabe poet who inundated the Master with paeans of praise about everything he (Pound) had ever written. While he received no response from Pound, the young writer saw this as a glass half full -- he was not told to desist nor was he given any indication that the Master disapproved, so he read and reread Pound, and every time he came across something that struck him as having some wonderful or clever nuance of meaning previously escaping notice, he wrote to praise Pound's artistry, cleverness, intellect and skill. Finally, however, he came across a line in one of Pound's more obscure poems which contained two syllables of faulty meter. He put it aside and saved it until he found other, more important, works to commend, which he did fulsomely, and then offered this tiny piece of criticism. And finally, thus emboldened, he received a missive *back* from the Master himself. It was a short note: "Dear Sir. I think you are a bloody shit."

With this as preamble, Willis offered a bit of minor criticism on something Russell had written, which Russell received with good humor. Anyway, Walt remarked on a couple of occasions, in and out of print, that Russell had been the pro he'd had in mind when he and Bob Shaw write /The Enchanted Duplicator.

Arnie: If Willis and Shaw wrote The Enchanted Duplicator today, they'd probably have to explore a whole new relationship between pros and fans. Sad to say, there are fewer and fewer fannish pros these days — and more and more who expect worship.

Our next letterhack is concerned about one of the ailing Vegas fans...

Laurraine Tutihasi

I'm happy and relieved to learn that Alan White's surgery went well. I hope his recovery goes as well. Please give my best wishes to Alan and DeDee next time you see them.

Arnie: The Alan's surgery went extremely well, but there has been some fumbling in the post op care that has sent him back to the hospital to

fix the things that weren't wrong until they started tinkering with him. The overall trend appears good, though, and Alan has actually made his triumphant return to Las Vegrants.

And now let's hear from a member of the Group Mind from the BArea...

Jack Calvert

It's been a while since I've written -- thanks for keeping me on the list. I just downloaded and printed some sixteen issues of vfw, and it continues to be lively, cheerful, and informative. I am in awe of your accomplishment in getting it out on a weekly schedule. (I suppose you get tired of hearing that from various and sundry fans, but it's true.)

The process of watching vfw come out of my printer settled in my mind the question of whether the future of fanzines is paper or electronic -- PDF is the answer. I love print, and I love getting things in the mail, but what with postage costs, I think that this is the way to go. And I think I've finally got the hang of printing a zine out right the first time.

Not quite trivial, but much easier than running a duplicator.

Fast forwarding through the issues, I enjoyed your piece on Insurgentism. Being against formality, bureaucracy and phony boosterism is something that I can get behind. Enough of that out there in the mundane world. Especially the boosterism: can't stand it. In issue 28, I enjoyed the rich brown column [and the light blue one on the next page]. Seriously, rich writes with intelligence, wit, and fannish erudition.

And then, I liked your analysis of gafia-tion. As you said, some fans gafia-tion and are gone forever, others are noted for returning after a long interval. I myself seem to be going on and off like a defective fluorescent lamp. But even when I'm not active at the moment, fandom is never far from my mind: I'm often engaged in some kind of fourth dimensional mental crifanac.

In 31's lettercol, Dick Lupoff wonders how many readers print out zines. I'm sticking my hand up here. I print 'em, and save 'em. Only occasionally read 'em on the screen. And Chris Garcia comments on Toner II, which reminds me that

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I missed mentioning Toner II earlier: an idea of fannish greatness. I also hope to be there.

Fast-forwarding again, up toward numbers 38, 39, and 40, and glossing over much good stuff: I'm glad to hear that Joyce is on track toward getting her ankle

fixed. And I was shocked at the dogbite incident. I was bitten by a dog as a kid, which has made me a bit uneasy about the critters ever since.

And I agree with your point about fiction in fanzines. Most fiction that has not been filtered through an editor seems not to work. (Though I note that Chris Garcia makes a good point in 40 about flash fiction.)

Which brings me to confess where I've been these last many weeks: writing stuff for an online fiction workshop. I ended by resolving never, ever to do that again. Not that the workshop was bad: many of the people in it could write well. But too many were clueless about either science fiction or fantasy, apparently thinking that one could write whatever came to mind. From now on, my attempts at sf go either to an editor or to the drawer. (End of serconnish note.)

When you mentioned in 39 that Alan White was having cancer surgery, my heart dropped. I'm glad to hear that the operation came out well.

And I hope your back starts behaving. A cou-

ple of decades ago, I went through a phase where now and then I would feel a sensation in my back like someone whacking me with a cargo hook. I remember that it first happened when I was reaching to pick up an empty cardboard box out of the back of the Mustang hatchback. I had then. I couldn't believe it, because I hadn't done anything to abuse my back. But what with one thing or another, the pain disappeared and hasn't returned, despite my present advanced age. May yours do the same.

Arnie: Writer's workshops are a different case from fanzines. There are good workshops and bad ones, but all of them at least have the aim of trying to help writers improve their craft.

It's a BArean Invasion! Here's another fine letter of comment from another VFW co-conspirator from northern California...

Chris Garcia

Fanzine Archives are a tough matter. In fact, anything archived is a tough matter (says the guy who is currently typing this while in the Museum's archive section!). There are a lot of people with large collections of fanzines, so getting a hold of older fanzines isn't too difficult, but it's another

Continued page 12

The Lunch Bunch VSFA VIEWS

VSDA, as its contribution to a big fannish weekend, scrapped its normal “first Monday” business fest in favor of lunch at Marie Callender’s (which, having looked at the sign on the building, I can now spell.) They were rewarded with a fine turn-out and the diners were rewarded with a relaxed couple of hours of chitterchatter.

At one point, I wondered if Joyce and I would be among them. We started out for the restaurant armed, as I learned too late, with neither the address nor the customary MapQuest directions to the place. I had typed it in VFW and Joyce had proofread it there, but we disagreed about what it was. Joyce insisted on searching S. Maryland minutely, driving slowly around each little strip center, before giving S. Eastern a try. Fortunately, we’d allowed extra time to allow for Joyce’s difficulty walking, so we arrived in plenty of time to take seats between Teresa Cochran and Carol Kern. James Taylor sat next to Little Tee. Joelle Barnes sat at James right, then Rebecca Hardin and her mom Bettye. (Yes, there were fans beyond Bettye and Carol, but you

know my visual limitations too well to think I could actually see them. That’s why Joyce has all the attendance lists)

James announced a Jolie LaChance sighting. This somewhat mysterious woman made a big impression on many SNAFFUties in her one or two appearances, but she hasn’t been around of late. Her stagehand job — forgive me Jolie if the terminology is wrong — tends to be time-consuming, James said they’d seen her at “Forever Plaid.” Linda and Ron sure are generous with their comps.

Rebecca broke the good news that the Social has found a new home at the Blue Ox and will convene as usual on the third Sunday of September. They’re going to try making it completely informal, which seems like a reasonable experiment. I’d like to see occasional programs, ones that show a lot of forethought and planning, but that may work better as an occasional thing rather than as a permanent part of the event. It could be a nice change of pace once a quarter.

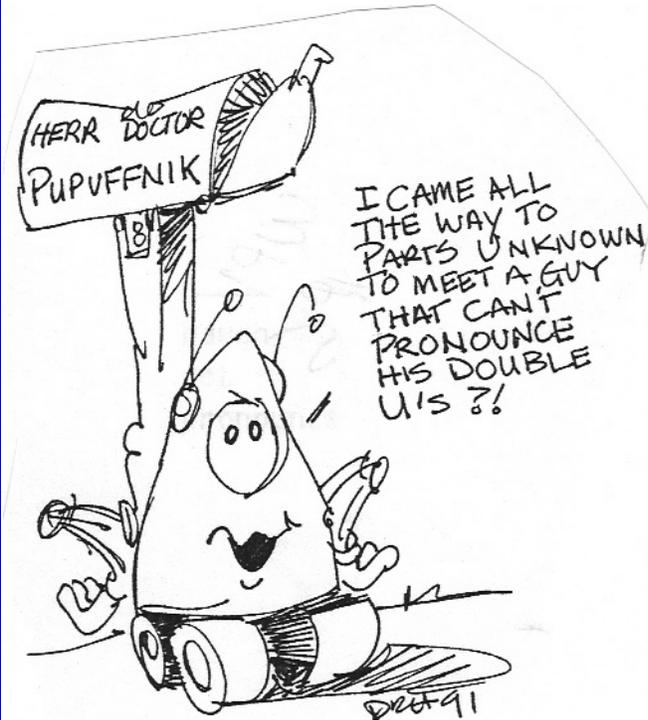
More good news came out of a discussion of the lost, and now lamented, Halloween Party. Rebecca was the soul of cooperation, which emboldened me to suggest the joint sponsorship that now appears to be in the offing.

Carol mentioned that she, like Joyce, has now been bitten by a fannish dog, in this case, Rebecca’s pooch. It was apparently not as serious as the chomp Steve Brust’s dog took out of Joyce. (Though I’ll bet Rebecca has called Carol since the bite to see if she was all right...)

This really went well. Marie Callender’s is probably a bit pricey for some fans to do too often. But when VSFA needs a change from the legislating and codifying, I hope they’ll do something similar.

Chowing down were: James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Joelle Barnes, Rebecca Hardin, Bettye Hardin, Carol Kern, Ruth Davidson (with Baby Hazel), James Willey, Terry Wilsey, Ayesha Ashley, Richard Brandt, Joyce and...

— Arnie



matter to get them taken care of for the long run. One matter is that the most desirable stuff is getting to the point where break-down of the matter it's printed on is inevitable, and preservation of these items to make them last longer is unrealistically expensive and certainly they wouldn't be realistic for reading copies. Certainly keeping a collection of fanzines is a valuable resource for any fannish library, but choosing what's worth holding on to is the difficult part. If I may suggest CD-ROMs with runs of eFanzines on them?

I only wish I'd had your guide to Writing LoCs before I started writing them. I tend to just ramble and ramble on the keyboard until I get bored and hit send. I love writing LoCs; it's a fun little hobby. I may enjoy it more than actually writing the zines themselves! Still, I doubt there will ever be a Letterhack on par with Harry Warner. I've been reading his LoCs for years and they were always full of great stuff. Someone should put together a book just of his best LoCs.

The Cosmic Tree House. I like it!

I'm deeply ashamed that I, a guy who has written on the subject of Video Game History and KNOWS the guys who run the Classic Gaming Expos didn't know that it was last weekend. It would have been nice to meet Bill, but it also would have been nice to surf the vendors and listen to the talks. Blast!

Arnie: My comments on the Fanzine Archive reflect the fact that the fan who proposed it is not knowledgeable about fanzines and that the proposal was vague. It's more likely that a fanzine archive will come into being as a result of the work fans are doing in the garage on the SNAFFU book and magazine collection.

A leading Australian fan (and VFW) speaks



WRITER'S BLOCK

It is an **Achievement** in itself to have corralled an entire continent of cyberspace and a stroke of **Genius** to have populated it with material that serves as **Icons of Excellence** to which **Trufen** everywhere, not just in America, can aspire. Next year, LA Con IV will once more wrest control of the WSFS from the foreign devils and Las Vegas fandom is close enough to the action to influence the Hugo ballot. Go for it, guys!

Arnie: Bill Burns didn't win a Hugo, because Hugos have now have very little to do with Fandom. It is likely that voting for the Hugos represents the entire year's "fanac" for a lot of the voters. The Hugos for professional work are reasonably valid, but the awards connected with Fandom are almost always embarrassing. Bill Burns didn't win a Hugo, because the people voting don't care about Fandom and, therefore, are ignorant of efanzines.com

From the Florida panhandle comes a letter from one of my very favorite fans...

Shelby Vick

Can't give any indepth LoC, Arnie – Particularly after the brilliant ones in #41! (Besides, I

out on a somewhat controversial subject...

Bill Wright

Thanks for VFW #41, which is notable for Peter Sullivan's appreciation of Bill Burns. Why the latter didn't win a Hugo at Interaction is beyond my comprehension. I thought the Brits were supposed to be litfen. Anyhow, let me state here and now that Bill Burns' website www.efanzines.com is the **Worlds Most Valuable Fannish Resource**.

have never been good at indepth; I get over my head too quickly!)

Thanx for the contents displayed on your intro letter; it gave a glimpse of the incandescent luminescence to come! (There! That's as bright as I can get.)

In any case, 41 was a welcome addition to my day. Best thing is, I know you'll do it again next week

Arnie: I'm afraid this issue is a couple of days later than my original intention. Visiting Joyce, holding the issue until I had some good to say about her condition and my severe cold have cost me significant VFW time.

He's fairly new on the fannish scene, but he's already one of the best writers in UK Fandom....

Peter Sullivan

Two separate mentions of "that's not too many" in one issue? That's not too many. (Of course, this is rapidly developing into a version of the "Recursion: see under Recursion" joke.) I could always retrospectively claim that my wording "let me be the first to say..." implied that I anticipated that other people would grok the same reference. Although, as you imply, it's both a bit awe-inspiring and a little scary to think that my mind might work (at least in part) the same way as Bob Tucker's.

The problem with trying to draw up a specific SF-only calendar is that I suspect it would be even more irregular (dare one say insurgent?) than the one it replaced. If nothing else, based on rich brown's article, it appears that we would need at least five different days for "Anniversary of the founding of the Seventh Fandom." And by the time you try to squeeze in all the different feast days for the many saints and prophets of Ghu Ghu, Foo Foo *and* Roscoe, that's an awful lot of days off work and feasting. Hang on a minute - maybe I like this idea after all.

Lloyd Penney's comments about electronic APAs echo many of the things I said in my first contribution to e-APA,

Potshot's Cartoon Theater



Las Vegas Fan Event Calendar

Las Vegrants Meeting September 17 7:30 PM

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

VSFA Sunday Social September 18 2:00 PM

VSFA continues the highly successful series of Sunday meetings, though the venue is now the Blue Ox (5825 Sahara @ Dunesville). There is no official subject this time, but the talk is always first class.

SNAFFU September 23 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 the East Side.

Gay-Les-Bi-Trans SF Club September 26 7:30 PM

This small, but active club meets at the Gay & Lesbian Community Center (953 East Sahara Suite B-25).

Las Vegrants Meeting September 17 7:30 PM

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

Vegas Music Circle October 9 2:00 PM

All fans are invited to make music or just listen at the Launch Pad. The session starts at 2:00 PM.

SNAFFU October 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.

some of which found its way into the latest Catchpenny Gazette, but which is also reprinted in full at www.burdonvale.co.uk/octopus/oct54.html. From my (very raw) perspective, the formats that were more "web-like" in the first place, such as APAs and weekly fanzeens, seem to be surviving better in the electronic age than more formal formats like the traditional quarterly genzeen.

We Also Heard From: Ruth Davidson, Andy Sawyer, Colin Hinz, Shelby Vick, Lee Hoffman, Richard Lupoff, Bill Burns, Laurraine Tutihasi.

See You Next Thursday!

Apologies for typos and for not having an even longer letter column. See you next week! — Arnie Katz

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