



Las Vegas fandom, hey? What can I say about Las Vegas fandom? Seems like much that has been written about our little corner of Greater Fandom —our demesne—*this blessed plot, this earth, this realm* of the Microcosm—would characterize it one way or another as some kind of gestalt. The Snaffuties are this, las Vegants that (but the gamers over there)— And I'm damned if I can discern, even after three-plus years, any kind of real consensus among the lot of us. I think even an inspired statistician

might have trouble extracting a population norm amongst us from which to pronounce an average or devise a trend. (A mean, perhaps, but that's another study.)

I, who have even not had the courtesy to join SNAFFU to support its potential, nor even (or but rarely) joined in any fandom games save the socials and this here fanzine-rooters' gathering, should not really have all that much to say either way. I enjoy what contact I have with most of the fans hereabouts, though it does seem rare to find myself in earnest conversation with any, and not from lack of overtures on the part of several. I'm far more articulate here on keyboard and paper than verbally, and frequently those with whom I would converse find their attention wandering as I grasp for worthy response, witty repartee or even pithy prattle.

So, despite Arnie's exhortation to write up an incident or recount an event involving Las Vegas fandom, I find I have little enough to draw upon. (No pun intended, but smoke'm if ya got'm.) Of course, there is also this tendency among Some of Us to MakeThings Up.

I know, I know, Gentle Readers, this is a family zine, and some of you are shaking your heads in abstract denial, but my suspicions have most certainly been aroused. It's little things. My memory is Not Perfect, that's true. The big six-oh is looming on the horizon (my 60th year commences this spring, culminating the birthday itself next year), and we all know that age is hard on the little grey cells. So are the confessional pollutants indigenous to the legal vicinity ("Here come de judge. Here come de fudge."). I've even mentioned that or something very like it recently in something or other I wrote, so I know it's true. It's factual. Everything is ... well...

I can't prove anything, acknowledged. But—well, I vas dere, Sharley, ven— when JoHn and Karla announced their intentions to go to Whatsisface, the

Mini Mash, the Fœtid Gourd, the Teeny Zucchini, whatever, that veggie restaurant, when the rest were heading for the local Chicago chapter for their regular dose of Korean chicken. True, I was gathering my stuff to go home instead of either culinary option, so it's possible I missed the ensuing engagement involving zap juice, plonker darts and tintinnabulous testes. It's possible. It's also possible that Tom's trailer is overrun with dayglo roaches. I haven't been there.

And...well, it's not just Tom. Arnie, too, has been known to—um, embellish his reportage from time to time. Usually I get the sense that the incredibly clever conversations he partakes in—with Joyce, usually, but often with others— just might not always be transcribed exactly as if tape recorded at the time. Joyce does this too. And I think JoHn's picked up the habit. Playing fast and loose—and, okay, funny—with the facts.

Well, so, okay, the events depicted on those Wild Heirs covers may, actually, when you come right down to it, be spurious as well...

And—*sigh*— Chuch Harris and Rob Hansen and others who contribute to WH have perhaps more encouraged than dissuaded these activities. And when you think about it it, I'm not sure but that this tendency is is but the tip of the faanish iceberg. Where does it all end?

Enh... So maybe "Fabulous" is an etymologically correct term for use with fannish fandom. So why am I so grumped up about it?

Uh...

Jeesh, looka th' time. And I'm just about of space. See you next month! Bye, now!

Ross