

Wild Heirs

Eleven



Vague Rants (Everybody Here, Almost) 3
A family tiff -- and Silvercon memories.

Thots on TAFF
(Arnie Katz) 11
Should we stay or should we go?

Oedipus Rocks!
(Marcy Waldie) 14
Bright lights, Big City... and Ray Waldie.

The Precursor Intersection
(Rob Hansen) 17
Twas the con before Glasglow...

Charrisma (Chuch Harris) 21
The power behind WH rides again!

Betrayal from Within
(Tom Springer) 23
The lurid saga of the CSFL continues...

Heir Letters (edited by Tom Springer) 27
The editors and letterhacks jam

Lloyd Penney's Thanksgiving wish
to star on the **WH** cover
runs afowl of our inability to provide
Ross with a photo of our Canadian Cousin.

Wild Heirs #11, fanzine fandom's incessant walk on the wild
side, is produced around the November 4th, 1995 Vegrants
meeting at Toner Hall, the home of Arnie and Joyce Katz (330 S.
Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). Published: 11/27/95.
It is available for letter of comment (please....) or contribution of
artwork or written material.
Member fwa, supporter AFAL
EMail: WildHeirs@aol.com

Power-Monger-in Chief
Chuch Harris

Editors
Arnie & Joyce Katz
Tom Springer & Tammy Funk
Ross & Joy-Lynd Chamberlain
Ken & Aileen Forman
Bill Kunkel & Laurie Yates
Ray & Marcy Waldie
Ben & Cathi Wilson
JoHn & Karla Hardin
BelleAugusta & Eric Davis
Ray Nelson
Charles & Cora Burbee
William Rotsler

Not on the Cover This Time
Andy Hooper

GENTLEMEN!
START
YOUR
FANZINES!


ART Ross Chamberlain: Cover, 31 (key)
Harry Bell: 23 David Haugh: 6 Bill Kunkel: 3, 8, 19, 25
Ray Nelson: 5, 11, 13, 14, 17
Bill Rotsler: 2, 9, 16, 22, 27, 30, 34, Bacover

Arnie Katz

"Do you think there's enough material for all the Las Vegas fanzines?" asked Tom Springer. I mentally translated his statement, taking it to mean, "Are there enough contributions for **Brodie** or will I have to hurt the editor of one of those other Vegas fanzines Very Badly?"

Tom Springer is normally easy-going, engagingly affable. Yet he is also not a fan to be crossed, vexed or otherwise frustrated. As placid as he may seem, he is a fannish volcano. The smiling trufannish exterior belies the white heat of insurgentism that burns deep within him. He seldom asks frivolous questions, and anything less than a cogent response risks an insurgent eruption.

So I pondered the ramification of his question. After due deliberation, I assured him that the saturation point was nowhere in sight. Tom went away happy, because I had solved his problem, soothed his fears. I had quelled the concern of the putative Laney of the millennium.

I had what *seemed* like sound reasons for the judgment. I'm probably close to my limit with **Wild Heirs** and pieces for every Vegas zine that asks, but I'm the exception. We've got good writers who are still increasing their productions -- and several more who are good prospects to do so in the near future.

Unfortunately, this brief conversation left me with a new worry. When all those Vegas fans are writing all those scintillating articles, columns and faan fiction stories for all those delightful Vegas fanzines, will we experience a Subject Shortage?

That's what has me tossing and turning all night. What if this feverish fanac burns up all the serviceable topics? To what lengths will these young, feisty fans go to insure that they win this battle for fannish survival?

The threat to a mature fan such as myself is alarming. I visualize them running to their keyboards, notebooks in hand, fresh from some meeting or excursion. How nimbly their youthful fingers glide over the keys! How slickly they dissect each occurrence, wringing from it every mote of fannish interest! How accurately their vigorous eyes scan the text for ways to embellish and elaborate every scene!

It's enough to make me sick.

And what of my future as a fanwriter? The sad truth is that I'm a victim of my illustrious fannish heritage. As a young Fanoclast, I never lacked for subject matter. I'd visit Ted or rich or one of the others, listen to the witty repartee and write it down as fast and accurately as possible.

Now when I need all the topic acquisition skills, I find that this talent has withered through disuse. I don't know if I'm ready to compete with the younger, faster, sleeker models that populate Las Vegrants.

Will they take pity on a decrepit old jurist, veteran of many a sidebar, and toss a few crumbs on my plate? "Here, Arnie," Ken Forman will say to me, "You can write up Aileen pumping gas at the Arco station. Only for FAPA, though. Ben Wilson has the genzine rights."

Tammy Funk

What worries me, Arnie, is the fact that Tom is presently involved in four different fanzines, and is trying to get contributions from me for all of them. Not

WAGUE

THE EDITORS
JOSTLE AND JAM

RANTS



that I can't use a good nudge right now, but the pressure! I don't think we'll ever go completely topic-less; surely we won't be reduced to "how I spent my summer vacation?" Speaking of genzines, which neo do you think will be the first to put one out?

Tom Springer

She lies. She lies all the time. Don't believe a word she says. She's prone to lie at the merest mention of a fanzine. She's a fabricator of half-truths and perpetrator of outright story-telling. Just say the word and she'll make up a lie. "He's terrified of roaches, he's a coward, and a wimp when it comes to anything with four legs."

That I said, "Anything with four legs gives me the heebie-jeebies, and I hate roaches," should in no way lead one to think I'm a coward and a wimp when it comes to the pipe-dwellers.

All this defensive hostility just because she knows I must make mention that she's yet to have finished her contribution to **Fanstorm**, not that this makes her a bad person or anything; after all, I do love her. But I have to get my digs in when I can. She's pretty good, rarely lets her guard down, has the unique ability to assume she always right (sometimes to the extent of convincing you), and we can't ignore the fact that she's a wonderfully intelligent and beautiful woman of no small means. (If she ever slows down I'll be nostril deep in it.)

Why, just the other day I was victorious in what I consider to be my most successful to-the-death battle I've had with the pipe-dwellers that infest my sales-trailer out at Lake Mead, an ambush from a completely unexpected and frighteningly near location: the cardboard tube my roll of paper towels were wrapped around.

After playing target practice in the toilet I washed my hands (each activity consists of a lot of looking around, because cockroach ambushes are frequent enough to warrant a lookout in my trailer) then picked up the roll of paper towels to rip off a few sheets to dry my hands with. The jerk of tearing off the two sheets of paper towel was enough to dislodge the fiend, which plopped out of the tube onto the porcelain of the sink area with a solid thunk.

He was a big one.

Before he could scabble to the attack I assumed evasive maneuvers; one single adrenalized and athletic leap sent me sailing through the unoccupied secretary's office and into the large sales office beyond with another bounding jump. That I was howling imprecations of a most unsavory sort is not without due cause because the damn thing was an actual neon green, with brown spotted wings that hinted at the ability of flight. It was big enough for me to see its long serrated legs, and its probing antenna seemed dusted with some sort of poison. But I only saw this briefly; I was out of that room and gone before it could leap for me.

After catching my breath and checking my pulse, I grabbed my shovel (the most effective roach bashing tool I have out at the office) and tossed the crap out of my reading material, smashing cartoon anthologies and computer catalogs against the wall with the shovel, flipping them over, smashing them flat, throwing them on the floor, whacking at the sink counter, and generally beating the hell out of the

bathroom. That was my counter-attack. Somehow, using his radioactive powers, he dissolved himself into the counter, escaping.

I clanged around with the shovel for a while, then retreated to the office with a squirt-gun bottle of Raid Roach Killer, and a paranoid twitch that would unexpectedly jerk my eyes in the direction of the bathroom.

But I was ready for him.

Before I left that evening I graded some lots (walked them over, checked them out, refreshed my memory), and on my way down the hill stopped at the office to grab a Coke and wash my hands. This time I brought my Raid Roach Killer spray with me (I had it slung from my pocket like a wild west rig, low at wrist height). He tried to sneak up on me from the flood drain in the top-back of the sink. His purple coated antennas gave him away, I saw them bobbing in the mirror while I dried my hands with some paper towels which came off the shovel flattened roll none too easily. I flicked the spray-gun off the edge of my pocket and angled a stream of Raid Roach spray into the long narrow opening.

Here my zap gun practice made itself felt.

Momentarily stopped at the entrance of the flood drain he quickly countered the poison with a genetic restructuring that sealed his doom by adding some pretty aggressive hormones that encouraged him to successfully charge out of the drain at me by overpowering the force of my poisoned squirts. He thunked into the shallow bottom of the sink, but couldn't escape, for I had plugged it to prevent his entrance via the drain, and he was now in clear view and endured a soaking as I frantically squeezed the squirt handle, continually knocking him down as he tried to climb the porcelain walls.

A small pool about four inches deep had formed at the bottom of the sink, and having started with a full bottle, I still had about a third of the formula left, which I used to knock the glowing roach down into a deadly growing, and apparently unavoidable, pool of poison as he incessantly scabbled for freedom. He began to give off a yellow glow and where the Raid made contact with his body wisps of smoke could be seen shoved away at the machine-like clacking of his wings.

Though he was glowing, he was too heavily coated to attain flight, and continued to resort to climbing the side of the bowl. After about a two minute drenching he ran out of gas and crouched, half in and half out of the pool while his body smoked and buzzed. When I came back with the shovel he'd turned over and stopped glowing, but his legs were still kicking and his purple powdered antenna were still feebly searching. I suppose he died, eventually sliding into the pool and drowning, but I didn't wait around to check.

I left it floating and twitching after sending a couple more squirts into its soft underbelly, just for fun, then departed for the weekend. My dad has yet to say anything but I still check the drawers of the desk every day with my shovel.

Naturally, you can see Tammy is lying when she says I'm a coward and a wimp when it comes to roaches. I'm actually a killer. I'm just an "accuracy through volume" type of guy. I believe a low level nuclear yield is acceptable in some circumstances. That's how I feel about roaches. (Everyone who

doesn't live in the middle of the Mojave Desert should be made aware that all insect life that lives out here is bigger and stronger than in many other climes because ours is so harsh. The insects have to be bigger and stronger, mutated and intelligent, that's the only way they can survive our predators, killing heat and winds.)

If you want to talk about a shortage of subjects, well, Arnie's probably never going to have to stoop lower than some of the Apa-V suggestions for our monthly topic we've endured in the past, so he's pretty much in the clear and just trying to make you feel sorry for him. I just can't imagine Ken ever deciding what Arnie can or cannot write. It's beyond my ken. So you can imagine how ridiculous I feel when Arnie portends such nonsense. All that neat stuff he said about me though is completely true. All this pretty much proves the fact of our conversation he mentions above and that we shouldn't worry about a subject shortage, not when we're blessed with such sparkling wits. Or half-wits, take your pick.

Ross Chamberlain

There will always be something, or someone, to pop into the fannish fishbowl (fannishbowl?—nah), even if, as I suppose must Someday Occur, Andy Hooper retires as Reliable Backup Topic #1.

I, however, find that inspiration fails to show up on demand, as demonstrated by this brief entry. The fannish muse arrives and departs on his/her own

terms and timetable. In fact I suspect that, on occasion, that spiritual being sends in an understudy without so much as the courtesy of announcing the substitution.

John Hardin

Thanks Ross, for introducing Reliable Backup Topic #1. I was reading through the oneshot here and wondering "what the hell am I going to write about?" And boom, there's Andy's name.

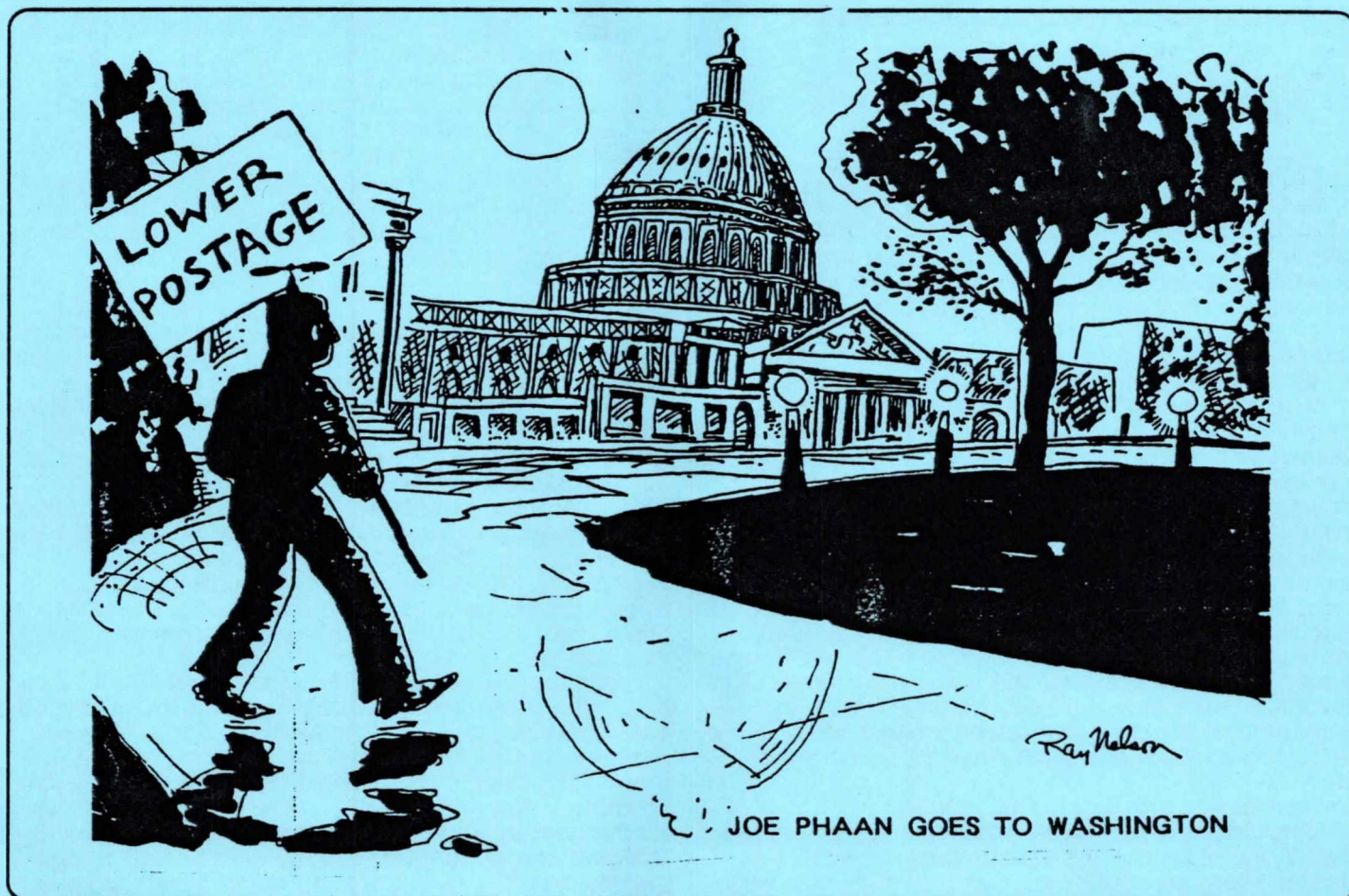
Do you see what you've done to this editorial? It's like walking up to someone and saying, "Hey, don't think about elephants." Suddenly, their entire attention is riveted on elephants. You've done the same short-circuit-the-brain kind of trick there. Now it is inevitable that Andy Hooper's name will appear in every other entry after yours.

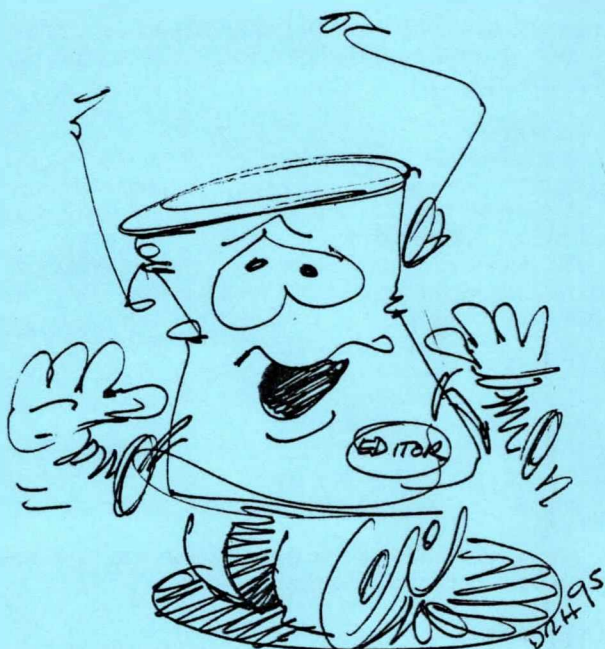
This sentence is not about Andy Hooper. This one is. Oh god, get out of my mind! Ooogggaaahhhooper hooperhooperhooperhooper hooperhooperhooper. HOOPER.

There, got that out of my system. I'm fine now, just...don't mention elephants.

Ken Forman

I don't see how we could ever run out of topics. There's always something happening here in fabulous Las Vegas. We're always getting new fanzines in the mail, and having new fannish adventures. The truth is...I'd rather write about the Hooper-man.





"AND THEN I SAID,
THERE WILL BE
NO MORE EGOBOO!
YOU SHOULD HAVE
HEARD THE CON-
TRIBUTORS -
SCREAM"

Andy's visage raises it's jolly head time and time again in my fannish history. He was the first out of town fan to recognize me without an introduction. "You talk just like you write," he explained. (But I don't have a spell-checker for my mouth.)

Ben Wilson

What have I gotten myself into?

Yesterday I was in the process of having a rather lengthy (three hours worth) discussion on politics and theology, when I agreed to read a book. A lovely young lady carried the other half of this extended prattle, which is most likely the reason I agreed. From the articulation the two of us participated in, she determined that I was the most neutral person (in the field of religion) that she's met. With that complement and a few bats of her long lashes, she asked me to read *The Book of Mormon*. I'm not one to say no to a pretty young lady, and the information she gave me about her church's beliefs, did pique my interest. But now it's the next day, my body no longer runs with the excitement of the discussion, and looking at the book itself, I have to wonder, what have I gotten myself into?

Does anyone have any Cliff-Notes?

Now don't get me wrong, I need no other God than Ghu. If, for some reason Ghu no longer becomes enough, there are always the minor deities to turn to.

You know: Tucker, White, Rotsler, Shaw, Willis and Burbee. Then of course there is always the King of Shrimp up there to the north and the Patron Saints of Vegas, the Katz's.

Speaking of Vegas, there is far too much imagination to ever run out of topics. I have several myself that I'm holding onto until my writing skills improve enough to do them justice. So any of you out there worrying, don't; I've seen the backlog of articles that are lying around here.

Joyce

I read the *Book of Mormon* once. I did fine with it until it got to that Dog Star business.

I believe you're right, Ben: stick with the fan dettles; they won't let you down, and neither do they want ten percent of your earnings. On the other hand, ten percent of your fanzine collections...

Arnie

It is not a scarcity of topics that plagues my dreams. My apprehension concerns the mounting competition for choice topics. I don't want to lose too many of those literary jump balls to the galaxy of young stars in the Vegas Fan firmament.

Aileen

A lack of subject matter in this crowd? Never! We're all far too hotheaded and conversely too easily amused for that to happen. If there's not a Vagrant ready to blow his/her stack over the latest imagined slight, then there's a Vagrant ready to write up the latest amusing anecdote about a friend who got all upset about some imagined slight. No, seriously, I've never found a need to watch soap operas since I've been involved with Vegas fandom.

And if we don't want to tattle on our friends, there're always outright lies...

Not to change the subject, but I want to express my relief that Silvercon 4 is over. I'm also relieved that my annual Visit To Iowa is over. Tons of relatives and lots of nostalgia. Yech...

Bill "Potshot" Kunkel

Okay, let me be the first to say it: you people are becoming fannishly inbred. You only deal with other fans and you talk exclusively about fandom. I mean, Andy's a very bright guy, and I enjoy his visits (and his computer game reviews), but for him to be elevated to the level of demigod status indicates that some of my co-editors are in dire need of a life.

Put down that goddamn fanzine, pissant, I'm talking to you! Stop searching for your name in **Apak**. Go out and live a little. The best piece I've read by the Vagrants in forever was the stuff on the camping/rafting adventure a couple of months back and it didn't have a single "fannish" element. It was about PEOPLE, not Faans.

As it is, you all breath the same rarified air, Arnie writes the same overly-stylized Fannish Prose and all any of you can talk about is Andy Fucking Hooper! Expand your horizons. Seen any good movies lately? *Clockers*? *Seven*? Has anyone seen *Romeo Is Bleeding* on cable? "You want it with... or without?" Is anyone else wondering if Quentin Tarantino is heading for the 1997 version of *Hollywood Squares*? Did you realize that not only has a movie been made based around

Car 54, Where Are You? but that it stars David Johanson (Hot, Hot, Hot) as Gunther Toody??? And it's already on cable!!!! And was I hallucinating or did Sam Raimi, Sharon Stone, Gene Hackman, Russel Crowe, Leonard DiCaprio, Lance Henriksen et al REALLY get together to make a camp classic movie about a gunfighting competition in a town called "Redemption"? Maybe I was on drugs...

And what about books? Hasn't anyone else dug AMERICAN TABLOID? Or sports? Would anyone like to talk about that incredible series between the Mariners and the Yankees that actually resparked my interest in base-a-ball?

C'mon, tho, let's drop the self-referential in-joke crapola and talk about our LIVES, rather than parcelling up moments into fannish anecdotes, okay?

Tom

See, never a shortage of topics. All this worrying for nothing. Why look at Bill! *Car 54 where are you?* By Roscoe, this has been an intriguing and undying conversation topic for weeks! Every day I send off letters to my friends talking about movies I've just seen, that have profoundly impacted my little world, changing my life goals, and filling me with the urge to bore my friends with episodic recreations of *Car 54*'s best lines. And Quentin Tarantino! Ghod, I'm just dying to talk to someone about Quentin Tarantino, it's been keeping me up nights. That all those crazy and wacky people got together to make a bad camp about a gunfighting competition in a town named "Redemption"—well heck, I left the insightful and analytical review at home. Maybe next time.

Actually, in-so-much as sports go, I could bore everyone with the success and egoboo my fantasy football team is earning me, but I didn't think this was the place for it (like another roach story is!), so I put it in the next of issue of **Brodie**, which will be out RSN. I just hope Marshall Faulk produces a little bit more in the next couple of weeks, now that he ran his ass off against the Rams.

Notice how I encase my fanzine title in regal bold? It's because I not only search for my name in **APAK**, but I look for my fanzine name in fanzines too, even the ones I write for. It's just as good as seeing my name, if not better, cause that means someone's talking about it (and not about *Clockers* or *Severn*), which increases my reading pleasure. Self-serving? So what.

I know what we're doing here in **Wild Heirs** (bolding really makes it easier, doesn't it?). We're having a good time with friends. I kinda always thought that movie chat and sports-talk was for more mundane occasions like trips out on the town, bars, stuff like that. Informal and meaningless chit-chat. That's what it seems to boil down to. Not that any of this is something to write home about, but what can you expect from a lowly pissant?

Joyce

My goodness, Bill, what a cranky old insurgent you turned out to be! You sound like Shatner's *Saturday Night Live* Star Trek Convention bit. Were you deliberately being funny?

Of a matter of fact, I do have a life. And so do the rest of the Vegrants. It seems to me that we are talking about our lives, our interests, and in varied and

entertaining ways.

Wild Heirs is a group effort that reflects the friendship and camaraderie of the people doing it, and it's also a tip-of-the-hat to our fannish heroes. Personally, I'm enjoying the rarefied air of our fannish zine.

Actually, there's plenty of room for a zine that talks about just those things you suggest. How about a new issue of **DoodleBug**, or how about you revive **Rats!** and talk about the things that interest you?

JoHn

Gee, Bill, don't hold yourself back. Why don't you say what you really mean?

Seriously, have you been talking to Tom Springer, or something? He wanted to take things to a more insurgent level, and spill a little blood: is this is an object lesson? Instead of spilling the blood of your dearest friends and fannish cohorts, I think you should attack Andy Hooper, because it is all his fault.

Victor Gonzalez himself has fallen under Andy's compulsion and agreed to write a KTF review of **Wild Heirs**. I think maybe Andy planted a subliminal suggestion to you during the brief period the two of you spent together at Silvercon. You *did* sit next to him during the FANNISH PLAY IN WHICH YOU PLAYED A PIVOTAL PART.

See, up 'til then you were fine; your fannish instincts intact, but after the play.... You've changed, Bill.

But I thought I would accommodate you and write about those things you mentioned. So I called up Andy Hooper and asked him about Quentin Tarantino. He said, to wit: "Who is this?" So I said "You know, *Pulp Fiction*? *Reservoir Dogs*? *Hollywood Squares*?"

"What?" replied Andy. "Look, I know who he is, you dolt."

"Well" says I "did you know that he and David Johansen are teaming up to make a movie about two wacky, gunfighting policemen in a small town called Redemption?"

"Is that you Gonzalez? I swear, if you're into the paint thinner again, I'm gonna come over there and kick your ass."

He hung up on me before I could ask him about the Mariners, but I'm sure he would have spoken very entertainingly about them (By the way, Bill, I'm not supposed to tell you this, but, that bit about Andy being a Fannish Ghod? It was a joke.).

Of course there are other things in life besides Faans and fanzines. Anybody can read *Entertainment Weekly* and *TV Guide*. I knew about *Car 54 Where Are You* months ago, and I was surprised that you didn't know about it. Gosh, maybe you should let up on the Nickelodeon, Bill.

Ben

Has Bill been shot out of a cannon over the Mountains of Inertia back to Mundania?

Arnie

Movie-and-book chat seems less "real life" than the activities, opinions and feelings of flesh-and-blood friends. Those who care about Quentin Tarantino can fill their fanzine with material about him. I wouldn't, but that's me.

WH prints essays and anecdotes about the editors' lives, hobbies and relationships. Other fanzines have other concerns, like **FTT** with left-wing Brit politics. Each fanzine fills its niche and **WH** fills ours.

Those other faneds better stay out of our niche, too. Otherwise, we can't be responsible for what happens.

For example, Andy Hooper had better not print any more superb faan fiction in **APAK**. The recent "X Files" parody, by Andy and Victor Gonzalez, is well-written and hilarious. Too hilarious for their continued good health. They'd better start writing worse or send their next faan fiction story to **WH**.

Ross

Actually, I started to check out the *Car 54 Him/Ham* film on cable and lasted about five, maybe ten minutes. I missed Fred Gwynn (at least it wasn't John Schuck) and nobody said "Oooh! Oooh!" that I noticed, so I quit. There was maybe more to it than that, but that's what I remember of my reactions to it. And I've

yourself? The genesis of fannish fandom was people talking about West Coast Jass [sic] and sports cars and hot babes. The genesis of fandom was this: we've got a bunch of intelligent folks here; let's talk about shit!

Anyone who doesn't understand that *Pulp Fiction* is as much a work of art as a painting by Van Gogh, just in another medium, is a jerk. Period. I just thought you guys and gals were getting a little rarefied, a little too in love with your own myth, and a bit too self-referential. I wanted to expand the envelope, so I could still enjoy playing.

It's up to you all. I just got married and I'm hours away from boarding a jet for Amsterdam. I just wanna make Las Vegas fandom more interesting. If that insulted you all, then, indeed, get a life.

You know what they say you do to people who can't take a joke? Well, most of you could use it anyway... :)

C'mon guys...lighten up. I love you all, no shit (and John, if you don't write up that bachelor party story I will break one of your fingers).

Just a bunch of pissants, trying to act fannish.

Arnie

Ross' intentions were good, but clearly, he doesn't know me as well as I'd thought. "Avert your eyes" is a well-meant injunction, but to place it next to my name erases the effect. I was all set to cease reading when sight of those fabulous five letters lured my eye forward. Before I could stop, I'd stumbled into Ross' damnable, angel-ridden outfield.



done my best to buck Tom's ire and keep up a running dialogue about the latest TV shows I've gotten hooked on, but nobody wanted to play that game.

Why, just this very afternoon as I write, I caught the remake of (avert your eyes, Arnie) *Angels in the Outfield* on HBO and wallowed in abysmally heartwarming nonsense. And as I sat back and shook my head in wonder, discreetly flicking away the moisture that had unaccountably gathered under my glasses, I knew I had something to share with the gang. A moment out of life if you will; not a satori nor a Thomas Mann apotheosis that will change the world forever. (Obviously, since what I've just written is essentially the whole of it.) Play *Quentin's Theme* for me one more time...

Potshot

Well, pissing people off always has been one of my gifts.

Actually, folks, why don't you try polishing up those Shields of Umor, and taking a good hard look at

Somewhat it has gotten around that I am implacably opposed to heartwarmth in all its myriad manifestations. This is untrue. I'm a patsy for sentiment, but despise sentimentality -- and hate it most when it's coupled with something I love, like baseball or the Miss Nude Universe contest.

Marcy Waldie

Hubby Ray has been an avid reader of sci-fi books, at the least, for the 30 years I've known him. Somehow I overlook this fact when conventions roll around; it's gaming that highlighted cons for him. The mental gymnastics that strategy and maneuvers provide are carryovers from his years in military intelligence. However, this was not the case with Silvercon 4.

The afternoon before the con, Ray took one of his infrequent breaks from our computer to present me with a sizable print-out. His face beamed.

"There's more," he said, assuming that I knew all about what he did for the past half hour. "But I think that this is enough to post in the con suite. When fans

go into the site on their own computers, they can click on the other pages listed."

Not knowing to what "site" he referred, I immediately picked up the healthy stack, admired the handsome face on the first page and read every word on the entire hard copy. I was not only impressed with Joe Haldeman's Internet web design, but also with his myriad accomplishments and contributions. They were more than I had dreamed.

Thanks, Joe. For once I was not a week-end gaming widow. Through you, Ray and I spent pleasurable moments in the company of some very interesting people, in addition to cogitating some new ideas and seeing different slants on issues.

As Arnie would say, "What a guy!"

Aileen Forman

Being the convention chairman, obviously there are a lot of moments that stand out in my mind, everything from the Katz's party to the late-night jacuzzi on Sunday. The moment that I remember best, though is the masquerade contest on Saturday after the banquet. I'd decided to enter just in case we needed contestants and since Belle had put so much work into it, I wanted it to be a success. There were about five other people who entered and they looked great! I'd come dressed as the Termina-trix, sort of a cross between the Terminator and a dominatrix. After a couple of passes through the room full of people, hamming it up and swishing my whip, I got to look Bob Tucker square in the eyes and say "What was that about a 'whippersnapper'?" The expression on his face was classic and one I'll remember for a long time.

Tom

On ManureCon:

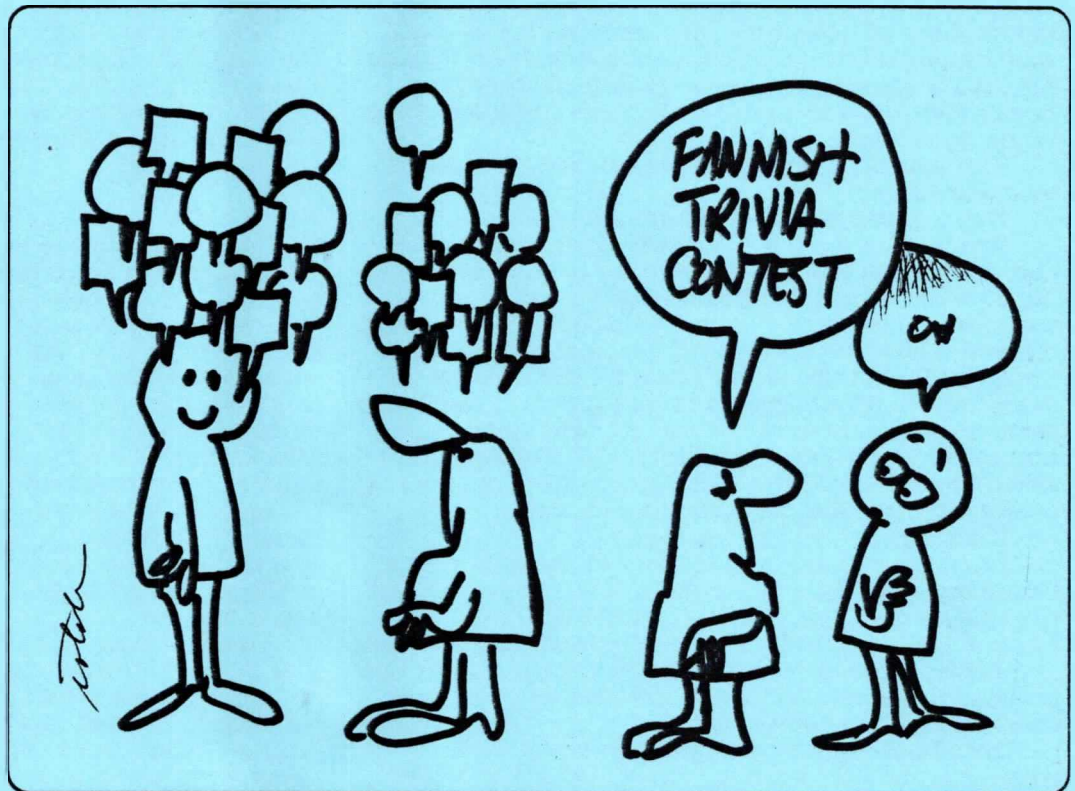
I found out on my way to my room, after suffering a Peggy Kurrila coat-hanger story at registration (another day in the life of an abortionist's receptionist, not my ideal way to start off a con), that the rumor was true.

The cow crap rumor.

They (otherwise known as the grounds-keepers) fertilized the grassy interior courtyard with an inestimable amount of steer shit. Fresh, redolent steer shit.

"How ironically symbolic," I thought to myself, breathing through my mouth, "SNAFFU suffers yet another karmic blow." With an acronym like SNAFFU there's little wonder that Silvercon 4 was literally inundated with bullshit.

"Only in Las Vegas," is the line that comes to mind,



but that's not true when one considers Corflu. No manure there. I could go on, but it really didn't bother me, having grown up in a town with its own small-circuit rodeo. For some kids in my high school 4H was a career move.

I'd asked for my room to be located near the Katz's, and as per usual (I had already taken for granted that the Best Western Mardi Gras was a crappy hotel) I shortly discovered it couldn't be farther away. At least it didn't open up on the courtyard.

Actually, the hotel was crappy only in that it was a lousy place to hold a convention, but the rooms were big and roomy with a couch or extra bed, table, chairs, queen-size bed, refrigerator, and a small bar/counter-top with stools. The Best Western Mardi Gras is the kind of hotel you take hookers and bimbos to for an evening of sex and carnal drug use. It's not like the rest of the hotel's patrons argued against this fact. Parties were expected. This was good. What made me sad was knowing that half of the hotel would be fucking by midnight if not sooner, and Tammy wouldn't show up until sometime Saturday. Only one night alone, and, with three tolerable porn channels to choose from, my hormones would prove no trouble.

In no time I had my car unloaded and my room full of goodies. I had my bottle of Gentleman's Jack Daniels (a smoother whiskey than the original), all my smokables, a couple of cans of roasted peanuts, some cookies, and plenty of fanzines to talk about. After dumping my clothes in a drawer, I poured a couple fingers into a plastic Best Western cup and sat down with a joint in hand to contemplate the convention's possibilities. Remembering the Thursday Night Kick-Off Party at the Katz's made me feel pretty positive about the whole thing, having seen Burbee and Tucker meet again for the first time 49 years after their last encounter.

Smoking, I remembered sitting with Tucker later on that night, complaining with him about Speer's letters, both of us waiting for him to notice as Jack was arguing a fanzine title from 1943 with Art Widner. After Jack acknowledged our gallery commentary Tucker elbowed me gently in the arm and leaned over to me, eyes sparkling.

"Did you hear what I said to Burbee?" he asked mischievously.

"Yeah, but I didn't really understand."

"Well, when we last saw each other, a long time ago, I would incessantly ask him to tell me the Watermelon Story. Burbee had refined the story so it was always a pleasure to hear him tell it. Because he enjoyed telling it, you enjoyed hearing it. Even if for the tenth time. You know, I haven't seen him in 49 years, so when I walked up to him tonight I wanted to see if he'd remember me as the guy who kept asking him to tell the Watermelon Story. When I saw him I asked him to tell me the Watermelon Story, and it only took a moment, and he remembered me!"

Tucker chuckled as I laughed.

Forty-nine years! Fan History in the making, right before my eyes! So, sitting there with my smoke and two fingers of JD, remembering the night before, I knew it was going to be a good con. I took a happy hit and raised the cup before me, saluting the convention and the oldpharts, Widner, Speer, Tucker, Burbee, and to a hell of a convention.

Despite the shit, it was going to be the best convention I'd ever been to. Read about it in **WH#12**.

Ken Forman

The last night of SilverCon 4, once the Dead Dog Party got under way and many of the con's attendees had said their good-bys, a few of us left-overs decided to ease some of the post-con stress by steeping our weary bods in the hotel's jacuzzi. Nevenah Smith, William Ryan (and his lady Janelle), JoHn, Aileen and I hopped into the boiling water and sighed as memories of the weekend rebounded in our brainpans.

Janelle pulled her lithe body out of the hot water and dove into the ~~frightenly~~ cold unheated pool. Muscular shoulders pulled her through the cold thickened water. "I live in Denver," she explained, "this feels **great**."

William also chose to test the viscosity of the pool, but the rest of us resisted; choosing instead to marvel at Nevenah's tattoos and complimenting Aileen on a well-run convention.

JoHn spotted someone walking by the pool and he popped out of the water to talk to them, but was distracted from his intended prey when he looked up at the almost full moon. "Hey everyone, look up there," he called, pointing at the moon. "What's that?" We all followed his gesture and stared at the lunar disk.

"That's the moon, JoHn," someone pointed out.

"Not the moon, look below it and to the right. Do you see that?"

Suddenly we all noticed JoHn's indicated object. We saw a small, unlit object floating high in the sky, glinting with reflected moonlight.

"What is it?" Aileen whispered.

"Is it a UFO?" Nevenah asked in hushed tones.

"Why are we whispering?" I asked.

"Quiet, fanboy, it helps set the appropriate mood," Nevenah reminded me.

While we watched, the object slowly moved from the right side of the moon's disk to the left, still giving us no clue to its identity. We watched it float away until it disappeared from sight.

I wondered if Andy and Victor had caught a ride with the aliens.

Ray Waldie

The smell of a con is not what most people remember. Our Silvercon IV will be remembered for eons as that aromatic adventure in Vegas.

I was not impressed by the hotel management's decision to re-seed the grounds and cover the seeds with an abundance of steer manure. It was almost as though someone said, "Now what can we do to embarrass the SNAFFU leadership the most?" Well, guess what? It didn't work. The guests I talked to enjoyed themselves, odor and all.

Our con was a success. The goals of providing a place where people of like interests could get together and enjoy each other's company, learn from each other and re-establish contacts were indeed accomplished.

I fondly remember sitting at a table in the gazebo that starry Saturday night with half a dozen or so of some of the best minds in literature and fandom; Haldeman, Tucker, McCarty, Hevelin, Brandt and others whose names slip my mind but whose words I remember. We munched on chocolate and listened as one guest after another reminisced, reflected and enriched the others with tales of travel, writing and fandom around the world. I experienced a feeling of openness and downright goodnatured fellowship that has never been matched at any other con I've attended. I will recall Manure-Con as one of the best times I ever had.

Arnie

One special moment symbolizes Silvercon 4 to me. It *wasn't* the first time I smelled the manure.

It happened at the kick-off party at Toner Hall -- a location that received its own load of manure a week *after* the con. (I've sent details of this belated appearance to the Fortean Society.)

They sat in my living room: Charles Burbee, Bob Tucker, Jack Speer and Art Widner. They have done much to create our kind of fandom. The rest of us inched closer, hanging on their words. As they settled the Burning Questions of fanhistory, I thought of what they mean to fandom.

There was Tucker, who gave fandom humor and humanity. He was the pro who remains a trufan. Next to him sat Burbee, whose ear for dialogue and gift for simple eloquence taught fandom to laugh at authority and deflate the pompous.

Jack Speer provided fandom with a voice of reason. He wrote the first fanhistory, compiled **Fancyclopedia I**, pulled the first really successful hoax (John Bristol) and fought attempts to co-opt fandom to an external political agenda. And finally, there's Art Widner, a braintruster and intellectual, still an actifan today.

Made me feel like a neofan.

You know the Trufans when the chips are down.

THOTS ON TAFF

BY ARNIE KATZ

"There can be Only One," says The Highlander, just as his silver blade winds up to lop off another immortal head. The inevitability about that phrase and the swoosh of the slicing sword that follows reminds me of the way I felt after reading Mike Glycer's piece on TAFF in a recent **File 770**.

He chastises Dan Steffan and other Samanda scoffers (like the **NLE** Boys, presumably) for comments during the 1995 US-to-Glasgow election. Mike articulates the wrath of convention goers about this venerable fannish institution. He invokes the name of saintly Martha Beck, whose reputation was martyred to the cause of inflicting Gross Mental Pain on sensitive fanzine fans a decade ago.

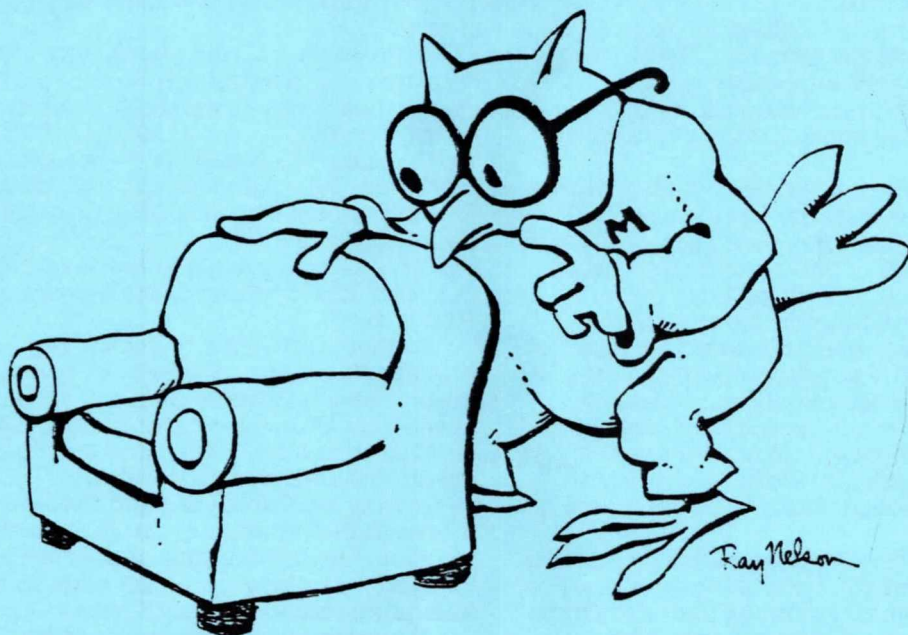
Glycer's assault on fanzine fans is irritating, but it is largely irrelevant to the issue he raises. There's no reason to defend Dan Steffan. He needs no defense. He is an outstanding fan and a classy, if occasionally grumpy, gentleman. With all due apologies to other worthy fans, we could not have sent a more deserving fan to Intersection. He is everything a TAFF candidate should be (except that he hasn't contributed to **Wild Heirs**).

The **File 770** screed made me think about TAFF and its future. This article addresses those issues, not the personal friction between Glycer and Steffan.

The Trans Atlantic Fan Fund is at a crossroads. This may be fanzine fandom's last chance to determine its future direction.

Right about here, in most TAFF articles, comes the Historical Perspective. That's where the fanwriter asserts that TAFF was started by Willis and Harris and suchlike or points out that Don Ford was involved in the effort to get the fund going on this side of the

DAVE KYLE SAYS YOU CAN'T SIT HERE!



Atlantic, depending on their version of TAFF's future.

I think that's where a lot of TAFF discussions run off the rails. Who started it is important primarily for fanhistorical purposes, to give proper credit to fans who really gave us something special. I think there's enough egoboo to go around for all the major participants.

The purpose of TAFF, as fans understood it at the time of its inception, is more germane, but only a little more. The motives of the founders of TAFF are less important than how fanzine fandom feels about TAFF today -- and how this feeling squares with the sentiments of fandom at large.

Most of those who voted in the 1950s and 1960s were fanzine fans. They made the reasons for their support clear in hundreds of written references. The prevailing opinion was that TAFF built bridges between North American and Anglo-European fandoms. The ideal candidate was a fan well-known and respected on *both* continents, one who would represent his or her homeland and then return home to write a report that told everyone about the experience.

That this consensus existed in 1955 does not mean it's still in force today. Fandom has changed its opinions about many, many things over the years. Perhaps change is poised to engulf TAFF. Make no mistake, the attitude of fandom-at-large is critical to a democratic institution like TAFF. The loose voting requirements have extended the franchise to fans who don't share the founders' ideals for TAFF -- and may not have ever known their names.

We can't ignore the expanding universe of potential TAFF voters. With each election, the circle widens as friends of friends become eligible to fill out ballots. Samandra J won the last TAFF election in the US, won against the aforementioned Dan Steffan as well as the sterling George Flynn. The rules say those people have a right to vote, and they did. A majority of stateside voters thought Samandra's credentials merited a trip to Intersection.

You may not agree -- and I definitely do not -- but that's beside the point. North American TAFF voters spoke. And if what they said is painful to our ears, we can blame ourselves if the next election, or the one after that, picks a TAFF representative who affronts our sensibilities.

Mike Glycer's **File 770** essay doesn't mince words. It's a call for con-running fandom to capture TAFF by force of numbers. They can send *their* idea of a TAFF candidate over the waters -- and eventually change the institution's structure in light of their ideas.

Feuds are boring. Unwinnable feuds are boring and frustrating. I'd rather spend fanac time on more creative endeavors. I think sweet reason can settle the matter without the enthusiasm-killing animosity.

Even the most combative fanzine fans should see that this is in our self-interest. We're in a Golden Age. A second TAFF War will end it. We're beginning to attract newcomers. A second TAFF War will cause another mass exodus.

Some fans enjoy feuds. They may tend to see this as an opportunity to fight for every inch, like the Wehrmacht in World War II. I sympathize with their desire for more violent entertainment, but even they might discover that a second TAFF War is too much of a good thing.

If fanzine fandom wants to circle the duplicators, I'm willing to play Davy Crockett and go to the Alamo for the last stand. It'll be a glorious fight, full of resonant insurgent articles and fuggheaded pronouncements from all the people we despise.

It'll be glorious, but the result is preordained. We earn a moral victory, and they take over TAFF. That's as inevitable as the Highlander's vorpal swipe.

That's the future of TAFF if we don't bestir ourselves. There are alternatives, but fanzine fandom must choose within the next year. Favorable options will grow scarcer after militant con-fandom rallies to Mike Glycer's call-to-arms.

We can fight them. We can humiliate them in ways they can't even grasp -- and to which they are therefore essentially immune. In the process, we can pollute our own fanzine fandom with hate and turmoil.

Let's examine four alternatives.

We *could* walk away. We just pull back from TAFF, draw a line under its history to this point and say, "It's all yours, Mike." If an institution no longer does the job for which it was intended, maybe it's time to give it up.

It's what con-fandom ought to do, but they won't. Not if Mike Glycer's attitude is typical.

Con-running fandom could set up a worldcon-oriented travel fund tomorrow. It could be a bigger and grander fund than our dear, dinky old TAFF, if that's their choice, but they won't do it. The pseudo-capitalistic mindset of con-running fandom dictates that it's better to take something from a competitor than build it from scratch.

Con-running fandom has supported TAFF, too. They know that we believe that it is intrinsic to TAFF that the representative be a fanzine fan, and they wonder why they are "good enough" to contribute money but not to actually make the journey.

They see the TAFF winner at their worldcon and say, perhaps rightly, "Why should this person be a fanzine fandom power broker? If we elect the TAFF representative, one of us will dispense the TAFF perks."

This conception is shockingly alien to many fanzine fans, particularly those to whom TAFF is a trufannish totem. The suggestion that the chairman of Intersection -- I'm afraid I don't know the name -- do the next TAFF trip sends the message: run a worldcon, take an overseas trip. If that is what con-fandom wants, the electoral systems guarantees they'll get it. I

This is appropriate in terms of the majority of current TAFF voters, but is it what we, as fanzine fans, want?

I know, from trial balloons, that abandoning TAFF horrifies fan traditionalists. Everyone knows how much I love the rich context of fandom, and turning away from TAFF does give me emotional pangs. It's hard to turn loose of that fine fanhistory that includes Mario Bosniak and TAFF War I.

It may not be too steep a price to pay to avoid interminable wrangling and the sure result. It was hard for fanzine fandom to accept that con-running fandom was going to do the cons to their taste, but it has gained us Corflu and Ditto.

We walk away, and we let Mike Glycer and his supporters have what they want. They can finance the trips out of worldcon petty cash, which eliminates

fundraising. TAFF reports are unnecessary, especially since most con-goers wouldn't care about strangers who came to other, earlier cons. The burden on the TAFF administrator would be negligible. If the Hugo vote-counters don't mind the extra duty, the reorganized TAFF could do away with the administrator entirely. Or it could become a largely ceremonial duty, an additional perk for the Smofs who'll be taking most of the trips.

Starting a new fund of their own is what Mike and his friends would do, if they want to keep the peace and let fanzine fandom have TAFF. We could take the critical step of resigning our interest in the fund and let con-fandom take over peacefully.

The second and third options involve changes in the rules of TAFF. I think a referendum in which anyone who voted in any of the last four TAFF elections could cast a ballot would be suitably democratic. (At a buck a throw, it might turn out to be a good fund-raiser, too. Like those telephone polls *Current Affair* does each week.)

One possibility is to change the destination of the TAFF winner. I don't know which British convention would be right -- I have a feeling readers will tell me -- but the logical choice in North America is Corflu. The TAFF delegate, if a fanzine fan, would have a chance to meet the people who figure to be most relevant, and the customary pre- or -post-con tour of NA fandom would allow many fans who didn't attend Corflu to meet the delegate.

Switching destinations cuts TAFF's allure to con-runners. It would also diminish con-fan support. That might mean fewer TAFF races or a higher voting fee from fanzine fans, but we'd be sending our idea of a proper representative.

The other possible rule change is to revise the criteria for voter eligibility. I believe my hypothetical referendum would approve limiting TAFF voting to some reasonable standard of fanzine participation.

Let's adapt the entrance requirements of FAPA to this situation. How about requiring that all TAFF voters have published a fanzine or been published in fanzines from two different metropolitan areas in the two years prior to the voting deadline? That would deter many casual con-fans from participating, though it would not deflect a concerted campaign to take it over.

SEEK BROAD MENTAL HORIZONS!

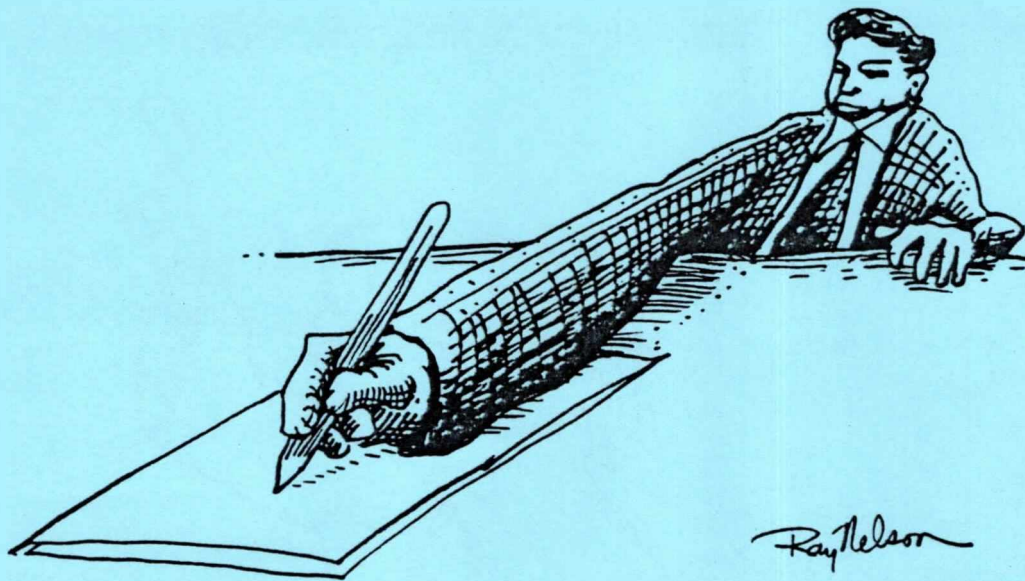


The best solution could be to enact both option two and option three.

The final possibility is to do nothing. Adherents of this view carry a banner on which is emblazoned their credo: If it ain't broke, don't fix it. They point to the list of actual TAFF winners, almost all of whom deserved the honor.

This is a viable strategy, but only if fanzine fandom is willing to abide by the consequences. That means congratulating the winner of the next TAFF race, or the one after that, who *isn't* our idea of a proper representative. If TAFF is to encompass all of fandom, then the fanzine fan ethos that dominated in TAFF's first four decades is just a point of view.

Maybe you've got some other ideas, in which case I hope you'll share them with the **Wild Heirs** readers. Meanwhile, these are the possible paths as I see them. A change is gonna come; the question is whether it will devastate us or open new vistas. ...



OEDIPUS ROCKS

BY MARCY WALDIE

"I have rehearsal tonight," Ray announced one Friday afternoon this past summer.

"Rehearsal for what?" I asked.

"For the movie I'm in," he informed me in his start-in-the-middle-of-the-subject manner.

"What movie?"

"The one I saw an ad for in the paper. I auditioned and got the part."

"What's the movie about?"

"I don't know," Ray answered in his what-difference-does-it-make-anyway fashion.

"Who's producing it?" I queried patiently.

"There's no producer, just a filmmaker."

"Does this movie have a title yet?"

"Yeah." Pause. Pause.

"Well what is it?" I yelled, my arms flailing.

"Oedipus in Las Vegas."

Trying not to laugh openly, I managed to ask quite sincerely of my then unemployed spouse, "Will you be compensated monetarily for your time and talent?" I asked.

"Yeah." Pause. Pause.

I closed my eyes and uttered through clenched teeth, "How much?"

"Thirty bucks."

My hopes were dashed, and I wanted to cry. "What part do you play?"

"The bartender," he answered.

"There's no bartender in Oedipus," I stated in my I-may-be-stupid-sometimes-but-I'm-not-ignorant tone of voice.

"There is now, and I'll be playing him for the next six Friday nights."

"Well, if you don't know what, specifically, the movie is about, do you know what kind of a movie it is?" I ventured to ask, with visions of an X rating on its opening frames.

"It's a dark movie. That's all I know right now."

I'll bet it's dark. "What time is rehearsal?"

"Nine o'clock."

Oh boy, I was getting jealous of somebody, somewhere about something of which I knew very little.

During supper I thought about how Ray loved the theater and about the plays in which he had many parts in many cities over the years. I felt guilty and hoped that I didn't quell his well deserved and overdue enthusiasm. But as he prepared to leave, the only thing I could think to say was, "Be careful." Boy, was my jealousy showing.

Act II

One night about a month later Ray announced, "The location person is coming over to check out our yard."

"What for?"

"They need to film someone climbing over a wall."

"With all the walls in Las Vegas they picked our property to shoot?" There was something he wasn't telling me. "Did you check with the neighbors?"

"No need. I figured that they could film the climbing part from one angle and the jumping down part from another."

I sighed in relief. One of our neighbors is tolerant only of his own actions.

"Well if it's just the yard...." For some reason unknown to my conscious mind, I do not like spur-of-the-moment visits, especially from unknowns. In fact, four of the five people in this house do not.

Michelle showed up a few minutes later. I casually mentioned that we had three day sleepers and joked about her not letting Ray get too carried away vocally in his enthusiasm. All the while I was wondering why she was IN our house.

"This is the sliding patio door that gives access to the back yard," Ray explained to her as he whipped back the lace drapes. "Through the doorway here is the kitchen, and through there is the family room."

Many questions immediately surfaced, but I said nothing as the house tour continued. Upon her exit, I was ready to burst.

"Why did you show her the inside of the house," I asked nicely.

"They might want to do some shooting inside."

"Please give us all early warning," I pleaded.

Although the other family members in our home have known Ray for many years, nobody really *knows* him.

"Of course," he replied.

Just half an hour later, my sister answered the phone and took a message for Ray. "Shiffon will be right over," she reported.

In a slightly higher than normal pitch, I asked the man to whom I've been married for twenty-five years, "Who's *Shiffon*?"

"The director."

It just slipped out, "Is that her real name?"

"That's what everyone calls her."

Safe answer, Ray. "And why is she coming over?"

"Michelle probably called her and gave a favorable report on this location, so Shiffon wants to check it out for herself."

Great, the home into which we have invested sweat, tears and blood and have sacrificed time and money so that we few remaining members of this family may have a modicum of creature comforts in our middle years is now referred to as a *location*. Not

only was I jealous, I was pissed. I busted myself in the bedroom during her tour and hoped that she wouldn't demand to see the sleeping quarters.

"Well, how did she like the house?"

"She loved it. The whole crew will be over in the morning to shoot."

"What do you mean by 'the crew'?"

"You know, the filming, lighting, sound and costume folks and the actors."

"When will they be here?"

"About 5:30. It will take a few hours, and they want to be done before the hottest part of the day."

A few hours to film someone jumping a wall? He was definitely withholding information.

Act III

I awoke several times during the night and checked to see if Ray had come to bed. He had not, which is always the case when he is either extremely upset or excited about something. At 4:15 I was disturbed by strange voices in the house and much flushing in the hallway bathroom. Wicket, our cat, bolted from the bed and scooted underneath. It had begun.

I tried to keep as close to my morning routine as was decently possible -- not running around in my jammies or undies and trying to control my hair before someone saw me and became frightened. It was difficult; I function by routine and try to keep to it, no matter what. I didn't even look outside. I didn't want to know who was trampling my lawn.

The three others in the house work the graveyard shift and usually arrive home together at about 6:00. At 6:30 I got concerned.

Within minutes they came in a bit winded. A Las Vegas Metro police officer in front of our house closed off the block and instructed residents to park in other than their usual spots.

Penne, my sister, spewed forth, "There are about twenty people in our yard with all sorts of equipment and all the neighbors are out wondering what's going on and who got robbed. This is so neat. Our house is going to be in a movie."

Our house? What about the wall climb?

Brother Willie became even more charming than usual and rapped with some of the crew in silent hopes of landing, at the least, a cameo.

Brother-in-law Don grunted and went to bed.

Just before it was time for me to leave for work, Ray came in from outside. "I moved your car onto the street so it wouldn't be a problem for you to get out of the garage."

The wall nearest the garage is only a two footer. Who's doing the climbing, a midget?

The first thing I saw upon opening the front door was a grape muumuu. It was covering a bun haired lady who gave me the halt sign with one arm and the silence gesture with the other. I closed the door and envisioned myself explaining to Arnie and Joyce the reason for my being late for work. "You see, there was this film crew in my front yard, and they wouldn't let me out of my house." Yeah, right.

A few minutes later, I was the only attraction as I walked self-consciously from the house to the car and pulled away as forty eyes watched and waited. I thank heaven that the work day was normal.

Soon after arriving home in the afternoon, I washed a load of laundry. While loading the washer, which is located in the garage, I noticed that the wheelchair that Willie no longer used was missing. Of all the things in our garage to nick, why a wheelchair?

"Ray, did you notice that the wheelchair is gone?"

"Yeah." Pause. Pause.

"Any ideas?"

"The camera crew is using it. It's better than hand held. The actors needed some clothing, too; my army raincoat and my silk sport coat. Oh, and they'll be back tomorrow to finish shooting."

Instead of blurting, "How much is this going to cost us in lost goods," I inquired, "Did they get the wall climb?"

"No, they decided to shoot a jump over the low one in the front yard."

"What's there left to shoot?"

"Something inside."

"What inside?"

"I don't know."

"When will they be here?"

"I don't know."

"Do Penne, Don and Willie know?"

"Not yet."

What's new?

ACT IV

After work the next day, I eyeballed the aftermath of the filming episodes. Not bad. A couple of footprints in the rosebed, a strange glass on the kitchen counter, and the aluminum can bin in the kitchen was full. Hmm. Heavy soda drinkers. The wheelchair was even back in its storage spot. When an occurrence out of the ordinary has passed, one that I believed at the time inconvenienced me, I reflect on its relevance to my life and inevitably conclude that it was no big deal as far as I'm concerned and that I should try harder to live and let live. As far as Ray was concerned, I think I faked my true feeling quite well, thank you.

I had survived, Ray was pleased that he could assist in something that he enjoyed, and there was no damage. I rewarded myself with a bowl of ice cream.

"Ray, where's the chocolate syrup? We had two full bottles."

"We used it for the movie." Pause. Pause.

"Was it used for a soda fountain scene or what?"

"Blood."

"Real old blood, huh?"

"No, fresh blood shot in black and white."

At this point there was nothing left to do but to laugh.

Encore

"Do you want to go to the wrap party with me?" Unlike many people my age, I enjoy rap songs, not the gangsta crap, but the good stuff. "When is it?"

"Tonight in about three hours."

"Did you just find out about it?"

"No."

"And you didn't ask me earlier because..."

"I forgot."

"Who's playing at this rap party?"

"Some reggae group since it's at a reggae bar."

"Shouldn't a rap group play at a rap party?"

"Not that kind of rap. A wrap it up party. You know, it's a wrap."

Remembering how much fun we had at all of the theater cast parties over the years, I acquiesced.

The bar was far from being crowded at 9 PM, but about a dozen of the movie people were there, and I was really looking forward to meeting them and having stimulating conversations (expecting them to be like theater people).

Donald, a balding man in his thirties, went on about how amused he was when he attended a Roman Catholic mass in China. The mass was celebrated in Latin, you see, but the congregation responded in Chinese. Ho-kaay.

Ray introduced me to a well endowed gal in her late twenties whose name I didn't catch because of the extremely loud music.

"Ray, you finally get to see me with my clothes on," she twittered.

"Excuse me?" I said as forcefully as Joy-Lynd Chamberlain would have.

"Just kidding. I played a stripper. In real life I'm an aerobics instructor, but I have a degree in geological engineering. Can't get a job."

On that note she was gone and was replaced by an interesting looking young person who spent a few minutes chatting with Ray. I heard nothing of their conversation although I was sitting next to them. I admired the clean, crisp white shirt, colorful vest, tailored slacks and below shoulder length, well groomed hair adorned with a fashionable wide brimmed hat. All right! Someone who appears to have it together. Let's talk.

A long fingered hand with manicured nails was extended toward mine. "Hi, I'm David," a gentle voice spoke. "It was really a pleasure working with Ray." And with that, he moved on.

"Ray, what part did David play?"

"A transvestite. Did you say David?"

"That's how he introduced himself to me."

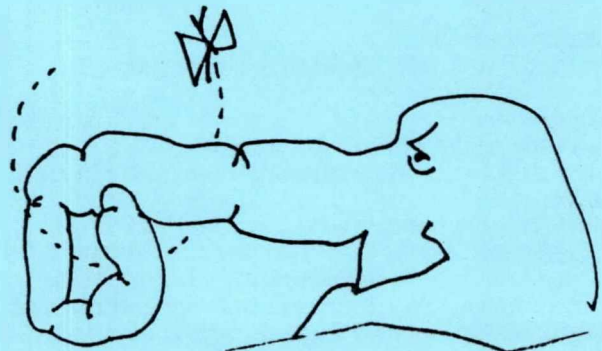
"All this time I thought he was a girl."

That's my Ray.

That basically was the night. Theater people they weren't, but interesting all the same.

Coming Attraction

A letter from Desert Wind was delivered to the house recently. That's the drum and bugle corps that's organizing in Las Vegas. I just know that Ray contacted them first as a former corps instructor. I hope they have a place to practice.



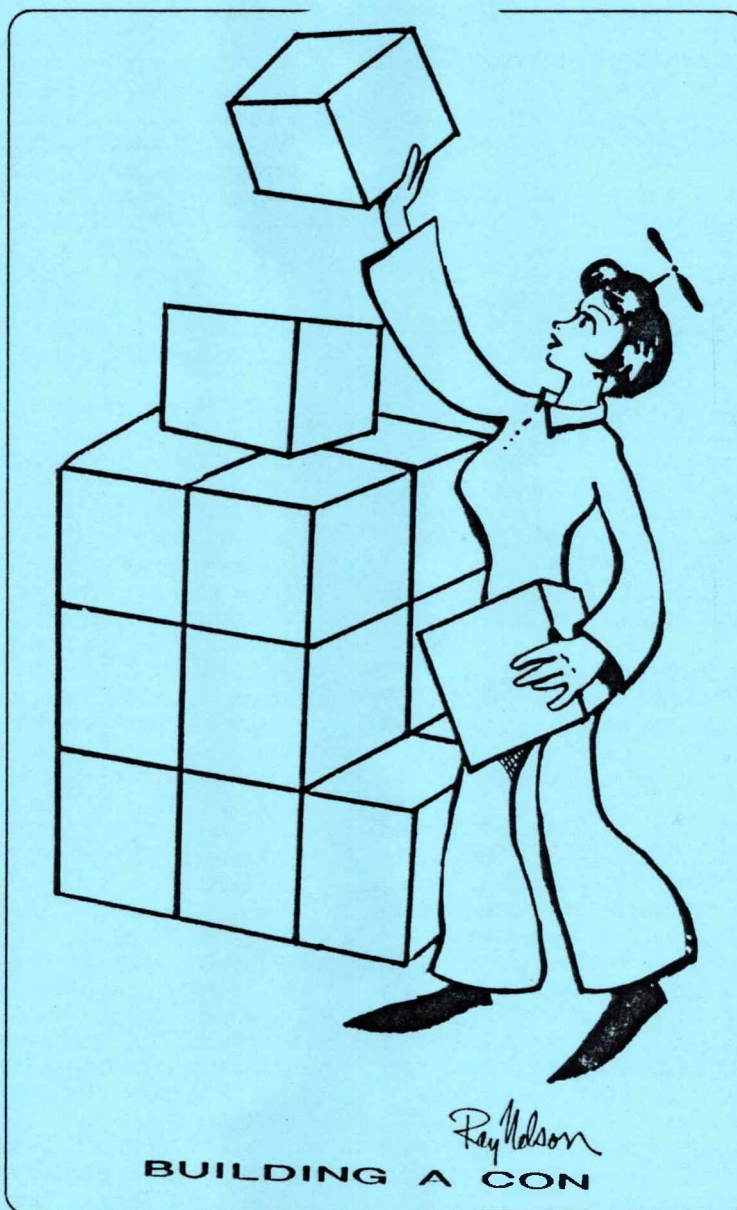
THE PRECURSOR INTERSECTION

By ROB HANSEN

In keeping with the eco-friendly principles we all strive to live by, this convention report contains at least 30% recycled material by weight, said material being my programme notes....

Welcome to PRECURSOR, the convention for those who can't afford INTERSECTION and those rich sods who can afford both. This all-expenses spared leaflet is the programme and should be read immediately as it includes all manner of information vital to your enjoyment of the convention, spiritual health, and regular bowel movements. Should you have any queries, the committee will be glad to help you with them. We are, of course, Rob Hansen, John & Eve Harvey, and Martin Smith, though just for a laugh we'll be wearing badges identifying us as Joseph Nicholas, Dan & Lynn Steffan, and Martin Smith. We'll be delighted to answer all your questions in detail and at length.

Friday 18th August 1995 did not begin well for me. The previous evening Martin had phoned to say he was ill and wouldn't be at our regular Thursday night pub meeting. He thought he



had flu and said he might not make PRECURSOR either. This would be an enormous tragedy for the con because he was bringing along the equipment for Sunday's softball game. While frantically trying to contact Jim Young to get him to bring his softball gear along, I decided to check the day's e-mail...and discovered that Avedon had offered Tom Whitmore crash space here at Gross Manor when he flew in from California tomorrow. Arrgh! Leaving Avedon to send an urgent e-mail message to Tom while praying he hadn't set off for the airport yet, I drove over to Welling to pick up Vince Clarke, hoping against hope this wasn't all a taste of things to come. I needn't have worried. After driving Vince, Avedon, and our houseguest, Neil Rest, up to Stevenage and the Hertfordpark Hotel, venue for PRECURSOR, we settled in for what was to be a pretty good little convention.

Chuch and Sue Harris were already at the hotel when we got there around 2.00pm, as was Peter Hentges,

and we were soon joined by Andy Hooper, Carrie Root,

Geri Sullivan, Dan and Lynn Steffan, Ted and Lynda White, Mike Abbott, Anne Wilson, Vicki Rosenzweig (who'd also been at last night's Fan-hattonite meeting in London), Anne Wilson, Bridget Hardcastle, Jack Heneghan, my fellow concom members John and Eve Harvey and, most amazingly of all, Peter Roberts who was attending his first con in more than a decade.

"Peter's in advertising," I explained to John, "which means that someone like the head of the Chocolate Marketing Board will come up to him and say: 'Quick, we need a slogan that will make people buy more chocolate!' 'Eat Chocolate, It's Yummy!' replies Peter. 'Great' says the man from the Chocolate Marketing Board, 'here's two hundred thousand pounds'."

"Actually," laughed Peter, "I quit advertising years ago. I'm a taxinomic mycologist now."

"Good for you!" I enthused, trying to sound like someone with a clue as to what a taxinomic mycologist might be.

Dan and Lynn had travelled here following a lightning visit to Haverfordwest.

"When we were staying with Greg Pickersgill we got to learn what your middle name was, and boy did he use it a lot!" laughed Dan. "So what *were* your parents thinking of when they named you Rob Fucking Hansen?"

Martin showed up mid-evening, when things were in full flow and a lot of great conversation and drinking was going on in the bar, looking and sounding half-dead. The Harveys and I ordered him to bed, and he went, but he was back in the bar an hour or two later; the call of the alcohol was far stronger than his need for rest.

The programme starts at 1.00pm on Saturday since any programming on Friday would only interfere with the serious business of getting acquainted with each other and with the bar. This is a social relaxacon, after all. There is no programming before 1pm on Saturday itself since this would only interfere with the serious business of recovering from the serious business of getting acquainted with each other and with the bar the night before. As for the running order:

FANZINE READINGS (Starts 1.00pm-ish)

Yes, this is actually what it sounds like but, having seen how well these work at US cons we've decided to try one at PRECURSOR.

We're sure you'll enjoy it. No, really.

The last time I'd seen Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden was at the New York CORFLU in 1990, but having reestablished contact via the miracle of e-mail. I'd talked them into being on this item. With 1.00 pm fast approaching and P&T having yet to arrive at the hotel (they were flying in today) I began getting antsy. Martin had been going to read MEXICON 4, MARTIN SMITH 0 (which I'm told was reprinted in a fanthology published for the Vegas CORFLU) but wasn't up to it, so I'd replaced him with Andy Hooper, and the last thing I needed was to have to find other stand-ins. Patrick appeared with minutes to spare, sporting a goatee that gave him the appearance of an early-60s jazzman (daddio!), and quickly trawled through the zines I'd brought along, settling on a piece from D West's monumental **Fanzines In Theory And In Practice**, a seminal collection of fanwriting. There was

no Teresa, however. She was in their room, engaged in a titanic life-and-death struggle with a hairbrush. Seriously. Though apparently of previous good character, it had cunningly been biding its time and had chosen this moment to viciously attack her, getting irretrievably entangled with her hair. She would ultimately be saved from a scalping only by the arrival of the sixth cavalry in the form of Avedon and Patrick who, as soon as the readings were over, dashed upstairs and wrested his wife from the clutches of the villainous grooming aid.

HAVE WE GOT FANDOM FOR YOU (Starts around 2.00pm)

Loosely (very loosely) based on the TV quiz show 'Have I Got News For You', this will pit teams of fans against each other in an allegedly topical contest. Angus Deayton, quizmaster of the TV show, is often referred to as 'Television's Mr.Sex' so we naturally chose as our quizmaster his fannish equivalent, Rob Hansen (Brian Burgess was unavailable). Correct answers will be awarded two points each while answers which are wrong but sufficiently witty or amusing may also be awarded a point at the discretion of the quizmaster, whose decision in these matters shall be final. Those contestants hoping to predispose the quizmaster toward favourable decisions on their behalf are advised to ply him with drinks in the bar beforehand. This won't in any way influence him, but they're advised to do it anyway. No actual prizes will be awarded, but the winners will have the satisfaction and almost spiritual sense of fulfillment that comes from knowing they've ground their opponents into the dust.

The two teams were the Cosmic Circle (Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Dan Steffan, and Joseph Nicholas) and the Muncie Mutants (Patrick, Andy Hooper, and Peter Roberts), the first round being a session of charades. For the benefit of the audience, the titles to be mimed were written on a large pad that was carried among them by my lovely assistant, Martin Smith. Patrick was the 'designated hitter' for the Mutants and, though it caused an eruption of laughter from the audience, for some reason he paled visibly on learning he had to mime 'Why I Want to Fuck Ronald Reagan.' Alas, Patrick pointedly ignored calls from the audience to perform the obvious motion, his dithering causing Andy Hooper to say, very calmly: "Patrick, if you don't start giving us something to work with I am going to hurt you." Still, Andy got the answer eventually, Patrick managing to get the word 'fuck' across and there being only two well-known SF stories with that word in their titles.

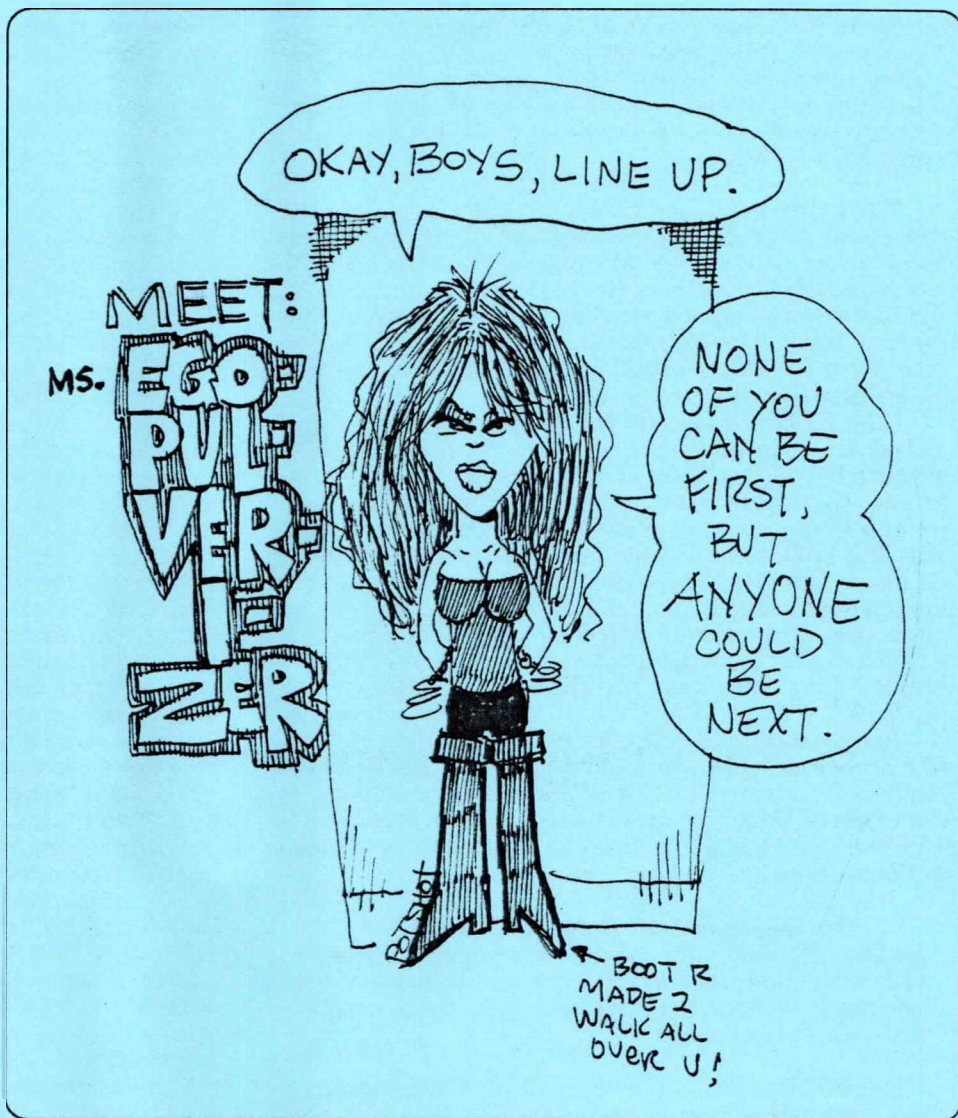
We put a lot of work into the visual aids for this quiz, John doing the actual photographic work, and I was particularly pleased with the way the 'Odd One Out' round worked. Briefly, pictures of the four people you had to choose from were projected, one at a time, until all four were up on the screen. The foursomes were chosen (with the weirdest/silliest pictures of each person that we could find) so that they were amusing in themselves, and in the order in which we projected the pictures, as well as (we hoped) having amusing answers. And it worked! For instance do you know who is the odd one out among Ted White, Bill Clinton, Dan Steffan, and Newt Gingrich? (Clinton, of course, all the others inhaled.) Or among

Larry Niven, Ronald Reagan, Jerry Pournelle, and Darth Vader? (Darth Vader, but *not* because he's the only liberal. Oddly enough, he was the only one not connected with America's 'Star Wars' programme.) Or among Joe Nicholas, Joe Stalin, Joe Siclari, and the artist formerly known as Rover - sorry, Prince. (Joe Siclari, because all the others have changed their name - Joseph Nicholas used to be Nick Turner. This is true.) Or, finally, among Paul Skelton, Ken Cheslin, Roz Kaveney, or WWII fighter ace Douglas Bader? (It's transsexual Roz Kaveney, because while all four have lost body parts she was the only one to do so voluntarily. Roz was in the audience, and laughed as loudly at this answer as anyone.)

QUESTION TIME (Commencing about, oh let's see, 3.30pm or so) Will the Internet destroy Fandom As We Know It? How can we attract more people to fandom? Why is Martin Smith? Fannish cons usually have an item where the burning fannish issues of the day are debated, and **PRECURSOR** will be no exception, though ours takes a somewhat different form than usual. Joseph Nicholas will be moderating a panel of opinionated fans (okay, *particular* opinionated fans), much as the trainer 'moderates' the lions in a circus show, who will each train their cosmic minds on questions from the audience. Lively debate and audience participation will doubtless ensue and Joseph will attempt to maintain order. Good luck, pal.

With this deluxe Programme Leaflet, you will have received an expensively crafted file card, personally hand-tooled by the equally hand-tooled Martin Smith (sorry - reflex action). If you have a question you'd like to have the panel debate, please write it and your name on the card and return it to us, preferably no later than a half-hour before this item. Questions should be as wittily phrased as possible and can be either serious or frivolous (if you want them to debate the iconic significance of Martin's pyjamas we'll certainly consider it).

We'd talked Joseph into being the moderator during a party for GUFF winners Ian and Karen Pende Gunn at his and Judith's house the previous Saturday. Predictably, Joseph drank too much and fell asleep in a chair, leading to an immediate call for felt-tip pens. Ever protective of him, Judith refused to let us scrawl the usual tasteful and understated graffiti on her comatose spouse, so instead I put a bucket at his feet and a card in his lap that read: **I DIED IN THE WAR FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU. PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY.** And they did. The sound of coins landing in the bucket, all of which were later donated



to GUFF, was matched only by the flashing of a multitude of cameras....

On the panel with Joseph were Pam Wells, Ted White, and Chris Croughton. Not surprisingly, the topic that generated the most interest was next weekend's **INTERSECTION** and whether or not Worldcons in general were a good or bad thing for British fandom. No firm conclusions were reached. Sadly, the panel failed to debate my own, eminently sensible question (and here I paraphrase from memory):

"Does the team think the increasing visibility of SM and fetishism at US cons, as characterised most recently by the fascinating (I'm told) alt.sex.bondage parties at **DISCLAVE**, represents any threat to traditional fandom, or do they agree that the general ambience of British cons would be greatly improved by having more young people parading around in leather and chains?"

THE TALK SHOW (9.30pm sound good to you? Sounds good to me, too....) Do you miss Johnny Carson? Do you pine for Jonathan Woss? Then your prayers may have been answered. With the charisma of John Major

and the interviewing skills of Marcel Marceau, Martin Smith will be talking to high-profile celebrities from the glitzy and glamorous world of international fandom. This is the item to attend for an insight into the wit, the wonder, and the bizarre sexual practices that have made fandom what it is today.

With Martin's voice now a whispered croak, that gag about Marcel Marceau was taking on unintended significance so, by mutual consent, the chat show was cancelled. Everyone was having such a good time in the bar anyway that it would've been a shame to disrupt them. Martin's intended interviewees had been Pam Wells, Dan Steffan, and Andy Hooper, who'd all found other distractions....

"The British have smaller balls than we do," declared Andy, in an outrageous ethnic slur, "and smaller holes, too." He did not approve of British pool tables. Mean and moody, Andy took a singular approach to the game, apparently not realising it was only the balls on the table he was supposed to go for. Or so we assume. I was the first person the white ball narrowly missed; Dan Steffan was the second. Thereafter, the faint-hearted dived for cover whenever Andy took to the table, while those male fans with the necessary sang froid casually slid a hand over our testicles.

The final official programme item of the evening was a cheese and punch party to celebrate Bridgit Hardcastle's birthday. Good food and punch, too, but the infernal heat we were cursed with all weekend finally drove most of us back to the cooler confines of the pool room.

This item concludes Saturday's official programme. Thereafter you are encouraged to drink, talk, make merry, and to enjoy any sexual assignations you may have been fortunate enough to make, because on Sunday there awaits:

THE MARTIN SMITH SOFTBALL CHALLENGE (noonish)

No, this will not involve tests of testicular rigidity. Softball is actually a (gasp!) sport, not unlike rounders. At the insistence of Martin Smith, who has all the equipment and is dying to use it (no jokes, please), typically unfit UK fans will be playing with or against typically unfit US fans in a battle of wits, wills, and waistlines. Immensely popular at the American CORFLU, these games are legendary among fans and paramedics across the US. Anyone wishing to participate should contact Martin as soon as possible rather than waiting for the tacky and rather unseemly draft that may follow.

To my great surprise, I was the first to be picked for his team by captain Jack Heneghan, who obviously thought my height and my still just discernable waistline indicated ball-paying potential. Boy, was he in for a shock! On the Other Side were Martin, Jim Young, Christina Lake, Carrie Root, Joseph Nicholas, Keith Oborn, and Mike Scott, all ably captained by Andy Hooper, while our side consisted of me, John Harvey, Lynn Steffan, Peter Hentges, Peter Roberts, Tom Whitmore (who'd got our e-mail message after all and decided that PRECURSOR sounded pretty nifty), and Mike Ford, under the sterling captaincy of our leader, Smoking Jack Heneghan. (Literally smoking. I'm not that familiar with the game, but surely it's not

usual for the guy at bat to be puffing away on a Marlboro?) Dan Steffan was the umpire.

There were two injuries in the game, both of which were sustained by Jim Young. The first of these occurred when Jim made a diving attempt to tag Mike Ford as Mike leapt for first base. This left Mike hopping around and Jim lying on his back, clutching his forehead. (Later, Jim confided in me that the game had been the most fun he'd had all summer, and definitely more fun than the US tour promoting his new SF novel, *Armed Memory*. "So, you're saying a book tour is less fun than being kicked in the head?" "You've got it.")

I'd never played softball before, yet I managed a feat that no-one else on the field was able to equal. Despite many energetic, if spastic, flailings in its general direction, I completely failed to make contact with the ball all afternoon! Realising I was more likely to spontaneously combust than hit the ball I decided to try for a 'walk'. I became stiffer than a board, or a statue, or even Al Gore, only to have Andy respond with perfectly pitched balls and strike me out. Undaunted, I went on to make Martin's con for him by being both the outfielder who let by the ball that gave him the winning home run of the game, and the guy whose strike-out finished off the other team. Being the sort of salt-of-the-earth fannish types who have made fandom what it was yesterday, those of you reading this are surely ready to offer commiserations such as "Bad luck, Rob", "It could've happened to anyone", and "You're fucking useless". These are appreciated, but unnecessary. Though I perhaps should have been, I was not down-hearted as we headed back to the hotel for drinks and CPR. Seeing the glow on Martin's face, the beatific expression that was all that any dictionary needed to run a picture of next to the word 'smug', I knew that I had Done A Good Thing. On some deep level I had realised how important this afternoon was to my friend and, with his mental and physical well-being ever uppermost in my thoughts, had subconsciously done what was necessary to make him the outstanding player of the game. I smiled, knowing this was the only logical explanation. After all, no-one could be *that* godawful at softball, could they?

There were a few more hours of pool and conversation as people began drifting away, and then it was over. It had been a great convention with final attendance being just under fifty, an ideal size. Most of the American fans (who made up about half the membership of PRECURSOR) were heading on for the Worldcon, but we'd be seeing many of them again in London in the weeks to come.

As an interesting footnote, when I attended my first con I was 20 years 4 months old. In August 1995, I was 40 years 8 months old. So at PRECURSOR I celebrated having spent half my life in fandom. Half a lifetime? That's not too many....***

An Occasional Column

Charisma

by Chuck Harris

For me, the Information Superhighway is the most marvellous thing imaginable. For deaf people especially, it's the yellow brick road with, almost certainly, a Wiz at the far end. I have seen the future of fandom, and this is it.

I don't say it will make all fanzines obsolete... Well, not right away. They are pretty certain to linger on for a decade or so, but the Internet is so wonderfully interactive with an almost instant response to anything you care to toss into cyberspace that there is no way that any fanzine can compete..

Our conference/group r.a.s.f.f. -- rec arts science fiction fandom -- is a sort of embryo gestalt. It's polluted with extraneous bits -- filkers, con-runners, organisers etc. -- but once you tap the right key they disappear forever. I've just wiped out 1076 of them, and retained only 18 items that I want to keep for reference.

Have patience. This is not just me banging on my tambourine and hollering "Come and join us! Come and join us!" (altho you certainly should do -- Dean Grennell and Robert Lichtman are almost with us; YOU could/should be next). I wanted to say something about The Collection.

Just the other day I was chatting to Chris Priest on the Net, (you'll just have to get used to this name dropping now that I'm a world famous Personality), about the problems we Collectors have. Father Priest and my lovely wife wonder why we keep all this mouldering paper. We still read almost everything we can lay our hands on. Once we've read the books, we hardly ever go back and re-read, but we just can't bear to use the mundane equivalent of the wipe-out key, and pass them all on to the Help The Aged lady when she calls and asks if we have any saleable junk for her. We fob her off with crockery oddments, tins with dodgy sell-by dates left over from long gone Sainsbury expeditions, beer mugs that somehow walked home from the pub with us, even my old rugby shirt with the big number 8 on the back that had served Sue as a nightie on and off as you might say (and you probably will), for the last ten years or so. (Even though, after Will Carling and The Lads' glorious success at Twickenham, I offered to supplement it with the fashionable Cotton Traders' latest accessory, Twickers Knickers -- as worn by the

best cheer leaders, and exquisitely hand embroidered with the English rose on the front panel. Alas, she would have none of it, and my lovely erotic shirt has gone forever. O tempora and wosname.

(Tsk. We are trying to avoid domestic details from now on, but as I get older I tend to meander away like this and lose the thread until nobody knows what the hell I am talking about. Including me.)

Books. When we got married, and I endowed Sue with The Collection and all the wordly goods, I had a whole roomful of books. Not, perhaps, as many as Langford or A Vincent, but enough to cover all the walls and most of the floor except for the space for the Gestetner.

As Vinny said at the time.....

"Daniel Dare was a lone wolf fan of the ordinary pattern, He'd Nova 'zines and BRE's and a heap of *VargO Statten*. He'd ninety seven pocket books and knew the plot of each. And all the astronautics lore that *Picture Post* could teach."

(It's a long time ago, but I think it was a bit more than 97 pocket books. I admit that I was a disadvantaged child born into one of those dreary poor-but-honest families who didn't even own a complete set of *Astounding*, but you'll get the idea).

Sadly, over the years the territory has been whittled away, and now I'm down to a 6'x6' cubbyhole packed tight with a four-drawer filing cabinet, an L-shaped desk made out of a kitchen table and an old door, the ancient Amstrad and the new Vanilla computer, two printers, a deedbox, eight cartons of fanzines, four boxes of A4 paper, five tiny shelves of books... a partridge in a pear tree... a huge waste-paper basket that needs emptying daily, a chair and me.

There's no room at all for The Collection. Most of it is packed away in cartons in the loft, and the more recent items are housed in four floor-to-ceiling bookcases at the municipal library. No, I'm serious. When we moved to Daventry the library sf/fantasy collection was 3 Heinlein books, two ERBs and a battered copy of *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*.

I changed all that. Daventry now has the finest, most extensive collection of SF and fantasy in

Northamptonshire, and one day they'll put up a statue to me.

After I'd read the original collection -- two days, reading v-e-r-y slowly to make them last -- I remembered that you could reserve books by paying a small fee. The Borough Librarian would buy the book if it wasn't already in stock at any of the Northamptonshire libraries, loan it first to the requestor and then, afterwards, put it on the shelves for anyone else to read. It seemed a pretty good bargain for the tenpence fee for each book.

The desk dragon with the little rubber stamp seemed a bit startled when I handed over two quid and the first twenty request cards. I had to wait whilst she phoned the Head Man in Northampton to check out the rules, but there was nothing to stop me -- or anyone else -- reserving any quantity of books they wish.

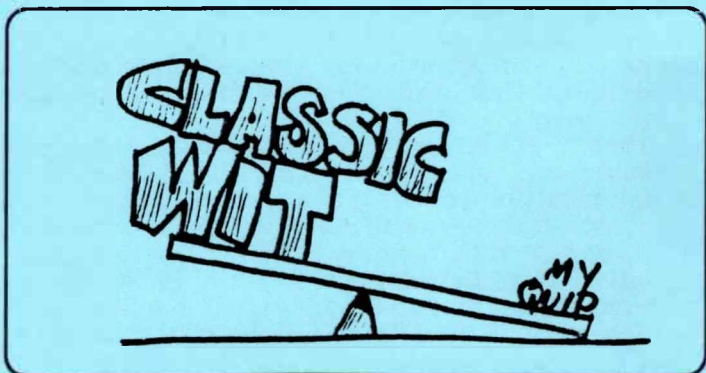
I didn't take advantage. I was careful. I take pride in my Collection. There are no Elron's or Jerry Pournelles and I check out anthologies before requesting them so that there aren't too many duplicates.

Just lately though I've become bored with most SF and sick and tired of elves and dragons and even werewolves. It's not the same old magic that it used to be. We don't have the warring spaceships falling in flames anymore. We don't have Earth maidens in their brass D-cups being ravished by horrid spiders like there used to be.

Perhaps it's me, maybe old age or senility or something, but too many of the current authors, bereft of ideas, seem to have a plot to piss in. I don't think I've reserved any additions to my collection for nearly three months.

Yesterday the dragon gave me a big smile when I told her I'd lost most of my interest in science fiction, and nodded approvingly -- until I told her the sea saga collection -- Our Glorious Heritage -- was disgraceful; a few tattered old Hornblower books and a copy of *Mr Midshipman Easy* -- and could I reserve the Patrick O'Brian novels (these, the Jack Aubrey series, are bloody marvellous, and you should put this tedious crap to one side, run down to your library immediately and hope you don't die before you've finished all twenty of them), and the Sam Llewlyn books for a start.

And, astonishingly, she gave me another smile and pointed tiny printed notice on the desk. The reservation fee is now 50 pence, plus a 19p stamp for the pockmarked they send to you when the book is available.



I said I am an impoverished Old Age Pensioner. I'd have to think about such an expense... all that money extorted from us poverty stricken bibliophiles... there ought to be a law. She nodded at the window where my old impoverished and newly polished Sierra was sparkling in the sun, and gave me another knowing smile with little bits of triumph lurking in the corners of it.

I think it's time Daventry had a new, more understanding librarian. I think D used to be in the trade -- but can you imagine the scathing comments everytime you made a reservation that wasn't for **Performance?**-- but how about a promotion and a transfer for nice Bridget Wilkinson who helped to get me on the Net? We could always put in an extra set of chairs in the Reading Room for the nine "Fans Across The Sea" Bulgarians or whatever, who seem to accompany her everywhere.

Aug 11. And, Oh joy and jubilation! Vincent sent me a copy of his **K5** apazine, hot from the small Pieces of Eight Apa that he belongs to. Lord only knows what the title means but no doubt Vincent will tell us in our next issue. (You've noticed already? DWest sez I should concentrate more on fans and fanzines rather than domestic affairs -- and I am! I am!) Vincent won't forgive me easily but I just can't resist this mysterious quote from Vincent's comments on the July mailing:

"Ken: Re 'Charrisma' Chuck's-surname is Harris. Geddit?"

I don't know who "Ken" is yet, but I will, I will -- and so will you after I've phoned Vinny tonight. I'm hoping it's that legendary neofan, lurking out there on the fringes, with a great big dictionary and a firm conviction that he knows his R's from his elbow, and that there is only one of them in 'charisma.'

You remember him? The one who got hold of a copy of John and Eve Harvey's **Wallbanger** and then wrote in to query why they chose such an odd name for their fanzine? But *who* is this Ken?

Slater? No it can't be. Bulmer? No definitely not. Potter? No, even though he left us for the Jehovah's Witless, his brain could never be that addled. Cheslin?? I don't think so, but how many more Kens are beyond our ken?

(Later) Well, Vinny wasn't exactly eager to tell me (it was just an 'aside', he said), and he won't forgive me easily for telling you, but it was my old, and very very occasional correspondent from a couple of years back, Ken Lake -- who was last heard of swanning around the Far East and sending filthy pidgin words to Hazel's Language Lessons.

But, you know, once the sun fries the cortex they are never quite the same afterwards....

"In Hong Kong they strike a gong, and fire a noonday gun.

To intimidate each inmate who's in late.

In Bengal, to move at all, is seldom, if ever, done.

But mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the noonday sun.

It's a shame, but I wouldn't be in the least surprised to hear that Ken even watches STAR TREK now. And would it help the more in-tellectually challenged members of the audi-ence if I call it C.Harris-ma from now on? ...

BETRAYAL

FROM WITHIN

A CSFL REPORT

Faan Fiction by Tom Springer

For those of you who are unaware of the tremendous historical catastrophe that's befallen the Chicago Science Fiction League in recent weeks, here's a quick summary. It was the weekend before Silvercon 4 when the Vegetable Lobby made its voice heard and the Squash Separatist's Revolt rocked Vegas Fandom to its core. Though only trying to proclaim a brief halt to hotdog consumption and a viable alternative for those undedicated members, the Vegetable Lobby defied CSFL tradition and opted for a trip to the Little Squash, a vegetarian restaurant located on the seedier side of town. With this declaration the zap guns were drawn and bolts of transformed zap juice exploded around the room. Epithets and curses were delivered with the same adrenalized zeal Joyce Katz once called upon to defend herself from the terrible Shrimp Boy, Andy Hooper, and before the last plonker bolt was pulled from the wall we had an uncrossable divide separating the Chicago Science Fiction League and Las Vegas Fandom. (And they called themselves Vegants...)

The Loyalists (so there's no confusion) Arnie, Joyce, Belle, Eric, and myself were left standing victorious in the field of battle as the remaining

contingent of the Vegetable Lobby fled in defeat, demoralized by our superior fire power, tactics, and blatant disregard for broccoll. Being the loyal and dedicated club member that I am I have taken it upon myself to mark that day in the annals of CSFL history as the day that Ken, Aileen, John, Karla, Collette, and Su declared their mediocrity and forever divided themselves from the trufen of the Chicago Science

Fiction League. (That means no more hotdogs for them.) The following is the continuing story of the brave Loyalists and the treacherous and dark forces they are left to defend themselves against, their ranks halved, their spirits saddened, and their zap guns nigh empty.

In the darkening dusk of the CSFL clubhouse parking lot I spied the pale and anxious faces of Eric and Belle as I turned into a space and killed the engine. The chunking untimed staccato of car doors slamming woke me from my post-battle daze as Arnie, Joyce, and myself stumbled down from the gray upholstered interior of my Rodeo; all of us a little more worse



for wear then we let on before the trip. Eric and Belle nodded tight-faced hellos as we glommed into a small hungry group and headed for the doors.

We filed in past the video games and trashcan (with the white bucket half filled with soda and ice, where such was disposed of after dining) to order at the small counter, lining up in hungry anticipation. Arnie and Joyce ordered their usual dogs and basket of fries with sodas, the short dopey looking kid with hair in his eyes behind the counter scribbled illegible swirls trying to keep up, and Arnie had to repeat his order several times before the kid got it right. Eric stepped up to order and had the same difficulty, only lessened by the fact that Belle and himself were having but one dog each. Which decreased the size of the order and the amount of writing the dumb nit had to endure. It seemed to be quite a chore for him to write down *1 Coney Dog, 1 Jordan Dog, 1 Large Fries, and 2 medium Cokes.*

I didn't want to stress him out so I spoke slowly and clearly, being sure to patiently enunciate each word. This seemed to work and I gave him enough time between items to slowly crib the order on his pad: *1 Corn Dog, 1 Gyro, 1 Large Fries, 1 Large Coke.* (I was hungry.) Reading the order upside down I was happy to see it was all there. He looked up at me, smiling proudly at his accomplishment, and was admirably quick at stamping my membership card two confident blows with his rubber stamp. (I was only two trips away from a free frank.)

Six dollars and change soon found me translocated across the clubhouse and seated at the table with the rest of my compatriots.

"Huh," I grunted, "I'm more tired than I thought."

"Yeah, I know, me too," Joyce admitted, rubbing the blister forming on her trigger finger.

"I feel fine," Arnie said. We ignored him, preferring instead to wallow in our post-battle induced self-pity.

"My arm's sore," Belle complained.

Eric massaged it gently. "What happened?" he asked.

"I think I pulled a muscle lifting that fanzine I was using to protect myself."

"What was it?" Arnie asked.

"A Lan's Lantern," she replied.

"Well that explains it. You probably shouldn't lift anything very heavy for a while," Joyce advised. They nodded glumly and held hands for a while.

"What do you think's gonna happen now?" I asked, sliding a squeeze bottle of ketchup back and forth between my hands on the slick, cool formica.

"These next few weeks are going to be difficult," Arnie replied, "we're going to have to set an example for those fen who missed tonight's action. We have to show them our solidarity, show them we're still Chicago Science Fiction League fans, and that we're not afraid."

"And that they shouldn't be afraid either," Joyce added, "not of those vegetable freaks."

"Now, now, honey," Arnie soothed, patting her hand, "you shouldn't be so hard on them. They've just strayed from the path. They know not what they do."

"They knew enough to come armed to the Vagrant meeting," I supplied.

"You'll notice Ken was the only one to have a zap gun," Joyce pointed out.

"Why would he be carrying a zap gun?" Eric asked.

"Because he knew there was going to be trouble,"

Joyce answered him.

Amidst this conversation the savant from behind the counter brought Arnie and Joyce's order and our drinks. Everyone picked at their fries while waiting for the other orders.

"That's not like Ken," Belle said.

"No, it's not," Joyce mused.

Arnie twirled a fry before him between thumb and forefinger, head cocked as if in thought, his dog untouched before him. "It's as if, as if..." and let the sentence die stillborn on his tongue.

"As if what?" Eric asked.

"As if, as if..." Arnie continued, oblivious to the rest of us.

Joyce looked over at him appraisingly. "He's thinking," she informed us. We nodded in anticipation.

"As if, as if..."

"As if he planned it all along?" Eric asked.

Arnie shook his head. "As if, as if..."

"As if he really wanted to eat vegetarian?" Belle tried.

Arnie kept shaking his head. "As if, as if..."

"As if he was acting under someone else's control?" Joyce suggested.

"Exactly!" Arnie shouted, slapping his hand against the table. "Whack!"

"Exactly, as if someone had taken control of Ken's mind and body, without regard for his own safety or mental well being." Arnie stated, chewing on his pre-twirled fry. He seemed to like them that way.

"It sounds as if you're talking about Aileen," I said.

"That's not inconceivable."

"It wouldn't be the first time," I added.

"No, from where I was sitting she seemed to be pretty busy doing her own thing," Belle supplied. Eric nodded, confirming her observation.

We looked around at each other, quiet and maybe a little scared. The kid brought out Belle and Eric's order on a tray than shuffled back to the counter. We remained silent until the kitchen door swung shut behind him.

"If it wasn't Aileen, who was it?" I asked.

"Who would stand to gain from taking over Ken's body and trying to assassinate us?" Joyce wondered, lifting her dog for a chomp.

Arnie chewed, deep in thought, one fry twirling. Belle and Eric heaved to and began the enjoyable experience of devouring their dogs. I looked over at the counter but the help was no where in sight. I could hear them in the kitchen though, talking loudly over the radio, which was advertising "Sleepless in Seattle" for VideoTyme. Turning back I watched, dogless, as my friends and compatriots consumed their franks. I was getting hungry.

"Where's your food?" Joyce asked on cue.

"I don't know but I'm getting hungry," I answered.

"Who would stand to gain from taking over Ken's body and trying to assassinate us?" Arnie mused to himself, again twirling a fry.

Joyce looked over at him. "Arnie, what are you thinking?"

Belle and Eric and I looked over at him expectantly.

"I'm not thinking, I'm suspecting," he said, quickly gobbling his fry and taking another bite out of his almost-gone Krautdog. "I'm suspecting that it must be some sort of out of town fan who would be interested in seeing us done in."

"Then it must be Andy Hooper!" Eric said triumphantly. Belle hugged him a congratulations.

"Andy's the obvious suspect," Joyce said, holding up a finger to stop the celebration "but this really isn't his style. I mean, look. Andy's still a Shrimp Brother, even though I defeated him he's still co-founder of a far-reaching intercontinental conglomerate of shellfish gobblers. Mind control just isn't his style."

"How do you explain Victor Gonzalez?" I chirped.

She ignored me and continued, "I can see him sending some mussel to rough us up, or maybe even an abalone assassin or something like that, but mind control seems a stretch for those two."

"Joyce is right. Andy and Dan just don't have the technology or necessary know-how to take over Ken's mind, as easy as it may seem. It's someone else. Someone close to Ken, someone he's been talking or corresponding with on a regular basis." Arnle surmised, finishing off his dog and dabbing his mustache.

I looked around for my food. Nothing. I got up and walked over to the counter. "Hey! You in the back! Hey!"

No-brain ambled up to the counter. "Can I help you?"

"You could, by giving me my food."

"What?" he asked, tossing his hair.

"My food. Where is it? I ordered it a half hour ago but I've yet to see it."

"Oh, just a minute." And he wandered back into the kitchen. I looked over at my friends who were deep in conspiratorial thought and wondered to myself. "Who could it be? Who's Ken been corresponding with lately? Who?"

"Here you go, dude, sorry about that."

"What?"

"Here's your food, man. You ordered this, right?" Butthead inquired.

I took my food and carried it over to the table, still thinking, "Who?"

"It's gotta be a woman," Belle stated.

"How do you figure?" Eric asked.

"Well, we are talking about Ken here. He's a sucker for a pretty face or a husky voice. We all know what Ken's like. He wouldn't spend time everyday talking to a guy," she explained "when he could be putting the make on a girl. He's just not like that."

We all nodded agreement.

"She's right," Arnle confirmed. "Can any of you imagine Ken letting a man get that close to him."

We all stared at him.

He tried again. "Well, can you imagine Ken ever saying no to a pretty face?"

We shook our heads. Mine had a Corndog sticking out of it and I shook it too. Belle's statement and Arnle's irrefutable logic convinced me, and apparently everyone else, bringing us one step closer to those responsible for so violently dividing the Chicago Science Fiction League.

"So it's a female out of town fan," Joyce said.

"It's gotta be a fanzine fan," I added. "cause he's always on his computer. E-mail, the Internet, that's

where it's happening."

"Your right," Arnle said "he's talking to an out of town female fan over the Internet. Now, who could it be?"

"It could be anyone; Vijay Bowen, Jeanne Mealy, Janice Elsen..." Joyce ticked them off on her fingers "...Michelle Lyons, Jeanne Bowman, Lucy Huntzinger, Avedon Carol, Lynn Steffan, and the list goes on. Shall I continue?"

"No, we need to narrow it down." Arnle said, watching me with interest as I bit into my Gyro. It didn't taste right. "What's wrong?"

"It's awful," I replied, spitting the crunchy pita and lamb onto the plate. "It's like eating pita flavored crackers with a bit of gristle added for taste."

We sat silently contemplating this new problem.

"Can you eat it?" Eric wondered allowed.

Belle looked disdainfully over at my plate, "The question is does he want to eat it?"

"No to both," I answered, standing up. "I'm going to complain."

They looked at me wonderingly.

Arnle pulled out a notepad and began jotting down notes. Joyce leaned over and pulled her zap gun out of her back pocket. "Here, you might need this," she offered, holding up her butt warmed zap gun, ready to help me in yet another Chicago Science Fiction League fist. Two in one day. Amazing.

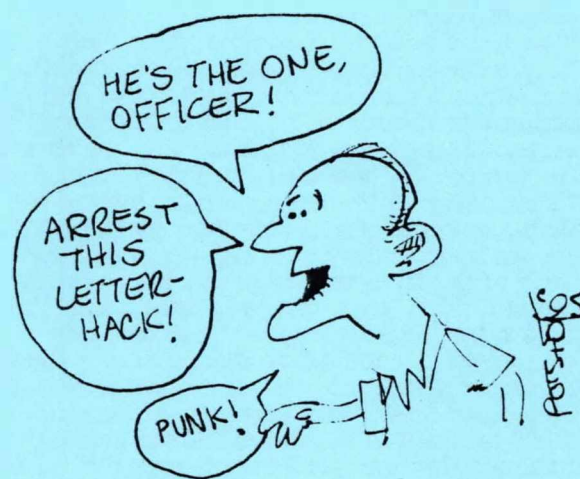
"Thanks Joyce, but no thanks, I'll take this instead," and suiting actions to words, I picked up the plastic ketchup squirt bottle in one hand, my plate of pita and gristle in the other, and slowly approached the counter. I felt grim. And hungry.

I let the plate clatter to the counter and held my bottle of ketchup out of sight. "Hey! You back there?" I called. Moments passed and Buttbrain appeared.

"Yeah?"

"I can't eat this."

"So?"



"What do you mean so?" I asked, hand tightening around the soft plastic bottle.

"So what am I supposed to do?"

"You're supposed to make things right."

"Whattya mean?"

I slammed the ketchup bottle on the counter hard enough to send a spray of red goop to splatter against the ceiling. "Hunh!" he jumped.

I leaned over and looked him in the eye, one hand firmly gripped around the squeeze bottle while the other dug in my back pocket.

He held up his hands and slowly backed up. "Hey man, I didn't do nothin'! It was the cook, he did it!"

I plopped my wallet on the counter and flipped it open. He backed up against the wall, hands up, shaking his head. I pulled out my Chicago Science Fiction League Official Membership Card. I motioned to him with the ketchup bottle. "Come here."

He stepped forward, keeping his hands in plane sight. "Wh-wh-what?" (Such is the power of a righteous and hungry trufan.)

I turned my card over. "Stamp this."

He picked up the rubber stamp and rolled it in the ink pad, his eyes darting up to look at me. He licked his lips.

"Don't try anything," I smiled warningly, brandishing the bottle. Ketchup began to drip from the ceiling on to the cash register.

He licked his lips again and carefully pressed the stamp against my card. "Again," I ordered. He complied. After stamping my card out I stepped back from the counter to watch the ketchup drip onto the plastic covered keys of the register. He put the stamp down and pulled a dirty white towel from his belt.

"Is everything cool now?" he asked, numbly watching the red goop drip.

"Yean," I said "for now."

Back at the table I was met with silence as Joyce surreptitiously tucked her zap gun back in her pocket and I sat down again, sliding my card into my wallet and closing it up. Both Belle and Eric smiled as I slurped from my Coke. Arnie finished what he was writing and put his notepad away.

"Well done," he said.

"Thank you."

"I hate it when that happens," Eric said.

"I hate the fact that we still don't know who took control of Ken and tried to off us," Joyce replied, grumping her shoulders forward and looking down at the table. "Things can't continue the way they are. Silvercon 4 is next week, Las Vegas Fanzine Fandom is divided between the Vegetable Lobby and the Loyalists, someone's opportunistically taking control of Ken, we have about thirty friends coming into town unaware of the danger they're placing themselves in, and we still don't know who's behind it all." She kicked a table leg and made our sodas jump.

We looked at each other, sitting before the remains of our dinner, alone and not even completely secure in our own clubhouse. Pita and gristle, indeed!

"We'll find out at Silvercon," Arnie advised "that's what friends are for. We'll enlist the aid of several of our friends..."

"Except for card carrying members of the Intergalactic Brotherhood of Shellfish Gobblers," I interrupted, "they're not to be trusted."

"...and get to the bottom of this," Arnie continued

unperturbed. "We can do it with their help, and maybe even get in touch with Andre Kassino..."

"Who?" Eric asked.

"Hmm? What?" Arnie awoke from his reverie.

"Who?" Eric repeated.

"Oh, nobody you know. Yet."

"What're we going to do in the meantime," Joyce asked, standing up and shouldering her purse "what are we going to do until Silvercon?"

Arnie lurched to his feet and bumped against the table as he slid out of the corner. "We'll have to watch each other's backs. We shouldn't travel alone anymore, nor attend any Snaffu functions without a buddy, and even then you gotta be careful. I'm sure word's not out yet, but the Separatists are going to be gunning for us, you can count on that."

"There're still a few faneds out there who haven't chosen sides yet, what about them? What about Ross and Joy-Lynd, Ben and Cathi, Ray and Marcy, and the rest, what about them?" Belle asked plaintively.

Arnie twirled his mustache with the same flair and technique as if it were a French fry. "We'll have to get in touch with them immediately, tell them what happened and let them make their own decisions."

"We're gonna have to hold things together until Silvercon," Joyce said, opening the door for us as we filed out into the moonless night.

"And we're going to have to keep an eye open for anything strange, and we shouldn't be surprised if it originates from Ken," Arnie advised.

"That's true, he can't be blamed for his actions. He's a victim."

"Just like us," I added grimly, keying my alarm and unlocking the doors. I turned to Belle and gave her a hug. "Take care," I whispered in her ear. She nodded into my shoulder and when she stepped back I could feel a cool wetness on my neck. Her eyes listened but she kept a stiff lower lip.

"Take care of her, now," I said to Eric, lightly slapping him on the back. He ducked his head in acknowledgment and put his arm around her. They said their good-byes to Joyce and Arnie, climbed into their pick-up truck, and slipped out of the parking lot and into the city.

Arnie, Joyce, and I traded glances as we stood outside my Rodeo after having watched them drive away. I shook my head and climbed in. They followed suit. "So, who do you think it is?" I asked them, backing out of the stall.

"I don't know," Arnie said from the backseat, "but whoever's controlling Ken will have to reveal themselves to us sooner or later, either in person, in writing, or through the actions of the remote controlled Ken, but they will."

"And when they do?" Joyce asked, turning in her seat.

"Then they'll know the wrath and fury of Las Vegas Fanzine Fandom and the Chicago Science Fiction League!" he declared, smashing his fist into the palm of his head. In the rearview mirror I saw him briefly rub his hand, grimacing, then he pulled out his notepad and scribbled something down.

"At the very least," I thought to myself, turning out of the parking lot and merging with traffic "every fanzine fan and faned out there is going to know about this."

To Be Continued Next Ish!

Walt Willis

32 Warren Road, Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT 21 OPD

Thank you for **Wild Heirs #9, Wild Heirs Party Time** and the **Trufan's Advisor**. It's a really impressive collection.

Your poignant appeal for egoboo for your young fans did not go unnoticed. Can I say here and now that everyone concerned with these publications deserves special praise, down to the most humble collator. I have noted with admiration the flawless collation of my own copy, the way each page follows the previous one in the correct order and the right way round. It is not too much to say that without such brilliant collation the fanzine would have been much inferior, if not downright unreadable.

Arnie's piece about fuggheads reminds me of the efforts of Irish Fandom to keep itself from invasion by uncongenial interlopers. Unusually they were dealt with by lending them books: there would almost invariably come a time when they stopped visiting us rather than return the books. There was one exception: a lady who not only believed in fairies but wrote poems about them. She was dealt with by Madeleine taking her to the movies on fan nights, a piece of self sacrifice on Madeleine's part reminiscent of that of Captain Oates during Scott's last Antarctic expedition.

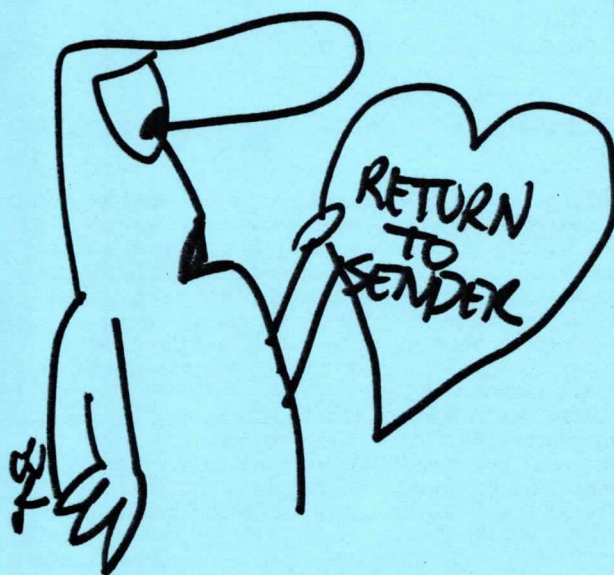
{{**Tom:** I'm afraid we don't have a fearless stalwart like Madeleine to relieve us of the uncongenial, but Arnie's house is just big enough that I can usually scabble away to an unoccupied corner. Unfortunately the Katz's have a social every month that is the well from which emerges (but only on occasion) the worst Vegas has to offer. I don't believe your book strategy would work on them. Any suggestions, or should I continue with my run-and-hide tactics?. No fairy lovers here, but enough Tarot dabblers to field a cricket team. Well, we've got one guy light in the shoes but I haven't seen any wings yet.}}

{{**Ross:** I'm sorry, but I'd have to be desperate indeed to give up any of my books, even, or perhaps especially, to people I'm trying to get out of my life. The concept curdles my soul...}}

{{**Ken:** I'm always torn between my natural revulsion to fuggheads and my goodnatured desire to welcome new people into our local club. While I'm sure you, Walt, (and Tom and Arnie) were wonderful neos, full of promise and desire, but I did a lot of *really* stupid, nay fuggheaded things when I first found fandom. I'm just glad that no one sent me off on the Antarctic (or forced me to listen to Vogon poetry). Besides, some of my best fanzine stuff comes from writing about some of the fuggheads I have known.}}

{{**Alleen:** This is where being female seems to come in handy. Most fuggheads seem to be incapable of resisting the heavy-handed come-on and this gives me an excellent excuse to avoid, berate, hiss at or even harm the male of the fugghead species. The female fugghead is less common (only because there are fewer femfans than male fans) and it's up to you guys to get rid of them.}}

Conducted by
Tom Springer
with a little help
from the Vegnants



WILDER MAIL

Chuck's column was all good stuff.

Ross and Joy-Lynd Chamberlain's article was moving indeed. (Incidentally, I keep wondering how does one manage to acquire a hyphenated first name? It's a status symbol which is new to me.) It reminds me uncomfortably of the problems we'll face with our own projected move, the main difference being the extent to which restaurants figure in the arrangements. This seems to me a very American feature.

[[**Ross:** Joy-Lynd acquired her hyphenated first name by means of diligence, perseverance and tenacity. It's true. When I first met her she was known as she was born and christened, Joy Sennet. But as the years passed, she grew tired of the inevitable witty responses on being introduced -- "Joy to the World" being the most prevalent. (Even now, as we move into the holiday season, though she loves most Christmas carols, that one is a lesser favorite.) This became especially noxious at about the time I first met her, when she roomed with someone named Grace. The wordplay abounded. A few years later, she began writing for a local newsletter under the pseudonym Lynd James, choosing the first name after a combination of youthful friends -- Joy Lindsey, whom she was close to in high school, and a later friend, Lynd Howland. I don't know whence the James.

It was several years after that that she finally had had enough and, deciding she was worth more than a single syllable, chose Lynd as a middle name and requested that everyone call her by both names. This met with considerable resistance from many who'd known her just as Joy, including me, and others who just found it a mouthful, so she added the hyphen to indicate that it was all one name. This still meets with resistance, but she is adamant and, if someone persists in just calling her Joy after being advised of her preference, she refuses to respond to them.

She was a little surprised that you think that a hyphenated first name is unusual, however. Perhaps it is more common in the States, where it's something of a phenomenon in the rural South.

As to the American incidence of incorporating restaurants in the process of moving, it seems to me a logical alternative to preparing meals while everything one owns is packed in boxes or otherwise stowed and inaccessible.}}

Tammy Funk's article was well written, a little gem.

[[**Tammy:** If it *were* a gem (thanks for the fine compliment!) I think it would be a fuzzy-legged arthropod sealed in an amber pendant. Tom has been rather gracious about my article, but only because he knows that it is all too true -- shudder, tremble! The horror!}}

So was Ray Waldie's piece, which is unexpectedly moving.

Both those apply to Joyce's installment. It was quite a surprise to find she has Indian blood. I am impressed.

I was mystified by your reference to edible panties in your comment on Teddy Harvia's letter, until I realised it probably belongs to Sid Birchby's letter. Right?

Wild Heirs Party Time was sheer joy, especially the bits about Joyce and KTF reviews, and the conclusion.

The Trufan's Advisor seemed to me a wholly admirable publication, well written and useful.

SKEL

25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire, SR2 5NW, England.

I feel odd starting a LoC on **Wild Heirs**. Does the President feel like this when he's addressing the Nation? You know what I mean, totally outnumbered? I've always thought that one of the attractions of a LoC is that the writer is elevated for the brief spell of the writing, he's one-on-one with the editor, equal speaking unto equal.

But yours is that unique entity, a fanzine whose editorial board might even outnumber its mailing list. Perhaps this odd feeling of inadequacy might explain why I wrote such a nerdy LoC last time. Certainly something must.

[[**Arnie:** You could think of writing a letter to WH as being like going to a party with Las Vegrants. No need to feel outnumbered when you're among friends.}}

However, undaunted I rush to the typer this time triggered by Laurie Yates' remark "It's amazing how one small project (painting the house) can lead to so many others". Disingenuous Bitch! Bill has my sympathies. I know whereof I speak. Cas is also a 5th Dan at "Oh, by the way, why don't we..." 'Obidewa Wydontwi', a little known Oriental discipline in which the husband's belief that he can "fix things up" is used against him. In a way it's kinda like stereo systems. Remember when we were all shit poor and trying to put music systems together on a totally inadequate budget? I do. Why, it seems like only this morning. Hang on, it was this morning! You'd pass the store, and there in the window, under the big red 'SALE' sign was an amplifier going for \$3, a few €, and half a cup of navel fluff... and you'd say "Shit, that's a bargain, and better than the one I'm using!"... the sad thing being that it really was. So you'd buy it, plug it in, and announce proudly to your wife "You remember I said I thought there might be something wrong with the pickup arm? Well now you can hear the fault quite clearly!" It was an inevitable consequence of the approach. There was always one component of the system inferior to all the others, the replacement of which would point the accusing auditory finger at the new low-man-on-the-totem-pole.

[[**Aileen:** Hey! This sounds familiar! I had no idea that there were other couples out there skilled in the same arts that Ken and I practice. In our case, we tend to make it a holiday thing. As Ken puts it, in decades hence our grandnephews will ask us "What did you and GreatAunt Aileen do for Thanksgiving in the old days?" and Ken will say in an ancient and creaky voice, "Well, Bobby, your aunt and I would get a hair up our butts and rearrange all the furniture and paint." Actually, I've been lamenting the truism that when you have time for home repairs or redecoration (i.e. when you're unemployed) you can't afford it and when you can afford it you haven't time to do it, and if you wait until you can afford to pay someone else to do it, your home has deteriorated into rubble.}}

Homes work the same way, and Cas has been practicing 'Obidewa Wydontwi' on me here for over 20 years. I of course am a master of 'Oogivza Jit', this

traditional domestic response, but 20+ years can wear down even the best defense and the fact is that there is now only one room in our house that would be significantly improved by tossing a hand-grenade in and closing the door -- my den, wherein I am even now typing these words. I am thinking of taking up Zen.

"I think your den needs redecorating and remodeling!"

"Zen why don't you fucking-well do it?"

{{Aileen: Reminds me of my Yoga classes, where my mantra was "Ooommm -y back! Ooommmm -y knees!!}}

The problem is, she would, or at least enough to make it non-functional, at which point I'd have to get involved to save my sanity. The thing is I have to admit it looks very, very tatty. But it works! It's very small -- just under 10 feet by 7' feet square, with a 2' x 3' chunk out of one corner. Every wall though is utilised for maximum storage space and if you exclude the floorspace required for the typing chair, the 'guest' chair, and the floorspace required to open cupboard doors and drawers, or the bit of space necessary to actually walk into the room, I think there is a 12" x 18" patch of floor space that serves no useful function.

She's right of course, it could be smartened up no end. But by the time you've chucked out half the stuff that would then be out of place it would be only half as useful. You have to go with what works for you, which brings me to Andy Hooper's comments in **Apparatchik**, and Arnie's comments on same. I have pubbed my ish via mimeography, and I have pubbed it via Xerox. I gave my mimeo away to Alan Dorey. Well actually I 'loaned' it to him, along with the electric typewriter I'd always used to cut SFD's stencils, but made it plain that if he ever tried to return the equipment the representatives of a certain Italian fan organization ('Mimeographers And Faneditors Internationale Associazione') would be happy to discuss the matter at length with his kneecaps.

Yes it is true that you publish every bit as frequently as Andy does... but then you are a multitude. Andy isn't (Christ! I hope he isn't!). In order for there to be **APPARATCHIK** there must be Kinkos. In order for there to be Wild Heirs there must be more coeditors than could dance on the head of Ross Chamberlain's graphics program. But whichever path you tread, you are both totally responsible for your finished 'product', and if your "repro leaves something to be desired" (a failing I must say I hadn't noticed) then Andy is every bit as entitled to voice that opinion as anyone else. We must be prepared to accept different approaches just as we accept Ken Foreman's (and Joyce Katz's) "beverage snobbery". To Ken's "what does he mean by a 'bad' soft drink?" I'd instinctively have replied "Any soft drink", but the recent long hot summer here has made me appreciate what some of you folk go through year in and year out. Of course my soft drink of choice is 'Shandy', the one that attempts to taste like a mix of beer and lemonade. It fails of course, but comes close enough in that some element of the beer's 'bitterness' is captured, which is vastly superior to every other soft drink which invariably are cloyingly sweet in comparison or, in the case of Dr. Pepper, like drinking Germolene ointment.

{{Ken: I can't say I know what 'Germolene ointment' is.

but it sounds like it tastes especially nasty. It's a common myth, here in the states, that Dr. Pepper is little more than carbonated prune juice. While my taste buds agree with this description, I had a chance to experiment, once when I ran a fast food restaurant in Phoenix Arizona, with a soda machine. I discovered that by mixing equal parts of cola (Pepsi, in this case) and root beer and adding a touch of cherry favoring, I could produce a drink almost indistinguishable from Dr. Pepper.

As long as we're on the subject of culinary concoctions, Aileen and I are getting a reputation for presenting weird foods at our parties. I don't think we really deserve such a reputation, I mean, at our last two Hallowe'en parties, people commented about the Jell-O we served. How can you get more innocuous than Jell-O? Just because it had solidified in a brain-shaped mold and we used our (now infamous) brain-matter grey Jell-O recipe (hey, at least it was peach *flavored*), I don't think our friends need to be squeamish when dining at our house. Maybe next year I'll fill the inside of the dish with grenadine so that it'll bleed when we cut into it.}}

{{Ross: Hmph! Ever since I discovered Dr. Pepper in my youth I have considered it a favorite beverage -- despite the rumors concerning prune juice. It wasn't my top favorite carbonated beverage of all time, which I reserve to the now long-defunct Nehi's Blue Creme, but I remember drinking it practically by the case when I was in my pre- and early teens. Now that I've lost my taste for sugary pop, I regularly drink the diet version with pleasure.}}

But whoa! I'm becoming nerdy again. By way of defense let me say that this weekend I am right in the middle of a streaming cold, so that more than 50% of my concentration is devoted to trying not to drip on the keyboard whilst the remainder is like some deaf sheepdog trying to round up a flock of comments in response to the increasingly demented whistling of a brain wandering around in circles.

Oh, you'd guessed!

Pete Graham

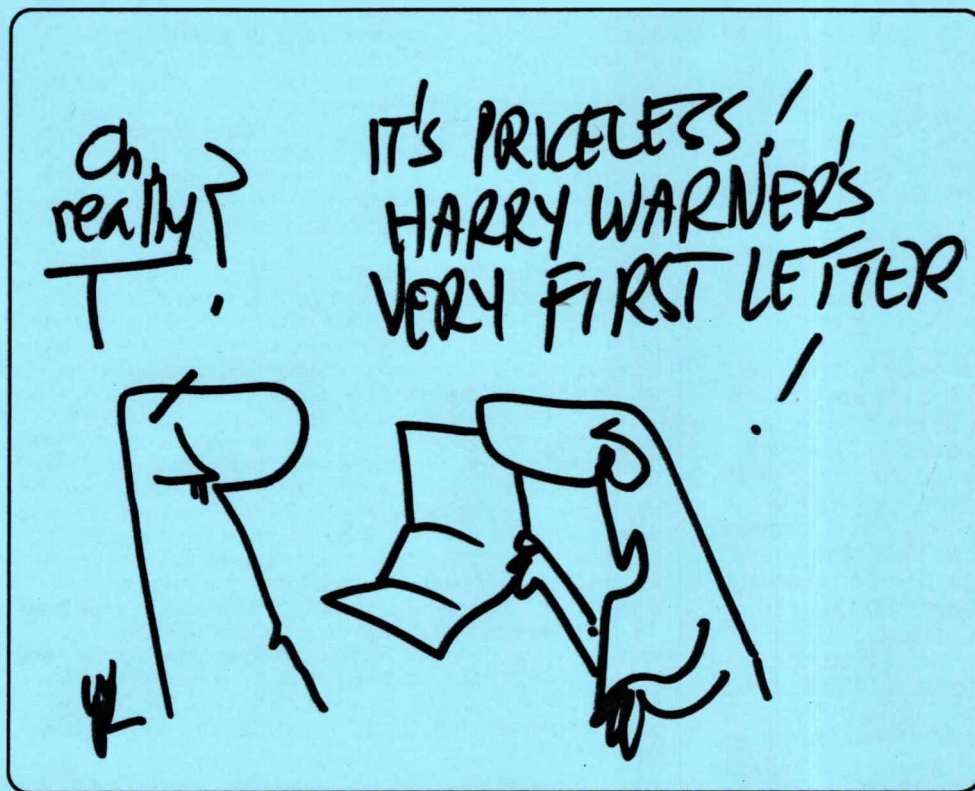
123 W. Grandview Ave., Edison, NJ 08837 (CoA)

My first letter of comment in a couple of decades is to thank you for sending the several issues of WH and its various supplements. I haven't figured out the relationships yet (between the supplements but also between the people) but it all seems very intriguing.

I found myself bemused by the piece of AK's talking about fans from the 70s returning now; and in the same issue pieces by Bob Tucker, Chuch Harris and Ray Nelson, all well established when I found myself on the scene in 1951 (Well maybe Chuch was a little later).

Ray Nelson's piece reminded me of how confessional fannish prose has often been; not like *this* in the 1950s, I assure you, but in the same vein. It was a serious and interesting piece, and I wish Ray luck in working it out. My first take on his case is that he never found himself around intellectuals at earlier ages, for much of what he describes I think could be attributed less to gender issues than to reflection and good sense.

I find myself in the amazing coincidental timewarp of being about to go to Northern Ireland just as I start seeing WAW's name in fmz again. I had already planned to contact him to see if Lew (my wife) and I could visit; I was interested to see he was apparently thinking of moving. I last visited him in 1965, at 32



Warren Road not many years after he'd moved from the Newtownards road of fabled memory. I free-wheeled up and over the brow of the coastal hill onto his front lawn where he and Madeleine and Terry and Carol Carr were gazing at the sea, as we had arranged to meet there at the terminus of that part of my bicycling around the Antrim Coast Road. It was a lovely time.

Then this past summer I have been reading the very good biography of the poet Philip Larkin by Andrew Motion, as well as his collected letters. One of the letters responds to a question as to whether he ever met Willis during his work at the Queen's University Library in Belfast; no, he says, but he did hear something of *Slant*. Interesting to see worlds intersect. In any case I expect to be in Belfast and Donaghadee in very late November, and I hope Walter and Madeleine will be able to receive us.

((Ken: If you and your wife ever find yourselves traveling west across the country (instead of east across the ocean), please feel free to stop by this fantasyland called Las Vegas and visit the Vegrants.))

Let me add (if this LOC isn't too long already for you) that I'd like to say hello to people whom I used to know in fandom. To my great surprise, it seems a large number of them are still around, all readers of your mag. Well, good for you. (Could you put the email addresses on the locs as well as the USMail ones?)

I note from Steve Jeffery's letter that Chuch Harris apparently stole Oscar Wilde's line about Balliol College and applied it to Reading Station ("c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas le gare"). Oh well -- chacun a son ghù.

Which is about as far as I want to go in *this* reincarnation. Can I really order a copy of *The*

Incompleat Burbee reprint? I still remember the frenetic weeks of mimeo'ing the original, which of course I no longer have. We did one long section two-sided but had it out of synch (even-numbered rectos instead of odd) and had to do yards of it over again, as I recall.

Mike Palisano

2 Rock Ridge Dr., Norwalk, CT 06854

As a fellow fanzine person, I would like to take a moment to tell you who I am, being a stranger in a strange place. I come from the alternate reality known as electronic gaming fandom. A strange place, where sercon is an abomination and everyone is a neo, at least by your standards. Oh and the history of the fandom is quite short (having been in existence for less than 5 years.. A blip on the screen in the history of your fandom.) I used to publish a fanzine called the *Laser*, but it had become respectable and well-known... I HAD to kill it before those attributes rubbed off

on me. But enough about my boring ol' Zine.

I bet you wanna know what I thought, Especially you Arnie who threatened me for a Loc over the phone. So what did I think of *Wild Heirs 10* and *Heirlooms 2*? I'm not telling you! Too bad! I have my opinions, but I'm not sharing them! I prefer to lurk at the fringes of all fandoms as a man of mystery, writing things down in my secret diary for publication only long after I am dead. (The other faneds would kill me if they knew what I really thought of them...the little backstabbing, illiterate, sneaky, weasel-eyed, coke-sniffing %\$@#s!)

Ok, Ok, stop twisting my arm.. I'll tell you what I thought already, now get your husband's foot off my back Joyce!

That's better.

Wild Heirs:

The concept of a fanzine about fandom is an interesting idea. The idea seems a little strange until you actually read the thing. Of course I didn't understand half of it. Maybe I should pepper my 'zine with references to obscure 'zines. Vague rants was pretty silly and serious, a nice interplay between the 60 or so editors, I almost got lost. It sounds like somebody is having goofy fun there. On the subject of goofy fun, you ever try feeding your dog Skippy and Hellman's? But if you really want people to think your crazy, try making Chinese Rice Krispy treats. It's exactly the same as mom used to make except you substitute gooey marshmallows with gooey duck sauce. I guarantee you'll have the whole tray to yourself. Wash it down with some tangy Mr. Pibb... do they even still make that, anymore? Well, If you can't find any some Schweppes Dry Ginger Ale will be just as good. I won't gross anyone out with my special Tartar Sauce treats..besides the kids who thought they were getting regular Kit Kats last night will be throwing up 'til Thanksgiving!

A Tom with no ease: let's see them bozos try eating raw Tartar sauce hidden inside Kit Kats...Maybe they should pour barbecue sauce on their salads. They will agree that it sure tastes better with Cod! I actually had a conversation with a vegetarian faned the other week, I will paraphrase it:

Me: "I just had a big juicy hamburger..."

Him: "Oooh, that's SO gross, eating meat, gross!"

Me: "So, you don't eat meat?"

Him: "No, I Can't stand what they do to the poor animals"

Me: "Will you eat Milk or Cheese?"

Him: "No, But I like Turkey sometimes..."

Me: "I'm sure the turkey likes being shoved into a grinder just as much as a cow does!"

Him: "I never thought about that."

Me: "*sigh* maybe you should..."

After reading "The stupidest man I know," I feel bad for Ken Forman, he should hang around a better class of people anyhow, not the vagrants he's been palling with :) Oh yes... Arnie's Ruminations was kind of interesting, but what makes him so sure he can suck Young fans into his fandom....What makes him so

sure youngfans like me will give up on our current hobbies anyhow? Like it's so easy to see through professional wrestling...most folks don't outgrow that until they hit 40 or so... if ever!

Hold on... just now, as I was re-reading Arnie's thing for the Loc it hit me like a bolt of lightning. The truth was suddenly, irrevocably uncovered, never to be hidden from view again...I suddenly realize why he started reviewing EG zines in the prozines... It's all part of a grand plan to trap all of us in fandom fandom. It's all a grand scheme, a secret conspiracy, a master plan... NOW it starts makes sense. Hmmmm..... suffice it to say that I will view all his moves in fandom with suspicious eyes from now on...

[[Ken: A-ha, another neo catches on to Mssr. Katz' Master Plan. Quake with fear, Mike. Arnie's plan is even more insidious than even those of us in the know can know. You, my friend, are only experiencing the Phase III of The Plan. When he gets around to Phase XXIV, look out.]]

I can't believe I've been writing this for an hour already, so to wrap it up, I enjoyed most of the issue even though I couldn't understand parts of it. Bob Tucker's stuff in Heirlooms was really fascinating: Beard mumblings was fascinating, but It was confusing to a neo like me, maybe next ish, you could make it clearer when the original article ends and the commentary begins? I enjoyed reading something from another fandom from long ago, but I'm running short and I'll have to go into it in depth some other time.

Thanks for sending the ish and I look forward to the next one.

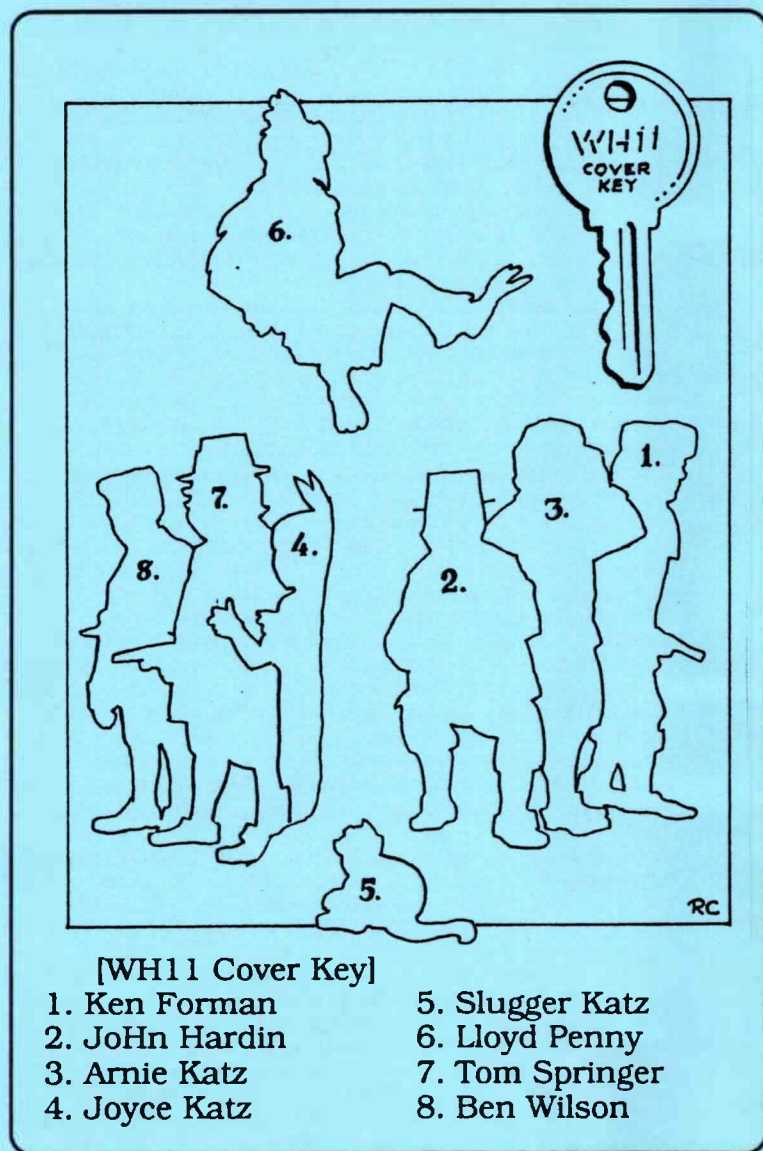
[[Aileen: Wow, Mike. If you talk as manically as you write, I'm standing out of spit-range. Also, there's no need to be paranoid. According to Arnie, fanzine fandom is the final stop and ultimate destination of the SF fan, sort of that hammock-in-the-shade-with-a-cold-drink-of-choice-and-a-light-breeze-on-a-warm-summer-day type of fanac. That doesn't mean that you can't occasionally get up and read, flk, con, game, cartoon, etc. but that hammock sure looks good...]]

Robert Lichtman

PO Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442-

I'm getting better at this monthly fanzine thing. **Wild Heirs** Nos. 10 and 10.5 arrived the day before yesterday and are already completely read. I guess there's still hope if an oldphart like me can manage to keep up with a monthly fanzine. And a biweekly fanzine, too—I usually manage to write Hoop every second or third issue. Of course, all this could be avoidance maneuvers to put off writing fanzine reviews, something I've been asked to do.

Maybe he hasn't been around to get on all the wrong lists, but Ken Forman's musing, "Will we see a sort of fannish junk-mail?" has long since come to pass. And an odd mix of stuff it is, too. I don't get fliers from the types of cons Ken mentions (Trek, comics and furry cons) — and I don't regard the con fliers I do receive as junk, strictly speaking, since they're from "our" part of fandom (Wiscon, Orycon, etc.). But at least once a



month I get a catalogue from some hopeful seller of first- and second-hand volumes of sf and allied subjects, as well as an offer to sell mass quantities of plastic bags of all sizes at allegedly incredibly low prices. In addition, it seems that at least a few times a year I'm asked to become a subscriber to some newsstand mag "about" science fiction or to put out big bucks for special leather-bound editions of "sci-fi classics." (These latter usually come with business reply envelopes or cards, so at least I can help the post office keep going by returning them to sender, who get to pay double postage plus a fee for the privilege.) And for over five years, I received thick quarterly catalogues and ordering forms from a company specializing in filk music recordings. Those never made it further than the Glen Ellen post office's trash bins. So, fannish junk mail. Been there, had that.

((Aileen: So has Ken, but he has such a delightful attitude and is so cheery that he views such fannish junk mail with interest and smiles before he throws it away.))

((Ken: That's "...and smiles before he... *recycles* them. Aileen. And you, Mr. Lichtman (fannish idol and producer of my favorite fanzine) should be recycling them, too. I find it ironic that many faneds of old were far better at this recycling thing than more modern editors. The practice of re-using of crud-sheets for locs is one of the finest examples of recycling. The fact that many faneds of old re-used those sheets because they couldn't afford to just throw them away, or rather, they'd rather use fresh sheets for their carefully crafted creations. (Ghod, I'll do anything for consonance.))

Tom reports how "Arnie and Joyce keep telling me how Vegas fandom is the best fandom they've ever experienced, and I mostly agree with them. Unlike Tom, I've experienced several other local fandoms: Bay Area and Los Angeles. I've also visited Seattle and D.C./Virginia fandoms in recent times. There have been certain times when I've felt that these other fandoms were composed of "the nicest, politest, most helpful and trufannish bunch of fen." The Los Angeles fandom of the early Bjo/Mountain Men days was like that: all these young guy fans (though older than me) knocking themselves out to please Bjo, who was unattached at the time. Also in L.A., the people who congregated at Burbee's parties tended to be a good crowd. I also remember good times and people in various eras and groupings of Bay Area fandom. The thing about these fandoms, though, is that they were much older, larger and more fragmented than Vegas fandom seems to be so far. Perhaps in a macrocosmic sense, they don't match up to Vegas fandom—but always with pockets of exception, as outlined above.

I noticed on my last visit that Vegas fandom seemed to be developing a little more of the characteristics associated with larger, older fandoms (which could be summed up as "personality conflicts," mainly), and it was somewhat disturbing. But as Tom observes about his reading in old fanzines of good times in other local fandoms, "the people that wrote about them make them sound better than what I'm currently experiencing." Well, of course, Tom; that's part of fannish myth-making. If you wrote up some of the "fabulous fannish" parties and conversations of the past the way they actually happened, they would be too boring to hold your attention. Not all though, mind you. (There was, for instance, never anything the

slightest bit boring about Burbee's several-hour run-up to the watermelon story.) To sum up, Tom, it's up to you as one of Vegas fandom's promising, up & coming fanwriters to help keep the legend alive regarding the Fandom of Good Cheer.

Tom, please explain why you think "TAFF is something fanzine fans should walk away from." There's nothing in rich brown's comments on page 66 of the last **Habakkuk** (yes, I looked them up) that sheds light on this. Yes, what would Elmer do? (Probably have another drink.)

((Tom: I'm of the same opinion as Arnie when it comes to TAFF. (I'm sure you've read his article by now, and I've gotta tell you, I'm just dying to see what kind of response he gets.) What troubles me is that the last TAFF race clearly showed the large convention vote backing Samanda b'Jeude and her flying kittens, and though Dan barely squeaked by, it's obvious that confen feel that TAFF is actually within reach. It was my understanding, from extended conversations with Arnie and Joyce, and the many rereadings of Hyphen, that the Trans-Atlantic-Fan-Fund was established by fanzine fans for fanzine fans, who had met in the fanzines, but never in person. TAFF gave these fanzine fans an opportunity to meet their never before seen friends who's acquaintance they made in the fanzines.

Looking at the 1955 TAFF Voting Form more than half the nominees were nominated by each other with friendly and amusing nominating platforms. They all look like friends having a good time. There's a spirit I can more closely associate with "Southgate in '58" than anything else, a comparative attitude I find decidedly lacking during any discussion concerning TAFF. Last year's TAFF race didn't communicate any such feelings to me, and though I'm relatively new to fandom, I believe I have a nose for such things.

I'm not blaming this black spot on the convention fans, but they seem determined to make TAFF their own, like many other fanzine traditions. If what the majority of fanzine fans want is to meet friends they've made in the fanzines overseas, for the first time in person, without having to deal with a good idea turned troublesome, why not institute individual fan funds instead? Why battle the convention fans during every TAFF election? Why make the winner of TAFF go to the WorldCon? Why worry about whether or not "my friend who I want to meet" is going to win the TAFF race when I could instigate a sure thing? The Bob Shaw Fan Fund is just the kind of replacement I'm talking about. **Wild Heirs** has a mailing list of around 160 fans, perhaps not all of them fanzine fans, but out of those 160 I'd have to say there's at least 100 fanzine fans who share a solidarity, last seen at Corflu Vegas. Out of these 100 or so fanzine fans I'm sure enough would pony up ten or twenty bucks (or more) once every year or two to facilitate an overseas trip (let's not forget auctions and special publications). Why bother with the hassle of TAFF when we can have our cake and eat it too?

In so much as my suggestion to turn to **Habakkuk**, I obviously didn't connect. At the start of the same paragraph I'm talking about potential targets, and briefly consider Mike Glyer, who, on page 66 of **Habakkuk**, Chapter 3, Verse 4, falls victim to rich brown. (I guess I can be a confusing guy.) You're right, nothing rich brown says about Mike Glyer has anything to do with TAFF, he's just telling it like he sees it. But, in Glyer's last File 770, he broaches the very same subject about TAFF, convention fans, fanzine fans, and several other delicate subjects. I should have discussed TAFF and my opinions a bit more, like I've done here, so you wouldn't have misread what I was trying to say. Now

then, would Elmer have had a drink... or a smoke?))

((Ken: While on the surface, I agree with Tom's call for separation, I'd like to see a slightly more dignified response from fanzine fandom. Tom's take that TAFF was created by fanzine fans for fanzine fans seems an important point. What he didn't say, but seems obvious to me, is that most of fandom in the 40's and 50's consisted of fanzine fans. The people who created TAFF and supported it in the early years were fanzine fans. They never found it necessary to include specific rules limiting the fund to just fanzine fans, who else would want to visit a bunch of fanzine fans who just happen to be running and attending the WorldCon? Even though the rules of TAFF don't specify that candidates had to be fanzine fans, the founders of TAFF didn't find it necessary to include rules that fund candidates needed to be humans, either. There's nothing in the rules that sez that dogs can't stand for TAFF; being quadrupeds, they might even be more stable in their stance.

Of course, my example is totally ludicrous, but it illustrates my point. TAFF wasn't specifically limited to fanzine fans, but it was created specifically for them. I suggest that (with the approval of the administrators, of course) we start a campaign to add a limiting clause to the rules. Perhaps something similar to the requirements for admittance into FAPA (i.e., publish a recent fanzine or have submissions in two other, geographically separate zines).

If we try this I anticipate two possible outcomes: Fanzine fans, tired of having con-fen run rough-shod over them, will rise up in support and claim the heritage that is rightfully theirs, or

Convention fans will hunt us down with flaming brands; executing the lot of us, erasing the scourge of fanzines from SF Fandom forever. Actually, if convention fen fight us on this, I think we should then follow Tom's suggestion and give up TAFF to those who want it and start our own, individual fan funds. There, I've said it, I meant it, and I don't regret it.))

Ghod, this issue is full of faan fiction! Well, only two pieces, but I almost feel like I'm reading an issue of **Stellar**, except there's no multi-color perfect-register mimeographed artwork. Joyce's tale was atmospheric; it wouldn't have been out of place in a 1955 SAPS mailing alongside Lee Jacobs' then-latest effusion. And Ross' illo for it is stunning. And Tom's "Insurgency Strikes the Chicago Science Fiction League" gets off to a nice start, though somehow the spellchecker/proofreader failed here (unlike the bulk of the issue). Other than Tom's misspellings, I'm looking forward to more.

((Tom: As a proud and recognized KAN (Katz Approved Neofan (I'm actually not so neoish anymore)) I find myself striving to embody all that is Katzian. But I am not working under the mistaken belief that typos are a KAN's best friend. Typos take away potential egoboo (which is a KAN's best friend) and must be policed regularly so as to ensure proper egoboo reception. A case in point is how you filled most of the above paragraph with typo-examples (which I didn't bother including here in the letcol; have you been hanging out with Mr. Speer lately?), instead of lauding me with praise. But it's not my fault. You'll notice there's 23 editors on our masthead, and one lone fan, segregated and separate from the rest of us, Andy Hooper (who is our Best Buddy, but Not An Editor.) It's Andy's fishy fault. He of the shrimp and fluted glass, he is the one who should be held responsible, not our spellchecker/proofreader. You'll notice he spent a considerable amount of time in Vegas for ManureCon (once known as SilverCon 4), and had ample access to

my article while visiting with the Katz's and the rest of the gathered fen. So if you're going to point the finger, aim it north, towards Seattle.))

((Aileen: Say, Tom, I sorta take exception to that ManureCon remark. While I realize that I might have a kneejerk reaction to something that I put a year and a half of work into being panned, nonetheless I can't help feeling that that's a funny-once joke. It's sort of like my being called Carrot Top or Alien by my "friends" -- amusing the first time but annoying from that point onward. If you really had such a terrible time at SilverCon 4 that it's name will always be ManureCon to you, I really feel bad for you. There were some terrific folks and cool conversations going on there. And best of all, Andy Hooper, he of the cuddly hugs and tickly beard was there.))

Since I was there for that incredibly long five-minute walk Arnie and I took at Pechangacon I, I don't want to retell it from my side, even if I remembered it all. But there are a few matters he discusses I want to comment on. Arnie may be remembering Seth Johnson somewhat differently than I do, or perhaps Seth dealt with Arnie in some other fashion than he did me. Arnie says Seth had an "insane hatred of faanish fans," but I was one of those and I never had relations with fandom's all-time favorite ice-cream vendor that were less than cordial. We had "discussions" (let us not characterize them as arguments) about various aspects of fandom, but by and large Seth seemed to accept my position and my viewpoint, and I didn't ever feel disrespected by him even when the N3F and I parted ways. (Perhaps the fact that I was already a WKF, at least, by the time Seth and I crossed paths had something to do about it. I didn't join the N3F first thing, or even second or third, when I came into fandom. I mainly joined it so I could be in N'APA as part of my friendly race with Bruce Pelz toward omniapan status—these days a truly antique concept!)

Then there's the image of the Bright Newcomer. Tom Springer and John Hardin certainly qualify in this respect—I've said my say about Tom's writing earlier in this letter (and elsewhere), and I find John's writing humorous and sensitive at the same time, and actually laughed out loud at his stuff in "Vague Rants" this issue about paying his debt to fandom. When I came into fandom, my chance to be the No. 1 Best New Fan of 1959 was squelched by one of those BNs; that was the year Leslie Nirenberg burst upon the scene and filled up fanzines with his clever fiction and non-fiction and his cartoons from the back room of the Coexistence Candy Store. (I came in second; this was in the Fanac poll.) The year before (which was when I actually began activity) Bob Leman was the BN.

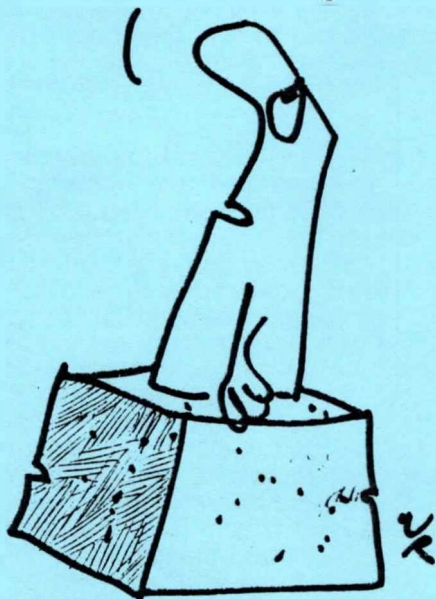
((Tom: I'm waiting for someone to come up with BRF (Best Returned Fan) cause Ghu knows, they're leaving the glades of gafia as if the plumbing's gone bad.))

Arnie asks for our take on today's "average fanzine." How about The Reluctant Famulus?

Ghod, whoever placed that Rotsler illo ("Wow! I didn't know he could spell!") at the end of Arnie's article had a true stroke of brilliance. (In general, the proofreading this issue has improved considerably.)

((Arnie: Stroke of Genius or a bit of needed self-

I GUESS I
GOTTA READ
'EN, HUH?



deprecation -- You Be the Judge.}}

Like Ray Nelson, I never had any sort of urge to chop off my dick because I liked Archie comics (though I liked Little Lulu even better) and my childhood experiences at least somewhat parallel Ray Nelson's. I've never questioned that I was a guy, and aside from the usual stuff 11- and 12-year-old boys seem to do (who can pee furthest, touching another boy's dick and letting him touch yours, etc.—and I didn't even grow up in West Texas) I've always been totally heterosexual. Not that in some respects I don't feel that "being a man," as it's defined in this culture, is a rather alien thing. Ray sums it up well in his comment about hating to wear a necktie because it makes him look like "the salesmen and executives" in his office, who appear "not only to be a different gender from myself, but a different species." I've always said, not entirely joking, that I'm willing to rise as far in an organization as I can until I'm forced to wear a tie.

((Aileen: I'm a 21 dealer so in our organization, you hope to rise high enough to be able to wear a classy tie and get rid of that dopey red bow tie atrocity. And obviously I've missed more by being born female than just being passed over for jobs. The only comment that I'll make about homosexuality is that after 33 years of trying to figure out men, I believe that at least 25 percent of lesbians are just tired heterosexuals giving up the fight.))

((Ross: I was growing up in East Texas, actually, at the appropriate age, and enjoyed the guilty pleasures of experimentation with a couple of other guys going

through the same thing, and to the best of my awareness none of us ended up gay (I've long been out of touch with one or two of those kids, so who knows?—but I doubt it). We were all terribly naive. I don't know if it was strictly local but, for example, the word "cock" was our term for *female* genitalia, which created considerable disconcertion in later years. As time went by and I was thrown together with gay individuals of both sexes, I was pleased to discover that, with the exception of a few who adopted the more extreme mannerisms that the straight world uses to typecast the lot, I find myself as comfortable in their company as I have with any straights of otherwise similar interests and personalities. This sounds vaguely fatuous in this company, I acknowledge; nevertheless I'm glad that, in this respect at least, prejudices that I grew up with did fail to take serious root.}}

I enjoyed Ken's article and Chuch's column, but no particular comments come to mind. Well, I did enjoy Chuch's recounting of DAG's shrimp shit story, and wonder what effect this revelation will have on the Brotherhood. Oh, and let me quote Boyd Raeburn from the **Trap Door** lettercol about those snails "with the green goo oozing out of them" that Geri and Patrick ate in front of Our Chuchy at Glasgow (and Boyd was addressing Chuch there, too): it's "just melted butter with a little garlic and some finely chopped parsley." (Not that I want to eat snails, either.)

It's disappointing that Aileen doesn't want to write up her summer camp experiences at the John Birch Society Youth Camp. If I do take her up on her suggestion to "ply me with Piña Coladas and assure me that you don't hold me responsible for Rush Limbaugh," I know the truth will come rushing out: that Aileen succumbed to the advances of an ardent John Bircher at that summer camp and gave up the resulting right-wing prodigy for adoption. Yes, that was Rush Limbaugh who—the truth can now be told—is only 14 years old and very big for his age. What else could explain that mindset? Sorry, Aileen, but it wasn't your fault This paragraph may be too disgusting to print, but I couldn't help myself; it slipped out in a moment of almost Marty-Cantor-like putridity. (And there's an obscure term for you who were *gafia* during the '80s.)

((Aileen: Actually, I meant that due to my early support, the John Birch Society was able to infect enough people that they would eventually want to watch that paranoid, smarmy, taunting, slimy jerk Flush Phlegmball. As far as camp went, I think I've buried my memories so deeply due to embarrassment and horror that it would take either hypnosis or a freshly made Piña Colada with a cherry and whipped cream to get the memories to surface.))

Arnie, I'll be looking forward to your Silvercon 4 report to see just what it was I said to Bob Tucker.

No. 10.5, more Tucker, good reading!

I can hardly believe I've wrapped this up, and it's still a reasonable hour. One final note, and that's that while I was reading this issue I had major flashes of the Crys that came out when the zine was still a strong reflection of the Nameless of the time, and hadn't branched out to include much writing from the major fanwriters of the era. It was a good feeling then, and it is now. Looking forward to more.

Lloyd Penney

412-4 Lisa St., Brampton, ON, Canada L6T 4B6

Getting bored with Andy Hooper sizzling on the griddle? Is it my turn now? Be sure to turn me over regularly to make sure I brown evenly. I'm crunchy and good with ketchup. Take your best shots, guys, and let's have some fun.

[[**Tom:** Well now, if you're going to be so pleasant and inviting about it we'll have to take you up on that offer. You should know we never get bored with Andy Hooper, but it's only fair we have a Canadian representative, so the WH Editorial Staff will discuss such, and let you know what we come up with. And believe me when I say, "We'll let you know." (We might have a cover in the making here.)]]

[[**Ross:** Tom, how prescient of you...]]

Sorry folks, shrimp cocktail makes me gag. However, I used to enjoy the tiny baby shrimp I used to be able to get at one of the many local delis in Victoria, BC, where I found and enjoyed my first inklings of fannish folly. As for Yvonne, simply mentioning shrimp makes her sick to her stomach. I suspect that TexMex will be our sustenance of choice should we ever make the pilgrimage to Siegelville.

[[**Tom:** So you're saying the next time you visit Vegas you'll comply with our mandatory IBSG Membership Card search? If we don't find any yellow carded contraband on you or amidst your belongings, we'll give you an honorary escort to our clubhouse, where a free membership card and hotdog await you. You'll become our official Canadian ambassador to the Chicago Science Fiction League. That is, if you can give up TexMex for a night.]]

[[**Tammy:** Actually, I am a shellfish carnivore from way back. No one can pick a crab carcass cleaner than me. Tom is, of course, horrified by my politically incorrect feeding frenzies; I am forced to quench my cravings in the kitchen late at night, guzzling shrimp and looking over my shoulder for his stricken fannish face. Speaking of my darker needs, I've been meaning to write to Andy and see if I can still get in on one of those cards . . .]]

The returning of older fans to the fanning fields is great to see. I suspect that Mr. Glicksohn is going to find the Glades are not as populated as once they were. (This, of course, is a blatant campaign to get him back. He still gets a few fanzines in the mail and this'll get to him some time. Hi, Mike!)

Joyce, just for the record, seeing you enjoy Tab, a drink no longer available here, I am sipping a President's Choice Diet Cola as I produce this megaloc. It's cold, fresh and cheap, and doesn't gum up the keyboard when it dries the way Coke does.

Tom Perry's mention of a revival of the Science Fiction League reminds me that I'd heard that such a revival was a goal set for itself by LASFS, to be funded out of the enormous profits of LAcen II, way back '84.

You'll have to tell us more about the declaration of a New Golden Age of Fandom. When did this happen, who do I talk to, who punches my card, and who are the New BNFs in all this? Yes, there's been a resurgence in fanzine publishing, and yes, I think there's been a true renaissance, but a New Golden Age? That's a mighty fancy term, pardner, so some proof is needed. The history books will be the final arbiters on this claim.

[[**Tom:** Geez, we miss you for a couple months and all of the sudden you fall out of the loop and behind the times. I don't think there's been (or ever will be) an "official" declaration to this "New Golden Age of Fandom," but Robert Lichtman, Ted White, Arnie Katz, and a few other fanhistorians are talking about it. Things are going well enough, why not? In so much as proof, well, if we write enough about it won't that mean it actually happened? And while we're following that train of thought (whoops, watch out for that school bus!) we should consider that the closest thing to a reliable history book in fandom, that you say will be the final arbiter, is the frequently published fanzine. And seeing as how we're more frequent than most (except for the Shrimp Chump), and when some neo looks at an issue of WH twenty years from now and he turns to me and asks, "Was there really a New Golden Age of Fandom back then in the '90s?"

I'll be able to say, "Well, if it was written about it must have happened." And the neo will enthusiastically nod his beanie laden head at my sage advice, hand me the pipe and say, "Tell me more." And I will. To add credibility to my oration I'll mention your name several times, and hey, we're in like flint!]]

You've been selling Tupperware to boost club finances? GAAACK! Back, back, I say! I hope a Tupperware franchise is something you can get out of later, as I know you'll want to do. The club in Ottawa has been selling chocolate bars and chocolate-covered almonds to the unsuspecting for some years now to finance the club and local con, which died long ago. The worst thing of all has happened to a local fan who was connected to the space interest groups...he's become an Amway convert, and he tried to get us involved. We ran away. Very, very quickly. Yvonne's sister was an Amway convert years ago, but she got better, and that lesson cost her about a thousand dollars. Tupperware can do that to you, too, so beware. The Tupperware Song is your just desserts.

[[**Tammy:** This may sound trite, but I lost a friend of twelve years to Amway, and I have yet to be able to watch an MCI commercial (an affiliate) without wincing. His house was truly a marketing nightmare. Pictures from magazines were taped to every available surface to provide a "vision" of where they wanted to be in ten years, showing BMWs, spacious mansions, and an occasional frosty alpine vacation. Self-inflicted restrictions were printed on placards taped to objects, such as "no TV until we reach 150 [sales] units." Even the bathroom mirror was filled with helpful pop-marketing image propaganda urging them to "believe in themselves to reach their target goal." Self-image tapes, claiming to teach "power" strategies and success, lurked on each end table. Prior to becoming possessed by the spirit of greed (Amway), I used to talk to Ken at least once every two weeks, no matter where I lived. It's been over a year since I last saw Ken, and about two since he's called me; our final phone call lasted about three minutes and ended after I told him not once, but twice, that I *liked* my present phone company just *fine*, thanks. Sad, but there isn't anyone home there anymore in Ken's brain.]]

[[**Tom:** It's all true, just like I told it. Honest.]]

[[**Aileen:** Hey, it wasn't all bad! Ken got an orange peeler out of it, and I got a bread keeper that can create bread mold in less than half the time it takes normally!]]

[[**Ross:** I unsuspectingly looked into Amway back in Ohio, when I was out of work. Those people scared me, though, when I went to some meeting or other to find out what I was going to have to do. It was when their

local version of the Grand Old Man -- the mane of silvery white hair, the warm smile, the twinkle in his eye -- clapped his hand on my shoulder, and twinkled at me. "You can do it you know!" -- that I knew I wasn't going to and actually got up the gumption to say so. We did buy a few things from them that we still have and even use occasionally... Not a bread keeper, however.}}

Songs about summer can remind us about the wonderfully hot summer just past, but now... "All the leaves are brown/And the sky is grey/I've been for a walk/On a Winter's day/I'd be safe and warm/If I was in L.A./California dreamin'/On such a winter's day." It's cold outside, and I'm really looking forward to L.A.con III, where it will be warm and sunny, and that's just in the fanzine lounge.

{{Ken: Hey, Lloyd, what about ConDiablo, WesterCon 49, in El Paso? It should be a hellish inferno in the middle of summer, but A & J are FGoH and many of the Vegrants have been recruited by the effectively persuasive Richard Brandt to help with the fannish programming there. Besides, if you want some real TexMex, what better place than on the border between El Paso and Juarez?}}

(Thinking about the Mamas and the Papas made me think about something music fans out there would like to know about. What ever happened to Denny Doherty? Let me tell you...Denny is the host of a children's show called Theodore Tugboat, produced by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation out of Halifax, Nova Scotia. From all reports, Denny is making a living, and is finally happy, and clean and sober, too.)

8.5...Ah, wishing for a SilverCon I was, until I saw here that it literally takes place next weekend, as I write, or type. I won't be there, unless Scotty gets those damned transporters working again. A fine gathering of classic articles, and I hope this is done again, for there's still so much to know and learn about who fanned before me. This reprint format should prove popular. I'm not so old that I have famous articles in mind, so keep the reprints coming.

The little tome that Chuch is going on about is *The Meaning of Liff* by Douglas Adams and John Lloyd (my copy was snaffled a few parties ago), and the fortified sequel, which I still have, called *The Deeper Meaning of Liff*. Rude, and lots of fun.

Yvonne used to live in the San Diego and Yuma areas, and she's told me in the past that the roaches were enormous, up to three inches long, and they could fly, too. And, they were everywhere! (*THUMP!* What was that? Oh, Tom just fainted, that's all...)

{{Tammy: Yeah, and guess who gets to catch him! Oh well, now I know an almost undetectable way to bump him off so that I can inherit his vast zine collection and any millions he collects along the way. But seriously, he is pretty cute when he squeals and jumps on a chair over a silverfish.}}

{{Aileen: And Tom used to live in San Diego, too. I'll bet there's one still alive and waiting for him in an old unpacked box...}}

For the longest time, I was in Fred Herman's position, feeling like I was the youngest fan around, and on many of the club and con committees I was on, I was the youngest. Now, at 36, I can easily

understand where Fred's coming from, for I was his age when I first discovered fanzines, and what to do with them.

9.5...Ah, an issue designed to kick me in the regrets, and make me Wish That I'd Been There to meet Jean and Eric, and plead with Janice Eisen to persuade Dan and Ted to put me on the mailing list for **Blat!**. I believe it's possible to critique a fanzine for being cruddy, as long as you try to comment on the positive side of what they did right, as well. When I ran conventions, the bitch panel was called the Praise Panel. I wanted to know what we did wrong, but please, tell us what we did right, too. That bit of egoboo kept us going, and kept many people on the committee to learn more the next year, and do a better job. To me, the same thing applies to new fanzine publishers. KTF reviews are just plain destructive and offer no direction.

{{Tom: Yeah, but if you'd gone to Corflu and begged a subscription you'd still only have **BLAT!** #4. Just that one, lonely, single monozine. Since Corflu Vegas how many **Wild Heirs** have you gotten, not to mention .5s and special editions?}}

The Trufan's Advisor...Great little publication, but it still seems a little incomplete. I guess that's because it's the first edition. There is still much that the **Neofan's Guide** contains that could also be in **The Trufan's Advisor**. Together, they should explain all this wonderful nonsense to a newcomer. One of the additions to the dictionary section would be something on Roscoe, and the assorted other ghods in the fannish pantheon. (Besides, I'm bringing a beaver handpuppet to L.A. con III's fanzine lounge. Geri Sullivan, Don Fitch and I agree that every fanzine lounge should have a beaver somewhere.)

Shelby Vick

627 Barton Ave., Panama City, FL 32404

First, let me clarify my stand on profanity and vulgarity. I'm not against "damn!" and "hell!" and suchlike, and I know there are times when stronger stuff is called for when reporting conversation and rarely, when simply expressing oneself. I've used much worse in stories. But, in general, I prefer such to be limited.

Joyce, I don't remember where I first heard the bit about "May your mother run out from under the porch and bite you!" It's just one of those that seems to have been around forever. Suzanne says she remembers it from way, way back as well.

Okay, it's my turn to apologize; Ben, I thought Tom had forgotten taking me to the hotel for eye medicine; now I find that I forgot you were the one who took me. I can only claim exhaustion. Or old age. Or, as rich brown says, "A memory like a cast-iron sieve."

Ross, I hereby make up for my lack of comment in my previous letter. Your cover was, as always, excellently conceived and executed -- also amusing. I even recognized Walt Willis, plus several Vegrants.

{{Ross: Thanks indeed. I think I'll have to shuffle my feet a little, do the toe-in-the-ground bit, and explain that conception is not my strong point, though I usually can add a touch or two to the concepts that Arnie and Tom and other Vegrants provide me.}}

Marcy, I have to explanation for "taking" a leak; I agree that "taking" it is not at all what occurs. For that matter, how about "throwing" a fit? One might throw oneself a fit, but you certainly don't throw the fit itself. I could throw in "jumping" the gun, except that I know the answer to that one.

Joyce, you're quite right; I should have said "...If Diogenes was searching for an intelligent or honest," man in either political party...

I can't believe it; Harry Warner Jr. made a pun -- and a good one! "All Our Gomorrahs," indeed!

Ross, any sparks generated by your smoking/non-smoking comments I'll gladly use to light my cigarette. I've known smoking was hazardous to my health from the start. Early on it was just that "it'll stunt your growth!" for decades, now the dangers are clearly displayed on all packs. Long ago I said put a large skull-and-crossbones on the packs and just as many would sell. (I do, however, feel the laws against minors smoking should be more rigorously enforced. Clinton's stand is just that -- grandstanding. The laws are already there; they just need enforcing. Which can be said for many laws passed in the last twenty or so years.)

I think the "second-hand smoke" statistics are purposefully warped; it is unpleasant and, rarely, dangerous -- but I can't believe it's anywhere near as bad as the studies insist. Where do I get off questioning "scientific" studies? Because I've seen so many others disproved over the years. The alar/apples thing is the first to come to mind, and a couple of months ago the *Washington Times* reported a NASA study disproving global warming. So far, I can't prove whether NASA is right or the others for warming, but it still makes my point.

{{Ken: Don't get me started...}}

May I follow that with a controversial comment? (Harry Warner, look the other way.) Seems to me not only should tobacco be left alone (beyond, again, enforcing existing laws) but they should also legalize marijuana. The tobacco folks shouldn't object; the manufacturers can just add joints to their line. The farmers can add the hemp plant to their crop. This

would also be a good crop for another reason -- there are now methods that can convert hemp not only to rope, but perfectly satisfactory clothing. Meaning the cotton industry would be against it, of course.

Many would be hurt by this, especially all those currently growing/selling marijuana. But it should also help reduce occupation in our prisons, thus saving tax dollars. (Okay, Harry; you can start reading again.)

HEY, I WAS CHEATED! My copy of WH#8 had a blank page -- the inside baccover. I know none of you could stand seeing a page unadorned, so it must have been a mistake. Send me my copy with that page properly filled with Vegrant wit.

I had a brainstorm. Why not take a group photo, digitize it, put it on stencil, and include it in one issue? With each Vegrant identified, of course.

{{Alleen: I have just the photo! It's on a postcard -- ignore the part that says "Las Vegas Showgirls and Exotic Dancers."}}

rich brown just proves again -- in rich's usual admirable fashion -- the superiority of instant gratification over immortality.

As always, enjoyed Rob Hanson, including his polite put-down of George Bush. Also, I want a rubber white mouse! One nit to pick, however: If you use jail time as a measure of respect for someone, how about G. Gordon Liddy? He served nine years for his beliefs. Or, for that matter, there's Charles Manson, who's still serving his time.

Liked Joyce's bit, Suzanne and I love hardware stores, too.

Arnie, I much appreciated your **Trufan's Advisor**. I've been working on something for a couple of guys I work with, both of whom have Fannish Potential. What I came up with was a Fannish Dictionary of my own, which was a bit different from yours; for one thing, I used very few fans names (as, at this point, they would mean nothing to them) and left out a lot of historical content.

{{Arnie: Shelby and the rest of the regulars will be back Next Month. See ya then!}}

TONER

THE PRE-LACON FANZINE CON

The Vegrants will celebrate five years of Las Vegas fanzine fandom around LACON time -- and we'd like to invite fans going to the 1996 worldcon (and those who plan to skip the Big Show) to celebrate with us at a special convention for fanzine fans.

Toner is set for the Saturday, Sunday and Monday before LACON, with a big Friday kick-off party at Toner Hall (home of Arnie and Joyce Katz) fanzine auction, maybe some master-level trivia, readings from classic fanzines and Las Vegas fandom's usual all-out hospitality.

Where: The Four Queens Hotel
When: August 24, 25 & 26, 1996
Membership \$20
Special Invited Guest: Geri Sullivan

Write to Toner
330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas NV 89107
email address: Crossfire@AOL.COM

