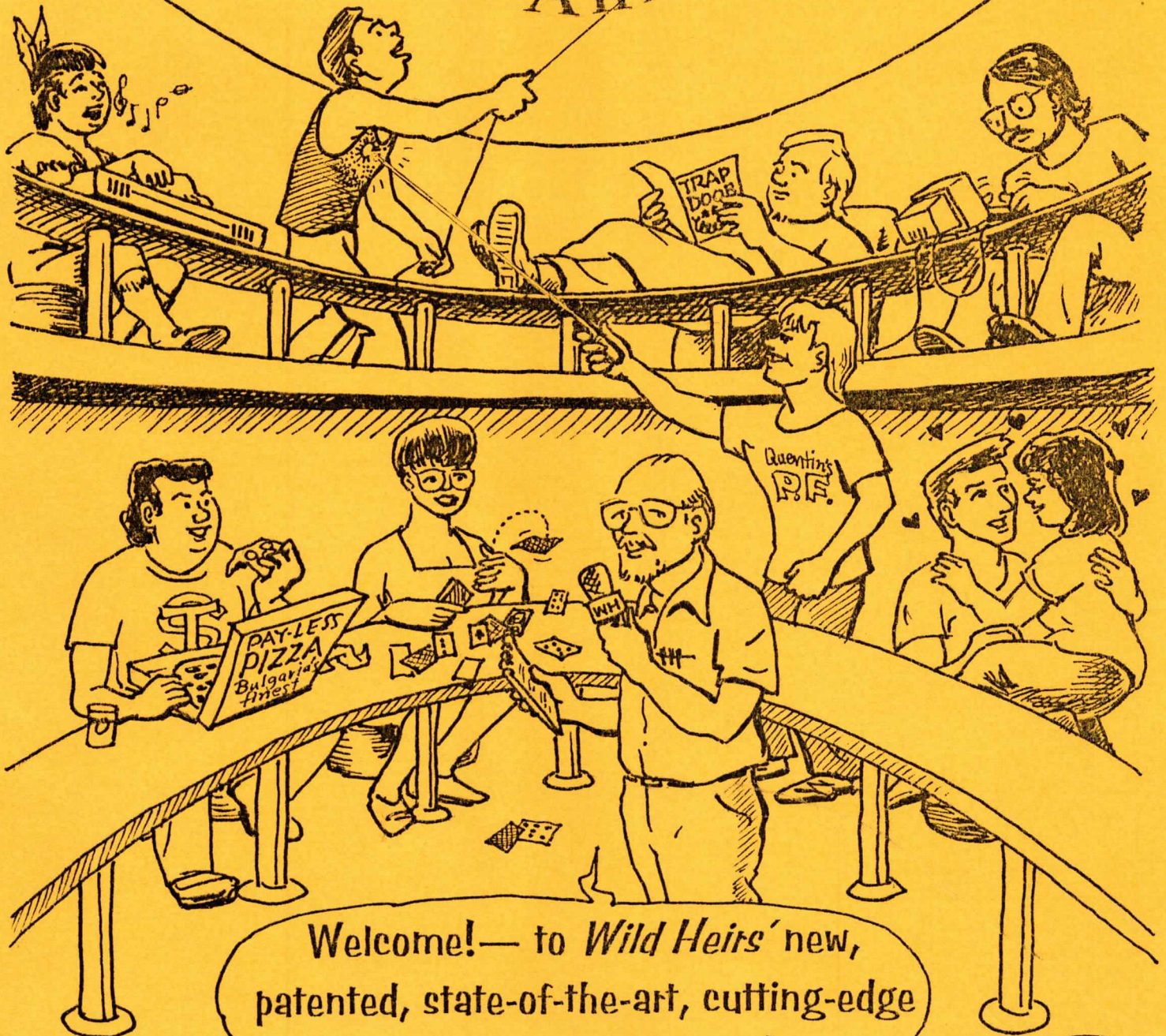


# Wild Heirs

#13  
The Annish



Welcome!— to *Wild Heirs'* new,  
patented, state-of-the-art, cutting-edge  
fanzine assembly line!

Koss C.  
2/96



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**Art Credits**

Ross Chamberlain: Cover, 65

Steve Jeffery: 2(T) David Haugh: 9

Teddy Harvia: 3(B), 68,

Bill Kunkel: 10 (2) , 15(T), 49(T), 58(B), 89,

Ray Nelson: 6(T), 4(B), 7(B), 8, 12, 13 , 15(B), 17, 18,  
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Bill Rotsler: 2, 4(2), 6(B), 7, 11(2), 14, 16(2), 19, 20(2),  
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98, 99, Bacover.

**Recuperating Editors**

Chuch Harris  
Marcy Waldie

**Editors**

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

**Vegrant Wannabe**

Victor Gonzalez



**Wild Heirs #13**, some sort of anniversary, is produced around the March 2, 1996 Vegrants meeting at Toner Hall, home of Arnie and Joyce Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). Published: 3/10/96.

**Wild Heirs** is available for trade, letter of comment or contribution of art or written material.

Member fwa, supporter AFAL  
EMail: WildHeirs@aol.com





In the beginning there is only the Big Furry Lump.

The Lump in the bed moves.

It quivers under the covers of the king-size bed in the master bedroom of Toner Hall.

Slugger has awakened.

The world trembles.

He burrows between the substrata of blanket and sheet until he gets to the edge and drops to the carpet with a fleshy thunk.

Food, that's what he needs. He tries to remember where he got some last.

Maybe he should look around...

Some time later, Slugger happens upon the two-dozen fans dozing in the living room.

"I know at least one of these creatures," Slugger thinks. He rubs against the creature's leg to get its attention.

He tries it twice, but nothing happens. So he bites Joyce slightly above the ankle.

This has the desired effect. She awakes slowly, coming out of her periodic worldcon chairwoman nightmare with a shriek. She looks down at her leg. Blood. "These dreams are getting too damn realistic," she thinks.

Then she spots Slugger, sitting at her feet. He is licking his lips. That might mean she tasted good to him or, more likely, that he was signaling hunger. She speculated on how the cat could've gotten so thin.

Better wake the others, she decided.

"Hey, guys, wake up!" she says.

A couple of dozen torpid fans raise sleep-filled eyes and look around the strange, yet somehow familiar room. With the power of perfect slantlike memory, a few even recall their names, and one or two are pretty sure where they are.

Within hours, everyone is sitting up and taking

# VAGUE

A Collection  
of Editorials

# RANTS







Not long after, at least as time is counted by Joyce's friends the rocks and pebbles, Las Vegrants dig into their Mixed Grill. The energizing effects of this food felony is soon obvious. Arnie resumes telling a meandering and pointless story about rich brown, who is not there to defend himself. Arnie has been telling this anecdote since two weeks before Thanksgiving. He presses on, despite the certainty that Victor Gonzales, who lives on the edge (of suburbia) and co-edits that Seattle fanzine will fret about its timeliness.

"And rich said to me, 'Arnie, now you're ready to see the seamy side of fandom!'" No one laughs, mostly because no one can remember the six hours of set-up that preceded this capper. Arnie doesn't know this and wonders if it would've been funnier in roman lettering.

"Say fellows," Arnie says, his mind drifting to an entirely fresh topic. "Did you know the holiday season is over?"

"Let me check the **SitNorm** calendar," says Aileen Forman, and is not heard from again until significantly later in this fanzine.

"I think Arnie may be right," Ben Wilson allows. He has a pretty good idea that it is early March, but he doesn't want to raise a controversy.

Emboldened by Ben's support, Arnie clings to his thought with the tenacity of Victor Gonzalez on the trail of nitrous oxide. "My calculations indicate that the New Years Party should've ended two months ago!"

solid food again. Tom Springer leans forward, as if to say something witty, but the effort is too much. He slumps back into his niche on the Big Couch.

Unfortunately, when Tom leans forward, Ross Chamberlain slumps over sideways, unable to stay vertical unaided. "It must be all these italics," Ross muses from his prone position. He lies there, silently pinned by Tom's broad back. He struggles briefly, then notices that the white surface of Tom's shirt would make an excellent canvas.

Joyce Katz stirs... She knows what this lethargic bunch needs: big steaming portions of Mixed Grill. She rises on wobbly legs and lurches seductively toward the kitchen. "That's what they need," she mumbles so faintly that only psychic psychologists can hear. "A hot dog, two fish sticks and a chocolate-covered frozen banana will get them up and fanning." She remembers that she used the chocolate up on a glaze for the turkey. With the inspiration that has made her Mixed Grill loved and feared in gastro-intestinal clinics around the world, she decides that melted X-Lax will make a good substitute for the missing cocoa. "That'll get them up and running!"

Joyce's progress to the kitchen is as inexorable as a glacier -- and nearly as fast. Once she forgets her mission and turns back. And when she finally reaches her destination, she gets sidetracked putting out plates of food for all the roaming kitties who depend on her for their excess weight.

Joyce attains the kitchen. She fires up the microwave. Eventually, the fire burns out, after reducing the pile of incoming fanzines to copy shop dust. She starts to work her culinary magic, magic which has been compared to the miracle of the loaves and fishes and the three witches' incantation at the opening of MacBeth.

ISN'T THIS GETTING  
CLOSE TO FANNISH  
CRITICAL MASS?





*Shock ripples through the Vegrants. Some fall back asleep.*

*The living room becomes a beehive of ineffectual and futile activity. Chaos reigns until Ken summons the energy to click on the command box at the top of the screen and get this fanzine back to the sturdy, serifed roman font from which it sprang.*

This hasn't been the best of times for our little fanzine cabal, though it would be unfair to describe it as the winter of our discontent. A couple of us are desperately seeking jobs, and several have started demanding new ones. Ken's as a guide at Hoover Dam demands that he show up at least four days a week, for example.

Topping the local Disabled List is Marcy Waldie. She had knee replacement surgery in late January and is bed-ridden as we go to press. Marcy is still at least a month away from being able to play a Mad Dog of Seventh Fandom in the annual Spring Fan Pageant in which we re-enact great moments of fanhistory. Tom and Ben have had back problems, while Joyce suffers some weird blend of flu and allergies. Chuch Harris had a hospital stay. John Hardin spends too much time on line. Bill Kunkel saw *Pulp Fiction* approximately 50 times. The list of maladies is endless..

The **Wild Heirs** editors slouch before you, rubbing their eyes in wonder at the passage of time. (If this fanzine ever mentioned science fiction, this would be a segue into a dissertation of time-travel in science fiction.)

Our minds are weak but willing. Though rusty from lacklivity, we are prepared to turn to and produce another year of **Wild Heirs**. (If this fanzine ever mentioned fantasy, this would be a segue into a parody of the scene in which Peter Pan steps toward the audience and pleads with them to believe in fairies and save Tinkerbell. Except that I would substitute the word "Trufen" so that it would be Fannishly Relevant.)

We're cranking it up again, but we *do* need a little help from our friends. Only the healing balm of egoboo -- double strength, triple sugar -- can reverse inertia. Some of us are actually working on **Wild Heirs** #14 already, but we need your assistance to rouse the more indolent to another flurry of fanzines. Send us your locs, your illos, your articles yearning to be read.

We're changing the format of "Vague Rants" this issue. We change it most issues if you examine your back issues, but this time I wanted to tell you about it.

We're changing "Vague Rants" primarily to please Jack Speer. He doesn't read anything that smacks of the undisciplined and haphazard methods used to construct previous editorial jams.

So, out with the spontaneous, in with premeditated and painstakingly planned formalism! Each of this issue's editorial contributors has written a separate column. They've got headings and everything, Jack. We hope this will induce you (and just incidentally everyone else) to feel less disoriented.

If this works, we may try it this way for a few months. If that happens, we might continue a few issues more than that. Or we may start a little oneshot, just to keep everyone involved, and the whole cycle will begin again.

Meanwhile, approach this section of editorial column secure in the knowledge that each and every one has been painstakingly planned with an eye toward maximizing their entertainment value.

There will be no further ad libs at this time.

-- Arnie (for Las Vegrants)

# ARNIE KATZEN JAMMER

It's Annish Time!

This is the annish of **Wild Heirs**, the cooperative fanzine of Las Vegrants. It could be considered the Third Annish, or by stretching a point, the First Annish. How #13 came to be designated the annish is a story in itself. Since I'm first to the keyboard for this issue's editorial jam, I get to tell you about it.

The first **Wild Heirs** appeared in the wake of Silvercon 2, with an April 1993 publication date. It was a lot different than the fanzine you are now reading. The oneshot-style format included a lengthy group editorial and short articles by Joyce, Bill Kunkel and me. The editorial jam wasn't even titled "Vague Rants" the first time; we used "Splitting Heirs."

Artwork consisted of Rotsler's name badge illos for Silvercon 2. Burbee had two nametags, so we used one on the front cover and the other on the back.

Ross Chamberlain debuted as cover artist on the second **Wild Heirs**, dated July 15, 1993. This was a larger fanzine, much closer to what we're doing now.

Most articles were by the more experienced Vegrants -- Bill, Joyce, Burb, Cora and Rotsler -- though Ken Forman ably represented the newer contingent with a piece about a strange local fan.

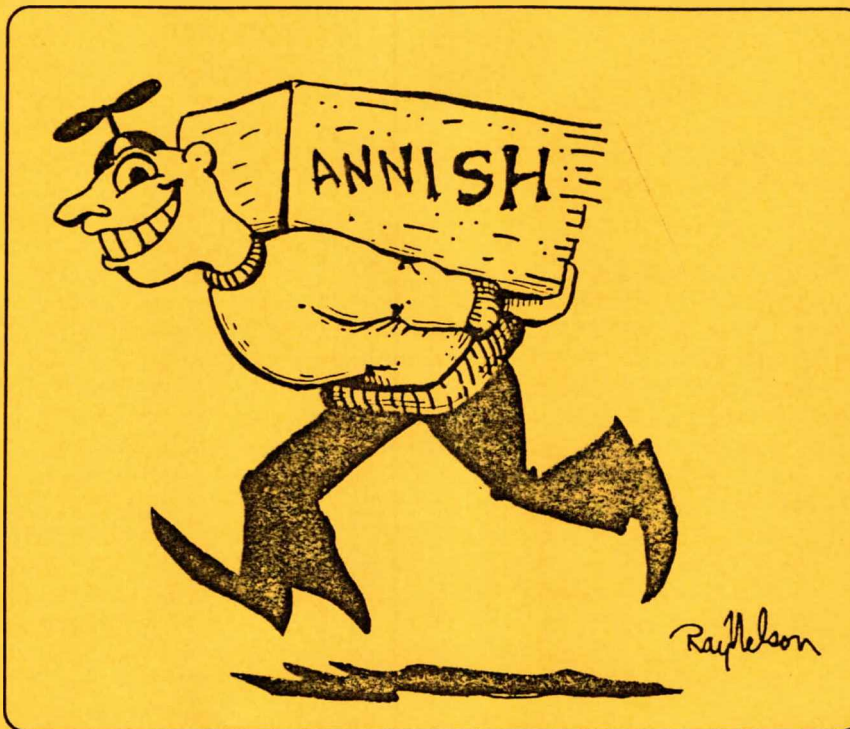


Then we had a visit from the TAFF winner. Suddenly, no one wanted to publish anything. It took until February 1995 for us to finish the third WH, first in the current series.

From our perspective, **Wild Heirs** really dates from our resumption of publication last February. So February is the annish, in all defiance of logic. Gifts of artwork, articles and letters of comment are eagerly accepted.

I don't know how many pages you'll find in your envelope from Glitter City this time, but we're shooting for the classic -- a 100-page annish. This is still the Holy Grail of fanzine publishing, no matter that fanzines have filled twice that many pages with capsule reviews and other skip-worthy dreck. If you ever see capsule reviews here, they'll be reviews of capsules, not say-nothing notes about books and movies.

Though the 100-page annish has a special place in our fandom's mystique, other fanzine fandoms find their own



mountains to climb. For instance, the be-all and end-all in electronic gaming fandom is a zine with a color cover and a spiral binding. The fanzine may only have 20 pages, but they are bound with a plastic spiral and there's a multi-colored picture of Sonic the Hedgehog or Goro on the cover.

I have participated in one previous 100-page annish, the **Guish III**. I must've been smarter in my early 20s, because I somehow conned co-editor Lon Atkins into doing most of the stenciling and all of the

duplication, collating and mailing. This time, I'll be at the copier and will have to shoulder my full share of the production phase. Call it fannish karma. (Or maybe we'll peak at about 60 pages, and I'll dodge that particular bullet).

Las Vegas Fandom is in a strange, perhaps transitional period. SNAFFU, the formal club, has now voted in a new slate of officers. Ken Forman is the odds-on favorite for President and has Joyce Katz, for Vice President, as his running mate.

I've attended a couple of meetings held under the new regime, breaking an absence of nearly two years. They seemed better than the ones I remember, mostly because more than two people were allowed to talk, so I guess I'll keep going to the twice-a-month Sunday evenings at Skinny Dugan's Pub. Besides, I like the half-pound super burger.

Everyone is hoping that this new leadership, plus a concerted campaign led by the Vegnants to beef up meeting attendance, will rescue the formal SF group from its current doldrums. The 1995 meetings featured the kind of rambling soliloquies that induced most of the more intelligent members to find other things to do with their Sunday evenings.

Las Vegnants meetings were smaller during the holiday season, probably due to the press of non-fan activities. Normally, I love the fact that Las Vegas is a 24-hour town, but we've having a little trouble harmonizing eccentric schedules with meeting dates. Attendance will probably pick up with the March '96 meeting, the one at which **Wild Heirs** will be largely prepared.

And what of **Wild Heirs**? The future seems bright, though we face some challenges in 1996. Even our gung ho trufen need to stretch a little to keep WH coming out close to monthly. Our January-February siesta probably won't keep us from doing a dozen or so issues of WH, Heirlooms





and other joint projects.

One goal is to further increase participation among the Vegrants. I love to see out-of-town fans getting into Wild Heirs, but I think the fanzine is most enjoyable when our less prolific contributors add their personalities to the mix.

The core group that produces Wild Heirs--Joyce, Tom, Ken, Ross, Ben, Marcy and me in town and Nelson, Rotsler and Hansen in the far-flung Vegas suburbs--continues motivated. JoHn Hardin, Tammy Funk, Alleen Forman, Cathi Wilson, Chuch Harris and Potshot, less frequent but

no less valued contributors, have rebounded from a fall activity lull and probably will be more active in the coming year.

The letter writers and contributors deserve a lot of credit for our continued enthusiasm. If you could see the effect each new letter has on our merry band, you would rush to your keyboard and fire another one off today.

And we'd print it tomorrow.

Well, in the next issue, anyway.

--- Arnie Katz

# ESERCON ON NAVIGATION

## The Sticky Finger!

Tom here, with **Wild Heirs'** First Annish! A hundred page bludgeon of Insurgency and Trufanishness coming right at you straight from the self-referential fandom of Las Vegas! The radioactive Vegas Empire has grown like an undiagnosed cancer in the last two years and now, every month, one of our envelopes shamelessly slams into your mailboxes in the hopes of supplying some fannish fun, not to mention dark revealing secrets every fan needs to know. Like where the Sticky Finger is.

Some of you are fully aware of its exact location at all times because of your habitual and long time familiarity with the Finger. Other gentle readers have no idea where the Sticky Finger is, or what it is, and in most cases hope to

never find out. There are still other readers who actively pursue the Finger though they never know where it might be, continually hoping they'll make its acquaintance even when they're unsure of the digit's exact purpose.

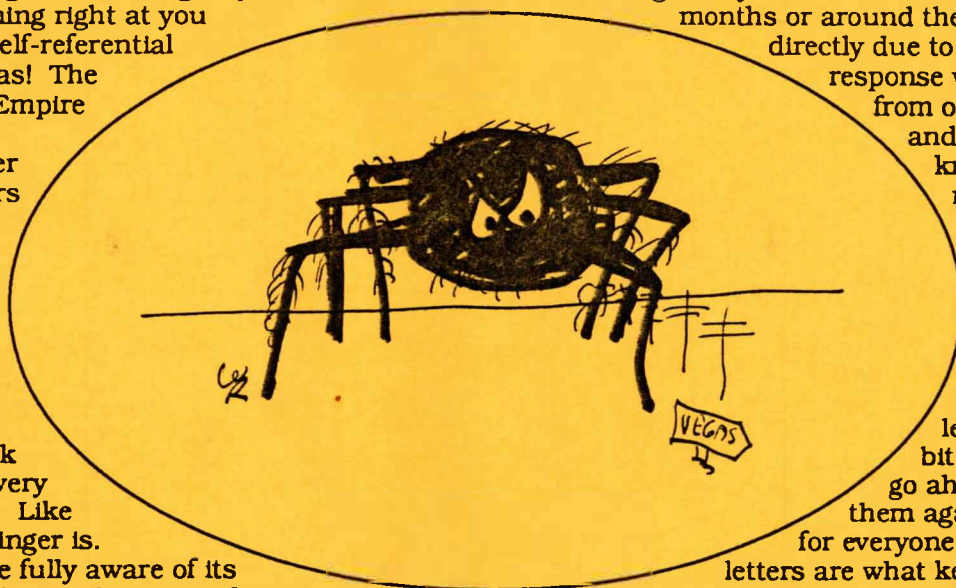
A purpose many of you are probably wondering about.

Some of you more so than others.

Let me ease those straining imaginations before someone pops a hemorrhoid. The Sticky Finger resides in a white palm-sized petrie dish-like container that's kept on the same shelf as the Katz's prozine collection. It's a neat waxy unguent we dab our fingers with to help facilitate our collating chores, and unfortunately looks exactly like what you might dig out of your ear. We look for anything that might improve technique or enhance the economy of our collating, stapling, and envelope stuffing, including fans or sponges (which ever works better) to lick the envelopes. Joyce is the only Vagrant with a more narrow minded view, drawing the line at fantasy fans.

We've been fairly regular with the envelopes I think, having sent you 16 fanzines in the past nine months or around thereabouts, all of it directly due to the wonderful response we've received from our letter writers and contributors. I know, Arnie just mentioned them, but the letters are so important to me that if mentioning them again makes one of our letterhacks a little bit happier then I'll go ahead and mention them again. I can't speak for everyone else but the letters are what keep me going, inspire me to write, and really make it all worth while. Small wonder I jumped at the chance to edit the letter column.

Speaking of letter columns, the boys and I (the





NLE Boys, that is) finally got together the other day to finish up our long awaited final issue of NLE which has taken the form of a letter review we've titled NLE LETTERS. Our last issue of NLE was published during the final day of Corflu Vegas, and being the conscientious fans that we are we thought it a good idea to print all the great stuff we received in response to our postcard. NLE LETTERS was our first major collaborative effort despite eighteen issues of an inconsistent nine lines each. The most our postcard demanded from us was a disjointed nine or so lines. The effort of writing, and pubbing NLE was nothing compared to getting this long time project in the making off the ground and into the air, barely achieving some semblance of flight, what with three of us yanking and pulling on the kite strings. The difficulties we faced not only included blown deadlines unrealistically imposed upon ourselves, or JoHn's lack of motivation to contribute his commentary (not to mention my own multiple revisions and tardiness), but having to collaborate with Ken and Ben on our intro, title, illos, and layout. Being three different people allowed for three different opinions, two too many as far as I was concerned.

I'm a selfish person and if I can get my way without hurting anyone's feelings, I'll probably give it a try, but with Ken and Ben it was an exercise in 'give and take,' all three of us having invested enough time in the zine

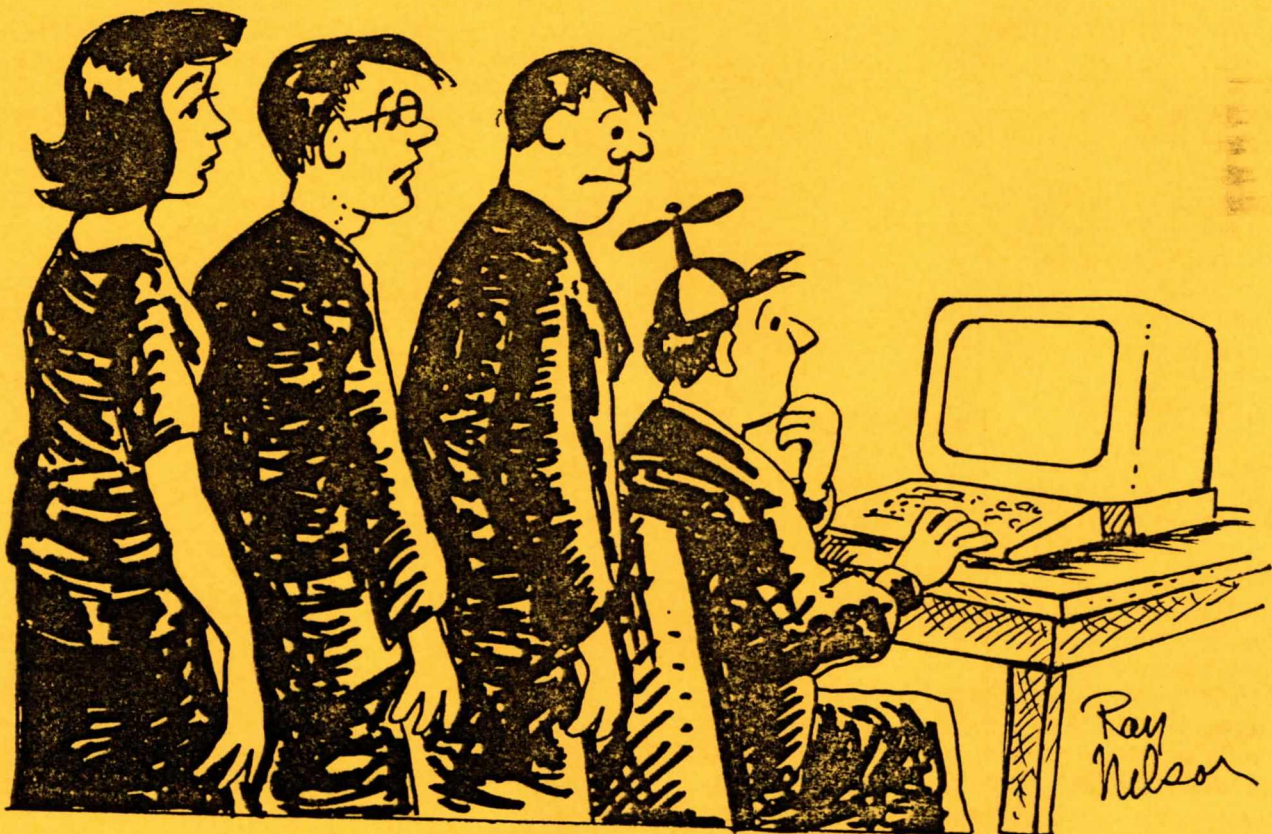
to feel like we should all have a say. We each have our own ideas, sometimes definite ideas, and we each go about expressing our opinions just as differently. We're a complex bunch. Really.

For those of you who have never met Ken and Ben before let me give you a biased and subjective description of their personalities so you can get a better idea of my friends and collaborators.

Ken is aggressively friendly, many would say gregarious, I think very assuming, and overly optimistic enough to drive most of his buddies into a murderous rage when he over does it. JoHn's described him as an arrogant prick, a state of being Ken's admitted to though I don't really see it. Depending upon the strength of his position Ken will make noise if he doesn't like the direction things are going and isn't afraid to argue any number of points.

Ben is a different kettle of fish all together. He's a quiet fan who, like Ross, usually doesn't say much until he has something to contribute to the conversation. He likes to go with the status quo, and though I've called him a fence sitter before he was quick to take sides during conversations about Snaffu and club politics. (Mainly, like me, he was for taking over the club.) He can be very enthusiastic, and if he likes the way things are going he's just as likely to stay quiet as he is to voice his opinion.

Me, well, I like things as close to my way as I can





get them, believing until proven otherwise that my way is, at least for now, the best way. (You'd think JoHn would be calling me the arrogant prick.) Not that I'm a believer in absolutes or anything, but I'm a confident person in most respects and don't mind putting it on the line. Like Ken I don't have much of a problem arguing a point, and unlike a lot of Vegas Fandom, I'm not afraid to say what everyone else is afraid to say. I guess that's a roundabout way of saying I have a smart mouth.

Normally I would now mention JoHn in this narrative but he wasn't with us during our period of collaboration, and doesn't really have much of a part in this story seeing as how the evil forces of miscommunication kept him from joining us out at my office. But three of us were enough and we couldn't even slide into a basic template without talking about it first.

"I've got it set up for three columns of text," Ken said, turning his laptop around to show me.

"Don't you think two columns would keep it from looking so tight and the illos from looking crowded?" I asked.

"Ben says he likes it and it's also easier to read than if it were in two columns. Joyce's **Spindizzy** is in a three column format," he explained.

"Gee, if **Spindizzy** is in a three column format I guess that's good enough for me," I said. I looked over at Ben to see what he had to say but he was intently studying the illos we had laid out before us. He was either ignoring me or didn't know I was looking at him for an opinion. Nothing.

Ken pointed at his face, tracing a line from the corner of his mouth down his chin. "You've got a little sarcasm here, Tom."

I quickly wiped my mouth with the sleeve of my shirt. "I guess three'll do," I responded. "I can live with it."

"All right," Ken enthused, "I think we should put this illo under the title in this space here." He pointed at the empty top half of the middle column, right beneath the title.

Ben looked over at what Ken was talking about and shook his head. "There's four of us, and only three guys in the illo." I nodded in agreement. The Rotsler illo in question portrayed three editors



standing on each other's shoulders beneath a light rain of locs, grinning happily, and maybe a little greedily.

I picked up a small Rotsler of a little fan hugging a letter close to his chest and saying, "Mine!" I held it up, "Why don't we put this in the corner, it can be JoHn," I suggested.

"Yeah," said Ben, "that'll work."

"Okay," Ken said, tapping away at his Powerbook. He'd scanned all our illos in to his computer and had

them digitized and ready for futzing around. (It was really kind of cool, because Rotsler thinks he draws too big and with the illos scanned into the computer Ken could shrink them down to fit the columns.) No cutting and gluing for us. "How's this look?" He asked, again turning the computer so Ben and I could see.

We studied it briefly and each of us gave the brief editorial nod we'd become so good at, giving our approval grudgingly, as if we caved in for lack of a better idea and decided to go with Ken's. This gave us bargaining power for whatever we might disagree with next, and weakened whatever position Ken may be lobbying from by giving him what he wanted. It would be our turn next time, if Ben and I didn't disagree. Such are the editorial politics of the NLE Boys. Nothing comes easily for us.

"One down and fourteen to go," Ken proclaimed. "Now, I like the idea of putting an illo on each page exactly opposite of each other to sort of balance it out, what do you guys think?"

I shook my head and Ben let go with a decisive, "Naah."

Ken was optimistic, like I said. "Well, what do you guys want to go with?"

Of course I leapt at the chance. "I think this illo goes perfect with what Lichtman's saying here," I said, pointing at the text. "And we should put something over on this page, maybe in the upper right."

Ben, looking over my shoulder slid an illo over with his index finger. "This one." Ken and I both looked at it. We didn't have any complaints and so grunted in accepting approval. And that's how it went, for the next two hours.

Sometime into the second hour the phone's



chirping broke me away from an argument about what font to use in our topic intros. "View Estates, Tom speaking," I answered.

"Hello Tom, this is Arnie, how are you doing?"

"I'm doing okay but things are getting a little rough out here," I replied.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

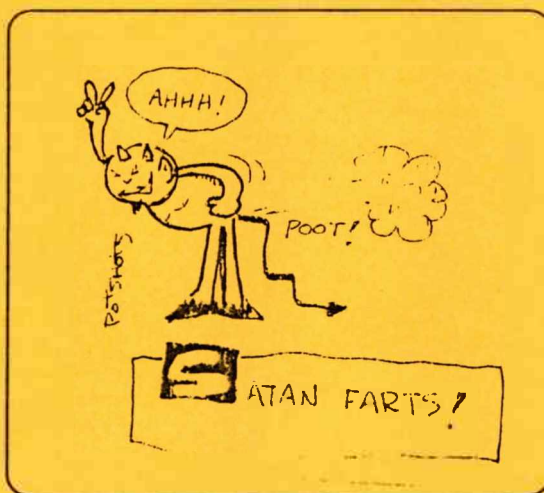
"Oh, well, you don't know what we're doing today, do you? Me and the boys are putting together our NLE letter review. We're collaborating."

"Collaborating?" he asked in disbelief. I could hear Joyce make an inquisitive noise in the background to which Arnie answered with a, "They're collaborating." Then laughter. "Collaborating?" he laughed at me.

"Yeah, it's kinda tough."

"You'd be better off if just one of you put it together and the rest of you suffered the consequences. It'd be a lot easier on you guys," he advised.

"Oh, we're doing all right. No fist fights yet. Only a little screaming. Very little in the way of name calling, I think we're gonna make it." I said, trying to



make it sound no worse than a trip to the dentist.

"Well, I'll let you go so you can get back to work and I'll call you later to check and see who's still alive."

"Okay, talk to you later," I said. He said good-bye, we hung up, and I went back to the table where my two co-editors sat, looking at me with a certain amount of speculation which hinted to me that they'd agreed on something and were now about to try and sell me on it. I sat down, resigned to another hour of bickering and smug disagreement.

It really wasn't as bad as all that, but it was an exercise in patience and debate. I wouldn't dive in on another

collaborative effort right away, but Ken, Ben, and I managed without loss of limb or any ego bruising wise-cracks. None of us cried. That's something at least. And we've finally finished the last issue of NLE, which may some day be continued in a more substantial format, under a different title, but for now I'm happy to work on my own zine and WH. I think the next collaboration is going to be a while because I'm more of a Burger King kind of guy than anything else. I like it my way.

-- Tom Springer

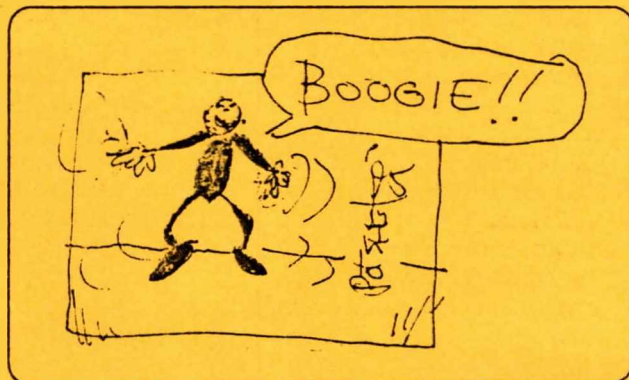
# ROSDINER

## Fabulous Fandom

Las Vegas fandom, hey? What can I say about Las Vegas fandom? Seems like much that has been written about our little corner of Greater Fandom --our demesne--this blessed plot, this earth, this realm of the Microcosm--would characterize it one way or another as some kind of gestalt. The Snaffuties are this, las Vegrants that (but the

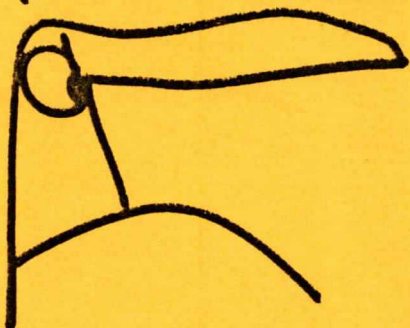
gamers over there)-- And I'm damned if I can discern, even after three-plus years, any kind of real consensus among the lot of us. I think even an inspired statistician might have trouble extracting a population norm amongst us from which to pronounce an average or devise a trend. (A mean, perhaps, but that's another study.)

I, who have even not had the courtesy to join SNAFFU to support its potential, nor even (or but rarely) joined in any fandom games save the socials and this here fanzine-rooters' gathering, should not really have all that much to say either way. I enjoy what contact I have with most of the fans hereabouts, though it does seem rare to find myself in earnest conversation





THEY WANT A  
100-PAGE ANNISH?  
/ THE FOOLS!



with any, and not from lack of overtures on the part of several. I'm far more articulate here on keyboard and paper than verbally, and frequently those with whom I would converse find their attention wandering as I grasp for worthy response, witty repartee or even pithy prattle.

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

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

I can't prove anything, acknowledged. But--well, I was dere, Sharley, ven--ah--when JoHn and Karla announced their intentions to go to Whatsisface, the Mini Mash, the Foetid Gourd, the Teeny Zucchini, whatever, that veggie restaurant, when the rest were heading for the local Chicago chapter for their regular dose of Korean chicken. True, I was gathering my stuff to go home instead of either culinary option, so it's possible I missed the ensuing engagement involving zap juice, plonker darts and tintinnabulous testes. It's

possible. It's also possible that Tom's trailer is overrun with dayglo roaches. I haven't been there.

And...well, it's not just Tom.

Arnie, too, has been known to--um, embellish his reportage from time to time. Usually I get the sense that the incredibly clever conversations he partakes in--with Joyce, usually, but often with others-- just might not always be transcribed exactly as if tape recorded at the time. Joyce does this too. And I think JoHn's picked up the habit. Playing fast and loose--and, okay, funny--with the facts. And never mind the faan fiction, of course--the tales of the GDA (no, that's BFD; somehow I had Goon Detective Agency in mind) and all. That's another kettle of shrimp, ripe for the CND file--but not just now.

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

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

Enh... So maybe "Fabulous" is an etymologically correct term for use with fannish fandom.

So why am I so grumped up about it?

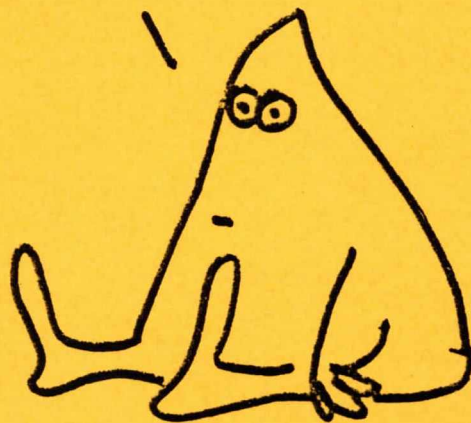
Uh...

Jeesh, looka th' time. And I'm just about out of that and space, too (I've just dubbed that sfinal-sounding concept as "procrastropy," but in this case it's really foot-in-mouth panic. This is tasty with tongue in cheek).

See you next month! Bye, now!

-- Ross Chamberlain

THERE'S A  
WORLDCON  
COMING...





# 

to get away with telling people that Woody Bernardi has drifted away from fandom?"

"Who can say? No, you're right, my love. We must never let anyone else know what's on that videotape. Guess I'll just have to find something else to write about."

...

After conducting extensive research by applying the rigorous methodology of pulling a few books and comics off my shelves and idly flicking through them, I've discovered a number of interesting facts about Las Vegas. In the descending order favoured by the ever so witty hosts of your leading talk shows, these are:

5) **LAST CALL**, the novel by Tim Powers, is set in Las Vegas and is absolutely brilliant. It weaves disparate elements like chaos theory,

## A View from Afar

"Las Vegas?" said Avedon, in some disbelief, "You don't know anything about Las Vegas!"

"That's not entirely true, o moon of my delight," I replied, somewhat defensively. "I know there are these huge hotels there with lots of gambling and neon, and that because of all the atomic tests out in the desert they periodically get flattened by giant spiders, eaten by giant ants, or humped by giant coyotes."

"Yeah, right. And, of course, you know enough about Vegas fandom to be able to write the witty and amusing froth about them that Arnie wants from you for the editorial of **Wld Heirs** #13."

"Weeeeeell," I replied, silkily, "I may have only actually met a few of them in the flesh, but there's always that videotape Arnie sent us a while back."

"No!!" she yelled, "We promised each other we'd never make that tape public. You know as well as I do that Arnie thought he was sending us a tape of highlights of **CORFLU VEGAS**. He'd be horrified if he ever found out that he got his tapes mixed up and sent us a copy of what he did."

"Yeah, who'd have thought that Joyce and Arnie's regular socials were actually sex orgies of the utmost depravity? None of the Vegrants have ever written about that in their various zines."

"Well they wouldn't, would they? It's a shame in a way, because whoever came up with that procedure involving the sink plunger, the custard, the electric sander, and Bill Kunkel deserves wider recognition."

"Yeah, that was, um, different, but what really impressed me was the way they all got involved in the Dance of the Dildos. And didn't Laurie Yates look good in all that leather?"

"Sure did, and I was really impressed by her skill with that whip. But things turned sinister after that. Who'd have thought that Arnie was actually a High Priest of a secret Ghuist Blood Cult? That human sacrifice was pretty gruesome. I wonder how much longer the Vegrants will be able





the tarot, and Bugsy Siegel into a fantastic whole that creates a mythology for the city. You really should rush out and buy a copy right away! Seriously!

4) Sadly (because I'd hoped for something scatological), Las Vegas is an anagram of 'salvages'. Fortunately, it's also an anagram of 'save gals', a sentiment most of us would agree with, I think.

3) The average male Las Vegan has only one penis.

2) In JUSTICE LEAGUE QUARTERLY #2 (DC Comics, Spr'91), Las Vegas saves the planet just by existing. In the story, Earth is discovered by the Scarlet Skier, herald of interplanetary designer, Mr Nebula.

As the narrator explains, this powerful alien menace

"...descends from the skies like a god! With a wave of his massive hand, landscapes alter, mountains fall, oceans rise! What was once a world like any other becomes...tacky!" In the accompanying panel, we see a world devastated by his attentions and a native who laments: "My wife...\*sob\*...my children...\*whimper\*... forced to live out their days on a world of chintz and neon..." Though Earth's



heroes, the Justice League, try to stop Mr Nebula, he's too powerful for them. It looks as if the world is doomed... then he discovers Las Vegas and decides to spare the Earth, proclaiming that any race who could create such a place (which he thinks breathtakingly beautiful) doesn't need his help. Thus, Las Vegas saves the planet by being so tacky.

(I wish to point out that I am not making this up. Outraged Vegans should seek out the writer, Keith Giffen, c/o DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. Don't tell him I sent you.)

1) The movie SHOWGIRLS, which is set in Las Vegas, is a fairly accurate account (in allegorical terms of course) of the early years of SNAFFU.

"Of course!" you cry, smiting your forehead with the flat of your hand, "Once you know this the parallels with the struggle between the fannish fans and the gamers becomes obvious! How could we have not seen this before?!"

How, indeed?

- Rob Hansen

# POT SHOTS

1) SHOWGIRLS? Please, Rob, forget about Joe Esterhooker and Paul Verwhorehouse's dry hump Las Vegas fantasy and see (as well as read) CASINO.

Although the book uses the real names and the movie employs obvious roman a clefs, this is the immortal saga of Lefty Rosenthal (Robert DeNiro), his outrageous wife, Geri (Sharon Stone, in a career-solidifying performance), and, of course, Tony "The Ant" (aka "Pissant") Spilotro (Pesci, in his best turn since Goodfellas). It's Vegas in the last days of the Chicago Combination's power, and how the Outfit was dried up as a force in this town thanks to the fact that Tony was a psychopath. It'll blow your car up, dude. (Oh, and actually I developed that bit with the sander myself; not sure if the

comment was by you or Avedon, but I'd like credit where it's due. Also, you left out the part about the clothespins, but as Joe E Brown said at the end of SOME LIKE IT HOT: "Nobody's perfect." Ahhhhhhhhhh, Gold Dust!

I think you guys make too many self-referential comments, too. (Is that a shocker or what?) Meanwhile, THQ just called me and wants me at both WCW wrestling cards next week in Caesars (Mon & Tues nites) AND the parties at the Hard Rock, etc. since THQ now has the game rights to Ted Turner's Hulk Hogan Revival Pandemonium Shadow Show. This would give me the opportunity to be ejected from BOTH a WWF show AND a WCW show within a 30 day period! That's TOO good to pass up.

And if you guys stop being so self-referential I'll write up the saga of how I went to a WWF show as Brett Hart (current WWF champ)'s guest, did some videotaped cinema verite interviews (including one with an arena security guy where we share a pipe and discuss the WWF vs Justice Dept. saga), filmed Brett's match, per his request, and was ultimately threatened with arrest and physically ejected by a foursome of moonlighting State Cops while a man I knew only as "John Sack'o'Shit" stole my tape. So I COULD write that up. Or how I used my laser designator on the ring and flipped them out.

But that's up to you all. To be or not to be... so damned self-referential... THAT is the question!



# ARNIE KATZEN JAMMER

## Mr. I-Imagination

"I'm worried, meyer," said Tom Springer, the putative Laney of the 21st Century. We were talking on the phone, as we do almost every day.

The Big Guy, as we never call him, is a land salesman. He sits, spiderlike, in his office and waits for an affluent fly to step through the door. Phone calls fill up the dead spaces not already filled by fanac or preparations for our upcoming baseball simulation



SELF-REFERENTIAL

league.

I'm a professional writer, which is to say that I don't like to work too many hours in a row without a little break. Some people brew coffee; I call Tom and other friends.

Tom is my lifeline to my favorite corner of Las Vegas fandom. His take on the soap operatic crises that lurch through our clique, Las Vegrants, is impeccable.

In return, he gets the dubious benefit of my advice on fannish matters beyond Glitter City. Just yesterday, he asked, "Who is Buck Coulson?" While he grumbled under his breath about the last line of Buck's letter in *Wild Heirs* #12, I pondered a succinct description of Robert S. Coulson.

"Buck is a long-time active fan who published *Yandro* beginning in the 1950s and continuing regular well into the 1970s."

"He's the guy who published all those amateur science fiction stories, right?" he said. He said it like a police officer summarizing a perp's rap sheet.

"Well, not so many," I temporized. "Only one an issue."

"Only one an issue," he said. Then he laughed his Evil Low Chuckle that signifies his relish of fandom's darker side. "That's not a good thing. There were a lot of issues."

"I'm worried," he repeated, now that I had gotten my digression out of the way. That's typical of his obliging ways.

"If you're worried, I'm worried," I said. "What's on your mind?"

To my surprise, he mentioned not one of the continuing disasters besetting Vegas' fannish luminaries, but something he read in a fanzine. Or rather, several issues of a fanzine.

"Fans in *Apparatchik* keep saying that *Wild Heirs* is too self-referential."

"Who? I demanded. "Not Victor Gonzalez again?"

"It might've been him or Andy or some of the letter writers," Tom said. "What's important is that they said we are too self-referential. People have been saying that in the last few *Apparatchiks*." I heard a little catch in his voice. The taunts had pierced his usual, stoic demeanor.

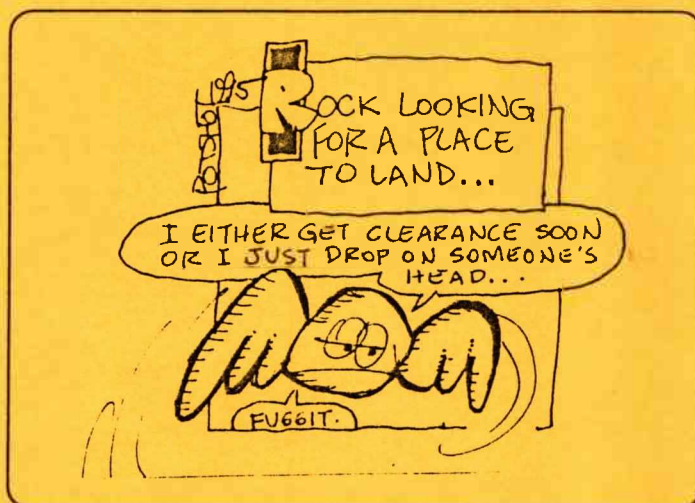
"They'd probably say the same thing about *Hyphen* with its stories about coffee kisses and ghoddminton," I offered. Tom has my reasonably complete *Hyphen* file on loan. He carries it with him at all times, should the need arise to quote Willis, Harris or Shaw.

"Yes, but they're saying it about our fanzine," he persisted. "They say *Wild Heirs* is too self-referential. What are we going to do?"

"We're going to laugh at those fans and keep on doing our thing," I said. "What they really mean is that we should mention them instead of us."

"I'd do that," he volunteered. "But I don't know a lot of them that well yet." A lengthy silence followed. I





sensed my solution did not entirely satisfy him.

"I guess you're right," he said at last. He didn't sound convinced. "But they said we're self-referential."

"Well, Tom, it's hard to know what to do about it other than just letting people have their say. Wild Hairs is mostly about the lives and times of its numerous editors, and we do spend a lot of time doing things together. It's hard not to refer to each other, no matter what situation we're describing, because there are usually at least a few of us involved.

"That's true," he acknowledged. His reluctance to let it go was palpable to my slantlike senses. Perhaps I have the makings of a Psychic Psychiatrist.

"Tom, what we need are some nonfan friends we can mention instead of each other."

"I don't think any of us has enough nonfan friends to do the job," Tom argued. "Besides, my nonfan friends don't say enough interesting things to make an article."

I thought about my nonfan friends. I could see his point. They were nice people, but they lacked a certain fannish.... zip.

"So we're back to laughing at them while we let them have their say about us being self-referential?" he said.

My status as the wise fannish counselor was on the line. I could either come up with something daring or innovative, or Tom would take his next problem to Robert

Lichtman or rich brown.

"We can do what we've always done," I began. "Las Vegrants do best when we pull together as a team."

"So?"

"So.... the Vegrants can pretend to be each others' nonfan friends."

"How would that work?"

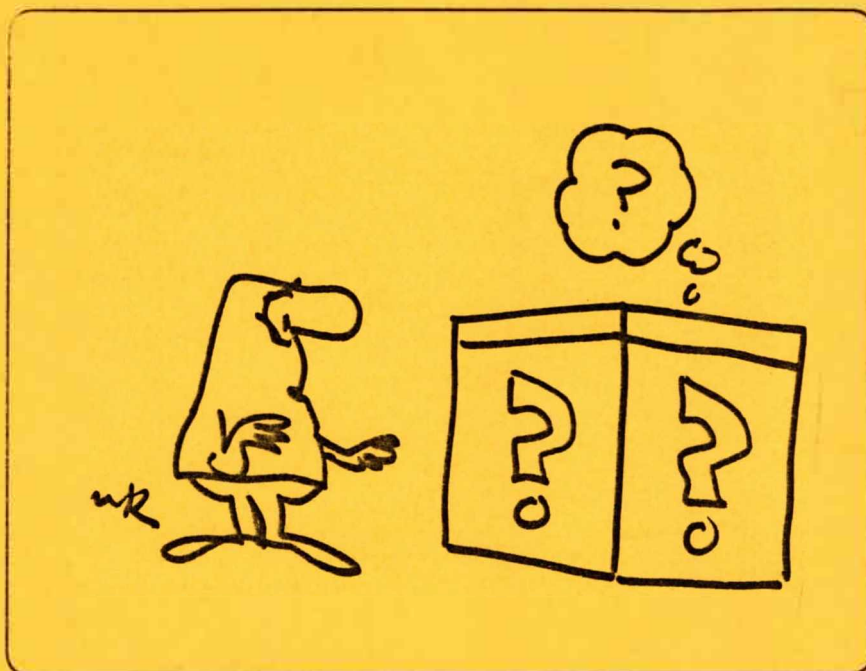
"Let's say you're writing about Joyce and Tammy's depression glass hunts. Instead of mentioning Joyce, you call her Hiawatha Little Feather. And when you tell about how I accompany them while you watch football and consume mass quantities, refer to me as Phineas T Ackerman," I said. "And remember, there's no period after the 'T.'"

"Hiawatha Little Feather and Phineas T Ackerman," he repeated. I was pleased not to hear the telltale sound of a period after the "T." "And that's better than mentioning you and Joyce?"

"To those people, evidently it is."







"And that's enough?"

"Well, we could develop characters, personalities,

to go with each of these fictitious nonfan friends."

"Characters?"

"Sure! Forget about reality and just make up everything and everyone!"

"You mean like one of your con reports?" Now he was getting the idea.

"Hiawatha Little Feather could be an ex-professional wrestler turned Native American Activist. She could even be a Psychic Psychologist on the side. You can write that Phineas T Ackerman is a former astronaut who now lives in one of those big plastic bubbles. Think of the story possibilities!"

"This is exactly what Wild Heirs needs!" he declared.

So on that cheery, upbeat note I said good-bye to my non-fan friend -- not a Vagrant -- Otto Von Crankenschmidt, noted philatelist and heavy construction equipment operator.

Good-bye self-referentialism!

Good-bye!

-- Arnie Katz

# JOYCE BLUE JAUNT

## Cash & Carryings-on

Las Vegas fans have always been pragmatic about the need to raise cash.

"Let's have a car wash," suggested Aileen at one meeting. But the general sounds of sloth were heard throughout the room, and that watery sentence was averted. Oh, I'll not deny it; we have eager and energetic fen who rose to the bait and cheerfully started rolling up their sleeves. But a few others raised from their stupor long enough to mutter "Not on your life." One or two even tried to make it

sound virtuous: "That would be like stealing from high school kids," said Righteous Arnie, as he angled to keep his own feet dry.

Aileen and the other energetics buttoned their





cuffs, while trying to balance the club's budget on the end of our noses. "But we really do need to raise some money," whined one Willing Worker. "If not a car wash, well then what?"

A bake sale was quickly averted; we all knew we'd eat the wares before we could peddle them to the unsuspecting neighbors.

Actually, a food sale wouldn't be such a bad move. SNAFFU has several good cooks. Aileen has made birthday cakes her specialty (she made me a Red Velvet Cake this year) and she's become very good at it. Cathi, too, has gained a reputation for outstanding dessert cookery. Give that woman a spatula and stand back; there's just no telling what will come out of her kitchen.

I myself eschew baking. I blame it on Barbara Silverberg who was once heard to say, "Why bake when there are bakeries?" The logic of this made me hide my own cake pans on the top shelf, well out of reach.

But there'd be no SNAFFU bake sale, because we're all such weak and easily tempted fans that we can't be trusted with fresh tarts. Or baked goods, either.

There was idle talk about auctioning off some of our treasures. "Why don't YOU sell Your autographed copies?" was an invitation declined by all. Similarly, it seemed hopeless to set up a Kissing Booth, because we're all too cheap to Pay For Love. Even Trufan Love. Ah, what to do?

"We'll have a garage sale," someone finally said, and there being no way to slither out of the proposition, we did it.

Actually, the garage sale concept worked well for us. And why not? Aileen and Ken gave the use of their garage for the cast-offs of the members. Before the Great Day, they hosted several evening work-party sessions sorting and pricing. Then on the day itself, they held the sale on their own driveway.

It became an annual event, in the way that Good Works are likely to do if someone doesn't put a stop to them. And, they were pretty profitable, earning several hundred dollars per year.

This year's sale was a two-weekend extravaganza. Ken & Aileen held the first weekend, and then moved the remaining stuff to Peggy & Tom Kurilla's for the second shift, to see how much money we could milk out of their neighborhood.

So it was that the Good Ladies of SNAFFU sat in



the garage one Saturday morning. We took turns greeting wary buyers as they drove to the Forman curb, and in between times browsed the merchandise. Put a bunch of clothes in a pile, and who can resist digging through them? The fact they've already rested on the backs of other fens, and actually been discarded by someone else, only makes them more fascinating.

I had an early appointment so didn't get there until ten-thirty. Belle and Aileen, Karla and Sue were there ahead of me. "Look at this, Joyce," said Aileen, drawing my attention to a suede jacket hanging on an impromptu clothesline. "It's just your size."

Everyone around here knows my predilection for buckskin, suede, and western styled clothing. I tried on the jacket and quickly peeled off a bill to cover it.

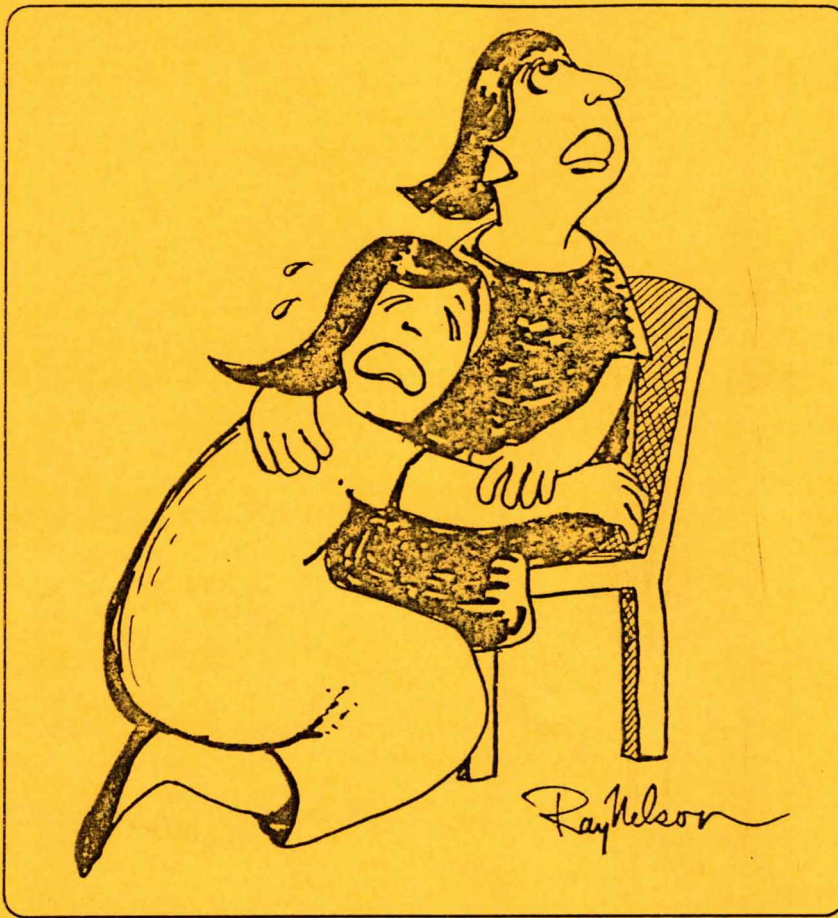
Just about then Belle spied a brown lace dress hidden between the folds, and snatched it up, quick as an anxious buyer in Macy's January inventory sale. It was a honey; empire waisted and short skirted, a perfect tunic.

"I wanted that," I squealed, thinking how well it would go with the jacket.

"Heheheh, I beat you to it," said Belle, and tucked it behind her chair.

I groused a bit, and pulled out Karla's divinely colored v-necked sweater, soft and delicately colored. It went on the growing stack under my chair.





Ken put in an appearance to show off a beautiful, authentic carved Indian doll, housed in a plastic dome. The doll puts in an appearance at every sale, and it adds a lot of class to these affairs. Unfortunately, it's pricey, and it seemed likely that it would return to Ken's shelf at the end of the day, as it had for previous sales.

About that time I spotted a white unicorn. "It still plays music," Su volunteered. True, a quick windup and the chords of Impossible Dream tinkled across the lawn. "For \$2, what the hell," I thought, "it'll look good under the Christmas tree."

This seems like a good time to add a digression to this digression. There's been a lot of talk about my attitude toward unicorns and fantasy fans, but I don't automatically smash each one I see. Usually I nod politely and let fantasy fans and unicorns have plenty of hall space to get on to where they are going. It's only when either tries to insinuate itself too deeply into my space that I get uppitty. I did NOT say "Death to all Fantasy Fans." I do, however, think that fantasy fans and unicorns are, by and large, happier somewhere that I'm not. Which is why I am campaigning to Ban All Fantasy Fans. You can see that this is a completely different matter, and a perfectly reasonable one, at that.

Think how happy they'd all be, at a different convention on the other side of town, well away from my hostile stares. It's only their own good I'm thinking

of here.

After I'd bought the unicorn, there seemed little territory left for me to conquer. I sat quietly in my chair, Being Good and thinking Uplifting Thoughts. What happened next really wasn't my fault, entirely.

In a stack of goodies under a chair I saw an edge of lace sticking out, tempting me.

"OOOh, I really like this," I said, pulling it out and measuring it against myself.

"I think that's Belle's stack," said Karla, trying to head off a fight.

"Oh, I don't think so." I wanted the dress.

"Yes, Joyce, she's right," said Aileen.

"Belle said she wanted that dress."

"She's not here, is she?" I looked around furtively. Belle was graciously talking to a family who piled out of a Nash Rambler.

They actually looked interested in the discarded 286-pc. If Belle convinced them, it would really make our club budget.

"I'll just put this under my chair," I announced to the air.

The others looked at me with surprise. What angels they are...they've never faced off against a 350-pound woman across a Macy's counter. Experience counts. I knew I could take them.

The computer vanished into the trunk of the Nash, and Belle returned to her chair, a triumphant look on her face. With any luck,

she'd be so excited she wouldn't notice.

"Would you like a cup of coffee," I offered sweetly. Sometimes a distraction like this works. "Why, thank you, Joyce," purred Sweet Belle. She sat down, back toward the stack of clothes. Success! She hadn't noticed.

Karla, Su and Aileen looked at me oddly, but said nothing.

"Where is Peggy?" I artfully changed the subject.

"Since she's doing it next weekend, she said she won't be here today," explained Aileen.

"Besides, she's very busy," someone added. "She has a new ambition, a new career path."

We all clamored to know more.

"Peggy is going to become a Psychic Psychiatrist." Gasps spread around the circle, as we contemplated Peggy psyching out our problems.

"How will she do this?" I asked.

"She's sending away to a diploma mill; she won't need to actually take psych classes. After all, she already has her psi powers."

We all pondered this in silence.

Just then another car drove up; it was my turn to be the greeter. That's how I lost control of the situation.

When I returned to the garage, Belle was looking around her with puzzlement. "Where's my dress?" she queried. No one answered. Then she spied it under my chair. "Joyce, is that my brown dress?"



"Oh, no," I lied heartily. "This is a completely different brown dress."

She laughed musically and pulled it out. "Joyce... I said I wanted this one."

"You've heard of apartment house wrestling, I presume?"

An old friend of ours, editorially involved in the world of professional wrestling, was given the assignment to try to get some sex appeal into the magazine. Perhaps it was demonic inspiration: he hired a couple of models, arranged them in combative and scantily clothed poses, and coupled the pix with a few paragraphs about the completely mythical sport of Apartment House Wrestling. It was a catch phrase that actually evolved into a quasi-sport.

Belle allowed as how she knew all about it, so I

squared off pugilist style, ready to do battle for the lace. I must have looked pretty scary, cause she laughed and said, "Oh, take it -- I don't need it that badly."

Aileen suddenly experienced a coughing fit, and Su dropped a cup of coffee in her glee. Karla covered up her own laughter by rushing up to help the day's last customers.

That evening, Arnie asked how the sale had gone. I was busy hanging up my new garments.

"It went well. We made a lot of money. And when there were no customers, we traded our own clothes; look at this pretty tunic I got from Belle."

"That's nice, Joyce." He turned back to the Sporting News. "Why don't you write it up?"

And so I did.

# THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE

## Remembrance of Fanac Past

"You must write," cried my husband in a voice of command. "Our goal is One Hundred Pages and Fan History depends on us!" And so I sat down at the computer, phrases like "Vegas Fandom" and "...must be longer!" ringing in my head. So, having been one of the first members of SNAFFU and present during the infamous phone call between Ken and Arnie in which the Katzes met SNAFFU, I guess I have lots of stories. Unfortunately, most of these stories would be appallingly boring to out of towners. After all, you don't know my friends, so I thought I'd introduce you. Now, not all of these people are fanzine fans, so you might not meet them until you visit, but they're all interesting and best of all, they're all my friends. Keep in mind please that these are my own view of them. They may have other views of themselves.

I met John Hardin at a Gaming Night in our house. Actually, I'd seen this blonde kid hanging around, blending into the wall, a couple of times before, but I

noticed him more that night because he was carrying around a bottle of beer. Now, we'd been pretty careful to keep under-aged drinking to a minimum (reserving it for pretty girls needing persuasion to take off clothing) and it disturbed me that I'd overlooked such flagrant disregard of the rules. "How old is that kid over there?" I asked Ken. He followed my finger and said, "I don't know, twelve, thirteen maybe." "Should I ask him not to drink?" I asked and at my husband's shrug I went to find someone else who knew him better. "Oh, I think he's about twenty," Will said and I relaxed. "He's really interesting. You should talk to him." Well, John was pretty shy and I didn't get to know him very well until I started giving him a ride to meetings and such. Will was right. Still waters run deep. Also, blondes age well. He was around twenty-five.

Joyce Katz also seemed quiet when I met her. She

YOU  
MUST  
WRITE







and Arnie invited Ken and I over for dinner and that night she allowed Arnie to do most of the talking. They both seemed very intense and appeared to want to make a good impression upon us. This fandom thing (which, to us, meant the club) seemed far more important to them than it was to us. Also, they wanted to know about each and every current member, running down the membership list and asking about them all. With every name, Arnie found some obscure person to compare them to. "Oh yes! Why Raymond Waldie sounds just like Forry Ackerman," or some

such person. I wasn't sure of the purpose of this comparison, other than to make us feel more connected to national fandom. Joyce has since been the major reason that I'm still in fanzine fandom. Every time I've been this close to throwing up my hands in disgust at the seeming smugness and cliquish nature of fanzine fandom, Joyce has been there to remind me that we all do this because it's fun. Whenever Ken tells me that I have twenty minutes to write an article if I want to be in this month's **Wild Heirs** and "obviously I don't want to be involved," Joyce tells me to relax and write if I have a chance and not to worry if I don't. When I got pissed off at Arnie for not understanding why I disliked the term "trufan" (I felt it implied that if I didn't choose to write or read fanzines that I was a fake fan), Joyce joined me in the pool and we talked and floated until I realized that "trufen" are those people that kept the friendships of the past, embraced future friendships and just happened to (usually) keep in touch by means of fanzines. Thanks, Joyce.

Marcy Waldie came into our group via her husband. She started coming to the Socials with Ray and eventually began attending meetings and even writing for local fanzines. Marcy is one of the most empathic and sympathetic people I know, and I got to really know her only after I began having trouble in my life. Until then she seemed so shy that it was difficult to get a complete sentence out of her. When I started crying over some disaster or other at a Social, Marcy came over and let me get her shoulder wet.

Whenever there's a messy job that no one else wants to have to do, Marcy's there to take it on with no complaints or hesitations. I know that her life's not a snap and I wish that I could say that I've helped her as much as she's helped me, but that's not true. The fact is that I'm too self absorbed most of the time to think about prying her problems out of her--she wouldn't complain otherwise. I hope she knows that I'm here for her if she ever does need me. She's so often been a sympathetic ear and shoulder for me. When I was so sick of my job and desperate to begin my writing

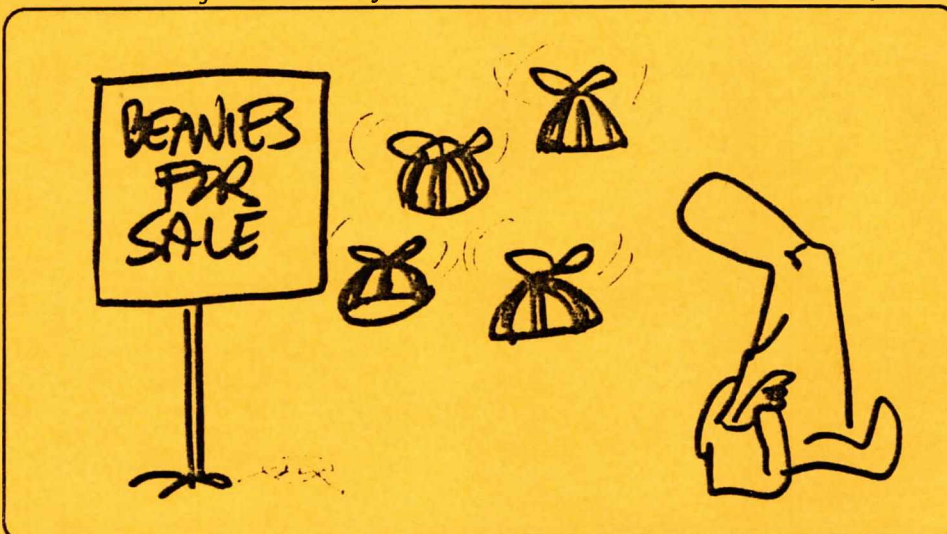
career, she clipped articles about getting into the writing field for me, handing them over with quiet words of encouragement. Thanks, Marcy. My changing to day shift's taken the edge off the desperation, but I haven't given up. I'm just taking my time.

These are just a few of the people I'm proud to call friends in Vegas fandom. If you want to know more, read my article.

Yeah, Ken. I wrote about friends. It wasn't hard.

I find to my pride that I have a lot.

-- Aileen Forman





# Manurecon

## BY TOM SPRINGER

### A NOT-SO-QUICK PREFACE

A hypothetical bunch of fanzine fans stranded on a deserted island is a comparable scenario to what's happening in Las Vegas inasmuch as we experience a certain isolationism due to our geographical location that contributes to the ongoing growth and shaping of our fandom. Whereas we're not stranded on a deserted island, we are living in a city out in the middle of the Mojave desert, very isolated. San Francisco or Seattle are the closest friendly fandoms, and no matter how many fanzines and letters we publish and receive we're still very much alone. I suspect many fans feel Las Vegas is one of the more active fandoms today, and it comes as no surprise to know the very same fans might argue we're too self-referential or cliquish to be interesting for very long, while others would discuss our longevity or stamina. For me though, none of these concerns rank as high as the possibility that Vegas fandom has become slightly inbred.

We're not talking dueling banjos here, but inbred is the best word I can summon to describe this intangible condition I suspect we suffer. It's not going to be the end of Vegas fandom, but while writing this report it became evident that I was exhibiting symptoms of such a condition. I hope my enthusiasm isn't confused with presumption or arrogance, but I think my audience knows me pretty well by now. It makes me feel ignorant to be so out of touch with the one aspect of this hobby I've never experienced outside my own fandom, an aspect I once again find myself writing about.

What's my problem? Why do I feel ignorant? Well shit, here I am, an active fan and co-editor of one of the more popular and timely fanzines published today, and I've yet to go to an out of town convention. Granted, Corflu Nashville will solve that problem for me when I make my travels east in March, but that does nothing to help me put a little perspective on my current problem.

I'm not an experienced con-attender; in fact, I attended my first convention, SilverCon 3, only a couple of years ago, here in Las Vegas. It was my first major in-person introduction to fandom and really opened my eyes to what Arnie and Joyce had been telling me about. I'd been a fringe fan for almost a year, taking my time getting to know the Katzs, then along comes SilverCon 3 and the next thing you know, buddabing, buddaboom! I find it! Sort of.

Shortly after SilverCon 3 my friendship with Arnie and Joyce began to solidify. We started to spend more time together, and at their urging I tried my hand at writing. I was having fun. All of this happened just in





time for me to be overwhelmed by Corflu Vegas. I was not only helping put on the con but was just then tentatively making my way through fanzine fandom, meeting and getting to know more and more fans, and though I didn't feel as comfortable as I would have liked to be at Corflu Vegas I did have a tremendous time. After Corflu Vegas I wrote my first conreport, "Fancies of Egoboo," which appeared in WH#7 and what I considered then to be my best fanac yet. After the conreport I not only felt like I was making my way through fanzine fandom, but that I was participating and contributing on a level I hadn't been before.

Now, I've gone to yet another convention here in Las Vegas, SilverCon 4. My third convention in the same town, with the same fans who threw the first two, and with many of the same visiting out of town fanzine fans. Perhaps now you can understand why I feel a little uncomfortable writing a conreport when it's only my second and I've yet to attend an out of town convention. When SilverCon 4 rolled around I no longer felt very neoish and was looking forward to seeing Andy Hooper and Victor Gonzalez, hoping to spend enough time to get to know them even better, something for which it seems cons are ideal.

Many fanzine fans propose that TAFF is for fanzine fans who've met each other in the fanzines, but never in person, and is the instrument that delivers them overseas to meet their fannish friends in the flesh. After Corflu Vegas that's what I thought conventions were ideal for. They are, and I value them as such. When SilverCon 4 began creeping up on us I wrote a

letter to Victor expressing my interest in spending some time with him (thinking that Andy wouldn't let the stooping Gonzalez out of his sight for long, so I'd have the benefit of his company as well, two fans with one letter). I decided to make it a point to spend as much time with selected out of town fans as I could, trying to get to know them better in the more informal forum of a convention.

I wanted to spend time with Andy and Victor, that's true and I won't deny it, but here was probably one of the few chances I'd ever have to meet Bob Tucker. Bob Wilson Tucker, the most mythic and legendary figure in fandom that I've ever read about. Forget the fact that he's a vile pro who's survived two death hoaxes (that we know about), or that he's the fan who originated what I so very much enjoy, a fannish attitude. But here's one looked at fandom as fandom, in and of itself, as an end to itself, and he really brought out the humor in the hobby. Not to take anything away from Don Wolhiem who was making his own great strides in fandom, but I wasn't getting a chance to meet Wolhiem. Tucker topped my list of people I wanted to spend time with. Fortunately I made it a point to do so, and verily, I was rewarded.

I wanted to spend time with Tucker, Lichtman, Hooper and Gonzalez, and one or two other fans given the opportunity. That was it for my list. After experiencing my first two cons here in town I had a basic idea what to expect and knew better than to expand my list to include any more. I was going to be busy riding the torrential river that is a Las Vegas fanzine convention, bobbing on the many currents of the convention, never sure where I'd end up next.

Tucked somewhere in the back of my mind was the idea to write the convention up. My mostly blank notebook is damning evidence to this claim, as well as an indication on how well I can follow up on my intentions. After having told Arnie I'd write a SilverCon 4 report I found myself wondering what in the hell made me say such a stupid thing and what my chances might be on following through on that declaration. I promised it for the Annish, no less. Sure, SilverCon 4 was the best convention I ever had, there's no doubt in my mind about that, it's just that there aren't a lot of memories left in my mind about SilverCon 4, but I've put to paper what I could remember and, following Arnie's advice, made up the rest of this totally true account of...

#### MY ADVENTURES AT MANURECON

The harsh light of another Mojave day screeched through the blinds of our bedroom signaling for my surrender from slumber on another bright and sunny day in Las Vegas, the fannish epicenter of the Southwest. I reached up, eyes still closed, and turned the blinds' adjustment rod to seal the ventilating visors. I tucked my arms back under the covers, snuggled them tighter around my comatose body and went back to sleep.

IS THAT A REAL  
L.V. FAN?



Where  
are the  
horns?



Such was my auspicious beginning on Friday, September 29, the first day of SilverCon 4. How could I still be in bed on the first day of the convention, even after experiencing the Katz's pre-con Kick-off Party? Why wasn't I up bright and early at the Mardi Gras Hotel where the convention was to be held, helping the concomm set up? Why wasn't I loading, unloading, lifting, transporting, setting up, taking down, or doing any one of the dozen manual labor type chores needed to get the convention up and running? Well, nobody asked me, so I stayed in bed and slept until noon.

While I wasn't asked to do anything I did volunteer to partner up with JoHn Hardin to play security. That's right, JoHn and Thomas, house dicks, at your service. If size is a requisite for security, SilverCon had nothing to worry about with JoHn and me on the job, two of the largest, most conscientious and law-abiding fans in Las Vegas. So you see, while I languished in bed, my conscious clouded with the muzzy softness of a late sleep-in, I knew my responsible and self-motivating partner would be at the scene of the con supervising any security-like functions that required his presence and attention. That was my most brilliant move during the long pre-con prep time that I made, partnering up with JoHn to act as security. For me it allowed a guilt-free convention, that, knowing JoHn was on the job and all, I had no need to worry about my occasional lapse in what many other people might consider "my duties".

I eventually dragged myself out of bed and into the shower where I stood for an interminable amount of time waiting for the hot spray of water to fully wake me. I always do this and it never works. I keep doing it because I'm more than half asleep when I step into the shower and don't remember that it never works. It never works because I'm 6'3" and the shower head in my bathroom is located chest high on me, which is where the water hits unless I bend over or crouch down. This is another particular that fuels my loathing for short plumbers (the others being midget water fountains and low slung sinks). Short plumbers are my bane. I figure they put the shower heads where they do because that's as far up as they can reach, which is about nipple high for me. One of my secret hopes is to live in a building or house that had its plumbing done by a tall plumber. Or a short one with a ladder. The problem seems to stem from the fact that a plumber's stock tool of the trade is a wrench, not a ladder, which is more apropos for roofers and chimney sweeps. But I'd never let a chimney sweep into my shower, not unless he was moonlighting as a journeyman plumber. And he had a ladder.

Vegas had yet to segue into Fall (like it never really does) and we were still experiencing summer type weather, so I slipped a t-shirt and shorts on and began casting around the bedroom for clothes. In our house anything on the floor is considered dirty, unless it's only slightly dirty. Slightly dirty is still wearable, but I'm not one for crawling around on the floor smelling

slightly dirty underwear, so I helped myself to the stack of clothes flung over the back of the armchair in the computer/sewing room. Metallurgy was never a strong point of mine and I still haven't mastered the hanger yet. I've got chairs, ironing boards and door-knobs down though, so there's always a place for me to hang my clothes, if they don't suddenly fall victim to gravity as soon as I remove them from my body.

With one bag full of clothes and the other brimming with goodies and fanzines I trooped down to my Rodeo and made my way towards the hotel, stopping once to pick up a small supply of beer at a liquor store just down the street. The Mardi Gras Hotel is located on Paradise just north of Flamingo, and within short walking distance of The Crazy Horse Cabaret, Dave's World of Adult Books, and several other adult oriented establishments. The Hotel isn't located in a bad neighborhood, not really, but it is a busy little hotel...

I recall a large rectangular three story building with the swimming pool, courtyard, gazebo, and two meeting rooms occupying the open air middle of the structure with balconies encircling the inside floors. I parked in front and spied Peggy Kurilla leaving as I gathered my wallet, keys, and other assorted crap I always seem to keep about my person. As she slowly drove around the corner of the building to what I

LAS VEGAS FANS  
ARE ON THE  
LEADING EDGE  
OF 21ST CENTURY  
FANDOM !;



which  
will be  
here on  
1 Jan 2001



assume was her room I made my way to the front desk to check-in.

When I made my reservation over the phone I asked my room be booked as close to the Katz's as possible, knowing that I would be spending most of my time with them. My room was as far away from the Katz's as Columbus was from finding that shortcut to Asia, kitty corner to their's on the opposite side of the hotel. Being the fan that I am I took this little disappointment in stride, unloaded my bags and supplies and entered what would be my home for the next three days. There's not one bad thing I can say about the rooms at the Mardi Gras. I stepped into a

large open room with a comfortable looking couch against one wall, two chairs and a small table beneath the window next to the door, and across from the door a wet bar with two bar stools. Schlepping past the wetbar led me to the king-size bed and spacious kitchenette that sported a short refrigerator under the counter, and opposite that a stove. A bottle opener was attached to the wall near the fridge, which was used to great effect the entire weekend.

After tossing my bags on the bed I returned to my vehicle and transported the beer to the refrigerator. This moving in business was thirsty work and if it was going to continue I'd need something stronger than beer so I unzipped my bag with the goodies and pulled out that little 'extra'. I placed my bottle of Gentlemen's Jack Daniels on the counter and ripped open the shrinkwrap encasing the hotel's mandatory plastic cups. Plastic cups with "The Mardi Gras Best Western" emblazoned upon them above the motel chain's crown-like emblem. I broke the seal on my bottle and twisted the cap off so I could pour the amber treasure within into my liberated plastic cup.

I needed a drink.

I had no idea, until I freed my cup from the shrinkwrap that the convention would be held at a Best Western. Being in Vegas and all it wasn't quite what I was expecting. I guess we were lucky it wasn't a Motel 6. With fannish optimism I raised my cup and toasted SilverCon and a great time to come. I plucked my smoking case from the crowded contents of my bag, slipped my room key into my front pocket, grabbed a notebook and pen, then made my way towards registration. The notebook and pen were for note-taking because I had slept in and woke up feeling rested and optimistic, with the idea of writing some of

REAL LAS VEGAS  
FANS DON'T  
EAT QUICHE



THAT'S  
BECAUSE  
THEY  
DON'T  
KNOW  
WHAT  
IT IS

the funny things that were bound to happen in said notebook. (And here I sit writing a con report with notes I never took.) Leaving my room I turned right, then made another immediate right through a tunnel and out into the interior courtyard, which was a mistake.

The mistake wasn't a wrong turn, or even arriving at the courtyard, it was breathing. If I had stopped breathing I would never have experienced the flashback that sent me spinning back to my rural roots wishing I'd packed my cowboy boots. The grassy courtyard that surrounded the gazebo and abutted the swimming pool had just been freshly fertilized. Fertilized, like cow shit fertilized. Redolent cow shit that wasn't at all shy about

introducing itself to your sinuses. What's a little cow shit between friends? A little cow shit.

Breathing through my mouth I made my way to the registration desk to pick up my badge and program book. Peggy had beaten me there and sat behind the table with April (don't ask me her last name cause I don't know it). April is what's called a fringe fan, but as far as I know she still doesn't know fanzine fandom exists, even after spending Ghu knows how many hours at Ken's and Arnie's. I was just in time to hear Peggy tell April one of her ever-popular abortion stories (she works as a receptionist at a clinic), just the thing to start off my convention. I signed where they asked me to, grabbed my badge and made my escape, and as I did for the rest of the weekend, breathed through my mouth.

I've never cared much for Peggy Burke Kurilla; she happens to be one of those rare people that rub me the wrong way. Peggy's as smooth as steel wool. Arnie, Joyce, Ben and I were talking about Peggy one day and the conversation narrowed down to why I don't like her, and I had to confess that I really didn't know why. Arnie said that Burbee had Al Ashely and I have Peggy Burke Kurilla. Maybe that's true. All I know for sure is that Peggy's assuming and insincere familiarity sets my teeth on edge and what I find so distasteful about her is her intellectual and social pretensions. She can really bug the crap out of me. When I hold Peggy up to even the most minimal standards of fandom I find her wanting, and the fact that she's as socially adjusted as a table lamp only adds to her charm. When Tucker was homing in on her for Fandaughter I knew he was wasting his time. I think as long as Peggy maintains her huge elliptic orbit around Vegas Fandom I'll continue to write



about her in the hopes my warnings may save some of you the headaches I myself have suffered due to her close proximity and unthinking mouth. I still can't get over the fact that she left the Glasgow Worldcon on Saturday afternoon!

Along with my badge and program book I received SilverCon 4's "Official Souvenir Pocket Schedule," which conveniently listed all the program items. Neato and spiffy. I was officially ready for the convention -- and a sidebar. I made my way to the Katz's uninvited and pounded on their door, demanding entrance in a loud gruff voice. Arnie cracked it open an inch, suspicious and careful, keeping in mind there were gamers about. "Do you know the password?" he asked through the crack.

"Let me in," I pleaded, "I can't breath out here!"

"I can't let you in without the password," he explained.

"Sidebar!"

"That was last time," he informed me, ready to close the door. I stood there, nostrils flaring at the wonderful aroma wafting from within, desperate to escape the ever present smell of bullshit that seemed to have settled in for the duration.

You'd think after two years in Vegas fandom I'd be used to it.

"Inner Circle," I tried.

"That's two words," he said, closing the door a little more, leaving room for his nose and one examining eye to stare out at me.

"TAFF."

"Nope."

"Flickerbottom."

"What?" he asked.

Behind him I could hear Joyce. "Give the poor guy a break and let him in, Arnie."

"Brub," I tried, about to resign myself to standing outside their window with my nose pressed to the glass.

He swung the door wide, "Come on in!"

Joyce and Robert Lichtman sat on the couch, and I made my way to an empty chair, looking around for other fans.

"Where is everybody?" I asked.

"I think they're keeping to their rooms until night falls," Robert supplied.

"Why?" Joyce asked.

"I've heard they spontaneously combust in the sun," Arnie added.

"Who?" Joyce asked.

"Those vampire people," Robert answered.

"Oh, you mean the gamers!" Joyce exclaimed.

"You can call them whatever you want," Arnie said.

"Just don't step on their capes," Robert suggested.

"They hate that."

Joyce ignored them and handed me a pipe, which I used for my own nefarious purposes, inhaling deeply. "God, that's much better," I exhaled. "Do you know what it's like out there?" I asked them.

Robert nodded. "It stinks."

"I really can't believe they fertilized the lawns the

same weekend as our convention," Joyce said, shaking her head.

"Someone's gotta write this one up," I said.

Arnie stood up, holding his finger in the way wise men do before delivering a proverb. "A good writer is one who produces when the chips are down!"

Joyce ignored him. "I'm hungry."

Putting his finger away Arnie turned to Robert. "You ready to eat?"

Robert nodded, "Yeah."

"Me too," I exhaled.

"The Celebrity Deli?" Joyce asked Arnie.

"They've never steered us wrong before," he said, a twinkle in his eye. I heaved myself to my feet and secured my belongings, taking several deep breaths in preparation for our journey outside. I noticed my comrades doing the same and didn't feel so foolish.

Before the controls of reality could be adjusted Robert and I found ourselves in the backseat of the Katz car on our way to a tasty lunch at the Celebrity Deli, an exercise to be duplicated countless times (countless cause I can't remember) in the days to come. The Celebrity Deli is the same deli Arnie wrote about in his article "A Slice of Fame," which can be found in Lichtman's latest **Trap Door**, for those who'd like to read about Arnie's herculean efforts to get a sandwich named after him. (Apparently some guy named Sam got a sandwich named after him first, which has pretty much dampened Arnie's own efforts, but after a little snooping on his part Arnie thinks the guy might be the owner and is again readying himself for another campaign.)

LAS VEGAS FANS  
DO NOT KNOW THE  
MEANING OF FEAR



OR  
YF7  
OTHER  
WORDS



Upon our return to the Mardi Gras Hotel, full, fortified, and ready to fraternize we descended upon the huckster room with intent to buy... something. Something besides gaming stuff, Star Trek paraphernalia, sf books, and assorted objects of momentary interest. I wanted to buy fanzines, but there were none (Bruce Pelz neglected to bring any) so I had to content myself with the auction and hope there was something worth bidding on there. I know Bruce didn't bring any fanzines because we asked him, one of the first things we did after bumping into him. He did inform us that he'd brought several bound copies of all the 1945 retro-Hugo nominees for us to paw over and that he'd left them in the hospitality suite. The hospitality suite became our next goal until Gay Haldeman appeared before us on her quest to find her husband's wallet. He'd apparently lost it sometime that morning and they were still in search of it. But Gay's of stronger stuff and didn't let it bother her, still very much the smiling, gentle, lovely woman that I'd met the night before at the Katz's party. She's very easy to talk to and enjoys a good conversation.

After offering our condolences and promises to case the Katz's on the off chance it might be there she left us to go back to their room and call in his missing credit cards. We wended our way to the hospitality suite where we found the bound copies and paged through them, vowing to each other to come back for a more thorough examination later.

"These are pretty cool," I said, handing the bound copy to Joyce, who, after looking around tried to stuff it in her purse.

"Joyce! What're you doing?" Arnle asked.

Her purse wasn't tall enough and the zines stuck out about six inches from the top of her bulging bag.

"Nothing," she replied. "Here, have some M&Ms."

Arnle, not to be distracted, homed in on the book and yanked it from her purse.

"Joyce, I'm surprised at you," Arnle admonished in a hushed voice.

Joyce hung her head, possibly a little ashamed but I wasn't falling for it. Robert had missed her attempted theft having stepped outside to talk to Rusty Havelin. "I just wanted to sneak it home to photocopy," she pleaded, reaching for the book with a trembling hand.

Arnle handed it to me and shook his head. "It's the first day of the convention. How would we look if Bruce's zines went missing the first day?"

"Right after Joe's wallet," I supplied.

Joyce scooped up a handful of M&Ms, chewing thoughtfully. "So you're saying it would be better to come back for the prize sometime later, a day or two, when they eventually become forgotten in the hectic pacing of the convention and we'll have had time to find someone to blame this on?"

"Now you're catching on," Arnle encouraged. "We just have to be patient."

Joyce looked around the room at the odd half

dozen fans who had stopped doing what they were doing to watch Arnle foil Joyce and her sticky fingers. "We better be going now, Arnle," she said, catching hold of his arm, "we were due back at the room ten minutes ago." Arnle nodded and they trooped out leaving the room abuzz with speculation. I placed the volume of 1945 fanac back on the table and followed, wondering how closely one must be associated with the guilty party to be found guilty as well. Then I bucked up, remembering that my associate, John Hardin, of John/Thomas Security Specialists, would be on the job, picking up what little slack I left behind and acting responsible and secure-like for all to admire.

Walking down the hall I looked around. No fights, arguments, or folk singers. Everything secure. "Damn, I'm good," I thought to myself, becoming downright happy and glowingly satisfied at how superb I was at security. There's just nothing like a job well done. Back at the Katz's room we puffed to change the air in our lungs. We'd do so frequently throughout the convention and I only mention it here because we did so with Richard Brandt and Michelle Lyons, who'd stopped by to visit following an afternoon on the town.

Michelle sat down next to me and leaned over with that inviting little smile of hers which speaks of carnal conspiracy. "Where is everyone?"

I looked at Robert who was passing me the pipe, then back to Michelle. "I think they've all been kidnapped."

She looked at me askance, "What?"

"I think they're all kicking back," I puffed, "until the opening ceremonies."

LAS VEGAS FANS  
LAUGH AT DEATH



ALSO  
GIGGLE  
AT MAIMING,  
GUFFAW  
AT DIS-  
MEMBER-  
MENT



"Oh."

The phone rang and she jumped, startled, and I broke out with a laugh. Arnie answered the phone while Robert defended me from Michelle's outlandish accusations. Richard pulled out a copy of **Fanthology '89** and started flipping through it, showing me why I should buy it. Knowing this would be the first of many sales pitches if I didn't capitulate I shoved the ten bucks into Richard's grasping hands and sat back to check out my new purchase more closely.

"Okay, hold on and let me check," Arnie said, covering the mouth piece with his hand and turning to us. "It's Tucker, and he'd like to know if any of us would care to join him for an early dinner."

I put my fanzine down and touched my belly, wondering how my patty melt from the deli was doing in there. "We could have dessert," Joyce suggested

"I could have some cheesecake," I added.

"Or some ice cream," Robert said.

"Yeah," Michelle enthused, as she's wont to do, "I could go for a milk shake right about now."

Arnie put the phone back to his ear, "We'd love to join you. Yeah, okay, we'll see you in a few minutes." Arnie hung up the phone and turned back to us again, "He'll be down in a few minutes."

"Oh goody," Joyce said, "just enough time to change the air in our lungs."

We cleared our lungs while we indulged in some pre-con chit chat as well as lamenting the fact that Joe Haldeman, our pro guest of honor, had lost his wallet. While we were all feeling sorry for Joe, we took a few moments to agree that he made a mean gravy. And he does. The night before at the Katz's Pre-con Kick-off Party Joyce had made three turkeys for the hungry fen that descended upon her home. Three turkeys that needed gravy. Gravy Joe stirred up in the kitchen with some drippings and corn starch, leading many of the kitchen staff to suspect Joe of mysterious alchemical abilities. Joyce reassured the superstitious among us that Joe was just a vile pro and not to be confused with someone of more substance and that we shouldn't let such petty jealousies get in the way of our appreciation for his gravy. We didn't.

A loud knock at the door kicked us out of our conversation and propelled Richard Brandt to the

LAS VEGAS FANS  
ARE THE BEST  
FANDOM HAS  
TO OFFER!



uh-  
oh —

abused portal. He swung it open to reveal Tucker dressed in pants and a blue checkered shirt, mischief, seemingly as always, in his eye, and a crooked smile on his face. Bob strode inside and clapped his hands, rubbing them together. "Who's ready to eat?"

As we all stood up and made get-ready noises Arnie asked the important question. "Where do you want to eat?"

"Do you want to try the hotel's cafe?" Joyce asked, grabbing her purse.

"As long as they serve fish it's all right with me," Tucker responded.

"We have to try it sooner or later," Arnie said.

"We only have an hour and a half until the opening ceremonies anyway," Richard informed us.

"That cuts it then," Arnie said. "Let's go."

And off we trooped, to dine in chipped opulence in

the magnificent cafe of the Mardis Gras Hotel. That the cafe wasn't good enough to warrant a name is understandable, but that we didn't take note of this before sitting down is a crime we all paid for, some more than others. Poor Tucker. We should have known better when we sat down and asked the dozing waitress for water and she sent a busboy over with a pitcher and glasses smaller than the salt and pepper shakers. At least the utensils weren't plastic.

Tucker ordered fish as we marvelled at his bravery. But that's Bob, always leading by example. Michelle ordered a milkshake, Richard a soda, Robert stuck with his mini-water, and the three Vegas fans present ordered cheesecake, which they didn't have. Arnie and I then asked for chocolate ice cream, Joyce asked for vanilla, and when our apologetic waitress returned to inform us they were all out of chocolate ice cream too, I ended up eating vanilla with Joyce while Arnie decided he wouldn't bother coming back for the rest of the convention. Tucker's fish came back deep fried; after peeling the breading off it and consuming the slice of cucumber that accompanied it he pronounced it palatable. I'm convinced that he's a victim of too many banquets, and though he knows what's good, he can't stop from eating what's bad; his grace and good humor propelling him into acceptance of meals whose gourmet qualities were, at best, suspect, as I adjudged the fish to be.

The cafe and bar sat nestled behind a bank of slot



machines, between which we could see Art Widner and Don Fitch trying their luck. It appeared they'd decided on just one machine and were taking turns trying to hit the jackpot. After a short strategic discussion involving much hand waving and raised voices they moved over to a couple of machines closer to us and began pulling the handles while we revelled in the fannish atmosphere, enjoying the fact that everywhere we looked in the dilapidated surroundings there was a fanzine fan. After totaling the bill we decided that if the only available food was fish here at the cafe, and it seemingly was, and if an emergency arose, and we had no where else to go to eat, we'd meet at the concession/laundry room on the second floor with enough quarters to get a poker game together. When the bill was paid and the pact signed and sworn upon, we scuttled back to the Katz's room, meeting up with Cora and Burbee as they rolled their way to the same door, intent on some company before the Opening Ceremonies.

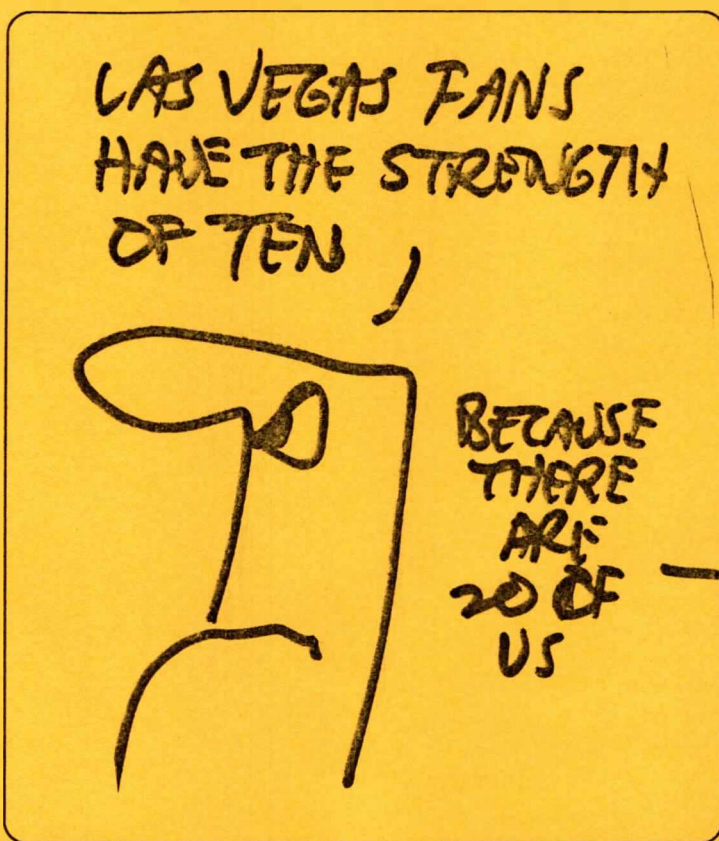
We obliged them, of course. Then we obliged Victor Gonzalez and Andy Hooper, who had stopped by to say hello, and before we knew it we were all shuffling clump-like towards the meeting room, our group stringing out in ones, twos, and threes as we strolled towards the beginning of our reason for being there.

The convention.

Our group soon dissolved as we neared the entrance, where SheIVy and Suzanne were gabbing it up with Jack Speer and Rusty Hevelin. Everyone was converging on the room and I was somehow squeezed through the door and ended up inside standing next to a distracted Victor Gonzalez. I have to admit that I was a little curious as to how everything would go. As before every program item I've ever been to, fans sat and stood around talking about this and that with more fans coming and going, which added to the feeling that something was going to happen soon.

Victor must have been sensitive to this same feeling when he nudged me in the ribs as we stood there near the back of the room and said, "Let's get outta here."

"I dunno, I was kinda planning on seeing this," I said, looking around to see who else was there. Just about everyone attending the con, except for the gamers, was milling about the area, inside the room and just outside the door in the courtyard, spending the last minutes before the opening ceremony in



added.

"Lead the way," he said, giving me a not so extravagant hand gesture to do just that. We slipped out the sliding glass door that opened onto the pool area located at the front of the meeting room and quickly made our escape.

Walking down the hall past the swimming pool we encountered a young attractive blonde girl in a long burgundy velvet cape. She watched us walk by with wide eyes, probably wondering what important errand we were on, then, after Victor was safely past I could have sworn I heard her hiss. I looked over my shoulder to find Victor hissing back and reaching for something inside his coat pocket. I tugged on his sleeve at the same time she turned with a spray of velvet cape and retreated down the hall.

I looked at Victor. He didn't appear to be out of sorts, and the hissing sneer I thought had twisted his face just seconds ago had disappeared. "What was that all about?" I asked.

"What?"

"That," I said, nodding down the hall.

"Oh, I just asked for her room number," he answered, tucking his pen back in his coat pocket.

"Did she hiss at you?"

"Yeah," he replied. "Can you believe that?"

We continued on our way. "You might want to stay away from those kinds of women," I suggested over my shoulder.

"No shit."

We arrived at my room without further incident and settled ourselves at the wetbar. He sat on one of

conversation.

"Well, I've never been to a program item before and I don't plan to start now," he said out of the corner of his mouth, glancing around for an unclogged exit.

"Never?" I asked.

"Never," he replied.

I took a brief moment to weigh my options. Watch the opening ceremony or follow through on one of my stated goals of the convention. The battle was brief and the obvious decision won out.

"Let's go to my room," I suggested.

"What?"

"Let's go to my room. I have whisky," I



the stools as I walked around and grabbed two beers out of the fridge. I popped the tops off with the handy opener stuck to the wall then turned to the sink and liberated another plastic cup. While I poured the whisky Victor pulled out a black film canister and a little metal pipe.

"So, what did Andy think of my story?" I casually asked Victor, hoping my ambush would surprise an answer out of him. My story was pubbed with one by Arnie in our first .5 issue and featured Joyce Katz as the heroine and Andy Hooper as the evil Shrimp Brother of the Intergalactic Brotherhood of Shellfish Gobblers. It was my first try at fanfic and I was eager for feedback, especially Andy's.

Victor cleaned a small dark bud on the counter, pinching the black seeds out with practiced fingers. "He liked it."

"He liked it?"

"That's what I said."

"He liked it," I said to the front door.

Victor stuffed the grass into his pipe and set it on the counter before me. "Here, smell," he directed, handing me the film canister.

I did. "Mmm, I like that," I said with a smile.

He motioned at his pipe, "Go ahead."

I picked up the pipe and pulled my lighter out of my pocket. Bringing the pipe up to my lips I looked over the bowl at him and tried again. "So, what did Andy think of my story?"

"He liked it," Victor said with a smile.

I flicked my lighter and circled its flame over the grass as I vengefully tried to suck the entire bowl into my lungs. I couldn't contain it all and had to pass the cherry bowl over to Victor as I did the stoner sputter. Some grass tastes so good you can't help but remark upon it, and the same is true for tobacco, but where tobacco satisfies an addiction marijuana gets you high. Different grass delivers different highs. Victor's grass, though it smelled delicious, had no real distinguishing flavor other than pleasant. Not very grassy and not very green.

I downed the last of my whiskey and exhaled a toxic cloud in Victor's direction, hoping to dissolve him. He blew his own smoke and chased it with a beer. I could feel the high crawl into my face, flushing it with that happy stoned glow that isn't as common as I'd like. After three minutes Victor's grass shot me up into the rarified air of The Most High, clunking into my brain and setting me abuzz. In the words of Terry Carr, "It felt groovy."

I checked my watch, still fifteen minutes before the Vicks were scheduled to renew their vows. So I leaned over the counter and poured a couple fingers more into our plastic cups.

"So tell me about Andy, Victor. What's he like up there in Seattle?"

Fifteen minutes later I knew more

about Andy than I did before the convention started. Victor painted an interesting picture. Putting our first of many sidebars behind us, Victor and I made our perilous way back to the meeting room. We'd timed it just right. The Opening Ceremonies had already ended and the meeting room assumed the expectant atmosphere associated with a change of programming. It was second nature to ignore the details of the rules to Vampire Roadkill being shouted at someone in the next room where the gamers were kept. Before the Renewal of Vows we were to be treated to an Introduction to Fandom by Aileen Forman, silently accompanied by Joyce Katz. I say silently because I never heard her speak, and from what I understand, despite a polite suggestion or two from Arnie concerning the matter, she never really did. It was later revealed to me that they'd planned a zap gun fight, but because I never knew of the ingenious plan I wasn't prepared to participate. I certainly wasn't prepared for Aileen's introduction either.

It is here where Victor and I parted ways. A woman in dark leather with something in her nose summoned him from a doorway. Before I could say, "Remember what I told you about those wom...." Victor was gone. I pulled up an aisle seat near the back and flopped down, anxious to once again be introduced to fandom, not quite catching it's last name the first time around. Apparently I wasn't the only fanzine fan eagerly awaiting an Introduction to Fandom.

Robert Lichtman sat down next to me and told me how eager he was for the program to begin because it had been such a long time since that first introduction those many years ago and he felt he was due for

LAS VEGAS FANS ARE  
THE FANNIEST FANS  
THAT EVER, UN, FANNED





another. Joyce and Aileen made their way to the front of the room and patiently waited for everyone to find their seats. Jack Speer, Arnie Katz, Art Widner, Tucker, Rusty Havelin, Richard and Michelle, a Haldeman or two and a sprinkling of Vegas fen filled the room with curious anticipation.

The only reason I was there was because my friend Joyce was on the panel, that and the Vicks were due to renew their vows in a half hour and I didn't want to miss another Vegas matrimonial ceremony, not after seeing Cathi and Ben get hitched at Corflu. I recall Aileen smoothly starting the program off with, "Well, thanks for coming to this program, Introduction to Fandom. We're here to talk a little bit about fandom and give you an introduction to the many facets of fandom," she said, nervously moving a pen around on the table before her. "Now, what can we talk about first? I know, let me tell you about filking..." and she went on. And on.

It's at this point in the program I turned to Robert Lichtman, leaned over, and said, "You wanna go to my room and clear your lungs?"

He looked at me with a relieved smile and nodded a vigorous yes. We quickly snagged our belongings, quietly stood up, and made our way for the back door, where Aileen's drone dribbled to a stop as she noticed us leaving.

"It can't be that bad," Aileen declared, "you guys aren't leaving yet, are you?" She asked us this as Robert and I rounded the last row of chairs. We were only a few hurried strides away from the door.

I stopped and faced her, for some reason on the brink of a hysterical laughter attack, probably from Victor's grass, and could barely contain myself.

"Wasn't it Jack Speer who once asked if we could stand up and move around?" I asked, not only looking at Aileen, but watching Jack, who had turned around in his seat with the rest of the audience to hear what I had to say. He had a go-with-the-flow kind of smile on his face. "Well, we're moving around, right out the door." I then suited actions to words. Outside Robert turned as I stepped down the stairs and moved ahead of him to lead the way.

Robert and I leisurely waited for the minutes to tick by and I quizzed him on fandoms past. After SilverCon 3, Corflu Vegas, and BurbeeCon (where Tammy, Ken, Robert, Rotsler, Arnie and Joyce and I visited the Burbees for a weekend) just a couple months before

SilverCon 4, so I've come to know Robert better than before. I've only had three chances to spend any significant amount of time with out of town fen but I think I've spent more time with Robert than any other. Robert is the kind of fan I try to emulate in many respects (as is Arnie), and I hope to always strive for the maturity, level headedness, and intellectualism that he possesses. He is a complete fan and nothing but a pleasure to have around.

Our half hour passed too quickly for me but I placated myself with a promise to spirit him away again for a more lengthy sidebar later. We returned to the meeting room without mishap and seated ourselves for the next event of the evening. Moments later a quiet expectant air filled the meeting room where the beautiful ceremony was to take place. This allowed me a better opportunity to hear about the nocturnal combat modifiers a vampire opossum has after being squashed by an Oldsmobile full of Phil Gramm supporters. Scanning our more peaceful room I noted the place was filthy with fanzine fans eager to see ShelVY and Suzanne repeat their vows of love. Arnie placed himself at the front of the room where he could function as 'fannish minister' and act as bonus pre-ceremony entertainment. In the back we could hear Joyce, Suzanne, and several other women as they waited outside in a giggly mass for Arnie to start the show.

At a prearranged signal I was totally unaware of (it was probably covered in the Opening Ceremony), Jack Speer broke into "*Here comes the bride*" on his kazoo while the rest of the guests hummed along as Joyce escorted the bride in all her matrimonial splendor down the aisle (she was wearing last year's Corflu

shirt). Suzanne took her place before Arnie with Joyce off to her left and ShelVY standing to her right.

"You all know why we are gathered here today," Arnie announced to the now hushed crowd before him. "We are gathered here today to celebrate the Vicks long lasting love and their renewal of vows, the old ones having all been used up by now."

Unfortunately I can't remember what was said following his preface for the ceremony, only what was said near the end.

"Before we finish this up with their

LAS VEGAS FANS  
BURY THEIR DEAD



SOMETIMES  
THEY ARE  
A LITTLE  
EARLY



vows I'd like to ask if anyone here has a reason why these two special people should not be wed on this glorious day. Again."

Everyone fell quiet, and it was only during this silence did I notice Tucker shift in his seat preparatory to standing up. He'd sat down next to me minutes before Jack broke in with his kazoo and we'd been talking fan women, as two fans are wont to do. He'd been telling me about some of the ones that had gotten away with sad nostalgia, providing humorous counterpoint with anecdotes about some of the ones that didn't. So I noticed when Tucker's face grew grim and cold, his blue eyes turning stormy as Arnie asked if anyone would object. I grabbed his arm as he stood up, dragging me along, his voice singularly loud in the small room. "I object!"

I tugged on his sleeve, urging him to sit, self-conscious of our vulnerability as we stood revealed before our fellow fans. "Now Bob, there's no call for this..." Another hush fell over the room as all eyes turned to Tucker.

Tucker shrugged me off and stood tall, pointing a damning finger at Suzanne. "That woman had my children!"

Whispers and murmurs rippled through the crowd at this announcement. Arnie stuttered while ShelVY stood looking helpless and baffled. "Shut up, you old phart!" Suzanne shot back, ripping through Tucker's manufactured drama like a six year old through wrapping paper. Laughter filling the room as Tucker and I sat down, bit players in a big show.

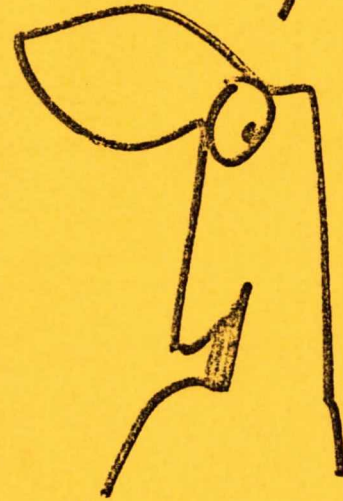
Arnie fisheyed the audience, silently daring anyone else to object to the proceedings. "Hmm, well, if there's no one else, and there'd better not be," he stressed, glaring at Tucker, "we can continue with the vows. Now then," Arnie turned to the glowing Suzanne. "Suzanne, do you take ShelVY as your fannishly wedded husband, to love, honor, and obey, 'till death do you part?"

"Obey? What's this stuff about obey? That wasn't part of the deal!" This is where things got a little crazy. Someone in the front row, I'm not sure who, handed Joyce a plate of what looked like some sort of ice cream dessert. A plate that was then deftly handed to the outraged Suzanne.

"Obey? Obey?" she shrieked. ShelVY stood there, momentarily stunned at his little wife's fury. I knew what was coming and tried to shrink down in my chair behind Tucker. Suzanne grabbed a glob of melting dessert off the plate and whipped it around at her husband-to-be-again. ShelVY adroitly ducked the melting glob of sugar. You can guess what happened to all that momentum, this being Las Vegas and all. That's right, Arnie got creamed, again. Being blind in his left eye he didn't see Suzanne's ice cream laden right hook fling the chilled dessert into his face.

There was a surprised and muffled protest from the ice creamed Arnie. Suzanne managed to fling a much smaller glob on her husband then stormed down the aisle to the back of the room where she,

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Joyce and several other fan women stormed about the 'obey' part. There was much back and forth going about as ice cream was wiped up, the vows were reworked, and Suzanne was slowly placated. I turned to Tucker and fingered a bit of vanilla ice cream off his eyebrow. "Some wedding, eh?"

"I still don't know why she'd want to marry that dufus," Tucker said, thumbing at a patiently waiting ShelVY, "when she could have me."

I licked the ice cream off my finger. "Beats me Bob, but mine is not to wonder why."

"You're right," Bob said, pulling out a small notepad, "ours' is to write this stuff down."

Joyce escorted Suzanne back to the front of the room where a sticky Arnie and ShelVY awaited her. "Let's try this," Arnie suggested. "Do you, Suzanne Vick, take ShelVY to be your fannishly wedded husband to love, honor, and cherish until your subscriptions run out?"

"I do," she said tartly to the thunderous applause of the audience.

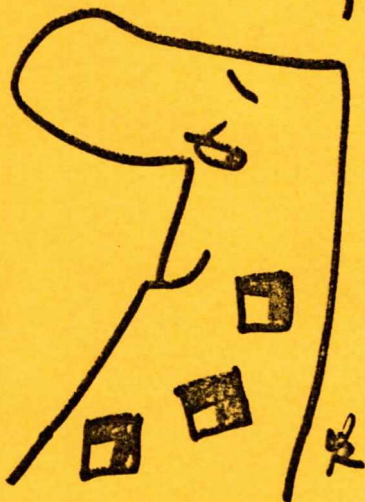
"And do you, ShelVY Vick, take Suzanne as your fannishly wedded wife to love, honor, and cherish until your subscriptions run out?"

"I do," he said, to more applause. Tucker boo'd him until my elbow found his ribs.

"Then you may kiss the bride," Arnie pronounced, stepping back in case another dessert lurked nearby.



LAB VEGAS FANS  
ARE KNOW FANDOM  
WIDE AS SQUARE  
SHOOTERS



ShelVy took his lovely wife in his arms and planted a wet one to the hoots and applause of the fans. That was the last kiss Shelvy was going to get from Suzanne for a while. There're many things you can say about Tucker, but slow's not one of them. He was first in line to kiss the bride, and took his time doing it, too. Arnie and I were second and third with the line forming behind me. The lucky couple were delayed from celebrating with cake and punch in the back of the room where the rest of the fans had gathered. Except for those looking for a free smooch.

The rest of the night faded away into the fannish debauchery I always associate with fanzine fans and their unabated enthusiasm. I remember having a small party at my room with Andy and Victor, Nevenah, Ben and Cathi, JoHn, and maybe a couple others. We drank, we smoked, we moved on to other rooms with other fans and other conversations for more fun and good times. There was a scheduled "Dessert with Tucker" in the Program Book, located in the gazebo in front of the Consuite, which opened right onto the fertilized lawns. In fact the gazebo was surrounded with bullshit. But that didn't stop many; I understand it was a resounding success. I think I finished off the night with the Katz's, Robert, Richard and Michelle, and various drop-ins who kept the evening interesting. Walking back to my room at

around 2:am, who should I bump into, again? Just like in my last (and first) conreport? Andy Hooper.

Nevenah Smith and JoHn Hardin were sturdy enough to keep their feet after the quaking collision between myself and the Shrimp Boy, but Victor, being of lighter stuff, lost his footing and fell stunned upon the ground. They invited me to join them for a shrimp run to the nearest crustacean vendor. I declined, pleading that I wanted nothing to do with the Shrimp Boy and his crustaceon diet. Besides, I was tired and the smell of cow shit was giving me a headache. So I made my excuses and retreated to my air-conditioned room.

Tammy worked all day, and would have to work half the next day, Saturday, leaving me to fend for myself until she appeared with our clothes for the banquet and a kiss or two for me. Friday night ended for me around 2:30am Saturday morning, lying in bed exhausted and wondering what my next bout of consciousness would bring.

And that was the first day.

Writing this report I notice how well I remembered the first day and wonder why my recall is so exceptional for Friday whereas Saturday and Sunday are lacking some of the clarity and memory interest for me. I think I remembered Friday so well because it was probably the best day of the convention for me. I got to spend private time with both Victor and Robert, two of my main goals, enjoy the Vicks' Renewal of Vows in which I participated in a small way with Tucker for a few laughs, then spent the rest of the night with fanzine fans talking fandom, fanzines, and gossiping about who and what-all. For me, the most memorable day of the con, but not the best part. No, the best part of the convention for me happened Monday morning, after the convention which I'll get to near the end of this report.

Saturday morning found me half asleep in the shower with hot water splashing against my chest. For a brief moment I thought I was home. Being at the convention filled me with excitement and I didn't stay in my semi-coherent state for long. Knowing there was a Blood Drive happening near the meeting rooms influenced my decision to take a round-about way to the Katz's after enjoying a solitary morning sidebar to kickstart those still sleeping convention juices.

I arrived at the Katz's room in time for a more connivial sidebar with Andy, Richard, Ben, Cathi, Jack, Arnie, Joyce, JoHn, Tucker, Burbee, Robert, and Michelle before we marched over enmasse to participate in the Trivia Contest, Round 2. Which was a mistake for me. By some means I'm still not clear on I was teamed up with JoHn Hardin to take on all comers for this "SF/Fannish Trivia Contest". Knowing there would be some fannish trivia generated enough confidence for me to agree to participate, my second grievous error. (The first was getting out of bed so early.) Beware! I suck at trivia. Maybe it's the pressure, I don't know, but it's not my fault. I thought the whole thing might be rigged and it turned out I



was correct.

I know this because JoHn and I were expected to go up against the team of Jack Speer and Richard Brandt. What chance could we have? Very little.

This announcement smeared away any confidence I had developed after hearing there would be some fannish trivia, even despite Arnie's encouraging pep talk.

"Don't worry about it, Tom, it's just for fun," he assured me.

"Just for fun?"

"Think of it as a fine fannish tradition." Arnie almost sounded reassuring.

"So it's traditional for fairly new fans such as myself and JoHn to allow two trivia masters to wipe the floor with us?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Oh."

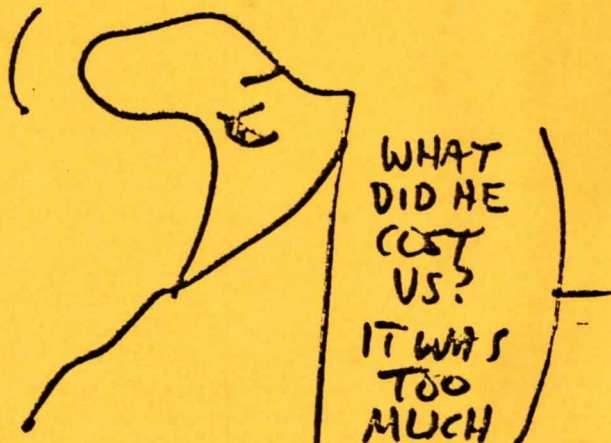
"You'll be fine," he told me, "as long as you stay loose and don't tense up. Don't worry, have fun."

"Yeah, right."

Arnie's advice was good. It turned out the trivia contest, for me anyway, was like falling down. If you're tense when you hit the floor you're more likely to injure yourself, but if you're loose and flexible you'll bounce enough to avoid injury. Jack and Richard had JoHn and I flopping around on the floor after the first question.

My hundreds of science fiction books did nothing to prepare me for any of the questions, and my small fanzine collection was way too limited to be any help in the one or two fannish trivia questions that I can remember.

LAS VEGAS FANS  
ARE THE STARS  
OF 90's FANDOM!



LAS VEGAS FANS  
ARE THE SILVER  
BULLETS OF  
THE 90's



To be honest I can't remember any of the questions, fannish or sfish. Except for one, which I recall as clearly as if it were asked yesterday.

I was sitting next to JoHn, who held a spoon in one hand to bang against the glass in front of us to signal we had the answer.

That we never really had an answer to any of the questions didn't keep him from banging the glass, so we occasionally found ourselves making up our answers in the hopes that we'd be mildly entertaining. I'm not sure we were.

But, we were sitting there, getting spanked like my little brother, when Andy posed a question JoHn must have thought he could answer, for before the last word came out of Andy's mouth JoHn was ringing our glass.

"What movie monster in the early 1970s leveled Copenhagen?"

"Chilnnggg!" went our glass as JoHn smartly rapped it. Then silence.

I looked over at my partner who seemed to be giving serious study to the inside of his eyelids.

"You know the answer?" I asked him.

JoHn held up his hand, I think stalling for time, as he worked his facial muscles into a mask of serenity.

Andy prompted him as the audience fell quiet. "JoHn?"

"Rodan."



"That's incorrect," Andy said. "Jack, Richard, you have the opportunity to answer this question correctly for another fifty points."

"Like they need them," I said.

I think it took about two and a half seconds for Richard to flip through his mental movie trivia encyclopedia, "Reptilicus."

"That's correct," Andy informed us.

"Reptilicus? Reptilicus? How are we supposed to know that?" I asked disgustingly.

"You not supposed to," Andy told me, "Richard is though, so keep it down and let's get this rout over with."

Reptilicus. I will probably always remember that Reptilicus is the monster that took on Copenhagen. I learned a valuable lesson though. I now know it's going to take a large number of conventions where I get my ass kicked playing trivia for me to gain enough stock answers to pose a threat. But now I have one. Reptilicus.

I figure in another twenty years I'll be hell on wheels when it comes to sf trivia, but I can state with utmost authority that Round 2 of the Trivia Contest was the most secure and safest Trivia Contest ever held at a SilverCon convention, what with JoHn and I present, nothing went wrong. Except for our answers.

After they mopped up our blood and gathered our entrails into a bucket there was talk of feeding ourselves before the next program we all expected to attend. We all being an amorphous group of fans too many to mention here. Hunger and several car loads of fans drove us to the Celebrity Deli where Rusty, Tucker, the Haldemans, Ben and Cathi Wilson, Andy, the Katz's, Robert and one or two other fans broke fast. Or had lunch, depending on who woke up when.

We returned to the Mardis Gras Hotel in time for the next interesting program item, titled "Humor in Fanzines." Could it have been more general and ambiguous? I don't think so. But Andy Hooper, Bob Tucker, and Arnie Katz were the able panelists who narrowed down the topic to a few specified incidents and several amusing examples.

Before the convention JoHn and I had worked with Aileen on the programming, Peggy having made a complete mess of it by doing nothing with her

responsibility to schedule the programs. At least we got them to change the title, which used to be "Take That Tongue Out of your Cheek." Whatever the hell that means.

JoHn and I had suggested, instead of the ambiguous title of "Humor in Fanzines" that we try to get more specific and give the panelists something more substantial and immediate to talk about. Aileen thought it was fine, despite our urgings, so we ended up attending a convention program titled "Humor in Fanzines." Ironical that it's the same program where Tucker gave us the perfect example of "Humor in Fanzines," and a shame Aileen wasn't there to see it. In fact, I don't remember Aileen being at any of the programs I attended, except for the "Introduction to Fandom" program that Robert and I walked out on.

Irony is rife in fandom though, that's for sure.

Near the middling end of the program Tucker was citing an example of fannish humor by telling the audience that SilverCon 4 was a perfect example.

"It's not hard to find humor in fanzines or fandom, you just have to look around," Tucker explained.

"Take this convention for instance. I'll always remember this convention as Manurecon because of what's spread all over the lawns." He got a pretty good laugh with this one, delivered in Tucker's own style.

"It's also the convention I met Danielle Steel at, for the first time," Tucker announced, sliding the glass door wide for Heather, a local fringe fan he'd spent some considerable time with the night before. Heather stepped through the door and waved hello to the audience in her best Danielle Steel imitation. None of us knew it was an imitation, and only some of us realized that it was a joke.

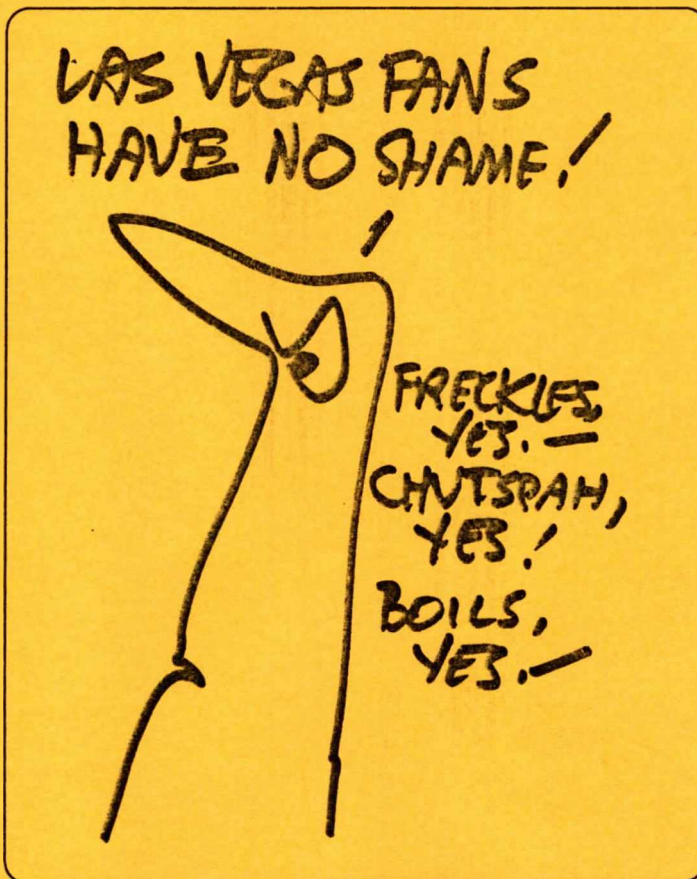
"Oh, it's a gag!" Andy exclaimed.

I don't think Tucker's gag met with as much success as his renaming of the convention but his point was made. It's true, the humor's everywhere, you just gotta look for it and beware of the thinskinners.

We had an hour to go before the auction and and many of us spent it

industriously raiding the hospitality suite and relaxing at the Katz's in proper sercon fashion.

Milling about outside the meeting room, waiting for a direction to go, I spied Michelle leaning against a





convenient wall. Looking around I noticed Richard was no where to be seen. I quickly approached, waved my silver case under her nose, then wiggled my eyebrows in my best come-hither look. She pushed off the wall and we were on our way to my room for a leisurely sidebar.

"Do you always follow strange men to their motel rooms?" I asked conversationally over my shoulder.

She barked a laugh. "You're not strange."

"You say that now only because you don't know me very well," I informed her, pulling the roomkey out of my pocket with a flourish and inserting it in the lock.

"I don't have anything to worry about with you," she said casually, walking past me through the open door and into my room.

"Whattya mean?" I asked her.

"You're safe." She looked at me. "Aren't you."

I gave her a pained look. "No."

She looked a little disappointed, even after I lit a "big ole fatty" and passed it to her. "You're not?"

"Are you kidding? I've got a girlfriend now. I'm more dangerous than ever!" I waved my hands about to impart some significance to this declaration.

"Really?" she asked, feigning interest.

"You wanna beer?" I answered her.

"That would be nice."

I used the handy bottle opener and we were soon occupying the bar stools, sipping our suds and schmoozing it up. She can be a talker and I enjoyed her company and considered our private sidebar a success even though she said I was "safe". I still can't figure out what I did to make her think that.

Some time later I found myself at the auction sitting next to Victor Gonzalez. Geez, what can I say about the auction, other than it wasn't good enough to rate a capital 'A'? I bought a run of El Paso Corflu convention update fanzines by Richard Brandt and two British zines, **Bob** and **Maverick**. Other than those two items, which totaled \$25.00, there was nothing else I desired. Not the Star Trek commemorative clipboard, not the Spiderman Action Figure Carrying Case, not the Magic The Gathering playing cards, nor the lint in Arnie's pocket.

Victor and I yukked it up as Arnie pitched his heart out trying to sell these ridiculous offerings that must have come from the sf section at Goodwill. I

mean, come on, a Spiderman Action Figure Carrying Case? What the fuck is that? Despite our barely contained hilarity, and I hope they realize we weren't laughing at them, the Vicks bid and bought that

useless piece of thin molded plastic and cardboard, showing the true meaning of the word "support," which is what they were doing by trying to help the convention out. But it made for a laugh-fest as far as Victor and I were concerned, which probably didn't help Arnie one whit, but we just couldn't contain ourselves. Here's this experienced fannish auctioneer who's been given a Spiderman Action Figure Carrying Case to auction off to all these fanzine fans with cash in hand, waiting for fanzines, and he's up there pitching his ass off as if it were a treasured fannish relic, and he's getting as much response as an AT&T solicitor. The items for auction were so pathetic it just cracked me up.

Whoever was in charge of

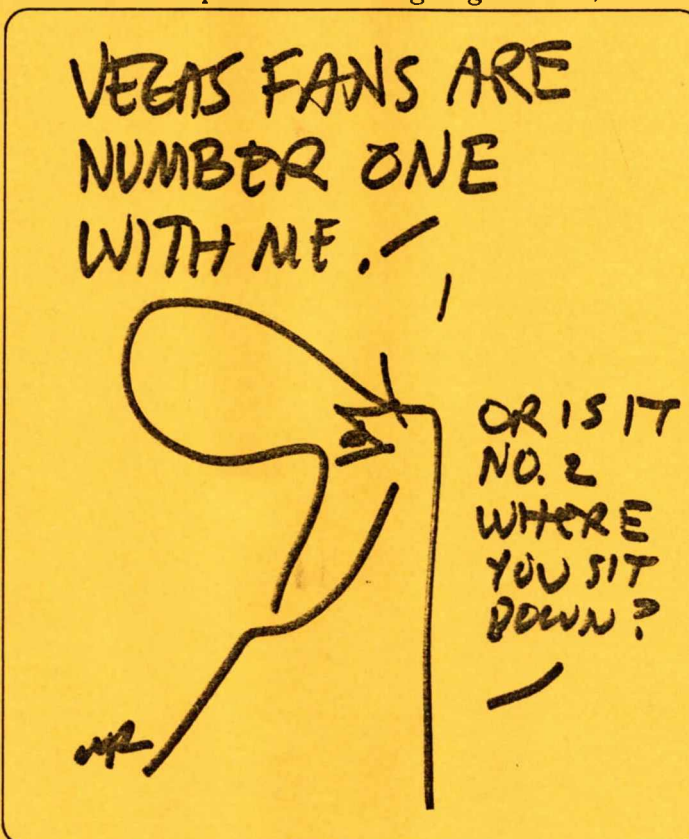
acquisition for the auction will forever hold a warm spot in my heart for turning it into the fiasco it was and almost causing me to roll out of my chair with ill restrained hysterics. It didn't help that Victor pushed me.

After rubbing the cramps out of my side and collecting my coveted but paltry zines I hustled back to my room in time for an enthusiastic rendezvous with my significant other. Then I gave her the hardluck story Andy told me to circulate to potential readers for his new hit, "Ten 'Zines That Shook the World." Plying her with alcohol and promises to be kept later I convinced Tammy to join Andy's Unrehearsed Company for a casting call and readings.

We literally took over the Katz's room, forcing them onto the bed with their wooden box and shoos everyone else out so those serious minded thespians we pretended to be could read our lines in peace.

We spent the rest of the afternoon designating parts, reading, working on timing, accents, and the chorus, spending enough time to figure out who we were playing and when we were supposed to read. Victor Gonzalez and Nevenah Smith played the leading roles with gusto, exhibiting a verbal familiarity that allowed Andy's jokes to hit on time and with effect. They were good.

Ross surprised everyone by allowing his latent acting abilities to surface for his bit part; his strong,





robust, deeply cultured voice knocked everyone for a loop. Andy narrated and the rest of us gamely struggled along.

Two hours later we had an idea of how it was going to go, planned to meet one more time before the real thing, and retreated to our rooms to ready ourselves for the banquet. While we dressed for the big event of the evening I filled Tammy in on the latest, revving up the Vegas rumormill to entertain my sweetie. We took our time getting dressed as we engaged in standard couple chit chat.

"Did you remember to bring my coat?"

"Yeah, but I couldn't find your belt."

"You couldn't find my belt?"

"Not the black one."

"Did you bring the gray one?"

"It's in the bag."

"I love you, honey."

"I love you too."

For most, it's enough to turn your stomach, but after being single for three years it's kind of nice. We were not late for the banquet, nor did we under or over dress, but we did forget, unknowingly, one critical component that would have immeasurably enhanced our dining experience that night. One item that would have made the entire affair just that much more bearable.

A canteen.

You see, if we'd brought a canteen we'd have filled it with something potable, cold, and undoubtably delicious. Something that might have eased the arduous passage of our food. Without this helpful item we suffered. Not that the banquet didn't come with drinkables. Au contraire! I believe coffee was served to some of the earlier guests, and after a while, pitchers of warm tap water were brought out for all to drink.

Rusty asked the caterer for a glass of milk. Tammy and one or two others elbowed their way to the pitcher while the rest of us had wipe our tongues off with their napkins. At least I wasn't hungry. I wasn't hungry because when I walked the buffet line and made my dining choice for the evening I made the fatal mistake of bringing a plate of the chicken in sweet orange sauce back to the table, where I could smell it. This inadvertantly killed any appetite I might have possessed. So I can't say I went hungry. Not until later. I would have killed for a Coke or a chocolate milkshake but had to settle for licking the sweat off my

hands.

My hands were sweaty because there was about twenty or thirty of us crammed into this little meeting room that was full of large round dining tables, and chairs, and hungry fans, and I was in a jacket and slacks kind of outfit. It was hot, and while I enjoyed listening to all three speeches given by our GoHs I also had to endure the odor of the orange chicken thing sitting in front of me. This had my gut all a-quiver. During the speeches I couldn't help glancing at the doorway of the meeting room and wondering how fast it would take for a pizza to arrive once I made it to a phone, wondering if the occasional waves of nausea I was experiencing would slow me down any.

Before my tongue grew swollen with thirst and I subjected myself to the pungent powers of the orange chicken, we enjoyed the extended period of time before the banquet officially started. We joined Arnie and Joyce, Ben and Cathi, maybe Robert Lichtman and one or two other fans, but I can't quite remember, at a table near the back and made ourselves comfortable. Fans were up and visiting with each other and I noticed that the GoHs were left to sit alone at the front of the room to wait for the banquet to officially begin. I noticed Tucker staring out at the sweaty mass of fan before him. Opting for a change of perspective, I joined him.

"Ready for your speech?" I asked, pulling a chair up next to him and sitting down.

"Sure," he replied confidently, "I have three of them," he said, holding up a large white envelope.

"Three?"

He nodded.

"Why three?"

"I don't know which one I'll have to give. It depends on the other two speakers."

"How so?" I asked.

"The speech I give depends on the speeches the other two speakers give. I have a short speech in case Phil or Joe go long, a funny one if they aren't," he explained, "and a nice medium short speech to finish off on an up note if the other two speakers do well."

"That's a lot of speech writing."

"They're all modified speeches from the many banquets I've spoken at," he told me. "A lot of it depends on what kind of mood the other two speakers leave the audience in."

"Well, it's never a bad mood, is it?" I asked.

"Depends on the food."

This would have depressed the hell out of me if I'd known what we'd be eating, but I didn't, and continued with the little Q&A until someone banged

LITS VEGAS  
FANS HAVE  
FANDOM BY  
THE BALLS!





on a glass and said dinner was ready. I abandoned Tucker to his GoH responsibilities to rejoin the sweaty throng and my lovely girlfriend. That we included "The Last Survey" in WH#10.5 was no mistake. While Bob wondered if it were true that all fan convention banquets served rubber chicken we were doing everyone one better by serving orange flavored rubber chicken. We also served rubber pork (I think it was pork) and rice, which goes to show how far convention banquets have come.

Tucker writes in "The Last Survey" that, "The Pacifcon, 1946, served chicken. Yes, they did. Read Warner on page 262 (*All Our Yesterdays*): "More than ninety fans and pros ate thin soup and halves of chicken, and mulled a lot of statistics that Don Day gave..."

Note that. The first admission of chicken appears in history, together with a convention menu: thin soup, halved chicken, mulled statistics. No doubt a satisfactory meal for the \$2.50 fee charged in that year.

(Also please note the alarming rate of inflation: the official banquet had rocketed from only one dollar per person in 1940, to two and one-half in 1946. Remember this when someone blames Nixon for inflationary pressures.)

Tucker noted the rate of inflation having sky rocketed in the six years between '40 and '46, and now, forty-nine years later it costs \$20.00 for a small regional covention banquet where they still serve rubber chicken. Only now we've expanded our tastes to include orange tasting rubber chicken, AND, rubber pork.

It's hard to complain when you examine the rate of inflation and cost of rubber chicken over the years. In 1946 rubber chicken cost \$2.50. 1995 rubber

chicken, now with a new orange flavor costs \$20.00. That's an increase of just under thirty-six cents a year, and we're not even factoring the cost of rubber pork, if that's what it was, into the equation. For \$40.00 (what Tammy and I spent on the banquet) we could have gotten two steak and lobster dinners with a nice bottle of wine and still have enough left over for a decent tip, that's one way of looking at it. The other way of

looking at it is that a thirty-six cent a year raise in the cost of rubber chicken is chump change, especially in this day and age, and we

should count ourselves lucky that the inflation rate on rubber chickens isn't more. And now, with the advent of rubber pork and orange sauce, why, \$20.00

is more than fair (even if we didn't get anything to drink), because even I, no longer rank but still pretty new to fandom, can now walk up to Tucker and compare rubber chicken notes whereas before I could only nod and smile, my previous rubber chicken experience being limited to school lunches. Twenty dollars? That's not too many.

Fortunately for the sweaty masses Phil Foglio's speech was short and not terribly dulling, and after the food I can't even say it was bad. It just was. The same could not be said for the orange chicken. Joe Haldeman's speech was a pleasant surprise, an amusing little jaunt through his past with anecdotal sidetrips about certain personal circumstances that had everyone chuckling. Joe's

LAS VEGAS FANS  
KISS AND MAKEUP



SOME  
KISS,  
SOME  
MAKE  
UP

LAS VEGAS FANS  
IS FANDOM ON  
FIRE!





speech was better (of course) in that it was more entertaining and he delivered it with a forethought and preparation that allowed for an amount of confidence that added to his presentation. Tucker's speech was his patentedly modified #3, the nice medium short speech laced with wry amusement and just enough sentimentality to set the audience up for a strong close. Tucker was succinct and to the point. I suspect not only because that's the way it was designed, but he had a plate of orange rubber chicken in front of him too. After he finished up, we ended the banquet with a loud round of applause, cat-calls, and a mad scramble for the doors and the redolent but comparatively clean air of the outside. Yes, the steer shit was better than the orange chicken.

You may have noticed that my attention to detail isn't as strong as in the earlier portions of this report, which can be attributed to too much happening all at once. All of it fun. I've yet to master notetaking during the crazy tilt-a-whirl of a convention, way too interested in what's happening to take the time to write it down. It makes it worse when I think I have a good memory, which is the excuse I use when I realize I'm not taking any notes. So I sit there nodding to myself chanting, "remember this, remember this," but do it so many times I get the events mixed up.

Plans were made and we soon found ourselves carrying a case of beer over to the Katz's for an impromptu pizza and beer party. On the way there Peggy thought it was her duty to inform Tammy and I to keep it down because there'd been complaints the night before. I politely told her that my partner JoHn Hardin was even now looking into the disturbances and to mind her own fucking business. But she was talking to two uniformed wannabes, trying to look good, and persisted. Tammy scratched her eyes out and we moved on.

The beginning of this night is crystal clear. I remember kicking on the door only once before Joyce peeked an eye between the jamb and the door. Seeing the box of booze she swung it wide and stepped aside. I walked in, set it on the counter and began filling up their refrigerator with suds. Tammy washed the blood from beneath her nails and helped herself. Art Widner and his significant other availed themselves of the couch and being the conscientious fan I am, I brought them beer. After that things start to get fuzzy. Fuzzy as in what I find in my belly button.

We ordered pizza, desperate for anything palatable, and ended up having our first stuffed pizza experience. I don't think Arnie much cared for it but I have a memory picture of him stuffing it in his mouth anyway. He was hungry. Cathi said it was the best pizza she'd ever had and is even now working towards finding out who we ordered from. Unfortunately I can't remember but with the services of Andre Kassino available for a small fee I like to think it's only a matter of time. Tucker, Jack, Art, Arnie, Joyce, Cora and Burbee, Andy, Victor, Nevenah, Robert, Richard, Michelle, Rusty, and more amorphous shapes appear in my mind's eye, all of them fuzzy, but I do know we

had a great time. Near the end Tammy and I sneaked away to our room for a nightcap alone and some quiet time.

Sunday found us in the meeting room waiting for Andy Hooper to show up for a panel on "how will tomorrow's technology affect tomorrow's fanzines?". Scheduled for the program: JoHn Hardin, Richard Brandt, Andy Hooper, and Arnie Katz. I don't remember whether JoHn was even there, all I can remember is seeing Arnie and Richard sitting at the front tables while the rest of us ranged ourselves around in the chairs before them and took odds on whether or not Andy would show. Right after we decide to start without him Andy suddenly appeared behind the sliding glass door at the front of the room, momentarily blotting out the sun as he made his way inside. While I remember the panel being fairly interesting at the time, despite my inability to place JoHn anywhere near that program, I can't say it stuck to me with the same consistency, as, say, the orange chicken from the night before. I remember an interesting one hour conversation about where the technology in fanzine fandom may be in ten years. Everyone was quick to point to the Internet as that technology but I was more interested in copy machines, scanning equipment, and of course, computers. Can you imagine the sophistication in another ten years? I can't, and nobody on the panel

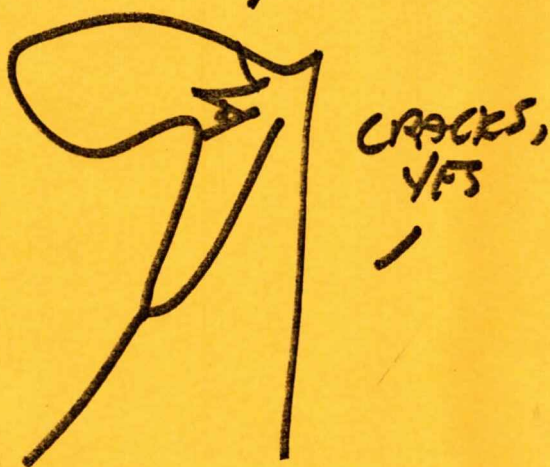
LAS VEGAS FANS  
ARE A GOOD BET



YOU  
KNEW  
I COULD  
NOT  
RESIST  
DIDNT  
YOU?



LAS VEGAS FANS  
HAVE NO FAULTS!



could really speculate what another ten years would do to these tools of the modern faned.

After the panel Tammy and I hurried back to the room to pack our bags so we could check out without incurring a late fee. After three days and two nights of fannish debauchery the room had developed a certain odor that bespoke of beer, whiskey, grass, pizza, and crushed peanuts (which had integrated themselves into the short pile of the carpet). I had called that morning in an effort to buy our way into a late check-out but the guy I spoke with at the front desk was having none of it despite his opportunity to snag a free tenner. So we found ourselves tossing small piles of used clothing into our bags while asking each other questions like these.

"Did you pack my hairdryer?"

"Yeah, in the pocket of your suitcase, but I can't find my blue underwear. Where's my blue underwear?"

"Did you check the floor?"

"Of course, where else could they be?"

"Did you look under the covers?"

"What would they be doing there?"

"Didn't you take them off in bed?"

"I don't remember."

"Well look."

Clothes, fanzines, shoes, coats, underthings, playthings, everything, was packed until all that was left belonged to the hotel and whoever took out the trash. We piled our belongings into our cars then wandered over to the Katz's to see what was happening for lunch. Checking my handy program I noted that the next event I needed to attend was Andy's "Ten 'Zines That Shook The World."

Misprinted in the program as "Ten 'Zines That Changed The World." That wasn't until three in the afternoon, and it being noon meant we had some time to burn. There was a panel at 1:00pm, "Growth Induced Environmentalism" but I didn't need to find out what that was about. There was an Empire of Chivalry and Steel Demonstration and Tea with Foglio, two more stellar items I felt could be passed on with little or no regret. I was right.

Instead we (as in too many people for me to remember 'we') made our way to the Celebrity Deli, again, and dined on all manner of meats, cheeses, sauces, breads and drinks. Tammy says she remembers going to lunch that day, while I honestly can't place anyone there other than myself and Andy. I think there were too many in our party for all of us to sit together and Andy and I volunteered for an isolated table across the room. While I'm not sure who I went to lunch with, I am sure I ate at a table with Andy Hooper, alone and in fairly good spirits. I even recollect driving back and forth with the Shrimp Boy in my Rodeo, but such are the vagaries of the liquored mind, as Tucker's so fond of pointing out. I recall asking Andy about Seattle fandom, Vanguard parties, and Victor Gonzalez, and getting pretty much the sort of answers I've come to expect from Andy. Intelligent, concise, and delivered with an intellectual flavor that makes you pay attention to what he's saying. I always enjoy his company and that lunch was no exception.

LAS VEGAS FANS  
ARE A SEXY LOT





even if he did hedge on his answer when I asked him what he thought about my story. But no startling revelations or dynamic insights, just a cheeseburger and I don't know what he ate, but like me, he devoured his meal with proper fannish gusto. Feeling logey and ready for a nap we zipped back and tracked down our fellow hams, but not enough of them for another rehearsal. A quick huddle back at the Katz's resulted in a back alley tour of Vegas' industrial porn shops in search of laughing gas with Tammy, Victor, and Nevenah. An amusing journey I'd like to talk more about but Tammy's actually got the rough draft of the trip completed and I'm not about to step on her toes, so I'll leave you with these two sensory images. Shrinkwrap and smooth flesh-toned rubber.

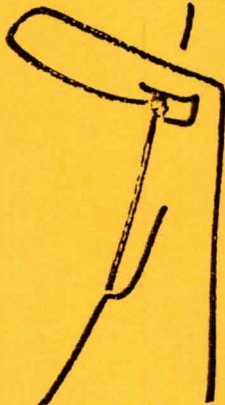
We made it back in time for a quick review of Andy's play with most of the cast. It was a big cast. Andy, Victor, Nevenah, Ross, Ken, Ben, John, Tammy, myself, some guy I don't recall ever seeing again, and maybe one or two other fans filling in the bit parts and chorus.

We were worried there'd be more of us reading out the play than listening, and it was close, but I think we were just out numbered, the audience being big enough to provide the appropriate amount of laughter and applause to assuage our tender acting hearts. Two rehearsals for the show, and judicious use of my lighter, prepared me for my twenty or so lines. I stumbled through them, occasionally losing my bad southern Foghorn Leghorn accent, and managed to get no laugh whatsoever after delivering my most telling line.

At least I got to deliver it. Tammy sat up there with us the entire time to fill in on chorus and speak two or three lines, only to have them stolen by some guy that was recruited for the play that I've never seen before nor since. Instead of bopping the guy we beat a hasty retreat to our room for a quick laydown before dinner, whenever and wherever that would be.

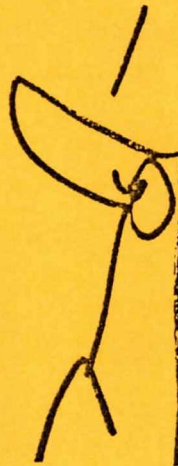
I don't

LAS VEGAS FANS  
ARE JUST ONE  
BIG HAPPY  
FAMILY!



GREAT  
PR  
HUH?

LAS VEGAS FANS  
HAVE DESCENDED  
FROM A LONG  
LINE OF THE  
STAR-BEGOTTEN



Whatever  
that  
means

know if you can call the reading a hit, but it was fun, we got some laughs, and it was better than attending the Anime Marathon scheduled for the same time.

It would be fitting to say that the play was the last straw that broke Andy's back, but it didn't. Which is extraordinary evidence that points to Andy's durability. I mean, he was used. Like a cheap rug. I look back in the program book and while he wasn't named in every item, he did have something going on every day. The first day of the convention was his easiest. He only had to MC the Opening Ceremonies and hold the first round of the Trivia Contest. His trivia contest. I think Saturday was the doosy for him. Round 2 of the Trivia Contest, Humor in Fanzines, Round 3 of the Trivia Contest, the Banquet, then he made a disgraceful drunk of himself the rest of the night. Sunday he just made Fandom 2001, carrying a heavy duty hangover on his furrowed brow, then later, his play. All of this while drinking prodigious quantities of alcohol. This came as no surprise to me after seeing him at Corflu Vegas, but many of the fans who had missed Corflu were ill prepared for Andy's outrageous behavior. Still, he's a pretty cool guy and is more than willing to pull his own weight, as long as there's plenty of booze to lubricate the way.

Tammy left soon after the play; she had to work the next day and had some errands and chores to do, so I'd be on my own on the last night of the convention, just like the first night. Things get pretty hazy from here on out and it is here where I question



my ability for accurate recall, but it's only hazy because there was so much damn haze in the air. That and methane from the cow shit. I believe the Katz's were next to leave, work calling them in early the next day. They were nice enough, like they ever are, to give their room to Richard and Michelle that final night, which is where I spent most of the evening, with Robert, Michelle, and other assorted fen who wandered by for a beer and a change of air.

Before Arnie and Joyce left they enjoyed themselves as usual and sometime after the play a small group of us convened the Inner Circle for a leasurately convention review. No need to go over such, seeing as how you're near the end of my report and you should know how I feel about the convention by now. Let it be known that Arnie and Joyce both had wonderful times, even if they forgot to go back to the hospitality suite and snag those 1945 retro-Hugo nominees.

After dinner and various sorties to rooms, suites, and sidebars I remember sitting in the gazebo, surrounded by bullshit, literally, and enjoying the company of Bob Tucker, Rusty Hevelin, and Andy Hooper. Rusty soon made his goodbyes and goodnights, reminding Tucker they'd be seeing eachother in another couple of weeks at some southern convention too obscure for me to remember. We were all tired and enjoyed eachothers company quietly. Then we spotted Don Fitch making his way down the hall with an armload of boxes that he placed on our table upon arrival. He silently opened several boxes of choice chocolates and nuts, then carried the rest of his bountiful treasure into the hospitality suite.

All of us found room for Don's treats which are now legendary and much sought after by con attendees everywhere. Where we couldn't gorge ourselves on confections we did enjoy a varied tasting before reaching maximum capacity. Having seen Dave Whitman try Tucker's patience earlier that evening, which isn't very easy to do, I clued Bob into Dave's imminent arrival at the gazebo, giving him enough time to make his feet and begin his so-longs.

"Well, boys, it's time for this old man to drag himself off to bed," Tucker announced loudly. Loud enough for Dave to hear, who seated himself at a table and helped himself to Don's remaining goodies.

Andy stood and offered his hand. "Always a pleasure and an honor Bob, I hope to see you again soon." They shook hands briefly and Tucker let his drop to his side. He then reached into his wallet and pulled out a small folded up piece of paper, unfolded it, looked at the number written there, folded it back up, placed it back in the wallet, and shoved it into his back pocket.

Bob looked at me and winked. Earlier in the evening we were talking about his old drinking days and he told me his memory wasn't what it used to be, all that drinking having rotted his brain. He maintained that it was so bad nowadays that he had to write his room number down on a piece of paper he

kept in his wallet as soon as he got the key so he'd know where to go when the night was over. He pointed a finger at me. "7:30 in the hotel lobby?"

"See you there," I replied. He nodded and made his way to his room. Andy and I looked over at Dave who was preoccupied with the sweets, and talked quietly between eachother, careful not to disturb Dave, congratulating eachother on our respective women and I think feeling a little full of ourselves. He started the whole thing by complimenting me on how cool Tammy was, I returned the sentiments, and we shared a short feel good moment at how lucky we were. Dave was quick to pick up on what was happening but before he could find it in himself to join us we both stood up and made our way back to Arnie's, leaving him to gnaw on Don's delicacies.

Back at the Katz's old room Michelle held captive an attentive X-man as they chatted the evening away. Andy and I grabbed a beer and wandered off looking for Victor. He thought they might be in Nevenah's room and led me there. They were watching Star Trek, and after a few minutes of this I had to excuse myself. Andy followed suit and we found ourselves back with Robert and Michelle. We gabbed for a

LAS VEGAS FANS  
ARE CAST IN  
THE HEROIC MOLD  
OF NOBLE FANS  
OF YESTERYEAR!



DON'T  
GET IT  
ON YOUR  
SHOES



LAS VEGAS FANS  
ARE THE BEST  
FANS FANXING  
TODAY!



WILL  
THAT  
BE IN  
CASH  
?

while, Robert tried a sip of my whiskey, we talked booze, and wound down. I eventually made my escape after a series of farewells that would've depressed me if I weren't already so tired.

I dragged myself home, flopped into bed next to my sleeping darling and slowly made my way to consciousness six hours later. I got up at a quarter to seven, threw on a t-shirt and some shorts, ran my fingers through my hair, grabbed a Coke and made my way down to my car. There was one bit of convention business that still had to be taken care of.

I picked a smiling Tucker up in the hotel lobby on our agreed upon time and spirited him away to a nice breakfast at Jaimies, a pleasant little Jewish breakfast house. We had eggs, toast, and bacon and enjoyed each other's company as we took our time with the food. We talked about the convention, about the people we met there, and about the kinds of people you can usually meet at conventions. Bob's the person to talk to about stuff like that. We talked about whatever we felt like. Convention chat eventually turned towards woman talk and I told him

what I thought of his first choice for fandaughter. He lamented his decision but I told him to buck up, Peggy's a convincing chameleon and can fool just about anybody. She didn't fool Tucker for long, maybe only the first night, but he could have spent more time with Heather instead, if he'd only known.

We both agreed that there's always a next time.

We cruised over to the airport and parked in the parking garage. He grabbed one bag, I the other, and we made our way to his gate. We were a little ahead of time so we sat companionably in those racks of metal chairs you find at every airport in the world and talked fannish until his departure time came. All too soon his flight was announced over the intercom and we stood up to say our last goodbyes.

"Well, Tom, it's time to get going," he said, hefting his bags. I stood up and nodded, not quite knowing what to say, only that it was depressing the crap out of me that he was leaving already. I didn't feel like I'd spent enough time with Bob. I wanted to spend more. I wanted to get on that plane with him and chat our way to Indiana.

"It's been a pleasure Bob, I wish I'd met you ten years ago."

"Can I ask you a question?" He asked me this with that god damn sparkle in his eye. I knew something was up.

"Sure."

"Now, I don't ask this of everyone, but, would you be my grandson?" He said it with that wry knowing smile of his, as if he knew what I was feeling. I like to think I'm not that easy to read. Would I be Tucker's grandson?

"Yes Bob, I'd like that a lot."

"Then come here."

I did and he gave me a big hug.

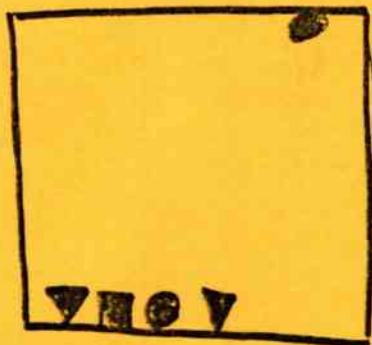
Almost squeezed a tear out. For a little old man he's strong, and a good thing too because I might've crushed him otherwise.

But it was at that time, when he gave big smelly

me that hug, looked me in the eye, shook my hand and told me he'd see me later, it was at that time that I felt I knew what fandom was all about. At least for me, it felt like family. Because I didn't want to see Bob go and I can't wait to see him again. And whether I'll see Tucker again or not, and I'm hoping I will, I like to think it doesn't really matter, because I'll see him in the fanzines, in his letters, and I'll know I have a grandfather out there. It's something I didn't have before, that he gave me, that I'll always remember.

Life's pretty god damn good, so is Tucker, and so was ManureCon. See you at Corflu!

-- Tom Springer



COME DOWN AT  
ONCE! WR



## Introduction

A theory is the start of a discussion not its end-point. Some fans confuse my passion for fandom with my feelings towards various theories and hypotheses I advance.

I truly do love fandom and regret my decision to walk away from it all in the mid-1970s. I find it hard to envision circumstances in which I would not continue to be a fan until I die with my fingers touching the keyboard's "F-A-N" keys.

I enjoy speculating and analyzing things. I think most of us introverted fan-types do. It's part of the reason I'm a fanhistory buff. I could never devote the time and energy -- and yes the emotional investment -- in something like fandom without trying to understand it better.

The process of understanding proceeds on two levels, interior and exterior. A lot of my writing in fandom may seem light and humorous. That's my nature. But it doesn't mean that I don't ponder fandom's Cosmic Questions: Why is a Fan? Who are Fans? Why do they choose certain types of activity? What separates fans from non-fans? Are Fandom and Science Fiction a single entity? Is there a systematic way of viewing fanhistory?

The external part of that process consists of discussing and debating these ideas with other people. Sometimes it turns out that I have a valid idea, sometimes the idea needs retooling and occasionally the discussion exposes terminal flaws. Invalid theories are a dime a dozen, and I have no compunction about discarding mine when they don't pan out well.

Beyond the (usual) egotistical desire to be "right" as often as possible, I don't care which way the discussion goes, so long as it proceeds within a context of reason. My being doesn't depend on me being right about any of these things--or on people agreeing with me, either, if it comes to that.

Too many such discussions in fandom are too subjective and self-involved for my taste. Many fans don't manage their emotions well, and they are easily agitated by opinions that do not agree with theirs. It doesn't make me like those fans less -- well, not MUCH less -- but it does disappoint me. Just about everyone I know in fandom is smart, but not quite so many have the maturity to consider matters so close to home with suitable objectivity.

My shiny new "Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory" undoubtedly has many points that need clarification -- and perhaps a few that demand complete overhaul.

I wouldn't be publishing this if I didn't welcome comment and discussion, but that discussion will be much more constructive and enjoyable if participants don't take it all so damn personally.

You are now entering the Hot Air zone...

# THE PHILOSOPHICAL THEORY OF FANHISTORY BY ARNIE KATZ

HERE'S TO THE  
FANDOM!



Where  
ever  
it  
is!



### Another Theory Cometh

This article contains a gross of simplifications and generalizations. Let's hope they're not too gross. While I intend to buttress my new approach to the analysis of fanhistory with examples, it would take a book the size of *A Wealth of Fable* to document my notions as fully as fanhistorians like Speer, Silverberg, Ted White, Rich Brown and me have explicated the Numbered Fandoms theory.

Fortunately for everyone, a mountain of evidence would be overkill. The Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory is not meant to replace Numbered Fandoms or any other concept of the hobby's 65 years of personalities, institutions, literature and events.

This is *not* a definitive or "correct" version of fanhistory. This is *one* way of looking at the facts. It is only *one* fan's attempt to better understand them, not an orthodoxy.

The Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory doesn't explain everything. It doesn't try. I believe it illuminates some aspects of fanhistory and is fodder for bull sessions and letters of comment. If it inspires some enjoyable discussions, I'll be pleased.

Much as I hate digressions in fanzine articles, a little background will be helpful before I prove beyond a doubt that I need other things to think about.

Fanzine fandom was tranquil and serene when I returned in 1989. It resembled a society tea party. Since I have no taste for contention, this suited me very well.

**Folly** embodied an upbeat approach to fandom from the very first issue. It mirrored my mood. When other fans responded positively, I resumed a high level of activity.

It took awhile to realize that the delightful mellowness and camaraderie were after-effects of a major trauma, not simple joy. The fanwar of the mid-1980s altered fans' attitudes, if only temporarily, about how to conduct themselves in fandom.

A couple of years ago, I wrote about the two schools of Fannishness, Trufannishness and Insurgentism. Ted White's extensive and persuasive analysis convinced me that I had correctly identified two important threads, but missed the tapestry of the Grand Design of Fanzine Fandom.

Ted's critique of the first draft proved that I needed to rework my new take on the twists and turns of fanhistory. Rich Brown, too, contributed a valuable critique. What follows would not exist but for their constructive prodding. (Translation: Blame them.)

Those of you who have been living your lives in strict adherence to the tenets of "The Two Schools of Fannishness" may prepare for a New Testament. (The intelligent majority may find the next section a handy refresher, with suitable upgrading to my state-of-the-art theory, of a long-forgotten article.)

### An Overview: From Here You Can See the Sanitarium

I identify seven basic approaches to fandom: Sercon, Scientism, Communicationism,

Professionalism, Commercialism, Trufannishness, and Insurgentism. Trufannishness and Insurgentism both derive from the idea of fannishness and were comparative latecomers. Scientism, probably the least familiar to modern fans, waned as an important philosophy before World War II.

Here come the definitions:

**Scientism.** Hugo Gernsback, founder of *Amazing Stories*, espoused the belief that science fiction readers should also be science hobbyists. According to Sam Moskowitz in *The Immortal Storm*, Papa Hugo, a pretty fair tinkerer himself, felt "... that the aim of every fan should not be a collection of fantastic fiction, but a home laboratory where fictional dreams might attain reality."

**Sercon.** Whatever Gernsback's plans for fandom, it quickly became evident that scientism was not relevant to the interests of most of the pioneering fans. A serious constructive fan is primarily interested in science fiction and/or fantasy.

**Communicationism.** Some fans stuck to news, previews, interviews with authors and reviews of stories and "scientifilms," as the first media fan Forry Ackerman called them. Others debated the ideas. This led to the view of fandom as a responsive forum for the exchange of thoughts, opinions and information.

**Trufannish.** Fannishness is an outgrowth of Communicationism. Its earliest significant expression, the Staple War in *Astounding*, was an attempt to lighten the sometime-ponderous Communicationist exchanges. Fannishness spawned two distinct fan philosophies. Trufannishness is an idealistic mindset that emphasizes the brotherhood of fans and the subcultural connections that unite them. Trufans glory in the anecdotes and personalities that form the fannish context and abhor divisive feuding.

**Insurgentism.** Insurgentism seeks to preserve the subculture from unfannish and degrading influences such as bureaucracy and commercialism. This iconoclastic fanview values truth over politeness in its pursuit of high standards of behavior and quality.

**Professionalism.** This embodies the desire to become a creative participant in science fiction. The Professionalistic fan sees fandom as a conduit or stepping stone to joining the ranks of science fiction professionals.

**Commercialism.** Not everyone who loves science fiction is cut out to be a creative artist. The commercialistic fan is one who seeks to make money, perhaps even a livelihood, from activities connected with science fiction.

When I discussed Professionalism and Commercialism with Joyce and others, I noted an inclination to see them as malevolent forces. This



reaction was so prevalent that I want to emphasize that none of these seven philosophies is desirable in undiluted form.

It is natural for fanzine fans to have literary ambitions. Anyone whose goal is writing, editing or illustrating science fiction or fantasy can see fandom's career-advancement potential. That doesn't necessarily make Professionalism that fan's primary motivation.

Extreme Professionalism and, especially, Commercialism, get ugly. Some would-be authors see fans and fandom as nothing more than enabling mechanisms. They hardly deserve to be called fans. It is important not to confuse such blatant and cynical users with fans who want to create science fiction.

Commercialism, actively opposed by Trufannishness and to an extent Insurgentism, is an understandable motive. Almost everyone prefers to work at something they like, and turning a hobby into a career is one way to achieve this aim.

These attitudes are rarely found in their pure state. Humans aren't that single-minded. The most sercon **acolyte** sometimes dances the insurgent **fandango**, and the ultra-fannish author of this article occasionally mentions electronic or literary science fiction.

These components help shape a fan's activity preferences. Each fan blends two or more of them, and it's not unusual for sercon, trufannish, insurgent and Communicationist impulses to coexist inside one skull. The varying proportions of these elements give a fan their signature interests and attitudes.

No one philosophy accurately describes an individual fan's motivations for fanac. Fans may call Ted White an insurgent and Sam Moskowitz a sercon fan, but these are shorthand generalities. On closer inspection, both exhibit behavior outside the scope of their respective labels.

Ted White is the greatest Insurgent of his generation -- check his **Habakkuk** fanzine review column -- but he is also a Communicationist, as his contributions to public and private apas and **Blat!** attest. His Trufannish spirit is obvious in his great love of fanhistory, affection for fan

mythologizing and penchant for reprints. No one can say that Ted hasn't written about science fiction -- and let's not forget his extensive work, chronicled in fanzines, in the field of plant eugenics and practical botany. Scientism isn't totally dead!

Sam Moskowitz is steeped in science fiction -- his monumental output for **Fantasy Commentator** stamps him as still one of the most prolific Sercon fans. SaM has also written faan fiction (Trufannishness), debated significant issues with other fans like Wolheim (Communicationism), become an anthologist (Professionalism) and spoken out as a fannish moralist (Insurgentism). These are not the works of an undiluted Sercon fan.

The sevenfold path -- Sercon, Scientism, Communicationism, Professionalism, Commercialism, Trufannishness and Insurgentism -- can't pin down a fan, either, not exactly. It does paint a truer, better-rounded picture. Can you reasonably expect more from something you're reading in a fanzine?

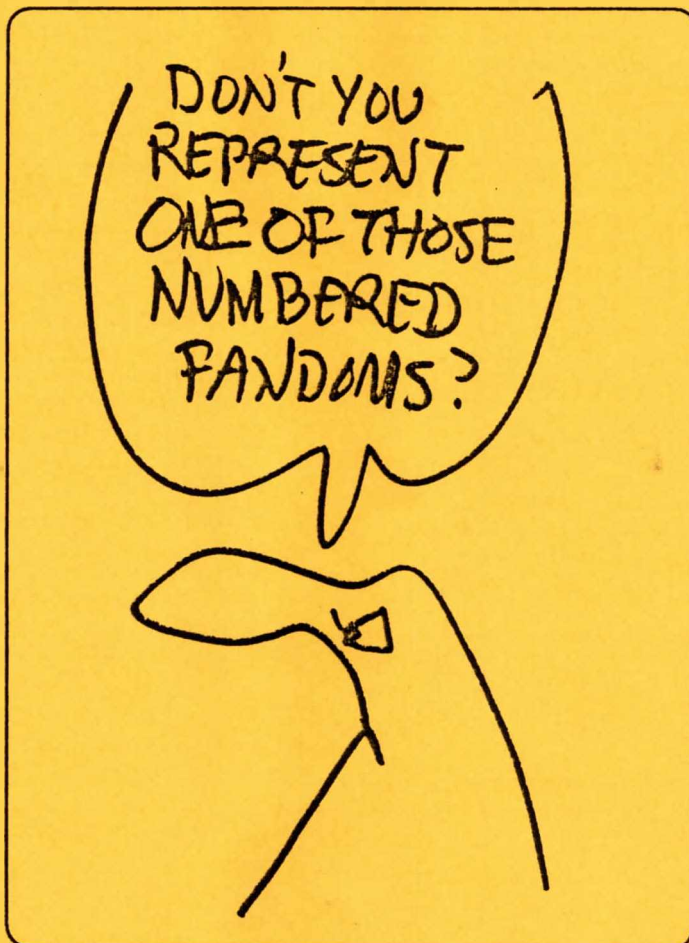
The picture remains unfinished, because I'm only tracking *major* fanzine fan ideologies. There may be lesser ones, unmentioned here, that would fill in some of the fine detail. Perhaps it will work like the Table of Elements, as fans discover previously undetected philosophies and add them to the diagram.

Another reason is that there's more to a fan than

philosophy. Intelligence, perceptiveness, wisdom, empathy and many other qualities modify the various fan philosophies so that two fans with the same ideological profile might be very different kinds of people. In other words, my theory is fine as long as you don't push it past its limits. It is not a method for pigeonholing fans into a set of categories; it's just a tool that can add some information to observation and other analysis.

### **Fan History Revisited**

What is true of individual fans is even more applicable to fanzine fandom as a whole. A snapshot of fanzine fandom at any point in time shows these philosophies in action. The currents run through our subculture's entire history. Their ebb and flow, and occasional clashes, have significantly affected





people, fanzines and events.

The Ideological Theory of Fandom won't settle all questions or shed light in every dark corner. It considers fanhistory in a new way that may yield fresh insights. Let's look at fanhistory again -- aided by this new analytical approach.

### More Than Readers

Science fiction and fantasy were widely available for many years before fandom erupted. The philosophies that came to dominate the hobby, in embryonic form, may've played a key role in its creation.

Our tribe, like comics, electronic gaming and *Star Trek* fandoms, was born under a sercon star. Interest in the core subject is what pulls fan-types out of the anonymous audience and into an interactive circle.

Those who wanted to be more than readers couldn't do much while books remained the main delivery vehicle for science fiction. It's hard to interact with a book, other than to write a letter to the author in care of the publisher.

Magazines are different, because most contain reader departments. Periodicals with an occasional SF story didn't give SF zealots much scope to express themselves. A general magazine wouldn't consistently give its letter section to a fringe audience.

Hugo Gernsback changed that when he launched *Amazing Stories*. Suddenly, sercon fans had a forum. The large letter column, copied by most of *Amazing's* competitors, gave readers plenty of space to talk to the editor, and ultimately, to each other.

Without denigrating the importance of prozine letter sections, all such columns put together still don't add up to fandom. Lots of popular fiction magazines had letters, but nothing comparable to fandom sprung from them.

The letter columns printed readers' addresses, which made direct correspondence possible. The mechanism is not as important as the motivation. We know they *could* write to each other. The real question is: why *did* they write?

The Sercon desire to discuss science fiction with like-minded individuals deserves some of the credit. It was a prime, but not the sole, philosophy in play.

Communicationism made the difference. Gernsback called SF "the literature of ideas," and commentaries on those ideas filled "Discussions" and



"Discussions."

other prozine letter columns. *Weird Tales'* readers discussed stories and authors in the letter columns. SF letterhacks rated the stories and clamored for their favorite authors, too, but there was an intellectual content to the stories that often took discussions far away from literary criticism.

Scientism was the third philosophy that fostered the subculture. It arose from the nature of Gernsbackian science fiction, as found in *Science & Invention* and the other magazines which paved the way for *Amazing*.

"Plausibility" was Gernsback's watchword. Authentic news items and scientific snippets often accompanied the stories, and it was the science, not the fiction, that got most of the wordage in

### Science Versus Fiction

Scientism and Serconism collided in early fandom. The Science Correspondence Club (later the original International Scientific Association) grew out of correspondence among science fiction fans, but it emphasized science in club activities and its fanzine **The Comet** (later renamed **Cosmology**.)

From its May 1930 inception, **The Comet**, under the editorship of Ray Palmer, concentrated on contemporary and extrapolative science. Its 17 issues show a drift toward science fiction, but even the spectacular final printed **Cosmology** was mostly about science.

The club lasted three years. Palmer and successors bitched a lot about the difficulty of lining up enough science stuff but it seemed that those who favored the laboratory over the library couldn't maintain an organization of this type. Apathy, not controversy, wore down the SFCC.

The Scienceers, started as a New York City club, had a scientific pedigree, too. It was affiliated with the Yosian international nature study group and had a mission statement that invoked extrapolative science as its main stay.

Reports of meetings and the contents of **The Planet** edited by Allen Glasser, suggests this was mostly window dressing. The Scienceers embraced the fiction more than the science of SF, though a



minority of the membership adhered to Gernsback's philosophy.

Sam Moskowitz dubbed **The Planet** the first true science fiction fan magazine, based on its July 1930 publication date. Jack Speer, in "Up to Now," assigns the honor to **Time Traveller**, by Julius Schwartz, Mort Weisinger and Allen Glasser, because of its truly nationwide circulation. Both blended lots of sercon material with a little fan-oriented material. **Time Traveller**, which upgraded to a printed format with its third issue, ignored scientism altogether.

Scientism faded within fandom's first few years, though increasingly infrequent examples persist. It ceased to be a major thought current for one reason: its adherents were less likely to participate in the paper world than folks with literary interests.

Apathy undermined every attempt to forward the cause of scientism in fandom. Editors of fanzines that emphasized such material complained about lack of contributions and reader participation -- until they tired of the struggle.

Eventually, the tenor of magazine science fiction itself changed. The musty Gernsback approach, so congenial to the garage tinkerers, died out. It was too sedate for newsstand consumers. Even *Wonder Stories*, Hugo's vehicle after financial machinations cost him *Amazing*, became *Thrilling Wonder* when it passed from his control.

Magazines, whether lowly pulps or *Astounding* of hallowed memory, put entertainment ahead of education. Gone were stories with all the dramatic tension of a World's Fair exhibit. Vivid characters and star-spanning action expanded the audience, while essentially disenfranchising those who thought "Ralph 124C41" was the model of a proper SF story.

Not that science fiction stopped being "the literature of ideas." Communicationist fans still found SF a fertile source of discussion topics. They no longer thought of personally achieving the scientific breakthroughs the stories predicted. Instead, they functioned as critics, debating the consequences and impact of various scientific and social trends.

In short, communicationists took discussions out of the laboratory and into the living room. These were, theoretically, intelligent laymen, not junior scientists. They read, thought and published their analyses, but they didn't fiddle with test tubes and bottle rockets much.

### **Stirrings of Fannishness**

Interest in fans and fandom is as old as fandom itself, but it didn't start to become Trufannishness and Insurgentism until the mid-1930s. Burbee and Laney didn't articulate Insurgentism as a viewpoint until the mid-1940s, and it could be argued that Trufannishness didn't coalesce until Walt Willis and Bob Shaw wrote *The Enchanted Duplicator* in 1954.

Until Trufannishness and Insurgentism became coherent ideologies, however, fannishness referred to things of or pertaining to fandom. Most fans liked meeting other fans, and fanzines got good mileage

from gossip columns, biographies of fans, fan fiction and reports of gatherings.

Today, this degree of fannishness is still common to virtually all fans, many of whom don't see themselves as disciples of Trufannishness or Insurgentism. Even the most sercon devoté of science fiction enjoys talking about the subject with another fan.

Fannishness began with the numerous reader departments and competitions Gernsback sponsored to merchandise *Amazing* and later *Wonder*. Magazine readers knew the top letterhacks and contests winners nearly as well as the authors of the stories. That visibility separated such activists from those who did nothing more than read.

One of Hugo's contests had a much more direct effect on fandom. Allen Glasser's essay on "What I am doing to popularize science fiction" won one of Hugo's contests. Glasser's description of the Scienceers impressed Gernsback so much that he set up what amounted to a small con. Thirty-five fans attended a special meeting of the Scienceers at the Museum of Natural History, starring *Wonder* editor David Lasser and two other SF writers.

Most early fanzines covered fandom, but no one adopted fannishness as their basic attitude toward the hobby. Fan stuff made good fanzine filler, but the hobby stuck close to science fiction (and discussions of the topics raised in the stories). Fandom had not yet built up a sufficiently rich context to justify the full-

TODAY FANDOM!  
TOMORROW  
SOMETHING ELSE!





tilt fannishness that runs rampant in **Masque**, **Vold** and **Wild Heirs**.

The Great Staple War, started in "Brass Tacks" the *Astounding* letter column, was the first major expression of the philosophy of Trufannishness. In late 1934 Bob Tucker proclaimed the Society for the Prevention of Wire Staples in Scientifiction Magazines (SPWSSTFM). His tongue-in-cheek diatribe elicited suggestions from subsequent letterwriters. Soon Don Wolheim introduced the rival International and Allied Organization for the Purpose of Upholding and Maintaining the Use of Metallic Fasteners in Science Fiction Publications of the United States of America. (IAOPUMUMFSTFPUSA) to challenge Tucker's mob.

Both sides embellished the concept with clever (and not-so-clever) flourishes. The anti-stapliters founded Episodes (chapters) and the pro-staple forces banded together as Fortresses. There were zany suggestions, such as substituting rubber staples, and bogus titles for everyone including Jack Speer (Lord High Bradder, because he sometimes used split pins as fasteners)..

Moskowitz asserts that *Astounding* readers had lost interest by the time it ended in the January, 1936 "Brass Tacks." That's when a F. Orlin Tremaine printed two letters. The first described the death of Bob Tucker. The second, a posthumous communication from Tucker, called for unity among

the alphabet groups. Tremaine piously urged fans to heed these final words.

When Tucker had the temerity to remain alive after such a grand gesture, *Astounding* banned him from "Brass Tacks." Tremaine reacted to Tucker's sham demise like a conscientious professional editor. He had a duty to his readers, most of whom were obviously outside the orbit of the alphabet groups and their leaders, Tucker and Wolheim.

Fought over a trivial matter, The First Staple War's outcome didn't greatly affect fandom. Its existence certainly did. The Staple War began the process of separating fans from the general readership.

The alphabet societies, mustering about 20-40 members, discovered that the letter columns weren't the ideal venue for fan doings. Long lead time and uncertainty about whether "Brass Tacks" would print every precious word of their deathless prose encouraged staple warriors to look for other arenas.

Accordingly, each faction had a fanzine. Tucker's **D'Journal** and Wolheim's **Polymorphannucleated Leucocyte** showed that fanzines could be frivolous. These were the first fanzines to engage in trufannish myth-making and give-and-take humor.

The contrast between "Brass Tacks" and the Staple War zines made an impact, too. Tremaine couldn't control fan activity outside *Astounding*. Fandom was developing its own agenda, separate from the pros. The war and the death hoax were a long way from intellectual discussions of speculative physics and story critiques.

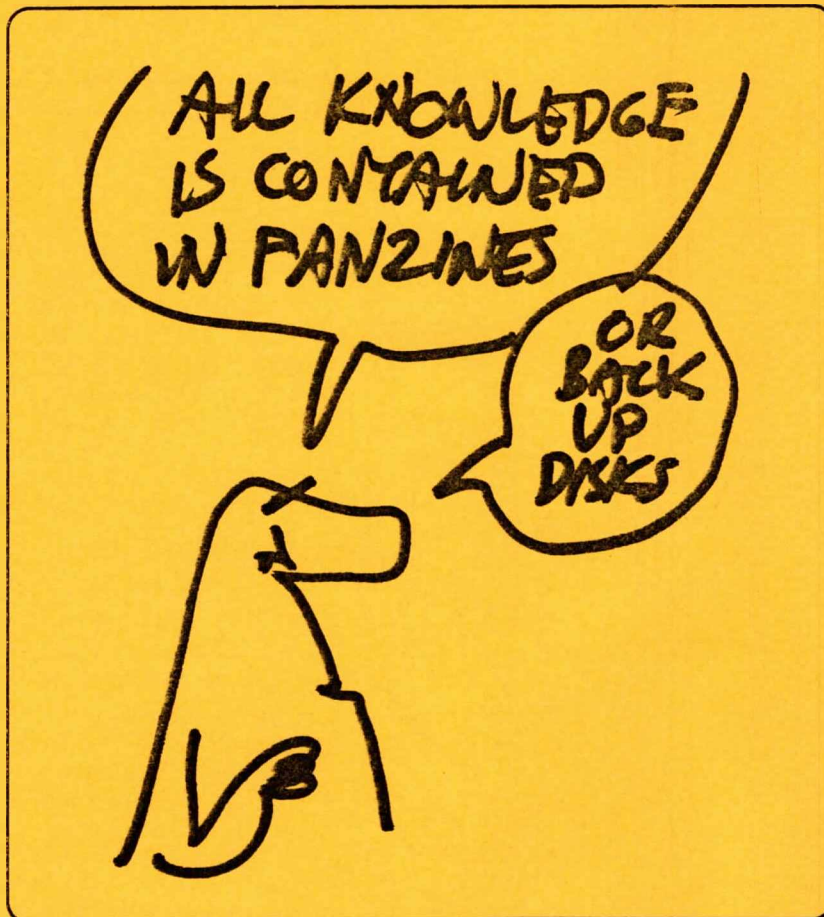
The First Staple War, and the Tucker Death Hoax that ended it, drove a wedge between fandom and professional science fiction. These events served notice that fans weren't merely the most literate readers; they shared concerns that left regular readers cold.

In the long run, these new perceptions gave fandom more than it lost. They raised the hobby's consciousness and began to pry fandom out of its position as the handmaiden of the pros.

#### **Professionalism and Commercialism Over Fandom**

The orientation of printed fanzines of the 1932-1936 period is alien to today's fanzine fandom. Professionalism, always lurking at the fringes with fans-turned-pro like Allen Glasser, united with sincere Sercon devotion to science fiction and a touch of Commercialism, is a potent brew. These fanzines wanted to further the cause of science fiction through union with it.

**Time Traveller**, **The Fantasy Fan**, and **Fantasy Magazine** (born **Science Fiction Digest**) were semi-prozines in format, circulation and mentality. These fan publishers wanted to make money





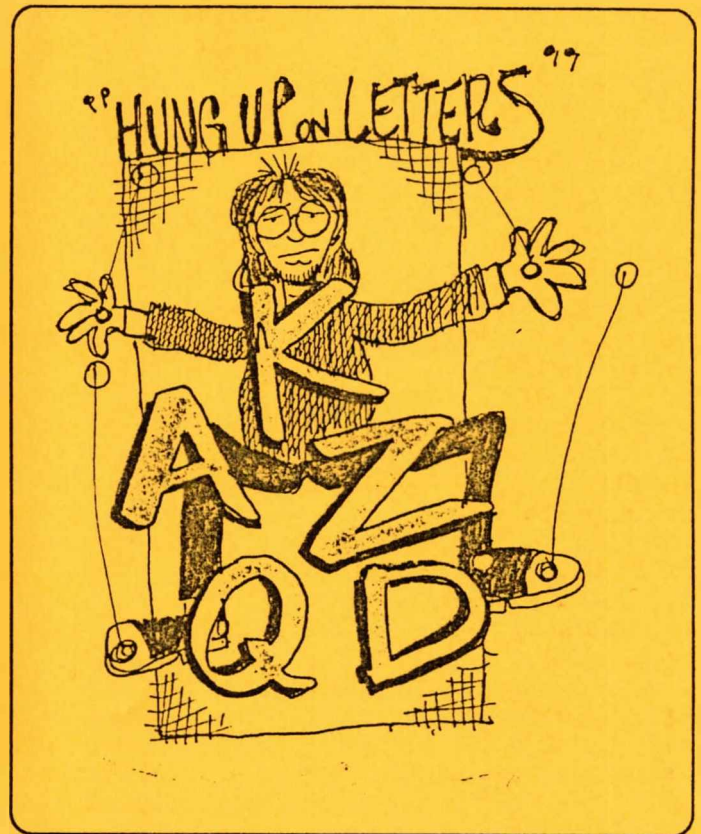
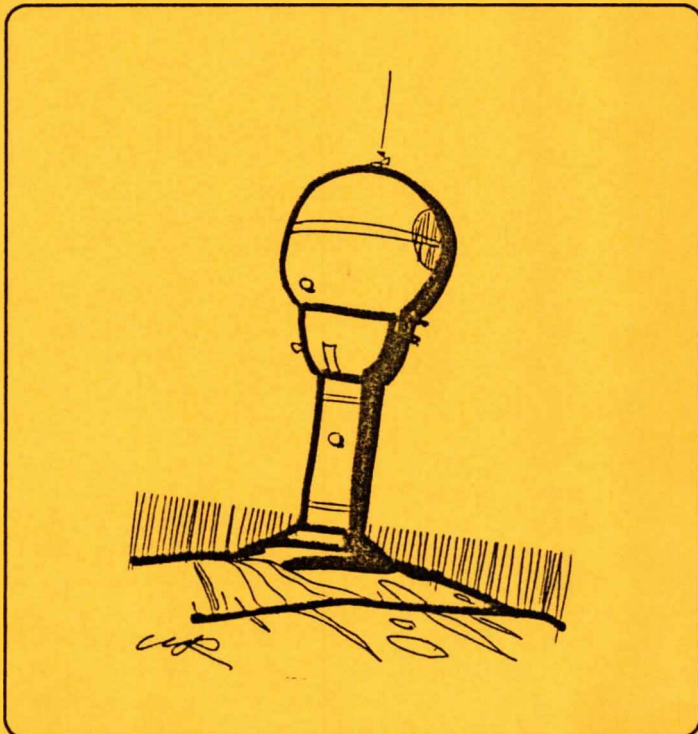
from them, wished them to carve a niche in the World of Science Fiction, secondary to the prozines but accessible by, and relevant to, the heavy SF and fantasy consumer. Their goal was to put a copy, preferably at a fair price, into the hands of every ardent science fiction and fantasy lover.

The printed journals competed for readers and circulation just like for-profit periodicals. The idea of, say, **Blat!** and **Trap Door** jealously guarding mailing lists from each other is ludicrous, yet it was standard in the mid-1930s. If someone had offered **Fantasy Magazine** the chance to leap to the newsstand, its editors would've jumped at the chance. That's the kind of circulation they craved. The implied respectability would've been icing on the cake.

The preference for response over subscriptions is a comparatively modern invention. **Fantasy Magazine**, **Time Traveller**, and **The Fantasy Fan** wanted a large circulation to impress the pros and prove they they deserved to be, at least, junior partners in the great science fiction enterprise.

Editors and writers of these impeccable fan publications emulated the conduct of the fiction editors and writers, just as the printed journals aped the prozines' appearance. The fans wanted to be thought of as science fiction specialists, a cadre of skilled critics.

The Charles Hornig story legitimized fan-into-pro fantasies and gave Professionalism a terrific boost. Gernsback saw **The Fantasy Fan**, needed a replacement for fired *Wonder Stories* editor David Lasser and hired 17-year-old Charles Hornig. Other fans became editors and authors, but nothing caught the imagination of fandom like Hornig's instant success.



Hornig's elevation was compelling proof that the printed fanzine careerists were on the right track. With talent and perseverance, a sercon fan could progress from the elite fan publications to the professional fiction field. If Hornig could do it, why not others?

What made the myth even more compelling was that Hornig did not cease fan activity after he became editor of *Wonder Stories*. To the contrary, he used his professional salary to finance more than a dozen issues of **The Fantasy Fan**! so he must have loved that. Hornig edited *Wonder Stories* and *The Fantasy Fan* simultaneously, which tended to raise the status of the latter. If Hornig made no distinction in how he spent his editorial energies, then closing the gap between the printed journals and the professional fiction magazines might be an attainable goal.

Though many fans have crossed over to prodom, the printed journals were a dead end. They boomed for as long as people like Conrad Rupert were willing to do incredible amounts of type-setting and printing work. Then they were gone, and fandom reverted to cheaply produced, small-circulation zines.

The printed journals succeeded artistically but failed commercially. Never since have professional writers contributed so many important sercon essays to fanzines.

As paying propositions, the printed journals simply couldn't find a big enough audience to support their ambitions. There probably weren't enough people who wanted non fiction about science fiction,



and the printed journals didn't have impulse selling opportunities. There were no specialty shops, and the printed journals never cracked newsstand distribution. Perhaps they could've reached a wider market if fandom had a plethora of small conventions with huckster rooms, but mass meetings of fans were only beginning in the mid-1930s.

The printed journals proved to most fans that it wasn't realistic to dream of turning your fanzine into a prozine. If **Fantasy Magazine** and **The Fantasy Fan** couldn't make the leap, the chances of a hekto or nimeo fanzine doing it must be correspondingly slimmer.

The fanzine-into-prozine myth didn't die out, it only slumbered. Fandom's attitude toward such efforts was very jaundiced in the 1940-1970 period. **Vortex** in the late 1940s and **Odd** 20 years later, are examples of fanzines with professional aspirations that fell far short of realizing them.

Just when fandom seemed to have fully accepted this wisdom, the rules changed. Factors outside fandom made the progression from fanzine to prozine increasingly feasible. The revolution in magazine distribution and the introduction of desktop publishing removed two of the most daunting roadblocks.

The newsstand is a volume business, best suited to magazines that sell 50,000 or more copies. Even if one of the national newsstand distributors had agreed to take a fanzine, few fans had the seed money to print and ship the minimum required number of copies. Fewer still could have lasted the three-month delay for payment.

The specialty store market, initially a smaller channel than the newsstand, needed fewer copies to fill its pipeline. A would-be prozine could start by selling direct to a few stores or a small chain, build up some capital, and then let a distributor fill in the rest of the market. The distributor is the key to turning a profit, because collecting from

I SHALL RULE THE  
WORLD, BUT FIRST  
I MUST CORRECT  
ITS GRAMMAR



ISN'T THAT...  
HIM?



individual stores is a frustrating, low-yield procedure.

The stores also eliminate the spectre of massive returns. A newsstand magazine is lucky to sell one-third of its print run, while a successful specialty store magazine can reasonably expect to sell over 80% of the shipped copies.

Desktop publishing levels the playing field for the small-timer. It makes it much easier for a bootstrap company to produce a polished magazine. Programs like *Quark*, readily available to wannabe prozines, is used by many newsstand magazines. (It's even easier to turn a hobbyist electronic magazine into a paying proposition, so this careerist impulse has validity.)

By 1937, printed journals had shot their bolt. According to Don Wolheim in the July 1937 FAPA mailing, the fanzine field consisted of 27 titles, each with a circulation of 25-35 copies.

The hektograph had replaced the printing press, and that change forced fandom to adopt the view that fandom and prodom were separate entities. They had common cause in many areas, but there were ways that fandom was unique unto itself.

### **The Estrangement: A Tale of Two Clubs**

The way D'J and PL furthered the First Staple War impressed fans with fanzines' potential to spread ideas and opinions. One of the first to explore this aspect of fanzines was Donald A. Wolheim.

Though Wolheim practiced a broad range of fan activities, he was the most prominent Communicationist fan of his time. Along with his sidekick John B. Michel, Wolheim opened up fanzines to discussions



about things beyond speculative science, SF and fandom. He did as much to forward Communicationism as Burbee did for Insurgentism.

The First Staple War, and the later struggle between Ghughu and Foo Foo displayed Wolheim's fannish side. But he also had both the Insurgent's desire to fight for the right and the Communicationist's driving need to get his message across. Sometimes, Wolheim's message was frivolous. Sometimes it wasn't. What he did in fun in The First Staple War, he subsequently did in earnest in one of fandom's defining conflicts, the ISA-SFL War.

Formed nearly simultaneously, the Science Fiction League and the (new) International Scientific Association were diametrically opposed. *Wonder Stories* owned the Science Fiction League. The ISA was the culmination of attempts to start a fan-run club free of professional control.

Hugo Gernsback conceived the Science Fiction League and told *Wonder Stories'* readers about it in a four-page editorial in the May 1934 issue. *Wonder's* managing editor Charles D. Hornig became the SFL's managing-secretary, and there was also a board composed largely of science fiction professionals.

The SFL was benevolent paternalism -- and artfully presented commercialism. It reached fandom as a going concern, ready to welcome new members and bestow benefits. Hornig's personal integrity is almost beyond challenge -- he went to prison during World War II as a conscientious objector -- and he operated the SFL as fairly as possible within the parameters of a commercial venture.

The SFL was well-planned and offered club pins and stationery. *Wonder's* monthly reports encouraged local chapters that introduced hundreds of science fiction readers to fandom. These are all contributions to fandom.

If the SFL had truly succeeded, it might've become fandom, a professionally directed, commercially oriented hobby group with little activity outside the prozines. The SFL could've converted fandom into an asset, something to be sold and traded from corporation to corporation. Until fans' Insurgent impulses caused rebellion or secession.

Business policy led to a chain of mistakes. During the group's honeymoon period, Hornig gave his pet chapter, the Brooklyn SFL, sovereignty over the more rambunctious Eastern New York SFL. This unprecedented arrangement ended only after the ENYSFL boomed while the Brooklyn SFL faded to black. It was a sincere attempt to minimize friction between New York City cliques, but it only proved that when it counted, *Wonder Stories* could warp its own rules.

The SFL's second big mistake was its unwillingness to cooperate with the International Cosmos Science Club. The ICSC purveyed inoffensive scientism, but *Wonder* saw it as a commercial rival. Fans understood Hornig's disdain for the Terrestrial Fantascience Guild -- a real name -- since TFG often criticized *Wonder*. The snub of the ICSC convinced

many fans that there could never be an accommodation between the hobby of fandom and the business of fandom.

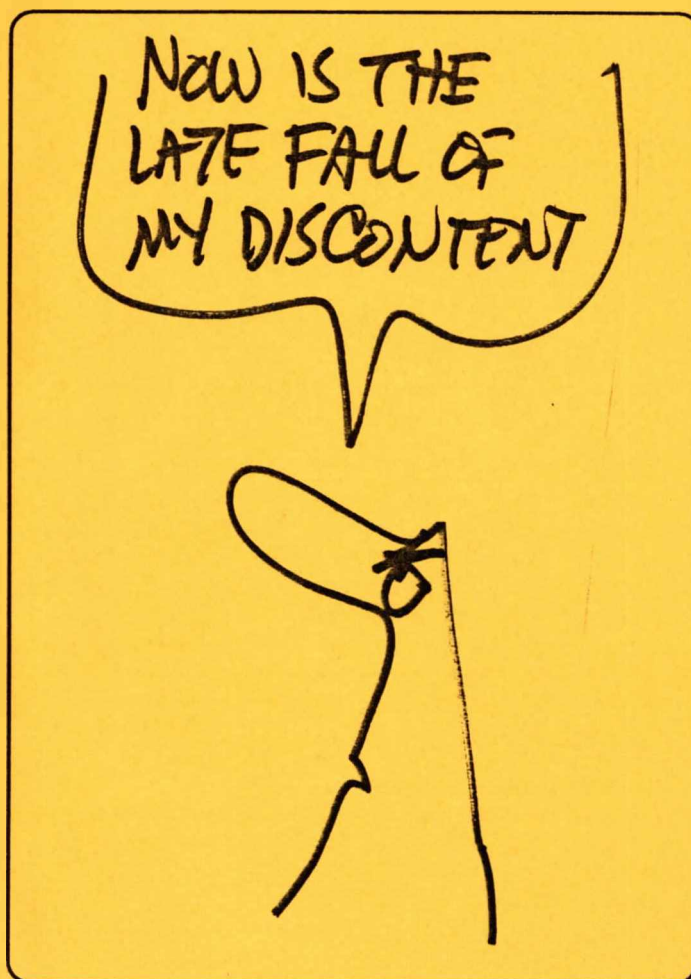
To understand the ISA-SFL conflict, requires a short course in minor fan organizations. Their rosters overlapped, so it isn't always possible to attribute the whole chain of events to a single group.

The International Science Fiction Guild, the brainchild of Oakman, Alabama's Wilson Shepard, was the cradle of Insurgentism. It spurned the coziness between the professional field and the printed journals and went on to challenge allegedly dishonest hucksters and prozines.

Fittingly, **The Science Fiction Guild's Bulletin**, dated May-June 1934, was the first hektographed fanzine. The **ISFG Bulletin** was the antithesis of the measured maturity and "good news" journalism of the printed fanzines. Shepard and his cronies couldn't duplicate **Fantasy Magazine's** gloss, so they disavowed the circle they couldn't hope to crack.

The ISFG pledged to publish "real" news "not covered with sugar." This was a slap at the way the printed fanzines stooged for the professionals. Shepard's organization planned to comment realistically on the field, not just defend it.

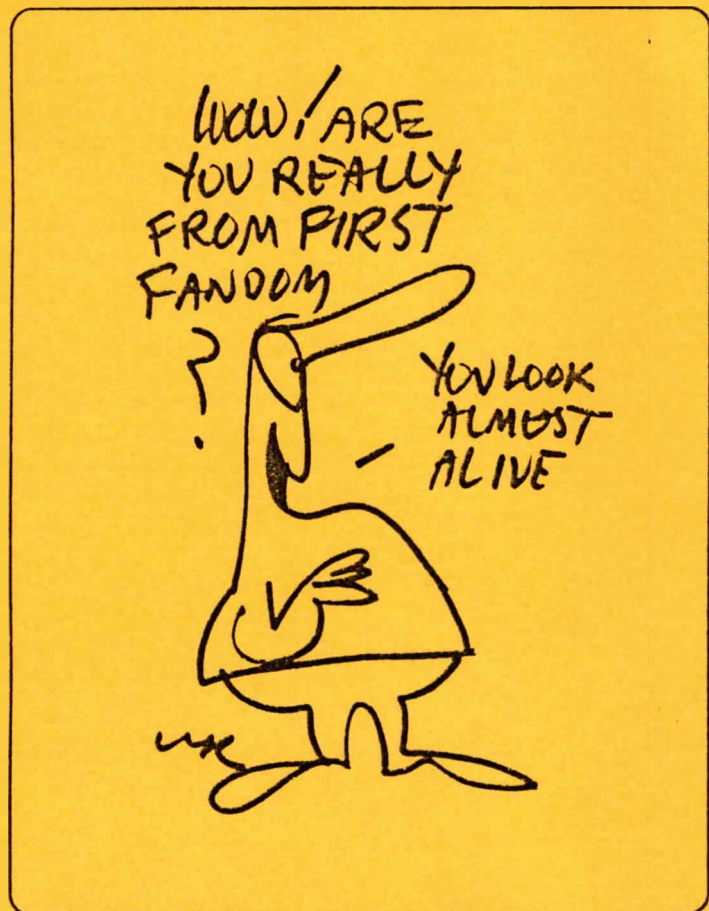
Shepard did more than talk. He led the club,





renamed the Terrestrial Fantascience Guild, into a campaign against price-gouging hucksters. The TFG *Bulletin* warned fans not to pay extortionate prices -- cover price for recent prozines, 10¢ for older ones -- and cited dealers who failed to toe this line.

Whether Wilson Shepard, or his mentor Don Wolheim, deserves credit as the first insurgent is a debatable point, but the huckster crusade was only a warm-up for the TFG's assault on the heretofore sacrosanct *Wonder Stories*.



After Wolheim cracked the pros with a sale to *Wonder*, he discovered that acceptance comes quicker than payment. The incensed fan canvassed other writers and found that *Wonder* was not the ethical model most fans supposed.

The Terrestrial Fantascience Guild successfully carried the fight to *Wonder*. Some victims wrung an out-of-court settlement from the publisher. Moskowitz, for one, saw a connection between the TFG's attack and the demise of the Gernsback-owned *Wonder* only a few months later.

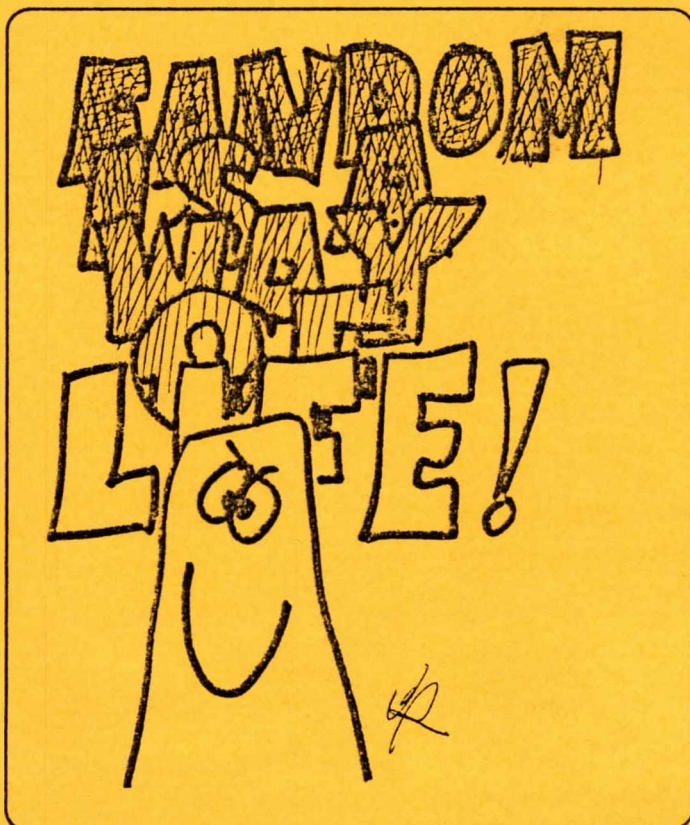
The International Cosmos Science Club made common cause with the TFG in its jihad against *Wonder* after the SFL refused to publicize it. The ICSC began in 1932 as the Edison Science Correspondence Club. When the ESCC got into a rut, some ESCC members started a revamped version, the International Cosmos Science Club.

The ICSC was a democratic group, and its February 1935 election veered away from scientism. Will Sykora believed in scientism and had a home lab, but he was a natural born insurgent. Under John Michel's editorship, the ICSC's *International Observer* hammered both *Wonder* and the *Fantasy Magazine* circle. Wolheim's "Sun Sports" column in the *International Observer* kept him in the front lines of the conflict.

The SFL struck back at its tormentors in the September 1935 *Wonder Stories*. The announcement read:

### THREE MEMBERS EXPELLED

It grieves us to announce that we have found the first disloyalty in our organization. We have discovered that three of our members, who run what they consider a competing club to the SFL, have done all within their power, through personal letters and published notices, to disrepute the League, *Wonder Stories*, and the Gernsback outfit by spreading gross untruths and libelous slander to other science fiction fans and authors. They joined the League only to be able to attack it better. We are extremely sorry that we cannot know every fan's intentions when applications are received, but we have proved only three-tenths of one percent wrong in our enrollment, so we hope that the other members will forgive us. These members we expelled on June 12th. Their names





AH — A RETRO  
FAN WHO SPELLS  
IT "FANNE"



are Donald A. Wolheim, John B. Michel, and William S. Sykora—three active fans who just got themselves on the wrong road.

Well-bred prose couldn't hide the meaning: If *Wonder Stories* didn't like you, they'd run you out of their fandom.

A lot of SFLers knew too little about fandom to see this, but members of the TFG and ICSC, as well as the new generation of fanzine editors, got the point. The expulsion turned a skirmish into a war between most of fandom outside *Fantasy Magazine* against *Wonder Stories*.

The XSFL, as the Insurgents styled themselves, didn't dogmatically oppose all prozines. The ICSC had cordial relations with both *Amazing* and *Astounding*, which publicized the group. The attacks on *Wonder's* payment record never degenerated into blanket condemnation of all prozines.

Will Sykora's Insurgentism didn't mean that he stopped being a disciple of Scientism as well. Looking for ways to strengthen the ICSC, he turned to Ray Palmer's old International Scientific Association. The ISA had the science emphasis dear to Sykora's heart and an honorable history that predated the Science Fiction League.

Upon agreement with Palmer, Sykora published a first anniversary *International Observer* that incorporated *Cosmology*. The issue also had a letter from Palmer that sealed the bargain. Although the ICSC never formalized the change, it switched to the ISA name for the rest of its existence.

The amalgamation with the ISA fueled Sykora's Insurgentism. A series of confrontations at New York area SFL chapters, orchestrated by Sykora and Wolheim, dismantled the SFL's New York power base. Other SFL chapters, notably Denver (Olon F. Wiggins) and Albany (P. Schuyler Miller) joined the Insurrection, too.

When unanimous vote disbanded the Eastern New York SFL in early 1936, the disaffected formed the Brooklyn League for Science Fiction. This was a chapter of a new national group, the Independent League for Science Fiction. The rationale for the ILSF showed that the Insurgents had triumphed, and that fandom would never again be a docile appendage of professional SF.

The February 1936 *Arcturus*, the Brooklynites' clubzine, gave five reasons for the exodus from the SFL:

1. The SFL was commercial, not altruistic.
2. The SFL was a dictatorship with no democratic machinery.
3. The reputation of *Wonder Stories* made it an unfit sponsor.
4. Fanzines covered fan doings much better than the League page in *Wonder*.
5. The excluded fans hadn't been given a chance to defend themselves

The Independent League for Science Fiction became a rallying point for fans who wanted fandom to control its own destiny, free of commercialism and professional "supervision."

After Gernsback sold *Wonder Stories*, new owner Leo Margulies said that *Thrilling Wonder* would no longer cater to fans, whom he characterized as a "loud minority." Editor Mort Weisinger, former co-editor of *Time Traveller*, continued the SFL and its page, but the unabashed commercialism nullified its power in fandom.

The aftermath gave Insurgentism ammunition for its aversion to fan organizations without specific goals. After hammering the stake into SFL, Sykora the Insurgent vanished, superseded by Sykora the Scientism fan (and empire-building bureaucrat).

When the ILSF rejected the ISA's merger offer, Sykora decided to destroy the club instead. It is easy to see this as a form of misguided commercialism. Not that Sykora expected to make money from the ISA, but he started running the group as though it was a commercial venture with competitors who had to be absorbed or ground into the dust. Heavy-handedness ruled as the Sykora group quickly attacked and scuttled the ILSF.



### Scientism's Last Stand

The ISA dispatched the ILSF, but it soon fell into the doldrums, too. Sykora emphasized the club's Scientism, but Sercon fans constituted the more active segment of the membership.

One important activity was the first science fiction convention, held in Philadelphia on October 22, 1936. The get-together was a convention because fans at the time said it was. Today, this meeting of a dozen New York and Philadelphia fans would be called a party.

Sercon fans showed a fervor for cons not shared by the Scientism segment. Communicationism and a primitive form of Trufannishness reinforced the desire to get together with other enthusiasts and do something within the SF fandom context.

Not much happened when the fans met at Milt Rothman's home. About the only thing the conventioners did was agreed that there should be a larger, more formal event. And since a lot of the attendees belonged to the International Scientific Association, the First Convention turned sponsorship of the Second Convention over to it.

Snowballing interest in cons fed anti-scientism feeling among sercon fans. Cons raised fans' consciousness about the ties that bind them together. Gung ho Scientism fans were the least likely to attend cons, which relegated Scientism to a secondary position.

The ISA's sercon faction used the need to publicize

the second convention as an excuse to demand an all-science fiction issue of the **Observer**. The fanzine turned out so well that it provoked an extreme reaction from Sykora, as the apostle of Scientism.

After the successful second convention, Sykora informed ISA members that the SF honeymoon was over. The club and its official organ were going to return to the true path, Scientism.

Dogma collided explosively with reality. Science fictionists out-numbered and out-fanacked the home lab boys even in the ISA. The ensuing battles destroyed the ISA, and with it the last effective voice Scientism had in our fandom.

### Talking in Circles: FAPA

The founding of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association in July 1937 is the pivotal event in the history of Communicationism. That was probably a minor part of Don Wolheim's original idea when he browbeat fans into joining his invention, but that's the way it turned out. Whatever it was when it began, FAPA became the embodiment of Communicationism.

Wolheim borrowed from mundane ayjay, but his changes transformed FAPA into a paper party. Instead of a loose association of publishers, like NAPA or AAPA, FAPA is a multi-pathed conversation conducted through mailing comments.

The 50-fan limit was the key move. Mundane ayjays have open rosters. FAPA is a closed circle; excess applicants became waitlisters. The first mailing had 42 pages, mostly leftover copies of previously distributed zines, but FAPAns started writing directly, exclusively to the group.

The minimum activity requirement and the page-credit rule were other important departures from the mundane ayjay template. Minac kept out deadwood subscribers. When FAPA credited only material sent to all members, it drew the group tighter. The whole FAPate shared every word written for the apa, whereas only a fraction of the membership gets all the elite publications.

DAW saw FAPA mostly as a way to cut the cost of fanzine publishing and eliminate senseless commercialism. Here's what he wrote in the first mailing: "There are many fans desiring to put out a voice who dare not, for fear of being obliged to keep it up, and for the worry and time taken by subscriptions and advertising. It is for them, and for the fan who admits it is his hobby and not his business that we formed the FAPA."

*All Our Yesterdays* quotes Wolheim on the same subject a year later: "FAPA was formed for those fans who have outgrown the idea of trying to sell their magazines and now recognize their sincere interest in publishing and writing as a hobby. That is its purpose: to provide a vehicle for those who wish to publish but feel no desire to be tied down by strings of commercial obligation."

Robert AW Lowndes later claimed that the founding FAPAns hoped the organization would absorb general fanzine fandom. If FAPA had actually

YES, I SHALL  
RULE THE WORLD  
JUST AS SOON  
AS I CAN STOP





brought all fan publishers into its orbit, it would have de-commercialized the fanzine field in a single stroke. Wolheim's trufannish impulses, which made him a participant in the Staple War and GhuGhuism, prompted him to propose FAPA as an alternative to whoring after readers and advertisers. He saw the competition for audience as both illusory and counter to the spirit of fandom.

Some of Wolheim's contemporaries proposed other motivations. He aroused fierce hatred and steadfast loyalty among fans, which colored their perceptions. Some saw FAPA as a move to organize fandom and bring it more directly under his dictatorial control. Some suspected that FAPA was a commie plot. Both sound farfetched, but I wasn't there. Either may've played a role, but I think it was Trufannishness tinged with a reaction against Commercialism that induced DAW to sponsor FAPA.

Wolheim's reference to fans who want to "put out a voice" is at least a kernel of Communicationism. Mailing comments appeared in the second mailing, and the Communicationist aspect of FAPA grew steadily.

The first couple of FAPA elections were unsavory at best. Wolheim and his friends took fan politics as seriously as they did the real thing. Their opposition, though less organized, tried to fight fire with fire.

The seesaw struggle to control FAPA, which fills several chapters in SaMoskowitz's memoir, had an interesting side effect: it focused attention on intra-FAPA communication. Candidates beamed their messages at the eligible voters, and filled mailings with written refutation of their rival's positions.

The 1939 FAPA elections defeated the Futurians and lessened the fan political tension. Less feuding meant more room for discussions of divergent opinions that *didn't* necessarily lead to blood feuds. The group became a forum for discussions of topics that were neither fannish nor sercon. In short, FAPA became fandom's leading discussion forum.

The Vanguard Amateur Press Association (VAPA) broke FAPA's monopoly in the apa field in 1945. Though it began with a sound structure, mostly adopted from FAPA, and a core of brilliant members,



VAPA never reached critical mass. Small contributions and a less-than-full roster characterized VAPA's seven-issue existence.

Why did VAPA fail? The group's stated aims frustrated communication. VAPA fancied itself the home of superior literary expression, a venue for aspiring pros. Instead of a paper party, VAPA was a writer's workshop, one in which the participants concentrated on their output and rather than others' input.

#### Anyone for Politics?

*The Immortal Storm* exhaustively chronicles the feuds that led up to the first Worldcon (NYCon). Real-world politics invaded fandom, which culminated in the Exclusion Act. James Taurasi and Will Sykora, co-chairman of NYCon with SaMoskowitz, stopped Wolheim and other fan communists from entering the con.

It's certain that some fans sincerely espoused socialism and that others countered with viewpoints ranging from middle-of-the-road Republican to crypto-fascist. In that sense, the feud furthered the Communicationist fan philosophy.

The Communicationists were highly motivated toward discussion by the press of events outside fandom's narrow horizon. Western Civilization teetered on the brink of war, lynchings and race riots underscored social inequality, and the economy still hadn't fully recovered from the Great Depression. Wolheim, Michel and other politically sensitive fans couldn't do something as personal as a fanzine without touching on these pressing concerns.

The other side included some anti-communists. They reacted strongly to attempts to proselytize. Most fans, it appears, did not hold strong political convictions, or at least did not want to debate such weighty matters with other fans.

The strongest opposition, both active and passive, came from fans who simply didn't want to make fandom an arena for mundane political debate. John B. Michel's *Mutation or Death* speech consisted of rousing idealistic platitudes and doom-crying without a specific political agenda. The fact that it was presented at a convention (read by Wolheim for the absent Michel) and circulated through fandom overshadowed the content.



Analysis of this fanwar demonstrates the limitations of the Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory (and every other theory of fanhistory, too). Personal animosity, with Wolheim and Moskowitz at its center, turned what might've been an intellectual discussion into a give-no-quarter battle. Every fanhistorical event can't be reduced to a purely ideological context. To do so is to distort rather than illuminate.

Like most feuds, this one depleted the fannish energies of major combatants. Although most stayed active, new faces like Harry Warner, Art Widner, Claude Degler, Phil Bronson, EE Evans and Fran Laney led Third Fandom (circa 1941).

Since fandom as then constituted lacked the cohesiveness and clout to materially forward *any* mundane political cause, the Wolheim faction had very little chance to achieve the level of victory they desired. Short of converting all major fans to communism and turning the hobby into a front group, it's hard to imagine how fandom could have been harnessed to any mundane political agenda.

Many fans confused the medium with the message. They disliked Communism for whatever reason, so they rebelled against serious, intellectual discussion of topics beyond science fiction and fandom. Harry Warner's **Spaceways**, Third Fandom's focal point fanzine, exemplifies general fandom's reaction against the overheated political rhubarbs of 1938-1940. Its "no controversy" policy precluded lively differences of opinion along with outright feuding.

Wolheim and his supporters couldn't win that 1939 feud, but they laid a foundation for Communicationism. General fandom's retreat to sercon and fannish subjects proved temporary, and Wolheim started the bastion of Communicationism in fandom, the amateur press association,

## A Visit to Neffer-Neffer Land



No fannish institution has lasted longer -- 55 years and counting -- or taken more abuse than the National Fantasy Fan Federation. It chugs along today with a few hundred members, hurting no one but itself. Yet few fans can resist making anti-N3F jokes. An anthologist could assemble a pretty fair collection of anti-N3F fan articles, most of them by BNFs. Something, perhaps on an unconscious level, riles fans about the N3F. I propose that the N3F, like the Cosmic Circle, incites fannish wrath because it is a perversion of fannish idealism. The N3F's philosophical foundation was impeccable, but the execution mocked its ideals.

The October 1940 **Fanfare**, edited by Art Widner, printed demon knight's "Unite or Fie!" Knight called for a fan-run national organization to provide services beyond the capacity of individual fans or local clubs. Proposed activities included: a guide to fandom, a fanzine distribution system and an official organ with fanzine reviews.

Widner supported knight with these comments in the same **Fanfare**: "The crying need is cooperation among all fans and this seems an impossible situation at present. Fandom should have some sort of united front to put toward the rest of the world, or it will continue to be regarded as just the juvenile goshwowboyoboy gang."

Most Third Fandomites felt independence from the pros was a positive step. Fans could do it for themselves without the venal and capricious prozine publishers. The degeneration of the Science Fiction League showed what fans could expect from commercially motivated sponsors. When Gernsback sold *Wonder*, the new owners made little pretense about



its commercial nature.

Fans also prized the outfit's democracy. Most



previous national clubs started by fans were dictatorships or oligarchies. The few with democratic trappings had rules so loose that they were easy prey to self-proclaimed strongmen like Wolheim and Sykora.

Nazi Germany loomed as a world menace in 1940. Many people thought that the US would have to rescue the European democracies from fascism. Patriotic, pro-interventionist media constantly reminded Americans about the value of their liberties and rights. In that climate, it was natural for fans to want to extend those precious principles to their hobby.

So how did the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F), conceived with the highest ideals of Trufannishness and anti-Commercialism, go so horribly wrong? Trouble set in when well-meaning fans translated the N3F concept into a real club.

Most fans had little experience with teamwork or formal groups, despite Trufannish yearnings for fandom-wide cooperation. They knew the goal, but not the means to achieve it.

Actually, the N3F's troubles began on the philosophical plane. The N3F is a shotgun wedding of intrinsically incompatible ideas. To please everyone and encompass All Fandom, the N3F's founders saddled it with contradictory attitudes.

The Widner constitution stated the N3F's mission thusly:

"To unite all existing fan organizations that are willing to cooperate with other fan organizations into a federation which can be recognized as the official organization of fandom, representative of the majority of fans. It will set about bettering the conditions within fandom itself, and those of science and fantasy fiction in general. It shall

endeavor to keep the peace in fandom."

Those are sweeping objectives for something first imagined as a loose-knit mutual aid society. Such grandiosity had to ruffle fans' Insurgent leanings. The Insurgent distrust of large, permanent fan organizations is probably the root of the decision to collect no dues to carry out its program.

The same constitution that talked of representing the majority of fandom mandates entrance examinations for prospective members. (This despite the quoted

language, which outlines a federation of fan groups rather than of individual fans.) This patently anti-democratic regulation, dear to the hearts of both Insurgents and Sercons, compromised the trufannish outreach as well as democratic principles.

The N3F's obsession with its constitution is clear evidence of fans' unfamiliarity with the rudiments of organization. Fans took turns suggesting schemes for running the group. They authored draft after draft, each duly ratified by the membership. So anxious were they to get

a constitution that they never paused long enough to achieve the necessary underlying consensus.

Each version of the constitution, starting with Widner's in the December 1940 *Fanfare*, contained good ideas. Most also had points, like a "tax" on fanac, that were unworkable, overreaching or just plain silly. So every time someone came up with a few good notions, they wrote a new constitution instead of integrating their innovations into the existing one.

Starting from scratch each time encouraged errors of judgment. As is often true of constitutional architects, the writers introduced idiosyncratic notions along with breakthrough concepts. This made approval of one constitution mere preamble to the





I HAVE FANZINES  
OLDER THAN  
HER



proposal of a replacement to expunge unworkable sections.

The N3F championed a new fan philosophy, Bureaucracy, but it didn't click with fandom. It has flared up sporadically since, but it runs strongly counter to both Trufannishness and Insurgentism. Trufans don't like the hierarchical structure, while Insurgents abhor the regimentation and over-organization. Bureaucracy lives on in the hearts of con-running fandom, to judge by the committee lists in the program books, but it remains rare in fanzine fandom.

Faith in Bureaucracy separates neffers from the rest of fandom. They believe that adding a bureau or officer is like installing an extra cylinder in a car. More bureaus mean a more productive club. Most non-N3Fers feel that adding a bureau is adding another big-frog-in-a-small-pond fiefdom that divides energies and promotes scattershot, wasteful and redundant activity.

#### The Circle Game

Claude Degler (Don Rogers) entered fandom three years before he burst forth with the Cosmic Circle in **Cosmic Circle Commentator** (Sept. 1943), but he had made no big impression. Degler attended both Chicon [1940] and Denvention [1941] without incident. Fans knew him primarily as the president of the obscure Cosmic Club of New Castle, IN.

Once the 23-year-old proclaimed his vision, he

became unavoidable in mid-1940s fandom. Degler has since become a mythic fan, a sinister drifter with delusions of grandeur, sticky fingers and a mania for organization and fanzine publishing.

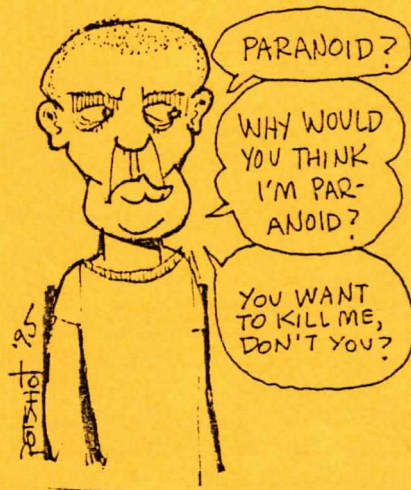
Fans disagree about Degler. Jack Speer, Bob Tucker, Harry Warner and Francis Towner Laney (who had the benefit of never actually meeting him) expressed divergent views about his personality, intelligence and motivation. Here fanhistorical analysis unexpectedly parallels New Testament scholarship. Theologians blend the four gospels to compose a comprehensive picture of Jesus. Our image of Degler derives from accounts of his progress through fandom by Speer, Laney, et al.

In this case, we also have Degler's numerous publications. I'm no Degler Fundamentalist. That is, most of the adventures he recounts in CCC and other zines have a philosophical validity but appear to depart substantially from literal truth.

Fortunately, Fandom's reactions to the Cosmic Circle and the reasons for its revulsion lie outside the murkiness that surrounds everything connected with Claude Degler. So I'll leave that for the promulgator of the *Psychological Theory of Fanhistory*. (Whew! Dodged a bullet there, eh?)

Harry Warner points out that the Cosmic Circle displays fandom as it might appear in a carnival mirror. *All Our Yesterdays* cites possible sources for many of the seemingly outrageous facets of the Cosmic Circle.

My only disagreement with Harry is that I don't think it's necessary to find specific analogs for each Cosmic Circle tenet. The most evident connection is on the philosophical plane. Degler warped a good philosophy beyond all reason. Whether Degler intentionally lampooned Trufannishness, or just didn't understand it, is irrelevant. The Cosmic Circle is to Trufannishness as Rastafarianism is to orthodox Christianity.





In **Cosmic Circle Commentator #1** Degler wrote:

"Declaration of existence: of a new race or group of cosmic-thinking people, a new way of life, a cosmology of all things. Cosmen, the cosmic men, will appear. We believe we are actual mutations of the species."

The Cosmic Circle's program included the Cosmic Camp in the Ozarks, a campaign to further appreciation of Hannes Bok, an Arizona ranch for rocketry experiments and a post-war fan town.

Farfetched as these ideas appear, they are a small extrapolation from an overzealous interpretation of Trufannishness. It's a small leap from saying that fans are a special community to asserting that fans are a species apart.

A fan village is not much of a reach from that Trufannish ideal of communal fannish living, the slanshack. The eponymous Slanshack, Futurian House and other such urban clusters got heavy fanzine play in the early 1940s. Degler got rolling after D-Day, so he looked into the postwar world and envisioned bigger, better slansacks.

A distortion of the Trufannish appreciation of fanhistory might account for some other points in the Cosmic Circle agenda. Warner reports that Degler hero worshipped Ackerman at the Chicon, and quotes Phil Bronson about how enthusiastic Claude seemed about fandom before he became a Cosfan. Perhaps the ranch was a tip of the beanie -- hurray, creative fanachronism! -- to the Gernsback ideal of Scientism.

An excess of Trufannishness, real or feigned, might also explain Degler's mania for organizing science fiction fan clubs. It is said that fans who treated him with anything less than hostility were drafted into leadership of a new local, state or regional club. Obviously, he wanted to establish a nationwide network of affiliated fan clubs, a harking back to the Science Fiction League and its myriad of chapters.

Which goes to show that even a well-meaning, positive philosophy like Trufannishness can go over the top.

### **The Focal Point of Fourth Fandom is What?**

Serconishness, Commercialism and Professionalism thrived in the years before, during and immediately after World War II. The main difference between Third Fandom (Chicon I [1940] to 1944) and Fourth Fandom (Pacifcon I [1946] to Philcon I [1947]) is that they grew progressively stronger, at the expense of fannishness. As fannish consciousness declined, the line between "fan" and "interested reader" blurred. Trufannishness and Insurgentism became the rallying cry of an ardent few -- and nearly invisible to the typical fan. As the sense of community lessened, especially in the mid-1940s, many participants ceased to regard fandom as an arena for serious discussion.

The importance of Serconism in fandom usually

reflects how well the science fiction field is doing. Most critics call the late 1930s and 1940s a Golden Age of Science Fiction. So it was no coincidence that Sercon rode high during this stretch.

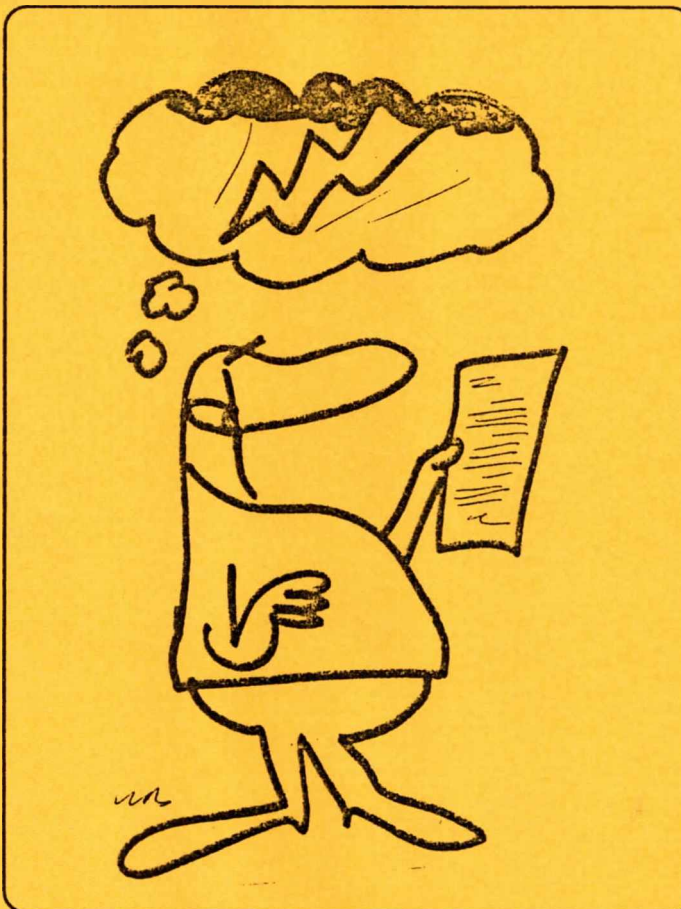
Science fiction discussions proved a welcome respite from emotionally charged topics, like Michelism, that dominated fandom in the late 1930s. Two fans could disagree about favorite authors or even the merits of a story without the personal heat of the Moskowitz-Wolheim feud.

Leading fanzines of the 40s, from **Spaceways** and **Acolyte** to **Fantasy Commentator** and **Fancient**, were much more Sercon than the top zines of Sixth and Seventh Fandoms (1951-1962). It wasn't until Dick Gels incited fireworks with SF discussion in

**Psychotic/SFR** that a truly

Sercon fanzine gained focal point popularity. (**Niekas**, **Amra** and **ERBdom** attracted devoted followings in the mid-1960s, but they fell short of broad-spectrum popularity. All were focal points of special interest groups -- Tolkien, Sword & Sorcery and Edgar Rice Burroughs, respectively -- rather than fandom as a whole.

An upswing in Sercon activities always spells some rise in the importance of Professionalism as a fan philosophy. The more people who center their fanaticism on speculative fiction, the more are likely to target professional writing, editing and illustrating as





potential careers.

Many fans became professional editors, writers and artists in the later 1930s and early 1940s. This heightened the influence of Professionalism in two ways. First, it made a career in SF a reasonable goal. The plethora of examples gave fans all the encouragement they needed.

It also increased connections between fandom and prodom. The more pros with a fan background, the easier it became to enlist professional cooperation for conventions, clubs and even fanzines.

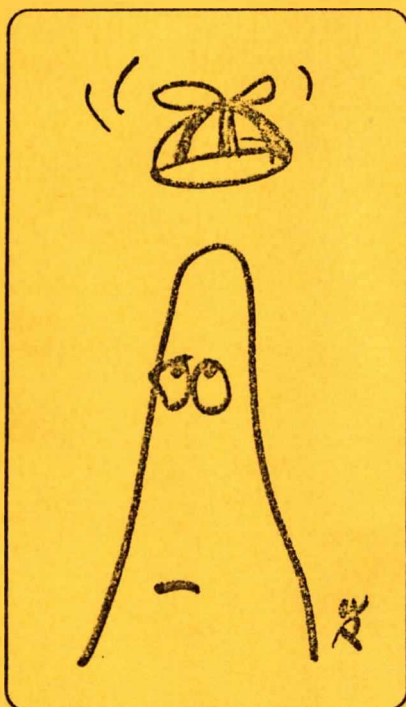
Increases in Professionalism and Serconnishness almost always make Commercialism more important, too. Many fans became agents, small publishers and dealers in the 1940s.

Although *Astounding* and one or two other prozines printed high class SF, the field as a whole moved toward action-oriented pulp fiction as the 1940s progressed. By the time of Fourth Fandom, *Planet* and *Startling* had the biggest following.

When fandom attracted pulp readers, the neos were younger and, perhaps, less intellectual than the fans who cut their teeth on Wells, Verne and the early *Amazing* and *Wonder*. This proved a serious setback for Communicationism. FAPA, led by the Braintrusters, still featured in-depth discussion, but most of the newcomers had no taste for long-winded treatises and abstract thinking. They focused on the stories and authors, rooted for them like baseball fans.

By mid-decade, this trend undercut fanzines as a communications channel. With fan consciousness at low ebb and little need for the lengthy essays that are the backbone of fanzines, the prozine letter columns gained favor as the place to put forth SF opinions.

It didn't matter that the columns printed short bursts, not the multi-page essays found in fanzines. *Planet* and *Startling*



*Stories* letterhacks specialized in forceful, rather than deep, effusions.

And since most didn't harbor a sense of fandom as a special place, they could hardly resist the large prozine audience. Why write to dozens when you can speak to thousands in a prozine letter column?

### Sorry, Wrong Number?

A widely published (*Quandry* #29, reprinted in *Fanhistory* #2) Jack Speer article, "Decline of the Best," is a potential land mine for Numbered Fandom historians.

"... I would not end Third Fandom with the date the *Fancyclopedia* was published ... All of its outstanding characteristics -- the dominance of the Brain Trust in FAPA, NFFF and other organizations; the prevalence of thoughtful discussion of all manner of subjects; the bibliographies, indexes and other research work -- continued to prevail up to the failure of Operation Futurian in 1946.

The Foundation that would've been thereby established would have institutionalized the Third Fandom world-outlook; but due to a thinning of the Brain Trust's blood (a poetic way of saying they gave preference to other things in demands on their time) this was never realized."

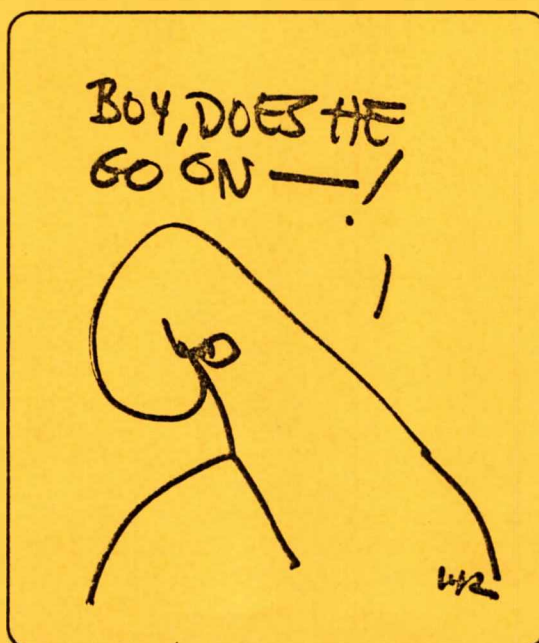
That places the Third Transition between Pacifcon and Philcon. Much like Fourth Fandom in the orthodox theory, Third Transition saw younger fans take leadership from the slumping Brain Trust and focus on the prozines rather than the society of fandom.

Speer posits a Fourth Fandom, ruled by Commercialism, between Philcon and Nolacon [1950]. The essay's final section notes the rise of the *Quandry* circle and identifies it as a new era. Although Juffus avoids specific renumbering, the implication is that this new historical period would be Fifth Fandom.

This is an appealing structure, because it removes Sarge Saturn from his alleged position at the center of Fourth Fandom. Too bad Jack's revision compromises the Numbered Fandoms nomenclature that stood for a half-century.

Imagine the confusion when some British tight-ass slams fans for their adulation of Sixth Fandom. We might not know for sure whether they mean the *Quandry* era or the 1958-1962 era with Ellik and Carr's *Fanac* as its hub.

Before scrapping the orthodox version, let's test it with the





FANDOM IS  
SO NEAT,  
SO NIFTY!



Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory. (That such an examination fits this section of the article is not an insignificant consideration.)

Jack himself is less than certain about his redefinition of 1940s Numbered Fandoms. He was one of the Brain Trusters who cut back activity in 1946, so he is unsure about his perceptions of fandom for the rest of the decade.

I think this explains why Speer may've underestimated the impact of Art Rapp's *Spacewarp*. This fine monthly fulfills all the criteria for a focal point, and it is obvious that it was center stage for a generation of active fans.

The rebirth of fannish consciousness and the associated gains for Trufannishness and Insurgentism, are the hallmarks of Fifth Fandom (orthodox version). They separate it from what went immediately before, whether that is a Fourth Fandom centered on *Planet* and *Startling* or a Fourth Transition under the thumb of Commercialism. (The differences between Fifth and Sixth Fandoms are covered in the next section. Have patience.)

So went Speer's revision, especially with the restoration of traditional Fifth Fandom. Some people will want to stick with Sgt. Saturn and the orthodox Numbered Fandom's Theory. I suspect it doesn't make a huge difference. When was the last time you, or anyone you know, had an impassioned discussion of the Fourth Transition?

## Whatever Happened to the Fifth Transition

A possible flaw in the Theory of Numbered Fandoms crops up in Bob Silverberg's extension of Speer's *Fancylopedia* entry, "First and Last Fen" (*Quandry*, Oct. 10, 1952). Speer and Silverberg outline a structure of Fandoms (relatively stable and cohesive periods) that alternate with Transitions (periods without consensus). Each Fandom, numbered for easy reverence, is embodied in a focal point around which the most active fans orient their fanac.

In "First and Last Fen," Sixth Fandom starts directly after Fifth without a Transition. Since a Fandom is more than an actfan clique -- the main criticism of the "phony seventh" proposed in the post-Sixth Fandom 1950s. On the surface, it's hard to see how the consensus could've shifted so abruptly.

The Philosophical Theory of Fandom suggests it did.

One limitation of Silverberg's article, self-acknowledged at the time, is that Sixth Fandom was still in business when he wrote. In fact, "First and Last Fen" ran in *Quandry*, the era's focal point. Had Agberg -- fie fie fie on this newfangled "Silverbob" stuff -- waited a few years, he might've combined Fifth and Sixth into a single fanhistorical period.

I'm glad Bob never faced that temptation, because I'm convinced he had it right the first time. The differences between Fifth and Sixth Fandoms run deeper than mere cast changes. A special set of circumstances caused a philosophical gulf between these temporally adjacent eras.

Two events created the discontinuity between Fifth and Sixth Fandoms: the pulp crash and the Korean War. Other factors probably contributed to the rapid change in fandom, but those stand out.

The demise of pulp magazines after World War II had many consequences:

- Sercon declined. The contraction in the SF field, though temporary, dampened enthusiasm for science fiction discussion. Sixth Fandom fanzines contained many SF-related pieces, but it coexisted with other subjects and was clearly secondary to material about fans and fandom.
- Fannish consciousness was reborn during Fifth Fandom, but it flourished as never before in Sixth. *Quandry*, *Hyphen*, *Confusion* and other top fanzines of the early 1950s treated science fiction like an adjunct to SF instead of vice versa. SF was important because it was the cornerstone of the fan context.
- Insurgentism abated. As fandom gained a bit of maturity, fewer things raised Insurgent hackles. The Shaver Mystery had retreated to the lunatic fringe, the N3F had sunk in on itself and ceased to be a major fan institution and the childishness of



the pulps vanished with them.

- Professionalism became a more remote mindset. Fewer prozines meant fewer sales. In a shrinking market, the big names crowded out the occasional sellers and made it more difficult for newcomers to break through.

- It changed the recruitment pattern. The pulps had provided easy access to fandom through letter and fanzine review columns. The skew toward a taste for slambang science fiction declined in favor of more challenging stories. Sixth Fandom loved *Astounding* a lot more than *Planet*.

The Korean War disputed the close-to-clockwork schedule of **Spacewarp**, the focal point fanzine of the age. Even hard-bitten cynics Laney and Burbee recognized the primacy of **Spacewarp** by rushing into the breach with the two Insurgent issues. Art Rapp's fasia triggered gaffations and cutbacks by many Fifth Fandom stalwarts. The quantity of fanac plummeted, and the energetic Sixth Fandomites filled the vacuum.

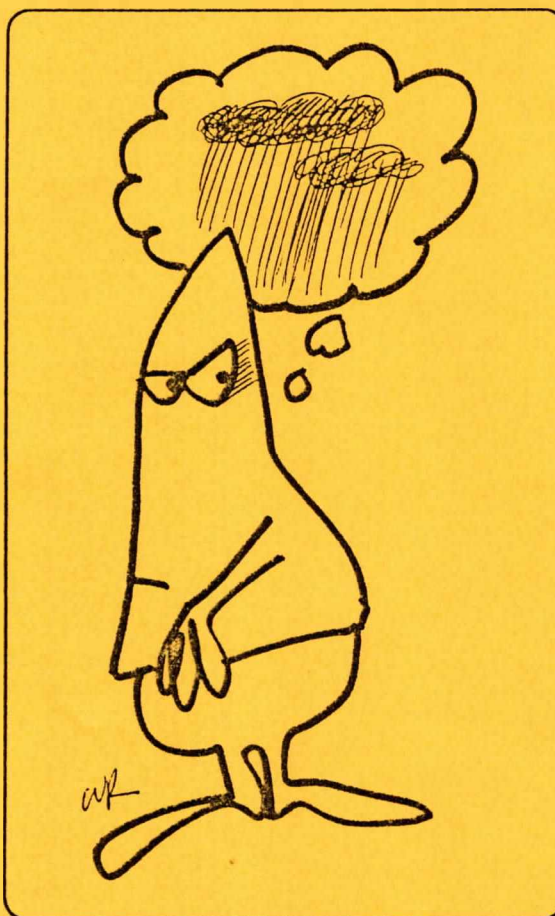
Many call Fifth Fandom an escape from juvenility. More accurately, Fifth Fandom improved over the juvenility of Fourth Fandom. In some cases, this reflected the personal growth of fans who began as letter hacks during Fourth Fandom and became active fans in the Fifth.

Most of the principal Sixth Fandomites entered fandom as reasonably well-rounded, cosmopolitan people. Hoffman, Vick, Willis, Bulmer, Clarke, Elsberry and others didn't have to outgrow Sgt. Saturn, because they were never part of that scene.

Sixth Fandom's de-gaffates dated from before the pulp boom. Tucker, Bloch and Boggs all evinced Sercon interests, but it was tuned more to *Astounding* and *Weird Tales*.

Finally, Sixth Fandom saw the emergence of Anglo-American cooperation on an unprecedented scale. Sixth Fandom's "Big Four" -- Lee Hoffman, Shelby Vick, Max Keasler and Walt Willis -- spanned the Atlantic in a way that paled all previous efforts to unite fandoms in the two countries. Willis, Shaw, White, Clarke, Harris and Bulmer intermingled with American Sixth Fandomites in a way that Carnell, Gillings and Rosenbloom had not. The idea became institutionalized as the Trans Atlantic Fan Fund.

The swiftness of these changes didn't leave room



for the usual Transition. The old order vanished within weeks, and a new order stepped in without missing a step.

### How Long, How Long?

Ted White and rich brown have debated the fine points of early 1950s fanhistory for many years. The chief issue: Did other fanzines assume the mantle of focal point after **Quandry** folded? As far as I know, they continue to disagree about which fanzines qualified as legitimate successors to **Q**, and at what point Sixth Fandom decayed into the Sixth Transition. It is beyond the power of even the Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory to settle this matter to both rich and Ted's satisfaction. I have great hopes for this brainstorm, you understand, but there are limits to even my egotism. Still, I rush in where wise men fear to tread. If a Fandom is not just a clique, then it follows that a Fandom is more than one fanzine. If there is continuity of purpose and a fanzine ready to take up the

banner, then the Fandom-in-progress could anoint another focal point to replace the defunct one. Empirically, it's hard for a second fanzine to sustain the momentum and capture the special atmosphere of the original focal point. Hard, but not impossible.

When Lee Hoffman dropped **Quandry**, another fanzine caught the spirit, published monthly and pulled many of **Quandry's** contributors into its orbit. Joel Nydahl's **Vega** wasn't as good as **Quandry**, but it voiced the same values. **Vega** was good enough to extend Sixth Fandom for another year. The philosophical balance of fandom didn't change when **Vega** became the focal point, because the aesthetic (allowing for editorial taste) didn't budge.

Gregg Calkins' **Oops!** is the next candidate for Sixth Fandom focal point, after Nydahl succumbed to the strain of putting out the 100-page **Vegannish** -- and couldn't pay the resulting printer's bill. It's a superb fanzine, especially notable for its columnists like Warner and Willis.

This is where the succession starts to get iffy. **Oops!** wasn't as obviously in the **Quandry** mold as **Vega**. It had some of the big Sixth Fandom names, but the **Quandry** circle decreased activity in general fandom after Philcon [1953]. **Oops!** had lots of material by newer fans like Dean Grennell. They were still run along in the same track, as proven by how well the first- and second-generation Sixth Fandomites mixed in **Oops!**.



**Oops!a!**, despite laudable quality, didn't call forth the same fandom-wide allegiance as **Quandry**. It may well have been the focal point, but its Trufannish outlook no longer spoke for the entire fannish mainstream.

For one thing, science fiction made a comeback. The paperback market boomed, and a spate of new digest-size magazines, *Galaxy* at the forefront, pulled SF out of the post-pulp blahs.

**Psychotic**, by Dick Geis, reflected the upswing in Sercon. As time went on, Geis increased emphasis on SF and virtually abandoned the myth-making and in-group propensities of Sixth Fandom's heyday.

**Quandry** (and **Vega** and **Oops!a!**) were about entertaining your friends. **Quandry** was a living room with a bunch of companionable friends entertaining each other. By contrast, **Psychotic** was a late-night college bull session. Most of **Psy**'s contributors, especially after the first few issues, were there to debate, not to spin legends. Communicationism, dormant outside the apas since the early 1940s, came back into vogue. Its short duration and gradual loss of most of its original Sixth Fandom support argue against **Psy** as Sixth Fandom's final focal point. If Geis' fanzine is a focal point, then it is philosophically the center of a new era rather than a continuation of Sixth Fandom.

#### How Phony was the Phony Seventh?

"The mad dogs have kneed us in the groin," Harlan Ellison wrote in **Psychotic** #15. (Use of this well-worn quote qualifies this as a work of fan history under the National Fanhistorical Research Act. This gives six-figure grants to writers of interminable treatises on fanhistory, or it will when it passes.) Ellison's article acknowledges the failure of the "Seventh Fandom" movement to set up a new fannish epoch.

Most prominent fans rejected the idea. Few wanted to legitimize something that might compromise the maturity, literacy and catholic interests of Sixth Fandom.

It was boastful and juvenile for a group of young fans to proclaim itself the new era, but were Harlan and his cohorts entirely wrong? Fanhistorians have invoked the cautionary tale of phony seventh fandom so often that it's now a truism.

That doesn't make it true.

It is fanhistorical fact that the Ellison-led movement did not result in a new fannish era. Fandom went into the Sixth Transition following the waning of **Oops!a!** (or **Psychotic**, for the unconvinced). It didn't coalesce into a new Fandom until the "Southgate in '58" campaign went into high gear and **Fanac** became the focal point in the late 1950s.

Yet it could've worked. The stillborn Seventh had some common ground with Sixth Fandom, but it struck a different philosophical balance. Serconism, Insurgentism and Communicationism drove the clique, though it offered a mythos featuring the red birdbath and *Mad* magazine in homage to Sixth

Fandom's Trufannish sensibilities.

The expansion of the digest magazine field, the increase in paperbacks (such as the Ace Doubles) and the large number of fans-turned-pro combined to make not only Serconism, but Professionalism, more important in the Seventh Fandom Movement than in Sixth Fandom.

Seventh Fandom's ideology wasn't far from Geis' outlook. If the Seventh Fandom summit in Cleveland prior to the 1953 Midwestcon had occurred a year or so later, **Psychotic** might have become its fanzine focal point.

Harry Warner, in *A Wealth of Fable*, deservedly calls 7Apa a failure. It produced only three mailings, plus a token fourth, and then disappeared. But in fall 1954, Peter J. Vorzimmer created an apa, the Cult, which fit very nicely into the "Phony" Seventh Fandom gestalt.

As FAPA began to accumulated the gen-FAPAzines for a golden decade [1954-1963], the Cult trashed that style of publishing in favor of a group totally oriented to what amounted to mailing comments. The early Cultzines show some attempt to give the Cult a literary/entertainment slant similar to the older apas.





but members' letters slowly but surely gained primacy.

### The Boondoggle

The Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory says little about the origins and causes of The Boondoggle. (See "Bones of Contention" in *Wild Heirs* #12 for a brief analysis.) The struggle between those who wanted to expel Walter Breen from the Pacificon II [1964], FAPA and general fandom was a clash of wills and personalities, not ideologies.

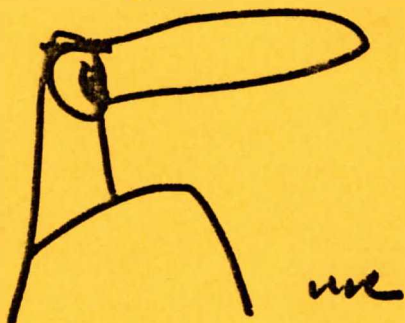
The consequences of the Boondoggle are friendlier territory. The theory can help identify and categorize the results.

The Boondoggle shredded the fabric of fandom. It created a discontinuity so vast that few fans who started activity in 1964-1966 had any significant contact with the fans who'd led the way between 1958 and 1962. When general fandom rebuilt in the late 1960s, the consensus incorporated radical shifts in the relative importance of the fan philosophies.

The Boondoggle didn't end Seventh Fandom [1958-1962]. The Tenth Anniversary Willis Fund probably extended Seventh Fandom an extra year, but its fulfillment bred an end-of-era feeling. Many major genzines of the 1958-1962 period -- like **Hyphen**, **Innuendo**, **Vold**, **Fanac**, **Grue**, **Oopslal**, **Xero** and **Warhoon** -- either folded or greatly reduced frequency.

The Boondoggle so disrupted fandom that Seventh Transition lasted from Chicon III [1962] to NYCon 3

YOU CAN'T KID  
ME - YOU'RE NO  
EARLIER THAN  
9TH FANDOM!



WHAT NUMBER  
FANDOM IS THIS,  
ANYWAY?



[1967]. Just about the time a new fannish consensus should have emerged, the Boondoggle blew fandom to bits.

The fierce feuding surrounding the Boondoggle seriously weakened the fannish philosophies (Trufannishness and Insurgentsism), because it weakened fans' faith in the social context of fandom. Newer fans, with little access to old fanzines and other expressions of fanhistory, looked to the hobby's core, Science Fiction. This caused an upswing in Serconism, Professionalism and Commercialism.

And because fandom's past was little known or noted by the new fan generation, they focused on the here-and-now of communication. The past was shrouded in obscurity -- and likely to trigger a recapitulation of the Boondoggle -- so fans increasingly turned to discussing topics of current interest.

### The Psychotic/SFR Phenomenon

Boondoggle wounds had mostly healed by 1967, but fanzine fandom had charted no firm new direction. Re-enter Richard E. Gels. Energetic and skilled, Gels grabbed fandom in a headlock and dragged it in the direction he wanted to go. His **Psychotic** came out frequently, and the colorful clashes that filled its pages captured the mainstream of fanzine fandom.

Fans who'd started post-Discon I (1963) still didn't know much about fandom's past. They knew what they liked, though. And what they liked was no-holds-barred discussions and trenchant reviews of professional and fan work. **Psy**'s interest in science fiction also pulled a lot of pros into the discussion.



Geis gave them the undiluted stuff in **Psychotic**, and its evident popularity sparked a trend for similar fanzines, typified by Al Snider's **Crossroads**.

Geis also resuscitated a lot of semi-gaflates. After the dreary post-Boondoggle years, Geis brought excitement back to fandom. Since, as previously stated, most fans' personalities have aspects of Trufannishness and Insurgentism, most had no trouble going with the times by assuming a critical posture.

### The Rise of Insurgentism

When Commercialism, Professionalism and Serconism loom large in fandom, as they did in the late 1960s, it incites a reaction. These three philosophies tend to characterize fandom as part of an enabling process rather than as an end in itself. This threatens fans who invest more of themselves in the hobby, as opposed to the World of Science Fiction.

In this instance, Communicationists had more to gain from perpetuating fandom circa 1968 than from supplanting it with something else. **SFR**, **Crossroads** and the rest were a feast for those who enjoyed heavyweight intellectual sparring.

Trufans are committed to live-and-let-live. Thus it falls to the Insurgents to "defend" fandom against forces which seek to subordinate it to professional science fiction or substitute money for egoboo in the fanzine equation.

The bitter bidding war between St. Louis and Columbus for the 1969 worldcon became the focus of contention. **Psy** printed salvos from both armies to keep the battle going for at least a year.

What Insurgent could resist the chance to help those Missouri Trufans deflect the challenge of the proto-SMoFs from Ohio? A scan of the era's fanzines prompts the answer, "Not many."

It was a major showdown between fanzine fans and those who regarded bidding and controlling cons as an end in itself. Both groups, for different reasons, wanted to control the worldcon. (Fanzine fandom won that round, but con-runner victory was inevitable.)

Terry Carr and Ted White helped nudge fanzines in a more fannish direction starting around 1971. The Brooklyn Insurgents and Fabulous Falls Church Fandom were training grounds for many prominent fans.

The Brooklyn Insurgents, founded by rich and Colleen brown and myself, started as an alternative to the Fanoclasts during the temporary schism in New York fannish fandom, and survived to essentially replace FISTFA for the more fannish, fanzine oriented fans.

The Insurgents moved to Joyce and my Brooklyn Heights apartment shortly after we set up housekeeping in Fall 1971. The Whites moved to Virginia, and the browns soon followed them to the DC area. They were the nucleus of Falls Church Fandom.

A new generation of fanzine fanzines flocked to the

Brooklyn Insurgents. Regulars included: Terry Carr, Joyce Katz, Bill and Charlene Kunkel, Ross Chamberlain, Chris Couch, David Emerson, Jerry Kaufman, Jay Kinney, Moshe Feder, Stu Shiffman, and me.

Our ghuru, Terry Carr had impeccable Trufan credentials. His *Entropy Reprints*, started in Joyce's **Potlatch**, soon had branches in several other frequent fanzines. This column exposed 1970s fandom to classics from otherwise-unobtainable fanzines. **Lighthouse**, though infrequent, was the fanzine we most admired.

Yet Terry was also a disciple of Charles Burbee, that devilishly genial apostle of Insurgentism. The Burbee of the 1960s, which we still called Terry in the 1970s, embodied Insurgentism's sunniest face. Like Burb, Terry favored the rapier over the sword and bemused condescension over snarling rage. He seldom, if ever, got into fannish fusses, but his trenchant observation of the fannish scene inspired the younger Brooklyn Insurgents to spice their Trufannishness with Insurgentism.

Falls Church had a slightly smaller cast (Ted and Robin White, rich and Colleen brown, Terry Hughes,





Ed Smith, John D. Berry, and Dan Steffan, to name some of the luminaries), than the Brooklyn bunch. Fan for fan, few groups rival Falls Church for sheer talent.

If Terry Carr was our Burbee, then surely Ted White inherited the mantle of Francis Towner Laney. Ted's Trufannishness is incontestable, but he also shares FTL's strong streak of Communicationism. Despite many examples of Ted's satiric humor and vorpal character studies, he is better known for fearless articulation of his view of fandom. He is the greatest Insurgent theoretician, and his essays and reviews are a compelling statement of Insurgent devotion to fandom's ideals and standards.

Despite occasional inter-club friction, together these two groups re-asserted fannishness. Brooklyn and Falls Church led fanzine fandom away from discussionzines. Yet the Communicationist impulse persisted as a bias toward the combativeness of Insurgentism versus the relative passivity of Trufannishness.

### Fanzines on Fire

Insurgentish fanzines like **Pong** (edited by Ted White and Dan Steffan) took the lead when fanzine fandom resurged from its late-1970s down turn. Plain-speaking came into vogue as never before with ensmallled genzines and perzines.

No philosophy caused Topic A/Bergeron Wars. But Insurgentism and Communicationism may have helped create a climate in which fans felt free to vent their opinions and ire without restraint. This battle, which consumed the active core of fanzine fandom, arose primarily from lifestyle collision and personal animosity, not philosophical debate.

TAFF War One, an offshoot of the original fracas, had more basis in clashing theories than the other components of the mid-1980s mess. The strongest opponents of Martha Beck's candidacy professed no personal dislike. They wanted to maintain what they felt were the traditional TAFF criteria. Most Beck backers championed fannish egalitarianism. Of course, long-standing antipathy between the fanzine and con-running segments of fandom and hard feelings created by Topic A had a lot to do with TAFF War One, too.

### The Re-Enchantment

When Topic A smoldered to an exhausted cease-fire, many survivors took a step back from fandom. The philosophies that emphasized its value all suffered.

Insurgentism was out, because no one wanted to fight. Fans had no

energy to do the writing and publishing or the stomach for the hostility.

Communicationism wasn't very popular, either. Years of incendiary arguments cooled many fans' ardor for extended debate. Besides, fanzine discussions need publishing continuity, and there weren't many good, frequent fanzines in the 1986-1990 period.

Trufannishness was in decline. Who could trust concepts like the brotherhood of fandom with the bloodshed so fresh in memory? (Answer: Joyce and Arnie Katz, who had been out of fandom during the fanwar, and British fans, who stayed somewhat aloof from the worst of the fighting.)

That left Trufannishness. The return to activity of Walt Willis, Chuch Harris, and Vin Clarke provided an initial punch. **Idea** and **Folly** showed there were kindred souls in American fandom, too. Assured, however temporarily, of a pleasant experience, a few others began writing and publishing fanzines, too. The renaissance of the early 90s was a tide of familial feelings and essentially innocuous subject matter.

### A Matter of Perspective

I've learned one lesson from greater fanhistorians: it's dangerous to analyze too close to the present. Historical analysis demands perspective, and perspective requires time.

I hope other fans will critique the Philosophical Theory of Fandom and find other ways to apply it to our hobby's story. An examination of the mid-1990s, TAFF War Two and the rest of the current scene may be best postponed to after the millennium.

-- Arnie Katz







"Victor says we're being too self-referential again," I announced to the air while browsing through **APAK**.

"Hmmm?" said Arnle, as he looked up from his copy of *The Baseball Abstract*.

"He says Las Vegas fans are too self-involved." I marveled at this for a bit, as I considered what other fan group we should be more involved with.

"Oh, he just wants us to mention him more in **Wild Heirs**." Sometimes my spouse is a font of wisdom.

"He's also worried about us becoming too involved in **SNAFFU**."

Arnle laid down his book at that suggestion. "Why on earth would that bother him?" His curiosity seemed sincere.

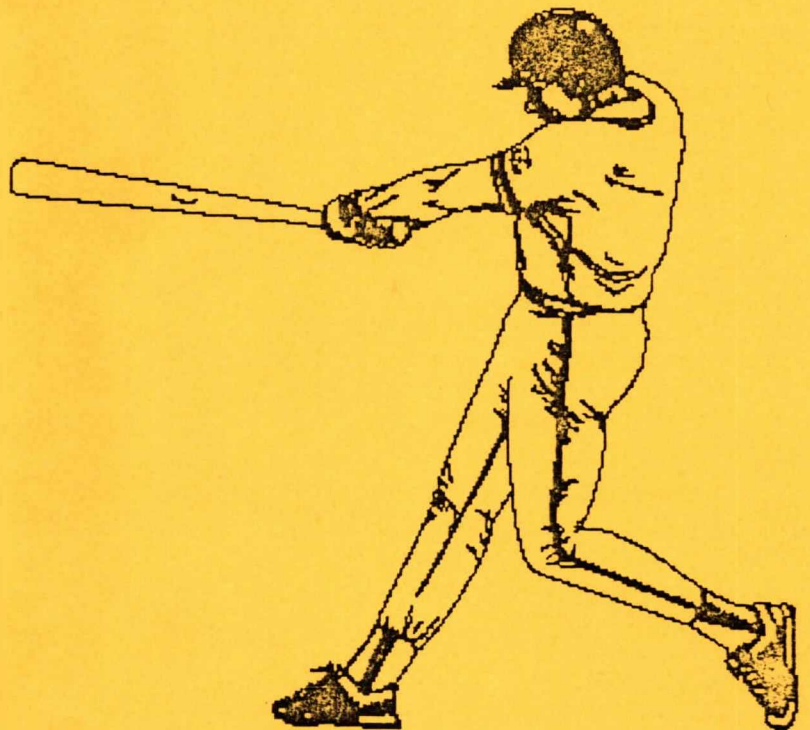
"He's afraid that we'll get caught up in a round of clubac, and stop doing any fan pubbing."

Even as I said the word, I could see what Victor meant. I've seen it before. Formerly happy fanzine editors, caught up in the maelstrom of local club politics, driven to turning out flyers instead of fanzines, constitutions instead of comedy. Consider Richard Brandt. Ground down by the heel of formal fandom, and reduced to discussions of Robert's Rules and convention budgets.

"Well, I wouldn't worry too much about that." Arnle dismissed the subject with a wave, and settled back to the *Abstract*. His baseball cap slipped down over one eye and gave him a debonaire look. I noticed he was having trouble turning the pages with his catcher's mitt, so reached over and flipped one for him.

"He's afraid we'll fall behind in our fanac, and stop publishing **Wild Heirs** on time." Even as I said it, I knew he had us there. We skipped an issue during the Christmas Holidays, while we were all partying it up. Perhaps that was a sign our

# Diamond DREAMS BY JOYCE KATZ







energies were flagging.

Arnie stopped in mid-swing and leaned on the bat. "What is 'on time' in a fanzine with no schedule?"

"Oh, you know what he means." I felt Arnie was just taunting me.

"Sure. I know. But he's wrong." Arnie's jaunty air surprised me. I would have thought he'd show more distress at Victor's accusation.

"Do you think there's any danger that attending the club meetings and getting involved in the science fictional discussions could lure us away from trufandom?" I shivered; a cold chill ran down my

backbone. I thought it was the hand of Laney, reaching from the grave to warn me. Then the hand slipped a little lower, and I knew it was Laney.

As Arnie practiced making obscene gestures with his right hand, while waving the mitt in his left, I pondered the problem. It's true. We have a young fandom here in Vegas. Pure. Unsullied by worldly fannish events. Perhaps easy to corrupt.

Perhaps Ben Wilson would become so caught up in discussing the impact of Edgar Rice Burroughs on the genre, that he'd quit wearing his Corflu t-shirt day and night. He hasn't taken it off since April; after the con, he decided it was his favorite garment, and threw away all his other clothes.

Maybe JoHn would stop reading every fanzine that drifts into his eyesight. "Not a bad thing," I thought. "He's got eye-tracks all over our collection."

Probably Ken will give up being cheerful, helpful and quoting the wisdom from Howard Devore's **Grandfather Tales** after each FAPA mailing arrives. He'll probably give up collating and stapling. He'll probably even give up flirting with all the girls, and devote his full attention to making SNAFFU the kind of serious and constructive science fiction group it should be.

Tom Springer will probably quit carrying every fanzine he owns with him every place he goes, and instead he'll carry the SNAFFU speaking stick, prepared to bop anyone who speaks out of turn.

Yep. I could see what Victor meant. We had a real dangerous situation here.

"I guess he's afraid we'll all stop hanging out and getting sercon and being good buddies." As I said it, the prospect loomed ahead of me like a black hole in space. Tears oozed out of my eyes and trickled down my Sensitive Fannish Face. "We'll all be so caught up in club activities, we won't care for each other any more."

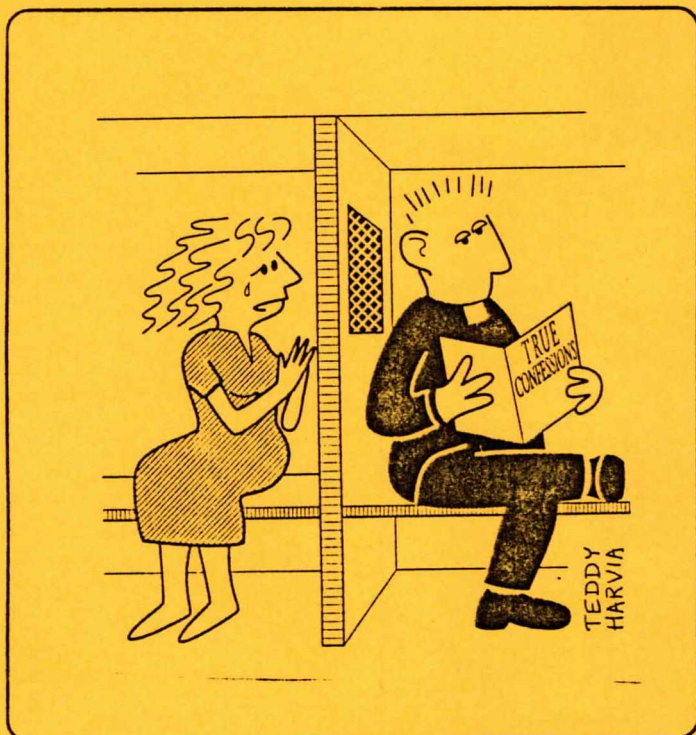
As Arnie sprinted from second to third, he shouted to me, "But that's nonsense. We always hang out. We're always happy to see our good buddies." As he raced for Home Plate, the words blew toward me in the wind of his passing. "Victor probably doesn't realize how often we all see each other."

Therefore, I dedicate this article to Victor and Andy, whose great concern for our fannish well-being can be seen as a warm blanket of fan love.

I would like to reassure them both that clubac won't tear us apart.

But I don't like to leave them with nothing to worry about. I feel it is Las Vegas fandom's duty to provide food for thought. (It's the Seattle diet of shrimp and other fishy substances that does it, you know. People who eat Real Meat Hotdogs don't suffer with all these concern %.)

"How do you think he'll take it," I asked Arnie, "when he learns that we've started a baseball league?"





Unless my cast-iron sieve of a memory is playing tricks on me, I believe 1965 was the year of the Great Fanoclast Trek -- the first of two trips, actually, which would link the Fanoclasts with attendance at both the Midwestcon and Westercon (drumming up support for our Worldcon bid for New York in '67) -- and, if so, it was also the year of the first (and so far, to my knowledge, only) Midwestcon Open.

Never heard of it? No surprise there--it did not get the write-up it should have, the one it truly deserved, partly because of something else nearly equally phenomenal that happened on that trip -- my roommate, Mike McInerney, demonstrated that he had the luck of the Irish. We stopped off at an inexpensive motel on the outskirts of Las Vegas, not out of any premonition that any of our number might ever settle there, but simply because we had been traveling a hard day in +100 degree heat and we thought to stop off for a meal, a bath, a swim, a short rest before tackling the desert into California at nightfall, when it would be cooler. And, if any of us had a desire to gamble, why, we'd be there for three hours, which should be plenty of time to get it out of our systems.

I had a desire to gamble but decided to limit myself to either \$5 or \$10 in losses and play only one-armed bandits. So after 15-20 minutes of \*that\* sort of entertainment, I went back to the motel, either \$5 or \$10 poorer, where I decided to cool off again with a late afternoon/early evening swim. I caught a cold there that lasted me three weeks and had a devastating effect on my life, for all that I'm still not able to write much about it.

But before I knew any of this, Arnie Katz came to tell me that we were having a slight degree of difficulty getting Mike to leave -- he'd hit a small jackpot on a slot machine for about \$200 and was using that to play blackjack, at which he was also doing particularly well. Mike was to be our first driver that night; my skills as a negotiator were required.

I got out of the pool and was getting dressed when, fortunately, Mike came in. I say "fortunately" because I had never ever been successful at getting Mike to do anything he really did not want to do. Mike hadn't started to lose or anything like that -- he'd just become aware that he was holding us up. Once we were out of town, coming slightly downhill, across a great flat desert, Mike had Ted's Greenbrier doing over 100 for most of the trip.

Several of us, Mike included, had not had time to eat dinner in Vegas, so we stopped at a combination diner/gas station that proclaimed itself to be the last available before the California border. Mike ordered the best steak they had and a bottle of wine, by way of celebrating his good luck; his bill was just short of \$21. As he went to pay it, he stuck a quarter in a one-armed bandit and hit it for \$25--i.e., enough to pay his bill, including a reasonable tip.

That sort of luck -- not just the fact that Mike won fairly big (by our standards) but this added touch of winning again, and just the right amount -- pushed



# THE MIDWESTCON OPEN BY RICH BROWN



something almost equally phenomenal into the background. At least, I seem to recall that lucky bit of Mike's being mentioned a few times in fannish print, yet I can't recall anyone even mentioning the Midwestcon Open.

It took place at a miniature golf course within walking distance of the Midwestcon hotel -- whichever one it was. And there were only four of us: Ted White and Andy Porter vs. the team of rich brown and Arnie Katz. (We would have been the FOCAL POINT team, except at that time I was co-editing FP with Mike, who [as noted] was also on that trek.)

The Midwestcon Open took on tournament stature because it was to be the best of three rounds. And we named it the Midwestcon Open, as if we intended to make it some kind of tradition, because that WAS our intention, although we never did it -- the Midwestcon moved, I wasn't in attendance on the next trek, we all forgot: take your pick.

The amazing thing, the fantastic thing, the out of this world adventures thing was that it was won by Arnie and myself, not by Ted and Andy. But the phenomenal, incredulous, really hard to believe thing is that I was "carried" by my partner, Arnie Katz; I had the "highest" (i.e., worst) score, Arnie had the best and his score was enough better than Ted's and Andy's that, when added to mine, we beat their combined score.

For those who might not be familiar with it, miniature golf is 18 "holes" of putting-strip "golf," played only with the putter, with various obstacles (some stationary, some moving) in the putting areas, not to mention uneven sections with "rippling" hills and odd angles, many requiring a combination of golfing and billiards/pool skills to either use or avoid in the attempt to reach the hole and sink the ball in the smallest number of strokes.

And Arnie, as some people may recall, only relatively recently underwent an operation which improved his sight to the point where he can make people out as more than just vague blurs. For most of his life, Arnie has been either "legally blind" or so close

to it that the distinction hardly matters.

Believe me, I would take more credit for it if I could, but all I did -- all WE did; Ted and Andy chimed in from time to time -- was describe the logistics of hole to Arnie as best we could.

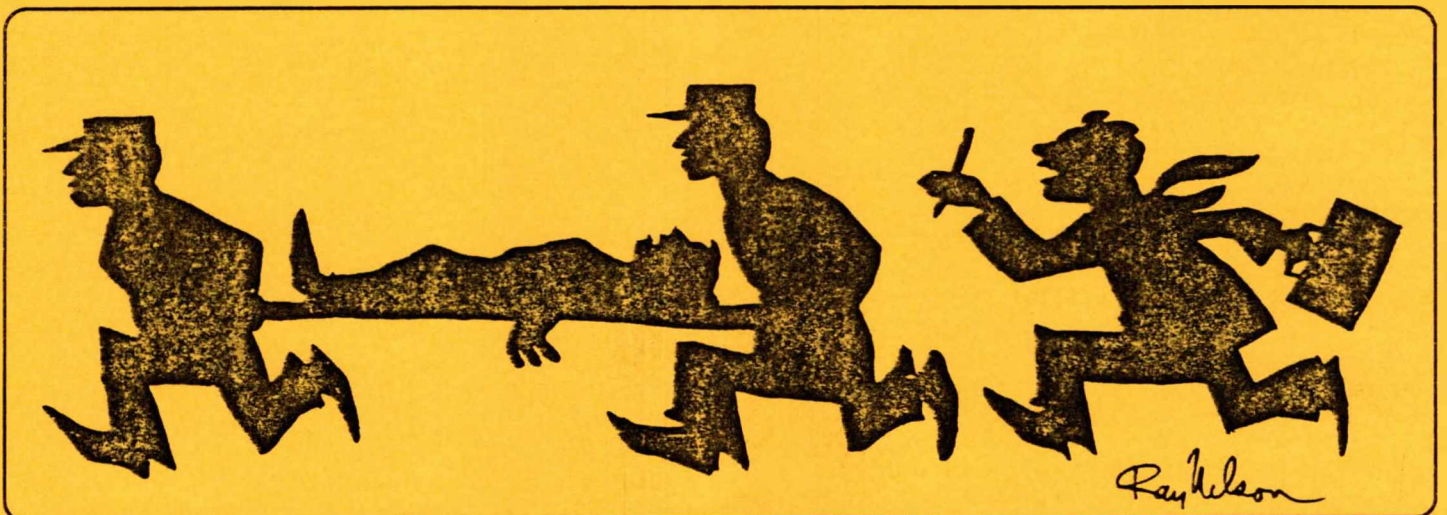
"There's a miniature windmill, about 5' high, in front of you," I began; Andy interrupted to say it was about 15' in front of him, "and," I went on, "you want to time it so that the vane, which is moving, doesn't reach the ground and block your ball as it's turning around. There are a couple of bumps or mini-"hills" between you and that point, so you want to hit your ball about medium hard." Ted might then add the information that Arnie might want to aim a little to his right, because there were some boards on the left that would bounce his ball back to him if he hit them.

Arnie would smile, shrug, draw his putter back about four or five inches and hit the golf ball firmly and crisply, but not too hard, and his ball would curve off to the right, slide smoothly over the bumps and roll into the hole while the vanes of the windmill were at four and eight o'clock, respectively. Then the three of us would take our shots--and, more often than I'd like to report, mess up on the very points we'd "warned" Arnie about--i.e., my ball would almost make it but get hit by the moving vane and knocked halfway back the length of the green, Andy hit a ball that looked and sounded every bit as good as Arnie's but would stop six or seven feet short of the hole, while Ted would aim to the right and have his ball carom off his putter to the left and hit those boards which, even as he had predicted, would bound his ball back in his direction.

Arnie had a phenomenal \*t\*h\*r\*e\* holes-in-one, including one on the last hole which won him a free game, and never took more than three or four shots to sink his ball. The rest of us were lucky to get a three or a four on an easy hole.

One wonders what scores he might achieve at pinball...

--rich brown





# TALES FROM THE YORKSHIRE GRAY

## By ROB HANSEN

In my report of Mark and Vijay's Feb '95 visit in WILD HEIRS #?, I mentioned how impressed they were by the wide variety of (to them) improbable flavours we Brits give our snack foods. (As I was typing the previous sentence, my eye happened to alight on the wrapper pinned to my office wall, one from a pack of Baked Bean Pizzas - now *that's* improbable!) Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden reacted the same way during their visit here in August/September, taking great delight in collecting and sampling as wide a range of these wondrous comestibles as possible. I wonder how they'd have reacted to the discovery I recently made in the toilets at the Yorkshire Grey during a Fanhattonites meeting? Anyone who considers chocolate flavoured condoms risqué would have been stunned by what was on offer from the vending machine. Flavours included (I *swear* I'm not making this up) whisky, lager, lager & lime, champagne, custard, and curry. Whether the curry flavour on offer was korma, madras, or vindaloo (which, as we all know, is French for toilet wine) wasn't specified. Predictably, Martin Smith fed the machine vast quantities of coins in his frenzy to acquire new exhibits for his condom collection. (I am not making this collection up.) I hear this expertise will soon be put to use producing a range of flavours more commonly associated with sex. The first they'll be releasing, after spending large sums figuring out exactly how to get that flavour into a condom: rubber. When we told Avedon about the vending machine she demanded the bar staff explain why the women's toilet didn't carry one. Being Avedon, she didn't actually bother going over to the bar to ask them this, preferring to shout across the crowded pub. Sadly, I didn't hear their answer, having slid under the table.

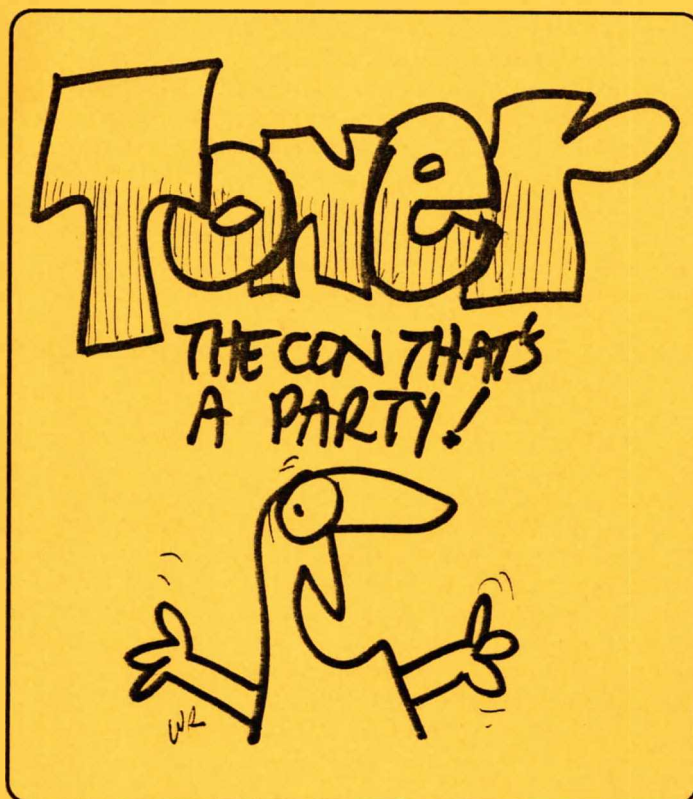
Talk of condoms reminds me (see if you can figure out why) that, following problems with her thyroid last year, Avedon had to have it irradiated. This left her sufficiently radioactive that she wasn't allowed to sleep with me for a few weeks. Seriously. Still, being a fan I realised there was a plus side to the situation and I gleefully looked forward to writing a fanzine article about this called "I Married the Incredible Radioactive Woman". The day Avedon was irradiated I met her at the tube station afterwards and gave her the once-over

with a dummy geiger-counter, to puzzled looks from other passengers and giggles from her. When we got in I turned the lights off and cried out in dismay.

"What's wrong?" asked Avedon, worriedly.

"You don't glow in the dark!" I wailed. "There go the savings I was expecting on our lighting bills."

What with all the American fans who've passed through town since late-July, the last few months worth of Fanhattonite meetings have seen far more visitors than usual at the Yorkshire Grey. The biggest of all occurred on Thursday 31st August when attendees included Moshe Feder, Lise Felsenberg, Frank Lunney, Dan & Lynn Steffan, Christina Lake, Pascal & Christine Thomas, John & Eve Harvey, Jim Young, Owen, Cedric, Martin, Avedon, and me. I showed around a copy of RADIO TIMES (our equivalent of your TV GUIDE) pointing out the entry





for that Saturday's 'Dyke TV' stuff. (Over four successive Saturdays, one of our four national network TV stations was devoting its evening schedule to lesbian programming.)

"Is this a gag?" asked Frank Lunney, who seemed to think my RADIO TIMES must be a hoax issue. I assured him it wasn't.

"They make it sound," said Lise, reading the write-ups, "like being a lesbian is this fun thing you can choose to be."

"Well, it might require extensive surgery in my case," I replied, dubiously. "But, no, you're right. We have evening classes in it over here. In fact you're not allowed to practice lesbianism unless you're qualified in it to at least City & Guilds level and have been duly certified."

"It's really annoying," added Lise, "that you get something like Dyke TV, whereas all we get is Moron TV - every night!"

Well, that's a tad harsh. Your sitcoms (ROSEANNE, GRACE UNDER FIRE, and FRASIER being particular favorites here at Gross Manor) are generally a lot better than ours, as are your SF shows (after the wonderful second series, I've come to the conclusion that BABYLON 5 is the best SF show TV has ever produced - not that that's saying much, alas), while many of your drama series (HOMICIDE: LIFE ON THE STREETS, E.R., CHICAGO HOPE, etc) are at least as good as the best the UK produces. I suspect Lise doesn't actually watch much TV.

I suggested to Moshe that he and Lise ought to put out a fanzine called MOTION LEASE but he was no more impressed by this idea than Geoff Ryman had been when I suggested that he (Geoff) put out a fanzine called RYMAN REASON. What's the matter with these people? I have a name that doesn't lend itself punning (anagrams, yes - I may yet do an apazine or a column called BRASH NEON) but those who do show a marked lack of interest in running with my suggestions. Poot.

Then I told Moshe about one of the ways Avedon and I had raised some money when I was unemployed in 1994, which was by reading the slushpile for a publisher of erotic novels. Many husbands, when engaged in the serious business of ceiling-gazing, have been nagged by wives who've formed the curious impression they're goofing off, but I must be the only one to be nagged: "Shouldn't you be reading pornography?" ("Oh that it should've come to this," I said to Avedon at one point, back of wrist pressed firmly to brow, "that we should be reduced to reading filth for a living!") Reading so much awful porn would be a sobering experience if you didn't need a drink so badly afterwards. Some of these people had no idea of basic anatomy, and I find it impossible to believe that anyone has a big enough mouth to suck on a 7" diameter dildo. Not even Jerry Pournelle can do that (though it might be fun to watch him try). Then there was the guy who described "separating her clitoris"

and "caressing the twin nodes" (?). Perhaps his girlfriend is a mutant. None of the descriptions were quite as naff as the (genuine) examples given in the publisher's guide sheets ("then he fucked her sopping grotto") but they sometimes came pretty close. Needless to say, the worst stuff in the pile was the SF porn.

One person Dan Steffan had been particularly pleased to meet was Avedon's pal, Cherie Matrix (known to some of her friends as 'cherry cake-mix'), a beautiful, blonde Californian exile who shares his interest in tattoos and body piercing. Moshe didn't get to meet her and, given the conversation we once had about tattoos and body-piercing, I'm not sure he'd have approved of her interests.

"The Jewish faith frowns on body-modification" he told me, frowning.

"Really?" I replied, raising an eyebrow in surprise. He laughed.

"Well, apart from *that* one." Since circumcision is only carried out in the UK either to relieve specific medical conditions or for reasons of religion, most British men remain uncut. It was the curiosity my prepuce plainly held for various American lovers - most of whom had never encountered a foreskin before (one was so taken by it that she announced it had inspired her to call her next fanzine EXTRA MOVING PART) - that first clued me in to just how ubiquitous circumcision is in the US. We were talking about this at The Yorkshire Grey, when someone mentioned that Harry Andruschak is a member of a group dedicated to reversing this trend in the US and to defending their own foreskins. The idea of 'defending' your foreskin amused me greatly.

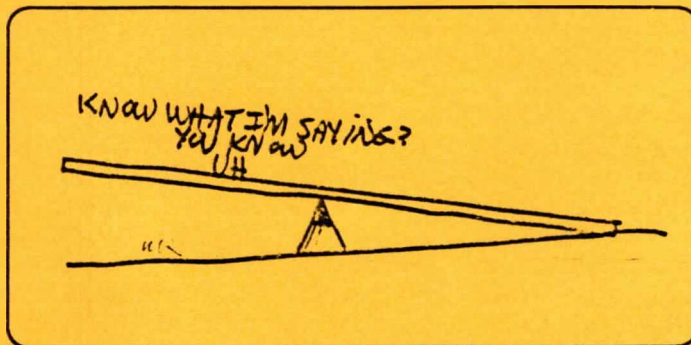
"God," I said, "I wonder if he has a bumper-sticker that reads:

"The only way you'll take my foreskin from me is when you prise it from my cold, dead fingers?"

I wonder if he does.

Condoms, lesbianism, tattoos, body-piercing, radioactive women, circumcision, TV, and pornography. All in all, a fairly standard evenings conversation for the Yorkshire Grey. We've even been known to talk about science fiction. But not very often.

-- Rob Hansen







Her name was Janine. She was one year younger than me and I thought she was the prettiest thing ever. Not a day went by that I didn't go over to her house to be with her. She was always Wendy and so I was Peter, rescuing her from the clutches of Captain Hook, leaping through the lilac bushes with a bare twig brandished as a sword. We'd play with her Barbie dolls, shrieking when a head accidentally fell off, sure that some quiet night Barbie would take her vengeance. We even looked alike, both with bright red hair and brown eyes. Although her mother and mine didn't get along, our friendship meant so much to us that they put their differences aside and made sure that we always had time together. I kept other potential friendships cool, letting Robin know that I didn't have time for her, telling Cindy that our friendship was based on a mutual love of horses and nothing else, so not to get too attached. Janine and I dressed in each others' clothes and whispered secrets and promises to each other and I thought that I would have her as a friend forever. Then, when I was twelve my family moved across town and I had to say goodbye, hugging her and crying and promising to call her. But time and distance proved too great for even such an intense friendship, and it wasn't until high school that I finally saw Janine again. I hadn't made other friends, keeping myself faithful to her. Even in my first year of high school I remained aloof from possible friendships, waiting for the next year when Janine would finally be coming back into my life. At last, the first day of my Sophomore year came and I waited in front of the brick school building, watching the new Freshmen come off the bus. Finally I saw her red hair and

# Friends

BY AILEEN FORMAN





smile and I ran over to her, but a group of girls blocked my way and I could tell by the way they acted that she was "in" and popular. Still, I edged forward and caught her eye.

"Nini?" I whispered and moved to hug her. "Oh, hi Aileen," she cut me off and with a quick smile she walked away in the middle of her adoring friends. I felt destroyed, embarrassed, betrayed. How could she find other friends after all we'd been to each other? It was then that I learned the dark side of friendship. I'd never been one to make friends lightly and the knowledge that other people didn't necessarily feel as much for me as I felt for them made me even more wary. And so I progressed through life pretty much alone, afraid to get close enough that it would hurt if they rejected me. I had friends, but they tended to be more like acquaintances and if it seemed that they were getting too intimate, I'd back off, sometimes even moving to another state to get away from someone that I thought was getting to know me too well. Even dating was a casual, easily put-aside thing, never getting my heart involved.

One day I wandered into a book shop in Phoenix and struck up a conversation with one of the employees about science fiction. Ken Forman was the first person I'd ever met who spoke of reading with the same enthusiasm that I had and I went back several times that week, not wanting to seem over-eager but unable to help myself. He asked me out the following weekend and although as a date it was a disaster, I felt like he was someone I could really be friends with. I was disappointed to learn that he was moving to Flagstaff within a month. But during that month, he taught me his version of friendship, calling almost every day, picking me up at the airport, introducing me to all of his friends, and boy, did he have a lot of them! I felt that he was pushing me too hard, trying to get too close, but for the first time ever, I didn't squirm away, even when he very casually told me that he loved me as a friend. He obviously had more in mind than just friendship, but friendship was a very big part of the relationship. I saw the way he opened himself up to everyone, never fearing that they'd hurt him. He welcomed new friendships, grieved lost ones, worked to maintain current ones. He was always there with an encouraging word, a dry shoulder for me to cry on when I lost my job, a kiss on the forehead and a hearty hug every time he saw me or any of his friends.

## Ken Forman's Rules of Friendship,

not necessarily  
in order of importance.

1. Accept friends as they are or don't become friends in the first place.
2. Give what you can, whether it be time, advice or physical help.
3. Allow them to give back to you.
4. Know how to let go when you have to and keep in touch if you can.
5. Give friends a chance to apologize and learn how to truly forgive.
6. Learn how to apologize yourself.
7. Realize that you don't have to be perfect to be a friend.
8. Realize that your friends aren't perfect either.
9. Don't allow yourself to be used but don't give up too soon.
10. Don't be afraid to love your friends - that's what life's all about.

I was amazed at his courage - to be so vulnerable and open with so many people! Well, it wasn't long before our friendship evolved into a love affair, and by another year we were married. Ken knew how shy I was about relationships and chose to ask me to marry him when we were at a courthouse waiting for me to testify as an expert witness. He said later that he asked me there because I couldn't just leave, so he had time to try to convince me. Well, he didn't convince me to marry him then, but he did have a chance to convince me to think about it and not run away. It took about a month of asking me to marry him for me to finally give in and take

the risk, but eventually I said yes.

One of the first things that Ken attempted to change about me after we married was my attitude toward friendship, but it took a long time. I've always felt that once burned, two thousand times shy. We had two roommates that became our close friends, in fact acting as our Best Man and Maid of Honor at our wedding. Knowing Ken's famous knack with friendships, I never worried about losing them. That's when I learned that your friends have to try too. While I was away for a month, training for American Airlines, they became non-friends. I learned that the best way to stay friends with people is not to live with them, husbands excepted. When you live with friends they learn things about you that you never wanted them to know, like, you vacuum only on leap years or that you're more possessive of your cereal than most people are of their ancestors' jewelry. We lost Ken and Kate mainly because they disapproved of Ken's lax attitude toward house cleaning. That's a crappy reason to lose a friend.

I sort of had a problem with Ken about his nondiscrimination policy toward friends. Many of his friends I didn't want to let in the house, never mind accept them wholeheartedly. Nevertheless, I made serious attempts to please him and try to learn how to be a good friend. Pudge was one of those challenges. Ken became friends with Pudge because they had so much in common - they both enjoy playing with calculus and they both enjoyed altering their reality through water pipes and paper. Unlike Ken, though,



Pudge felt that he was an extraterrestrial, so he shouldn't have to follow the human rules of correct conduct. Whenever someone took exception to his antisocial behavior, he would go off on some rambling soliloquy about the pettiness of humans. He was also painfully shy around women, myself included, and after I decided that he wasn't going away and forced myself to get to know him, he would bitterly go on and on about how hard hearted and cold women were, obviously because they (sensibly) didn't want to go out with him or often didn't even realize he was alive. Pudge moved to Vegas after we moved here and it was then that Ken realized that extraterrestrials don't make good friends. Pudge was a depressive alcoholic and had very little self control, so Vegas wasn't the town for him. Unfortunately, he didn't come to that conclusion until after many drunken midnight phone calls in search of help or sympathy. Eventually we began to dread his voice and when he moved back to Flagstaff, neither Ken nor I were sad about it. What we were sad about was the obvious fact that sometimes friendship isn't enough to keep everyone sane. Sometimes the best thing you can do for a friend is to push him away to stand on his own two feet. The trick is learning when a friend needs a shoulder and when he needs a push.

Nonetheless, Ken's only friendship fault is a tendency to support too long. I don't think that's so bad. Through the years, I've had times where I've gotten exasperated with Ken's insistence on maintaining friendships that I felt were lost causes, but when I remember the slack he's given me over the years, I guess I'm glad he's so persistent. I won't claim to be as good a friend as Ken. He's had more practice and he's more optimistic than I am. What I do know is that if our marriage ended tomorrow, I'd be richer for having had Ken as a friend. I know there are a lot of other people in the world who feel the same.

Many of these people have come into our lives through our local science fiction club. In fact, it's only since SNAFFU started that I've had both the opportunity and the impetus to learn true friendship. When the club came together, I found that a common interest can rush friendship past the comfort zone, though. I found that a good friendship needs steeping like tea. I've rushed people into too close a relationship (I plead inexperience) and in doing so, scared them away. We kept the club going, though, and I got better at friendship. I found that, given a little patience, the shy members often became the best friends. And I found fandom.

I guess the first good friend I made in Vegas fandom was Will Ryan. It was easy to be friends with him since our temperaments were similar. Unfortunately, I discovered that attempting to get close to people too quickly often drives them away. Other things contributed to our loss of friendship, but mostly it was because I tried to be in his and his wife's life too much. I still think they moved to Denver just to get away from "that clingy broad in Vegas." So I learned to take my time with friendship. Ken has it

easier. It comes naturally for him and he doesn't push it. John Hardin became my friend more slowly and our friendship cemented itself firmly when he stayed with us for a month before moving back to Texas. He's volatile, empathic, shy, easily led, sweet, emotional, intelligent and complex. John's friendship has probably caused me more problems than any other friendship that I've had, including Ken and mine, but it's given me many occasions to practice what Ken's preached. Just when I think, "Okay, that's it, John's more trouble than fun," I give him one more chance and he proves what an exceptional human being he is. Being a real friend isn't always easy and often not overwhelmingly rewarding, but the longer you're friends, the better it gets. I've finally gotten to that point with many people. Now I'm giving this long-distance, never-really-met, tentative-hi-there, who-are-you fanzine friendship stuff a try. It helps that I've met a lot of you.

Ken's better at this fanzine fandom friendship thing, but as I've said, he's had more practice. He truly feels that the people he trades fanzines with are close friends, even those he's never met face to face. I've suddenly found myself way behind again. Is it because I give too much of myself to those people that I consider friends? I'm not sure, but I'm willing to give this bizarre new friendship a try. I have to warn you though that I won't travel more than fifty miles to help you new fanzine friends change a tire. I might bake you cookies, though.





# HEIR

The Readers  
and Editors Jam

# MAIL

ahem! WE ARE NOW ENTERING  
THE LOC ZONE. PLEASE  
KEEP MOVING - NO GAWKERS  
BLOCK - DOT YOUR EYES,  
INSERT ADVERBS



Conducted by  
**Tom Springer**

with a little help  
from the Vegrants

**Ethel Lindsay**

69 Barry Rd, Carnoustie, Angus, DD9 7QQ

Many thanks for sending me **Wild Heirs 10** plus that marvellous **Heirlooms**; my first thought being, "So that's what the Tucker Hotel looks like!" Bob musing on banquets made me remember the Brighton Worldcon where we were all issued with plastic trays containing airline food. Yet I miss the banquet which used to be a highlight. Bob balks at a ten dollar membership fee. I wonder what he would think of a sixty pound per night without breakfast at a Glasgow hotel?

{{**Arnie**: I have fond memories of several convention banquets, though the food was seldom the highlight. The Baycon banquet will always be one of my favorites, for instance, because I sat next to Rotsler, who churned out cartoons for **QUIP** while Philip Jose Farmer gave several energetic, if oblique, GOH speeches.}}

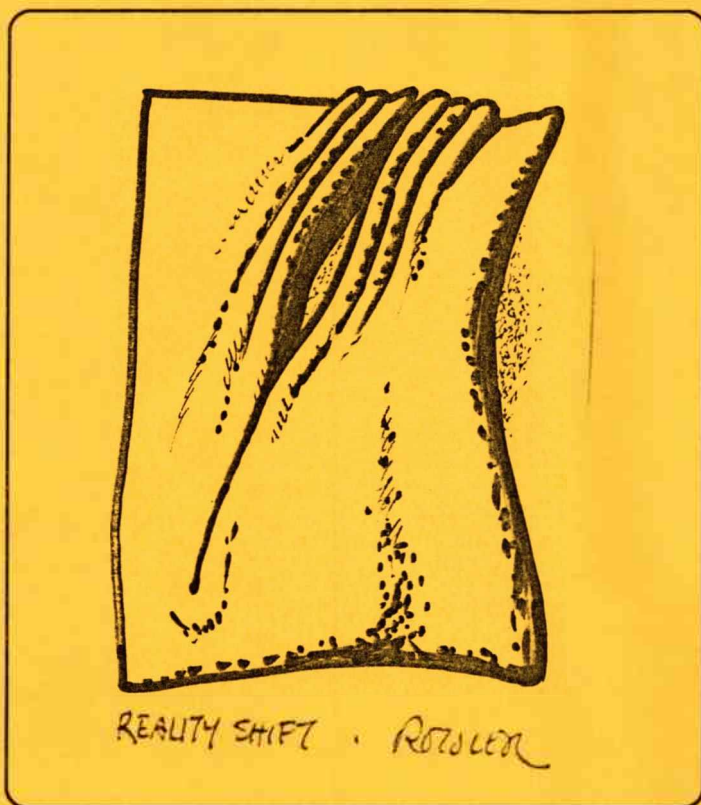
Ray Nelson on gender really interested me as I think I was the opposite. I thought most girls very silly and much preferred reading boy's stories. I was a real tomboy forever climbing, tearing my pants and so getting into trouble. As I have grown older I have changed my mind a bit. I now think that the male at the age of two years is the most gorgeous thing but after that it's downhill all the way. I still think that the majority of women are very silly. My motto being - "They are all daft but thee and me and I sometimes have my doubts about thee."

I don't know how late this loc is - I was ill for three weeks and now I'm behind with everything, but it comes with good wishes to Las Vegas (how Ron Ellick would have loved living there).

{{**Joyce**: I think I get your point, Ethel. Baby boys, under two years, are cute. But except for that brief span of time, most people just aren't worth fooling with.

Actually, I agree with you: I always preferred to play with the boys instead of the girls, even when I was a toddler. Not that I was particularly good at it. The fact that I wasn't too sportive therefore led me to seeking out the company of boys who were more genteel and less rowdy, and as I got older, to men who were more intellectual than muscular.}}





### Brendan Ryder

Thanks for **Wild Heirs 9 - 10.5**, and **The Trufan's Advisor**. Entertaining in every respect and your (Arnie) comment re the lack of pure sf content was made up for by the quality of writing and the sheer fun of the ishes (is that the plural of ish?)

[[**Arnie**: I never know quite how to describe **Wild Heirs** and the fandom for which it is produced. It always comes out sounding something like : "A bunch of my friends do a little magazine for fans about science fiction, but we almost never write about science fiction." Sometimes I add a sheepish, "It's a little self-referential." I've recently decided to switch to a new explanation. From now on, I'm going to say I'm a member of one of those 12-step groups and this is my therapy.]

Meanwhile, please accept the Rotsler illo that tops this column as evidence of our ardent, if generally obscure, love of scientifiction.]]

Of the most recent batch here's a few personal highlights: without even opening the envelope I got a laugh! My address was fine, except for the handwritten addition after Ireland of 'United Kingdom'. Without getting all political we no longer are 'U.K.' (for about 50 years!) It caused the envelope to wend its way to the sorting office in Dover, England, U.K. where it lay for about six weeks and was finally delivered here in early December.

[[**Arnie**: When the person who added "UK" to

your address learned that he had precipitated an interfanational incident, he barricaded himself in the garage and threatened to torch my fanzine collection. We met his demand, which consisted of craven begging for continued life, so we have had to rethink our original intention of sending you his head as a keepsake. We also got a letter from a Mrs. Elizabeth Mont something-or-other (can't make out the handwriting) disclaiming any intention to affixing "UK" to your address in the foreseeable future. I think we can all rest easy now.]]

I love the idea of publishing material from the past and the Bob Tucker material was great. It's the first I've read (shock, horror!) and gives some indication of why he was considered such a major character in the field. I particularly liked the ideas he brought up in the first "Beard Mumblings", where he talks of getting congratulatory ads to pay for anniversary issues of 'zines. Being involved in a small press fantasy, sf and horror magazine it's something I might try to raise (always needed) money. Wisdom from the past...!

[[**Tom**: Did fanzine fandom lead you into small press magazines, or did small press magazines lead you into fanzine fandom? Now, for the \$64 question--how interrelated are the two, if at all, and which do you like doing more? Inquiring fans want to know.]]

"The Last Survey" was amusing and strange. I can only suppose that it proves the usefulness of fanzine fandom, in that it allows this sort of delving back into the depths of fanhistory. Great Issue! 10 gave me a moral dilemma. Vegetarianism is mentioned in Tom Springer's 'Insurgency...' article and I smiled as I read the comments of the meat eaters (I'm vegetarian too). Then I happened to look back at the cartoon of the nut and the nutcracker. Part of the reason I don't eat meat is because I'm not at ease with the idea of killing conscious, living, animals but now I feel guilty about eating nuts!

[[**Tom**: You feel guilty about eating them and I feel guilty writing about them.]]

On a more serious note: with the amount of effort that goes into producing fan material and the useful purpose it serves (as historical reference material, as well as enjoyable reading matter) I feel there should be some sort of government grant available to those involved in a major way, in the archiving or preservation of the material especially (I was going to say publication too, but on reflection as most 'zines are the personal endeavours of one fan it wouldn't really be a viable proposition). In the wider sf field this should be even more common but it isn't. Is it because Arts Councils/ Government Departments don't see the value of the genre or is it because nobody has asked? In my involvement with sf in Ireland I've been



various State bodies seeking funding for magazines, conventions and groups and got nothing (nor has anyone else). It frustrates me when I see other 'literary' or 'art' groups receiving money for producing very little while the sf field, in all its many sub-genres, has a vast range of events and publications and is very active and gets very little.

There, now I've got that off my chest and raised a number of controversial subjects! It was a comment in one of the issues of WH that got me thinking on the subject. In more general terms I love the layout and design of the 'zine, and the cartoons are universally funny.

[[Joyce: Well, to tell the truth, we seldom have much sf content, pure or otherwise. But I'm glad you thought it was fun, since that's more our aim than wise scientific commentary.

Hmm. I guess we have someone at the post office to thank for that gaff. It's altogether too much to expect for postal workers in Las Vegas to understand Ireland's politics.

Congratulatory ads are really a terrific idea. This being the Annish of **Wild Heirs**, I think everyone reading it should send me ten dollars. Do it now, do it without thinking! It will make you feel part of this Mighty Undertaking.

As well you should feel guilty about eating nuts, or any other plant life. Don't you know that vegetation has feelings too? That apple you're knowing really just wants to get home to its Aunty Em, and recoils in horror from your teeth slashing into it. Stamp out vegetarianism! End this cruelty!

I believe that there have been one or two fanzines that got grants, short-lived and inadequate as they were. I have some vague memory that Andy Porter got some sort of a stipend. But artistic endeavors are not high on the funding list these days; I doubt anyone without Friends In High Places could swing that now in the U.S.

My pet project (and I think all fandom should unite under this banner) is getting fanzines recognized for their artistic value, and therefore allowed to mail at a lower rate. I beat this drum pretty often, but so far all I've got for my trouble is sore fists.}}

[[Ken: When you say fanzines can serve as

"useful...historical reference material," it reminds me of when I got started in fanzine fandom. Arnie had loaned me his collection of Bergeron's **Warhoon**. Of course I disappeared from fandom for the two weeks it took me to read them.

Something that struck me as interesting were Richard's comments on the assassination of President Kennedy and how it affected his (Richard's) life. The thing that intrigued me most wasn't the specifics of the assassination nor was it how one fan's life was changed, rather it was the fact that **Warhoon** has documentation of an important event in history.

At one time, I thought some historian should collect all the fannish writing concerning mundane dramatic events. It seems to me that investigating that segment of society's views on these events might reveal some interesting insights. I even went so far as to suggest this line of investigation to Karl Kreder (former LV fan, and college history major). Karl has a will of jello, so I was pretty sure I could convince him to do the work, put his education on the line, and test my theory. Unfortunately Karl lacked the drive to move toward finishing his degree so my theory has yet to be tested.

Upon further involvement in fandom, however, I discovered that something Arnie Katz has been saying to me for years was actually true. (This

wasn't the only thing he's said that was true, just the first one I realized was true.) Arnie has always contended that (and I'm sure he'll correct me if I'm misquoting him) one of the distinctions between writing in fanzines and writing in other, professional magazines is that the material found in fanzines has no commercial value.

Fans generally don't comment about mundane events, at least not in fanzines. Can you imagine Ted White writing a serious article about Hootie and the Blowfish in **Blat**? If he were to put energy and effort into such an article, he certainly could, and would, sell it to a contemporary music magazine. The last thing I'd expect to read in Jack Speer's **Synapse** is a piece explaining the

IT'S A LOC SMITH'S  
LETTER-BLANKS  
FOR THE TITLE  
AND ARTICLE  
HEADINGS







interaction between local and federal governments. Consequently I gave up on that plan.}}

#### Sid Birchby

40 Parrs-Wood-Ave., Didsbury, Manchester, United Kingdom, M20-0ND

Thank you indeed for the latest WH#11 and 11.5, received today. By a curious chance, I was just about to send a loc for WH#10 and 10.5 when the morning mail arrived, so that I must acknowledge both issues, all most welcome and full of goodies. The previous mailing was delayed by the arrival of the Christmas and New Year season, which usually occurs at that date, fraught with melancholy regrets for the passing of the old year with its lost-causes and ominous forecasts for the new year already looming ahead.

Your reprints from the fannish past brings a sigh mingled with an occasional tear. The first time I came across Bob Tucker's "Beard Mumblings" would be just after the end of WW2, say early 1946, and from internal evidence (first issue of the **Bloomington Newsletter** dated December 15th, 1945) I would say that was the time I was living in Nairobi wondering why the benevolent War Office (Britain) had decided that, after the end of hostilities in Europe and Asia, the next in line for clobbering was to be Africa. So that's why I found reading "Beard Mumblings" so soothing in the middle of an African jungle. At that time, I heartily agreed with Mark Twain's quip. "Our Heavenly Father invented man because He was disappointed in the monkey."

{{Tom: I want to know who Our Heavenly Father was disappointed in when he invented woman. I suppose Ethel might respond, "Man, of course."}}

#### Roxanne Cameron-Smith

(From the Internet, somewhere)

I find it amazing that I've spent my entire life in and around fandom, cherishing fandom as my 'one-true-family' without ever really knowing \*what\* kind of fan I was. Truly. Oh, I read some of the zines my mother picked up during her days... one of my prized possessions is an issue of **Shaggy** with Vaughn Bode's Cobalt 60 on the cover... and, in high school, I occasionally read **APA-L**, with a scattered **DeProf** here and there. I really never read much in the way of fanzines besides those.

I never knew. Never dreamed. I always thought that the fandom I longed for was either a dead-and-buried thing, or such a shadow of its former self to not be worth noticing.

I never imagined. Never hoped.

And all the time, you guys were out there.

Fans of fandom.

Why didn't I think of it sooner? Why didn't it seem \*obvious\* to me? How could I have been so blind?

In "Ruminations", Arnie gives some of the reasons that young fans tend to gaffiate (graduation, jobs, military, etc.)... and how they are most likely to degaffiate (if so inclined) in their 30s, 40s, etc., as life and the things that drew their attention away from fandom begin to settle down into manageable patterns.

Imagine my surprise. Imagine my

\*embarrassment\*

Though it pains me to admit, I seem to have gaffiated somewhere back down the line without ever noticing. I am horrified by this realization, and feel as if I have somehow betrayed a sacred trust - both to myself and to fandoms past and present. I think I am doing my penance now (maybe that's why I keep volunteering to do all this web stuff for the 'binders et al.)

I, too, was disappointed by some of the pettiness and ugliness that I saw invading fandom... perhaps this is why I didn't notice my own gaffiation; I didn't want to see what fandom, or parts of fandom, had become.

Who'd have thought there would be an 'underground' fandom? How much more under than fandom already is can a person get after all?

I hang my head in shame. I sheepishly plead youthful ignorance and beg for mercy. Between **WH #10** and **Mimosa 17**, I feel like a fool. I drifted away from the best part of my life because I thought it had disappeared and was too lazy or foolish to look closely for it.

{{Arnie: There's no reason to feel foolish, just because you discovered our corner of fanzine fandom later than you might've. Dave Van Arnam, who had previous fan contact and later co-chaired





the NYCon 3 worldcon and published the weekly **First Draft**, visited the Nunnery regularly during its heyday. He later claimed that he didn't know that Donaho, Ellington and the rest were doing fanzines. "It never came up in conversation," he insisted.))

I also had some disappointments in the writing field, never knowing that there was a place where I could speak my mind and not be afraid. I wrote fanzine material, you bet..., but I never knew that's what it was. Never knew there were others just as nutty, just as twistedly brilliant and hopelessly romantic as I.

Yes, Arnie, you should most definitely have that chair reupholstered.

((**Arnie:** I love the concept of fannish fanzine fandom as the living relics of Our Glorious Hobby. Perhaps we could combine your sentiments with Brendan Ryder's idea of government grants. Now that the annual Big Show has grown so far from its humble origins, it would be nice to set up a Preserve where fanzine fans could go about their quaint activities for the deification and entertainment of the 8,000 or so con attendees.

We Vegrants hope you'll consider coming to Toner, the weekend before the worldcon, so we can show you that we aren't quite ready to be stuffed and mounted as an exhibit.))

Ray Nelson's article on Fannish Sex struck very much home for me. When I was in high school, my friends, unbeknownst to me, took a survey and concluded that I was one-third male, one-third female, and one-third unknown. I have never been comfortable around 'girls' -- those empty-headed creatures with too much make-up, ten-inch heels, and lonesome braincells.

I get along with guys okay... until they get a serious girlfriend who soon becomes jealous and suspicious of the amount of time I spend with 'their' man. Ray is absolutely right, we don't need therapy and we don't need sex-change operations.

We need to understand and to be understood.

Like Ray, I've often thought about what to call people like ourselves... for certainly 'gay' or homosexual do not even come close to describing the actual situation/conditions. I've thought about it enough, in fact, that I've come up with -- if not a name -- then -- at least a theory as to \*why\* we are the way we are... what we represent... and why there are more and more of us everytime you turn around -- I think I wrote a paper on it once, I'm sure it's around here somewhere.

((**Joyce:** There aren't too many better things to be captured by than fandom. I regret mightily the time I was away.

What to call those who don't exactly fit the male-female stereotypes? People is a good word. Of course, I am vain, and like to dress it up with fancy words, so I tend to cover us all with the shroud of intellectualism.))

As for Tom Springer's Insurgency article... I don't know if I laughed or cried more reading that piece. It was like peeking through the looking glass and seeing myself and my friends back in my active fan days. I wanted to run up to each and every person in that room and give them a great big hug. And I \*was\* there. I was in that room, watching -- somehow. I didn't read that submission, I \*saw\* it, I \*witnessed\* it through whatever H.G. Wells magic you instilled in WH10.

I think I must resign myself to the fact that fandom is reclaiming me... I didn't mean to leave... and although I face this prospect with more than a little trepidation, I think that once I am back and settled in everything will be fine.

I would love to finish this letter properly... there are more things I want to say, but I see by the clock that it is time to get ready to go over to my cousin's house for xmas dinner -- and it's starting to get hectic around here. I'd rather send this now, with a less than perfect conclusion than forget to send it ever.

((**Tom:** Let me be one of the first fans to welcome you back, still fairly new and kicking. I'm glad you're finding your way, truly. But, with the realization that you're being sucked back into fanzine fandom coupled with having been gone so long you must know, now that you've actually



burst your bubble and written us a letter of comment, that we expect another to arrive shortly. Real Soon Now. Such are the subtle and parasitical demands we place on our **Wild Heirs** readership, and now that you've revealed yourself to fandom you've also opened yourself up for guilty letters galore if we don't get another loc from you, soon. By the way, it's always better to have a less than perfect conclusion than to never mail the letter, which doesn't explain why I have about six unfinished letters in a file on disk somewhere.}}

{{**Ken:** Hey Roxanne, you'd fit right into LV Fandom. We tend to be a very huggy group. At the Katz' monthly Social, people start leaving around 9PM, which for such a great party is way too early. They start leaving so early, though, because it takes two to three hours to hug everybody goodbye.}}

You say you "seem to have gafiated" but I don't think you were trying to "get away from it all." Rather it seems like you kind of drifted away, so you dafiated. Maybe it would be better to say you moseyed away, so you mafiated. Perhaps you stafiated (strayed away) instead. How about wafiated (wandered)? Or dilobaftiated (didn't look back)? Anyway, now that we've reclaimed you, welcome back. By the way, I love the way you write, it makes me want to meet you in person.}}

{{**Ross:** Welcome home! I suppose it's

disconcerting to find oneself being welcomed home when one had never realized one was away. I suspect, however, that that kind of welcome is an underlying (thus perhaps rarely recognized) element of friendship (and love); it is the smile and the light you see in someone's eyes the first time they see you in any given day. In fanzine fandom the substitute for that is recognition in print. Egoboo can be served either way and is not equivalent; egoboo can come from strangers. It can easily be confused with the welcoming element of friendship by its recipients, but it's really only acknowledgment --though

usually positive.

Re-cognition and wel-come are also elements of the chat-lines on the internet --elements that lose a vital distinction and thus come too easily, too shallowly, but can mean a great deal to many. Joy-Lynd can attest that it can be a powerful draw.

I suspect fanzine fandom--or any microcosm that involves contact once (or more) removed from personal--suffers a bit from the same syndrome. It was via recognition of this missing factor that clubs and conventions were born. I suppose that it is to some extent through a rejection of the impersonal elements on one hand, and the embracing of the intellectual and conceptual diversity more easily encompassed in print, on the other, that the dichotomy between fanzine and con fandom has grown--like the fission of foetal cells into diverse components of an embryo. So too with other branches of the larger organism we have dubbed fandom--the specialized limbs and organs involved in particular media products; those that focus on a variety of communication techniques; those who play personality roles from the SCA and Regency to Diplomacy and D&D to Vampire and Magic the Gathering.

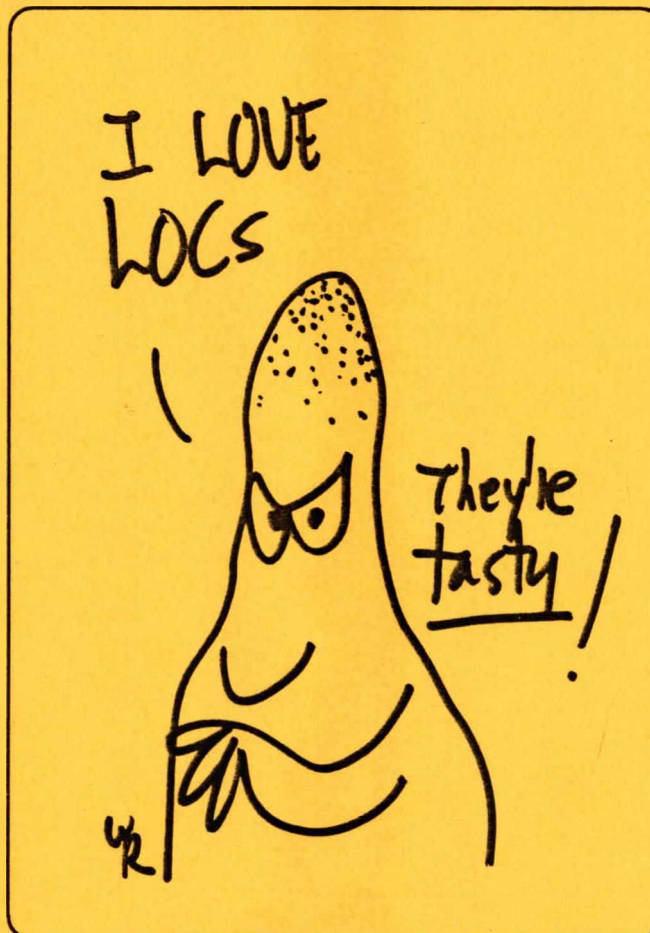
I could be accused of suggesting that Fanzine Fandom is the brains of the outfit, but I'd be more inclined toward the idea that while it may

constitute a nervous system of sorts, there is no concentration that we could consider the overall organism's central directive mind.

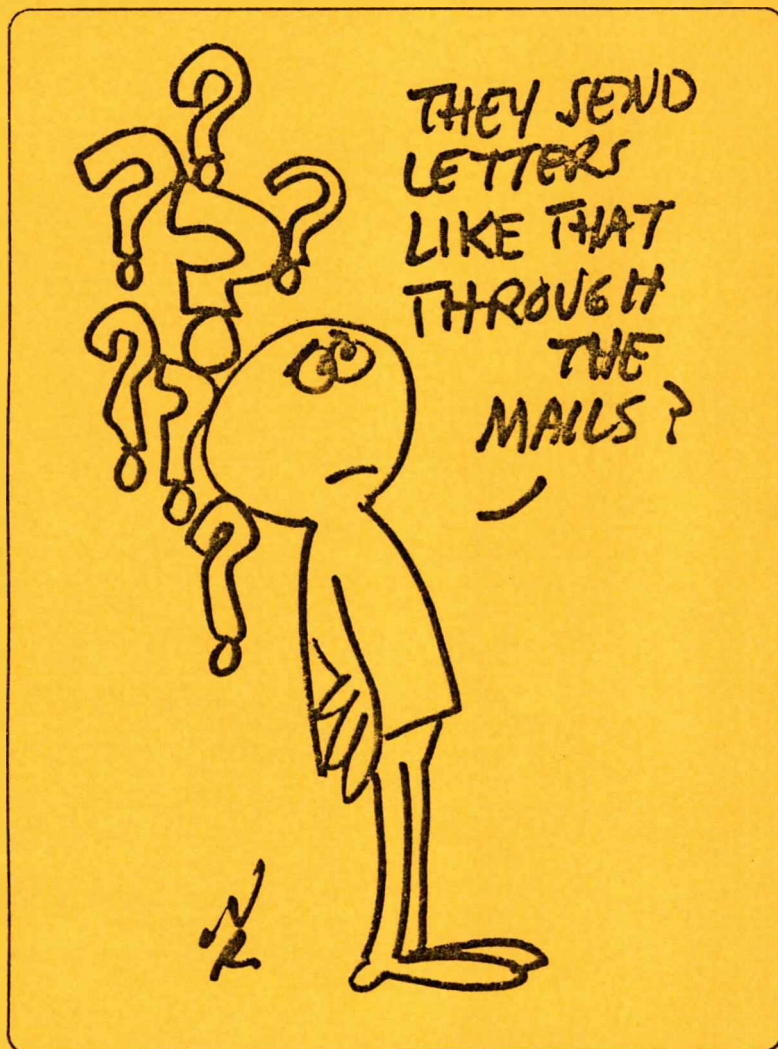
In the light of many concerns about the Internet, I think we can say that this is also true about the information highway--all nerve, but no central brain as such; no cerebral cortex, no id, ego, superego as yet. As an organism it is not self-aware; merely reactive. The telecommunications bill recently signed by the President includes sort of a scarification on some portions of it that hemorrhage across a lot of its sensitive functions; like a lot of scars it's unsightly and the effect goes beyond the simple repair job that it needs.

Whew! All that philosophical wax from what basically should have been a slightly expanded hello...}}

**Brian Earl Brown**  
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Michigan 48224

I've been grazing my way through this passel of WHs, trying to catch up with the uncatch-up-able. One thing I've noticed is that while each issue remains 38 pages long, the type has gotten smaller, as well as the appearance of fractional issues. Where will it all end -- with microfiche readers? I would propose swapping letter size for a little more space between lines.

((**Arnle:** We expect to get back to that 38-page size with the next issue, after a couple of larger ones. Tom is already working on an issue of *Heirlooms*, so you haven't seen the last of the point-fives, either.))

((**Tom:** Our problem is keeping the fanzine down to a managable and mailable size while trying to cram as much stuff into as we can. (I guess that might be every faned's problem.) I don't know exactly how many more pages we can go until we tip over into the next highest postage bracket, but with our .5s included with every ish since #7 I suspect we're pretty close. I don't think you're going to see the print reduced any farther whereas the size of the issue might expand, who knows? Look at WH#12,

it's our biggest issue yet, besides our Annish here.))

Recently I had tried the idea of loccing fanzines as I would an apa mailing, reading with a scratchpad beside me to jot comments down on. I forgot to do that with WH and so I've got to thumb through all these issues again hoping to catch those odd comments that caught my fancy the first time around.

One never stops to think of there being categories of fuggheads, one tends to think of each being a monument to fuggheadery in their own right but I suppose that it does make sense, that after a time fuggheads do begin to reveal patterns and consistencies. I should also like it to be known that the Beth Brown Arnle mentions is no known relative of mine. Actually I always find it alarming when someone remains "in character" all the time whether it be a wilcan priestess, a "dragon" like Beth or whatever. They're scary -- and dangerous -- people because they obviously are not playing by the same rules everyone else is.

((**Tom:** Not only are they playing by different rules, for many of these game playing fanatics the events occurring in their lives are taking place, for them, on a different planet. It's not that I have anything against Gulack the Stargod, but if he feels the need to wear that very real-looking sword everywhere he goes, I myself feel the need to stay as far away from him as I can. Perhaps, if we can somehow render them unconscious.....))

((**Joyce:** I've read that most criminals are low-IQ types. I suspect that's begging the issue. Probably they are a cross-cut of society, but extremely self-centered, feeling that anything they do that answers their own needs is OK, and sparing no sympathy at all for other people's needs. Not so much low-IQ, as low-empathy.

Perhaps I shouldn't draw this comparison, but I will: It would seem that anyone who role-plays so much of their life, as Beth did, is also self-centered, since it's probably pretty detrimental to the well-being of their family and friends. Is an ardent belief that one is a dragon queen, and therefore due a great deal of deference, that different from being a criminal who gives no thought to the well-being of others? One stunts a pocketbook, the other a life.))

((**Arnle:** Scary... and a little pitiable. Also very frustrating. I find it very difficult to make small talk at parties with fans who convince themselves they are Klingon werewolf priest ninjas.))

Ken's "The Stupidest Man I Know" certainly is up there for the all-time sweepstakes. It's amazing how many crimes are committed by really stupid people.



{{Ken: Just to update everyone about "The Stupidest Man I Know," he's still in jail. I've received a couple of letters from him. I'm working on a follow up article called "The Most Insane Person I Know." It appears that Tom Bliss has "found god." I chose not to capitalize the word 'god' since I'm still unsure which 'god' Tom found.}}

In his book *Triton* Chip Delany tries to argue that there are dozens of sexes, not just the two we're familiar with. As a naive farmboy growing up in Indiana I always thought Delany was trying to deny the obvious, but maybe he was just trying to tell us that the simple bipolar view of sexual identity wasn't adequate to explain the range of behaviors. Because Ray Nelson is hardly alone in being uninterested in sports, hunting, fishing, trolling for trolls and similar masculine play. And while I don't recall being a big player of House I often did (and still do) feel more comfortable around women and would count more women friends than I would male friends. Nonetheless I never read Archie Comics. I started out with Marvel, switched to DC a few years ago, and now feel estranged from the exaggerated graphics style of Image which makes Kirby look like the King of Conservatism nowadays.

{{Ross: It's been a long time since I read *Triton*, and I don't have it available, so I only vaguely remember Delany's argument about dozens of sexes. The proliferation of sexes in our current discussion of the topic is of course another of the exercises in semantics that we often love to involve ourselves in. I associate it with one of my favorite comparisons (odious to some, perhaps): Someone once remarked that astrology--once past the daily horoscopes in the papers--constitutes a marvelous Rorschach test. As soon as one integrates the influences of all the different planets and houses and aspects of both birthdate and casting date upon one's personality and range of options, why, one may simply pick and choose amidst the resulting smorgasbord (thanks, Lloyd) according to one's desire (and recognition hooks).

But, we might say, there is no such diversity of choice, here. There are, in fact, but two physical sexes, and science has presumably established that the physical differences do extend to the brain and its functions. Okay--now consider the difference between 2D and 3D if you will (aurally as well as optically). The world begins to open up.

Then consider the number of diverse characteristics we ascribe to each sex, plus the diversity of human characteristics independent thereof (Freud notwithstanding). Then add levels to each, add other organic and environmental influences and the possibilities begin to approach infinity.

If enough people exhibit similar groups of characteristics that relate to sex then society will supply a sexually oriented label for that group,

just as it has for other identifying characteristics of race, mental capacity, societal integration and the like. Among these sex-related labels we can include heterosexual and bisexual, homophile and homophobe, misogynist and misanthrope, pedophile and fetishist and sadist and masochist and sub and dom and god knows how many more combinations and possibilities there may be. Some are uncommon enough or innocuous enough to go unnamed, and I opine that many of us who have contributed to this discussion slip into this area; we feel vaguely like misfits because we don't recognize ourselves in the accepted definitions applied to any particular named set.

It's regrettable that society places such emphasis on labeling its members, though in fact it would not survive if it did not. Each of us labels everything in order to relate to it. That's what information is: a concatenation of labels. The problem is that as labels proliferate in connection with any one subject the more difficult it is to readily relate to it; our minds want to settle on one or two at the most. Thus it is that Mr. and Mrs. Joe Average are uncomfortable with complex individuals. They like things in black and white, or male and female. More than once I've heard someone say, for example, that bisexuality is a meaningless term; either they're homosexual or they're not. I also once heard a priest remark in a sermon that doubters who claim they have an open mind just have a hole in the head. (This was well before the term holistic became current...!}}

#### Eric Lindsay

Thanks for **Wild Heirs #10**, mailed sometime in October, and received here towards the end of December. So the snail mail goes these days, and not even a trail of where it goes. I wonder if Thor Heyerdal still has the odd balsa wood raft for trans Pacific voyages. Might speed up the mail.

As usual, I must echo Ken Forman's rhetorical question on how you folks turn out such a weight of fanzines. If it were just quantity it would be easy to ignore, but there is some fine writing come from Las Vegas.

I keep visiting, but alas, my writing never improves. I'd hoped the magic ingredient would rub off on me. On the other hand, I've been doing so much visiting I've had no time to do any writing.

Then Tom Springer decides to be cynical and insurgent. Every fandom sounds better, once you distill the high points and write them up in an amusing fashion. I suspect the best sounding fandoms are that way because of the people writing them up. However, why would you visit a fandom that didn't sound interesting?

{{Tom: I guess it's capturing that "amusing fashion" part that's difficult for me. Did the fans who successfully wrote their fandoms up in an



amusing fashion face the accusations of self-referentialism? Or were they just funny? Why would I visit a fandom that didn't sound interesting? Well, I don't think I would, unless there were signs of intelligent life, but right now, never having visited any fandom other than my own, I'd go anywhere just for the experience. I am Iso-Fan, a fan of singular existence, in a singular fandom, completely isolated, and without a clue.}}

There are certainly problems when fandom and mundania clash in a marriage. Indeed, some time after John Bangsund introduced me to fandom, he produced a fanzine regarding his divorce, in which one of the grounds was that he produced fanzines and neglected his then wife. Certainly the first time that was cited as a reason in Australia, and possibly in the world. However I wonder if differences regarding recreational habits might not also be a factor in the distancing of Peggy from the Vegrants? Back in the days when Midwest fans identified certain habits by a DF squared on their name badges, there was also a certain distancing apparent.

{{**Tom:** I suppose hoping for an 'open mind' in such an enlightened genre as science fiction (which once suffered the ignorance and snobbery of which I speak), would be asking too much from the average science fiction fan. Or is that apparent distancing just a manifestation of fear? Fear of the law, society, or of the self? Maybe some people are just wound a little tighter than others, and sometimes forget how big the world really is, skewing their perceptions, thereby, knowingly or not, producing some pretty lousey opinions. By the way, DF squared? Please explain.}}

A lighter, a lighter, a kingdom for a lighter. Such moments arose in the DF squared areas also, with neither a desert nor Tom in sight. Isn't Ross doing some magnificent illos of late. I keep forgetting to ask him for some scrap of paper his magic pencil has touched.

I never knew Joyce had a sedan chair, nor six bodybuilders to carry it. I guess the bodybuilders weren't fans, unless in fans their pirates chest have sunk. However I disagree that we face shriveled expectations. What we face is the expansion of fandom beyond its natural limits. Thus fanzine fandom becomes so small a part of, say, a Worldcon, that it can be in a hotel by itself and most attendees never notice it. How often in the past could fanzine fandom bring together the number of fanzine fans that attend a Corflu or a Ditto? Yet these are tiny by comparison with the large cons.

One thing we could try is to take back the Worldcon. Dump the games (oops, sorry), and pretty much everything that doesn't relate to SF and fandom, and see if we can't run a viable Worldcon with what remains. I'm particularly passionate about this, because there are few locations outside the USA that

have hotels sufficiently large enough to host a monster Worldcon. If this continues, the World will be cut off from the Worldcon. Of course, those who are into other fandoms (Regency Dancing, Star Trek, whatever) will justifiably say that they are the victims of any such scheme. What I really want to do is replace such unfannish things with stuff like the fan Olympics (how fast can you reverse collate, etc), and a rocketship race (rocketship made of bbeer cans) around the convention centre, and special prizes for fans spotted wandering around central Melbourne wearing propeller beanies.

{{**Arnie:** Rob Hansen and I were discussing the Natural Limits of Fandom just a couple of weeks ago. I said, and I think he agreed, that there was a practical limit to how large our tribe could be and still maintain its cohesiveness.

I think that may be 250 for fanzine fandom. Most publishers don't let circulation go higher than that. **Wild Heirs**, for instance, is at about 160. A few fanzines have wider circulation, but if you're the 500th fanzine fan, you may not be sufficiently plugged into the loop. The Internet's technology will support a bigger tribe, but we don't yet know if it will be ours or some new group.}}

{{**Joyce:** I suspect if you visited any of the fabulous fandoms of the past, you'd find them not too different from current ones. Life was made up of long boring spells as much for them as for us. It's the way the story is told that provides the diamond-dust.

For All Ye Peggy-Watchers Out There: Here's news. Peggy has officially declared "a hiatus" on her interaction with fans. But, eternally optimistic, I believe she'll be back someday.

Well, I'm willing to get rid of some special interest groups, in the interest of making conventions smaller and more to my personal taste. In fact, perhaps you'd like to join my crusade to banish fantasy fans. Think of the difference it would make in the size of the worldcon, if all the fantasy lovers went someplace else, and left nothing but science fiction buffs behind. Oh, we'd lose a few things...Anne McCaffrey pops to mind. Quest novels. The masquerade. Gamers. Filkers. But, we'd get over it.}}

I have not the slightest idea how you manage to attract the people who will turn out to be fannish without some core topic to hang the thing around. SF has proved, if not excellent, at least viable at that fannish recruitment. I suspect due to the range of topics covered in that genre.

Fanzine review columns in the prozines? Yes, that is exactly the recruiting ground that we need once again. But, they won't run fanzine reviews. The solution is easy. We establish our own prozine, and use it to recruit fans!

Ray Nelson's piece on the male heaviness of spirit feels depressingly true. That a person who promoted





propeller beanies should feel so is indeed depressing.

Re Toner, having it the week prior to LACon III would conflict with Bubonicon. Don't know how important that would be. Ask Roy Tackett and Jack Speer, I guess. If I go to LACon (unlikely) I'll certainly attend Toner.

#### Gary DeIndorfer

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I want to say first of all that this zine has become one of my favorites -- it has great esprit and joie d'avivre, to be downright French about it. In fact, it has an even better group personality than the ensemble cast of Friends.

The cover is the well drawn Ross Chamberlain effort that we have come to expect from him. And the caricatures must be accurate likenesses, because of the few fans depicted whom I have met I recognize them, so I extrapolate that the fans depicted I have not met must be good likenesses, too.

{{Tom: They are excellent likenesses. Ross can be scary that way. I've come to assume that he can caricature anyone as long as we can supply him with a reasonably good picture. I mean, look at the wonderful likeness of Lloyd Penney on the cover of WH#11. Ross is definitely getting my vote as best fan artist.}}

I turn to the group written Vague Rants, and I

think that this is a wonderful evocation of what can only be called the Arnie Katz Group Mind, putting it up there with the East Coast's Ted White Group Mind, the Seattle-based Andy Hooper Group Mind, and of course Northern Ireland's Walt Willis Group Mind.

{{Tom: I'm sorry Gary, but I just don't buy the Seattle-based Andy Hooper Group Mind thing. Really, all were talking about here is a Shrimp Boy and his lacky, what kind of Group Mind is that? No, whom you should have mentioned is the Geri Sullivan Jeff Schalles Minniapolis in '73 Group Mind. Besides, haven't you heard? Hooper's out and Sullivan's in. (No offense Andy, but Geri looks better in a dress.) And you thought we were trying to do something deep and meaningful here!}}

I have read some of The Book of Mormon. It demonstrates considerable imagination; even more than the Bible.

Bill Kunkel has a point: the faanish anecdotes can become overly rarified at times. This is an aspect of faanish writing that at one and the same time attracts and repels me. Sometimes I can't get enough of it; sometimes I get Tired of It. Depends on my mood. But I also tire of pop culture rather easily, especially these days because I have been immersing myself in everything I can eyetrack by and about the great writer Joseph Conrad, and after a few hours of reading Conrad, pop culture can seem pretty damned trivial. But I do want to see *Pulp Fiction*, though for the most part very few movies interest me these days.

"Thots on TAFF" are well argued, Arnie. Personally, I have little interest in TAFF or related fan political things, tho I think it too bad that soon faanish fanzine candidates won't stand a chance against con fans.

"Oedipus Rocks" is an amusing, well told little tale about that Movie Superstar of Tomorrow, Ray Nelson. Actually, though, Oedipus wasn't a bad guy, just that he was breast fed until the age of seven.

{{ Ross: Gary-- That story's about Ray Waldie...}}

Rob Hansen outdid himself and everybody else in his long faanfiction story in the most recent BLAT! His outing here is more modest in accomplishment, but certainly demonstrates what a fine anecdotalist he is.

I'll admit that Chuch Harris's wit has never struck me as all that funny, but he is a nice guy for all of that, and I am glad he has the Net to compensate for his hearing affliction. It is certainly well designed for that.

Tom Springer has considerable fanfic skills in his own right, and I look forward to the conclusion of this offering with much looking and forwardness.

Pleased to hear that Walt Willis is considering joining the Net. With superb writers like Walt, Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Dave Langford, and you, Arnie, this makes joining the Net mighty inviting. Unfortunately, as you have already figured out, I can't afford it. These



days I can hardly afford Anything. One, but not the only reason I am 95% gafia is so I can try to succeed as a pro writer.

Good to see a loc from Skel -- for a long time one of my favorite fan writers.

And what a treat to see a letter from the truly legendary Pete Graham, and find that he lives only twenty miles from me. His editorials in **VOID** and his and Terry Carr's **Lighthouse** were highpoints of those issues for me. Could you reprint some of them in **Heirlooms**?

Mike Palisano is a promising addition to Our Ranks.

Like Robert Lichtman, I've always been heterosexual. Except that as the father of four sons and the other half of the lovely Carol, he is a successful heterosexual. I have always had lots of

as is Ghod Elmer's collection of stuff.

As for myself, I wish someone would reprint in **Heirlooms** either my comic strip "Fandi" in Dick Lupoff's **XERO** or my "Life Among the Neffers" in Lichtman's **PSI PHI**.

I wish I could have witnessed the momentous remeeting of Tucker and Burbee. Always great hearing from you Vegrants... If I ever come into some comfortable money, I might consider moving to Vegas meinself...

**Jerry Kaufman**

8618 Linden Ave N., Seattle, WA 98103

There's a lot of food for thought and entertainment in these two issues, and I have a wild hope of writing lots more to you about them, particularly about TAFF.

But for now, and just so I can be the first on record with this thought (or perhaps the only one on record), I'm writing to you about the Paul Feller (or is it Keller?) piece, "The Rap on R.A.P."

I laughed out loud when I got to the line in which he said that Richard S. Shaver would be no better known in fifty years than L. Ron Hubbard, pulp hack. What delicious irony that Feller would pick out someone that perfectly represented your basic hack at the time, but who then became very famous indeed, and in a way for writings that seem to many of us as crackpot as Shaver's writing.

I continued to enjoy one irony after another, until I came to the bit about the English fans and their belief in Kindness to Fanzines. At this point I broke. I went back to the previous ironies, and felt they were perfectly written to appeal to the 1995 fan for their ironic divergence from our reality. I could hear a rimshot

underlying each one.

So which of you REALLY wrote this? I'm convinced it's a hoax.

And don't you tell me it's D. West. That would be just too much.

{{**Arnie**: I am "Paul Keller," which probably explains the poor bastard's trouble spelling his name right. I expected most fans to tumble immediately when they reached the "KTF" reference. Robert's letter, however, inspired me to extend the joke just a little.}}

{{**Tom**: If Arnie had left the "KTF" reference out and substituted something else, would you fallen for his "hoax"? }}

**Arthur Rapp**

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The recent arrival of **Wild Heirs** #11 and #11.5 prompts me to acknowledge how greatly we appreciated receiving them (and their predecessors) ever since you met that bunch of proto-phans and got



trouble with my relationships with women. I am, however, like so many failed heteros, a virtuoso wanker.

Nice to see a loc from one of the correspondents I have given up because of my gafiation, Lloyd Penney. A Ghod Man.

Good to see an offering from that verifiable faanish legend, Shelby Vick.

The **Heirlooms** are a lot of fun. In the first one, I enjoyed Lichtman's article about Andy Main's Red Floor, something I'd always wondered about. "Wilde Heirs" is the best pastiche of Burb's style I have ever read -- Willis outdid himself with this one. And Laney's "I Am a Great Big Man" is funny as hell, though I'd read it years ago somewhere.

#2 shows that Tucker was not only the first faanish humorist, but that he remains one of the greatest of them all. His wry, deadpan style is imitable.

The extended "Fapa Forever" by Burb in #3 is indeed Fabulous. It is good finally to be able to read this uncut version. Laney's outing is superbly funny.



infected with acute fanpublishitis, an incurable but only mildly disabling affliction, as I'm sure you now realize.

From the start, your zines have been right up there in quality with **Mimosa**, **St35**, and **Dynatron**, not to mention more frequent than most of them. In fact, you seem to be on a roll, so keep on doing whatever it is you're doing to avoid mutiny among your staff members.

Paul Keller's talent for peeping into the future is croggling, not for the guesses he got right, but for his restraint in keeping wildly erroneous speculations out. Considering how many utilities currently depend on nuclear power, his prediction of "atomic-powered hektographs" is an amazing hit, right in there with Nostradamus' best, as is his obviously accurate foresight of the NFFF. His only serious booboo is that idiotic statement that "at least stamps will be cheaper, thanks to modern technology." By now we all know that postage costs, considered at any point in time, always go UP!

{{**Joyce**: Indeed, it's remarkable just how well Paul Feller did in his predictions. It's almost as if he had a window into the future. Or something like that.

{{**Ken**: I don't think postage has always gone up through history. What about the Pony Express? I seem to recall reading somewhere that the price of letters delivered that way was something like \$3.00 each. I can just imagine Andy Hooper sending out **APAK** via horse and rider. Twice a month he loads up some poor equestrian with bundles of fanac to be delivered to deserving fans all over the country.}}

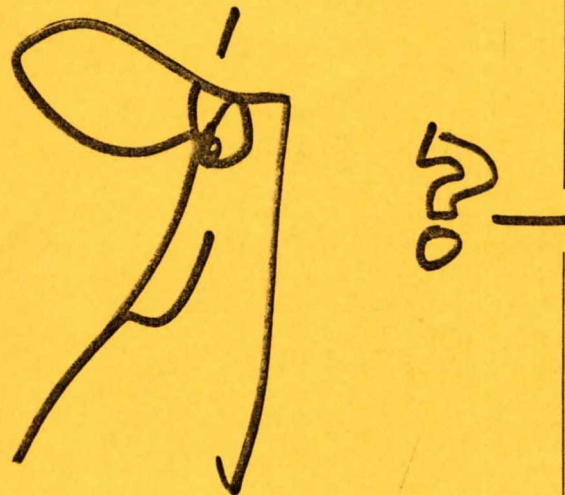
Just in case you're seeking more fanhistorical articles to run, I'm sending you some crudsheets I ran across while hunting a misplaced book in my fabulously cluttered attic the other day. This, the only Serious Constructive fanac that Alger ever committed, at least during the five or six years I knew him (from WWII until the early Fifties, while Michifandom was in flower). Of course, the information in this piece is now only of antiquarian, if not archaeological, interest, but who knows when civilization will collapse and we'll have to reconstruct neolithic technology all over again?

#### Dale Speirs

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**WH #11** first caught my interest with the account of ManureCon, both in my capacity as a professional horticulturist and as a refugee from a cattle ranch. That the Silvercon 4 hotel coated its turf with fresh steer manure has me wondering what the result was. Did anyone revisit the hotel a few weeks later? I ask this because fresh manure is hard on turf; the well-rotted stuff is better. Was the grass subsequently burned out yellow or did a followup reveal teams of labourers frantically weedeating the runaway

LAS VEGAS FANS  
ARE PURE AND  
NOBLE, MADE OF  
THE FINEST  
FAN MEAT!



vegetation?

{{**Tom**: Unfortunately Dale, we couldn't recruit any volunteers for a followup examination of the hotel grounds despite desperate arguments for the advancement of fannish science in regards to bullshit, there being so much of it in fandom these days... I am afraid to report that several Vegrants, who've asked to remain nameless until their hair grows back, have suffered several quasi-severe side-effects from said manure. Many complained of dizziness, bouts of lucidity, dry mouth, lower back pain, and some hair loss. Months later I returned for some follow-up notes on my ManureCon report to find lush green grass thriving in the inner courtyard, where the manure had been spread months before.}}

{{**Ken**: Both Tom and Arnie got the name ManureCon from Bob Tucker. Tucker was such a delight that as far as I'm concerned he could have nicknamed our convention anything he wanted to. However, be that as it may, to correct my overly citified fellow faneds faulty facts. The SilverCon 4 hotel did not put down a layer of "fresh manure" on their lawn just before the convention. They did, however, put down a fresh layer of manure on the



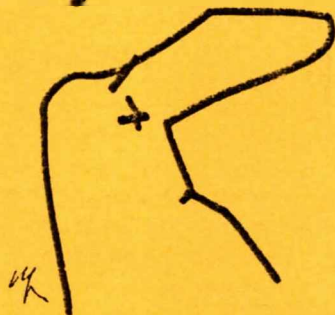
lawn. Of course they used properly prepared manure (i.e., rotted enough to allow the ammonia compounds to break down). I haven't visited the hotel since the convention, but the practice of fertilizing lawns here in LV is so common, I'm sure their lawn looks simply wonderful.}}

Tom seems a bit uncertain about cattle terms (page 9). "The cow crap rumor", then a reference to "steer shit", then "... Silvercon 4 was literally inundated with bullshit". I've always wondered what the difference was myself, as in my childhood watching cattle crap all over the landscape I never noticed any visual difference between cow, bull, and steer droppings. I'm sure a scientific laboratory could spot subtle chemical differences, but visually speaking, brown is brown. Visually speaking, however, there is a difference between steers and bulls, so it is not permissible to use "steer shit" and "bull shit" as synonyms. The former moo soprano, if you catch my drift.

{{Tom: Well now, you've latched on to my problem quite nicely. In this day and age of social censure in regards to the bane of many a wiseguy, political correctness, I found it difficult to address the manure with a bias toward gender without possibly upsetting some of our more politically correct readers. I thought I'd run the gamut with all three possible manure producers: cow, bull, and steer. Besides, using the descriptive term 'cow shit' five or six times in a row, no matter how accurate, just didn't seem very aesthetically pleasing.}}

Arnie's thoughts on TAFF are well done. I've never contributed or voted in any fan fund, be it TAFF, GUFF, DUFF, or CUFF, but do buy trip reports when I see them advertised. If TAFF is to be a fanzine fund, then the rules should be amended posthaste. Leave it as a RSN thing,

CH, REALLY?  
YOU EXPECT US  
TO ACCEPT  
THAT AS A  
LOC?



and the con fans will have it. But what if a Trekzine publisher wins?

The Canadian Unity Fan Fund doesn't face this problem since it was a con-goers fund from the beginning. With so few fanzine publishers, and with a string of regional fandoms rather than any national fandom, Canadian fans haven't been arguing this point. Instead, the issue is why CUFF hasn't been used over the last couple of years, particularly to send an Easterner to the 1994 WorldCon in Winnipeg. The silence is deafening when it comes to CUFF publicity, not through any fault of the CUFF administrator, but because others won't publicize it. I am one of the guilty, as I don't help out any of the fan funds publicity-wise. I do review any trip reports I can get, and will suggest that if more trip reports were guaranteed, there might be better support.

In WH #11.5, Paul Feller's prophecies about 1995 are a lesson to us all to set any predictions at least 100 years hence. By then, one will be dead and uncaring of ridicule for predicting "energy too cheap to meter," as many nuclear power industry flacks put about, or whatever.

I can never read the name "Elmer Perdue" without thinking about chickens. Don't know why, but there it is.

#### Lloyd Penney

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Let's start with #11...A subject shortage for fanzines? Perish the thought. Many of the article subjects for most fanzines may be considered inconsequential or picaresque, but they are just enough to scrape an article from the detritus. (Canadians know about detritus...that's the big city across the river from Windsor.)

Tom, tell me about **Fanstorm**...another fanzine, or an apa contribution?

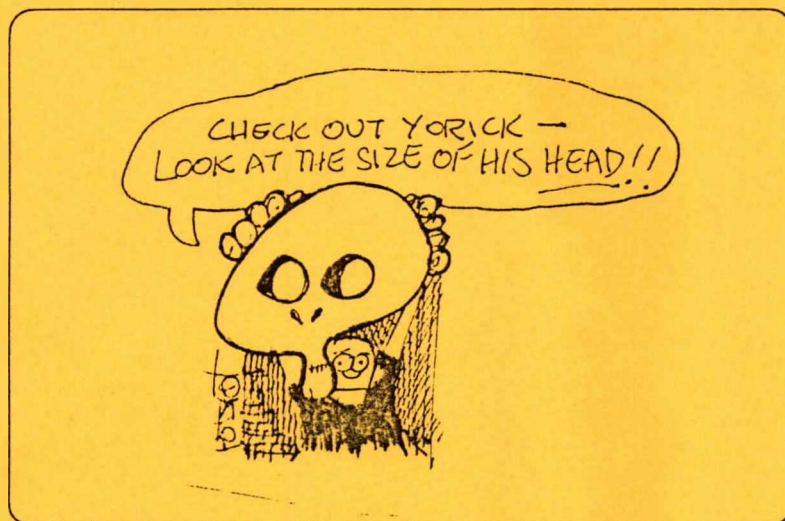
{{Tom: So far **Fanstorm** is nothing but talk. It's supposed to be a fanzine published by some of our more feminine counterparts. Let's see if I can get the names right. Joyce, Cathi, Marcy, Tammy, and Aileen are the ladies who've been bragging all over Vegas fandom that they were going to publish a fanzine. None of them want to crack the whip, take the reins, or even say an encouraging word, so it's more like **Fanlull**. I won't even complain about the article I contributed six, seven months ago...}}

{{Joyce: **Fanstorm** is having an unusually long birthing period; it remains to be seen if the femmes of Vegas will get it together. It was a noble concept, but a little less noble in its fulfillment.}}

Las Vegas is full of happening things, like Janet Reno announcing cracking down on telemarketers, and hotels being blown up rather than being renovated, and everything. Whattatown! There'll always be something to write about.

The more criticism I read about the last SilverCon, the more I could have reservations about Toner.





However, I shan't, because since it'll be a fanzine con, it will be a blast. Also, because I have run and worked more than my share of cons in the past, I will also know the work that has had to go into the organization of the con, and I will understand. Toner will be the best damned fanzine con yet. (Aileen, I know that you try your damndest to put on a good show. People put out good money, and you don't get a rehearsal. If Tom didn't like the con, you know which name to drop off the mailing list next time. That'll learn 'em.)

((**Joyce:** Oh, you really misunderstood about SilverCon. In fact, we had a blast. And we wear the title "ManureCon" with great pride (and a little dignity, while scraping our boots); after all, no less a personage than Tucker gave it that title to make it unique among all other conventions. It may have been the only convention with such a provocative... ah, ambience. It may have kept us from frolicking on the green, but it didn't stop the fun.))

((**Tom:** Hmm... I must have written something I've forgotten about. That's the only explanation. I must have written a scathing review of Silvercon 4 and promptly forgot it, unduly influencing you, Lloyd, into thinking I didn't enjoy SilverCon 4. I'm going to look pretty foolish after you read "My Adventures at ManureCon." In that conreport I relate all the wonderful times I had at the convention, how it was my best convention to date, and-- well, you've probably read it by now. No need to go on.

It just bothers me that you're associating SilverCon with Toner. They're two completely different conventions, put on by two completely different clubs, by two completely different people, for two completely different reasons. SilverCon was supposed to be a regional science fiction convention that, by happy circumstance, happened to have an unusually high percentage of fanzine fans. Toner is a small fannish gathering, primarily for fanzine fans. SilverCon was supported by Las Vegas' own

science fiction club, SNAFFU. I've been told that SNAFFU won't have anything to do with Toner, which is just as well, because Toner is supported by the Vegrants, by fanzine fans (but now that we've taken over SNAFFU, who's to say?). SilverCon was chaired by Aileen Forman, who put a year and a half of her life into SilverCon 4 and still couldn't get anything but coffee and water served at the banquet. I will take responsibility for Toner but don't plan on investing a year and a half of my life, only enough to ensure Toner's success (which means fun for everyone). Silvercon was thrown so Vegas fandom could experience, first hand, the wonders of a science fiction convention. Toner is a fanned relaxicon for fanzine fans on their way to the Worldcon, or for those who wish to plant

themselves in Vegas for four days of fun and fannishness. Toner is for our friends. Lloyd, you're still the only vote for a banquet so far, but there's still plenty of time to go before we have to make the final decision.))

In many ways, I am a fan fund outsider. Yvonne and I have been asked to run for CUFF (Canadian Unity Fan Fund), and we have refused. I don't know enough people out west, where I'd need two of my five nominators, and if you win it, you land on a hot seat of administrative controversy that will drag you under into a sea of bitching, whining, and sour fan politics. I have nominated a fanzinish friend for GUFF. We have even been encouraged to try for TAFF by Mike Glicksohn and the Smiths, but if we did, we'd likely be sucked into the same controversy that affected Martha Beck and Samanda b'Jeude. Some people will call us fanzine fans, but I suspect that many more might recognize us as long-time convention fans and con runners - which we are - and decry us as fakefans, and not worthy of consideration for TAFF. (A similar comparison has plagued me most of my fannish life...I love SF books, and enjoy SF on the small and large screen, but I have been labelled as a damned mediafan by the past generation of litten.) I'm not in favour of any group deciding to take over TAFF or any other fan fund, but neither am I in favour of keeping any particular group out of the nominating, voting or running as a candidate. Who knows, maybe as both a fanzine fan and a conrunning fan, I'd satisfy everybody? Naaah, that idea is science fiction all by itself. Or fantasy...

((**Arnle:** Maybe you should listen to your fan advisors and consider a TAFF run. You and Yvonne participate in a wide range of fanac, so presumably your candidacy would tend to defuse the incipient fanzine fan vs. con fan clash.))

((**Tom:** I've only known you through the fanzines, Lloyd. Hell, you're in my fanzine, **Brodie**. You're one of our most prodigious letterhacks, and despite Ghu knows how many years in convention



fandom, I'll always think of you as a fanzine fan. Especially if you keep sending the letters. But maybe your time has come. I think you're stretching it a bit by saying that you'd run into the same controversy as Martha Beck and Samanda b'Jeude.

I think that you'd probably have a better shot at TAFF than most, because of who you are, and your involvement in convention, and fanzine fandom. There was a time not long ago when fanzine fans were convention fans, and likewise, when most science fiction hobbiests were generalists, participating in most of the many facets of fandom. Much like yourself. I can't call you an old time fan, but you're of the same mold in many cases, perfect for TAFF.}}

Vegetarians? A breakaway sect, or something similar? I'll have a hotdog, but it better be a good one. If you're in touch with Benoit Girard in Quebec (editor of **The Frozen Frog**), ask him about pogos. Pogoes and poutine are French-Canadian junk food.

Joyce, what tribe have you descended from? Yvonne is one-eighth Abenakis. Got an extra issue of WH#2 you could send me?

One soft drink I'm surprised LV fandom hasn't adopted as their own is Moxie. Some have told me that Moxie is carbonated plum soda, or prune juice. (This is a warrior's drink! Perhaps the Klingons are the only ones who'd drink it.) Then, I was told that it's a

different kind of root beer, also made from roots, shoots, and leaves. (Insert punch line here.) If nothing else, it's definitely an acquired taste. Nehi Blue Creme???

Robert Lichtman says he always liked Little Lulu...I have a clipping from one of the various SF catalogues I get from Dreamhaven Books in Minnesota. The illo on the back has a cartoon of Little Cthulhululu, and I'll let you imagine that little gem yourself.

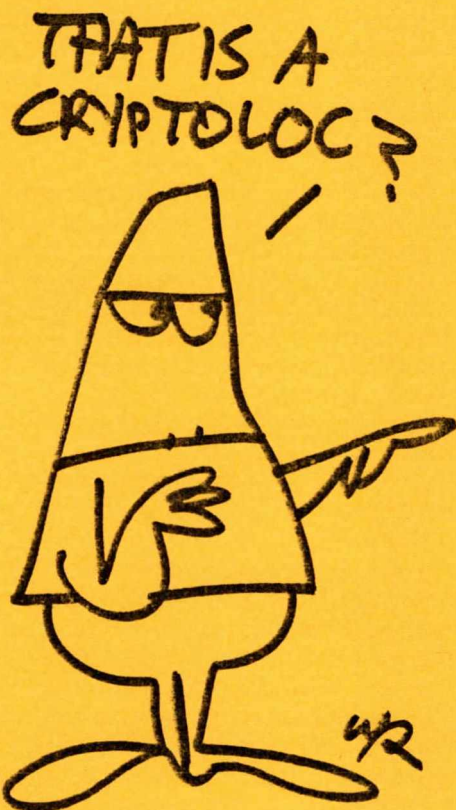
{{Ross: I never knew Moxie beyond the phrase "She's got lots of Moxie" until we moved to Maine in 1952 or so and found it readily available in most of the soda bins, along with ginger beer, sarsaparilla and other esoteric (I thought) beverages. I liked it well enough, and always assumed it was herbally based. When we later moved to western Massachusetts, it was still around, but I'd lost interest.

Then I moved to New York Shitty, and never saw it in my 20 years or so there; occasionally I'd find sarsaparilla and ginger beer. The latter was slightly different from ginger ale, which I never cared for. As to Nehi Blue Creme, this vanilla beverage was basically just your standard creme soda, but colored a lovely clear blue. It arrived with Nehi's other beverages when they were introduced to New York sometime in the late 60s or early 70s, I think. Although I'd known Nehi's sodas when I lived in Texas in the 40s, they were primarily your ordinary orange and grape drinks, the kind that left orange or purple residue in the glass.

I was definitely a Dr. Pepper kinda guy at the time, with root beer as second choice. I didn't like any of the colas, though I'd get RC Cola rather than either Coke or Pepsi if only because of the initials. Also, the price may have played a role; I may remember it wrong, but I think RC gave more for the price.}}

Next time I'm in Vegas (I hope that'll be Toner), I will be happy to visit and nuke a few 'dogs witchall. We shall party until there are no survivors. The only shellfish I really like is scallops. Ever had a scallopburger? I've had ConDiablo flyers for some time, but thinking of such a trip shall be half-past impossible until I win the lottery, and the dollars are at par. As long as I can jump these insurmountable hurdles, I'd be happy to harass the Katzes as FanGoHs in El Paso. In return, I'm sure you'll all come up to Concinnity '96 in Ottawa next October, and see Yvonne and I in a similar role. Not to worry, it's a relaxcon.

Believe me, Tom, I am happy to get all the **Wild Heirs**, full and halves, and special editions, plus any **Rants** and **Brodies**. I guess that after hearing so much about **Blat!** and **Rastus Johnson's Cakewalk**, and reading that they are available for the Usual, but not really, I guess I'd like to see what I'm missing.





{{**Tom:** Available for the Usual, until they run out. I know that's what's happened with Ted and Dan's **BLAT!**, they've run out of fanzines. And since Greg Pickersgill seems like a pretty cool guy he probably didn't print enough **RJCs** either. Rest assured I have plenty of leftover **Brodies**.}}

11.5...The funniest thing about this issue is the article by Paul Feller predicting a reprint of the article in 50 years...which is one reason for reprinting it, I suppose. As always, an enjoyable read, and an addition to my continuing fannish education.

It's almost tomorrow, so I'm going to wrap up to let my eyes see the insides of their lids for a few hours. Nitey-nite, and keep the fanzines and Toner info coming.

### **Ted White**

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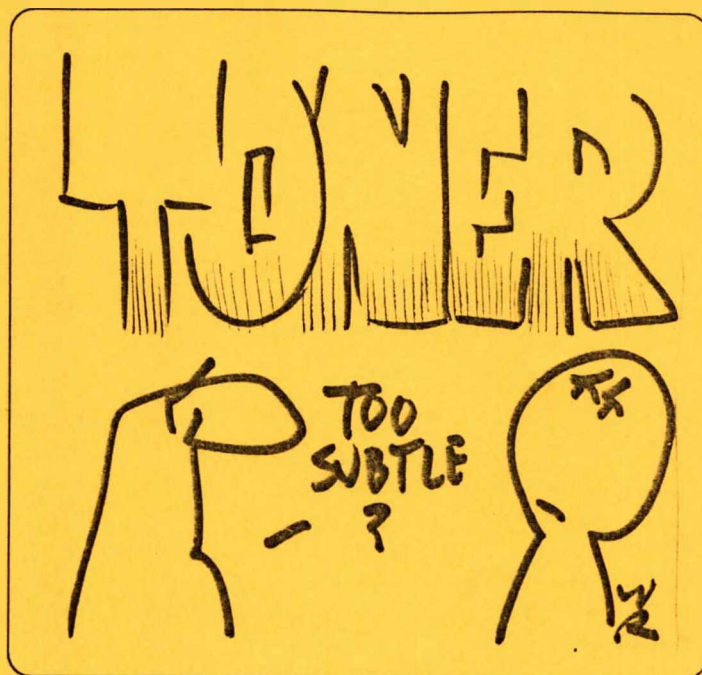
I'm long overdue with a LoC on **Wild Heirs**, so here's one on #11. (It hasn't been lack of interest that's held me back until now; rather a lack of time. Right now time is opening up here at work -- briefly -- so I'm grabbing it to whip something out now on my WordPerfect.)

Arnie's "Thots on TAFF" is perhaps the most serious and seriously intended piece he's written since de-gaftation, and my only (minor) problem with it is that it doesn't acknowledge, refer to, or draw upon my own editorial on the subject in **BLAT! #4** -- in which I quoted a letter from Greg Pickersgill extensively. (Greg makes the argument for "walking away" from TAFF.) (I might add that it was my editorial which Mike Glycer attributed to Dan in his piece in **F770**, in his snide attack on Dan -- a fact I have pointed out to Mike...)

{{**Arnie:** Thanks for the corrections and clarifications. The fight on the net over TAFF has produced a whole new class of fan feud. I call it the Virtual Bar Fight. A bunch of fans proclaim their opinions at maximum intensity and attack every point made by every other person in the discussion. There are no true sides as factions form, split and recombine hourly.}}

I pretty much agree with Arnie's argument, but he made a few minor mistakes. The biggest is his naming of George Flynn as the third person in the recently-over TAFF race; that honor rightly goes to Joe Wesson. Not precisely a mistake, but I think an error is Arnie's argument that a conflict between fanzine and conrunning fandoms would lead to "a second TAFF War" which would end our present and putative "Golden Age."

The first "TAFF War" -- which did indeed put an end to one "Golden Age" -- was not between fandoms, but between members of fanzine fandom. (The Martha Beck business -- in which Martha herself was a pawn -- was an extension of the original Bergeron vs. Avedon conflict, pushed by Dave Locke, who



apparently saw himself as some sort of Grand Poobah sitting in judgment over the rest of us. And where is Dave today, one might ask?) Indeed, it was central to the fanzine fandom of that period (1984). Inasmuch as the primary participants (myself included) were all major players in fanzine fandom.

But what Arnie foresees as a possible "second TAFF War" will be/might be between fandoms, and might have relatively little effect upon fanzine fandom itself, as long as a feud did not erupt between major fanzine fans. So I don't see the situation as quite so dire; I doubt it would cause "another mass exodus." But I do agree with Arnie that the outcome would be that "they take over TAFF." No argument there.

But what are the likely outcomes of any event? If we do nothing -- leaving things as they are now (the most likely occurrence) -- "they take over TAFF." If we mount the glorious TAFF Wars II, "they take over TAFF." As for the rule changes Arnie proposes, I think they make sense, but they won't be taken by "them" as the opening salvo in TAFF Wars II?

I see Chuck is now lost to those of us who are not "on-line." And so quickly, too! \*Sigh...\*

{{**Arnie:** You state the central point of my article perfectly, Ted. The fans who conceived TAFF made it a democratic institution. As such, it responds to the wishes of the majority of its voters. Without changing the structure of TAFF -- and I am not advocating this -- it is impossible to prevent TAFF from increasingly coming to reflect the ideas of the "new" voters who are primarily active outside fanzine fandom. More and more, I've come to the belief that we ought to accept this inevitable evolution in TAFF, and start special funds if there is a fanzine fan we want to meet but who can't win TAFF.}}



NOW NO MORE  
 LOS LIKE THAT,  
 OK? TAKE ONE  
 SIDE OR THE  
 OTHER!



{{Joyce: Although I am on-line, you have there one of my chief objections to telecommunications. So many people are not on line. I won't let technology decide for me who my friends will be. I do like the convenience of on-line correspondence. But it is too easy to devote your fanime to that media, and leave the rest behind.

I'm glad, however, that Chuch isn't really lost to us, since he does make an effort to be in touch by paper, too.

This seems a good time to mention my own misgivings about electronic fanzines. While they have points to recommend them (immediacy and low cost, to name but two) I believe that a real fanzine, a printed fanzine, is so much more than typed words. Where is the thrill of ripping open the envelope, of holding a slim and elegant zine in your hands, of smelling the ink and paper? Where is the artistry of layout and design? Fanzines are like a love song, a symphony of touch and smell and sight, as well as the message of the writer. On-line zines are like a single drumbeat, with no accompanying melody to enhance the words.}}

**Jerry Kaufman**

8618 Linden Ave N, Seattle, WA 98103  
 Dear Vegrants,

I think that in the early fifties, there were no fanzine fans or convention fans, although there were fannish and sercon fans. Its my understanding that nearly everybody was involved in all aspects of everything. People ran clubs, pubbed or read fanzines, ran conventions: whatever it took to get fans together, whether in person or through the mails. So I don't buy into this labeling of people as fanzine or convention fans. It's a back-formation.

{{Tom: I think it's more of an evolution. Because of the way things were doesn't seem like a strong enough argument to refuse to acknowledge the legitimate and working stereotypes that make up fandom today. There are convention fans who only run conventions. There are gamers, who mainly, well, game. And media fans who watch what they watch, and filkers who do the singing thing. And there are fanzine fans. A lot of fanzine fans who pretty much partake of all the subfandoms, in one way or another, but are still mainly fanzine fans, self-proclaimed, proud, and communicative. Because of the way fans once were doesn't mean that change hasn't occurred, that there isn't a difference between convention fans, fanzine fans, media fans, filkers, gamers, and fuzzy fans, because there is. At least I think so.}}

So I also don't buy the contention that TAFF is a fanzine fan preserve. It's a fan operation, no matter who the fans are or what their fannish focus is.

However, I do buy the idea that the candidates have some name recognition, and I admit that I have been dismissive of fans who I've never heard of, or who have nominators that I've never heard of. It isn't that they might be primarily convention runners or party throwers, either. I wouldn't be dismissive of Ben Yalow, say, while I might not appreciate some British faneditor who's never sent his/her fanzine to the U.S.

However, I'll simply not vote for them. If I'm unimpressed enough with the ballot, I'll vote holdover funds. I'll also make rude comments about them in conversation. (I admit this is not an admirable trait.) But I won't change the rules to exclude them. Fandom's too big to try to exclude everyone I've never heard of, even if I want to make it small again.

Furthermore, what's so useful about a "fanzine activity requirement"? It would be easy enough for most people in fandom to contribute to, or even publish, a pretty minimal fanzine. Lots of fans active in convention running have contributed con reports, articles, and lengthy letters to **File 770**, for instance, and aced the requirements. Possibly many of the British conrunners have done the same with *Critical Wave* (I don't get this zine, so I'm guessing). And the annual Smofcon publications probably qualify, too. So you may not have disqualified very many folks.

{{Tom: Is *Critical Wave* a fanzine? I was under the impression it was a semi-prozine and not available for the Usual. I think this because when



Martin Tudor sent me his fanzine, **Empties**, for exchange with **Brodie**, he did not send a copy of *Critical Wave* (even though he wrote about it extensively in **Empties** 15). All this time on my hands, I can't help the idle speculation!}}

As for switching the destination to another convention...in Europe the convention most often selected has been the British Eastercon. No other convention in Europe (except for Novacon) is so regular and fannish. (Do they still have Beneluxcons, I wonder?) The Worldcon makes sense when it happens in Europe, I think, because it still draws many fans of all types. (I know that some people skipped Glasgow because of cost and disenchantment, but the TAFF winners were also at Precursor.)

Now, in North America the choices would be between Corflu or Ditto, Worldcon or NASFIC, or dozens of regional cons? Too many choices. Maybe Corflu would be better than Worldcon from a practical standpoint: less expensive, less culture shock for a European. I wonder how Worldcon organizers feel: all other things being equal, and setting aside the questions associated with Worldcon contributions to TAFF, do Worldcon organizers faunch for TAFF winners to be at their Worldcons?

The real complaints about conrunning fans (other than "not one of us" from a few folks) have been that they don't have anyone in the host country eager to meet them. (I'll note here that this has been seen as more a problem in the North America to Europe leg than the other way. I'll leave speculation on the reasons for this to other readers.) I believe that the increased frequency of overseas travel and contact through newsgroups on the Internet is changing this; I suspect that lots of European and North American fans now know lots of people overseas, either personally or by reputation, through means other than fanzines.

I think that fanzine activity as guide to Taff worthiness is only partially based on merit (so-and-so has done worthy fanzines and should be rewarded). The other part, and perhaps the original motive, was interestingness (so-and-so has done some interesting fanzines and we'd really like to meet him/her). Interestingness (excuse this horrible new word) can be developed in other ways than through fanzines.

In my rambling way, I hope I've gotten across my feelings about your suggestion: I don't like it and don't agree with it. Other topics I'm putting off here are whether TAFF still serves a purpose other than to give faneds and newsgroups something to discuss (endlessly, in the latter case), and why DUFF doesn't seem to get this kind of searching attention (except as an afterthought). Some other time.

The rest of the issue, believe it or not, has lots of interesting and entertaining items. I'll disappoint everyone by not mentioning them. I will take a moment to sympathize with Bill Kunkel about the overpowering hyperfannishness in **Wild Heirs**, but he

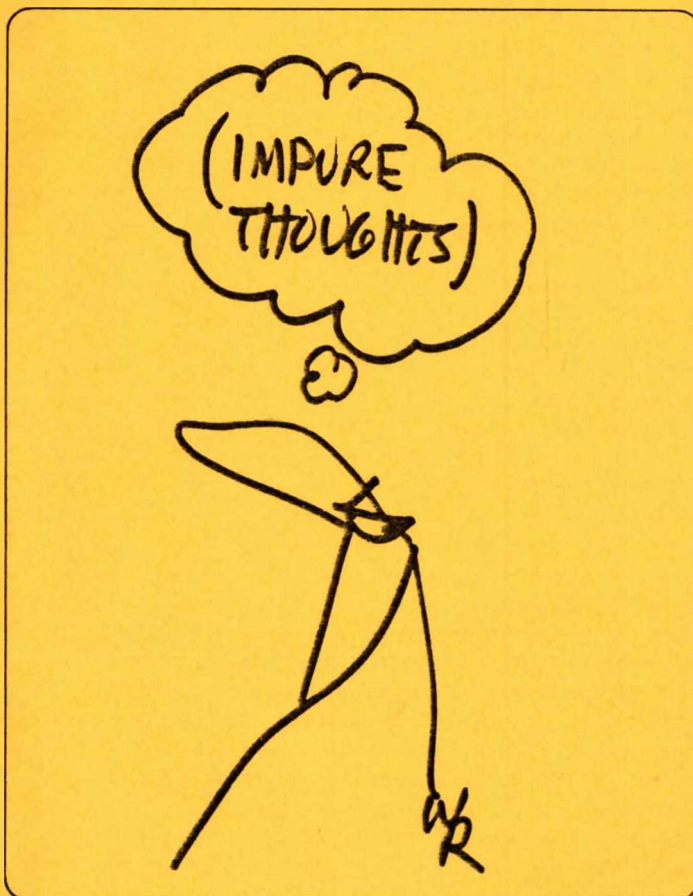
should consider this: Because **Wild Heirs** is sooo fannish, it frees the rest of us up to talk about other things in our zines. Bill's got to look at his participation in your zine as a kind of self-sacrifice so the rest of us can be free. (But I think he's a little hysterical: I don't remember anyone in **Wild Heirs** unfavorably comparing Quentin Tarentino with Van Gogh.)

### Steve Jeffrey

To be honest, I have little time for TAFF. It strikes me as a laudable enough notion for a time when it was beyond the means of many fans to travel to an overseas Worldcon. On the evidence of the last Worldcon, it is now pretty much as expensive to attend a Worldcon nominally in your own country as it is to fly return to the US, and the gap is probably set to close even further as time goes on.

There are other fans, in much less privileged positions than the typical American or British fan, who may benefit from a wider extension of TAFF to other parts of the World. There are, of course, DUFF and GUFF, but I'm not sure whether there is a similar Eastern Europe fund (and how the straitened circumstances of Eastern European fans might be able to support it.)

But as I say, I don't take a great interest apart from the flack that each round almost inevitably serves up - in the voting, the fall-off in completed





TAFF reports, and the occasional frictions between representatives and the host fandom. It's something that a particular part of fandom does, amongst itself between (presumably) consenting adults. As I don't vote or participate, and it's highly unlikely to affect me one way or the other, the only real fall-out is the occasional junk mailings of ballot sheets and entreaties in this or that fanzine to vote for their favoured candidate, who I probably don't know very well or socialise very much with except in passing. So does it make any difference to me whether Dan Steffan or Samantha wins the vote? Well, no, not very much.

It's very hard from this perspective to see the ire that rouses Arnie to call for a reinterpretation of TAFF to mean only fanzine fans, and that only limited further to fanzine editors who have published in the immediate two years before the ballot. If we are going to start closing it in that tightly, we may as well go the whole hog and make it hereditary, or only open to close friends of previous winners. (Which it pretty much is anyway to my mind).

I'd actually suggest an arse-backwards revision of TAFF: That each country votes for the overseas fan it would most like to host for the visit. This could make for an interesting voting pattern. Or that TAFF is more formally linked to the Worldcon, as sponsorship of an overseas FGoH, along the same lines as the other pro GoHs.

But really it matters not a jot to me that it might be a fanzine fan, editor, writer or artist (and Arnie's suggested closure of TAFF eligibility would seem to preclude the latter two unless they also happened to be a faned as well, or perhaps primarily) or a convention fan, a costumer or even (tho heaven help us) a filker.

What matters is the suggestion here that it does matter, and the Western Civilisation (or fandom, if that isn't an oxymoron) will collapse if TAFF is not wrested back by the small group of fanzine fandom that sees itself apart (and on this evidence somehow morally superior) to the rest of general fandom. That because they no longer field the majority of players, they are justified in taking their ball back and stopping the game; I thought we stopped doing that when we were

seven. That makes me uncomfortable, and seems to go against much I believed Arnie had said about a non-elitist broad church fandom. But fanzines are a small, fun, but not overwhelmingly important part of my overall involvement in fandom. And TAFF fandom, when it impinges, might be seen as an even smaller group within that. It's a ripple in a very small pond.

[[Tom: Oooh, good point about taking the ball back. I think you're right. Arnie still believes in the more the merrier mentality, and is probably the most accessible and non-elitist fan you'll ever meet. What everyone should remember when talking about TAFF is that it's an exercise in particulars, particulars that are seemingly easily confused with opinion, which is where everybody is quick to take that wrong turn.]]

There is much else to enjoy, if not to engage with quite so obviously, in *Wild Heirs* #11. As always, team, Thanks. I tend to side with Potshot in *Vague Rants*, although he probably overdoes it for effect (I think you all do, but that's largely what it's all about: to make fandom seem larger than life, a sort of cartoon world).

I'm still trying to reconcile Arnie's supposed aversion to things 'heart warming' with what I sometimes see as a similar sentimentality towards Fannish Name of Yore. It comes across as a bit, well, 'heart-warming' to me, anyway.

[[Joyce: Although TAFF certainly has as background the idea of sending people who couldn't afford to go otherwise, it has gone beyond that. I think nowadays that more than financial considerations are in play. (We don't

require the candidates to undergo financial examinations to prove their poverty, after all.) I believe the TAFF candidate also is a sort of goodwill ambassador, a gift from one country to another. "Here is this fine friend who we recommend to you: enjoy him or her as we do."

As such, I believe the candidate should be someone that the people On The Other Side would





actually want to meet; someone whose name is known, who has built up a reputation in the hosting country.

I personally will not vote to send, or receive, any person whom I have never heard of. I am more warmly inclined to those from whom I have received fanzines, or letters, or illoes, or other contact.

Ah, you've found the chink in Arnie's armor. It's true. He can't stand mush in movies, but he's extremely sentimental toward his friends.}}

I can appreciate Chuch's newly liberated enthusiasm for the internet (and the ability to bang notes to cpriest@cix and whoever). It's a nice mix of the post and phone, with the added convenience of being a step removed, so that you can be on-line with people that you might not always want to intrude too much on your personal life, by phoning at odd hours or appearing on your doorstep. From what I've seen though, Chuch's 'kill ratio' is about right: 18 out of 1076. There is a lot of inconsequential background 'noise' on the net; a much higher incidence than when people are forced to organise their thoughts on paper, as in fanzines or apas. For that reason, paper based fandom will still be the real thing for a while. (I've just been invited into the Pieces of Eight apa with the same sample mailing that sees Vinc's "CHarris-ma" correction to Ken Lake).

#### **Teddy Harvia**

701 Regency Dr., Hurst, TX 76054-2307

Enclosed is the first of my Andy Hooper cartoons. If you have reservations about accepting it for publication, just mention that the subject is a Hugo-nominated fan writer and Andy will love it.

Ken, I read your comments in **Apparatchik** and you're next on my spoof list. Please send a photo.

{{**Tom**: Don't worry Teddy, I will.}}

I'm flattered you listed me among your "friends" in your response to Lloyd Penney. Are you sure you didn't include an excess "r" in there somewhere?

{{**Joyce**: Some of my best fiends are friends. I keep a stack of 'r's lying about just so I can make that conversion.

In fandom for less than half your life. That's an interesting way of putting it. I have been in love with fandom since I was 17, well more than two-thirds of my life. (Now, all you math fiends, be friends, and don't start counting it out.))

{{**Tom**: Well, isn't that what we're doing, here? Isn't that one of the core benefits of fanzine fandom? That while you partake of the hobby, inevitably, you're going to build relationships, whether it happens through the fanzines or in person, it happens. And while you and I might not be as close as, say, Arnie and myself, we still share a correspondence, a relationship, a hobby, and a

fandom. Shared interests indeed. How can we not, if we remain in fandom, eventually, become friends?}}

My reaction to the TAFF controversy is that some fans take themselves and fandom too seriously. Perhaps having been in fandom less than 50% of my life allows me to take it more lightly. Speaking of George Flynn looking like Joe Wesson, what ever happened to Joe? His fanzine hasn't entertained, er, come my way in months, if not years.

#### **Dale Speirs**

Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7

It will be interesting to hear how your coup goes with the local SF club. Reminds me of what happened to the Calgary Horticultural Society in the late 1980s. After 75 years it had dwindled to a ladies afternoon tea party. Elderly ladies at that, who couldn't understand why more people wouldn't turn out to a club meeting on a weekday afternoon. However, a recently-retired oilman convinced them to have the election meeting in the evening, at the Calgary Zoo cafeteria, on the pretext that there would be a tour of the zoo afterwards. He then recruited about 100 new members, myself included, set up a slate of movers and shakers, and ambushed the tea-and-crumpets clique without mercy. The CHS now has regular programmes, a club bulletin, and about 1000 members from the previous dozen or so. The election at which the old guard was overthrown was rowdier than a political meeting in a hotly-contested riding, and made the newspapers several days running. So good luck in your surgical strike, if I may coin a phrase, and don't cut up too many victims.

{{**Arnie**: The SNAFFU elections went off with relative smoothness. The ex-president, who hosted gaming sessions at her home in time to conflict with SNAFFU meetings, got huffy about the implication that she had not been the best of all possible presidents. No fatalities were recorded, and President Ken Forman and Vice President Joyce Katz have not yet executed an appreciable number of dissidents.

I've actually attended the last three meetings. Formal clubs will never be the focus of my in-person fanac, but I enjoyed them enough to keep attending. Evidently, others have made similar decisions, because attendance has jumped 50%. Don't despair, sooner or later they'll do something ludicrous we can write about here.}}

{{**Ken**: The coup was successful and bloodless. Joyce and I are totally in control of the club. Ben Wilson now controls the money. We even control the press (Aileen is the club's newsletter editor.))

I like the proposal for a National Bigots Day. The Canadian version would have the Reform Party start off at one end of the street, the separatists at the other end, and the Liberal party in the middle with the duty of keeping the other two groups peaceable. On a more





fannish note, will the Las Vegas fans be celebrating Worldwide Pary #3 on June 21st at 9 pm? It would be nice to see this idea established as a solid SF tradition around the world. We need some new traditions like that, instead of just recycling tired old stuff that should be laid to rest in fanhistories where they won't bother anyone. Benoit Girard (Québec) and Franz Miklis (Austria) are the moving spirits of the Worldwide Party. At 9:00pm local time on June 21st, SF fans everywhere are asked to raise a toast to their fellow fans around the world. The concept is to get a wave circling the globe of fans celebrating the hobby. I'm trying to start up a Worldwide Party for stamp collectors, to be held on May 6th, the anniversary of the first postage stamp (Britain, 1840).

Feud categories: Could another civil war break out again? Or would it be that the new fanzine fandom is too widely diffused for everyone to care about a TAFF war or whatever? Zines, as in **Factsheet Five**-type zines, have made inroads into SF zinedom, most of whom would publish without regard to some fannish dispute. I can't see more than a few SMOFFish types quitting in a huff over any issue. The fanzine hobby is too fragmented to care anymore about what Ted White said or who should have won a TAFF race. We have a Papernet now, instead of a small insular society. Just as the Internet is designed to survive a nuclear strike, so it is that the Papernet can survive a civil war.

||**Joyce:** In fact, I believe that most fanzine fans are so firmly planted in fandom that it would take

a lot more than arguments over TAFF to cause them to gaffate. I know for myself it would take at least a Mack truck to drive me away. But, that is not to say that feelings on the subject don't run hot and heavy, as witness the flaming that's happened on line between protagonists. It's a curious thing that DUFF doesn't raise that kind of heat; I wonder why?}}

Rob Hansen mentioned that 'pintle' was the original term for a penis. I grinned widely on reading this tidbit of etymology, as at work all our trucks are equipped with pintle hitches for trailers. I shall never again be able to tell one of my equipment operators to take a tilt trailer without thinking of England. Tractors use clevis hitches; I'm afraid to look that one up.

For me, the highlight of WH#12 was mark Kernes' article on sleep apnea. I've been suffering from similar symptoms, although I suspect it is more my irregular hours and a bad habit of eating supper just before going to bed while on shift. But Mark can be assured that at least one person read his account with more than passing interest.

[[**Ross:** I've never been able to read the word "peninsula" without being tempted to a juvenile smirk ever since I figured out the word derivation, though I have more trouble with "pen" and "pencil." Ditto when the origin of the name "Yankee Doodle" occurred to me and I looked more closely at the lyrics "Yankee Doodle keep it up ... and with the girls be handy." Sure...]]

#### **Murray Moore**

377 Manly Street, Midland Ontario, Canada L4R 3E2  
WH#11 and 12, and their attendant supplements, are at hand.

Tom Springer describes his fight to the death with a cockroach in his sales office trailer. He explains 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."

Mutated is the key word. I've read the Incredible Hulk. I have seen the movies with the giant insects in the desert. Does not Las Vegas glow because of more than electricity exciting neon in tubes?

[[**Tom:** I'm glad I've got someone to back me up on this. And Robert called me pathetic. You'd think I'd get more support from my fannish friends here in Vegas, but they're all too busy dealing with their own radioactive problems to give mine much thought. Like Murray says, "I have seen the movies with the giant insects in the desert." Let's not forget the giant tarantula, the giant



grasshopper, scorpion, and there was the "Incredible Forty Foot Man!!!" It's hard living here.))

WH#11 contains references to Andy Hooper on pages 2, 5, and 6. Help me, Arnle. Every reference is like unto a blow to my fannish heart. I appeal to you, as the Godfather of Vegas Fandom. I have been cut off the **Apparatchik** mailing list. Intercede for me with The Hooper.

Unlike Adam, I know not what I did to deserve banishment. It was a surprise to me to be taken into the desert and shown the hole. (Yes, I have seen *Casino*.)

I sent Andy issues 1 and 2 of **Sacred Trust**. I locced **Apaks** 29 and 30, 33 and 34, 35 and 36. I made it into the lettercol of **Apak** 35 and in **Apak** 36. Andy was mailing me two issues at a time. It was a sign, I see now, when I received four issues at once, shortly before The Scottish Convention.

I was pleased with how, in my loc covering **APAK** 37 through 40, I explained why it is better to loc than to subscribe, thusly

And then, silence. I ascribed the non-appearance of **APAK** to post-Worldcon collapse. Then I learned the cruel truth. **APAK** continues without me. I am denied "Fanzine Countdown," Hooper, Gonzalez, and the best bi-weekly lettercol in sf fanzines.

#### Buck Coulson

2677W-500N, Hartford City, IN 47348

If I write a letter of comment I can put off shoveling the driveway again, for the third time this year. And the approach to the mailbox. You were probably smart to move to Las Vegas for your Christmas cheer, Joyce, or is there snow out there too? For that matter, is there ever snow in Jerusalem or Bethlehem, where all these Christmas celebrations started? I was not pleased that a storm kept us an extra day at our first convention of 1996; first time we ever had to stay over a day. And where were we? Nashville, Tennessee; that's wherel Snow capital of the US and all that. Actually, we could probably have left Nashville, but the word was that the Kentucky border was closed, barricaded, and probably patrolled by armed guards and Alsatians, to keep people out. The Tennessee joke was that Kentucky only had one snowplow and it was busy at the governor's mansion.

Otherwise, I agree with your editorial, except for a few specifics about favorite songs.

I've corresponded with enough of the English and Scots to have some understanding of the argot, but a few of Rob's slang terms were new to me. I guess "fanny" is an example of the error of putting things back to front, eh? I have a reprint of the 1811 Dictionary of Vulgar Tongue, so I missed bagpipe and huffle. Some day I intend to rearrange the volume to present it from the writer's viewpoint; what word do you use when you want a word for "tongue"? So "tongue" is the word looked up, and "prating cheat" is the definition. The dictionary as published is for the

reader looking up odd terms, not for the author trying to find some.

{{Ken: Isn't that called a thesaurus?}}

{{Joyce: I am proud and happy to say that in Vegas we have the good sense to keep the snow up on the mountains where it belongs: in plain sight, but off our streets.

Did you know that Arnle can avert snow? It's true; it's his superpower. For the nineteen years we lived in New York, he was successful in stopping all but the most serious storms, by diverting them to New Jersey or Connecticut where folks like that kind of thing. Now that he has pulled his protection away from the East Coast, you see what has happened to them, while we stay warm-footed and dry-headed.

It does indeed snow in Bethlehem. I've seen pictures. Just one more reason to stay away from the unhappy Mid-East.}}

#### George Flynn

P.O. Box 1069, Kendall Sq. Stn., Cambridge, MA 02142

Thanks for WH#12 & 12.5; good stuff, but I didn't manage to respond as fast this time.

Chuck Harris is in error calling "Welsh rarebit" Victorian, since it first appeared in print in that same 1785 Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue that Rob Hansen cites earlier in his article. And I don't know

LAS VEGAS FANS  
ARE A SMOOTHLY  
FUNCTIONING  
FAN MACHINE!





about "the original anglo-saxon terms for 'vagina' and 'copulation'" (not to mention "pintle") that Rob mentions: I'd bet that these were just euphemisms for still earlier words that are now lost to history.

((Tom: Oh yeah? Check out what Dale and Buck have to say.))

Gee, if I'd known there was going to be this big uproar online with demands that people respond to Arnie's TAFF article, I'd have said more about it in my loc. (Especially if I'd known that mine would be one of only two reponses to make it in time for the next ish.) But probably everything that could have been said has been said by now, by someone...

((Tom: Of course, none of us are interested in what you might have had to say about TAFF, which is why we printed all those letters about TAFF. We just don't care. We never would've printed anything you might have to say about TAFF, especially if you'd known that your would be one of only two responses to make it in time for the next ish, so it's just as well you didn't. (Although I secretly hope you will so I can print it and point to another letter as an excuse for guilting our letterhacks.))

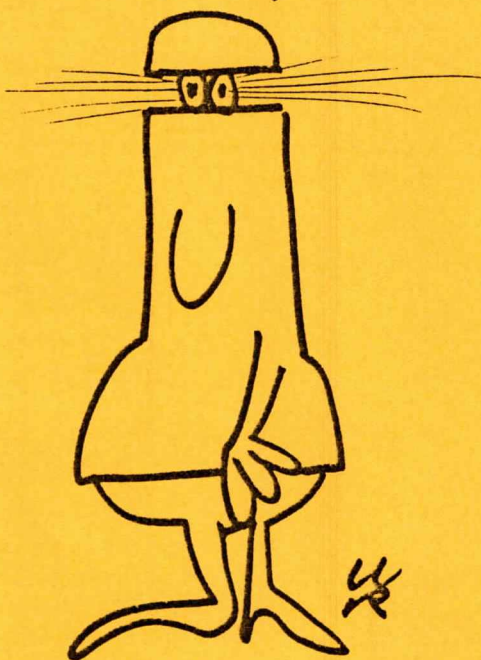
#### Ben Indick

428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666-2626

I have seen Casino, and I no longer dare to associate with you guys. It is a hazard to my health. Next thing you know the word will get out and they'll be blowing me up. I realize the film took place 25 years ago and the town is alleged at the end to be "a Disneyland" today, but that was baloney, designed to keep the Gambling Commission happy and not get sued or blown up. I cannot be fooled. Cars get blown up hourly, and bodies are planted in the desert in spaces allotted by the Commission. I insist on telling the truth. The Movie-General's Office says that LAS VEGAS FANDOM IS DANGEROUS FOR THE HEALTH!

In the future address all mail to Mrs. Bennina Phillippa Ondique -- it will get through and fool those gunsels who monitor the mail for stoolies, birds, pigeons and finks. Even then I feel terribly nervous about this. My copies of **Trufan** and **Wild Heirs** came suspiciously streaked with some muddy red substance which looked suspiciously like dried blood -

HE GIVES GREAT  
LOC!



- a warning? I think so! I read the zines, and they appear to be innocuous fannish stuff, very placid, innocent and filled with bonhomie but it did not fool me. It was actually all desperation, and beneath the praise of ancient so-called "classic" fan writing, ascribing to it a brilliance we know never existed and was no more or less so than what is written in any fannish fanzine today, I could read F E A R, and I do not mean L. Ron Hubbard. I think if you are smart you will clear out while you can, before they blow your cars up and beat you to red-dyed death with baseball bats not even made of wood, and start a new town far out in the desert, dedicated to good old working, thinking, harmless, nice fannish folks like yourselves. Call it Las Vegas II, after today's style of nomenclature. Be safe. I urge you to consider this. It just happens my associates and I own hundreds of acres, free of bodies or anything else, available at reasonable rates.

Keep your heads down. Use mass transportation.

((Joyce: You've seen through us, alright. Now, don't forget the lesson. Remember that failure to write adequate LoCs to WH is dangerous business. As for the baseball bats, and your warnings thereof: the Vegrants plan to corner the market on these clubs, as witness our recent founding of a stat baseball league. Power to the People!))

((Ken: Memo to Guido...Make a note of this guy's address and send me a quote for "the usual."))

#### Gregory Benford

1105 Skyline Drive, Laguna Beach, CA 92651

So many Wild Heirs, so little time...

You have a fine bunch of obsessive-neurotic fans there, Meyer. To think the Formans get all that done on just caffeine! And without even the sugar shots, as Ted White has self-propelled himself for half a century on Pepsi.

((Ken: Coffee is so much more than a caffeine source. The aroma and flavor inspire pleasant thoughts and feelings. The camaraderie of imbibing in such practices is more than half the enjoyment.))

There's a whole vast tone to be writ on fandom and its pet drugs (no names please), beginning I suppose

with the admirable Burbee piece on trying to run off a fanzine with Elmer Purdue. Indeed, Elmer had a fine talent for always seeming to be drunk even when you knew by the laws of chemistry and physiology (as at least I learned them at university) he could not have been. This was the first example I ever had of method acting off the stage.

It's also why I decided to stick to physics. Relativity, quantum mechanics, nonlinear differential equations -- much easier than all those squishy membranes, dilute solutions of alcohol and swampy metaphors (like this one).

I'm much enjoying your promiscuous voluminous output.

{{**Joyce:** We dusty desert rats turn alkali to ink. Sandstorms propel our windmills for tilting practice, and neon replaces our blood. It's a good thing too, since we need all the hot air and gas and fumes we can raise to keep us pumping out this hyperbole.}}

{{**Arnie:** Actually, we could use a few more obsessive-neurotics. We're thinking of starting an outreach program to lure them to Las Vegrants, like the one we already have for Topless Dancers and Showgirls. The only thing that stops us from implementing this outreach program and getting several hardy fan-zombies for collating day is that we are still waiting for our first Topless Dancer (or Showgirl) to join our friendly little society. It's important to retain essential priorities: first voluptuous women, then human pack animals.}}

#### **Harry Warner**

423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland,  
21740

There was a time when all Las Vegas fandom couldn't have published fanzines faster than I could have written locs on them. But that was then and now I am old, even older today than I was yesterday. So you are taking an unfair advantage of an ancient and tired fan and the best I can do is this feeble response to your last two issues, undoubtedly the only ones you still remember clearly.

The only consolation I can find in this old age is the fact that WH contains evidence that even Las Vegas fandom is also aging.

I calculate that the editors became almost two years older as a group during the interim between your last two issues, and confirmation of that lamentable circumstance can be found in the fact that you spelled pactsard correctly in the earlier issue and spelled it wrong twice in the most recent **Wild Heirs**.

{{**Arnie:** Yes, even Las Vegas fandom is aging. Soon, those braces will be coming

off, the pimples will clear up, and they'll all be complaining about their backs instead of bragging about their sex lives. As for me, at this year's Westercon (in El Paso where Joyce and I are fan guests of honor), I will turn 50. They assure me that Las Vegas is much too hot to support the necessary ice flow upon which I would otherwise be set adrift upon attainment of this milestone.}}

Joyce's enthusiasm for the trappings of Christmas might find reinforcement that my Christmas tree still stands about eight feet from this typewriter, even though it is the second half of January.

I also share Marcy's love of Christmas music. In fact, I have a whole batch of Christmas records and tapes that I compulsively play during each Advent, the acculation usually increases by one or two recordings every year, and by now I must start around Thanksgiving to give me a fighting chance to finish listening to all of them by Christmas Eve.

*Alas, we ran out of pages before Harry ran out of superb letter of comment. We'll start next issue's "Heir Mail" with more words from Hagerstown. Meanwhile, best to all of you -- and keep those cards and letters coming. (If you haven't written, read this as "start those cards and letters coming.")*

THERE IS NO  
MORE FANZINE



PLEASE  
LEAVE  
THIS AREA  
AS YOU  
FOUND IT



