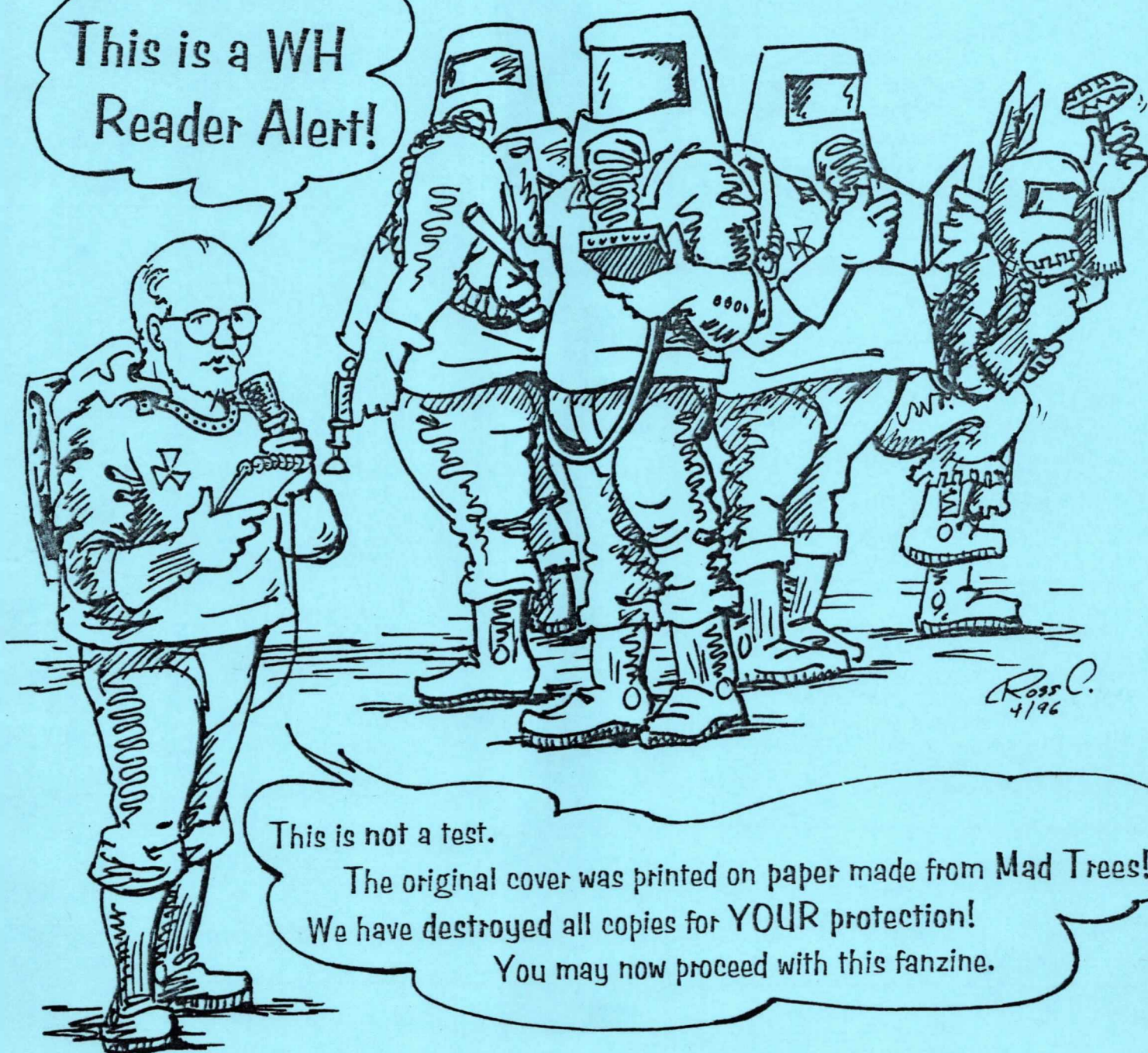


Wild Heirs

#14

This is a WH
Reader Alert!



This is not a test.

The original cover was printed on paper made from Mad Trees!
We have destroyed all copies for YOUR protection!
You may now proceed with this fanzine.

Wild Heirs 14

Vague Rants (Some of Us) 3
The editorial jam returns!

Sercon-Navigation (Tom Springer) 6
"What I'm Not Reading"

Charrisma (Chuch Harris) 10
"In a Mellow Mood"

Dither (Ross Chamberlain) 12
"The Writes of Spring"

Katzenjammer (Arnie Katz) 13
"The Big Fake-Out of 1996"

Straight Up (Marcy Waldie) 6
"What I'm Not Reading"

Unwound (Ken Forman) 17
"Dare Not Speak Its Name"..

Blue Jaunt (Joyce Katz) 18
"Blatant Lies"

Playing God (Aileen Forman) 20
"Riding the Paper Trail"

Memorandum (Tom Springer) 6
Sex and Fanac

Seduction of the Cynical (Joyce Katz) 25
Recruiting for La Vausa

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

Wild Heirs #14, the fanzine that destroys the status of being the editor of a fanzine, is produced around the June 1, 1996 Vegrants meeting at Toner Hall, home of Arnie and Joyce Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). Published: 6/1/96. **Wild Heirs** is available for trade, letter of comment or contribution of art or written material.

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Chuch Harris
Marcy Waldie

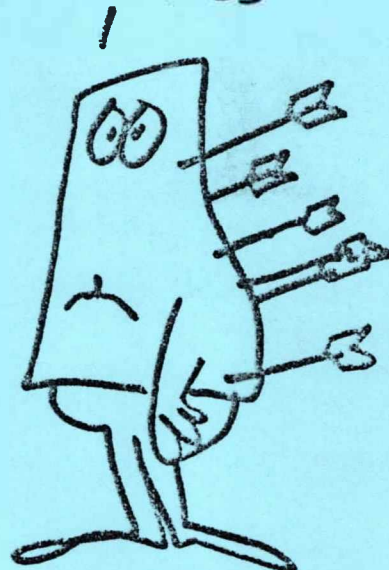
Editors

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

Stormy Petrel

rich brown

AT LEAST
NO SLINGS



ART Ross Chamberlain: Cover,
Bill Kunkel: 7(T), 22, 24(2), 27
Ray Nelson: 6, 18B, 19, 26
Bill Rotsler: 2, 3(2), 5, 7(B) 8, 10, 11, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20(2), 22, 23, 25, 29, 30, 33, 34, 35, Bacover.
Steve Stiles: 4



It's Saturday night with some of the Vegrants. The gathering to meet Ray Nelson is a little smaller than expected, for reasons unconnected with the guest of honor. Las Vegrants have had about a month of frenetic fanac, and the softer ones have temporarily run out of gas. Some are ill, some are tired after a day playing amateur capitalist at Day One of the SNAFFU garage sale and some are out of town. Marcy is home nursing her knee, and who can speak definitively about that elfin will o' the wisp, Don Miller? And where are you, Karl Kreder?

Right now, Ray Nelson is cartooning in the Toner Hall living room, egged on by Joyce, Ben Wilson and Tom Springer. I'm in my office, peering myoptically into the Macintosh and starting this editorial.

Arnie Katz

Ken Forman predicted this. He was right. We've turned the long, rambling "Vague Rants" of yore into separate, discreet (and sometimes indiscreet) columns -- and now we've started another group chat-around!

That Forman guy must be a seer, or at least a psychic psychologist. This accurate prediction will give him a warm glow as we herd him to the keyboard to join this impromptu editorial jam. Of course, if he does possess "powers far beyond those of mortal men," Ken will avoid the chore and go to some mundane retirement party without mentioning that he won't be here.

Our month of crifanac began with the largest fanzine ever produced in Las Vegas, the 100-page **Wild Heirs #13**. I'd only co-edited one other humongous fanzine, but this time there's no Lon Atkins to duplicate, collate and mail, while I played college student at the University of Buffalo.

Except for what Tom Springer informs me is Vegas' signature roller rub, the copier ran with unnatural smoothness through the entire run. Numerous WH co-editors bore the brunt of the collating, addressing,

VAGUE

**The Editoes Jam
-- a Little Bit**

RANTS



stamping and stuffing.

With all 180 copies dumped on the Post Office, Joyce, Tom Springer, Tammy Funk and I went to Corflu Nashville. We'd hoped for a larger Vagrant contingent, but our club's name proved all too prophetic. Those members who had the time didn't have enough money to make the trip. They missed a surprising amount of egoboo and a very enjoyable con. Rather than segue into a Corflu report that would fill the pages allotted for this jam and the editorial columns, my account will appear in the next issue.

A couple of days after we got back, Pam Wells arrived for one of the most enjoyable fan visits I can remember. Pam's timing was impeccable. Most of the Vagrants were bursting with pent up fannish energy, untapped by Corflu Nashville, and the weekend schedule already had the Social on Saturday night and a SNAFFU meeting on Sunday evening.

Tom (on Friday) and Ken (on Sunday) showed Pam various natural sites, including the Dam and the Desert. On Wednesday, Joyce, Tammy and Cathi helped her explore the neon scene. Tammy and Joyce also used Pam as an excuse to thin out the Depression Glass and Jewelry supply at several local merchants.

Pam came, saw and conquered Las Vegas Fandom with impressive ease. By the time she left, most Vagrants were wistfully speculating about her next visit. TAFF has already caused enough trouble between US and UK fandoms this year, so we won't start a bidding war with **Attitude** for her faneditorial services, but the **WH** editorial board would definitely

love to have Pam help us further degrade the status of being a fanzine editor.

Pam flew on to Falls Church for the next leg of her US excursion on Monday -- and Ray Nelson drove up to the door on Wednesday evening. He and his friend Rory came for a business convention, but Ray has had a chance to meet some of his co-editors.

Joyce Katz

The arrival of Ray Nelson at our door was a significant moment in my fan history, since (in a sense) I've been living in his shadow my whole life.

He once arrived on the Fisher doorstep in Poplar Bluff, way back in about 1950-52, where he stayed to visit with Ray Fisher for several weeks. When he packed his kit and kaboodle back into his trailer and drove away, he had left an indelibly bohemian mark on Ray and Poplar Bluff fandom. Although it was still several years before I arrived on that scene, the bohemian influence he had fostered became the dominant influence on my young adulthood.

Isn't life strange?

As Arnie indicated, this has been three weeks of concentrated fan visiting. Nashville seems a long time back, but it was so recent the first Corflu reports are only just appearing.

Tom Springer

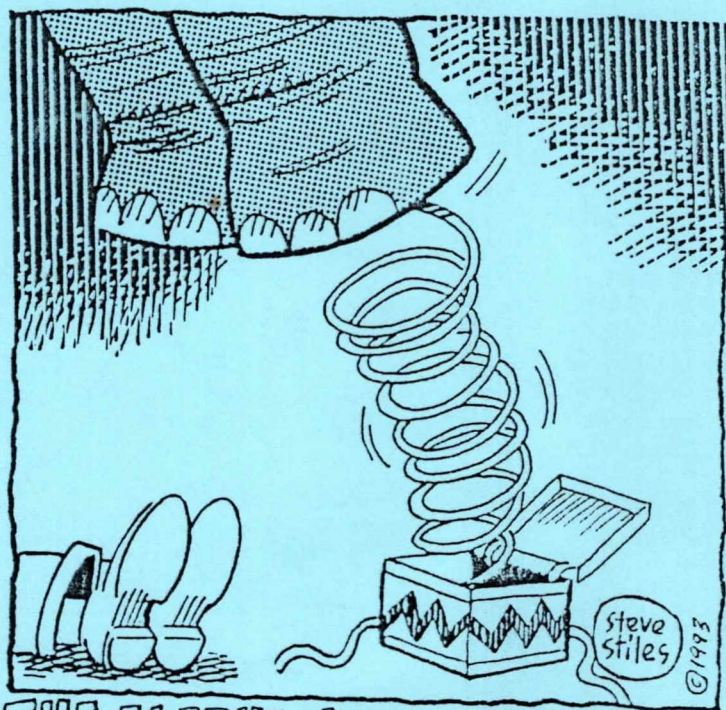
If I was the sort of fan who tended towards exaggeration (and everyone knows I'm not) then I might say that the past two weeks have been so busy I don't know where I've found the time to wipe my ass. But I have, rest assured of that (like that was ever a deep concern of yours), so there's no need to continue that line of thought.

Things have been busy.

Corflu, then Pam Wells, now we have Ray Nelson. March has been a fannish month indeed. And did I mention busy?

Now the well fed fen are sitting about, watching others eat the turkey dinner Joyce prepared while digesting their own, and though we're a small crowd tonight we have a majority of the core group to entertain Ray. Surprisingly, and quite pleasingly, Ray has turned that idea around on us, sketching everyone who walks into the room with a familiarity and style all his own. It's very cool.

I've never been drawn before while participating in a social setting. It made me a little self conscious but Ray's a nice guy and fairly right on with his work. So far he's drawn myself, Arnie, Joyce, Ray Walde, Ben, and Ron Pehr. After every finished piece is placed on the coffee table for display Arnie swoops down on the art



THE ELEPHANT OF SURPRIZE

[illegible]

But the jewel of the evening for me is the cover for Brodie #4 that Ray was so kind to draw for me. I think it's the perfect cover for this issue, too. Not only does Ray's cover mark the first custom cover for my fanzine but he suspects it's the first cover he's done for any fanzine in what may well be decades. So I kinda of got a little scoop in that respect, but despite the time between covers, I still have a fucking great cover, thematically perfect and visually amusing. I could go on but my drool's making the keys stick.

If I close my eyes I can still see the motel where I first met Dugie Fisher and Max Keasler. I'm driving my Studebaker four-door, pulling a teardrop-shaped trailer in which, for several months, I've been living with my first wife Perdita. I was laid off from my job as

If fannish fandom was anything, it was a rebellion against the self-important stance of the generation of fans immediately preceeding us.**

with the editorial columns,
which begin on the next page.

SILVERCON ON NAVIGATION

What I'm Not Reading

Department: Limpdicks

When the fannish Tilt-A-Whirl I was riding threw a screwjammit and spun wildly out of control, slicing through the two-wheeled cotton candy wagon beside it with a white explosion of sugar clouds and coming to rest in the steel rail maze of the loc ride, when that happened I knew it was time to take stock of the situation and find a way to get the fuck off. I've been told if you scream loud enough they'll stop the ride but when the whole kit and kaboodle takes flight from its moorings like a badly thrown frisbee there's little reason to look for a way off cause the ride's just about over.

That's what I figured Saturday night at the party we had for Ray Nelson at Arnle and Joyce's. Saturday marked the third weekend in a three week ride of tumultuous fanac that's brought me to this tired end. I'm not burned out, mind you, just a little worn around the edges. Corflu Nashville, Wonderful Pam Wells, and Ray Nelson, in that order, one right after the other, with about a week for each. As happy as I was when the steel cross-bar lowered across my lap and locked into place before we started our wild ride I was equally happy when it finally ratcheted back up amid the rubble and debris while I sat, stunned, confused, drained, disoriented, and suffering a transitory case of palsy brought on by the

shock of it all.

I've been staggering around ever since.

A week later and I'm still trying to put it all in perspective while sorting through addresses and names scribbled down on the odd bit of paper to be added to Brodie's mailing list. It came out to twenty-three more fans, and while my conscious says I should add the entire Wild Heirs mailing list I'd still like to try to keep the relative "small feeling" my fanzine has while maintaining a certain sense of economic stability. After caging the perfect cover for Brodie #4 from Ray Nelson I've finally pubbed my ish, only to find myself writing another editorial, this time for Wild Heirs.

And I find myself unconscionably hedging around the question that's been slapping my frontal lobe most recently. "Why am I not reading more fanzine reviews?" Believe me, I haven't discarded the idea that this is just another manifestation of my own pathetic need for egoboo, oh no, not yet, but just think about it for a minute. Who is reviewing fanzines these days?

I plopped into fanzine fandom after Silvercon 3 with my first issue of Brodie, which I pubbed in May of 1994, effectively marking the beginning of my participation in fanzine fandom. This means that come May of this year I'll only have to stomp the ground twice when someone asks me how long I've been a fanzine fan. In that time (let's face it, Art Widner has toe jam that's been in fandom longer than me) I've only read one fanzine review column, "The Trenchant Bludgeon" by Ted White in Bill

Donaho's Habbakuk. I'm talking about a fairly current, consistent review column, and it's been two years since I read Ted's last fanzine review. I believe it was "Thingummybob #10".

After scanning through several issues of Apparatchik's "Fanzine Countdown" I realize that I'm not even getting a third of the fanzines that are being published today, so it's more than likely I'm missing a couple review columns. Right? So, who is reviewing fanzines today?

I know the Shrimp Boy had Mark Manning doing fanzine reviews for him in Spent Brass #29, but he isn't in Andy's latest offering of issue #30. Tom Sadler,

Andy Hooper, and (I think) Dale Speirs do capsule reviews in each of their zines,

Andy's "Fanzine Countdown" the most notable of all. It's the most consistant, coming out every two weeks, but it's still not a review column.





I don't know. A year ago I would have said Ted White. Ironically enough, asked the same question today I can only respond, "Victor Gonzalez." That's right, Victor Gonzalez. He's the only fan of late I can find who's doing fanzine reviews. Granted, it's not a regular column but the damn fanzine comes out twice a month and we don't want to overwork the poor fellow. This is one of the few fans out there who's supplying what I consider to be one of the purer and more potent forms of egoboo. By reviewing fanzines he's taking the time to consider and analyze the very cornerstones of our hobby. (Pretty dramatic sounding, isn't it?)

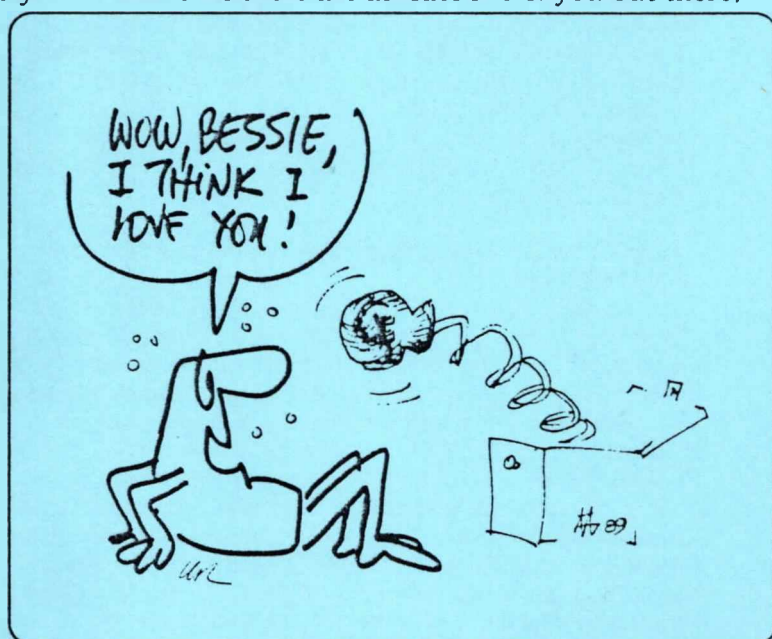
Of course, that raises the question of whether or not fanzines are the cornerstones of fanzine fandom, but it seems to me that without fanzines we'd have a hard time calling ourselves fanzine fandom. Back to the issue of fanzine reviews. It's wonderful getting a letter from one of your readers, even better when they send contributing art or an article. To me, though, there's nothing like thumbing through a fanzine when your eye catches the name of your fanzine (guilty of ego scanning, that's me!) and you read enough to find out in what context your fanzine is being referred to, and then you realize that it's being reviewed. For me that's the highest form of egoboo I could ever get concerning one of my fanzines.

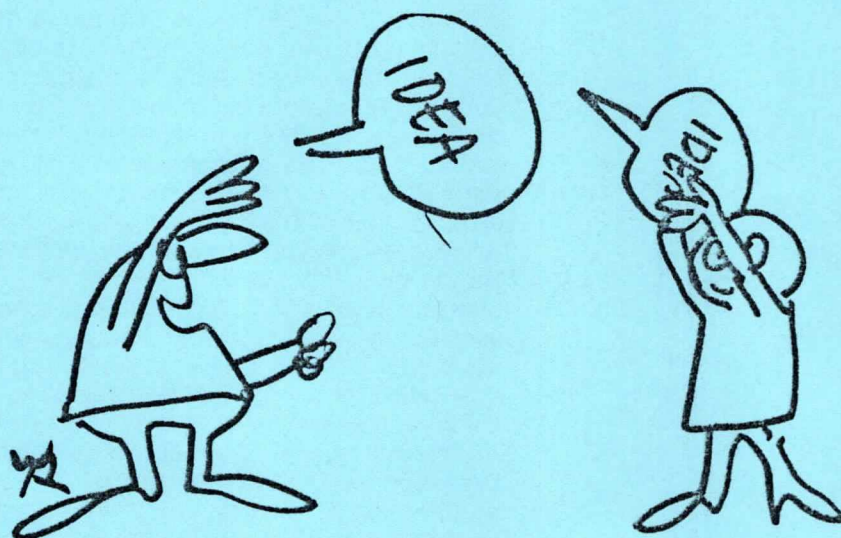
You work so hard. You write the editorial, maybe an article or two, then you pester your friends for articles and get everything you have for your zine together. You type in all the great letters you pulled out of your mailbox, beg Rotsler

for more art, and in the midst of all this you think to yourself, "Wow, I'm gonna pub my ish!" Sadly, we know it's not that easy. If it was everyone would. No, there's still plenty ahead. After typing in the letters you must comment on them, if you feel you must (I always do), put them in what you feel is the proper order. While you've been accumulating fanac to pub your ish you only have a vague idea how you want it all to go together. First it must be proof read, edited, proofed again, and then comes the layout. For me, that takes a lot of time. For me, everything must fit, one way or another. Then the printing, collating, stapling, envelope stuffing, licking, sealing, money-sucking stamping, and eventually you get to go to the post office for the final action of a long, laborious (but satisfying) project. Once they're mailed off you're pretty much done. Then comes the wait for letters, for the response. I didn't go through all the pains of pubbing my ish just to mail it out and never hear from anyone again. Hell no, I want some feedback!

I would think that all faneds want feedback. As far as I'm concerned, egoboo is egoboo, and it's always a very satisfactory feeling that descends upon me when I receive a letter or contribution. Even a postcard is enough, as long as someone's taken the time. When I see my fanzine being reviewed though, whoa, now that's egoboo! It's the best. Even if it's a heartcrusher, the reviewer still took the time to review the fanzine, to analyze it however they may go about doing that, and formed a distinct and impressionable opinion they're not afraid to share with the rest of ego-tender fandom. I think the review is the best and most rewarding form of egoboo any fanzine editor could receive, and while I'm estatic that Victor's taken it upon himself to carry the heavy burden of fanzine reviewer, I'm also a little disappointed there aren't more brave fans like him in fanzine fandom writing reviews.

I'm sure there are at least two of you out there.





TOSSING AROUND IDEAS

As I sit scribbling notes Arnie enters into a conversation with a fan I've yet to make acquaintance with, but fortunately he's fairly informed and they wander off into a discussion about *Weird Tales*, so I can continue scribbling. It makes for good background noise, drowning out the fractious clubbers, until they distastefully follow their original conversation with a few words about Daryll Schweitzer. This sets me to writing again, and as I scribble I wonder at how this fan (I now know his name was Tom) so respects Daryll and his fanac. This is how I know this still unmet fan is not my kind of fan, you'll have to forgive me if my qualifiers are so ambiguous as to include Schweitzer references, but they also include interests in Fosfax and Lan's Lantern.

right now, saying, "Why don't you write reviews, Tom?" into the pages of this fanzine, and to these people I must say, "Are you kidding?" And while they check their readouts to make sure they're not I'll duck out of the room because I don't feel I can do a fanzine justice in any review I might write, not yet.

A large majority of the **Wild Heirs** editorship feel that's the only thing missing from our zine, and I believe it's a contributing factor that's keeping us from taking it to the next level. WH would be a better fanzine, and for many probably more interesting, if we had a fanzine review column. We're coming out almost monthly, we're getting lots of zines in trade, we have the core of fanzine fandom as our readership, all of these things are true (in my mind), yet we don't have a fanzine review column. Not even one review. 23 editors and not one Victor Gonzalez among us. I jokingly call Victor Andy's lackey, so what does that make the 23 of us?

DEPARTMENT: Notes in the first from "an old SNAFFU function."

So they brought in another table, adding it to the long line of collected tables forming a giant "T", this last one inserted somewhere near the middle which I believed they designated as the demarcation point, or "no fan's land." Snaffu officers seemed intent on separating us fanzine rowdies from the rest of the Lovecraftian sect that had gathered at Godfather's Pizza to air their Cuthulian doctrine. Actually, it was just another book reading and pizza feast held under the questionable auspices of Snaffu. All the fanzine fans had gathered down on one end of the "T" while the mentally challenged held down the other end.

And people call me a nice guy.

I peacefully munch my pizza with Tammy, minding my own business when club politics reach out and smack me into confusion as Ken, who previously published his plans to run for President of Snaffu in **Situation Normal** says he's, "looking for some competition." It was a shock to realize he's already searching for a way out of the doomed post he's destined to assume. Destined because there are more fanzine fans in Snaffu than all the rest put together. You could say we have 'the vote'.

(It is at this unremembered time during the 'outing' that my notes display an interesting series of squiggles that make me wonder what I'm forgetting. "Quite possibly I could die if I go to the dentist." That's what my squiggles say. I don't know why they say that, even if my suspicions are true I can't imagine to what degree of importance I thought those words might hold, but there they are, revealing intimacies about dental hygiene and my fear of dentists for all to see.)

--Many a fanzine fan here in Las Vegas believes it should be, "love, honor, and collate."--

Finishing up our meal I turned to Arnie and told him how I think it would be a great idea if Tammy wrote up the nitrous search with Nevenah Smith, Victor Gonzalez, Tammy, and myself through some of Vegas' more tawdry industrial porn shops. She turned to me after this proclamation and agreed to do the article without any more head bashing hints. She then ripped a page out of my notebook and starts scribbling.

Oooh, notes, she means it.

Shortly after this exchange it's time to say our

goodbyes for we finished our pizza and with the readings about to begin, not to mention club business, we prepared to make our farewells. Goodbyes were considerably shortened when Tom Kurrila pulled out his gavel and started showing it around. Now, unless I'm hanging out with a bunch of federal court judges who suffer the consequences of their occupation I'm not going to really be very prepared when someone opens a box and says, "Check out my gavel!"

This sort of behavior is inevitably followed by hitting things with the gavel, because that's what it's for and most infidels aren't happy with keeping it in the box. Where it belongs. Tom pulls out his gavel, Peggy's eyes light up with this icon of bureaucracy, and we escape through the door.

Department: Cats and Dogs

The same night as Ray Nelson's party at the Katz's we somehow got to talking about SNAFFU and it's penchant for picking too-general topics for the club meeting discussion. I think we need to be a little more specific than "Politics in SF". While we talked about the quality of past subjects and what we thought of each Ray took it upon himself to write down topic ideas for our club meetings. He came up with four pages worth.

About half of the topics were more suited to fanzine fan discussion than sf club discussion. I didn't think this was a bad thing (which is why I snagged his four pages of suggested topics). While I can't list examples of his topics (because I can't find the four pages right now) I can remember one distinct question he had written, "Which is the more fannish animal, the dog or the cat."

After each page was filled with suggestions he'd slide it onto the coffee table before us, giving me the distinct impression he want it read. I happily obliged. I read them aloud for everyone to hear, critiquing each for possible inclusion at the club meetings. When I got to that question and looked around at the small group of Vegrants who were listening in I could tell everyone had an opinion.

I was right. A poll was taken and everyone thought the cat was more fannish than the dog. Mostly because they could remember more fannish cat stories than dog stories, even when I supplied them with Geri's recent editorial in **IDEA** they stuck to their guns and replied, "Cats are more fannish, you fool!"

They called me the fool because I deemed it necessary to raise the fannish flag for dogs everywhere and defend them as the most fannish creature of all, for that's what they are, undoubtably. The only reason there are so many cat stories in fandom is because fans are fat, lazy, and slothful (when they're not pubbing their ish) and a cat is a pretty self-sufficient pet, an attractive graceful animal that knows where to shit. Which is why fans love cats. They're less work than just about any other pet, they're not very bothersome, and you can keep them

locked up indoors everyday of their lives without feeling guilty about it because your cat's a 'housecat'.

Some people will argue that cats are more fannish because they're a smarter animal but I don't know of very many dogs that've fallen into toilets. Sure, they drink out of them all the time, but how many dogs do you know who've fallen in? Tammy argues that cats are just as affectionate and communicative as dogs, and after watching her with Bullseye, our cat, I have to concede there's a definite display of affection and communication going on, but it's not close to the level of a dog and its master.

And there's the difference. People who own cats readily agree that it's really the other way around, it's the cat who wears the pants in the family. Not so with a dog owner. People who own dogs are masters to their canine companion. There's no doubt about it and the fact that the dog makes that abundantly clear by relying on you for everything and doing whatever you say only supports my case. We all know cats aren't like that, and there's the rub. Fans say cats are more fannish only because the cat's making them say it. Let's face it folks, cat owners are closet passive/submissives, that's the only explanation. Why else let a feline rule your life? By owning a cat your admitting to all and sundry you're pussy-whipped and live a life of obedience and servitude. While dog owners who suffer constant invasion of their personal space still control and order their animal as they see fit.

Dogs are perfect for fans, who all want to be loved, because that's what dogs do so well. They love you until the day they die. Cats, seemingly, can take you or leave you. When a dog barfs on the carpet they know they've fucked up. Their tail curls under between their legs, theirs eyes get even more brown and sorrowful, they even give you a nervous grin as they lick their lips in anticipation of your reaction. The animal is doing all this because he cares what you think about him. He cares.

Not so with a cat. A cat will yack on your carpet, lick it's paws a couple times then scamper off to go stare out the window or sleep on your just folded sweaters. Cats don't give a shit. They don't care if it's your carpet, clothing, or grandma's hundred year old serving platter. Cat's don't care.

Because fans are so needy, always looking for reassurance and ego boasting, you'd think a dog would be the perfect animal for them. A pet that is empathetic to your moods, who cares about how you feel, and won't sit on your head. Why would a fan want a cat when he/she could have all this, and more! Not only will a dog love you, it'll do what you say, come when called, give you some feeling of security, and it'll play frisbee with you. How many cats can do that?

For now I enjoy Bullseye, but know him for what he is, a cat. I love him as much as I can love a cat. Tammy adores him and would give up anything for him, and I suffer this relationship with good graces because I live with them. But I'm waiting. I'm waiting

for the day we move out of our apartment into a real house. A house with a backyard. A backyard I can put my dog, with whom I will forge an unbreakable friendship, and during that entire time I doubt he'll

ever tire of picking on the cat. I look forward to this. The cat has power over its owner, the dog has power of the cat, and the dog's owner has power over the dog. Canine karma, you gotta love it. ...

THE CHARRISMA

AN OCCASIONAL COLUMN

In a Mellow Mood

This, believe me, is the special Froth and Moonshine installment of this occasional column. I don't really have anything stefnical to write about. I could, I guess, write a solemn refutation of the Willis thesis on van Vogt as a Kafka manqué, or dust off my ever-so-learned bit about Heinlein as a frustrated poet with special reference to "Jet Song" (which was, actually, pretty good poetry) and maybe bits of "The Green Hills of Earth" (which certainly wasn't).

But well... maybe in the next **Wild Heirs**. Maybe.

A long time ago, Himself said there were only two real incentives in fandom -- ambition and pleasure. Ambition is no longer a problem. I accept that I've probably left it a little too late to hope for the starring role opposite Naomi Campbell in a Haagen Dazs advert. ("Dream on, little dreamer," Geri F. Sullivan) -- but I still get a lot of pleasure from fandom. Nowadays, I'm just a happy old hedonist. Someone else can march out front with the banner. I am snug in the bar and may (or may not) show my support by a quick wave from the window as the fannish horde marches by, onward to their glorious destiny. I'm really a nice guy now since the lobotomy. Let's say it out loud in print for the first time in 40 years: **Disagree with me and you may well be right.**

I'll concede that your viewpoint may differ from mine, and I'll give you the opportunity to say so. (With the only proviso that this is a Special Goodwill-to-All-Fen Christmas concession and may well be null and void by Rosh Hashana or the next issue, whichever comes first.)

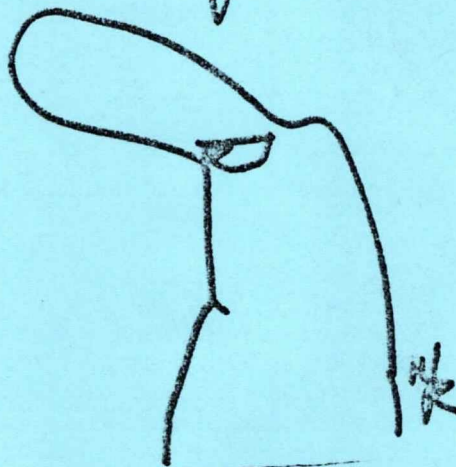
This morning, I got the first letters on the last "Charrisma," from Ted White and Harry Warner, Jr.

Ted doesn't accept my version of the birth of TAFF. He believes Rob Hansen's version, even though I was there and Rob hadn't even been born, let alone pubbed his ish at the time. He offers Rob's **Then Vol. 2**, page 64 as back up. Further, he does not accept Don Ford as the "prime mover in the 'WAW with the Crew Fund'."

I hate these fucking nit-picking fan historians -- no, not you, Harry. You're lovely, and we've put you on the permanent list for **Wild Heirs**.

No, Pause, hang on.... Read the statement of principles and the goodwill bit again and don't even think about digging through the "Must Keep" carton to find out exactly what vile canard Judas Rob slipped past me... We will concede this viewpoint, because we are still mellow Mr. Niceguy, like what it says up there though it gets

DIDN'T I RUN
INTO YOU IN A
7TH FANDOM
MIMED HOUSE?



harder and harder with every paragraph, and **unreservedly** accept that the Don Ford bit was sloppy writing.

Yes, verily, we *apologise*, we abase ourselves all over the carpet and down the stairs. And we make no mention of how, some years ago, we made the supreme sacrifice and vandalised our magic *Monopoly* set by sending Ted the miraculous "Get Out of Jail Free" card when he really needed it. And it worked, too.

But yes, all right, sez sweet rational Chuchy... It was, of course, ShelBy with **Confusion**, supported by LeeH's **Quandry**, who were the prime movers in the "WAW with the Crew" project.

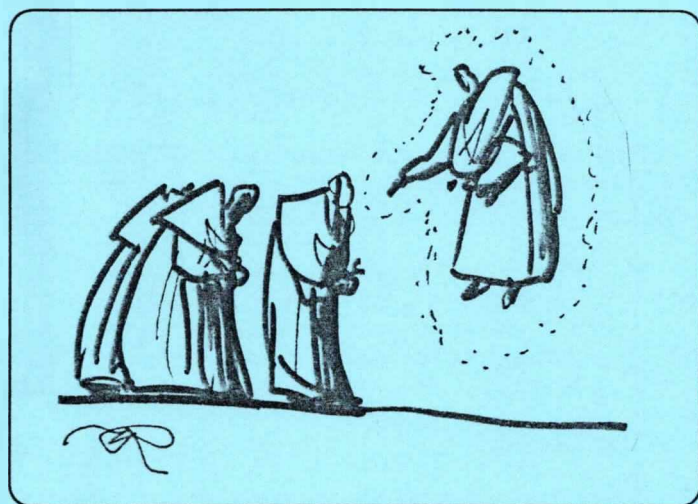
And the letter from Harry Warner, Jr., fandom's finest historian? Well, basically, in "Wealth of Fable," Harry -- such painstaking research, such honesty, such erudition, such integrity, such deathless *truthful* prose -- agrees with me about TAFF.

So there. I'm relieved that Ted was in his rare, gentle ironic mood and sorry that in a fit of temper I cancelled the freezer order for the snails in garlic that I was hoping to give him in Glasgow, but I'm still annoyed that I ever cited Don Ford as prime mover in the "WAW with the Crew" Fund, though. That was *really* sloppy. If it goes on like this, I shall have to proofread this thing before I ship it to Las Vegas.

To the Golf club for the Annual Dinner, Presentation of Prizes, and Piss Up. This conflicted with the first draw for the National Lottery, and so between the soup and le bouef roti avec sauce Bordelaise (just the usual Bisto gravy masquerading as a sauce francaise), they wheeled in the TV so we could watch the numbered ping pong balls spin round, fall out into the slot and make us all millionaires. The presenter, Noel Edmonds, who is such a berk he ought to be called Sandra, ad libbing like crazy just as the numbers went into the lottery machine, came up with the finest line of his career. "Now," he said, "we will have a countdown to the activation of the balls." -- and the Staverton Park Ladies Section (led, I am sad to say, by a Past Lady Captain who does not wish to be named) whooped and hollered and gave three cheers for the activation.

And as far as I know, out of the 200-strong congregation with a 54-1 chance of winning some sort of prize, nobody won a red cent... Or if they did, they had enough sense to keep quiet about it instead of buying champagne cocktails all around. (HM the Q was a little luckier. She was in a syndicate with P Phil, the Queen Mum and 17 lackeys. They won £10 between them.)

About lotteries, though... I wonder if Grennell, who used to live in Fond du Lac, WI, ever momentarily regrets moving to California all those years ago. Fond du Lac is only a small Wisconsin town about the size of Daventry, and famous only for its cheese, but it now has another claim to fame. There are only four stores on Main Street that sell lottery tickets, and three of them have had multi-million dollar winners,



including one for \$74 million. The fourth store, the Kwik Trip grocery, is still lagging behind and has only managed a \$100,000. The customers are starting to complain and taking their custom elsewhere.

I took the morning off to drive over to Coventry to the golf superstore. The grips on Sue's clubs have worn pretty smooth, and this is by far the cheapest place to have them renewed -- less than half the price that the Staverton professional will charge.

On the way home we stopped at the remainder book store. I never seem to find much that I want. It's a lot easier to steal from Vincent, who has a much better selection anyway, but I did find -- and nearly bought, too, even though I never read detective stories nowadays -- a double-decker by Evelyn E. Smith.

I wondered if this was "our" Ermengarde Fiske who, all those years ago, wrote wrote the best and wittiest column that **Slant** ever published. She was brilliant and brittle and marvellous. She was real class, an archtypical New Yorker with the same sharp cutting humour as my idol, Dorothy Parker. She turned me on to the joys of the limerick. She could have doubled for Miss Jean Brodie, although I'm sure she wouldn't thank you for the idea. She stayed once with Walter and Madeleine -- and wore three-inch heels and a designer jacket to explore the Mourne Mountains before flying home to compile her regular crossword for *The New York Times*.

She was a legend. I worshipped from afar, but I never met her. I was hoping that she would switch to "-" but we weren't that lucky. She knew more limericks than Isaac Asimov and was probably a bigger loss to my sort of fandom than Towner ever was.

Limericks were sort of fashionable then, and it was my ambition to create a really memorable one myself to achieve a sort of immortality like the plumber of Lee and the Old Man of Calcutta. Grennell, who was (and is) well up into Vincent's class with a rhyme, presented me with:

"There was a young fellow named Harris,

Whom nothing could ever embarrass,
Till the bath salts one day,
In the bath as he lay,
Turned out to be plaster of paris."

I was talking to Sue about this as we drove back to Daventry. The problem is that -- and this is fact -- there are no memorable clean limericks.

"The limerick packs laughs anatomical,
Into space that is quite economical,
But the good ones I've seen,
So seldom are clean,
And the clean ones so seldom are comical."

Furthermore, there just aren't many rhymes for

Harris -- and I'll be damned if I want to waste time immortalising anyone else around here. I offered...

"Said a rude and lewd lady named Clarice,
Whom nothing would ever embarrass,
I know of none finer,
To fill a vagina,
Than the prehensile tool of Chuch Harris."

Sue was unimpressed. "To quote your Mom again, 'Dream on Little Dreamer.' Fantasy was always your forte, but you must try harder. You stole DAG's second line, and he was much much better anyway.

"And all of it, but especially 'prehensile,' is a downright lie. You'd need a resurrection -- or at the very least a transplant -- dearest."

ROD DITHER

The Writes of Spring

The Writes of Spring? This predetermined topic does seem as though it should spark something in my creative soul, but even though I've tossed it this way and tossed it that, it just kinda flops there with hardly a splat; it doesn't wriggle, it lies there flat, and what can you do with a topic like that? Go "Drat"?

Now, *Rite of Spring*, as in Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*—I could scratch out a paragraph or six on that, I think. We had an album of it when I was a kid, in the '40s, and I have no idea who the orchestra and conductor were. Those were the days when an album meant an *album*, by cracky—a collection of several 12-inch 78 RPM disks in sleeves bound inside hard covers. Somebody correct me if I'm wrong, but as I recall each side would last only maybe 8 or 10 minutes. The 10-inch disks only ran two or three minutes (it was specific—something like 2 minutes 40 seconds); in those days all the popular songs were limited in length by that restriction.

Albums also differed in play sequence—some, like

our version of *Rites of Spring*, were set up with sides 1 and 2 on the first record; sides 3 and 4 on the next, and so on. Others were set up for changers, and so sides 1 through, say, 4 would be on the top sides of the four separate disks in the initial stack (1 and 8 would be on the first disk, 2 and 7 on the next, etc.), then the whole set would have to be turned over on the changer and sides 5 through 8 would be played. I can hear that changer sequence now [pause, click, click, slide, *chunk*, click, hiss, resume], on our console player, with its big flat metal leaves that turned and twisted their magical dance to select and drop the next record. There was a kind of suspension of experience that we learned to live with, then, that we happily gave up save for rare occasions with the coming of the LP. Yes, we still had to deal with it if we wanted to listen to an

opera, say, or one of the longer Mahler symphonies. But at least, as a rule, these broke sequence at the ends of arias or movements... CDs have further spoiled us—or rescued us—from the pause that irritates.

I was only beginning to learn to appreciate "serious" music in the '40s, and was easily bored by Beethoven and Mozart, but dug things like Grieg's *In The Hall of the Mountain King*. We didn't play *Le Sacre* that often—my grandfather, who lived with us, and who did appreciate Mozart and Liszt but whose music (which he played and recorded on Victrola) was traditional fiddler's tunes, thought Stravinsky should be taken out and shot. [I heard him specifically state that one day when I was playing the record and he unexpectedly came in from somewhere.] But I delighted in the *Rite of Spring*'s savage, arrhythmic yet driving patterns and unexpected turns of phrase, the horn blasts and flute flights.

Many years later, when I began to acquire a record collection, this was not the first LP I bought, but it was among the first. Again I don't remember whose version it was, and for that matter time has even wiped details of whose version I actively sought over the years and

whether I actually finally acquired it on LP or reel-to-reel tape. This I hope comes back to me, because at the time I considered it definitive. [Okay, partial recall: Pierre Monteux (sp?)... and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra? Hmm. No, it was on Columbia...]

In the early '60s my brother Hale and I shared an apartment on Staten Island for a while. This was the time I began to put together a stereo system. I had two little eight-inch speakers in wall-mounts (not even enclosed), a fairly decent component-type LP deck and my first reel-to-reel deck which I believe may have been a Lafayette product. The amp/preamp was, I think, a Scott. Whatever. It worked for a while. Hale and I had a lot of fun playing with taping stuff, though I don't believe I kept much of that. It's possible some of it's in my stuff in storage.

I never achieved real stereophile quality in any system I ever put together, relying on Lafayette and Radio Shack far more than I ever did any of the high end products. With one exception: I got a Tandberg tape deck (reel-to-reel) with the advance money the

NyCon 3 committee paid me to transcribe the tapes from the con—a commitment that, I'm sorry to say, I procrastinated on so long that the tapes themselves went bad. But that's another story for another time.

Hale, too, had liked the old, multi-disk version of the *Rites of Spring*. When we'd moved from Texas and he to North Carolina, he had acquired most of our record collection, including that one, of course. A lot of that collection got burned in a fire later; I don't know if it was among them. In any case, it was the version with which he was familiar.

I only brought all this up to lead to one little moment.

One day in our Staten Island apartment I put on either an LP or tape of *Le Sacre du Printemps* for him to enjoy with me, and he did. But he told me that throughout the work, as it reached certain points, he kept having this impulse to get up to flip the record...

And that's the sensation I seem to have right at this moment...

Bye for now.

ARNIE KATZEN JAMMER

Kids call it a fake-out. It's a venerable part of the playground roughhousing tradition.

The mechanics of this rudimentary form of physical comedy are few and easily understood. The perpetrator saunters up to the victim and threatens to punch out his lights. (Not a promising start for humor, but we work with what we are given...)

As the alarmed victim stares at the potential assailant. The challenger pulls back his right hand, cocks it behind his ear and keeps saying, "I'm really gonna punch ya!"

The pair stand frozen in this tableau of incipient pugilism. When the tension reaches its peak, the would-be comedian feints with his right a couple of times. Then, he flips up his open left hand and smacks the unwary victim in the face as he shouts "fake out!"

This is exactly what we Vegrants have done to that unsuspecting innocent, Victor Gonzalez. It was inadvertent, but that was the net effect. Perhaps blinded by his fantasy about becoming a *Wild Heirs* co-editor, the Tacoma Flash fell for the feint and missed the real danger.

I refer to Victor's remarks, several APAKs ago, about problems which might arise if Vegas' fanzine fans get too immersed in the local science fiction club. While he fixed his eye firmly on the admittedly frightening spectre of

LIFE IS LIKE THAT-
FULL OF
DUMB
SURPRISES



SNAFFU, a bunch of us found an entirely different time-waster to soak up hours that might otherwise generate fanzines.

Victor should have used the energy he spent railing against the pernicious influence of science fiction clubs on fortifying the Vegants' trufannish sensibilities against the encroachment of baseball. Perhaps Victor, a close associate of known baseball fan Andy Hooper, simply underestimated the potential.

Now it's too late. The Spawn of Alexander Cartwright have seized a segment of Vegas' fan population. Bending SNAFFU to our nefarious will stole only a few precious minutes from **Wild Heirs**. None of us loves formal sf clubs so much that they imperil fanzine fanac, though we watch Ken's unbridled helpfulness, lest it lead him to the N3F.

The Las Virtual Baseball Association (LVBA) is another matter. Roping in eight managers, drafting the teams and teaching everyone the game (APBA Baseball, a tabletop simulation) has soaked up a lot of time that Tom Springer, Ben Wilson, John Hardin and I might have channeled into innumerable self-referential articles. (Bill Kunkel might have re-directed some of *his* energy into additional attacks on our alleged self-referentialism, but it's hard to say if fandom would gain or lose by this.)

Bill and I formed a similar league that lasted five seasons, back when we lived in New York. We called it the Royal Amateur Micro Baseball Organization. "RAMBO." Non-combatant Ross Chamberlain drew our symbol, Sylvester Stallone as Rambo, in a baseball uniform with a bat as his weapon. Managers claimed that Sly Himself sings the National Anthem on Opening Day.

Bill and I put our teams in the same division, a mistake. His New Orleans Cruisers and my St. Louis Aliens took turns winning the pennant. (I won three; he captured two.)

Vince Lombardi to the contrary, winning was *not* the only thing. The experience itself justified my participation. It was sports roleplaying. Instead of an adventure party of elves and gnomes, I had mathematically computed replicas of real-life major league ball players.

The nature of the experience promotes a high level of manager involvement. Like many leagues, RAMBO (and LVBA) started with a talent pool instead of assigning real-life major league teams to each participant. RAMBO Managers drafted the 25-man roster, and a 10-man Reserve List, to create entirely new franchises. The teams had names, home cities and in some cases, minutely described home stadiums.

Like their major league counterparts, RAMBO (and LVBA) teams retain the rights to their players from season to season. The game's publishers update the mathematical model to reflect the most recent major league season, but the player stays with his stat league team until traded or released.

Nothing buries allegiance to an actual major league team like running a stat team. Even the most loyal Mets rooter ends up hoping that the players on his stat league team overrun the Mets -- and every other club they face.

After a few seasons, managers come to identify with their team's stars. Both RAMBO and LVBA heighten this effect by allowing teams several all-time greats. Since these immortals stay unchanged season after season, they are cornerstones of any simulation team's long-range plans. They are the constant on rosters that fluctuate in response to real baseball's highs and lows.

This intense personal connection with one's team sometimes leads managers to eccentric behavior. I've never seen actual bloodshed, but less dangerous, if no less weird, behavior is common.

One manager, a former minor ball player on injury rehab year, sublimated his career frustrations by throwing heart and soul into his RAMBO franchise. Earl developed a poem, practically a mantra, he intoned before his men marched to the plate. For instance, he always accompanied the arrival of slugging third baseman Mike Schmidt with "Chunk King, King of Swing. Chinese Egg Roll. Who loves ya, baby?" For Lance Parrish, a burly catcher with a powerful bat, it was: "Lancelet Link, Secret Chimp. Who loves ya, baby? Who loves you like I do?"

Scott Morgan occasionally pretended diffidence about his Toronto Saboteurs, but he still earned the nickname "Mad Dog" for his demeanor at league meetings. When not searching for the world's largest can of beer, Scott often regaled his opponents with his latest discoveries about the worldwide socio-political conspiracy, of which poor major league umpiring was a key part.

Jeff Schwartz become "the Scrapper" for his never-say-die attitude. A normal person, down seven or eight runs in the sixth inning, goes on automatic. They accept defeat and play to finish the game as expeditiously as possible. Not Jeff. He could be losing by 20 runs in the ninth, and it wouldn't keep him from bearing down maniacally on every pitch.

The worst thing about Jeff's approach was that it occasionally worked. He'd whip his team forward even when hope was lost, and once in a while, they'd catch fire and pull out an impossible victory.

At first, I stayed aloof from all the hijinks. "Stats Katz" they called me, because of my insistence that nothing stopped the pure mathematics of the simulation's formulas. Eventually, though, I introduced a little wind-up toy called Mr. Baseball. He looked just like a baseball, except for the Gene Simmons tongue flopping out of his mouth. After a clutch win, I'd wind up Mr. Baseball, and he would skitter across the computer station to my unfailing amusement.

Las Virtual Baseball Association is too new to have manifested comparable weirdness, but it will. I have faith.

Already, the personalities of several LV fans are

unmistakably reflected in the way they handle their franchise. Perhaps this is the sports equivalent of psychological litmus tests like "Your favorite Stooge tells your Personality."

Tom Springer laughs a lot and picks up things easily. But every loss provokes inner agony. As with fandom, Tom is rapidly erasing the knowledge gap.

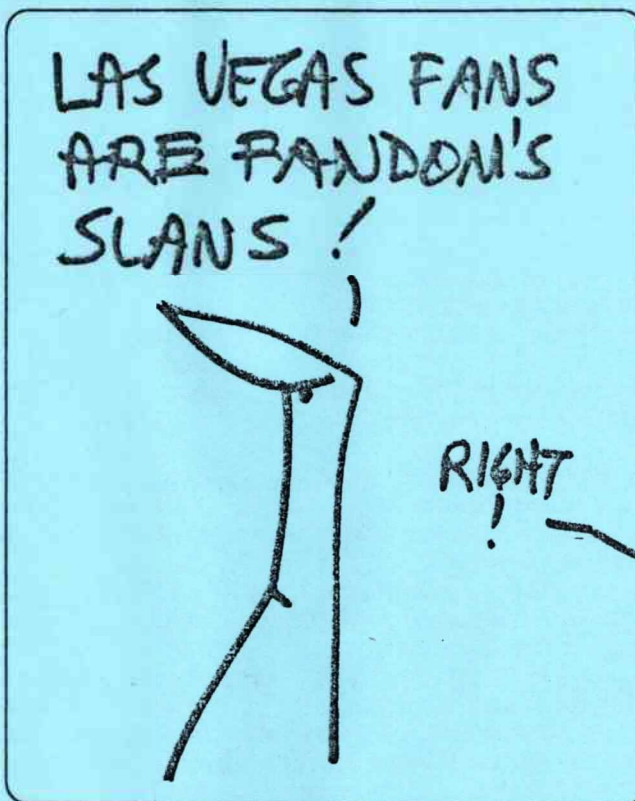
Ben Wilson started with less baseball knowledge than many of his rivals, but no one can match his dedication. He asks questions, digests the answers and constantly improves his ability to judge player talent and manage the team in the field.

John Hardin is, of course, a dilettante. He doesn't know much about baseball, and he doesn't have any special insight into the simulation. But he is charming, affable and shows

some talent for rolling favorable random numbers at the right time.

I've done quite a bit of publishing for the league, averaging almost a fanzine a week with hints, rules, statistics and player aids. I've been livening up the pages of **Umpyre** with gif files of amateur nude models acquired over the Internet. It's not politically correct, but I notice that the other seven managers always start reading **Umpyre** from the back cover, where the "Ball Girl of the Month" struts her stuff.

Attempts to scare Victor Gonzalez notwithstanding, I don't think the baseball simulation league will really do much to divert Las Vegrants' zeal for fanpublishing. After all, as much as I like the players on my team, none of them has yet seen fit to send me so much as a single loc.



MARC STRAIGHT UP

The Grass Is Greener

"Wow! There's the courtyard. I love courtyards - and gazebos, too."

I could not contain myself as hubby Ray and I made our way to the con suite at Silver Con IV. Few things are as enjoyable to me as being in nature's surroundings, however limited they may be or assisted by professional landscapers. I envisioned

every outdoor chair occupied by fen, morning 'til night, discussing matters of the universe under the heavens.

"Hey, where's the grass?" I stopped abruptly and gazed at the dark stuff where the lawn should have been. "This reminds me of Black Earth, Wisconsin."

"I don't think that the grass has grown yet," Ray replied. "It's called overseeding. Our next tip-off is the smell. It's pretty ripe. Steer manure, you know."

"What smell?" I asked.

It was true that my olfactory sense was not as it was before my years as a professional painter when I had my nose oh-so-close to paint thinner, patching plaster, kerosene and other chemicals. But I had trouble realizing that Mr. Ignore-It-And-It-Will-Go-Away commented on a sense that I didn't notice. I figured that everyone else would notice it, too. Maybe they'll get used to it.

We grabbed some M&M's and sodas from the con suite and settled into chairs in the courtyard. No one else cared to join us. Our thought processes were in neutral as we munched, watched fen arrive and just plain relaxed. I imagined what the courtyard would look like in several weeks - rich green color, lush, fresh. That's when inspiration hit.

I could do this - this overseeding thing. Nature and I get along. When we lived in Wisconsin, didn't my neighbors tell me that I had the best lawn on the

block? Even better than Mrs. Demus next door. And she had a professional gardener. Of course, here in the desert grass growing was more involved than throwing down Scott's Turf Builder prior to a rainstorm. But I was convinced that I could do it.

"You could do this, you know," Ray offered as though I were a mind reader.

Surprisingly, at that moment I was. "I know. Our lawn has problems. Those bare spots beckon to dogs and cats to come and mark their territory. That compounds the problem. Hey, why don't you go out some night and mark the territory as yours?"

"Because I'm the thinker and you're the doer. Besides, it's illegal."

From then on, I got caught up in the con itself, then work, then... Thoughts of overseeding drifted away.

One morning at Katz & Worley, where I work, I noticed something pass my office window repeatedly for several minutes. I took a time-out to watch the gardening crew put down grass seed and spread manure. The inspiration returned; I could do that. My yard is so small that I wouldn't even need a spreader. I'll just wait to see how well things take here.

By the second week, new blades of grass had grown through nature's fertilizer and into the sunlight. In two more weeks, the previously thin spots were thick with young blades. Again, I was inspired, this time through the knowledge of two of fandom's greats. If Arnie and Joyce knew enough to give their gardener the green light on overseeding, it must be the way to go.

The next Saturday morning found me at a neighborhood nursery. The rippling muscles of the store associate bulged as he heaved several fifty pound bags of steer manure into the back of my car. I

tossed the small bag of grass seed in the front and drove home determined and excited.

When I opened the car hatch, I realized what Sen said about the odor at Silver Con IV, thereafter dubbed Manure Con, must be true. A dozen flies swarmed, attacked and bit me for disturbing their procreative urges. Undaunted, I stacked the bags in the driveway, tore open the seed and delicately dropped the nodes of life throughout the yard. Using a trowel, I scooped the fly favorite into a bucket, donned a pair of gloves and went to it.

I started in the far corner of the yard with the warm autumn sun beating on my head. Handful after handful I deposited and patted into place. Bucket after bucket I hauled. The moisture from the manure soaked through the gloves. No matter. I was on a mission. Sweat dripped from my forehead and ran down the lenses of my glasses. Flies buzzed constantly, landing on occasion to take a bite at exposed flesh. I wondered if I smelled like a giant couple.

The lady in the house across the street appeared on her walkway. It was the time of day when she watched her children play in the front yard. Instantly, she discreetly covered her nose and mouth and retreated into her house. There was no play time for her kids that day. A boy rode by on his bicycle. "Horse shit!" he cried and pedaled faster up the street. I certainly was not the neighborhood favorite.

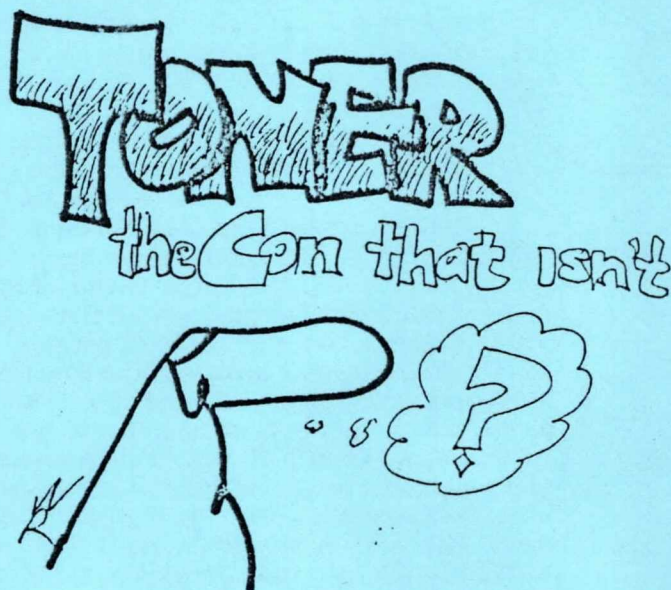
Over the exposed tree roots and along the walls that bordered the yard, I pressed on. All I envisioned was a lush green lawn. I was actually envious of Arnie and Joyce for having a showplace. When the task was complete, I watered like heck with a fine spray, expecting to witness an instantaneous miracle of growth.

The next morning brought the first indication I had that what I had planned and labored for may, in reality, yield something other than what was logical to me. Scores of birds strutted, packed, ingested and blatantly defied my presence. Sparrows pigeons and mourning doves were having a picnic not only in, but also of my front yard. How did they know that seed lay beneath the black carpet?

Innocently, I believed that this was a one time feathered feast. Wrong. For days, whenever I approached the yard or looked out the front window, the birds were there. Always. They did little dances to scratch down to the seed. Alarmingly, I became more interested in the behavior and manner of the creatures than in trying to grow grass in the desert.

Needless to say, nothing grew. The household is pooling ideas for a non-living landscape. Besides, I have lush green surroundings everyday at work.

From Silver Con IV to a barren front yard with happy birds. Ain't it great what we learn through fandom. ...



ZUN- WOUND

Dare Not Speak Its Name

You may remember that, by this time in 1986, *Time* magazine had rapturously declared the Eighties to be the "We Decade." They were probably still high on the whole We Are The World thing and New Coke, but looking back on it, it's easy to think they must have been on the good ol' Peruvian variety when they wrote that headline.

Now, it's 1996, junk bonds are making a comeback amongst cash-hungry corporations, and Mike Milliken is a high-paid financial analyst.

So, in the same ill-advised spirit as *Time*'s gushing "We Decade" article, I've decided to proclaim that the Nineties are

the Decade of the Stupid Name.

Don't deny it. If you didn't suspect before, now you must, because Hootie and The Blowfish have sold 3 million records.

An isolated occurrence?

Smashing Pumpkins just released a wildly successful double album, following on the heels of their last wildly successful album. Five years ago, people laughed at me when I told them about a new band called Smashing Pumpkins. "Man, that's a dumb name." I agreed, despairing that a band this cool wouldn't get enough exposure because their name was just too stupid. Shows what I know. I stopped listening after the first album, and now millions of people love them.

While it's easy to say that this is just a case of a good band overcoming a bad name, I'm telling you, Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch still command a loyal following. Ugly Kid Joe was no exception.

I shouldn't be surprised. Underground music has long been obsessed with the aesthetics of ugly. Stupid names abound in college radio: Camper Van Beethoven is as godawful a name as you could hope to pin on a band. The Jesus Lizard is another name that springs to mind.

But what has me thinking about this is the fact that dumb has crept off the well manicured lawns (& freewheeling radio stations) of academia and into the mainstream.

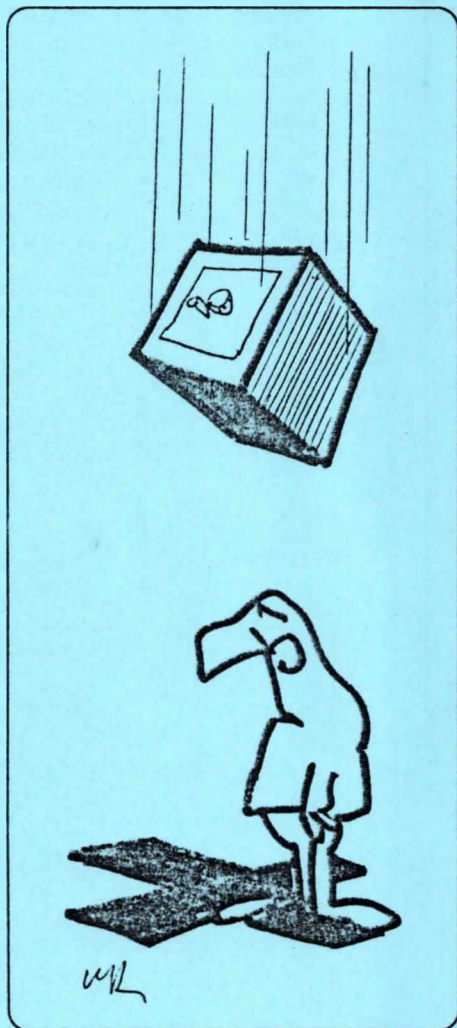
I first ran across Hootie and The Blowfish at the college station. "Jesus, what a terrible name." After listening to a few of the bland, innocuous songs on the album, I chalked Hootie and Co. off as another band doomed to obscurity or trivia, sort of like The Charging Tyrannosaurus Rex of Despair.

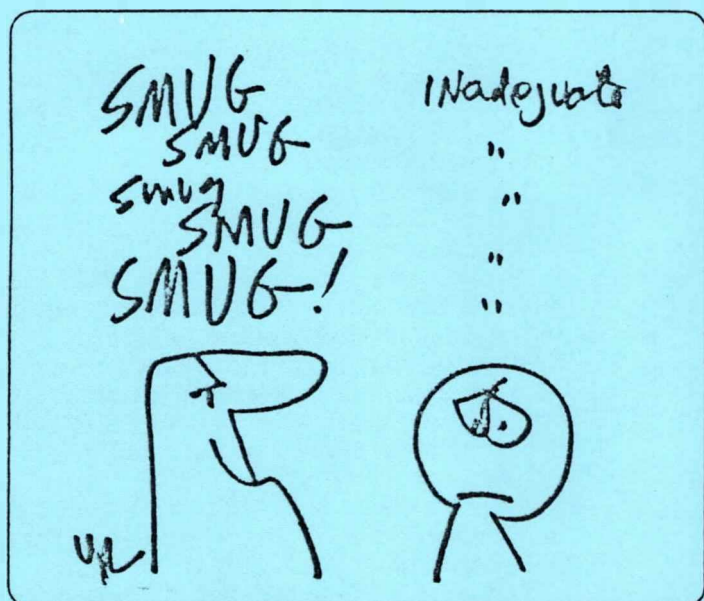
Then again, I thought much the same of Toad the Wet Sprocket back in 1989. They were early riders of the stupid name-wave, taking their moniker from a Monty Python skit about the record industry. Now, TTWS, as they are abbreviated, are big on the alternative charts, and they just released a compilation of b-sides.

I don't believe that the '90s is the start of the lame name trend. The Strawberry Alarm Clock, and Country Joe and The Fish are constant reminders of that. We'll skip right over the seventies and just lightly mention Wham!, Wang Chung and Sigue Sigue Sputnik in the '80s.

But today is different. And not just because of Snoop Doggy Dogg. Aggressive stupidity is in vogue: witness Beavis and Butthead, or Rush Limbaugh.

The spread of suburban "gangstas" is mute testimony to the overall downward trend in good sense. Other, less malevolent signs point up the encroaching mediocrity: Automobiles have really gone downhill in the name department. Used to be, a good car was named after a good beast, in a pure act of animism. The car had the fire of a Mustang, or the speed of an Impala. Today, cars are named "Aspire" or





worse, tagged with phony non-words like "Achieva", "Accura" or "Lumina". Then again, the automotive industry has shown a consistent record of stupidity for years now, so they probably don't count.

I think we're embracing stupidity and ugliness because that's what we are becoming. As always, popular culture is just the unconscious mirror of the real culture. Recent years have seen the rise of a particularly vigorous ignorance because we, as a nation, don't want to know how ugly and stupid we actually are.

I love my country but I fear my country. The festering American psyche is close to the surface in these days of Pat Buchanan and rural-chic paranoia, but there's no knife big enough to lance the boil. If you don't want to be covered in hot pus when it erupts, you should start looking for ways to keep your head down and seem as dumb as the next guy.

This is Pookie Mo-Dee signing off, and remember to Color Me Badd. -- Ken Forman ***

CE BLUE JOY JAUNT

Blatant Lies

I'm certain that, in the months to come, many articles will be written about the Great Las Vegas Blizzard and the terrible shared miseries of the Vegrants. Who can ever forget our plight, stranded and freezing by the roadside, laboriously digging a path by hand through the frozen tundra. Who can forget the emergency leantos we constructed in haste to give us even this mean shelter through the night. How can we pass the stew made from our shoes, after our pets had already vanished and the cows disappeared into the snow. It's too bad about the unnamed neo; perhaps he would have been a great addition to our little band, if he had lasted.

...or was that the Donner Party I'm remembering?

Perhaps our suffering wasn't quite that grave, but I did see one poor little daffodil, head bowed over from

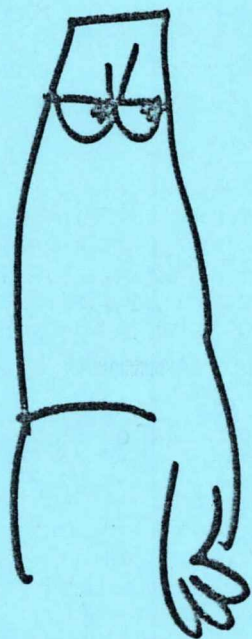
the weight of a skiff of ice on its petals. That's almost the same thing, isn't it?

Actually, I guess February of 96 will live forever in fan history, or at least until the end of this article, as the month of the Great Takeover.

It was a bloody fight, I'll tell you that. Ken wrested the implement of power out of the fists of departing President Peggy in an unopposed election that belies the fannish struggle it culminated. What struggle? you may well ask, since there was no outward evidence of battlescars on either side. -- Well, there could



DID SHE
MEAN
THAT?



have been a struggle. It might have been a bloody battle. Ken would have grabbed the SNAFFU Gavel to beat down all fannish opposition, if just there'd been some.

But abiding all club rules, the presidency passed pleasantly from one to another. I believe Peggy even smiled and congratulated him; there may have been hugs. Yet that doesn't make much of a story, so we'll just have to create one.

Riding like a dog on Ken's coattails, I found myself bounced into High Places, quite without any effort of my own. This is, I hasten to attest, the

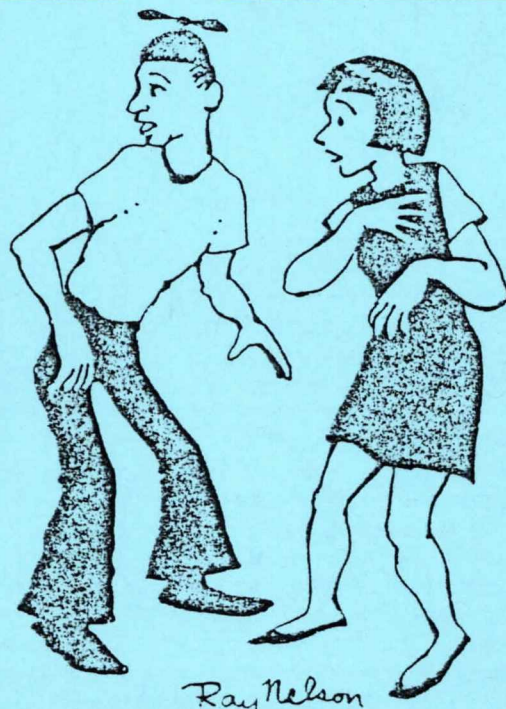
most painless way of all to prosper. Thanks to Ken's Overwhelmingly Unanimous Victory, I now possess The Power. It's true; I yield the Iron Fist over the program. So far, I've taken care not to brutalize any club member. But that's only for now; my Apotheosis lies just ahead, and any meeting now, you'll see my fangs and horns.

My largest duty, thus far in this new regime, has been to keynote each discussion topic. This has placed me in the unusual position of writing at least one, and probably two articles of a sercon nature for each issue of **SitNorm**.

As I prepare these brief reports, I find I have a contrary reaction building up inside. For every serious and historical, and maybe even truthful, line that I write, there is a great need for me to balance it off with banter, myth and lies. It's only right that I warn fandom of this. As the year goes by, increasingly fantastic stories are likely to roll off my pen; I will become less and less trustworthy in my reports. But it's not my fault, and I am not to be blamed, no matter the deed, for surely it's a natural reaction to this sercon state.

How many historians, I wonder, have been affected in this way. As they wrote the history of Rome, for example, they were forced to create stupid prophecies about the Ides of March. While they described the death of Mr. Lincoln in the East, they had to balance it off with reports of Indian Uprisings in the West. Examining the Kennedy Assassination, they had to produce equal copy about Conspiracy. Remembering Viet Nam forces them to launch into a discussion about Dominoes.

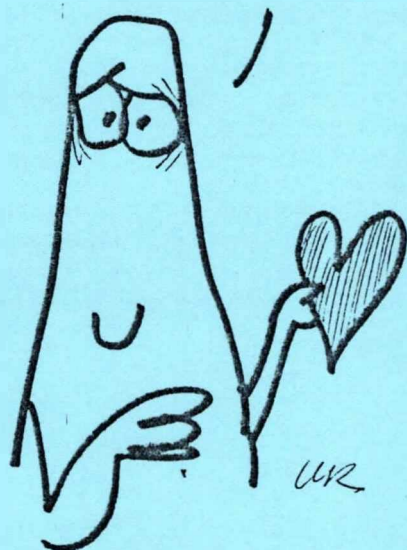
A look at history, armed with this analytical tool, may expose other pairings. Thus will future fans have to look at my writings of 1996, to find a balance between paragraphs about Science Fiction, and blatant lies like this one.***



Ray Nelson

DAMN THING FOLLOWED ME HOME FROM DISNEYLAND!

LAST SAW IT
IN LET'S SEE,
I' OUGHT 64



PLAYING GOD

BY AILEEN FORMAN

"You certainly look like your mother!" I heard that a lot growing up but the truth is that although both my mom and I have red hair, that's the extent of the resemblance.

There's a good reason for this. I'm adopted.

This isn't to say that I wouldn't want to look like my folks. The fact is, I'm unhappy that I don't know anyone in the world that looks like me.

There's no one I can point to and say "I have his eyes," or "My lips look just like yours." Now this may not seem like such a big deal, but it really matters to me. I feel as if everyone else I know has a connection to humankind, but my personal history ends in a blank wall.

I've known all my life that I was adopted. My mother said that I was German, English, Indian, French and Italian. She really didn't know any more about me than that. I must admit that I was afraid it would offend my parents if I seemed more than just casually interested in my birth parents, so I never asked anything more. Then the question of birth parents became foremost in my mind.

When I was 20 I found myself pregnant and decided that the best thing to do was give the baby up for adoption. It seemed like the simplest, easiest and most beneficial thing to do. I spent my pregnancy happy and confident that what I was doing was right and good. I talked to the baby about the wonderful family I'd found for her/him. Then reality happened. Labor.

Suddenly it wasn't a situation, it was a daughter. My God, how could I do this? How could I live without this child? It felt as if I'd offered to give a piece of my soul to complete strangers, a piece that I'd die without. But my situation was the same -- rotten. I didn't think I was mature enough to rear a child. I had no job, no husband and no self confidence. Worst of all, the couple I'd selected had tried to adopt four times before and each time the birth mother had, at the last minute, kept the child. They were crushed and heartbroken, but hadn't given up. I couldn't do the same thing, could I?

Wouldn't that not only be breaking a promise but also hurting people that hadn't been anything but wonderful to me?

I spent five days in the hospital and during that time of depression and pain I decided that I must follow through with my original plan. Looking at my daughter, I felt like an incompetent fool. She was so perfect, how could I ruin her life by keeping her? Getting out of the hospital, my girlfriend, their lawyer, the baby and I drove directly to the airport and I said goodbye to the only child that I would ever have. Two days later I was curled into a tight ball of misery and realized that it was my 21st birthday. It struck me that somewhere out in the world was a woman that was thinking, "My daughter is twenty-one today."

Suddenly my birth mother was a real person. A person I wanted to meet.

It took me a long time to begin looking. Even five years later, all I did was talk to my parents about the way they felt about my searching for my past. My folks were open to the idea, once I confessed that I'd always been curious and that the only thing stopping me was that I was afraid of hurting their feelings. They assured me that they were confident in my love for them and offered to help any way they could. Even so, it took my

husband Ken's encouragement five years after that to kick my butt into gear and call Catholic Charities. They had my adoption file and were able to give me "non-identifying information."

So at the age of thirty, I discovered that my birth mother was 14 years old, a strawberry blonde, petite and pretty. She was Irish and Catholic and had named me Terry Elizabeth L. My birth father was in high school, was Irish also and small in stature. It was shocking to realize that all the information I knew about myself was false. I wasn't German, etc. I was Irish. I asked my mother why I'd been told the wrong thing and she had no idea. It was annoying to say the least. Adopted children have very little that is 'theirs'. They usually just know what's on their altered birth certificate and maybe their ethnic background. It greatly annoyed me that I had been telling people for thirty years that I wasn't Irish, no, not even a bit! It seemed to me that the agency didn't care enough about the children to verify what little information they were willing to impart to the adoptive parents. My mother confessed that although they had a million questions about me and my brother, they were afraid to ask in case they wouldn't get the child they so desperately wanted.

Since Catholic Charities wouldn't tell me any more, I gave up for a while. Then medical problems had me searching further. No medical information was in my file other than the fact that both parents were healthy. I petitioned the court to open my files but I was denied. Stymied, I took it out of my mental "urgent" file and waited until I could afford to hire a private detective. That day came about a month ago and I called Jim McDonald of Origins, Inc. He assured me that finding my birth parents was a do-able thing.

The first thing he said to do was to contact the Salvation Army. I was born in the Booth Salvation Army Hospital and they would give me non-identifying information for fifty bucks. This seemed like a waste of money to me. After all, the Catholic Charities had already given me the skinny on my birth parents. Oh well, fifty dollars wasn't so much. I sent it off.

A week later, I received a phone call from Astrid at the Salvation Army. "What was your birth name?" Terry Elizabeth, I told her. She double checked my birth information and told me that there was only one baby born in that hospital on that day and her name was Theresa Lynn. Her mother was sixteen and her father was twenty-one and in the Navy.

I was shocked. If that was me, what explained the gross differences in information? Why would the Catholic Charities lie? What possible reason would the Salvation Army have to lie? What the hell was going on? I called Jim McDonald.

"Well, sometimes adoption agencies write down false information just in case the children try to search."

Why? My God, that information is all we have. That's the only thing that connects us to our past. Without that information we feel alien, apart

from humanity. Not only do we not look like our family, but we don't even have a genetic chair upon which to rest our butts. It's not as if this is information that we can find anybody with anyway. Who do they think they are? God?

"For the good of the child." That's a phrase I've heard frequently throughout my search. It's doubly irritating that I'm that child. At 33 years old. The rationale goes like this:

If the 'child' tries to find their birth parents, and they don't want to be found, the rejection may hurt their feelings. Right. If the birth parents aren't gorgeous, perfect, wealthy and welcoming them with open arms, the 'child' will be hurt. Right.

How would I feel if my birth father or mother was in jail? Well, maybe that would give me more of an incentive to visit my Aunt Carmella or my Uncle Bobby more. In other words, my adoptive family is not perfect. My folks aren't perfect. God knows I'm not perfect. So what? I don't have any perfect friends either and I still like them. If my birth parents don't want to meet me, well, that's their choice, but I'd like to give them the opportunity to say so.

I don't know how this will turn out. Obviously, I'm very interested in the outcome. Most of all, I'm interested in altering the system. I cannot and will not ever forget my daughter and I resent people telling me I should.

If we have a parent that dies, we aren't told to forget them. If we even have a puppy that dies, we're told to "remember the good times." I cannot believe that my parents have forgotten me. Even if they don't want the possible disturbance in their lives that acknowledging my existence might bring, I feel certain that they'll want to know about me, know I'm okay. I resent this inhumane system.

In some states, if and when the adult 'child' decides they want to contact their birth parents, the agency finds and calls them and asks them if they want to be contacted. That's wonderful and humane. In Iowa, finding out if an irreversible operation like a hysterectomy is really necessary isn't enough to open medical files. After all, it's for the 'child's' own good. Really. And after all, we'd rather not prevent disease. Let's just wait and try to treat it if it shows up. If you don't even have an already existing medical problem, it's impossible for your file to be opened.

Most people who gave up a child don't realize that they can put a 'Consent to Contact' in the agency files. It wasn't an option in 1962 and they didn't call past birth parents after they started allowing it. Also, I've been on the birth mother end and I know that I wouldn't try to approach my daughter without her contacting me first.

I feel like I gave her up and don't deserve to intrude into her life. Luckily, my daughter's was an open adoption and her parents and I correspond every Christmas. She knows I want to meet her and that I care deeply about her.

Now all I want is for my birth parents to know the same.

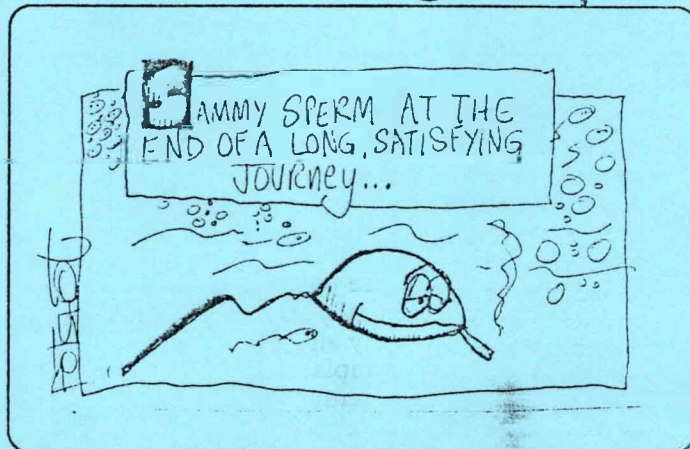
MEMORANDUM

By TOM SPRINGER

TO: Wild Heirs Staff
FROM: Tom Springer, Concerned Co-editor
RE: Sex and Fanac

Who else out there has stuck her bubblegum to the headboard in exchange for the slurpy bump-and-grind of the two-backed beast? Who has screwed his way into the shower for a soapy wash down before ordering the pizza and commencing round two? How many Vegrants out there are taking advantage of Burbee's wonderful invention and following in the fornicating footsteps of our forefather?

As I look around our expanding little fandom (we've popped two buttons already), it becomes readily apparent that some members of the Vegas Empire, though ghodd of heart (and a really happy-go-lucky bunch), may be following the tired and sluggish precepts layed down by the Mojave's newest super-slacker. "Who's more inert than a jello mold, faster

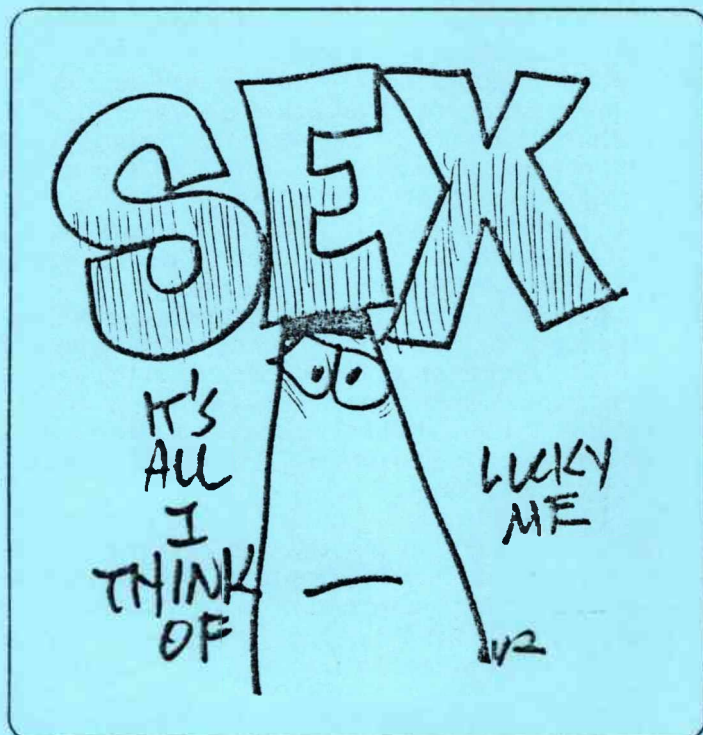


than a crushed snail (on a good day), and able to roll over -- sometimes. It's Slothman!" I don't know if a meteor crashed through the earth's atmosphere to deliver these secret powers, or if the victim, who's now known as Slothman, was messing with electricity and volatile chemicals that accidentally, through some laboratory mishap, created this creature we now find in our midst. Yes, I'm afraid the powerful entropy field radiating from this lethargic slug-a-bed has reduced Vegas fan activity to a level I find totally unacceptable. This lack of fanac is indictive of a seriously low aggregate of sexual pother, or in some cases, no pother at all. Despite the reduced fanac, we still have fanzines, but what about the sex? I read 'em and I just don't see it.

To regain our credibility, not to mention our motivation, we must hold ourselves up as examples for the rest of fandom (or at least for us). If we are to wave the banner of Insurgentism (and I have to admit, it seems to be drooping more often than waving of late, emblematic of my current impressions), if we expect to keep celebrating our LA founders -- Perdue, Laney, Rotsler, and the Burb, if we are to continue in the vein in which **Wild Heirs** was founded, then we must maintain! We must! Maybe a concentrated effort of sexual introspection is what's needed to generate the energy required to overcome the lethargic dominion Slothman now wields over us.

Then again, maybe not.

Maybe all it would take to bring Slothman down is a rolled up **Fosfax** pounded into his chest and through his barely beating heart. It would be ironic indeed for him to die by the only fanzine he has ever



located, but stranger still if we succumb to his powers and take no action at all. I doubt Slothman has an actual plan formulated and in place, already working against us, but the subtle emanations of his very being are a danger to us all. We must be careful, avoid direct contact, and, if possible, eschew large meals, which induce the lazy lethargic feeling Slothman so cherishes.

I do feel (being the caring fan I am) that we must discern whether the Vegrants have remained true to themselves, and in doing so, if we've remained true in the pages of **Wild Heirs** to our Los Angeles elders? The answers to these questions and the host of others asked in the preceding paragraphs can be found in our tender fannish hearts, or maybe a little farther down, in that sweaty place between our legs. That's right boys and girls -- where the hair grows, our legs come together, and miracles occur.

Anything found in working order beneath the bellybutton is cause for celebration, or a sigh of relief, depending, but it's the passionate function this equipment was originally designed for that I'm concerned about. Any signs or evidence of recent carnality should be applauded with much vigor. If you're sore, tired, inflamed, or dehydrated you should not only pat yourself on the back (if you happen to be going solo), but your partner should be congratulated as well (in a similarly appropriate manner). You've done good. If you want to do better, do it again.

And don't stop.

Those of you who check the intersection of your body and find it lightly traveled, or worse, with no sign of traffic at all, have a mission; it is you who must find the requisite lust needed for a passing flight of fancy within yourselves, and drag it up from those forgotten depths. How high you want to fly is up to you and the magazines you have at hand, but if you make a tent of your trousers or a puddle in your panties, you shouldn't feel awkward or guilty -- just happy. While things are still in gear and your heart is filled with the hope of possible fulfillment, do yourself one better and find someone to share in that tent, or puddle, or whatever dirty thought triggered your desire.

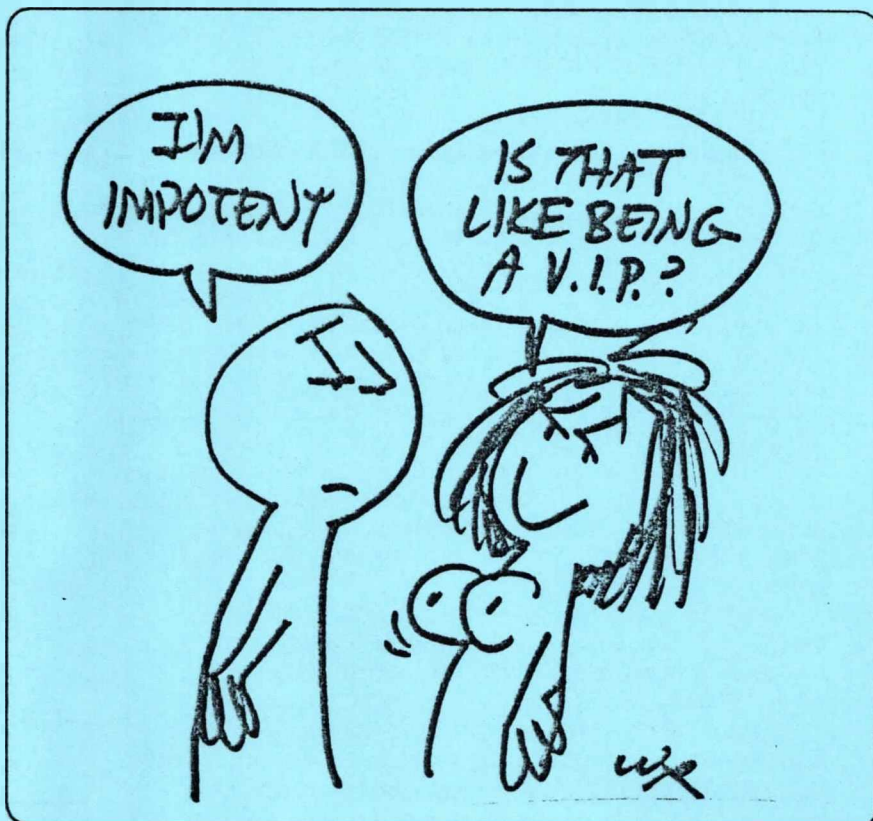
I'm not one to preach (Shuddup and listen, son!), but we must have more sex! We're just not cutting it, folks! You'd think with Arnie and Joyce as our role models, we wouldn't be in this difficulty. They can only do so much, and two fans alone can't generate the needed energy to free Vegas Fandom from Slothman's tedious clutches. Ken and Aileen remain strong, despite continuous contact with Slothman and his nefarious minions. With Ken's increased and sustained occupational duties, coupled with Aileen's successful weight loss (minus 27 lbs. so

far), they're creating enough friction to warm an old nun's heart.

Even enduring the agony of 17 tooth extractions hasn't kept Ben away from Cathi, if I've interpreted his reports correctly (sometimes it's hard to understand him through the stitches). In a new apartment, with a new kitty, and spring in the air, the Wilson waterbed is filled with waves of love. Tammy and I, when the constellations are properly aligned and the cat isn't watching, make an enthusiastic go of it too, comporting ourselves in an appropriately sweaty manner.

Rob Hansen has brought a significant amount of European "technique" to the editorial staff of WH, for which we're all thankful, but it's up to our English informant to notify me whether Rob has been pulling his load. Any day now I expect a telegram from Pam Wells containing official confirmation concerning Rob and his responsibilities. Chuch is another matter entirely. He's still calling for that blonde underling he feels he deserves, and while we can't comply with his wishes, you have to applaud his ardor. He wants to give this requested underling rides on his bicycle (no doubt she'd sit on the handlebars) and show her his keyboard. Ghu bless him! (I can't help but wonder what Sue thinks about his A4U (Application for Underling), not to mention what he wants to do with his keyboard. . .)

Because Rotsler and Burbee can be found on our editorial masthead, they make me feel all this fussing about sex is for naught. I mean, we're talking about two inimitable guys here. Lightning bolts and such. If





It wasn't for them, Vegas would certainly be lost. Not only are these co-editors fannish delities in their own rights, they're LA Insurgents, our Elder Ghods, and two pretty cool guys. Rotsler has seen more naked women than the bunch of us put together, and when one takes into account the Burb's lengthy track record, there doesn't appear to be any reason to worry.

But there are signals that can't be ignored.

What about Peggy?

"Peggy who?" you ask.

Peggy Kurilla, of course, the subject of several articles. (Are you getting all of this Ms. Rosenzweig?) She's not gone you know. She showed up at a SNAFFU function just a couple of weeks ago. While I don't care to know if the Kurillas do the nasty, her arrival mysteriously coincides with the recent slow-motion emergence of Slothman. It must mean something!

Probably nothing good.

While Peggy has immersed herself in whatever passes for mundania in her world, Woody Bernardi's elliptical orbit around the Las Vegrants has brought him back to our last two meetings, complete with his usual goofy smile and friendly conversation. Regardless of what Laney, if he was alive, would say about Woody's sexual proclivities, I'm fairly sure he's racking up the notches on his bedpost. I haven't seen anything he has written lately, which makes him suspect, but his enthusiasm is genuine, and you can't fault that sort of energy. Ray Nelson's article in WH#10 might not put you in the right frame of mind for what I'm asking, but it's good to know that Ray has his gray matter on the right subject. I still expect some kind of action from him in spite of his sexual confusion.

I expect everyone to pursue this goal of mine, somehow. Whatever it takes -- you know, think back to those old and almost-forgotten highschool days when all you ever thought about was sex and how to get some. We need more thinking like that around here so it can rub off on the rest of us. It may sound like I'm suggesting we go cruise the nearest

highschool, or pull out a couple dirty movies and that bottle of Spanish Fly you bought on your last trip to Tijuana, but I'm asking for a lot more here. I'm asking for follow-through. It's not enough that you get hot and horny; this energy has to be channelled. It has to be controlled.

Just three or four issues ago I was bragging about how WH was a monthly publication. Not anymore. It's taking us more than four weeks to pub our ish. I think it's because we're lacking the energy needed to perform the task. We've lost momentum, misplaced our motivation, and have, in more ways than one, run dry. (Not completely dry, mind you, but things are getting pretty dusty around here.) To overcome Slothman, pub our ish, and generate enough sexual energy for both, we're going to have to get serious. We're going to have to work toward these goals together, goad each other on, and help one another when there's a stumble. We have to stick together, but not all the time. We also have to give ourselves enough room to regain our momentum, and enough privacy to generate that motivation. These things are important, but even more so are the results of the moist and sucking, frantic push-me-pull-you that is the creature of sex.

From this sweaty and humping beast, I expect you to spring to your keyboard or typer full of latent sexual energy reborn from the consumation and fulfillment of your most recent act. While you're still breathing hard and wiping sweat from your forehead with the back of your wrist, I ask you to marshal your thoughts. Focus! This is the "then and now" time, when your chances for something interesting to come out (besides those swimming squiggles!) are at their highest. Concentrate! Don't concentrate so hard you ruin the moment (which has been known to happen). In one respect, writing is like sex; if you work at it long enough, something will come. I believe that if we can bind the two together we'll have our tool, our weapon against Slothman, and innumerable accounts of wardrobe-diving and close-encounters of the best kind. In any case, we won't be short of material. So get to it! If you're looking for something to spice things up, I still have a couple flavored condoms left over from Corflu Nashville. Beef Bouillon or Banana, take your pick. (And you wonder why the English are the way they are. . .)



I received a letter from an old friend this week. As we traded catch-ups, I mentioned that Arnie and I were back into fandom. The reply really blew me out of the water: seems my friend now considers science fiction fandom a prime hobby/ interest.

"What a miracle of synchronicity!" I blathered as I probed for detail. The reply: "I went to a con in Baltimore last year, and I'm going back again. I had a great time and I'm crazy about Klingon women."

Sometimes it's just as well to leave the past buried, and always think the best of what your lost friends must be like now.

But, dutifully, I'll pack off a stack of fanzines, and Talk Up Fandom for awhile. She's a clever girl, and perhaps they'll take root.

Barnaby Rappaport has touted the idea that fandom's largest group of recruitables (perhaps we should call them seducables) can be found at conventions. These are people who already have some kind of exposure to science fiction fandom; who already consider themselves sf fans. Many of them are even interested in making cross-country friends; some interested in corresponding with penpals.

But most of them will never even know there is a fandom inside the phenomena of conventions.

There are probably a minimum of 60,000 con-attending fans around the country (and I believe that number is very conservative). And, all together, there are probably about 2,000 fanzine fans (counting active, semi-active, inactive and people who've heard about them but never got involved).

In other words, about one out of every thirty con attendees even hears about trufandom. And the number that involve themselves even for a short time is almost incalculably smaller.

Barnaby tried, and I believe Ted White may have joined him in this effort along with several others, to circulate more zines at conventions to try to expose a few more people. I know Arnie and I have done the same, by taking over-runs and back issues to the free tables at SilverCons.

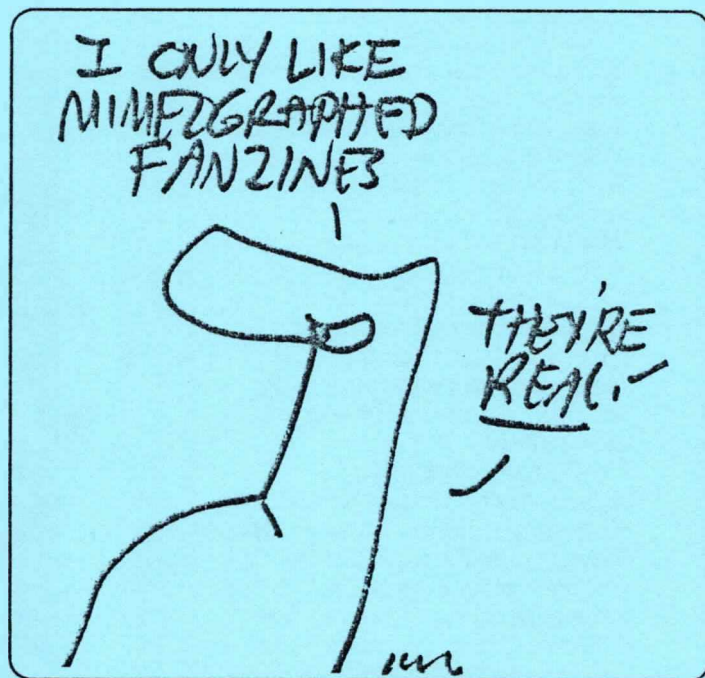
So far as I know, not a single fanzine fan has come into fandom because of these efforts.

My own personal theory of recruitment and seduction is that we have to be a whole lot more personal about the effort. I don't believe it is likely that any con fan will drift into fanzine fandom unless there's the added ingredient of personal exchange with another fanzine fan. I believe that it takes a fan to make a fan.

That hasn't always been true, though. It might be worth taking a look at the difference between now and then to see what happened.

Surely it cannot all be attributed to the existence of The Clubhouse. Fanzine review columns did bring in a lot of people, but there was an added factor: I believe the zines that people got were more accessible to the new fan, the reader of s.f. fiction. Remember, those people were so ardent about science fiction they bought the magazines -- in itself a rarity. And so anxious for more, that they read the column and sent

SEDUCTION OF THE CYNICAL BY JOYCE KATZ



sticky coins.

The zines they received in return were often plonkingly scientificfictional, topic-heavy, popular-culture oriented. In a word, potatoes to go with the meat of science fiction. Easy to understand. Easy to comment about. Easy to become involved with.

In today's fandom, there are no crudzines; everyone is so skilled that the average zine would rate 6 or 7 out of ten. To a novice, they seem difficult, and

it makes it hard for a beginner to think of publishing his or her own zine.

In the mid-60's, when I came in, there were plenty of poorly conceived, badly written fanzines. It was easy to think I could match them. There were also some solid efforts that appeared so often as to provide a sense of continuity and community. Many a new fan was entranced by Yandro; I know it was the first contemporary zine of any quality that I saw. I suspect that Yandro helped convert more novice fans into publishers than any of the others of that period, just because it was regular and approachable.

I'm NOT suggesting that we all start publishing book reviews and author profiles. But I think we all recognize that the chatter we find so delightful often seems obscure and elitest, like an unapproachable closed circle of established friends. It can seem that fandom is complete in and of itself, with a "no vacancy" sign posted to the door to the fan lounge.

Which leads me back to my theory of seduction and recruitment.

Rather than the conventions, I personally believe that the most accessible pool of new fanzine fans is the local s.f. club. That reservoir of s.f. readers and movie watchers and game players, unlike the convention attendees, is there for us to work on week after week, if we just will. They're our captive audience, already open to the idea of fandom.

"What Is A Fan?" is a question that gets a lot of different answers. Trufans might take a hard stance and say that the others aren't really fans, by our definition of the word. But we all know this is sophistry. I believe that anyone who defines himself as a fan is one, if all he does is seek out the science fiction programs on television. As for those who attend conventions, there's no question that they are fans. They've made a considerable effort and financial investment in fandom.

The 30 fans at the convention, versus the one who seeks out fanzine fandom, are having a really grand time. "We stayed six in a room and drank all weekend and I met Robert Picardo," wrote my old friend. "It was a fanrun convention," she bragged to me, knowing that made it "inside" and not just a way to sell ST memorabilia.

This "insideness" lures new fans. The illusion of being on an inside track fuels convention fandom.

It may be helpful to look at another group which is fueled by the illusion of insideness. Wrestling fans all believe that they have special knowledge--that is what makes it interesting to them. The fan who only goes to

the arena enhances his little tab of inside dope by watching the t.v. weekly shows. The t.v. watcher expands his knowledge by calling the telephone hot lines. The most avid read the wrestling sheets and magazines, and glory in their "insideness".

Wrestling is based on the idea that most fans last about two years. Sound familiar? So they are constantly touting the phone lines and the magazines, to keep a new stream of fans biting the hook which is inside knowledge.

But there's no real way fanzine fandom can cope with those convention attendees. Even if one of our over-run zines makes it into the hands of someone who might be interested, the fact that the zines are rarified makes them of little interest and poor recruitment tools. More fun to watch the animé festival, or to go to the beer bust, or play a game. No difficult inside lingo, no hard intellectual requirements.

I do not intend to start publishing serious discussions of science fiction as my prime fanac. I don't suggest that course of action for anyone else (unless of course that is their prime interest in fandom.) But, recognizing that the zines I like best are somewhat esoteric, I will try to hand-feed fandom to my old buddy. Otherwise, giving her the zines is just tossing them down a dark hole; it takes personal involvement to recruit a fan.

If we really want to recruit more fans, it will take fanzine fans making individual efforts on one-to-one basis. That's how it seems to me.

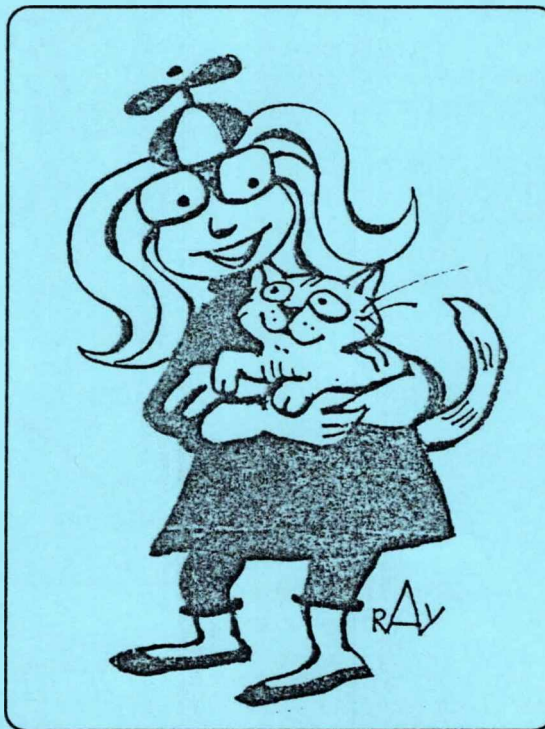
It's sort of a nostalgic trip, to go to science fiction club meetings. Now that Ken Foreman is president of SNAFFU, all the fanzine fans are making Efforts to involve themselves in the club. So far, we haven't exactly changed the world, but we have made progress. Meeting attendance is up, and so seems to be the enjoyment of those who go. It's sort of fun to get hip-deep in real science fiction discussions, like *Is There ESP*, and *Should We Colonize Our Solar System*.

It's a nostalgic pleasure, talking about the concerns that dominated our fannish sophomore period. Somewhat surprisedly, I must admit I still like those discussions, no matter that they're the same now as they were the year I first read science fiction.

And perhaps, if we play the s.f. club game just right, we'll end up with one or two fans who decide to get involved with the zines.

I think it's worth a try.

-Joyce Katz



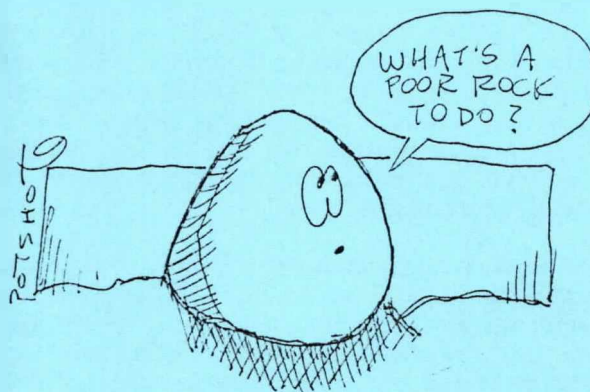
Harry Warner (continued from last issue)
423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740

I certainly shouldn't take sides about TAFF, particularly because for the past few years I haven't contributed to it, fallout from my battle which pits an unchanging income against a constantly increasing inflated outgo. But I do think the organization should consider one change, something that has nothing to do with fanzine fans vs. con fans or trip publication responsibilities or voting procedures. I think TAFF would have a better chance of getting good candidates if it permitted the winners to choose which large con they want to attend during their trip. There must be number of fans on both sides of the Atlantic who might decide to run if they weren't bound to one particular con if they won. The designated con may come at a time of the year when it is difficult for the potential candidate to get free from family or job or education responsibilities, he or she might have relatives in the host country with whom he could spend some time if he could attend a con near their home, or in the case of westward trips, there might be some particular geographical area of the United States which the candidate might want with all his heart to spend a lot of time in. I know at least one United States fan whose potential candidacy foundered because she wasn't permitted to choose the British convention she wanted to win a TAFF trip to. She is a fanzine fan, too.

Rob Hansen didn't consider one of the other peculiarities of American speech, the occasional word combinations that have two contradictory meanings and no sure way to determine which the speaker or writer intended. You included one such ambiguous pair of words in one these WHs, when you referred to a Las Vegas fan as a "terrible liar". You could have implied that she consistently tells untruths to the point of causing people to doubt everything she says. Or you could have meant that she does such a bad job of lying that it's easy to tell when the truth stops and the fibs begin, from her facial expression or tone of voice or other betraying habit.

((**Tom:** When making a case for whatever I may be talking about at the time I've learned that it's a good idea to leave plenty of room to maneuver. By being deliberately ambiguous I'm providing more than one impression, because I'll need to be able to go several different ways when Tammy accosts me with her copy of the annish and asks me what in the hell I'm talking about. If splitting hairs helps

Conducted by
Tom Springer
(with help from a few friends)



HEIR

**The Readers
and Editors Jam**

MAIL

deflate her accusation, if being able to say, "Why no, Tammy, I didn't mean that, I meant that you're good at telling stories." Or, "No, what I was saying was that you're good at lying." Or, "You know dear, you have a noticeable tell, that's how I know you're lying." So I hope you forgive my ambiguity, I'm really just protecting myself, and if you knew Tammy like I do you'd vigorously nod your head, and wish me the best of luck. Everyone needs a challenge now and then and I'm fortunate enough to have one in the woman (read that cruel, nasty, evil, brazen tart) I love.))

Trufan Detective Magazine was a splendid combination of new and old faan fiction. I hope you won't feel hurt and insulted if I say that F. Lee Baldwin's reprint entertained me the most. I think it obeyed one of the most important rules of this type of private eye and detective fiction with humorous intent: brevity. The Las Vegas contributions show endless ingenuity in working fannish traditions and props into the stories but I think they would be even better if they followed the lead of the old story by moving ahead fast and not sprinkling on the fine details too lavishly.

Truly the gasiation graves are springing open, if Pete Graham appears in a loc column. If this is his first loc in twenty years, I suppose he can't be criticized for having a change of address.

I wear neckties almost all the time, except when I put on my pajamas. It is one of the few inexpensive

ways to symbolize non-conformity today, when neckties are becoming almost extinct in the workplace as well as during leisure pursuits. They also help to keep me warm during winters as severe as the one Hagerstown is having.

[[Ken: I love wearing neckties, too. It tends to make me feel jaunty. My stride becomes more sure, each step taken confidently and with purpose. As my pace quickens, my eyes shine with a heightened alertness. Then I faint from asphyxiation; I also tend to tie them too tight. Once I worked as a matre 'd for a jazz club, here in Las Vegas. The place is called Play It Again, Sam; so as you might imagine, it's patterned after Rick's Cafe Americaine from Casablanca. I got to wear a white, dinner tuxedo, ala Bogart, every work night for a year.))

I don't think it was wise to reprint the entire "FAPA Forever" in **Heirlooms**. Elmer was an alcoholic. There is still some question about whether alcoholism is a disease or some other type of affliction, but there is no doubt that it is a serious problem for some persons, not a matter of choice. I have no idea if Burbee reported the episode to the best of his memory or indulged in the usual fannish practice of inserting hyperbole and imagination where reality stopped. Whichever, it was unpleasant to read when it was new and it's even more distasteful now that Elmer is dead. You should consider how Las Vegas fans would feel if someone observed Burbee at a con in 1995 or 1996 and wrote a long article that went into the greatest detail about his difficulties in expressing himself, his physical weaknesses and his other problems that have come with old age and the strokes or whatever caused him to arrive at his present circumstances.

I'm sure you would feel this was in the worst possible taste and a cruel thing to do to a person who isn't to blame for how he looks and how he behaves today. But it would be essentially the same thing that Burbee did to Elmer for behavior that was largely the result of an alcoholism that he couldn't cause to vanish by wishing it would go away.

[[Arnle:"FAPA Forever" has been published twice in this form, and in any case, there's nothing in it that Elmer didn't acknowledge. If Elmer was still alive, I would've sounded him out about the reprint, but he is beyond any embarrassment. Finally, I asked Burb about this piece before I selected it. He was very enthusiastic about running "FAPA Forever," especially the full, unexpurgated version. Burb loved Elmer, and he would never have encouraged the reprint if doing so would harm his late friend.))

"The Rap on R. A. P." caused me to sniff a lot, because I thought I caught the faint scent of a hoax. I don't remember a fan named Paul Feller in the 1940s. There's no fanzine entitled **Fantasy**



Dimensions listed in the **Fanzine Index**. Several of the predictions seem to be anachronistic, influenced by matters that weren't generally known or hadn't happened in 1945. Such an article would hardly predict color mimeography, because this had already been used by quite a few fanzines by 1945.

{{**Tom**: We'd decided if we didn't hear from you soon that we were going to write you asking for permission to reprint some of your earlier letters. It's been five or six issues without hearing from you. I hope everything is going as well as can be expected, or better, but it's nice to see those shaky looking letters from your typer again. We've missed you.}}

Peter Roberts

36 Western Rd., Torquay, Devon TQ1 4RL, UK

I've just finished superglueing my left shoe, so I thought I'd write you a letter and thank you for sending me **Wild Heirs**...and **Folly**, for that matter...and, umm, **Swoon**, I guess...not forgetting **Wooden Nickel**...and did I ever get around to loccing **Guip**?

I think the word we're looking for here is 'persistence'. Ignoring the mere fact that I've been gafia for several centuries and continuing to send me fanzines anyway is A Wonderful Thing, requiring a vast amount of faith, a not inconsiderable number of postage stamps, and a very old mailing list.

Give that man a medal, Igor, and pour me a pint of Old Fanfeud. The night is young, and there's a loc to be written!

{{**Arnie**: I'm takng credit for your surprise appearance at Corflu Nashville, too. And have you started work on your contribution to WH? You're already a bit late.}}

February is a rather dreary sort of month, so it was nice to receive some Seasonal Greetings. Everyone else seems to pick on December, but why be a sheep?

Personally I detest Christmas, so it's all fine by me. This may upset Marcy Waldie's belief that Christmas is a universal holiday, but me and the Runts of 61 Cygnus C beg to differ. The same goes for Marcy's touching assertion that music is a universal language. Want to hear me sing?

Nonetheless, I do have a Book of Mormon somewhere. Extraordinarily dull book. Only useful for throwing non sequiturs into the middle of a loc. I also used to have a client who was (and presumably still is) a Jain. Jains don't eat carrots. All knowledge is in fanzines.

Take the mysterious 'DW' who exhorted Anglofandom to pull together during the war. None other than Don West, last of the Great Old Ones and heir to the Damart Thermal Underwear fortunes. Back in the forties, he disguised himself as Douglas Webster, sometime editor of **The Fantast** and

Tart. 'KTF' is just some pre-Celtic word used in dominoes. The vowels have been removed to make it more pronounceable.

{{**Tom**: Burbee told me that it was common custom at conventions for Outlanders to affix the letters 'KTF' to some unfortunate's back by means of paper and a friendly pat on the back. It meant "Kick This Fan". Amazing, the myriad differences in cultural definitions of fannish acronyms.}}

Other than Don West, who knows everything, I thought I could safely claim to be the only person who knew, on a day-to-day basis, that cucumbers are only mentioned twice in the Bible. But here's Steve Jeffery claiming that Dave Langford told him so. Did I inadvertently let slip this valued information when pubbing my ish some centuries ago? Has Dave Langford got a good memory? Has my knowledge of biblical cucumbers been pilfered?

Ok then. Let's see what this Bible CD-ROM is made of, assuming it works on the King James version and not some dreary modern text. Badgers. Just the twice, I reckon, but how could they be mistaken for mermaids?

And on this pointlessly cryptic note, I'll say goodnight.

Tell Rotsler his cartoons are triff, as ever.

Fred Herman

112-15 72nd Road, Apt. 409, Forest Hills, NY 11375

The Bill Rotsler cartoon on p.44 of **Wild Heirs** #12 adequately describes how I've been feeling for the last week and a half. I'm not sure if there's a direct connection between my first flu attack since my teenage years and the weather out here, where the snowfall was recently the highest recorded since 1947, but it managed to keep me home from my weekly filing job, from which my boss forced me to go home early last week when she noticed that I was gradually changing my phase state. At least I've lost weight.

{{**Tom**: While you've been battling the flu, freezing temperatures and tons of snow we've been basking in eighty degree weather. The down side to this seeming paradise is the omni-present threat of spontaneous combustion. Fans know they're in the flashpoint zone when they've stopped sweating and become dry, desiccated, and subsequently flammable. Not to worry though, we'll have plenty of water and fire extinguishers at Toner!}}

How nice to be listed among friends by someone I've never met! Thanks, Tom. (And how nice to see one's name in so many people's letters! Whatever I did, I think I'd better figure out how to do more of it . . .) I do so little with my PC: namely word processing, e-mail, a little game playing so I can pretend to blow up my students, and that's it. Not for me your

I JUST GOT A
MESSAGE FROM
THE LOC EDITOR!



Adjectives
- FIRE!

ONE
- LOC SMITH
DOWN!

installing of upgrades and multiple fonts! My machine came with Windows 3.1, and I've seen absolutely no reason to fall in with the whole Windows 95 hoopla. If the next machine comes with it, fine; otherwise, what do I care?

[[Ken: You're not alone in your feelings for Windows 95. The best advice I heard on the subject was that if you don't need the special abilities of Windows 95 (or more importantly if you don't run software that requires it) then you are probably better off with Windows 3.1. Personally, I much prefer a Macintosh environment. A real plug-n-play system that allows me to use my computer without worrying about my autoexec.bat files or an appropriate configuration. In fact, Fred, I would contend that since all you do is "word processing, e-mail, [and] a little game playing" that maybe you'd be better off with a Mac. The debate over Mac vs IBM has been argued in better forums than this so I'm not going to go into details. However, let me finish by saying this: when Apple comes out with a new operating system (i.e., the recent System 7.5 or Copeland) I rejoice, because I know that it will improve my existing system, not replace it.]]

I know what Jenny Glover means when she says she feels like she's hovering on the edge, but I think that just comes from being a newcomer--and in my case, from not having actually met any of the Vegants. But one settles in gradually, I think; it's normal, and I *have* been enjoying this zine. Group conversations at cons are much more of a problem,

since you're often not likely to see any of these people again until your next con, if ever; if you don't break the ice *right then*, who knows if another chance will present itself? And face-to-face conversations don't come with convenient letters pages . . .

[[Ken: . . . or page numbers, either. Actually, one of my favorite aspects of writing and reading fanzines is that I "get to know" other faans. I especially enjoy reading faanish type articles from faanish type faans. I get to know them better than other columnists, I think, because very often a faanish author's subject is himself/herself. They tell me anecdotes and stories, wishes and fantasies, dreams and desires. That, my friend, is how people "get to know" each other. Usually, in face-to-face conversations, such revelations aren't revealed until after hours and hours of conversation. It takes about as long in fanzines, but I get to pick and choose when that time will be spent. Later, at parties or conventions, when I meet the author, I can skip the whole acquaintance phase and get right to catching up with friends phase. I like that.]]

[[Tom: Getting to know one another through a letter column allows everyone to participate, not just the lucky ones who fit in the room (and there's space enough for everyone to sit down). That's a big plus in my book. Letter columns also give you a chance to really think before you speak, er, write and I think there's less chance of a major social blunder or faux pas from occurring. Don't go thinking that you and Jenny Glover are the only newcomers. (Jenny's not that new, is she?) By most fannish time pieces I'm still very new to fandom (as is the younger contingent of Vegas fandom) and on occasion experience the unsettling feeling from being a newcomer. You just have to get used to ignoring those unsettling feelings and moving on, because there's really nothing to be afraid of in fanzine fandom. Except for a mediocre review in **Spent Brass** by Mark Manning. (Refer to WH#10 cover for clue-in on obscure reference. Then check out **Spent Brass** #29.))

Re Shelby Vick's comment on the Blackhawks: Of course they always win! If you were a crack team of international mercenaries with an island fortress and a squadron of sleek fighter planes, *you'd* always . . . Oh, you didn't mean those Blackhawks?

I must unfortunately admit that like Teddy Harvia, I too know little about Las Vegas beyond what I've seen in the movies. Mainly Bugsy and Casino. Gulp!

[[Tom: Aside from the native fauna of the Mojave desert Las Vegas is harmless enough and

the closest thing we have to a Bugsy Seagel is, well, er.....Joyce Katz. See? Ya got nothin' to worry about.}}

In answer to Vin\$ (because this keyboard doesn't have a cent symbol) Clarke, I'm under 30 (by only three short years), and between work and grad studies, my mundane life does keep me from finding either the time or the money an active fannish life would require. And yet I do try to keep contact: local fans, the very rare con, **Wild Heirs** (now). So I wonder if it's so much the pressures of pre-30 life as it is, perhaps, increasing pressures on *everybody*, so that only a relative few have the chance to even find, let alone stick with, fandom? So naturally the highest percentage of fans are people who first had the chance to discover and participate in it years ago, when (I am guessing) sf reading types had a little more leisure?

Patricia Russo, I enthusiastically back your comments: Bring back science fiction! (We should run off placards.)

Lloyd Penney: I don't know; is media fandom really so dangerous? I got into sf by way of Flash Gordon/Star Trek/Star Wars, and I still enjoy the occasional fan fiction or tie-in novel when nobody's looking. It's only the people who latch onto Star Trek (or Ladyhawke, or whatever) *and nothing else* who are worrisome. As you say, fandom's a smorgasbord (or as you put it, smorgashord; perhaps actually a smorgas-*hoard*? How jealously should one guard one's smorgases?).

I'll agree with Mike Palisano that perhaps *Pulp Fiction* isn't the height of American cinema it's been touted as--it's also hardly a model of the morals I'd want my nonexistent kids to learn--but for what it was, I did think it had an interesting script, in purely storytelling terms.

Should I be brave, and admit to both Joyce Katz and Buck Coulson that back in junior high school I really enjoyed the first two Shannara books? Naah, nobody's that brave. But since Buck mentions being a lyricist, I also admit to being a former semi-filker, strongly hampered by the inability to play any instrument, as well as by the tendency of my "funny" filks to fail horribly.

{{**Ken**: I don't know, maybe you shouldn't actually admit to reading Brooks' novels. They' were such terrible (and obvious) knock-offs of *The Lord of the Rings* that I couldn't sit through them. On the other hand, if you like epic fantasy, perhaps you'd like Tad Williams' *Dragonbone Chair* series; comparable in scope and style to Tolkien.}}

Steve Jeffery: Postmodernism is the idea that there can be no such thing as a single and completely correct truth or reality. The images we are surrounded by cease to have meaning and become simply empty fragments which do not cohere, much as one's consciousness in the postmodern world (basically 1960 on up) is supposed to be. Everything's

always self-reflexive and ironic: I forget who gave the example that instead of saying "I love you madly," one can now only say "As Barabara Cartland might say, 'I love you madly.'" Multiple contradictory worldviews are seen as equally valid (and ultimately equally empty), as are multiple perceived realities. If this doesn't make any sense, well, that's sort of the idea; scratch the surface, and nothing does.

{{**Ross**: I used to have trouble with the word "Modern" and other terms and phrases indicating contemporaneity, especially as they grew outmoded. In regard to "modern," this was struck home to me when a recent news release for a CD collection of art said it was divided into premodern, modern and contemporary categories. Avant gard seems to have retained its meaning, though the term itself has lost a bit of modishness, but "New Wave" music hasn't been for a while, and "Art Nouveau" is long past its prime. Other examples may occur to our readers...}}

{{**Joyce**: Well, Windows 95 actually does have a lot to recommend it. I am definitely a Mac user, and prefer it to anything else because of its ease of operation. I really don't want to waste any energy or brainpower trying to make a PC work; it takes all I've got to think up the words I write. But W-95 does make the IBM easier to use; I almost like my Aptiva.

All of fandom is indebted to us, you know, for providing this alternate picture of what Vegas is like. It always seems to come as a shock to people that there's a real community here. "You mean people actually live here," they say, as if they thought we all commuted from L.A. "You mean there are churches and schools and hospitals in Vegas," they say, thinking we all live in the backrooms of casinos. Of course, there is some advantage to making people think we're Bugsy's children, violent and explosive. See my remarks to Ben Indick, and think carefully before you fail to write again.

Pulp Fiction was a parody, of course. In reality, people like that are very wearing and hard to be around. Fortunately, they usually die young. Well, I enjoyed the first Shannara novel. I was hungry enough for more Tolkien that I was willing to accept an inferior rip-off. But I've never been willing to read another, or to reread that one. Scratch the surface, and there's nothing underneath it.}}

{{**Ken**: Memo to Guido...Dis guy too. Do we get a discount for multiples?"}}

Murray Moore (with a postscript)

This just in... A follow-up to my recent loc, in which I sought the help of Arnie in interceding with Andy Hooper to have me restored to the **APPARATCHIK** mailing list. **APAK 51** arrived in today's mail!

I owe it all to you, Arnie. I'm sure the fact that I

sent a copy of my loc to Andy, pursuant to fannish etiquette, had nothing to do with it. You know how to recognize people with power, don't you. People with power never have to exercise power.

{{**Joyce:** We are quite happy to accept the credit for your restoration, and the fee for same should be sent in a plain brown envelope. You know the address.}}

Sid Birchby

40 Parrs Wood Ave., Didsbury, Manchester,
M20-5ND, England

Once again, here is your excellent WH#12, plus the special, **Trufan Detective Magazine**. The attention to detail of the latter is remarkable. In fact, it persuaded me to re-read the original John Berry yarns to capture the true atmosphere -- I'm sure you must have the "Goon Bleary" reprints published by Ken Cheslin recently. In case any of your readers don't know of Ken's worthy efforts. (Ken Chelsin, 10 Coney Green, Stourbridge, West Midlands, DY8 1LA, UK)

Your other goodies include F. Lee Baldwin's "Crime Stalks the Fan World", originally appeared in 1945, I see -- a pleasing pastiche of Dashiell Hammett's tear-away style of the late '30s. Goodness! How times have changed! All the characters still smoke cigarettes, listen to the radio, drink rye, chat up broads. Nowadays there ought to be an opening for an eager young fan-writer to do an up-date. In the last years of the century, when the next millennium is already breathing down our necks, don't we have to cut down on the shots of rye and count the calories, let alone the driving tickets and breathalizers? Why not chat up some person of the same gender (and some of us are already thinking of it) and enter into a meaningful relationship with (um) that gumshoe's broad, if she can tear herself away from, you must pardon it, "a jig band"? That's not really the most politically correct phrase in our day and age.

One thing that's never had to change, is the radio. Alas! I read today that George Burns has died, six weeks after his 100th birthday. Now there's a true artist!

Lloyd Penney

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

Before me is WH#12, plus your **Trufan Detective**. Together they look like fun, so a loc's in order. As opposed to looking at the pretty colors of the paper. When I fished them out, I thought it was a late Christmas present, all pink and yellow and green.

I've run cons, and I've run clubs. (I'll never run for TAFF, so some can breath easy.) Clubs can be fun, but in trying to be a good club manager, you can get bogged down with the paperwork and proper procedure, and you can run out of club activity ideas. There's no central club in Toronto, which explains why fandom here is so loosely connected, if connected at all, but if there was ever to be one, and if I was to

foolishly offer my services to get it going, I'd take down from my fanzine collection all the clubzines, like **Warp** from Montreal, and the **OSFS Statement** from Ottawa, and **Ethel the Aardvark** from Melbourne, Australia, and **BCSFazine** from Vancouver, and sift through them for ideas. However, keep the politics down. I had such bad experiences with the club I stayed with, I left them all, and do not belong to a single club. Make the meeting fun, and make sure they don't suck.

When I first got involved with Torfandom in the early 80s, I was told that Toronto fanac consisted mainly of fan feuds. However, I couldn't see any of them, as if they were conducted in private quarters under specified rules. (Canfans even feud quietly, I guess.) Today, the few feuds there are mostly Type Ones, personal animosity, although there are also differences in ideology. Most of the local Trekfans despise us because we represent a different way of doing things. (Different...that's the reason the cons we worked on were successful, while they're scrambling for money and pre-reg's.) There's a generation gap at work here, too.

{{**Tom:** While there may be a generation gap I don't see how anyone can overlook the yawning chasm of intellectual sophistication between the two hobbies. When fans like Steve Jeffery say there's no difference between a fanzine fan, Trekfan, or trainspotter I always give them a double-take to make sure they're not joking. Chief among these differences is creativity. Perhaps the local Trekfans despise you because you do things differently or because your harbringers of change and as such are perceived as threats. My theory is more radical. I believe the lowly Trekfan has only now evolved simplistic sensing organs that unfortunately lack the development needed to differentiate between friend and foe. Because of this obvious defect you must suffer their paranoid distrust and ignorance. Or, as once suggested in the pages of **Folly**, use them for food.}}

The local fans here are mostly Trekfans, but those who aren't don't seem to have the fanzine bug, but rather the con or club bugs. (I'm happy to have been infected by all three bugs...I'm a hopeless case.) The last fanzine to come out of Toronto was **Torus**, the zine that Keith Soltys and I produced, eight issues between 1986 and 1990. Mike Glicksohn put out a **Xenium**, Taral produced a **New Toy** or two, and if you include Cathy Crockett and Alan Rosenthal's **Carefully Sedated**, there's not much more to speak of. I'd need to win a lottery to change that.

Rob and Avedon can compare English As She Is Spoke on both sides of the Atlantic, but I can boast the best of both worlds, Canadian English, which seems to be the bastard son of both American and British, a combination of ancestry and proximity. It helps to know where the boot of a car is, and what a flex and a lift are, especially when my Scottish maw

gets nostalgic, and speaks in tongues, especially her own. (A flex is an electrical cord.)

I've had sleeping troubles for a long time. I can't sleep with noise, or when it's too warm, or too cold. I sleep best in the summer, when the air conditioning is on, and I'm generally cool. I'd often thought about checking myself into a sleep disorder center. A local fan in Toronto has had sleep deprivation to the point where he'd sleepwalk most evenings. He'd rise from his bed, shower, dress, clean house, feed the cat, go out and do the shopping, and return home. And then, he'd wake up. Fortunately, medication now means he wakes up before he does the household chores, although he admits being conscious while he does them has its drawbacks...

Filing zines is becoming a problem for me, since they now take up about 18 feet of shelving in the unit in my office. I plan to weed viciously, take the weedings to LAcon III, and perhaps raise some funds for the fan funds. Geri Sullivan, Don Fitch and Yvonne and I will soon be starting our preps for the LAcon III fanzine lounge. We'll be in charge of sales, so I hope others will weed their collections, or bring their own back issues. In Winnipeg, over \$350 was raised for TAFF, DUFF and CUFF, and I'm sure we can do much better in Los Angeles.

Having SF as part of fanzine fandom would be nice, and it's even happened on the rare occasion, but SF is more of the common ground that has Brought Us Together, and usually we don't discuss the common ground. However, even as a voracious fanzine reader, I am also a voracious reader, having finished Margaret Atwood's *The Handmaid's Tale*, and starting Brian Aldiss' best of fantasy anthology, *A Romance of the Equator*.

The central idea behind fandom is that you get together with others and enjoy the common interest, whatever that interest may be. In the past, Yvonne and I have been busy with Trek fandom, costuming fandom, and of course, con fandom. We work with the local Trekkers, Whofans, and filkers to learn more about their interests, and make our own more visible, which makes them more acceptable. When these mediafans see that the idea of a more generalized fandom is not to meet an actor, or to collect the whole set, but to get together with friends and have a good time, they don't usually switch from one to the other, but include both, and they find themselves being more accepted by fandom at large. And, they extract that much more fun. The Winnipeg Worldcon was a revelation for a few Toronto Trekkers.

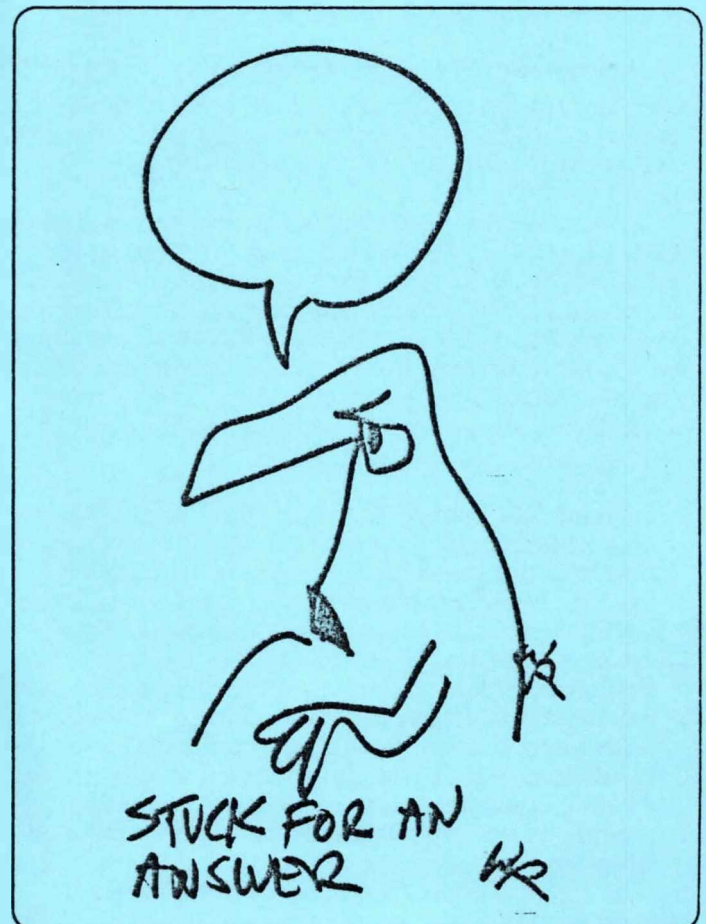
I cut my skiffy teeth on anthologies, which often provided a balanced diet of SF and fantasy. I admit I prefer SF, but fantasy also provides its own diversions. It's just that so much crap-fantasy is being generated by the publishers as a tax write-off, while good SF seldom comes. If you come down on the Trekkers, you'll be coming down on us, too. Yvonne was the founder of the big Trekcon in Toronto, and together, we started the big Trek club in town, too. I enjoy the shows, not as great SF, for they seldom are,

but as entertainment.

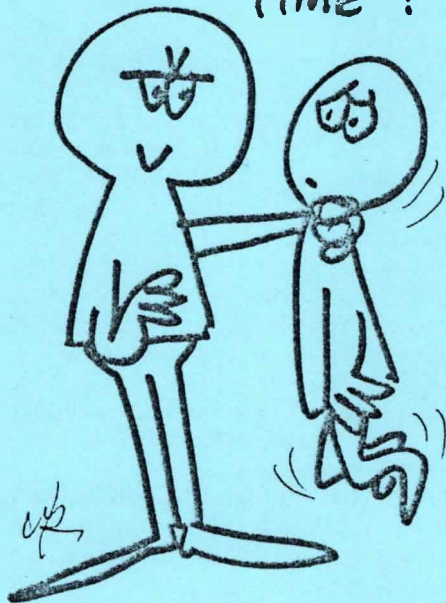
Arnie, you illuminate the Truth when you say that what matters is the message, not the medium, Bucky Fuller notwithstanding. You've probably heard for more years that I have fanzine fans harping about how it isn't a real fanzine if it isn't done on a Ditto machine, or a Gestetner. All that handcranking on a Ditto isn't going to make a great fanzine if it doesn't have great articles and art fell on deaf ears for a long time. Fanzine fandom seemed technophobic until the Internet took shape.

12.5 Trufan Detective, or in the spirit of Goon Bleary, perhaps Trufan Defective...geez, Arnie, should we fit you out for a Superman costume, or what? Truth, justice and the fannish way! Re parties...the afore-mentioned Aparticon was cleaned up by the people from out-of-town who wanted to crash overnight, and Yvonne and I didn't lift a finger, except to get our guests settled and comfortable, with linens, pillows and a towel. A quick vacuum the next day, and you'd never guess there'd been a party. Except for the mountain of leftovers we're valiantly ploughing through... Messy parties don't get invited back, even if they are Klingons.

Hmmm...even if she didn't do it, I'd take Janice Eisen in for interrogation (nudge, nudge, wink, wink, say no more). However, I will need further proof that



YOU WILL WRITE
A LOC NEXT
TIME?



Geri Sullivan is an incurable flirt. Lots of proof. At Toner, should we check our plonkers at the door, or keep ourselves armed for the next thrilling installment?

I've spent much of today churning out this loc, so I am pleased to say that I'm done. I'm sure that Wh#13 and 13.5 are on the way here (set my watch by them, I do), so I'll thank you in advance for them, and keep the Toner info coming. I'm looking for a cheap trip to LV from Toronto (probably cheaper from Buffalo, we're looking into that, too), so any cost-cutting measures anyone can suggest would be greatly appreciated.

[[Tom: Everyone attending Toner should know that zapguns are optional. As usual (especially now that I'm involved in SNAFFU), I'll have my heater. There's no need to keep yourselves armed for the next installment, how can you read our fanzine and eat a sandwich at the same time with a zapgun in your hand? Can't be done. Ditch the hardware until your finished reading. It would be unthinkable for me to suggest you lose the sandwich. I hope the enclosed Toner flyer will be suitably informative, we're looking forward to actually meeting you in person. Whoa, isn't that what conventions are good for?]]

Teddy Harvia

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You guys remind me of one of those raucous extended families, dysfunctional of course, like the Kennedys, the Royal Family, or the Elvis impersonators. But are you matriarchal, patriarchal, or anarchal?

How did you get Bill Rotsler to draw you all those thematic cartoons? Did you take him out to dinner, give him pens instead of utensils, and feed him napkins all evening?

Bill Kunkel's rock cartoon hit me. But shouldn't rocks say "vug it" rather than "fuggit"?

I was slightly disappointed in Andy Hooper's latest review of *Wild Heirs*. You'd think as articulate as he is that he could do better than, "It's large." I'm using the copy you sent me to press leaves but I'd never say that in print.

[[Tom: I believe you're referring to Andy's remarks about Wh#12 in *Apparatchik's* "Fanzine Countdown"? I've noticed of late that Andy's vocabulary is diminishing at somewhat the same rate as his drinking has increased. This is something we're going to have to get used to until Victor, Steve, Carl, Leslie and the rest of his Apparatchiki get together for an intervention. I can't imagine what it would be like to trying to keep Andy from his grog.

I think we're closer to an anarchal meritocracy but like in any fandom there's always a selected few who pull the strings behind the scenes. In regards to Bill Rotsler, we didn't feed him, bribe him, or capture him. He just likes us. Go figure.]]

Buck Coulson

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Sponges to moisten envelopes? How decadent! Though as I recall, when Juanita and I were publishing, the post office was a kinder, gentler organization and we only had to tuck the flaps in, and not seal the envelopes at all, except for overseas mailing.

My only toe in fanzine fandom these days is as a letterhack; anything else is far too much work. Juanita and I are strictly convention fans except for my letters. I'm currently rounding out my professional experience with editing -- reading and evaluating unsolicited manuscripts, to be precise. Never mind which publisher; if I told that, would-be writers might remember my reviewing days, manuscripts would drop off, and I'd be out of a job. Forget that shit. (Just remember, if you decide to turn dirty pro, I might be the one scribbly rude remarks on your cherished manuscript.)

Get fanzines recognized for their artistic value.... I'll just leave that one alone.

Criminals damage other people; role-players only damage themselves, which is their inalienable right, and all that. Most people are self-centered; it's the relative amount of it which becomes pitiable or dangerous or lunatic. A little self-centeredness is good for you, unless you're aiming for sainthood.

Family and friends can't be damaged by self-centeredness unless they want to be and spend more time "trying to help" than they do on their own concerns. (Have I ever tried to help anyone? Yes, frequently -- but if I fail, I refuse to worry about it.)

On Ken's answer to my letter; no, a thesaurus is one of those lizardly animals that lived back before any humans. (Except Adam and Eve, if you believe in them.) So it's an old joke; I enjoy old jokes now and then.

((Tom: And that's precisely why we keep printing your letters Buck, we like old jokes too.))

Roxanne Smith Graham

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First and foremost, I want to say thanks for sending me the WH #13; my heart leapt with joy when I saw so many pages! This will indeed keep me content for at least a week or two.

Second, I had to chuckle. For several reasons. Cameron-Smith being the first. And before anyone gets embarrassed or tries to apologize or any silly stuff like that, let me assure you that I am *not* one of those people who gets all hung-up or bent out of shape over things like that. My only reaction was amusement (then I re-read what I had written and the dying bit of mundane in me sighed with relief at the mis-print!).

((Tom: Normally I'd point the finger of blame at John or Ken because it's usually their fault. This time, though, the responsibility falls plainly upon my hunched and overworked shoulders. (This is the part where you're supposed to feel sorry for me.) It all makes sense, you never did come off as a Cameron, at least to me, and now that everything adds up we'll return to your letter.))

To be quite frank, I had largely forgotten about writing that letter... and had completely forgotten that I actually *sent* the letter. In *this* letter, I want to reply to the replies... I'll comment on WH #13 proper after I've started reading it.

ARNIE: I was already considering attending Toner. Between discovering that rich brown will be there but not at WorldCon and the assorted comments from WH folks, I am most *definitely* going to be there. Even if I have to walk.

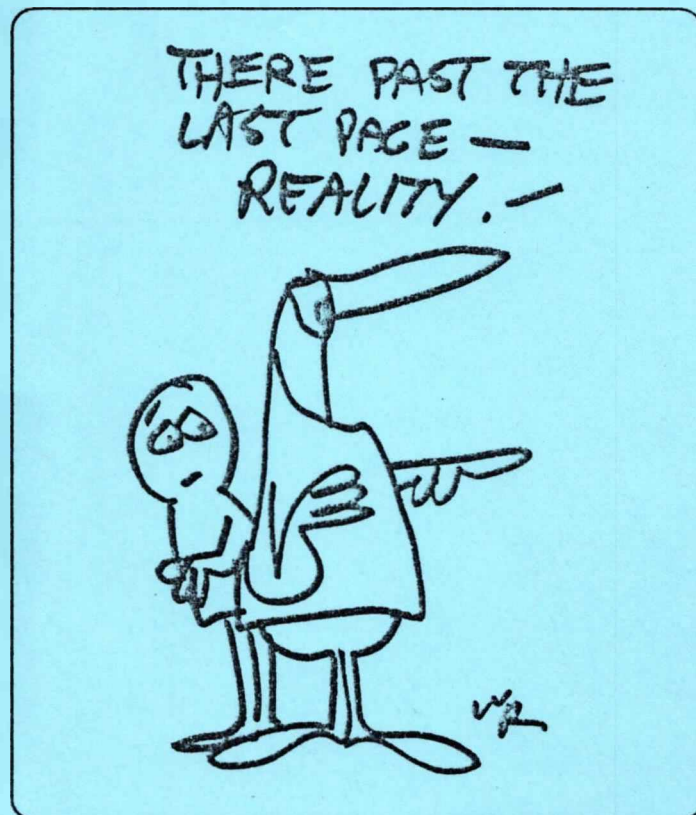
JOYCE: I agree, wholeheartedly. I generally make it a rule not to regret things. Regret, I've found, is a fairly thorough waste of time. It's one thing to learn from ones mistakes, but dwelling on that which cannot be changed, that which is past, is one vice I have trained myself to shun. In this instance, though, all the training and Pavlovian conditioning in the world wouldn't help. I kick myself every time I think of what I have missed, but I only kick once and then try to concentrate of what I'm *not* missing right now, and on what I don't want to miss in the future.

KEN: Thank you *so* much! You have no idea how relieved I am, how much better I feel now. Your comments were like a kind of pardon or absolution. I've always viewed gaffiation as some sort of heinous crime, hence my reaction to discovering that (I thought) I was guilty of said crime. I like your offered alternatives. I think I choose "dafiated" over the others though (something appealing about the "daffy" part I suppose...) Also thanks for the compliment on my writing style; I'm already dying to meet *all* of you out there, so now we're kinda even.

((Ken: *Blush, blush*))

ROSS: Hmmm. Don't really want to get into *that* kind of philosophical discussion right here, right now - but I would love to exchange ideas and observations on such thoughts with you some time. I was very pleased with your analogy about recognition in print and the light in someone's eyes... Hope you don't mind if I quote you on that to a few of my e-mail buddies.

ALL: "Thank you" seems so insufficient sometimes, like now. I had forgotten that warm, wonderful feeling of being home and sitting down with a roomful of friends. Thank you for reminding me. Thank you for forgiving me for drifting away, pardoning my sins, and for welcoming me back in such a marvelous fashion.



THAT'S OKAY...
I UNDERSTAND...

