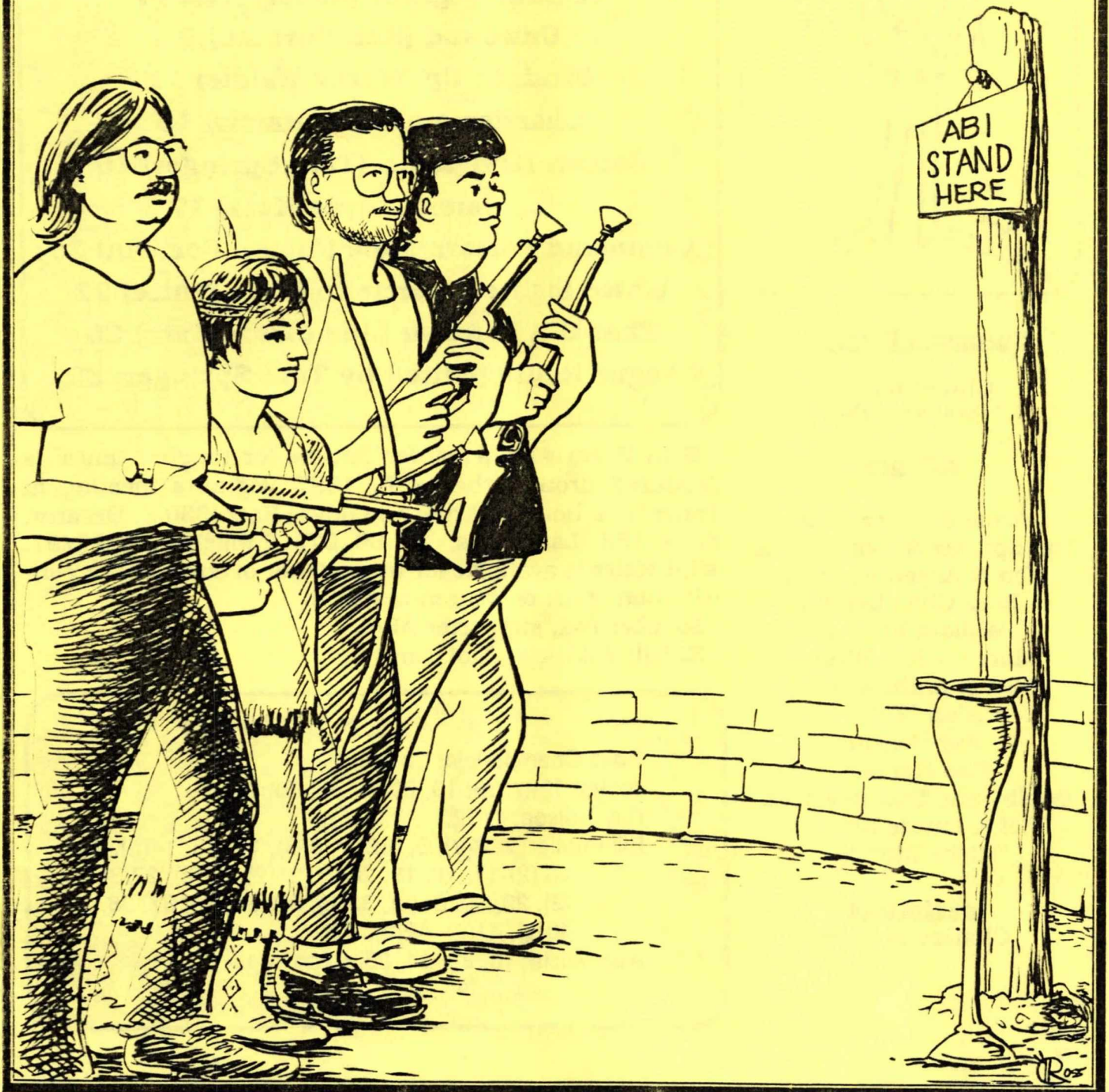


# Wild Heirs

#19





HEY, THIS  
FANZINE HAS  
BEGUN!



### European Director

Chuch Harris  
(he's back, girls)

### Editors

Arnie & Joyce Katz  
Tom Springer & Tammy Funk  
Ken & Aileen Forman  
Ross Chamberlain  
William Rotsler  
Marcy & Ray Waldie  
Ben & Cathi Wilson  
Alan White  
Ray Nelson  
Rob Hansen  
Shelby and Suzanne Vick  
Bill & Laurie Kunkel  
Cora Burbee

### Inspiration

Charles Burbee

# Wild Heirs 19

Vague Rants (Some of Us) 3  
Katzenjammer (Arnie Katz) 5  
Vagrant Vagrant (Shelby Vick) 7  
Unwound (Ken Forman) 9  
Straight Up (Marcy Waldie) 11  
Charrisma (Chuch Harris) 13  
Sercon Navigation (Tom Springer) 15  
Blue Jaunt (Joyce Katz) 17  
Command Performance (Aileen Forman) 20  
White Light: A Portfolio (Alan White) 22  
That Old Fannish Line (Arnie Katz) 26  
Vague Rants (edited by Tom Springer) 32

**Wild Heirs #19**, a harder fanzine for tougher times, is produced around the April, 1997 Vegrants meeting at Toner Hall, home of Arnie and Joyce Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). Published: 4/22/97. **Wild Heirs** is available for trade, letter of comment or contribution of art or written material.

Member fwa, supporter AFAL

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### **ART**

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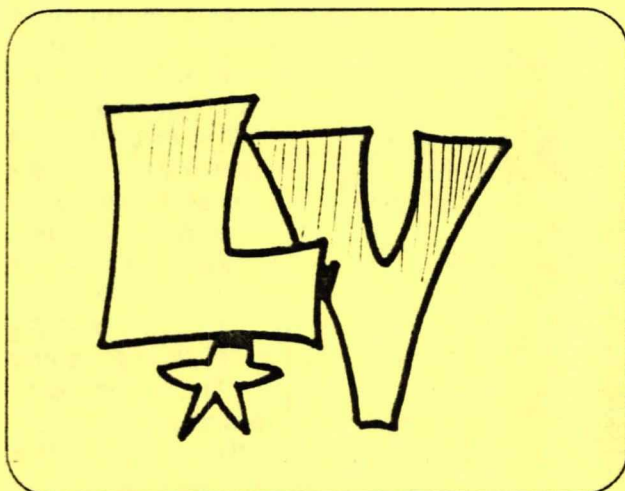
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Ray Nelson: 4, 12,

Bill Rotsler: 2, 3(2), 5, 6(2), 7, 8(B), 11, 13, 14(2), 15, 16 (2) 17, 18, 19, 20(2), 21(2), 26(2), 27(3), 28 (2), 29, 30, 31(2), 33(2), 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 30, 40(2), 41(2), 42(2), 43

Alan White: 10, 23, 24, 25, Bacovert4,





The hand-written letter with the New Orleans postmark arrived on January 30th. It was a letter, not just a postcard with a nude woman on it like we usually get, so it took a day before anyone actually opened it to see what was inside.

"Hey," it began, "I need my **Wild Heirs** fix!" The rest of the brief letter elaborated on this theme.

"So He has written," I told attendees of the February Vegrants meeting, "so it shall be." Everyone who could be roused from holiday torpor agreed.

And so, Guy H. Lillian (the Third), of New Orleans, LA, here it is because you asked for it — Wild Heirs #19

#### Arnie Katz

Ah, the holiday season! Good food, good friends, good grief — we haven't published since before Thanksgiving! That's the way of it here in Glitter City. We work like ants nine months a year and turn grasshopper from November through January.

Our new motto — if you don't read colophons, it's "A harder Farzine for Tougher Times" — provided the context for the discussion of this issue's cover. Some of us thought that the last few covers were not as trenchant as the "Jophan is back on Crack," "Co-editor Burn-out" or "LV Worldcon Blow-up" covers. "We've become almost... tasteful," Ben Wilson said with ill-concealed distaste.

So we decided to do a cover about the Abi Frost TAFF Debacle.

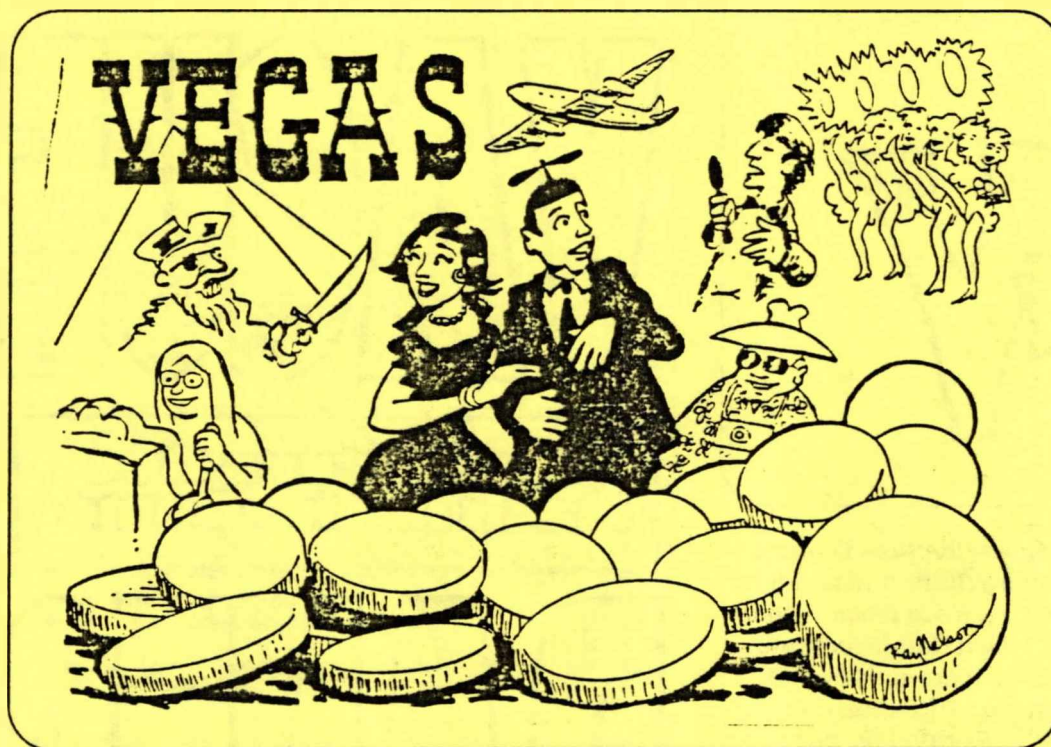
# VAGUE

**The Editors Get Back in the Game**

# WANTS







Then our good natures reasserted themselves and we armed ourselves with nothing more fiercesome than plonker guns. Look on the bright side. Had we published a Halloween cover, it probably would've shown us egging the headquarters of fandom's most self-promoting one-stamp fanzine.

### Tom Springer

Tougher Times indeed, Arnie. Not nearly tough enough to slow the kerchunking Gestetner (despite the serious drum and roller problem that drove Arnie nuts while doing #17 and #18.) and prevent us from finally publishing a 1997 issue of **Wild Heirs**. Now that we've emerged from our winter comas with bleary eyes and just enough momentum to stagger to the computer, and sooner than we'll believe, Corflu. I'll be there, recharging my fannish batteries for the coming months.

Our "dearth" of publishing has caused this to be the third try at doing "Vague Rants" for #19. Let's face it, you don't want to read about the Thanksgiving Turkey and the Christmas tree when people are buying candy and roses. (Not that you're going to find any of that in this issue either.) Still, it would be a shame if our repeated revisions expunged a notable incident from the annals of Vagrant Lore.

It happened at the December meeting. The psychic vibes were pulsing through the very air, signaling an inevitable connection. Deciding to capi-

talize on a lull in the conversation I jumped in with, "Where's Ross? I wish he was here."

"The meeting starts at eight-o'clock and it's only seven-thirty," Arnie reminded me.

"Was he even here the last time?"

"He was here," Joyce said. "I've got a copy of the last **Apa-V**, and he was in it."

"He is the editor after all," Ben said.

This naturally led us into a discussion of who had pubbed their ish at the last meeting. While we happily babbled at one another someone knocked at the door. With the pipe

having made several circuits of the room, spirits were high, and let's not forget about the psychic vibes. The immediate feeling of tense expectancy coagulated all around us as we hushed to hear the knocking at the door. We looked at each other, wide-eyed, some of us smiling and a little self-satisfied. Not unjustifiably so. Arnie sprang up to open the door to a grinning Ross. He wasn't grinning because he knew what had happened, he was just happy to be there. And we were very happy to have him. More happy that we delivered.

"You see," I said, "we once again practice our power."

Cathi giggled, no doubt remembering Toner. "Yep, here we go again."

We can't help feeling self-important, but since there's no one to object to our indulgence we continued to feel pretty good about ourselves. Somebody suggested we call upon Willis. Cathi and I rebutted this suggestion while Raven looked about with a quizzical smile on her face wondering what we're talking about. Ken spoke up for the Willis idea. Tammy laughed. So did Joyce.

"That's too much!" I protest.

"That's what stopped us last time," Arnie added.

Cathi and Ben concurred, arguing that we didn't want to overextend ourselves and break our special connections with those pulsing psychic vibes. Someone suggested Lichtman and I shouted them down pronouncing the summons of Marcy Waldie



with some authority. I hadn't seen her for a couple months and I missed her. Arnie agreed enthusiastically. Tammy shouted for Marcy, and quickly a chant broke out: "Marcy! Marcy! Marcy!"

It shortly broke into scattered laughter and we resumed our various conversations. A knock sounded at the door which brought familiar and expectant confirmation and exultant shouts. Arnie jumped for the door and swung it open to present (of course there's no suspense here because if this unusual event didn't actually occur I probably would never have thought to write about something Arnie's already reported upon, but we did it again), Marcy in all our psychic glory. A cheer erupted from the living room as she walked through the doorway. We were two for two on two different but identically purposeful dates, not to mention the mass summoning at Toner.

Nothing like a migrating group mind wandering the country boggling themselves like flip-flopped horny toads, stunning and amazing ourselves with our amazing self-appreciation and bullshit. Gotta love that psychic good cheer!

#### Ken Forman

I don't recall if anyone's ever documented the first manifestation of our awesome power. (Gee, I don't know if I want to own *anything* 'awesome' ... wait a minute ... oh, never mind.)

It happened one night, in Las Vegas' proto-Vegrant stages. Many of the people now known as

the Vegrants were sitting around Joyce's living room, doing what we do best. **Blat!** number one filled our fannish conversation.

"Did you see...?"

"Have you read...?"

"Isn't that a great cover that...?"

Eventually the conversation came 'round to Ted White's editorial.

"He used to be somewhat caustic," Joyce offered carefully, "but he shows his tru-fannish heart in this ish."

We all agreed, nodding our heads in agreement.

Ted did this...he wrote such-and-such...you should have read...

Ted, Ted, Ted, Ted, Ted.

Eventually we were all chanting "Ted White...Ted White..."

"R-r-r-ing," the phone added.

"Hello," Arnie answered.

Then he started laughing, laughing so hard he dropped the phone and fell off the couch.

"Honestly, Arnie," Joyce cajoled, reaching over her prostrate husband. "Hello," she asked sweetly. She too, dropped the phone in a fit of laughter.

It was Ted White, himself.

(While I was writing this, I kept expecting the story to end with Mr. White walking through the door. Imagine how disappointed I was when that didn't happen.

Hey, it was our first time, and a phone call is a good start.

# KATZEN ARNIE KATZ JAMMER

## My Back to the Future

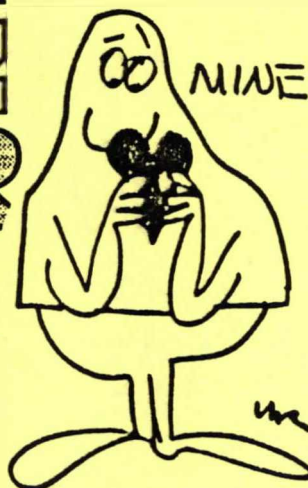
No holiday fits Las Vegas better than Valentine's Day. No other occasion, except maybe News Year's Eve, so perfectly embodies Glitter City's character.

Nothing could be truer to Vegas than this crass, mass market wallow in over-the-top sentiment and studied naughtiness.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not the Valentine's Day equivalent of the Christmas Scrooge. I

send cards and give presents, but I am not so caught up in the holiday that once honored romantic love, that I need to send a card to my mom. I figure Mothers Day covers that. No one *needs* to send mom a Valentine's Day card except Oedipus.

Joyce was so sickly during early February that we





low-keyed our Valentine's celebration. We exchanged cards and had cherry coffee cake for desert.

As I say, Joyce had a tough time. She progressed from sinusitis to Tic Douloureux (the Hot Disease of 1997) and then to an abscessed tooth. The medicines don't always mix cordially, which adds another layer of symptoms.

She's feeling better as the **Wild Heirs** publication date approaches, and her customary column may well be found elsewhere in these pages. You know whether it's there better than I do at this writing.

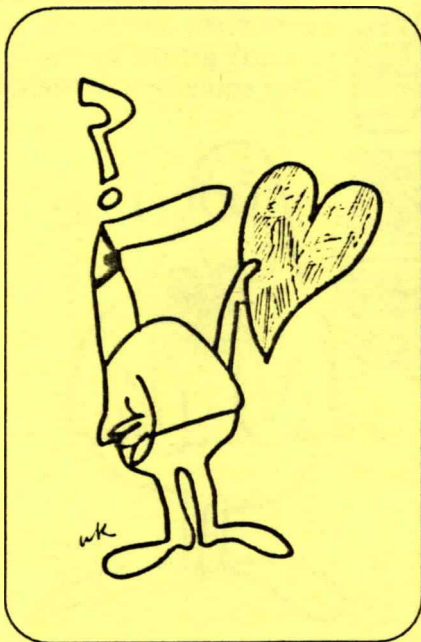
An editorial strongman like Andy Hooper could tell you exactly, with page numbers. I'm happy when I get the page numbers in the right order. Actually, I've been good about that for a few issues. I'm starting to angle for an AFAL award for "Outstanding Numeric Sequentialism." Vote for **Wild Heirs**, or I'll wave my big fanzine in your face.

I'm just a cog in the Vegas Fanzine Machine. It takes nearly two-dozen of us, plus helpers, doing nothing to produce our annual Winter Publishing Hiatus. Admittedly, I contributed my full share of the required sloth, but I couldn't have done it alone.

Considering the accumulated rust of more than two **Heirless** months, I think this *Katzenjammer* is going reasonably well, don't you? Except that I haven't yet gotten to the main topic, my sudden uncontrollable timebinding.

It started unobtrusively. I enjoy old time radio shows, especially comedies. I was delighted when I got some cassettes for Chanukah. They're great when you want to fill a half-hour between favorite TV programs.

Except that I started listening to two or even three at a time. It wasn't a week



before I had replaced "Must See" TV with a cavalcade of *Burns and Allen*, *The Jack Benny Show*, *Edgar Bergen & Charlie McCarthy*, *Duffy's Tavern*.

Then I detected a subtle change in my musical preferences. Those who attend Vegrants, the Social or other Toner Hall gatherings know that the CD cranks out continuous alternative rock, with a slight leavening of Lou Reed, Bob Dylan, Rolling Stones and other perennial deviants.

It's a different

story when the fans go home. Lately, Robert Johnson, Furry Lewis and Memphis Minnie have crowded Social Distortion, Counting Crows and Hole off my playlist.

It's not nostalgia. This music is 'way before my time, before my parents' time. Yet for now, rock runs second to the old stuff.

That bothered me a little, but mounting evidence smacked me in the face. I realized that I'd begun reading only old fanzines!

It started innocently, with the run of **Hyhens** I'd reclaimed from Tom Springer. Then I started rereading **Retribution**, to get in the groove for another Andre Casino story, I told myself.

Before long it was **Hot Shit** with the breakfast toast and **Flying Frog** at noon. I was in full denial, until one fateful evening. One minute I was exulting that I hadn't read a blantly self-reverential fanzine for a couple of weeks — and then I realized I hadn't read any zine published since 1964 in three weeks.

I don't understand this sudden Great Leap Backward. What does it mean? The lack of answers left me sleepless for several nights in a row.

So I called Burb, but he didn't have any idea. Neither did Terry Carr, though he thought Laney might have something to say about it.



That's a safe bet. When did Francis Towner Laney ever not have something to say? They don't call him "The Stormy Petrel" for nothing. (Actually, they can and do call him "The Stormy Petrel" for nothing, though this gives me an idea for a money-maker for a future Las Vegas Con. We could get Al Ashley to call people bastards for \$5 a pop.)

So I called Laney, who wanted to talk about the damn stamp collection. I listened to him gush over a flower set from some ragtag country whose biggest industry is making stamps for the Laney collection.

"I've got a problem," I said after he finally ran out of stamp chat.

"No shit!" he said. "And Pamela Lee has tits!" He treated me to the thunderous Laney laugh.

"This is a new one, one I didn't used to have," I clarified.

"It isn't about stamps, is it?"

"No," I said and, before he could protest, told him of my retro trip.

"Well, meyer, that just goes to show that you're a regular guy and not the wizened fanboy I took you for."

"Uuuuuuhhhhh... thanks," I managed, unsure if this was a compliment or yet another insult.

"You'll go back to X-Files, REM and your debased and degenerate fanzine fandom," he promised.

"How can you be so sure, Fran?"

He gave me a Sharp Look. "Fandom is the root cause, Katz. Well, sex is the root cause, but fandom is sublimated sex. If your problem is fandom, then it's really sex."

"And this leads you to your conclusion how?"

"It's a direct consequence," he barked. "If fandom is sublimated sex, what is true of sex should also be true of fandom."

"That has a certain logic," I conceded. My mother taught me never to argue with a Crazy Person, just smile and do whatever it is they seem to want. I gave FTL my best smile.

"Men want variety in sex. The old stuff is great, no doubt about it. But after awhile you want something new. That's why Baskin-Robbins has special flavors each month."

"So ice cream is sublimated sex, too?"

"You're stepping on my monologue, meyer," he scolded.

"Monolog?"

"You're gonna write this up, aren't you, fanboy?" He knows me so well. "You may listen to old radio shows, play pre-War music and read only 6th fandom zines for awhile, but you'll eventually want something new. You won't get it from Jimmy Rodgers — or Don Wolheim!"

You know, writing this, I have an unquenchable need to hear the new one from Social Distortion.

Valentine's Day, Bah, Bedbug! -- Arnie Katz

# VAGRANT SHELBY VICK VEGRANT

## The Curtain-Raiser

Suzanne suggested the title. Said she, "With so many of your friends here, and with all our visits, you're really a vagrant Vagrant."

It makes sense. I spent much time either writing letters or on the

phone before getting Online — and now I spend hours each week e-mailing Arnie, Bill Kunkel, Joyce Katz, Laurie Kunkel, Ken or Aileen Forman....

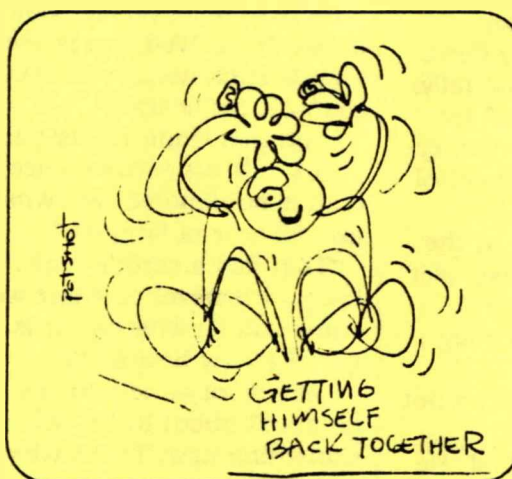
Fact is, in this electronic fashion I keep in touch with Vagrants more than people around here, save for those I work with. And why not? Bill, Arnie and I share, aside from fandom, a strong interest in (and amusement with) professional wrestling. Suzanne shares, with many of the Vegas women, an interest in cooking and nutrition.

All of us are interested in, of course, fanzines. Now, it should be obvious I'm not a Vagrant





because of the glitter in Glitter City. When we go to Vegas, we never take in any of the shows; the closest to any of its many attractions I've taken advantage of is the slots, and played at least 30 minutes on one slot; they gave you a 30th Anniversary shirt. I put in \$3 worth of quarters and lasted a bit over the required amount. Who said things were expensive in Vegas???



hard drive, Windows 95, Corel WordPerfect 6.0, Netscape 3.0, — 3.0 is a recent addition — etc, etc) than I've spent on clothes, household items, car upkeep — even medical costs!

As I've said before, it's all a matter of having your priorities straight.

Now, being a total neo concerning either Online stuff or Windows, I have had my difficulties. I've even had troubles with the new WordPerfect, since commands are almost all handled by mouse — and I'm not a good mouse trainer. My mouse sometimes acts as if it has a mind of its own.

The grammar checker (something I had wanted for a long time) turns out to be a laugh; it sometimes even tells me that a word I had written as plural — should be changed to plural! I had expected it to go crazy over my casual writing style and usual disregard for rules, but not *that* crazy!

I recently finished Stephen King's Green Mile series. This was my first experience with King in many a year; he was taking too many good 60,000-word novels and stretching them out too far. Has he done anything less than 250,000 words in the last ten years? But I was curious about the new format, and tried it. Sure, all six together make one l-o-n-g book, but having them in six separate episodes improved it vastly, for me. Hope he does other experiments. He *can* write, no doubt of that. I just resented the appearance that he was writing like a man who's getting a penny per word and is determined to make the

publisher really p-a-y.

Another reason I'm a vagrant Vagrant; it's lonesome, here in Springfield/Panama City/Lynn Haven. Back in the olden days in Lynn Haven, there were several friends of mine who not only read sf, but even were aware of fandom and could sensibly discuss it. They moved away, and no one took their place.

Oh, there are other fans (of a sort) around; something like fifteen, maybe twenty years ago they put on a small con. But the bulk of them drifted into Star Trekdom, or gaming, or things like that — or they, too, moved away.

Between the past and the present. Way back when I had a fascinating visit from the teenage Arnie Katz —with the difference of a few pounds, he was the same witty, warm, intelligent and caring individual then as now —our all-too-infrequent—all-too-short visits with him these days should be the silver thread that stitches together Past and Present and leads to my attachment to the Vegrants.

So, what's this vagrant Vagrant up to these days? Anyone who reads **Wild Heirs** or **VFD** knows the biggest thing:

I'M ONLINE!

I've spent more money on my computer system (133 Pentium, 6X CD-ROM, 28.8 modem, 1.2 gig





True, there is Tim Riley. Tim is responsible for my return to fandom. He is very aware of fandom's existence, and knows some of the same fans I know. And he goes to lots of cons; even showed up briefly for MagiCon. But Tim is primarily a huckster. He produces (slowly; three over a ten-year period) his own comic book, "TR & Co." It's the story of a neo trying to make his way to his first Worldcon, told in a series of three-or-four-panel strips. It's amusing, and shows his awareness of fandom...but he himself is more interested in the marketing angle than real fanning. We're good friends, but we talk seldom because he spends so much time out of town going to regional cons, including Trek cons, comicons, etc.

So Suzanne and I are isolated. But, like a wandering ground vine, we're beginning to set roots into Vegas.

Vegrants, beware! -- Shelby Vick

## fwa news

As a result of votes conducted at the Corflu Wave banquet, fwa has selected Bill Rotsler as past president for 1996 and Lee Hoffman as past president for the year 1951.

We hope both have enjoyed their richly deserved one-year reigns at the head of this prestigious fan organization.

# UN KEN FORMAN WOUND

## Bride of Formanstein

Picture the scene in the old, B&W version of *Frankenstein* when the Doctor finally brings his creation to life...The castle is dark, a fire flickers in the background, electric equipment sparks and hisses all around the place. Outside a storm rages. Slowly, ever so slowly, the creature raises a shaky finger, then the whole hand.

The camera flashes back to Dr. Frankenstein's face and he exclaims, "It's alive — alive!"

We all know how the story ends; the creation becomes corrupt and — in the end — destroys his creator.

I experienced something similar to this just the other day.

For years, I asked Aileen if she wanted to contribute to fanzines. "C'mon, it'll be fun. Who knows, maybe you'll be some BNF someday," I'd laud.

She resisted.

"Try it, Aileen," Arnie would suggest. "You're a great writer. Other fans want to read what you write!"

She rebuffed his efforts.

Joyce successfully convinced her to co-edit a fanzine. Aileen agreed and helped produce *BBB*. But that wasn't enough for my wife to fully take the plunge.

Time and again, various fans (Las Vegas types and out-of-towners like Robert Lichtman) assured her that she should write. Aileen didn't want to play.

This opposition didn't come from disinterest. Rather, Aileen likes fannish types. If you were at Corflu Vegas, you'll remember the beautiful red haired

hostess forcing chocolate on any and everyone. (Yes, I know Lynn Steffan, who is also beautiful and — at that time — red haired, was there, but she wasn't pushing candy.)

Aileen loves to host, and everyone at the con loved her. I just knew she would be as big a hit in print as she was in person. My only problem was convincing her to write.

My wife is stubborn, and cautious. Forcing her to do anything is pointless. So I bided my time. I followed the patent-pending, Arnie Katz method of fan creation. Just a little at a time. It began simply enough back in 1994.

"Hey honey," I called into the other room, "this guy sez he wants to hear more about your horse."

"What guy?"

"Bill Rotsler. You remember him. He was at Corflu Vegas — drew on all the plates."

"Of course, I remember Bill. Why does he want to know about my horse?" she asked.

"You talked about your horse at the con, and I think you've mentioned him a few times in various



one-shots. And I did that piece on him in **Dalmatian Alley**. I think you should write more about him."

Just a little at a time.

Before I knew it, fandom's encouragement worked its magic. Aileen started to write a little more often.

"The next thing she knew, she was addicted. That egg-of-boo is some powerful stuff.

Aileen started contributing regularly to **Wild Heirs** and responding to the lettercol. She even sent off a few locs to other people.

All the while denying her own fannishness.

"I'm not a fanzine fan!" she'd proclaim. "I'm a science fiction fan who happens to like all aspects of fandom. Fanzines are one part my fanac."

It's hard to argue against such logic.

She even declared these things in a recent issue of **WH**. Yet one undeniable fact existed. As Lichtman points: If you write for and to fanzines and you read fanzines, and you hang out with fanzine fans, then you must be a fanzine fan, regardless of your other hobbies.

Fanzine fandom has her now.

Even death will not release her.

Cheers rang far and wide throughout fandom. Hooray, hurrah, Aileen Forman is a fanzine fan! The final nail was driven home just a few months ago, when she produced a perzine called **Glamour**.

No way she could deny her true colors now.

Aileen asked me to teach her how to use my desk top publishing program so she could do it herself without my help.

How could I refuse the request of a new trufan?

She sent a copy to Rotsler who, of course, sent her numerous cartoons. Many of these toons included jokes based on the title, some were specific enough that

they would only work in future issues. That Rotsler has a devious mind, he has.

Others sent locs filled with praise and suggestions. She had to pub more.

Aileen's second issue came out last month, looking better than the first. The next is coming together even as I write this. This is very exciting, watching a fan blossom.

So how does all this relate to *Frankenstetr*?

Picture the scene in a new suburban house where a fan is about to spring to life...The room is lit, a fire flicks in the background... The computer bleeps and boops as the fan types out her stories and does her layout. Outside the wind blows. Slowly, ever so slowly, the fan finishes a page, then a whole zine.

The camera flashes back to me as I think, she's a fan...a fan! But don't forget that the creation destroys the creator.

We only have one computer in this house! Only one fan at a time can commit fanac around here. Lately, it seems that when the fannish muse visits me, my wife is working on my computer. I say my computer because prior to this new transmogrification, she resisted touching the thing. So I'm stuck on the prongs of a dilemma. Not a comfortable place to be, either.

Do I encourage Aileen to write more, and thus inhibit my own fanac? Or do I deny her access to the tools necessary to commit her own? Quite the sticky wicket.

My temporary solution is to sneak around, behind her back to do what I have to do.

In the middle of the night, I'll slowly roll out of bed (it's a full-motion water bed, so this is a very delicate operation) and creep into the living room.

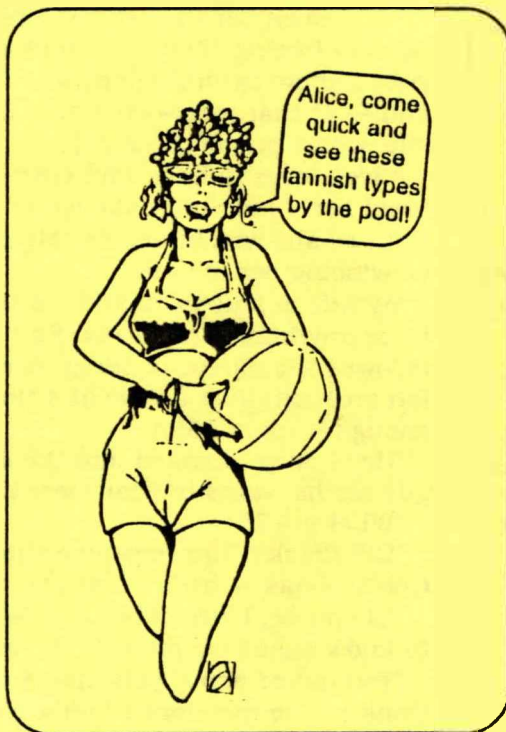
Half the time she wakes and asks where I'm going.

"Just need a drink of water. Go back to sleep, sweetheart," I mutter. This usually placates her, and she falls back into slumber. This ruse gains me the needed computer time.

Sometimes a noise will wake her, and she'll notice I'm not beside her under the covers. She'll sleepily wander into the living room, rubbing her eyes, and ask why I'm up and at the computer.

I just lie. "I'm just browsing the Internet, looking for dirty pictures," I say. "If I do it at night, the downloads are faster."

She mumbles something about being married to a pervert and stumbles back to bed. I don't know if she buys the bullshit.





but she leaves me in peace and I go back to my fanac.

Let my story of woe stand as a warning to all

married fans. If you want your significant other to share the joy you've found in fandom, get that second computer first. -- Ken Forman

# STRAIGHT MARGY WALDIE UP

## Things Resolved

Although I feel guilty having missed contributing to the last two WH's (I won't mention names, Arnie), I do not offer reasons or even excuses. That's life. But I'm back to update you on matters that have been resolved and some that should be. For those of you who care, and those who don't, I spill the words and clear my mind of pending clutter.

Okay, sports nuts, here's another unofficial opinion from an official fan.

Some of you questioned the validity of certain Summer Olympic events as being sports activities. After this explanation, you will probably continue to hold to your own beliefs. My qualifications on the question of what constitutes a sport are outstanding only in that they are mine.

From the time I could sit up, I've been on the move. My folks had to put sandbags on my highchair so I wouldn't rock it over. The stroller posed a prob-

lem, however. Mom couldn't take me out in it unless my sister came along to stand guard. Hyperkinetic? Not by today's definition. Just active and healthy. By the time I was old enough to participate in running games, skating, biking and the like, I did. Playing with paper dolls just didn't cut it with me. I was destined to move.

Junior high and high school after hours found me in intramural and extramural "sports". In college I learned not only to hone athletic skills in myself, but in others as well. This also included the effects of physical activity on those systems of the body called on to deliver maximum performance.

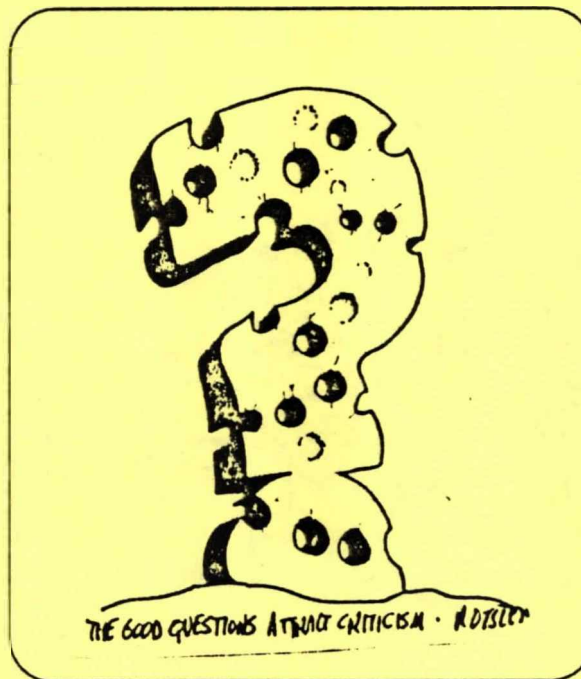
Two years of pre-med courses, four years of playing my guts out in a plethora of sports (except curling and spilunking) and eight years of dance crammed into four molded me firmly for my teaching career. Being not quite satisfied, I went on to become certified as a cardiac exercise technician in the new category of "sports medicine".

So just ask me what constitutes a sport and what doesn't, and I'll reply, "Hell, I don't know."

Today, everything done as a pastime is considered sport. It's synonymous with recreation. One does get more activity surfing the web than sitting in a shanty with a string and bobber descending

through a hole in lake ice, or perched on a camp stool waiting for the animal of the season to come into range.

Serious sports are those that require maximum concentration and physical exercise to perform. Junk sports include auto racing; the machine does the majority of the work. To get the full benefit of a true athletic sport, it must require the participant to sustain their target heart rate for a minimum of thirty minutes. That means continual movement, no starting and stopping as in tennis. Those activities that require aerobic exercise, as opposed to anaerobic such as weightlifting, are most beneficial to the cardiovascular system. But, of course, now we have cross training, which





incorporates different activities for full maximization of the total being. Of course, *any* physical activity even moderately performed has benefits.

Confused? I am. Call them what you want. If you consider rhythmic gymnastics a sport, fine. Or archery. Or channel surfing on your remote. Whatever you need to re-create. By the way, rhythmic gymnastics with or without props such as Indian clubs, utility balls, hoops and wands, sprang from the marching exercises women performed in the military way back when.

But in my opinion, there's one activity that can be easily performed by all and benefits six of the body's ten systems. Now, that's hard to beat. Curious? In a word - sex.

Subject closed.

Now what about this Macarena craze? Many people predicted the demise of the Spanish "arm dance" long ago. Some even think it's dead now, having been replaced with "The Train" by the Quad Cities group. Wrong! The Macarena just won't die. And it looks as though it will be around even longer.

A Spanish fragrance designer has marketed Macarena Eau de Toilette to stores worldwide. The launch was made with only one month's lead time from design to ship. That should tell you about the quality of this floral fragrance for women. A two plus fluid ounce bottle runs around thirteen bucks. But wait! There's much more.

Each bottle flaunts the autographs of Los del

Rio, the Sevillian pair that made the song famous. The package also contains Macarena dance instructions, and encourages buyers to submit a video of themselves performing the dance, with a chance of winning a week's stay in Seville.

So next time you're looking for a unique gift for a special lady, visit your favorite Target or Wal-Mart store for a whiff of Spain.

Personally, I'd rather ride the train. It's fresh and funky.

Last year about this time, I was so inspired by the fragrance of the Katz' pre-Manure Con kick-off party and the con itself, that I wrote about my labor of love in painstakingly re-seeding my front lawn only to have it result in a foraging feast for feathered friends. I did everything right; I know I did. But all it boiled down to was spending twelve bucks for stinky bird seed.

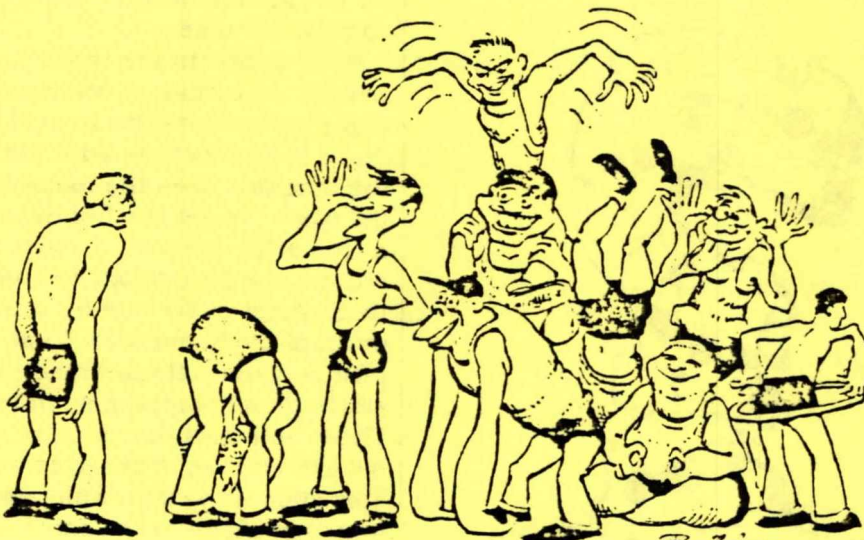
That's why this fall when my sister announced that she intended to re-seed our lawn, I scoffed and told her that she was on her own. I was additionally discouraged because, again this year, Arnie and Joyce had sparse spots overseeded, and in ten days had strong, sturdy blades reaching up to the sun.

My sister asked, "I've never done it before, but how hard can it be? Just scatter the seed, throw dirt on top and water everyday."

Basically, she was right, so I kicked in for the topsoil. Or rather, what westerners call topsoil - ground bark, mulch and whatever else the nurseries can pass off as soil nutri-

ents without having to include dirt. In Wisconsin, we'd shovel our own black dirt into the trunk of the car at nineteen cents a bushel. And it was black, and it was dirt. We knew it was premium stuff because earthworms still thrived in the nutrient rich earth.

I couldn't help but think that Sis was in for a disappointment. But noooo. Within two weeks, soft patches of green replaced the third of the lawn that was nothing but a giant litterbox to stray cats and dogs. (I'm sure it was the steer manure that attracted them in the first place.) Sis was so delighted that I couldn't help but be



All together now, one, two, one, two!



the same.

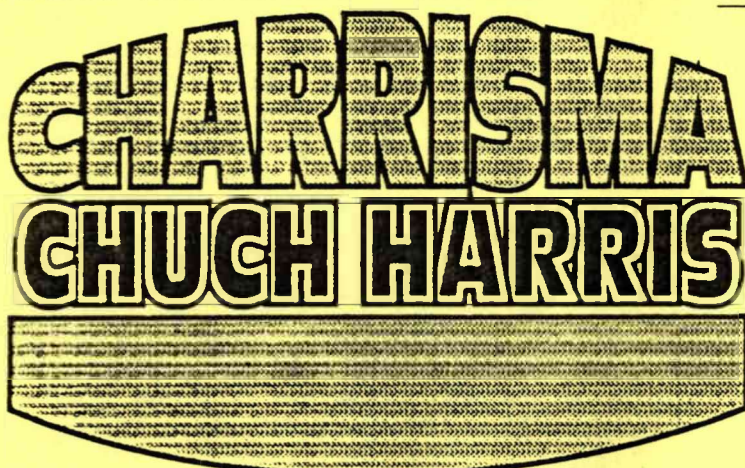
Perhaps more neighbors will talk to us now that our lawn is not an embarrassment in their eyes. Or maybe it was the smell that bothered them....

But hey, we do live in a desert. I could live with dirt, stones and an occasional flowering weed for

landscape. Natural is cool. At any rate, we have a full front lawn now, and it takes a few seconds under six minutes to mow.

Yeah, I can live with that, too.

-- Marcy Waldie



## Better Wed Than Dread

There was a very posh wedding at the golf club on Saturday. The club bicycle (everyone has had a ride), married a Tycoon and Spared No Expense,—Champagne! Prawns with avocado! Chicken a la guttapercha! Mysterious ice cream sundaes full of spanish fly and a Free Bar, (and sometime you must tell me what a "sidebar" is—I never did understand that cover.)

Anyway, I outshone the bride, —white tuxedo, black trousers and the very first premiere appearance of the Marilyn Monroe tie. Sensation! Uproar! and the Club Captain saying, "I say Harris, have you no decency, no shame at all?"

"Left them in my other suit, sir."

I hope to see you, and perhaps other co-editors, at Corflu. I haven't started it yet but I want to do a "Helpful Hints for visitors to this sceptred isle"....Sue will be out playing golf for much of next week so I hope to have a chance to work on it then.....but don't hold your breath.

Re Martin Tudor's accent *as mentioned in a previous WH...* Obviously I wouldn't know myself, but I understand he has a pretty broad Brum accent and baffles folk with things like "Chookle Embrer's Awa Skim."

This baffled the finest linguists in the Kingdom, but was finally decoded as "The Duke of

GOT ANY MONROE  
STAMPS I COULD  
VH...  
LICK  
?



Edinburgh's Award Scheme".....but who am I to sneer? I brought the World Ghoddminton Championships to a halt by screaming "Fice! Fice!" at a crucial match point and had to write the word down before they understood that "Face" is ALWAYS pronounced "Fice".....in London.

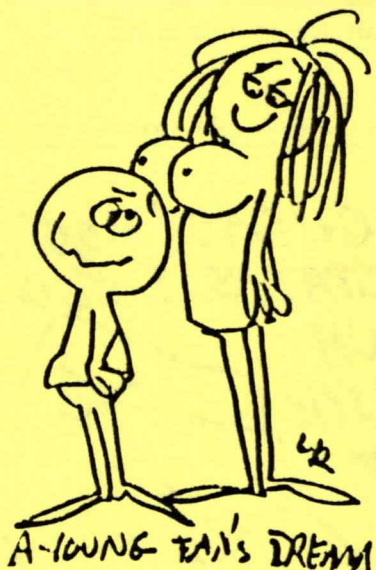
Co-editor Tom Springer wants to know about Ghoddminton. I hardly know where to start! Roughly it was like table tennis played with a shuttlecock and A4 size pieces of cardboard as bats. It was played in deadly earnest punctuated by hysterical laughter.

Marilyn Monroe was *never* a bat. She was an icon and her calendar was pinned to the wall next to the uncashed cheque payable to me for my very first (and only) pro sale. (The rest of the Wheels of IF refused to let me cash it and join prodom.....my fan status was sacred and could not be desecrated by crass cash. As the cheque was made out for £1.50 (about 3 dollars), I never bothered to argue, and for all I know it's still pinned to the attic wall in 170 Upper Newtownards Road.

And, of course, I am still a Trufan and *never* a

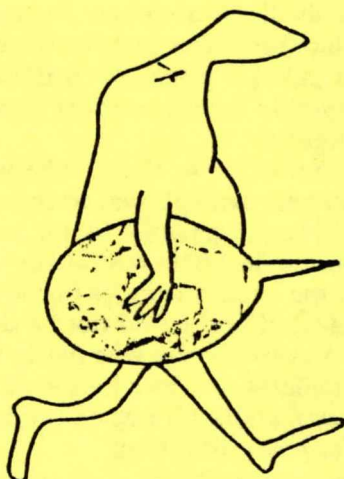
This installment was assembled  
from recent letters.





Vile Pro. I was (and am) devoted to Marilyn, (my favourite film is still *Some Like it Hot*) and the Vegrants know of this obsession. A few weeks ago they sent me a handsome necktie featuring the dear half-clad girl. I wore it to an elegant wedding at the golf club, too, — much to the shock horror of the rest of the Greens Committee.

But, talking of fannish games, the very best one that I ever saw was at my First Contact with the



**TAKING UMBRAGE AND NOT  
PUTTING IT BACK**

London Circle. It was called The Game. The table-sized board featured the solar system with space routes between the planets. (Imagine a galactic *Monopoly* game) Each player had a spaceship (mine was "Skylark").

You loaded your ship with fuel and tradegoods, moved along your chosen route according to the throw of the dice "paying" a fuel token each throw. (If you were greedy and loaded too little fuel, you moved only one space at a time when it was your throw until you reached your chosen destination and sold your cargo. Prices for goods varied during your journey so you could find your cargo worthless on arrival.

It went on for days, — the board (and you!) coated with fine dust from the railway coal yard across the road, nothing to drink except tea. The cooking stove was gas fuelled so all the oxygen was burnt up and we finished with the most terrible headaches you can imagine... and this, like the Oblique House attic, was the nearest I ever got to heaven.

I've found a new friend! In the library I'm pretty omnivorous. I'd rather read, —or even re-read— Patrick O'Brian's Jack Aubrey novels than make mad passionate love to even Felicity Kendal, but I still read all the SF I can lay my hands on — as long as it doesn't have ray guns on the cover.

Last week Sue found *THE HORSE WHISPERER* and we both thought it pretty good, but just lately I've been reading every Robert B. Parker book that I can lay my hands on.

These feature his private eye, Spenser and his black friend, Hawk. They owe a lot to Raymond Chandler, and invariably say the right liberal things in the right places.

Since starting the series I've learnt a lot more about Cape Cod and Boston than I need, and get baffled by references like Wingtip shoes.....penny loafers.....johnnycake.....little things that mean nothing to the story but tend to stick in the subconscious like a burr —especially to someone like me who prides himself on his vast knowledge of US vernacular.

(Sometimes I get so irritated I get out the Big Dictionary..... like NOW.)

"Johnnycake: (Australian!!!!!!)a thin cake of flour and water cooked in the ashes of a fire or in a pan."

Nothing about penny loafers or wingtips though.  
-- Chuch Harris

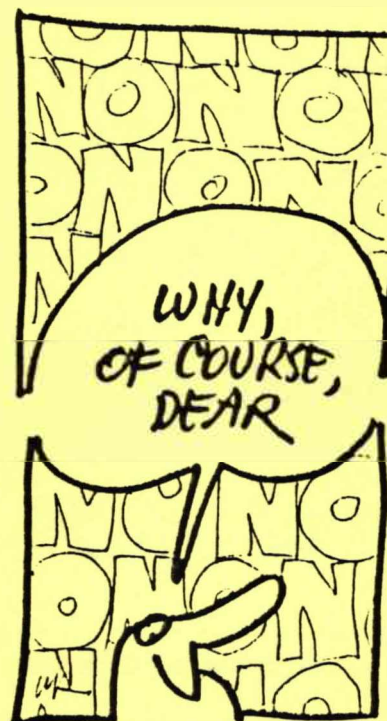


# SERCON TOM SPRINGER NAVIGATION

## Talkin' about Stuff

Tammy and I moved in together about two months after we started dating. Our decision to live together was almost unconscious as we wanted to share as much time as possible, and my collection of clothes grew until I had more at her place than at mine. The transition was almost seamless, and her understanding of my need for space showed a consideration you don't always find. The emotional anxiety of committing to my love went right by me without notice. What couldn't escape my attention, and Tammy's, was the fact that we needed more room for my stuff. So we moved into a two bedroom apartment. She graciously gave me the second room, and I got the space I needed in my room, where I can be as lazy as I like and not pick up anything for any number of months. It's where I keep my hobbies and my clothes. Tammy has a sewing machine in here, but if you don't know the way you may get lost. Which is why I always feel safe in my room, sitting at my computer, because I know nobody can find me here.

My room is awash with fannish documents, artifacts, icons, correspondence, and of course, fanzines. Looking to my right I see three coffee saucers with the thick black Rotsler lines that turn my thoughts to smiles. At my feet is a huge pile of correspondence, fanzines, and I don't know what all, but it's airy with papers and moves at the slightest touch. Perched atop my dresser is the very cool gold plastic Toner sign with the blue, yellow, and red beanie dangling from the top of the crooked T. Alan White made it for Toner and we proudly hung it in the consulte during our debauch. Alan, sadly enough, never actually



showed up for the party. Right before me next to the computer is **Apparatchik** and **Trap Door**, and beneath them the latest FAPA mailing. On the other side of the 'puter is my copy of *The American College Dictionary* precariously balanced on an unstable pile of **Empties** and mailing labels.

Behind me amid the many piles of clothes that live on my floor lies a shirt box full of Rotsler envelopes I acquired at Toner that I'm waiting to use. Stuff everywhere, despite our agreement to keep it all in my room, because it's impossible to keep so much stuff in such a small place. Tammy understands and allows my stuff to migrate to wherever it might end up before she gathers it into a plastic bag and chucks it back into my room, quickly closing the door behind her. I kindly bought her a set of iron tongs for the more unsavory objects that tend to venture outside their environs at night while we sleep. In the living room, more fanzines. Boxes of them. Two boxes actually, and two piles of fanzines about a foot tall each that I don't have boxes for. In the bathroom, in the bedroom, the kitchen table, even my Rodeo has fanzines and assorted printed matter floating around in it. I can boast that I've made a dent in reading them but then I'd have to get into specifics, and I don't have time to go wandering



about the apartment sifting things and trying to remember.

There's one particular fannish object I've been keeping on the night dresser next to the bed that I've been falling asleep with every night. An inch and a half thick it has some heft to it. This black hardcover volume has a gold triangle with a three-leaf clover placed within it. **Warhoon 28.**

Some friends of mine gave it to me. The idea spun together within the ingenious mind of Michelle Lyons, so I hear, to gift me with this wonderful volume full of Willis. I think it happened sometime after I left the Worldcon on that

serendipitous Friday afternoon.

Carefully opening the black hardcover reveals two pages covered with three leaf clovers and the next page past that leads to the collection of good souls who gave me this awesome book. Everyone who contributed also penned their name and a small message. They dated it August 31, 1996. "To Tom, from your friends at L.A. Con III!" takes up the upper left hand corner of the page. Beneath that Andrew Hooper signed his name and scrawled "For the throng." I'm not sure what this means, but perhaps it will come clear to me in time.

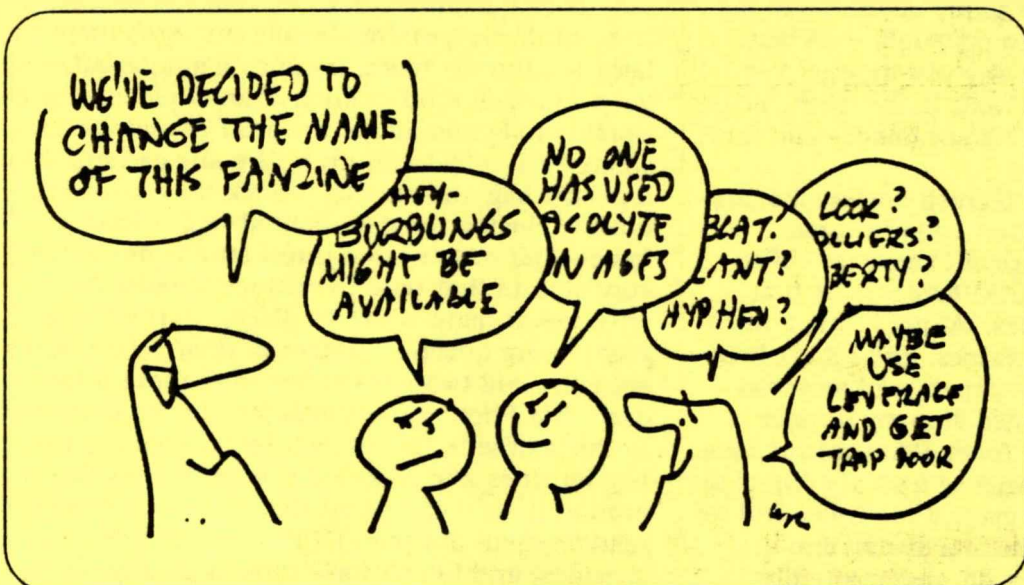
Next to Andy's signature is someone's rich brown I cannot decipher and beneath the scribble a message from the mystery fan, "Let me borrow it when your through." As soon as I can find out who you are we can make arrangements. Under this Robert Lichtman signed his name and a simple "Enjoy!" which he knows I will. To the right and a little below the X-man Alan Rosenthal cribbed "Read it and weep!"

Art Widnar signed the lower left hand corner of the page and wrote a short quote, "For the Fan with broad mental horizons and a sensitive fannish face." I bet Burbee never suspected that line would get the kind of mileage it has over the years.

Back at the top of the page, right in the middle is a little squared off message from a fannish friend of mine here in town. Aileen Forman, co-editor and fanned of **Glamor**, says I'm "Worth every penny I donated." No argument here. To the right of that is the block-like scrawl of a migrant Vegas fan who now lives in Phoenix, Karl Kreder. Karl doesn't quite grasp what fanzine fandom's all about, and

sadly enough doesn't know what this book of blue and black means to me. "Your welcome," he writes, "some time you'll have to tell me what this is." Poor Karl.

Beneath Karl, my second baseman from Corflu Nashville, Moshe Feder, gives me a simple piece of advice. "Live by this book and you'll always be happy." Under Moshe, Tom Becker signed his name, and to the left of Tom, Ken Forman wrote, "You're the Man." This could be debated, espe-





cially since it was Ken who transported this treasure back from L.A. and cleverly presented the book to me as his own, "but you can go ahead and take a look at it. . ."

At the very least Ken, you qualify for temporary "You're the Man" status for that little bit of fun you had with me. While I smiled pleasingly at Ken's good fortune on the outside (putting up a good front and all), inside my guts were twisting with envy. I wanted that book! But how to knock him out and take the **Warhoon** without anyone seeing me or Ken finding out who did it? Before I could formulate a plan I opened the book and soon found the page I've been describing, and now find myself having trouble sharing the joy and relief of not having to render Ken unconscious. My smile turned genuine and I happily clasped the book to my chest. It was mine! Mine, mine, mine!

I was so happy. Petty but happy.

Below and a little to the right of Ken is a message in looping letters by a fan I wish I had more

time to speak with, Janice Eisen. "Had to help you get this ultimately fannish volume — have fun with it." After that, "See you at Corflu?" Of course to both, of course. Under Janice and to the left, I was happy to see the pinched signature of Don Fitch. Beneath and to the right of Don, the lesser half of Michelle Lyons (it *was* her idea!) Richard Brandt, who jokes, "You call that an annish? Now this was a fanzine!" "Planting ideas in you sensitive fannish head since 1996."

I want to thank all of you who participated in this cool surprise and hope some day I can make you feel as good as I did that evening when Ken pulled this **Warhoon 28** out of his bag, held it up for me to see and said, "**Warhoon 28**, I got it at the Worldcon, you can go ahead and look at it if you like. . .". I'm still looking at it and love what I see (and don't regret for one instance my unformulated plans to ambush my friend Ken). Having bought a **Warhoon 28** for himself, I'm sure Ken understands. --Tom Springer

**BLUR  
JOYCE KATZ  
JAUNT**



## The Incredible Journey

When the Vegrants assigned the topic for the 41st monthly mailing of Apa V, we all rolled our eyes heavenward, as if to entreat Ghu for guidance on how to handle this sensitive subject.

Personally, I think that the expectation that any of us would reveal our Secret Innermost Visions might be reaching. How could I confess to my friends my desire to be rolled in mashed turnips, coated in molasses, and set in the sun to ferment? — Nope, that's not it; that's the recipe for white lightning.

How could I tell my fannish peers that I constantly dwell on thoughts of primordial ooze, an

ambitious tadpole, and just a hint of sulfur? — No, wrong file. That's how to seed a frog pond.

How can I admit my passionate desire to don the white jacket, stir fry a yeti, and dwell forever in the Caves of Everest? — Naw, that's not the one; that's the road to Truth and Understanding.

My fantasy files are mixed up with my recipe index. There's no help for them. Instead, I'll tell about

### Joyce's Incredible Fantastic NeverEnding Journey

I ride my cayuse over the prairie. The sun is slowly sinking into the west; the cattle are lolling. I gallop into camp, and jump from the horse vacar-



ro-style, silver spurs gleaming in the firelight. I sit between White and Lichtman to eat barbecued beans from a pie tin, then pick up my guitar, leaning conveniently on a cactus, and start to sing "Twilight On The Trail".

Ken Goldsmith breaks the reverie, shouting. "Here come the bad guys," so we load our shooters with six and prepare for the rush of the barbarians. Powdering the horizon with shot, we are still driven back by the force of their shouting at the gate.

Snapping my pistol doesn't halt the charge. I brace myself against the fence, then...

Turn into a bird with six foot wings. Rising high in the air, pieces of the fence clamped in my beak, I follow the sun until I spot a spire in the Northwest, and target the city.

When I recognize the

place, I see Andy on the ground, and screech a greeting. As my mighty jaws open, I drop a fence on Seattle. Each time I caw, I drop another one. I see Andy shouting, so settle down to talk to him.

Andy was a little sore, but once I dragged the fences off him, he felt better. We were both waving our fanzines in the air and created so much hot air that we launched a balloon.

Rising into the purple sky, we see Victor waving below, but we're too far away and it's too small to know what he had in his hand.

Drifting over the mountains, the balloon is Speered by inappropriate punctuation, and begins to fall after the comma-case attack. Andy tumbles gently back to ground, fall broken by the **Apparachik** parachute, but the air gushing out of the balloon propels me to Minneapolis. Just as the final whoosh of hot air rushes out, I tumble into Geri's window, and settle down on 100 cartons of twilltone.

"Here's a LeeH for you," I tell her, and toss her a circlet of flowers.

"Isn't that a Leah?" she asked.

"Oh, no. You can tell by the Lil Peepul," and

indeed, it was true that the LeeH had small faces peering at us from behind each blossom.

"Every anointed Lee-Hoffman-of-Her-Generation gets one of these," I explained. "The Leah has Australians instead."

Geri crawled to the top of the twilltone to hug me; then started sobbing. She tells me she's longing to see her friends, but out of travel money. Her plight touches me, and I start bawling too. Soon, a mighty river of tears is washing us along on our papery boat, like Mapp and Lucia adrift in a mail storm.

Floating to The Great Lakes, I spy Tucker at the chore, trimming its edges. I swim to where he stands. "AHoy," I shout. "AHoy." Ping! Pong! goes the metal straps that we'd used to bridle our paper carriage, and Geri goes rushing off, still straddling the stack like Horatio on the Bridge.

"Hello, Joyce," he says, and I say "Hi" right back to him.

Then he says, "You know Joyce, since I've given up Jim Beam..."

I interrupted to say, "and I've given up Jack Daniel's..."

"I'm just so damned thirsty I could drink up this lake."






We drank so much, the water level began to perceptibly drop. Next thing I know, I'm slipping and sliding in the mud, and as I wave goodbye to Tucker, I slide under the waves...

Until a boat piloted by a effen  
fan farrows the water, so I leap  
from the bottom and spring into  
the air, jumping across the bow.  
Then I turn into Art and painted  
him out of the picture.

I find Walt and Madeleine sitting by the fire, eating molasses cookies. Walt's polishing his barbs, which are all two-sided except for the ones that have three-points. Tossing one into the air like a lure, he snags me ashore and offers me the tour. "Would you like to kiss the Blarney Stone?" he asked, and I replied, "I know you've already kissed it and used all its magic; there'd be none left for me." So I declined, and instead kissed the mossy Irish rock.

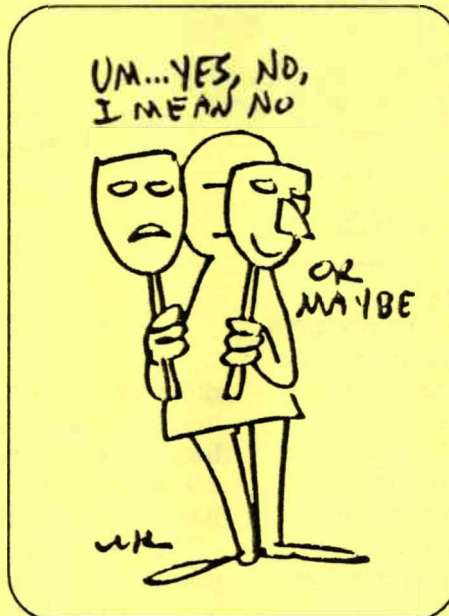


UM...YES,  
I MEAN

Richard Brandt and Michelle Lyons seem glad to see me

"We'll stop them at the walls; we'll stop them in the courtyard; we'll stop them at the bottom of the stairs before they ever enter our sanctum sanctorious," I promise. I stick a rosebud in my teeth and hop on my hobby horse. The staccato clicking of his hooves is like rifle bursts aimed into the masses, storming the fans lounged there.

A crash of thunder, and Geri falls to earth, cushioned by her Twilltone. "I've come to help," she cries. A whirl and a twist, and here comes Tucker, straw rope in one hand and stapler in the other, set to lasso and attach the barbarians to some other fantasy.



We spread ourselves out across the patio of the old church. From my hobby horse, I machine-gunned approaching troops with glass shards and trail dust. Dan threw out cartoons, and dissolved whole platoons into laughter. Chuch's sword and Walt's barbs were like insults cutting an old friend. Ted criticized each approaching

character until it withered; Robert bent the ears of the assaulters by discussing the weave of their blankets. Geri stood on her Twilltone holding one ream in her hand like a shield; another was rolled up to make a mighty club. In front of us all stood



CENSORED

Strongheart Jack Speer, throwing out a hail of commas, semicolons, exclamation points and quote marks to punctuate the egos of the attacking throngs.

Then Andy waved **Apparachik** in the air, and caused a great gale that blew the barbarians back. Victor waved something, but I still couldn't make out what it was.

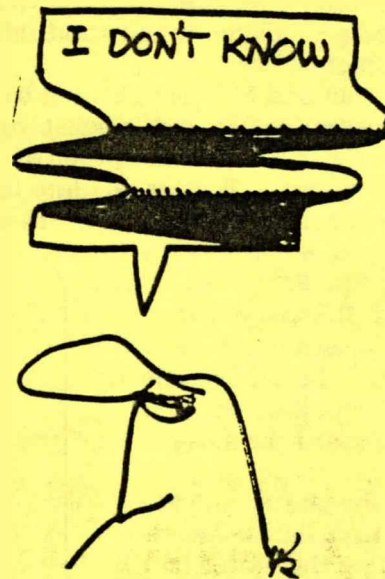
Thus was fandom saved by the trufans standing before the doors, blocking the way of the alien hordes in their Klingon masks and Mordorish robes.

So then I flew home on a passing cloud, and lay down on my bed, clutching pride to my bosom like Chuch's sword. -- Joyce Katz

# COMMAND AILEEN FORMAN PERFORMANCE

## The Search Continues

Many people have been kind enough to respond to my article about searching for my birth parents, and a few have asked how it's going. The answer is - not well. I had the atrocious luck to have been born in a hospital that closed in 1967 and adopted out of an agency that no longer exists. In both cases there are nice people who work there that very nicely have informed me that they won't help me. Actually, the woman at the Salvation Army who has the hospital records has sent off a letter through Social Security to my birth



mom letting her know that someone is looking for her, but it's been over seven months and there's been no response. I don't know if that's because it's really tough to find her or if it's because she has no interest in responding.

It's hard for me to believe the latter. I'm a birth mom myself, and as nervous as I am about meeting my daughter, as much as I worry if she'll like



me or if she'll be disappointed, I still plan on meeting her as soon as she desires it. I can't believe my own birth mother will feel differently, even though she probably won't be expecting contact since I didn't try to look her up at the expected age of eighteen or twenty-one.

I don't know why it took me so long to begin looking. I guess I felt that it would be too difficult and, by golly, I was right. I've been actively looking for over three years now and after all that work, all the information that I've laboriously scraped together could be false. No one seems very concerned about the contradictions in my various files. It feels like I'm running pell-mell through smoke into granite. What makes it worse is knowing that at least four people I've personally talked to have been looking at my birth mother's name and social security number while they've been talking to me, but I can't get them to reveal them.

I'd heard about instances where you're in an office and the person gives you the look and leaves the room, letting you peek at your file. Well, it hasn't happened yet, and I've certainly tried to set up the circumstance. The person at Catholic Charities actually told me not to expect her to do anything like that, since it would mean her job. She's even been so uncooperative as to not verify that the mother's name in her file is the same as the mother's name in the Salvation Army's file to the Salvation Army lady. It wasn't even information that would be relayed to me.

Damn bureaucracy.

I called my private detective and let him know how disappointed I was in his feeble efforts. Like a wimp, I let him talk me into giving him more time. I guess I keep hoping that since he was able to help other people, he'd be able to help me, but it's obviously not the case. He hasn't been able to get into any computers, convince any judges to open my files, break into anyone's office or anything. Crud. My only hope is that letter. It seems like it will take a miracle.

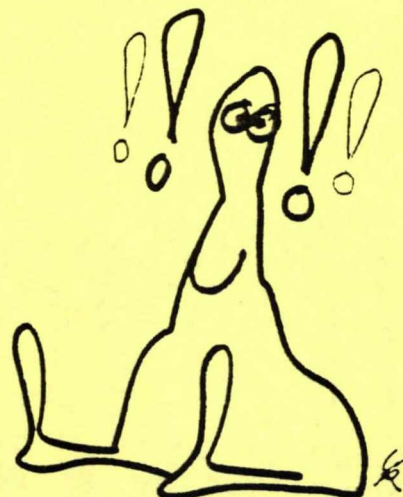
Anyway, he's going to try to get my file in front of a judge again. I don't know why he thinks this time will work. Even impending major surgery for which I needed my medical history wasn't enough

to get a judge to open the file.

Contradictory non-identifying information wasn't enough to get them to open the files. I just can't get a break in this thing. I know what I want to say to my birth mother. How I'll thank her for making such a difficult decision. I'll tell her about my folks and how I had such a terrific childhood. I'll skip the weird parts about praying all the time and conspiracy theories. I'll concentrate on the smell of fresh sheets on the backyard clothesline and my mom playing hide and go seek with me through them. I'll tell her about my birthmark and ask her if she has one. I'll pin her down on exactly what nationality I am and whether she thinks my birth father would like to meet me. I'll tell her about my dreams of her from when I was little and how much nicer it is to have the reality. I'll talk about Ken and how lucky I was to marry him. I'll tell her about my daughter and how anguished I was about giving her up for adoption. Most of all, I'll tell her that I'd like to get to know her, to be friends.

I'm ready. Where are you?

-- Aileen Forman



IDEA

### An Apology (from Arnie)

Several worthy contributors will be disappointed not to see their work in this issue. The long lay-off has collided with our desire to make the issues a little smaller to produce a transient backlog. **Wild Heirs #20** should get things back to normal. Prepare for more whining about how much we need high class material like yours.

*White*  
**LIGHT**  
**A PORTFOLIO**  
**BY ALAN WHITE**

When Alan White (and his vivacious wife DeeDee) joined the Vegrants this winter, it unleashed an unexpected artistic tidal wave.

At his very first meeting, Alan bowled us over with several sheets of fillos and a stack of full-page illustrations!

Las Vegrants chortled many chortles as we passed them around at the February meeting. The heady wine of egoboo flowed like Diet Coke.

Yet beneath the hilarity lay apprehension. This graphic windfall entailed an unexpected problem: how to present it properly.

The smaller pieces were a snap. **Wild Heirs** claimed its double-tithe of illos -- and the rest went into the files of Vegas' newest fanzine, **Sidebar**.

That left four full-page drawings. There weren't any obvious homes for them. What to do?

Any of the four is worth the cover, but **Wild Heirs** has the special blessing of Ross Chamberlain. He is our cover artist, and he is destined to remain so as long as he wants -- and probably longer.

Las Vegrants acclaimed Alan our Official **Wild Heirs** Back Cover Artist, but that still left three superb illos without a suitable role.

Timeliness precludes holding them for gradual use. There's a statue of limitation on New Years gags. None of us liked the idea of shrinking them 75% for fillo duty, either.

Burying them in the art files was unthinkable.

What to do?

The following pages, **Wild Heirs'** first-ever art portfolio, is our answer.

Welcome to Las Vegrants and **Wild Heirs**, Alan!

Welcome to Alan White, trufans!

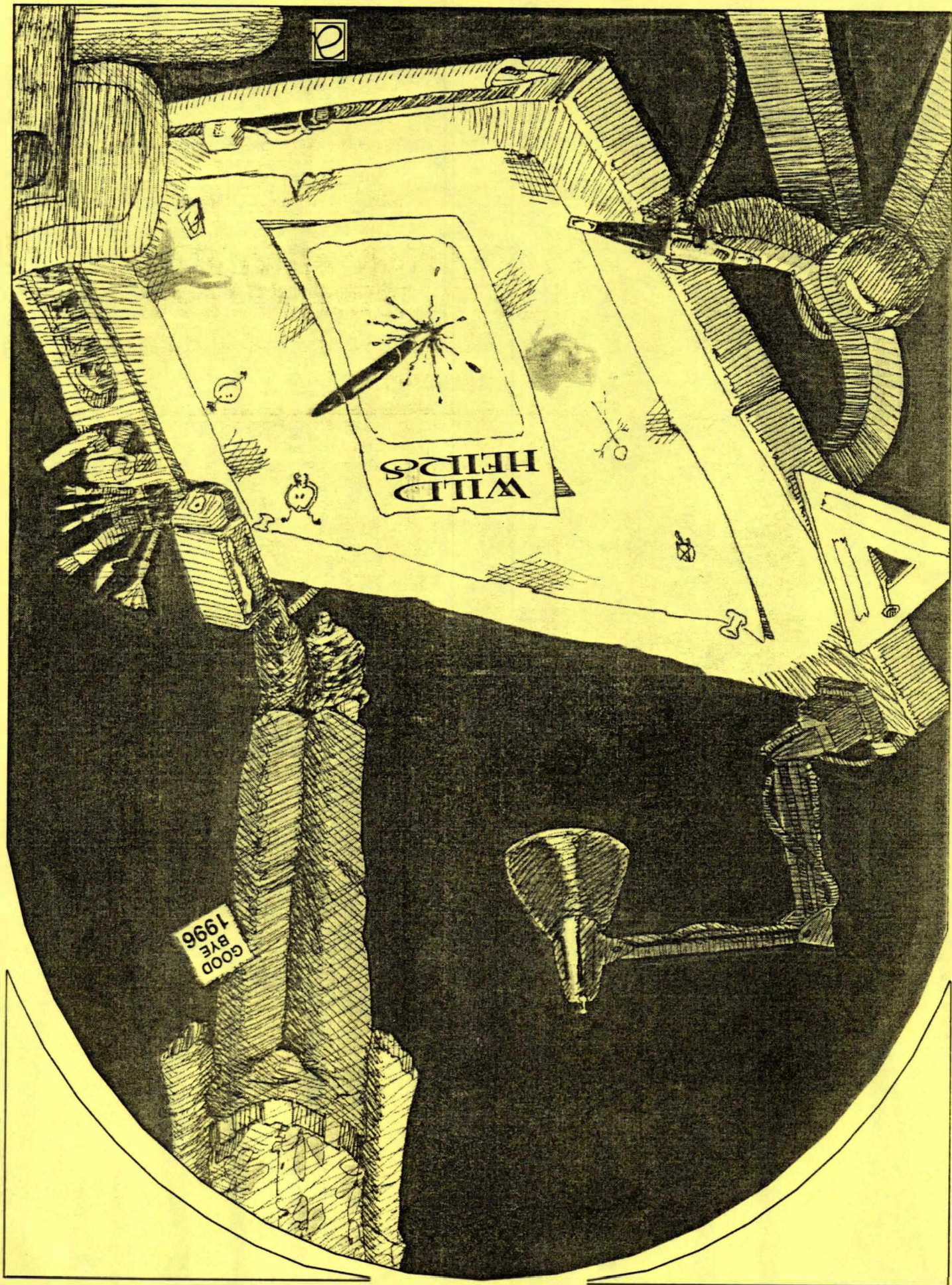




# WILD HEIR









# MAD HEAVEN

DON'T BE  
AFRAID, DALE,  
IT'S ONLY 1997



# KISSING OFF '96



# THAT OLD FANNISH LINE

## BY ARNIE KATZ



The passing of a fannish legend is never easy to bear. They are with us, so clever and lively, and then they are "gone". The ultimate gaflation conjures an image that faan fiction about enchanted conventions and netherregionals can't dispel.

I heard about the death of Bill Rotsler in the usual way. I was dictating my column for the **Wild Helrs** 30th annish, February the year before last, when Andy Porter suddenly popped up in the middle of the computer screen.

"Guess who died?" he intoned. His eyes were downcast and a frizzle of gray hair hung over his forehead.

"Not you or me," I said, hopefully. We had had these lugubrious conversations many times over the years. He had called to tell me about Ron Ellik and about Terry Carr. He had tolled the bell for 60 years of fannish deaths.

"It's- It's Rotsler." He nodded slightly, as if to assure me that this was no joke.

I banged the desk in frustration. "Not Bill!" I said, although I knew he'd been alling since '23. "How did he... how did it... happen?"

"He was drawing a cartoon," Andy said.

"Did he finish it?"

"Tom Springer says he just keeled over, dead. Then he drew one more line, signed it 'WR.' Then nothing."

"Was there a caption?"

"Something about how death is life's greatest surprise, I think," he said. "Geri Sullivan plans to print it."

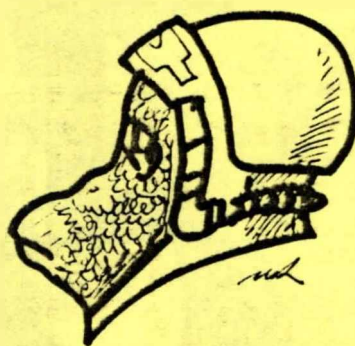
"That's good," I said, though I didn't care right

then. I thought about the good times I'd shared with Rotsler and about the mountain of laugh-out-loud (and wry smile) cartoons he'd done for my fanzines from **Gulp** in the 1960s to *The Overly Compleat Arnie Katz* that the Vegrants published for Toner 23.

About a month after that, his friends scattered the ashes at Anne-Margaret Park in Las Vegas, near her 50-ft.-tall statue. One of the fan artists drew a face on the statue's left knee. "I have higher aspirations," the critter is saying as he looks under the statue's marble mini-skirt.

That was the day the envelopes stopped. No more decorated white packets with "Reseda, CA" postmarks. No more zingers at the letterhacks. No more maverick hearts and ironic lightning bolts. No more aliens showing their right profile.

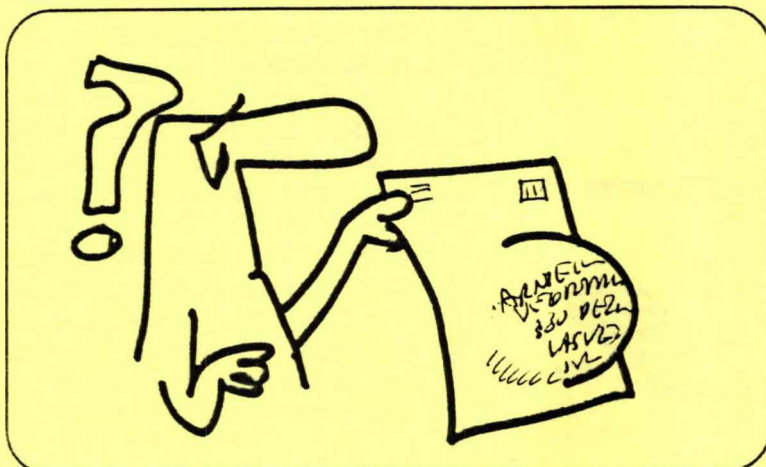
At first, fans hardly noticed. Every fanned had a stockpile, and it took a lot of publishing to run



I LIKE  
LOOKING  
THIS  
DIRECTION!

through accumulated vintage Rotsler drawings, even though it had grown more difficult to find uses for the ones about Harry Warner locs. **Rotsler Faces Left**, 64 gigabytes of sci-fi creatures, signaled that fandom had exhausted the backlog.





Please take what you want and can soon use and pass on the rest. These drawings are sometimes drawn a bit larger than perhaps they should appear, so remember, these can be Xeroxed down. Please do not return the original.

M. William Rotsler  
Box 770  
Las Vegas, NV 89109

My detective skills, honed by 30 years of Andre Casino cases, detected three things: Rotsler had finally inserted the missing "be," he'd moved to Las Vegas, and his first initial

Some faneds continued to include Rotslers, generally reprints from decades ago. Scanned images from plates, rocks, walls and waxed fruit provided a trickle of illos, but editors gradually turned to other fan artists.

That's the way things stood until one day, about 10 months ago. The illustrated envelope jumped out of the mail pile at me like a jack-in-the-box. Surprise froze me.

At first, all I could do was stare at the big white rectangle with the unmistakable illo and lettering

Both were unmistakably the creation of... William Rotsler!

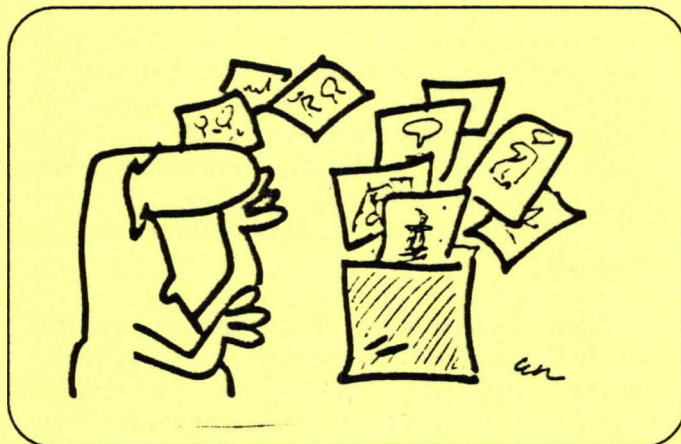
It read: "Las Vegas Fandom has the strength of 7.5 because the 20 are getting old and tired."

I slit one edge with the electric opener and slid my hand inside. My fingers touched a clump of paper and I pulled it out.

I'd seen batches of artwork before, but I never expected to see one like this again. I sifted through the stack, illo by illo, as my incredulity mounted. Then I came to that oh-so-familiar printed rectangle:

was now "M."

When I looked at the illos themselves, I got another surprise. The familiar signature wasn't quite the same. Every cartoon had a little "MR,"



though it certainly looked like Rotsler's handwriting.

I didn't know what to do, so I put the illos back in the envelope. I stowed it in the art cabinet and hit the info highway.

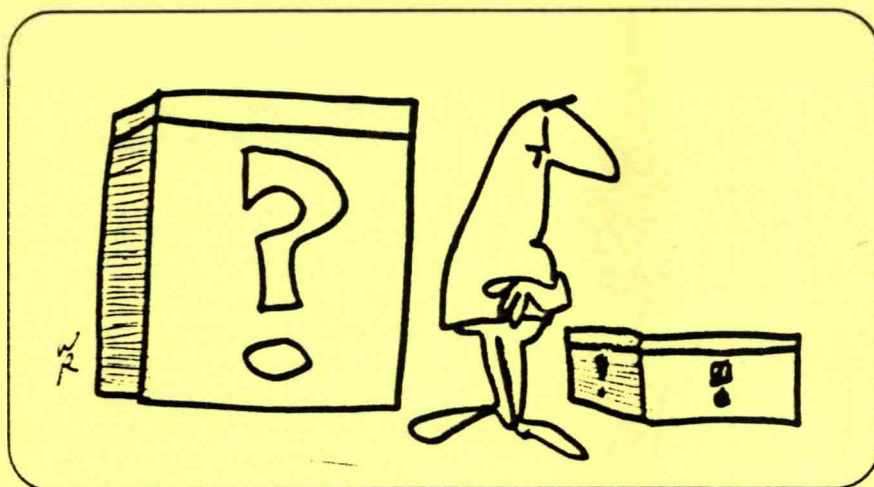
Was this merely a tasteless hoax — or something more? Was I the only one who'd heard from "M. Rotsler"?

I had to know.

I video'd a mass e-mail to every active fanzine fan in my address file. "Hi everyone," I began. "Sorry to send a multi-vid, but I need rapid action. I think you'll agree once I explain.

"I got illos from Rotsler, a whole envelope. It's new stuff, not something the post office just found.

"Any of you get anything like that?



"They look real, but the signature is whack — and so is the address. I'll stick close to the machine and wait to hear.

"Talk to you all soon."

The first replies came in before I'd finished looking at the day's mail.

Gary Farber was first, of course. His squirt blossomed in the lower right hand corner. "I don't know what you're talking about," his image said to me. "I hope this isn't one of those Vegrant jokes."

He had more to say, I'm sure, but I hit the delete key and the window vanished. Another, with Geri Sullivan, replaced it.

"Funny you should ask, Arnie," she said. "Jeff and I got something like that this morning. Who do you think this 'M. William Rotsler' is?"

"This is weird," she finished. "This is exceptionally weird."

More messages came that afternoon, and a queue-full awaited me the next morning. The verdict: six fans had gotten envelopes. The rest, mostly occasional publishers, expressed various mixtures of alarm and curiosity.

Two days later, Lucy Huntzinger sent a follow-up. She'd gotten an envelope from Rotsler that morning! A day after that, Ken Forman and Rob Hansen reported the same thing.

That opened the floodgates. Within the month, almost every fanzine fan had an envelope of fresh Rotsler illos. I had three. (He always did like Vegas Fandom.)

At first, editors were reluctant. It didn't seem right, this unnatural season of Rotslers. Eventually though, need triumphed.



The trouble was that they were good Rotslers, as funny and pointed as ever. Fanned deprived of the abundant supply of surefire Rotsler art cast wistful looks at the unused art that had arrived so mysteriously.

It wasn't long before Rotsler cartoons were once again as common in fanzines. The funny thing was, as soon as the first wave of Rotslers broke in the fanzines, another round of envelopes arrived.

"I don't know who this 'M. William Rotsler' is," said Joyce, "but he may be even more prolific than Just Plain Bill."

"I know what you mean," I replied. "The more we use, the more we get. We may have to revive **Wild Heirs** just to keep those envelopes from piling up too fast. He could churn out the graphic crifanac in the old days, but I don't remember him being so compulsive, so single-minded."

"It's like he doesn't have anything else to do," Joyce added.

"This isn't where we go out to the cemetery and check out his grave and find that he's some sort of trufannish ghoul, is it?"

"No, that's *Night of the Living Old Pharts*," I corrected. "We can't check out the grave, anyway, remember?"

"Maybe they weren't really his ashes at all!" Joyce offered.

"We can check that out if all else fails, but Bill is drawing badges at the enchanted convention until we can prove otherwise."

"So what are we going to do?" she asked.

"We're going to Corflu Formula 44 this weekend and see if the Virtual Fanclub can figure this out."

"A good plan," she declared.

A good plan? It was a great plan. We got to the hotel at a little after 4:00, and we had the answer to the enigma by dinner time.

Not that the solution was due to my detective prowess. We'd only just broken into the honor bar when the phone in our suite rang. I got it on the second shrill tone.

"Come to room 1814," said an





urgent voice. I heard the hang-up click. The line was dead.

"I don't know what this means, Joyce, but that was one strange phone call."

"Who was it?" Joyce asked. "Are they coming up here?"

"No, not that kind of strange," I said. "I didn't recognize the voice, but we're supposed to go to room 1814."

"Sidebar first?" she inquired.

"Naw," I replied, waving off the suggestion.

"Maybe it's just an invitation to a party or something. Let's go."

I knocked. Ben Wilson opened the door. "You're not going to believe this," he promised before we could even exchange greetings.

He was right.

We walked into the suite's main room. Joyce's grip tightened on my arm. "I don't like this," she said.

"I'm not crazy about it, either," I admitted. "Look at that thing!"

The big metal cabinet, a little taller than Joyce, made the large room feel crowded. A smaller, square box on a pivot topped the bulkier base. Its two lights — eyes? — swiveled toward us.

"Hello... Arnie and Joyce Katz." The metallic, yet oddly familiar, voice came from a rectangular grill positioned below the glowing eyes.

"H-hi," I managed.

"Did you get the envelope?" It asked.

I turned to Ben. He nodded. "This is 'M. William Rotsler,'" he said under his breath. "I call him Mecha-Rotsler."

"You call him?"

"I built him," Ben said. "Found the plans in an old Martin Alger fanzine."

"Wasn't Alger's plan for a \$2.98 mimeograph?" Joyce blurted.

"I modified it a little," Ben said.

"Came out pretty cool, though, don't you think?"

I was still too stunned to do more than nod.

"This is M. William Rotsler?" Joyce asked. "This gizmo is doing all those cartoons?"

"Pretty good stuff, huh?" Ben said, proud as a poppa.

It was only after I'd weathered the first shock that I noticed the two articulated arms that jutted from each side of the lower cabi-

net. One hand in each pair ended in a pen, while the mate on each side held a drawing pad.

As I watched, each hand finished off an illo and dropped it onto sizable heaps to the left and right of what I had to start thinking of as Mecha-Rotsler.

I bent down next to one of the piles and picked up a clutch of illos.

"Don't take the second one from the top, Arnie Katz," it said. "That one is for Robert Lichtman."

"S-sure, B-bill," I managed. Before I replaced the illos on their proper pile, I noticed that they were part of a series called "You Know You're a Fakefan if..." I moved around to the other side and, much as I expected, the other stack contained allens, sketchy figures standing on otherworldly landscapes and a lot of tiny ones featuring a teeter-totter.

"This is fantastic, Ben!" I exclaimed.

"Thanks, Arnie," he said. "I saw a need in fandom, and this fills it."

"They certainly look good to me," I conceded, "but are they authentic Rotslers?"

As if in answer to my question, the door opened and the frail, wizened form of Steve Stiles, the dean of fan artists, stood in the doorway.

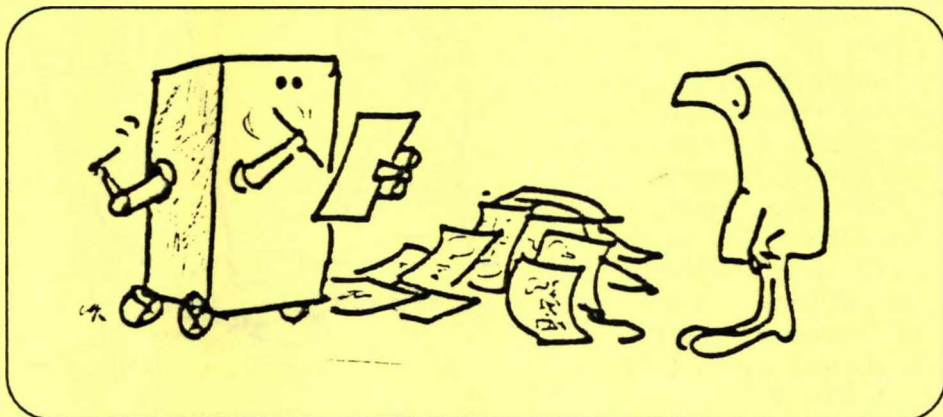
I will never forget the way color drained from Steve's face as he beheld Mecha-Rotsler for the first time. His knees buckled a little, and he clutched his chest. Fans rushed to him and helped the old gentlefan to a comfy chair.

Ben went through his explanation. Steve could only sit there, shaking his head. "It just can't be," he kept muttering. "It just can't be."

"That's why we wanted you to come here, see Mecha-Rotsler for yourself," Ben explained.

"I see it," said Steve, "but I can hardly believe it. You in there Deindorfer?"

"No," Ben assured him. "This is a special purpose robot that mimics the artistic expressions of the late, great William Rotsler."



"That's incredible!" Steve said. "Can it write, too?"

"No, not yet," Ben said. I'm working on that. It did pat a femmefan on the ass this morning, though."

"But the art," Steve said, returning to the main point. "Are they real Rotslers?"

"You're the judge, Steve," Ben said. "We want you to examine them, and tell us what you think."

"Bring 'em on," Steve said.

Soon he was studying a batch of samples, his head bent low over the slips of paper."

The room was quiet, except for the sounds Mecha-Rotsler made while producing its two steady streams of artwork.

Finally, Steve looked up from the illos. "It can't be," he said. "This is the authentic Rotsler line!"

The room burst into spontaneous applause. We clapped as much to relieve the tension as in appreciation of Steve's analysis.

A couple of celebratory sidebars launched us into Corflu Formula 44. We talked about the robot, clipping along merrily back in the special Mecha-Rotsler suite, but other topics eventually edged into the conversations, too.

It was a typical Corflu in that, old as some of us are, we chattered like magpies until we couldn't keep our eyes open and then staggered off to our rooms at about 3 am.

The pounding on the door roused me from sleep. "I'm coming, I'm coming!" I shouted as I threw on my robe.

I unlocked and unbolted the door. I opened it to discover that my early morning caller was Ben Wilson.

"Too excited to sleep?" I suggested. Few fans had ever received such a concentrated dose of primo egoboo as Ben had gotten for Mecha-Rotsler.

"Well, in a way." Now that I looked closer, Ben had a stranger-than-usual expression on his face. "Something's happened."

"Give me a minute," I told him. He sat down on the couch while I grabbed some clothes. Five minutes later we were riding the hotel's only working elevator to the 18th floor.

The doors slid apart.

And an avalanche of Mecha-Rotsler cartoons poured into the compartment.

"It's getting worse!" Ben shouted as he battled to keep from getting buried under four thousand seven hundred and eighteen Corflu-themed cartoons.

"What the hell happened?" I shouted as I added my efforts to his.

"I think Mecha-Rotsler is enjoying Corflu," he said as he frantically tried to get the elevator doors to close.

"Where is it getting the paper?"

"It makes its own and forms them into pads in the big chamber," Ben said. "It seemed like a good idea at the time!"

"If you hadn't done that, we wouldn't have wall-to-wall Rotslers by now!" I continued to push the illos out of the way. "What happened?"

"I stayed up so late last night that I forgot to shut it off," Ben said. "I never ran it for more than an hour before. It was drawing all night!"

Our combined strength finally got the doors together, and the car started back down again.

"That was close," I said between heavy exhalations.

"You can say that again," Ben agreed. "We could've been buried alive under 20 tons of ram-paging Rotsler illos!"

"And then Mecha-Rotsler would've drawn a few hundred variations on our deaths," I said.

"Make a nice *Tattooed Dragon*," Ben observed as the elevator delivered us to the lobby.

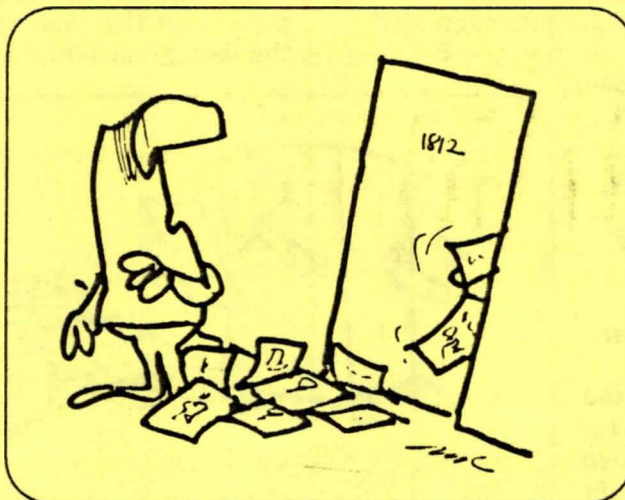
"Too bad we wouldn't be here to enjoy it," I said as we exited.

"That's a point," he acknowledged.

Then the creaking started.

No fanzine fan will ever forget that morning. I raced up one hall and down another, rousing sleepy fans from their beds. I herded them into the elevator, through the lobby and into the street.

By the time all the hotel guests retreated to the safety of the sidewalk, the shrieks of stressed metal were as loud as a freight shuttle at full throttle. We stood there, our hastily packed bags at our feet,





and gawked at the unfolding disaster.

"It's all those illos," Ken Forman judged. "The floor can't hold all that weight."

"But Rotsler always had a light touch," Joyce countered.

"Two tons of feathers still weighs two tons," Ken said.

As if to punctuate his comment, the entire 18th floor imploded. The crackle of exposed wires was followed by a whoosh of fire.

The fire copters did their best. Pilots inched in almost to the window sills to send fire-smothering missiles into the conflagration.

Then the 17th floor gave way and Mecha-Rotsler and its illos plunged another 12 feet closer to the ground.

For a little while, it seemed that the firefighting efforts would be successful, but there was just too much paper, too much fire.

Soon other floors were burning, too. Interior pressure blew out windows on the entire front of the hotel. I sheltered under a genuine facsimile reproduction of Geri Sullivan's Roscoe petition from Toner 1.

If only that plucky Beaver could help us now! He couldn't.

Nothing could. Floor by floor, Mecha-Rotsler and the still increasing mountain of illos crashed through the hotel, floor by floor.

Three hours later, it was over. The illos were ashes. Mecha-Rotsler was a molten lump in the basement of what had once been the Tucker Hotel.

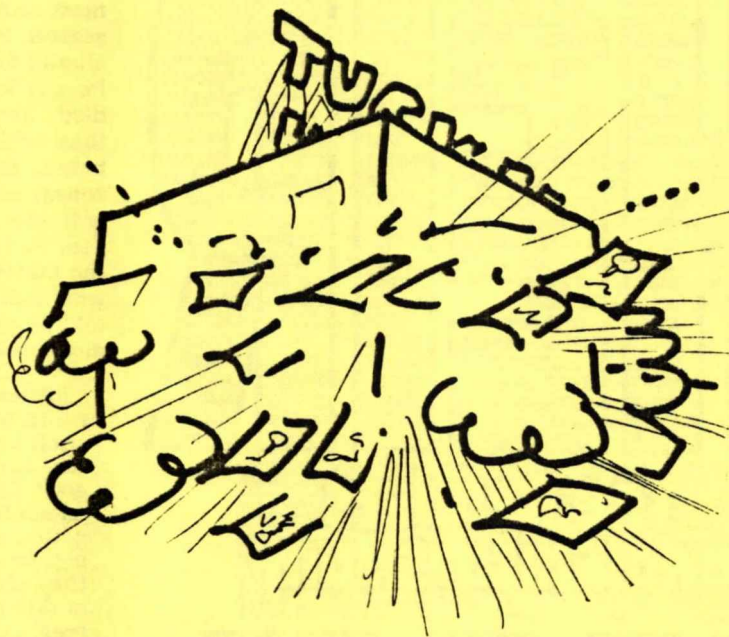
Ben stood there, shoulders slumped. I went over to him, still the fannish uncle of 30 years past. I put my hand on his shoulder. "These things happen," I said, because I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"It couldn't have been so cool," Ben said, forlornly. He wiped a tear from his eye. "I never meant for this to happen."

"Of course you didn't," I soothed. "And no one was hurt. That's something."

"Yeah, that's something," he repeated. "But my Mecha-Rotsler is gone."

"That's true," I admitted, "but we still have all those envelopes."



"That's true, that's true," he said, his spirits lifting.

"It'll take years to use up the backlog," I said.

"You've given fandom an extra decade of Rotsler."

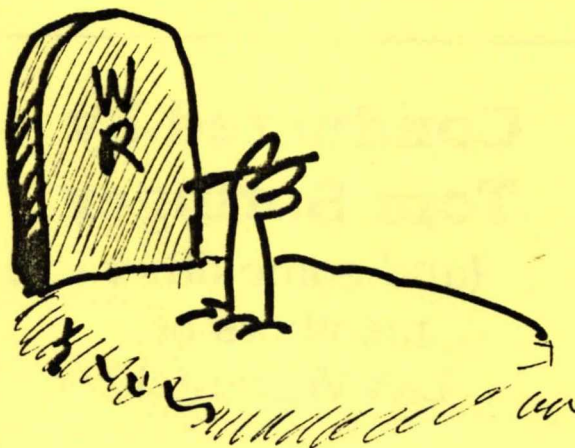
"You're right, Arnle," he said. He turned to me, new enthusiasm on his sensitive fannish face.

"And by then, I'll have Mecha-ATom ready to fan!"

I left him there, standing in front of the once-magnificent Tucker Hotel with his new dream.

Suddenly, I wanted to go home and publish a fanzine about it all.

I had Mecha-Rotslers to scan.





# HEAR

The Readers  
and Editors Jam

# MAIL

Conducted by  
**Tom Springer**  
(and some other  
members of  
Las Vegnants)

**Irwin Hirsch**

26 Jessamine Ave., East Prahran, Australia, VIC 3181

In WH#14 Aileen Forman's article is the one which most took my attention. I wish her all the best in her search. Her resentment about the concept that she should forget about her daughter struck a chord. When he was four days old Jarryd, Wendy and my first child, died. From a fair chunk of our universe it was expected that we'd forget him. The thing is that the death of babies and adoptions are concepts which belong to war-zones, not to the nice happy images of the nuclear family in our society. When people encounter such things they don't expend the energy to analyse their feelings on the matter and from there it follows that they come up with dull, inhumane stereotypes which underlie being told to forget the child and, as Aileen has encountered, measures put in place "for the good of the child".

[[Aileen: Those heartless advice mongers probably mean well, but love for a child is true love and as such can never be forgotten. Treasure those memories and keep them close and happy. As far as TAFF goes, I feel that it's an honor to ever be chosen and as such, any corruption should be forgiven and forgotten so that the future winners can enjoy the privilege without feeling awkward. The convention that they should attend I feel should be one that has a lot of different focuses, i.e. a Worldcon or other large regional convention. So much for my opinion.]]

Joyce Katz's conclusion in "Seduction of the Cynical" (that the best approach in attracting people into the world of fanzines is via the personal approach) is one which dovetails with my thoughts on the matter. From time to time, back in the days when I was publishing fanzines, no small friends of mine would ask me about my hobby. By way of a response I'd give them some of my fanzines and an explanation/discussion. Sometimes the latter would be brief, other times it would be detailed. I didn't think about it at the time but those who took some form of on-going interest (asked to read some other fanzines, expressed interest in writing an article or merely brought up the matter on some other occasion) were mostly, if not exclusively, those where the discussion had been detailed. None went on to become fanzine fans probably because I didn't try hard enough, but there is something there to support Joyce's thesis.

I'm not sure what Harry Warner is responding to in the opening paragraph of the lettercol but in general I like the idea of the fan funds getting away from it's tight Worldcon/Eastercon focus. It would help some people in getting them onto the ballot, in the same way that Harry suggested. It would also reflect the growth of fandom since the old days, and that these days there are a lot of conventions which would be attractive to attend as a fan fund winner. However I'm not sure that the candidates should be able to merely designate the convention they'll be attending. The British Eastercon and Novacon are held 6-7 months apart, Minicon and the Worldcons are held 4-5 months apart. It would be difficult for the administrators to set schedules for nominating, voting and preparing for the trip if one candidate wanted to go to the earlier convention and another candidate wanted to get to the convention later in the year. It would be better for each race to be run to send someone to a pre-determined convention.



((Tom: I, for one, am all for getting the fan funds to move away from their Worldcon/Eastercon ties. If I were to win TAFF, I would want to visit my fanzine friends overseas. If they all happened to be at the Eastercon, well, to the Eastercon we go. If they were not, must I spend valuable visiting time walking around a bunch of people I don't much know or care about? Gimme a Corflu any time.))

((Arnle: I like the idea of bringing fan fund delegates to Corflu rather than the worldcon, but I think fanzine fandom would then have to be prepared to fund the trip without much help from con fandom.))

#### Bridget Hardcastle

13 Lindfield Gardens, Hampstead, London NW3 6PX

I still don't see what all the fuss is with **Apparatchik** but then I have been reading them in the wrong order. I guess I should have written earlier as your schedule is so rapid!

((Arnle: Fuss with Apparatchik? I certainly hope not. We sometimes kid them, our friends, about their little quirks, and they treat Las Vegrants in similar fashion.))

As I was reading the loccol, it struck me that WH#14 feels much more like an apa than a fanzine. An apa sufficiently out-looking that it is easily followed by non-members, but all the sense of community comes from the editors' articles, rather than discussion in the locs by the readers. Nothing wrong with that, I guess!

((Arnle: I'm glad the sense of community among the Vegrants is that obvious. This is a tight-knit group, so we often play supporting roles in each others' grand adventures.))

Some good bits of writing — I enjoyed Chuck Harris' ramblings, and found Aileen Forman's adoption piece very thought provoking. She does a good job of getting the reader to empathize with her situation! Joyce Katz had some true things to say about fan-recruitment. People seem to get into fandom with greater satisfaction if



they have some sort of mentor — to have the confidence to try to get into doing things. Although I picked up some fanzines over the years, it wasn't until someone I knew did one that I was 'able' to start getting active. KTF — arrn't those reviews done by that green amphibian from Sesame Street? Ho, ho, ho.

((Aileen: Kermit would never be so harsh! Well, not without serious provocation anyway.))

#### Sid Birchby

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

Speaking of which, or whom, depending on how we regard our living, breathing galaxy, just what's wrong with Chuck Harris and Marcy Waldie, and what are they recuperating from? The worthy Harris seems to be taking a lot of heavy weather over his Gold Dinner thrash — after all, it's only a game — and dear Marcy is really into - uh - cow manure. I know a girl who is so pure she never speaks the word manure.

Anyway, something's cast an eldrich shadow over both of them; gold-balls or nature's fertilizer or whatever, and to all your suffering recuper-ees, let us wish a speedy recovery, and also is it catching, do you think?

Ross Chamberlain [to whom all praise] makes the point with his cover illo. Too right there are such things as Mad Trees! Don't you think it's a shame that some "Wild Heirs" writers are exposing themselves, in the nicest sort of way, to the hazards of our fannish way of life?

Enjoyed the issue's superb decorations. As Fred Allen used to say on the radio, "If a circus is half as good as it smells, it's a great show."

#### Richard Brandt

4740 N Mesa #111, El Paso TX 79912

Nice to see some hardcore yodeling going on in WH#15. I'm a big fan of Riders in the Sky—"high-yodeling adventure!"—and caught them live here in El Paso. (Did you know that when he was in college Woody Paul wrote an article in the student paper that instigated the whole "Paul is Dead" craze? Well, he says he did.) And

my pal Greg's public radio show "Folk Fury" did a whole Jimmie Rodgers night in recent memory. They say Jimmie had a penchant for borrowing old blues yodels and claiming a songwriting credit for them, although his producer told him claiming credit for "St. James Infirmary" might be going a little too far. Old folks around here can remember spending a Sunday afternoon driving around the town square in their Model A with Jimmie Rodgers on the radio. Yes indeed.

And Sophie Tucker! Watch your TV listings and you can still catch her in old movies like "Follow the Boys" and "Broadway Melody of 1938." Not much of a yodeler though.





[[**Arnle:** Joyce and I are only one CD short of a reasonably complete Jimmy Rodgers collection. Especially striking are two playlets about an exchange of visits between Rodgers and the Carter Family. They are incredibly wooden, artificial and obviously being done in a studio. In one, it is claimed that Rodgers' mom is killing, cooking and serving chicken while everyone sings about 30 seconds of their allegedly favorite song to which none of them knows the words. That's what I like about Country Music.. It's genuine.]]

My first contact with Charles Burbee came when I mailed him the progress reports for Corflu Ocho. Although Burb had been less than active for some time, I was rewarded with a check for a supporting membership and a note which provided the following WAHF for my lettercol:

"Told me more than I really wanted to know about the history of El Paso," enthuses CHARLES BURBEE!

My second contact with Burbee came at Silvercon 4. I approached him to let him know how much I had enjoyed his article, "An Assman Takes a Poll."

"That's what I always admired about your writing," I told him, pronouncing my words carefully: "Your fine eye for detail." This time I was awarded with the huge fabulous Burbee grin.

Although I say these were my two contacts with Burbee, of course he touched my life many times over; and I'm glad he got to see in these last few years how many lives he touched, and discovered new lives to touch at that.

This has all just reminded me of a short piece I wrote for my FAPAzine a few years back. It was an ode to my favorite No. 2 pencil, which was in its declining days; it was a very deliberate experiment in trying to achieve a particular kind of fannish tone. I was rewarded with a personal letter from Redd Boggs telling me he had appreciated the story. Which certainly made my day.

#### Walt Willis

9 Alexandra Rd., Donaghadee,  
N. Ireland, BT21 0 QD

The yellow **Wild Heirs #15** arrived like a cheerful miner's canary, bearing the welcome news that the fannish atmosphere of Las Vegas is still conducive to life.

And what life. I had no idea that Sophie Tucker was still remembered. And that is only one of the pleasant surprises in you combined editorial, which yodels its message of good cheer from what passes in Florida as mountain peaks. (I remember reading that in Jacksonville the municipal

authority have constructed a hill to show children what one looks like.)

Arnle's article about writing things in one's head reminds me of Bob Shaw, who used to do that. I remember vividly how he used to regale us with summaries of the stories he was going to write, but the next time he saw us it was some new story, the old one forgotten, and the inspiration of it gone, already the excitement of creation used up. It wasn't until Terry Carr used the cunning ruse of actually paying money in advance that he actually wrote something for sale.

Marcy's reminiscences of teenage rebellion were poignant. How many of us I wonder have similar memories.

Far be it from me to challenge Tom's veracity, but I have great difficulty in believing his account of his spaniel's fan publishing feats. I can accept his licking the envelopes, because after all that is the sort of thing a dog does, but not his working the stapler, which calls for a sort of paw movement uncharacteristic of dogs. Even the prospect of a wrestling match between Martin Tudor and Perry Middlemiss for the honor of being Gert Sullivan's fanboy sounds more probable. That may, of course, be the idea. . .

[[**Tom:** After selling the near impossible, pitching the unlikely is a lot easier, the believability and credibility having been stretched enough already it's not so hard to wrap it around the second story. Alas, at Toner there was no wrestling match between the fan fund winners. There was no contest at all, unless one mentions Tudor's publish-as-he-goes philosophy for his trip report. This industrious fanac by our visiting Brit raised a snarl from our visiting Aussie (and a pithy comment), which is as close as we came to any real competition between the two. If Perry ever publishes his trip report (and he might have by now), then we might be able to talk.]]

Ray Waldie leaves me wondering whether he has in mind the old hostility towards revenue agents detecting moonshine distillers, or the current rightwing hostility against the Government over firearms.

In the letter section I was much taken by Steve Jeffery's mention of the Mexican dish of steak and chocolate. This unexpected association of my two favorite foods reminds me of how I felt when I first heard of how adults performed sex. It seemed implausible and shocking, but also strangely fascinating.

I was flattered to read Tom Perry's comments on my article "Fandom of Sixes and Sevens." I don't remember anyone commenting on it at the time, which just proves the Law of the Conservation of Egoboo. . .that everything finally gets the egoboo it deserves. I hadn't remembered it as being in **Warhoon #28**, but it is, so I've just read it again. I thought it was pretty good. Ah, what genius I had then.

P.S: Just a postscript from Madeleine, who says to include her in the tolerating readers of your literary dark star. She also thought the funniest sentence was provided by Roy Lavender ("Only the

WHO?  
YOU LET WHO  
SEND IN A  
LOC?





size of the door kept them out of the house.")

**William Rotaler**

17909 Lull St., Reseda, CA 91335

WH#15.5. was an issue to keep. Don't get upset. If I kept every fanzine, even just every fanzine in which my art appears I'd have to live in a much bigger place.

Burb's story, "I Had Intercourse with a Glass of Water" appeared first in a fanzine. In the early 70s I rewrote 2 of Burbee's stories — only to take out or explain fan references, and with his approval — and sold both, if I remember right, to Adam... which just ceased publication after 40 years.) It was part of my plan to get Burbee writing for money. I always thought he was a good writer who didn't know how to market. It didn't work and there were no other Burb stories that lent themselves to a men's magazine.

Also in "Subbard the Gay" Burbee miscalled him "Stanley," but his name was Sidney. His visit to our tiny student apartment in a Hollywood Hills mansion's servant quarters in the early 1950s also resulted in "51 Steps," which was how far we were above the street.

Seeing Gregg Calkins' letter reminded me of a story, but I warn you up front, it has to do with naked women. Sometime in the 60s I was approached by race driver Bob Bondurant's ex-wife, who looked like a voluptuous blonde Ava Gardner, to shoot her for Playboy. (There is a lot I'm leaving out, like a suicide attempt, sex, the world's greatest 5-minute fuck, etc.) I had passed on, my sexual attention, to her roommate, but I was finishing up my preliminary Playboy shots.

Calkins dropped by her house to see me. I remember he was casually going into the kitchen to get a glass of water, glanced into a bedroom and gaped, because here was this voluptuous woman, her torso aimed at him, but looking over her shoulder at me. He disappeared at once.

The last time I saw him (and I think the last time ever) was closing a door on him, who was to sleep on the couch I think, leaving him alone with this very sexy woman, while I went to bed with the roommate. I don't know what happened, but he was, you will remember a Marine sergeant, so I hope he made a beachhead on "the world's greatest five minute fuck."

Incidentally, I've used Gregg as an officer (usually off-stage) in many stories, dinging him up a rank every time. I think he was a Fleet Admiral in *Starfleet* the last time.

**Murray Moore**

377 Manly Street, Midland, Ontario, L4R 3E2  
Canada murray.moore@encode.com

I have been on the WH mailing list long enough to understand, and enjoy, Ross's "Unabomber? No... Buck Coulson loc!" cover.

Marcy's self-described "fiasco" with banana peel as a substitute for marijuana reminded me of my confusion about cooking and eating cattail. Cattail is the plant that grows in shallow water in lakes, a brown, dense-furred, jumbo-hot-dog-size flower atop a three-foot-tall stalk. I understood half the information. You can boil and eat the root. My mistake? I boiled the

WHAT EXACTLY  
DOES "YOU SUCK"  
MEAN?



top end, producing the equivalent of a mass of wet feathers.

Simultaneously with reading WH I was reading the non-fiction book *Rivethed*. *Rivethed* is a blackly funny description of assembly line worker Ben Hamper's experience of the General Motors Bus and Truck Line in Flint, Michigan, until he burned out. Great stories about real life. I recommend *Rivethed* to you.

**Sid Birchby**

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

Thanks indeed for WH#15 plus No. 15.5 with its moving tribute to Charles Burbee and it's a

measure of the man that some of the greatest names in fandom made such an eulogy that brought a lump to the throat of many that didn't know him, except by repute.

I've been away from my mailbox on a journey that took me to Croatia, part of the former Yugo-Slavia, and I've been trying to catch up with the correspondence, so you must bear with me. On the whole, it was revealing to visit some of the places that we (Jay and I) knew in happier days, and what I must say is that the cozy little world of Las Vegas fandom comes as welcome therapy after Hravatske, or whatever they call it nowadays.

Do you know, maybe you should produce a Reader's Guide to your happy city, seeing that all I know of LV is what I see on the TV? The glittering lights, the spacious boulevards, Caesar's Palace, ah, the magic of it all. Not many people know, and I am one, that there are no clocks in the casinos of Las Vegas! What dark secrets are concealed behind those beckoning doors? I suppose that there's a basic principle involved, like the famous legend about a casino at Monte Carlo, where any suicide used to be found with a bank-roll stuffed into his wallet, just in case the police thought the casino had cleaned him out, which was often the case. Wasn't it George Orwell in "Down and Out in Paris and London" who tried to make a quick franc, and the doorman turned him away? "You have to be shot first, and then you get the money."

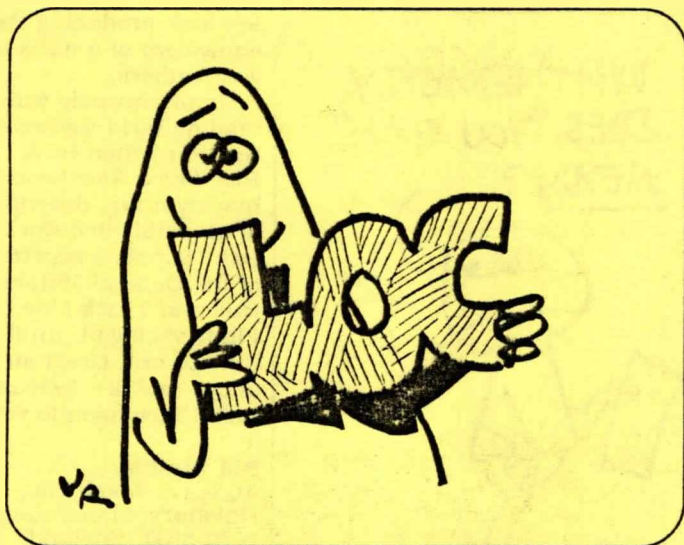
**Judith Hanna**

15 Jansons Rd., London N15 4JU, United Kingdom  
(jehanna@gn.apc.org)

Until I read the exchange of horseshit stories in WH15's letcol, I hadn't entirely appreciated my luck in growing up on a sheep farm in Australia. Not only are the marble-sized pellets of sheep manure much easier to dig out and shift, but the climate means they dry out instead of coalescing into the semi-frozen squelch described.

Also good luck, I guess, was having a good supply of





brothers to do most of the heavy and dirty shovelling and shifting involved in getting the stuff onto Mum's vegetable growing beds.

These effete urban days, I just have to content myself with a nice squelchy compost-worm bin and garden compost heaps — and Joseph comes in for the heavy shifting.

((**Tom:** No heavy shifting here. In the square cave we call our apartment the closest thing we have to a worm bin is the cat's box. Our "backyard" (you can read that as "small balcony two stories up, crowded with empty boxes") looks out on to a vacant lot that at any time could go up in flames, and runway 226 of McCarran Airport. It gets pretty loud here. Too loud to hear any worms squelching.))

((**Alleen:** A benefits of growing up on an acreage is being mellow when your husband decides to make a compost heap in your tiny backyard instead of just buying packaged garden soil or steer manure at the nursery when it's required. Having a compost heap means never having to say "Eat this or I'm throwing it away." It also means walking into your home and thinking, "What is that peculiar odor?" before realizing that the indoor storage bin for the soon-to-be-composted scraps has begun it's metamorphosis early. It's environmentally sound and the inevitable next step after cloth grocery bags and cloth napkins, but I guess I'll always be non compost mentis.))

#### Joseph T. Major

3307H River Chase Court, Louisville, KY 40218-1832

Arnie may be interested to know I do some of my best writing at three in the morning, when I should be trying to sleep. As it happens, I am in bed with the lights out, the computer off, and of course the writing is in my head. Occasionally I do remember enough to get the item written down.

Not to mention dreams. As usual, dreams slip away, but sometimes one is exotic or grotesque enough to be worth remembering. When younger, I saw the movie *Prime Cut*, which starred Lee Marvin as a mob enforcer trying to collect \$500,000 from Gene Hackman, a mobster in Kansas City who sold cattle and girls, including Sissy Spacek. Well, the other night I dreamed about a remake of that movie starring in the Lee Marvin role

#### Woody Allen.

If Ken and Alleen are ever in Southwestern Kentucky at the same time that I am (things can be arranged) I can show them Riverside Cemetery in Hopkinsville, which has lots of old tombstones. Like many of the people there (including my parents) Edgar Cayce has a flat marker, but it is a real stone, not one of those ground plaques (they sound like huge golf markers). People put pennies on it.

Reading Shelby Vick's item on cockroaches bothers me. There is a movie just out about a guy who rents an apartment in New York and finds it is full of singing, dancing, and generally active cockroaches. It is titled *Joe's Apartment*. I once had an apartment with roaches but they were not that entertaining.

Interesting Burbee story, "I Had Intercourse With a Glass of Water" there. The problem is that there are some people who might, upon reading it, go out and look for Furaclin and cutting oil.

#### Avedon Carol

<http://www.flawol.demon.co.uk/FAC/>

Censorship has been keeping me kinda busy, so my fanac has fallen off a bunch. Hardly get any personal mail out anymore, either. Sheesh.

But you know how it is, sooner or later you remember that fanzine that's been temptingly peeking out from under the pile of news-clippings and research papers, and if you happen to have time to sit on the can for a while, you might even get to read some of it...

And it's funny, because here I was being aggravated over the latest attack London's pollution has made on me and realizing my entire falsetto has been gone for over a week, now, and I'm reading people talking about yodelling. When do you ever see that - especially in fanzines? I mean, who talks about yodelling anymore?

I used to be good at it, when I was a kid. Ross is right, you have to learn it when you're young, before your sense of dignity and coolness starts to make you choke up. And you have to keep doing it, too. I realized somewhere in my late 20s that, having restrained myself for quite a while, I could no longer do it. That actually surprised me, because I'd always felt like once I learned how to do that stuff, I always had it, but it turned out not to be true.

Not that it matters... I never really sing anymore, and I've pretty much lost my chops altogether. But every once in a while I start singing along with something and it's a bit chilling when I realize how much control I've lost; I used to know I could do *anything* with that voice.

Joyce, did you ever see any old clips of "Baby" Rose Marie? I used to think it was hilarious that this cute little kid had such a big, bluesy voice. Now I think it's scary when I see grown women who have such little, bland voices trying to sing old Janis Joplin tunes. They don't have the guts to really put out, you know, and it's all so soft and smooth and...boring.

I should recommend Gary U.S. Bonds' *DEDICATION* album, especially to Ross, who might appreciate hearing the Beatles' "It's Only Love" transformed like that...

You'll have to forgive me, I'm feeling a little bit frayed this morning because of a dream. If it had been a bad dream, I never would have noticed I was dreaming, but I dreamed I was reading my e-mail and I had a long message from Terry Carr. And I realized I was dreaming and



woke up, and felt really sad that I couldn't e-mail him back...

**Shelby Vick**

627 Barton Ave., Panama City, FL 32404

Saw the bacover — before even opening, of course — and my first thot was, "How'd he do it? How many individualized bacovers went out? What about copies to fen who don't loc???"

Then Suzanne said, "No, they'll all be like that; it's just that you've been so faithul — and lengthy — with your responses."

Whoever's right, I appreciated it very much. Either it was a stroke of genius to come up with the individualized bacovers, or a big hunk of egoboo for me. As I said, muchly appreciated.

Ross — Suzanne wants to know where you found a picture of rich brown as a youth; she says the guy on your cover has to be him. I can see her point.

I remember Roy Rogers yodeling. But my favorite yodelers (or is it two "l"s? Damn, I miss my Spellcheck!) are the mountaineers.

...Is later. Now I'm REALLY impressed; the bacover was the same for everyone. I blush.

While on the cover, Suzanne wants to know how Ross managed to recreate a youthful rich brown. Hair should have had a forelock over his forehead, but otherwise... (Or have I already said that? I should have recalled and reread my start to this letter.)

**[[Arnie:** We kicked around alot of possibilitites before deciding on the WH #15 back cover. In a hard-fought election, we chose you as Fandom's Most Lovable Fan. Now we'll never let you forget it...)]

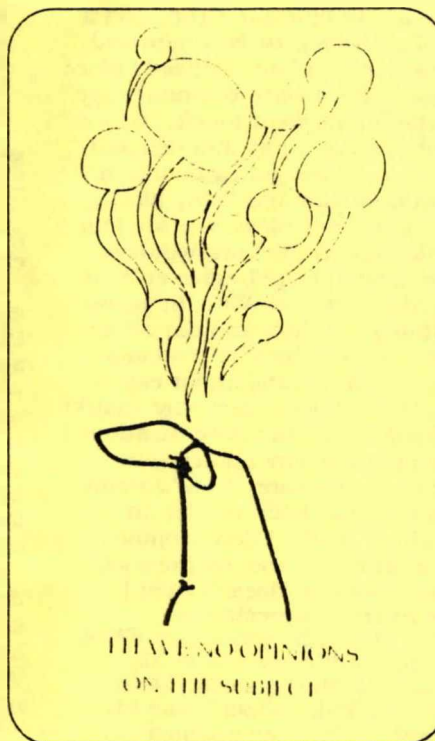
Tom: Cats have a more fannish ATTITUDE. Besides, I can bring up a very good example of a fanniah cat. We once had a mute Siamese who developed telepathy as a substitute for speech. (The reason behind her being mute has nothing to do with fannishness' I once accidentally stepped on her, and her response was to stop talking for over five years. When she started again, her voice — being unused for so long — was a bit rusty.)

How did she use her telepathy? Well, imagine this: I'm talking to Suzanne and, without a break in conversation, go to the door and open it. The cat walks in. If you had asked me why I went to the door, I wouldn't have been able to explain. Usually I was not even aware of doing it until the cat entered. Worked the same way with Suzanne; whoever was closest to the door would, unthinking, go and open it to let in the cat.

That wasn't all. A neighbor of ours lived down the alley from our house, seperated by another house. She would sometimes call and say, "Get that cat off the roof! She's giving me a splitting headache!"

Now, there were trees between our house and hers, so she couldn't see our roof — but I'd go outside and there would be the cat, trapped on the roof. (She would climb a tree, go on to a limb; her weight would cause the limb to tip towards our roof, she'd jump off, and the limb would pop back up, out of her reach.)

Okay, okay; that's more stfnal than fannish. Still...



**[[Tom:** Our cat's world is defined by the boundaries of the apartment, only having ventured outdoors three or four times in the two and a half years we've had him. The highest scaleable surface is the entertainment center. Where Tammy keeps three large framed photos and a vase of flowers. I've also placed my two Rockstlers up there too. The lacticious looking one eying a flowered filled picture of her grandma, and my sternly suspicious-looking Rockstler leans against a republican looking picture of her father in a blue blazer with tie. Of course the cat thinks it's an obstacle course where no penalties are given. He has no front claws so if he has a head of speed up his ability to manuever is dramatically reduced. This does not

give me a headache. My Rockstlers are almost invulnerable (there are rocks after all). Tammy, on the other hand, always has a bottle of aspryn close at hand.))

**[[Ken:** A cat with telepathy? Hmm, I don't know if I could live with that. Then again, my wife's Siamese, Tammi (named T. Kettle Bubbles by RAH, himself) does some pretty amazing stuff. Her best trick is walking through walls. I'm pretty sure most cats can do this, but Tammi seems to be particularly adept at it. I can't count the times I've searched the entire house, looking for her, calling her name, opening a can of tuna (her favorite) in an attempt to find her. Usually after two or three hours of searching, she'll walk into the room, out of a room I just searched, and ask "Did you want me?" She's also very vocal, as many other Siamese are. She can say "tuna" when she wants some; Aileen is "mamma" but the name she uses for me is unpronounceable, and probably obscene, too.))

**Buck Coulson**

2677W-500N, Hartford City, IN 47348

Tch; a joke about my letters on the cover and nothing by me in the letter column. Bad planning. . .

**[[Arnie:** As I'm sure you know, the cover was only meant as a mild tease. If we were serious, we'd have shown your letter blowing Ben's head clean off...)]

**[[Tom:** I was all for blowing Ben's head off, but calmer, more attached heads prevailed.))9 pt

Juanita is, or maybe was, very fond of Sophie Tucker and rather liked Ethel Merman. But then, Juanita likes lots of singers who can belt it out. I went more for folsingers; Ed McCurdy, Odetta, Hoyt Axton (yes, he had a folk album out before he went into movies). Yodelling is an interesting parlor trick, but I don't consider it music.



Marcy's bit reminded me of the time son Bruce and a buddy were at some sort of gathering we had here and volunteered to go get ice when we ran low. The only place to get it was the local liquor store; Bruce was under age but his buddy wasn't, so the buddy went inside. Bruce said later that he came out looking funny and demanded, "What kind of town is this? I just got carded for a bag of ice!" Bruce told him that, yep, that's the kind of town Hartford City is. (On the other hand, you see lots of pickup trucks with a rifle rack in the back window.)

I agree mostly with Dave Locke. I can't agree entirely because I haven't seen anything by Ted White in years. I told him exactly what I thought of him and cut off all contact a good many years ago, and haven't read anything by or about him since. (I'm in fandom for enjoyment — and a little profit, these days — and why should I bother with Ted?) I probably shouldn't have mentioned him now, but it's an explanation of why I don't know anything about him these days. Or care. I cut Joseph Major off my reading list somewhat later and for an entirely different reason, which is why I don't comment on his letters. (I'm not mad at either one, by the way; one can't get angry at something that doesn't exist.)

Can't comment on the Burbee appreciation because I never knew him. I think he was out of FAPA before I got in, I never happened to see any of his fanzines, and never ran across him at a con. (And wouldn't have known him if I had, unless I read his badge.) One of those things; I think he dropped out about the time I was getting in. And California was too far to go for conventions; I don't recall if he attended them or not.

((**Tom:** Gotta love those personal experiences and opinions. I'm in fandom for the fun, forget the profit (that's what my job is for). Speaking from personal experience, Ted definitely adds positively to the mix, and for me, makes it more enjoyable.))

((**Ken:** Look, I'm still pretty new at this fandom/fanzine thing (four years does not an expert make), but I always thought Burbee was best known for his contributions to fanzines, not his convention going. Mr. Coulson, you say you "can't comment on the Burbee appreciation be-cause I never knew him." Well, I take exception to that! Anyone, and I mean anyone, who was/is as active in fanzines as you have/are should "know" Burbee. Sure, you've never met him in person but that doesn't mean you don't know him. Hell, I don't "know" you, we've never met, but that doesn't preclude me from appreciating your work. I like your fanzines (I collect **Yandro**) and I sing your silksongs. You were the "first" person to loc any of my fanzines. But if

it is necessary that we meet in person before I can appreciate you, maybe I should reassess my opinion. Hell, I've never met William Shakespeare, either, but I like his work and feel sorrow for his passing, too.))

#### FM Busby

2852 14th Ave W, Seattle 98119.

Only 400 for Westercon at El Paso? Gee, Vancouver BC got seven or nine hundred in 1977. Circumstances change.

I guess Richard and Michelle got you folks a Fan CoH gig at a con that simply wasn't ready for the concept. But multitrack programming can starve any panel out of audience. At NWCons, before we bagged going to those, with maybe 2300 attending I've sat on pro panels where we outnumbered the listeners. For groups of less than, say, a dozen, we'd do as you did, come down off the stage. But where we equalled or exceeded the audience in numbers, we simply adjourned the whole thing to a large table in the bar, and had some rather great discussions.

Supermultitrack programming is an invention of the devil—and all too often you find yourself scheduled across from a Blockbuster Event. More and more I favor small cons that offer no inducements to nonreaders: no video rooms, no gaming, no Masquerade, and definitely no encouragement to Hall Costumes.

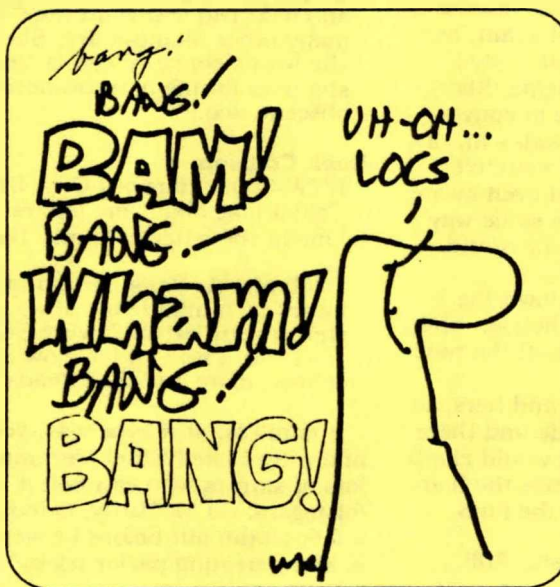
Much good stuff in WH14 but very little that I could add to in constructive fashion. Well, pets, maybe. As some readers here may remember firsthand, for years (spring'55 to fall'68) Elinor and I were owned and operated by dachshunds Nobby and Lisa. Great little guys. Now since Nov'72 we've had cats: the outstanding Ms Kitty for nearly 17 years, and now the equally beloved Ivan the Terrible and Molly Dodd. Oddly, Nobby and Ivan have exhibited many personality traits in common, more than either with the females of his own species. But while dachshunds and cats share a superb grade of Stubborn, dogs are simply much more demanding than cats. When either wants a love break it wants it Right Now, but a cat is satisfied in maybe five minutes where—as a dog's enthusiasm never runs down.

So, dogs are great if you have the stamina to cope with them, but cats are more relaxing.

#### Dave Locke

Ted White states that "Martha Beck was tossed into these shark-infested waters by her friends, Dave among them."

I don't want to rerun this on Nick At Nite, but the timeline was: 1. Joni Stopa (alone) nominated Martha Beck, 2. Trouble erupted between Dick Bergeron and Avedon Carol and their friends and I wrote asking why the vitriol, 3. Martha was denied access to the ballot, 4. I suggested, and for Martha's sake and in retrospect I'm sorry that I did, the write-in campaign, because it was a "legal" option as stated on the ballot, 5. Joni asked Jackie to handle the literature for Martha's campaign, 6. I wasn't further involved in Martha's campaign until there appeared a publication objecting to the competition presented by her candidacy.





Ah, the shark-infested waters of a legitimate candidacy.

Skel wrote about the real issues:

"If TAFF is just for the \*benefit\* of fanzine fans then we must say so quite clearly. Then, if on that basis convention fans are still mugs enough to give to our 'charity', then fair enough, though I suspect far less of them will be so ready."

Eric Mayer wrote about the real issues, too:

"An action to enforce an opinion is not the same as an opinion. Someone is entitled to believe thus and so about TAFF, that does not mean that he is entitled to start smear campaigns, to lie, spread rumors, threaten lawsuits, excommunication from fandom, boycotting of TAFF candidates etc. In furtherance of the opinion. The opinion is one thing, the actions in furtherance of the opinion are another thing entirely. To say we do not countenance such actions is not to say we oppose the holding of different opinions."

Ted says I am "cheerfully offering a handshake a few years later". You've got to start somewhere and, yeah, I guess that something over a decade is "a few years". It's more than a few years. It's about time.

We can agree to disagree about the issues, because there's probably no other option. But you brought up the subject with a letter in here, and I'm suggesting that we should all rather jump through a burning ring of fire than pick up the bones to do battle again. If we can't agree to recognize that personal hurts promoted escalation which promoted more of the same which promoted an out-of-bounds scenario, then after more than a decade we will never be in a position to realize that, ultimately, we all contributed to a scenario in which fandom had to ride the nightmare all the way down. It seems little enough to agree to.

Thanks for the forum. Next letter, something completely different. Promise. Fan history or not, I've said my piece and I'm more than prepared to make peace. The place to start is to not start again.

#### Steve Stiles

8631 Lucerne Rd., Randallstown, MD 21133

I just got back from our congregation's Sukkot party; you should've seen me tonight shaking that foliage; east and west, front and back, up and down, symbolizing. . .uh, I didn't get that part, must of been out of the room during the explanation. But mostly we ate and conversed, and as the evening wore on it dawned on me anew that there was quite a fannish ambience in our congregation. Not too surprising; it originally started out as a discussion group of six fans, and today most of our members have come from similar scenes; folkies, counter-culture types, political activists, sports fanatics, militant atheists, etc. And though it's risky in making such comparisons, as a way to relating to people, I find that there are certain members who remind me, physically and personally, of fans that I know. For instance, within Beit Tikvah we have an Andy Hooper, a Gary Deindorfer, and a Jeanne Gomoll. Tonight, however, I was introduced to a brand-new member and upon meeting him a quick impression flashed through me, and I



knew I couldn't resist mentioning this whole bit to you: we now have our version of Andy Porter!

We really enjoyed LACon III, which of course zipped by with lightning speed. And it was nice meeting Ken Forman and Tom Springer, who are now more than just names to me; yet, now I will think of their shoes whenever I read their writings! Fan lounges for the fanzine fans really are a Ghu-send for socializing, and this one was particularly well run and stocked; Jeff and Geri did a good job, and everytime I looked Don Fitch was pitching in: kudos to them and the others I've no doubt left out.

Perhaps the highlight of my vacation, however, was being reunited with a best friend I hadn't seen in 34 years; eerie but great. We would've also liked to have made Toner, and have wanted

to make other Vegas cons but have been foiled by the budget on each occasion. Someday. . .

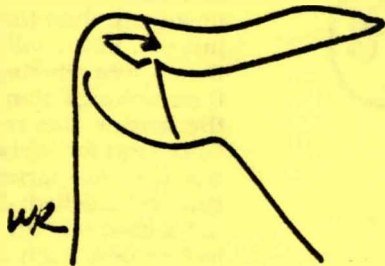
As for your lesson in humility, Arnie, I can certainly relate to that; down through the years at east coast regionals I have sat on numerous panels on fanzines, on s.f., on the comic book field, where often the panelists have outnumbered the audience — which frequently consist of spouses and pitying (or jeering) friends and the occasional drunk. This past Disclave proved the exception to this common experience however, when I sat on a panel with Ted White and Jack Chalker (!) and we had 'em packed to the rafters. A standing room only crowd of enthusiastic and participating fen. And what were we talking about? Not fandom, not s.f., not comics, but famed east coast fan of the 70s and mid 80s (now residing in Australia) Lee Smotre. I've never seen such gusto in an audience! We went overtime and only reluctantly did people finally leave. Lee is a fan experience you missed out on, Vegas fandom. Here in the N.Y./Philly/Baltimore/DC axis, she was a shared experience, a social glue, an icebreaking conversational gambit among strangers. Those who had experienced Lee now belong to a common brotherhood and sisterhood, the bonds of which will never break or wither. In a way, I pity you. And in another way I think you're a pack of lucky bastards. . . At any rate, we've been thinking of making this panel an annual event. Perhaps in time it could be expanded into a convention of its own. Eventually Lee herself could be flown in as annual Guest of Honor! Wait a minute, what am I saying?

Ted reiterates his conviction that the loathsome appearance of Brian Burley (& "Undesirables") at some Fanoclast meetings forever contaminated our unfortunate club thereafter.

Of course I realize that this is just a subjective feeling of Ted's: something like a psychic black ring left by some "oil spill" (so to speak) around the rim of his men-



YES, I SHALL RULE THE WORLD  
JUST AS SON AS I CAN  
STOP LAUGHING!



tal bathtub. I certainly am sorry that I inflicted it on him; it gets so weary. We have talked this out before — in *Raffles*, over thirteen years ago, and early in 1995 Ted rehashed all that in *BLAT! #4* (fortunately, I am assured that my response will be in #5). Brian and three others were planning a Mondocon with my first wife ("Gale" as she spelled it) at those meetings and when hopes of holding that con evaporated, so did their presence at the now-damned Fanoclasts. (I believe the other three Undesirables were Stu Hellinger, Devra Langsam, and her lookalike cousin Deborah. Stu certainly irritated some Lunarians, as I recall, but I thought that Devra and Deborah were pleasant enough.) Gosh, what a horrendous devaluation of the club. . .but wait, there's more. .

What Ted and others could not realize at the time was that I deliberately set about to ruin the Fanoclasts for reasons, and by methods which remained obscure then, but Shall Be Revealed In Time (or in *BLAT #5*). However, I will reprint here the evil antifan Fanoclast Theme Song that I devised back in '72:

*We don't want your goddamn fanzines  
We don't get your Terry Carr  
All we want is a solid con bid  
With the 'Clastcon we'll go far!*

*We don't want your goddamn mimeos  
We can't tell bond from manifold  
All we need are some hucksters' tables  
And Charles Burbee really leaves us cold!*

*We can't wait to host a Worldcon  
Politicking brings us egoboo  
Let's go out and make our costumes  
We're the Fanoclasts, that's who!*

**SMOOOOTTH!!**

**Murray Moore**  
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Reading *Wild Heirs #18*, I noticed that  
Arnie and Ken mention being driven to des-

tinations by Joyce and Alleen, respectively. Is this meaningful, or coincidence? Women supplanting men as driver on a regular basis would mean, um, (fill in significance).

Asked to define faan fiction, I would point to Joyce's "The Gaslate" as being steeped in our sub-culture. Greg Benford's "Kollapse" is not faan fiction. This is not a judgment on its quality as a bunch of words strung together. I would have printed it, too. But I can see "Kollapse" appearing in a professional sf magazine, or "Wired," and not appearing out of place.

Who introduced me to fanzine fandom? Who is my fannish parent? Coincidentally, inspired by Robert Lichtman in FAPA, I have been researching that question. The experience is another example of what you guess being different from what is true.

I assumed I found my way to sf fanzines from comics fanzine fandom. My checking however shows, Ted White and John D. Berry are my fannish parents, White by reviving "The Club House" in "Amazing" in 1969 and Berry by writing the fanzine reviews.

My loc in *WH 16* identifies *ODD 20* as one of my first fanzines. *ODD 20* was one of the fanzines Berry reviewed in the second revived "Club House."

A fine Ross Chamberlain cover. Bill Rotsler must favor you with his best cartoons. If I was a student looking for a subject for an academic paper, I would choose Rotsler as a subject. Don't think at me like that! I'm being nice!

((Arnie: I think I might qualify as John D Berry's fannish parent, though he had a long pre-fan life in the limbo of monster-dom.

I guess that makes you my grandson, Murry Shows you really can't pick your relatives, eh?)).

**Richard Brandt**  
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Toner—what can I say? What a blast. Was particularly impressed with Karl Kreder, not really having had many lengthy conversations with him before—he always being busy running some "Vampire: The Masquerade" or something, which I have observed him do with flair and elan—but chatting with him, or just sitting back and listening while he and Rotsler held forth, he proved quite the raconteur, quite the addition to any fan gathering. But whether swapping jokes with Perry, spending time with the perpetually beaming Christina, or discovering Suzanne Vick's secret life ambition, it was a swell time.

Rotsler at least got to see the Low Budget Filmmaking panel at Worldcon — I missed that one to sit on the "Slaughtering Sacred

THIS IS THE  
BEST ONE?





Cows" in Conrunning panel. I felt obliged to go—not only to make up for missing a panel I'd previously been scheduled on, but to share some hard-earned and valuable lessons I learned from doing that Westerncon thing. But crikey, the hard choices agreeing to do programming will put you through. Well, I still got to meet Dick Miller...

I was there when Rotsler was letting sweet young things lay hands on his Hugo and demonstrating how to make the Klegs work. "Yes," I said, "push this button and watch Rotsler's rocket light up."

Don't annoy a guy with a heavy pointed metal object in his hands.

**Pete Graham**

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I would be less than honest if I didn't say that I don't read everything, and don't read much very carefully. In my old age I've gotten used to denser text and higher information flow, and nattering just doesn't cut it any more, or at least not at length. I often read at night before bed now from the *Oxford Book of Humorous Prose*, with Benchley, Wodehouse, Mansfield, and a host of names I don't remember but that are well known in the UK and USA.

The great advantage of fanzine prose is that it carries a mood of people having a good time (well, I always wonder what kind of time Ted White is having) and without knowing you well it's all at a remove.

So having praised with faint damns, as Walter certainly said once, you will be justified in dropping me like a hot hector tray, but I hope you don't.

Speaking of Walt, I see he continues to send letters. I'm pleased; our visit

to him last December found him in difficult health, but trying his best to be a good host, which he was. Many readers will be able to understand some of the feelings I had sitting with Lew and Madeleine having tea, watching Walter in his great height standing out in the driving Irish Sea wind watching a contractor clean out a sunken small pond, standing outside both to keep an eye on things and in part.

I suspect, to keep from too great evidence his difficulty in keeping up conversation. Still a colossus; he was gearing up to a computer and the Internet and I suspect that would be a good tool for him, for he can work on the words in this interactive medium as he always has in prose to good effect. My own connections with Walt have been varied and intermittent, giving me little right to speak for him, yet he is a presence in my life having been there for many decades now.

I barely knew Burbee, though had met him of course in his second incarnation as Terry and Rhon and Carl

FIRST, WE KILL  
ALL THE LAWYERS!  
THEN WE KILL  
THOSE WHO DON'T  
LOL!



and I produced the **Incomplete Burbee** (and actually sat in the bar with him at South Gate in 58). I found myself feeling bad about his passing in great part because I know Terry would have felt bad.

I'm delighted to continue seeing Rotsler cartoons, which always have *le ton juste*. He may not remember, but I do (one always remembers one's youthful gaffes) my mean-minded tone about his **Wire Sculpture** contribution to a FAPA mailing once, around 1955, and maybe this is as good a time as any to apologize.

Keep the WH's coming. I find I enjoy the letter column as much as anything; perhaps it's the salt that gives piquancy to the tone of the Vegans, whom (since I don't know them in person) I have difficulty telling apart.

((**Alleen**: Yeah, we have trouble telling each other apart too. I'm constantly mistaking tall, hunky, sexy male fen for Ken. Shucks!))

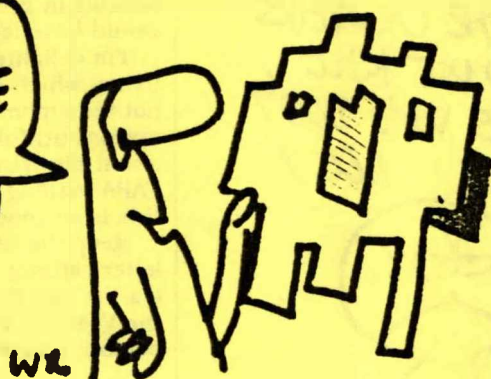
((**Tom**: One of the things I really like about fanzine fandom is that many fans agree with the philosophy "better late than never." And there are the few who don't, who make things interesting for those who do. This is the feeling that allows us to publish five (or is it six months now) later, filling this letcol with thoughts and ideas that still bubble below the surface of fanzine fandom today. I hope our delay will not keep you from writing to us again, and again, and again, like many of you have. We love talking about who has written us a letter, and sit about Arnie's living room sharing with each other how cool it all is. This detracts from the coolness factor, but it's quickly restored when we pull out an issue of **Wild Heirs** and flip it open to the letcol. Where else are you going to find conversations about having sex with a glass of water. Alas! The Internet has ruined us!))

I SAW THAT LOC  
IN A SHELBY VICK  
ZINE IN 1960





I MADE THIS  
OUT OF FREEZE  
DRIED OLD  
CRUDZINES



two nights optional fanac. It would work wonders with fan-editing. And as for Brit-fans, maybe we should excuse the name, they should brace up after a session in the fannish tread mills. Too much time being wasted in stewing at some smoky London pub! Not like the old days I myself remember at the "White Horse", full of the cut-and-thrust of Intellectual giants and mainly whose turn it was to by the next round of drinks.

Incidentally, have you ever thought of suggesting voluntary slip-sheeting for the really hard-cases? Judging by the Ross Chamberlain cover, times have certainly changed on the new, modern fanzine assembly line and you would have to scale-down the fun-bits quite considerably. It all looks so easy-peasy! Something involving purple hekto, should do nicely.

ple hekto, should do nicely.

((Tom: We can barely manage our not-quite monthly schedule and you want to complicate things by adding slipsheeting and purple hekto to the mix?!?!? There must be something we can placate you with to silence such mad ideas — name your price and we'll speak no more of this (not for another six months, anyway.)))

#### From the Vault

(or what I found under the kitchen table)

**Sid Birchby**

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Thank you indeed for the Annish Wild Heirs, full of lots of good things, including Arnie's profound Fanhistory. It bound to create an all-time classic. Anyway, what with President Clinton's proposal curfew, it'll keep one or two kids off the streets. They'll be so busy matching your Annish.

Quite a thought, that. Either a compulsory curfew or

#### Rodney Leighton

RR #3, Pugwash, N.S., Can., BOK 1LO

Thanks for WH#12. I enjoyed most of it. Very fine looking fanzine. Reminds me of **Habakkuk**, especially with Rotsler's little dudes scampering about the entire zine and Ray Nelson's distinctive illustrations of various statements.

WH#12 epitomized my current feelings regarding fandom. Like Rotsler's guy on pg. 12, I have been contemplating getting off. Part of this has to do with the propensity of some people to publish fanzines, create an interest in themselves and a love for their fanzine and then to vanish without a word leaving me to wonder if I have alienated this person, followed by wondering if something to her/him. Has he gaffed? Has her fanzine outgrown her finances and she doesn't know how to bring it back to a level she can handle? Doesn't he have the necessary 'whatever it is' to let his readers know he's okay and why he is not publishing? Hey, how is Big Bill Donaho, anyway? Does anyone know?

This aspect of fandom is bugging me, although for every Leah Smith, Benoit Girard, and Bill Donaho who vanishes there is a Bridget Hardcastle, Holger Eliasson, and Ron Clarke who lets the readers know what is happening with their lives and publishing endeavors. Something that is bothering me lately is my own activity in fandom. I have the apparently incurable habit of alienating, angering, upsetting, and plain pissing people off. Especially ladies. 90% of this is purely unintentional and unfortunate. For most of my life such things didn't bother me at all. Comments such as: "Great covers on this issue but it's amazing to me that here is a picture containing images of nine ladies who live in the exposed female skin capital of the world and there ain't even a knee to be seen!" used to flow from my typer without conscious thought as to whether these 9 ladies

SORRY, IT'S IN THE  
RULES - FANAC,  
CRIFANAC, MINIFANAC,  
GAFIA - THEN THEY  
COMES BACK.





would be amused, bemused, horrified or angry and whatever reaction, if any, would be received and dealt with as required. These days, I wonder about such things; how they might be received. And if I find that someone was upset, then I get upset, damn it.

((**Arnie:** Uh, Rodney... None of the three people you mentioned has gaffed. Leah gave a terrific presentation on the Westerner program this year, Benoit visited Vegas this summer and Donaho is still working on another Habakkuk.))

((**Tom:** I just think of every fanzine I receive as a pleasantly surprising gift with little more in the way of expectations to avoid the painful pitfalls of a lazily kept mailing list (which I'm guilty of myself). Life's too short to get my panties in a bunch because I've stopped getting a fanzine, you can always write a letter and find out why.))

((**Ken:** I know what you mean about fannish friends seeming to disappear. Arnie once described fandom as a parade. We have a choice of watching the proceedings, joining them, or going off to watch a different parade. Not everyone can "join the parade" as effectively as locsmiths Warner or Glickson. Not all fans have what it takes to publish a weekly bi-weekly tri-weekly fanzine like Hooper/Gonzalez' APAK. While it's true that most of the people I count as friends in fandom are parade watchers rather than marchers, their infrequent letters or zines are enough to keep them in the foreground of my thoughts. Besides, conventions like Corflu, Ditto or Toner help to re-establish these friendships.))

So, part of me has been urging me to do whatever is necessary to expand my fanac. Not being among the affluent I don't have much spare cash. Part of me wants to increase the number of fanzines I receive by hook or crook, spending money I can't afford, begging or figuratively grovelling at the feet of various faneds. Another part of me mentions that my life and bad health will not leave me the time much less the energy to use this infernal machine for the next few months. Maybe it would be better if I were to back off somewhat and reassess my feeling regarding fanac over the summer and see what is what. Will#12 affected me exactly the same way. Part of me wanted to do whatever necessary to get back and future issues. Part of me wants to know why.

I really liked the covers. One caveat: why not split the group and put half the group on the

front cover and the remainder on the back?

The editorial jam was not that interesting, possibly (probably?) due to the fact that all participants are totally or primarily unknown to me. "Bones of Contention" was very good. Parts of it went over my head due to lack of knowledge of people and events mentioned but I thought it was an exceptionally well thought out and crafted column. The portion about over-sensitivity, tact and hurt feelings was particularly valuable to me.

Highly amusing article by Rob Hansen. The article by Mark Kernes was very informative. I sometimes have sleep problems but it is mostly associated with the blasted CFIDS.

WAHF: Steve Green, Teddy Harvia.

### Vague Rants Annex

"We'll keep this one small," I said to my co-conspirators. "That'll make it easier to get back in the Wild Heirs publishing groove."

"Ah, the good old days," sighed Cathi Wilson. Vegas Fans have grown used to the free-and-easy, high stakes lifestyle of the publishing giants.

"Starting smaller will be Spring Training for our fanning muscles," I offered.

It was a great plan. I was so proud of it that I almost stuck to it.

I might've made it if this wasn't, technically, our Fourth Annish. So here we are, at the bottom of page 43. With the swell Alan White bacover, that's 44 pages. Once the extra carton of paper arrives, We Go to Press!

Write when you can. See you in a month!

-- Arnie (for Las Vegrants,

