

# Wild Heirs

Let's have a  
Sidebar!

One

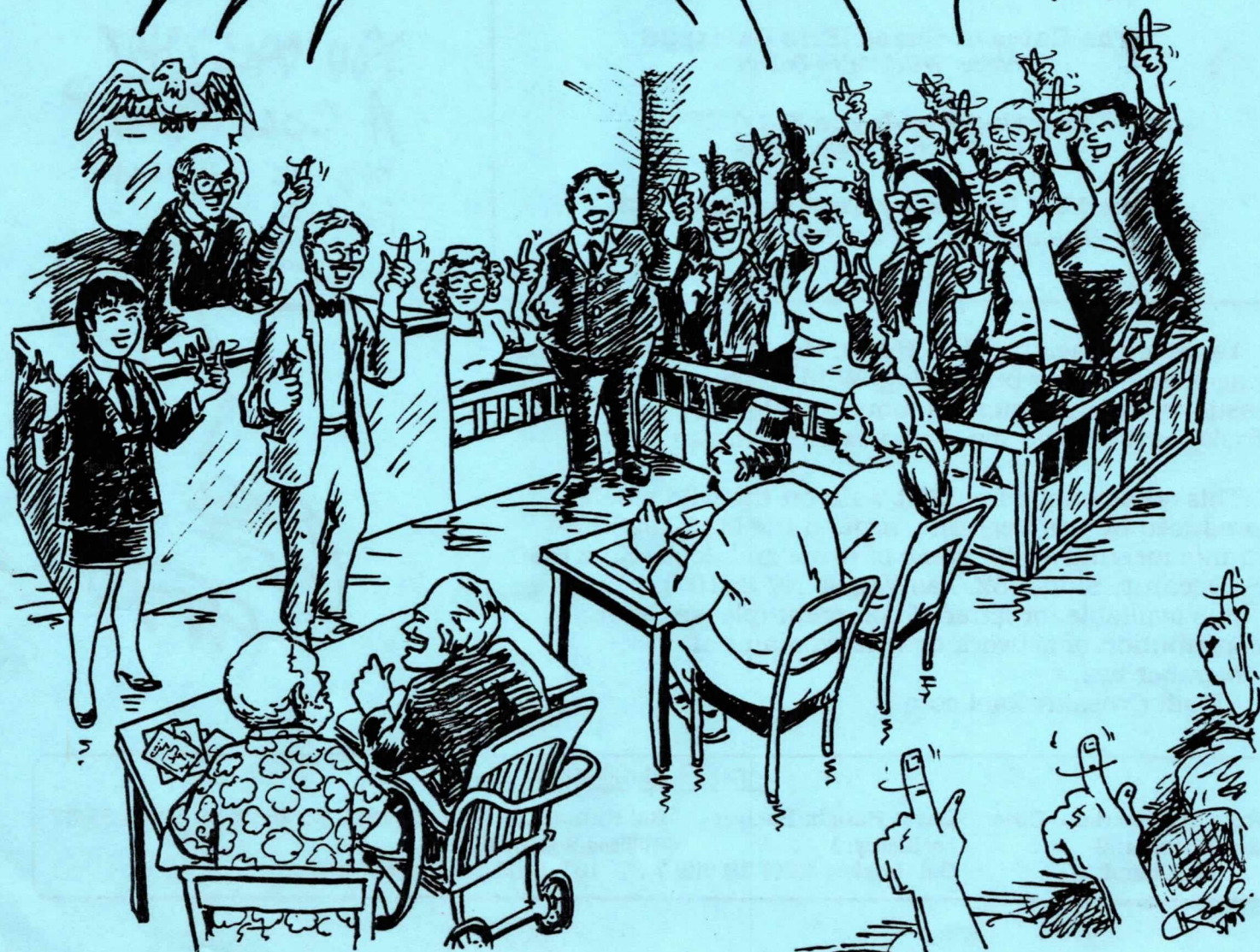
Two

Three

Four

What're we  
waiting  
for?

**SIDEBAR!!!**





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You're eyetracking **Wild Heirs**, the 38 most dangerous pages in amateur publishing. **Wild Heirs #6**, the fourth issue in as many months, bounds into your mailbox as frisky as a new puppy -- and twice as incontinent.

This occasionally frequent walk on the wild side is produced by Las Vegrants, around the May 1995 Vegrants meeting at the home of Arnie and Joyce Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107).

It is available for letter of comment (please....) or contribution of artwork or written material.

Member fwa.

Email: Crossfire@aol.com

## The Editors

Arnie & Joyce Katz  
Ken & Aileen Forman  
JoHn & Karla Hardin  
Tom Springer & Tammy Funk  
Ross Chamberlain,  
Ben & Cathi Wilson  
Ray & Marcy Waldie  
Bill Kunkel & Laurie Yates,  
Belle Augusta & Eric Davis  
Peggy Kurilla  
Woody Bernardi  
Charles & Cora Burbee  
William Rotsler  
Chuch Harris.

23 Editors....  
and none of them is  
Andy Hooper

YOU CALL THAT  
A COLOPHON?  
Boy, HAS RANDOM  
FALLEN ON BAD  
TIMES



## Art Credits

Ross Chamberlain: Cover  
Ken Fletcher: 9  
Alexis Gilliland: 16

David Haugh: Bacier  
Jay Kinney: 3  
Bill Rotsler: 4(20) 5B 6(2)

Bill Kunkel: 5T 18 21(2) 22(3) 25 26 28 29 30 32 35 37  
Gilliland-Rotsler: 8B 13T  
7 8T 13T 14(2) 15 17 19 20 27

### Tom Springer

April 30, 1995, Sunday afternoon around 3:00pm -- that's when the Vegrants started to come out of their momentary post-Corfluvian funk (which I think can now be described as transitory) recoalesing into that bunch of tremendous, wonderful people I know and love. Jeez, I just can't stand it.

Many Vegrants are touting Corflu reports, articles and faan fiction, cackling with glee about the mischiefs done, little insurgent fairies showering their dust upon still-dazed Vegrants.

Expectation is high as the obvious fact becomes clear: "We're doing **Wild Heirs** once a month..."

Many seem prepared, though, as if following some primal instinct deep down in their fannish beings (and have fanac to back up their cackles) like a jumping, dodging Thompson Gazelle with a volleyball, the touts are bouncing among the stalwart faneds of Las Vegas, and I tell ya, it just makes me dizzy!

One thing that makes me curious is that this fish/shrimp conspiracy thing. It really seems to be a solid possibility. Many fans are becoming aware of flounders, shrimp, even sardines (which I'm sure you all know about), educating themselves.

### JoHn Hardin

Well, they do travel in schools, don't they?

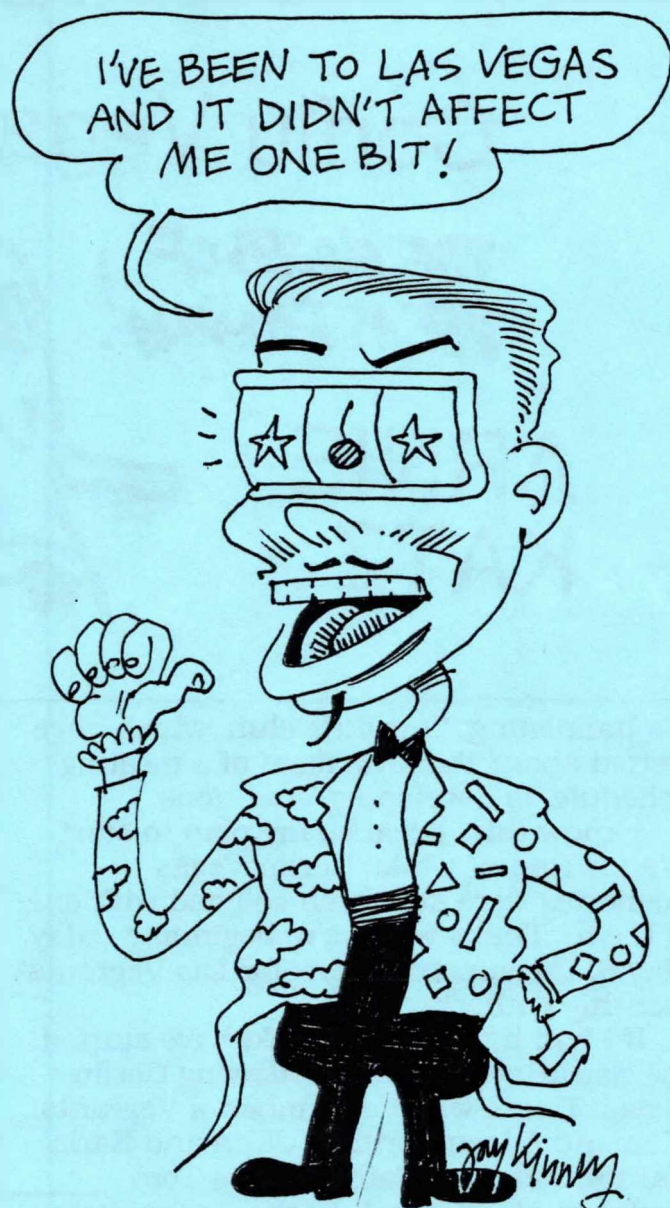
### Joyce Katz

I don't like to be an alarmist, but it's evident that this fishy conspiracy has gone trans-continental. First it's Hooper spouting off his fishy threats, then the shrimp boys institute a series of secret hand signals. All fandom should take note; this means something.

Corflu certainly tweaked the fan energies. Right this minute there are fans sitting at every computer keyboard in the house, busily turning out mindless drivel...err, that's deathless prose. Kunkel just passed out a trio of fine fan articles, with fan art to go along, and Aileen is working on her convention report for Geri.

### Arnie Katz

Are those irreverent rascals, Las Vegrants, growing... staid? I'm almost persuaded that



# Vague Rants



# Corflu Vegas

THE MOSES OF  
VEGAS FANDOM!

ARNIE  
KATZ



accurately called "A Taste of Corflu Vegas Leftovers."

Before our recollections of this singular event grow as stale as some of the sandwich buns, we're getting a flying start on **Wild Heirs** #6. Our working theme is "Corfluvium," though I wouldn't expect slavish adherence to this topic from such a maverick group.

Near the end of an unusually pleasant and laugh-filled afternoon, I returned to the computer to see what the fines twits in Las Vegas Fandom had wrought in four hours of feverish creativity.

There was one comment. You have already read it.

People were starting to talk about dinner, but no one had actually left when I barred the door. "I just looked at the editorial," I said. "No

one wrote anything."

"It would not be right," said Ken Forman, striking a heroic pose.

"Not right?" I echoed. Had I had sufficient presence of mind, I would've remembered that "echoed" always looks wrong to me on the page. To avoid using that hated word, I would've done something other than echo his comment.

"Protested" perhaps, or at worst "repeated." But Ken stunned me so much I forgot this quirk and echoed. "We are the Vegrants, **Wild Heirs** is our fanzine, and "Vague Rants" is the editorial of that fanzine."

it's happening. Our little club, which once fretted about the formalism of a meeting schedule, is developing Traditions.

I know this, because my plan to start "Vague Rants" while Corflu Vegas memories were still fresh collided with one of them. That's why we're beginning today, May 6, the appointed day for Las Vegrants' monthly gathering.

If I had had my way, we'd have started the Saturday afternoon following Corflu Vegas. That's when a number of Vegrants (Ken and Aileen Forman, John and Karla Hardin, Ben and Cathi Wilson, Tom Springer, Bill Kunkel, Ross Chamberlain, Belle Churchill, and Eric Davis, with cameos by Laurie Yates) got together to talk about the recent convention and **Wild Heirs**.

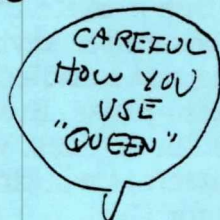
The ideal setting to launch the editorial, you say? That's what I thought, too. I set up the Mac for "Vague Rants" and wrote a brief comment to break the ice. It read as follows:

It's only a week after Corflu, and already Las Vegrants is having its second impromptu meeting. Today, as our fannish peers in Minneapolis munch on a smorgasbord called "The Taste of Corflu Vegas," we, too, are settling in for a fannish afternoon punctuated by liberal samplings from what I feel is more

# Corflu Vegas

QUEEN OF VEGAS  
FANDOM!

JOYCE  
KATZ



when



# Corflu Vegas

MISTER ROTSLER, WE HAVE  
REMOVED THE OBSTRUCTION  
FROM YOUR CHEST—IRONICALLY  
IT WAS SOMETHING CALLED  
"THE BIG HEART AWARD!"

BILL  
ROTSLER



"All that is true," replied Ken. "But it's supposed to be a oneshot editorial. If we started today, that would make it two shots."

"False advertising, Arnie," JoHn Hardin scolded.

"But after we write 'Vague Rants' at the meeting, we go over it, add things and fix things."

"That's just editing," Tom Springer explained patiently. "We do the basic writing in one session, just like Burbee and the rest of the LA insurgents."

"We must wait for the next Vegrants meeting to start 'Vague Rants'." Aileen admonished. "It's what Burbee and Rotsler would want."

I hung my head. The ashes of defeat clumped in my mouth. They were right; I had broken faith with the readers of **Wild Heirs**.

"I will uphold the tradition of the oneshot editorial," I murmured contritely. They hugged me and clapped me on the back, like a mark at a revival meeting who has just bought \$100 worth of instant salvation.

Once I confessed my transgression, they let me go with them to Chicago Hotdog for the Chicago Science Fiction League meeting. They may be getting set in

their fannish ways, but they're still a forgiving bunch. This made me happy, because I wouldn't have wanted to miss the spirited debate on D. Bruce Berry's "A Trip to Hell." (The CSFL is with ya, Harlan.)

## Ben Wilson

A week after Corflu was just way too soon for me to write anything much more complicated than my name. I wasn't fully recovered from Corflu until the following Tuesday. I was wound tighter than the spring in Ken's clock. I'm glad Ken found a way to postpone the editorial. (You guys were right, it worked out just like we planned.)

## Arnie

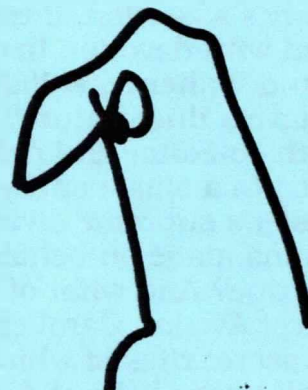
I was luxuriating in Andy Hooper's lavish praise for Corflu Vegas in **Opera Chick** (or whatever-ya-call-it), when I encountered the following section:

One thing facilitated by the wealth of hungry young fan-editors at the convention was the auction.... Various members of Las Vegas Fandom, as well as a few people who had been out of circulation for a number of years, showed up with a healthy wad of ready cash. I was deeply worried when the first item offered, an issue of **Hyphen** in good condition, raised only about \$30. Oh no, I thought, we fired our best round right away and it didn't make a dent. But I hadn't counted on the

# Corflu Vegas

NO  
WESLEY?

JOHN  
HARDIN





# Corflu Vegas

NEW TO  
FANDOM,  
NEO?

AILEEN  
FORMAN



peculiar tastes of Vegas fandom.

Vegas fandom has its own fannish pantheon in which Bill Rotsler is essentially king of the ghods...

Evidently Andy's vantage point, out at the periphery of the known universe (Seattle) has made it difficult for him to accurately study Glitter City Fan Theology. Andy should follow the example of Jane Goodall. He ought to move here to observe our quaint customs. If he lived with one of our young fan couples, say Peggy and Tom, he could observe firsthand instead of idly speculating. Personally, I can't wait to read *Kurillas in the Mist*.

But I don't want to degrade a discussion of fannish pantheons by dragging it down to the level of fanthropology. No indeed. Andy's assertion that Rotsler is Our Ghod inspired much soul-searching. How could Andy's assertion, if true, be reconciled with devotion to Charles Burbee and Walter A. Willis? Could Rotsler have a dual nature? Might he be both co-editor and deity incarnated in a single entity? How does Rotsler's supreme divinity affect claims made on behalf of Elmer Perdue? And what of the ultra-secret Avedon Carol cult that holds its secret rites of which none may speak in the light of day? If there's one thing we like more than

x-rated videos here in Vegas Fandom, it's high-class metaphysics.

Every red-blooded American male fan wants to follow in the footsteps of William Rotsler -- you meet so many exciting women that way -- but he isn't our ghod of ghods. We venerate WR as an LA Insurgent, and we delight in his coeditorial contributions to **Wild Heirs**, but he is only Ghu's vicar on Earth.

And now he has given unto us the Rocksler, stone tablets of ineffable meaning. Didn't Moses do something like this?

## Ross Chamberlain

Yeah, but he broke his. The stone tablets, I mean. Something to

do with gilded calves, it were, or am I rendering unto Moses something that belongs to Caesar's Palace? Anyway, if Rotsler's only a demiurge then the rest of us must be simply half-impulses (imps for short).

## Ken Forman

Shouldn't we just allow Arnie his delusions over his own place in our fannish pantheon? After all, wasn't he the Prometheus who brought the first spark of fandom to us? I think we really have a varied

# Corflu Vegas

KEN  
FORMAN





# Corflu Vegas



and complicated local mythology.

Rotsler's position is one of muse, or sprite. Why, I've seen him draw cartoons for *non-publishing* fans, just to coax a zine or two out of them. At Corflu, he showered drawings upon just everyone.

The **NLE** Boys still revere The Hooper as the Great Inspirer.

## JoHn

Herewith: A Primer of Vegrant Mythology.

**Charles Burbee**- Holiest of Holy, Ghuish Avatar, and Insurgent Jungian Archetype. The cult of Burb is strong. We revere Him because it was He who brought us Sex.

**Bill Rotsler**- He Who Can Doodle No Wrong, Icon of the Insurgent Cohort. Lo, he brings us bountiful cartoons, and protects us from learning to draw.

**Walt Willis**- Master of the Plane of Puns, the brilliant Harp leavens our fiery insurgentism with the sweet balm of trufandom: verily, he does deliver us to Roscoe.

**Ted White**- Beatific Patron of The Unedited Fiery Pen and Martyr for Lester, Ted (the name by which He is invoked) parboils entire fakefen with his heavenly bolts of powerful prose. At one time was known as the Pope Of Pepsi, but the reasons for this are lost in the mists of the And Smoking Suite.

**Andy Hooper**- Accomplished Minor Diety, Illustrious Potentate, Crustacean Kingpin

and all around Swell Guy, Andrew P. Hooper is an enigmatic cult figure recently initiated into the Vegas Pantheon. (Some question his suitability for full-blown Ghodhood, but, hey, we take what we can get.) What role he will ultimately play is yet to be determined. Will he be as Mercury to the Romans or Loki to the Norsemen (or as Curly to Moe and Larry)? For further study and extra credit, answer to the following questions: Could Victor Gonzalez be Satan? Or is he beyond good and evil....?

## Ben Wilson

.....So is Andy putting us to the test? Is he trying to make us check our faith? Our faith in our supreme

being from Seattle? Exchange William Rotsler, for Andy Hooper? **NOT!!**

Just a few of the Questions running around in my head, after reading the first **Apak** after Corflu.

## Tom

There's Rotsler, and there's Burbee. I bought two Rockslers (plus a paper plate written on by Ron Bushyager for five dollors) for forty bucks, and four **Burblings** for a hundred. I got a little excited over Burbee's stuff, but he is our Ghodfather for Ghu's sake! So, if we continue with the idea of a fannish pantheon, with its own mythology, than we can draw a metaphorical line between the common practice of tithing and buying old fanzines.

Except that I'm getting some of Burbee's original stuff, actual historical sites in the world of fandom, and some great reading. You could say that I'm getting more than just a good word and a nod, but that's included too.

## Joyce

Hooper's theory about the fannish pantheon isn't too far off, but I'm worried about his plan for our fannish futures. Horror conventions? Horrors. Fie on you. I'm saving my energy for Corflu Vegas ten-o-five, when my secret mastery plan is for someone else put it on.



### Arnie

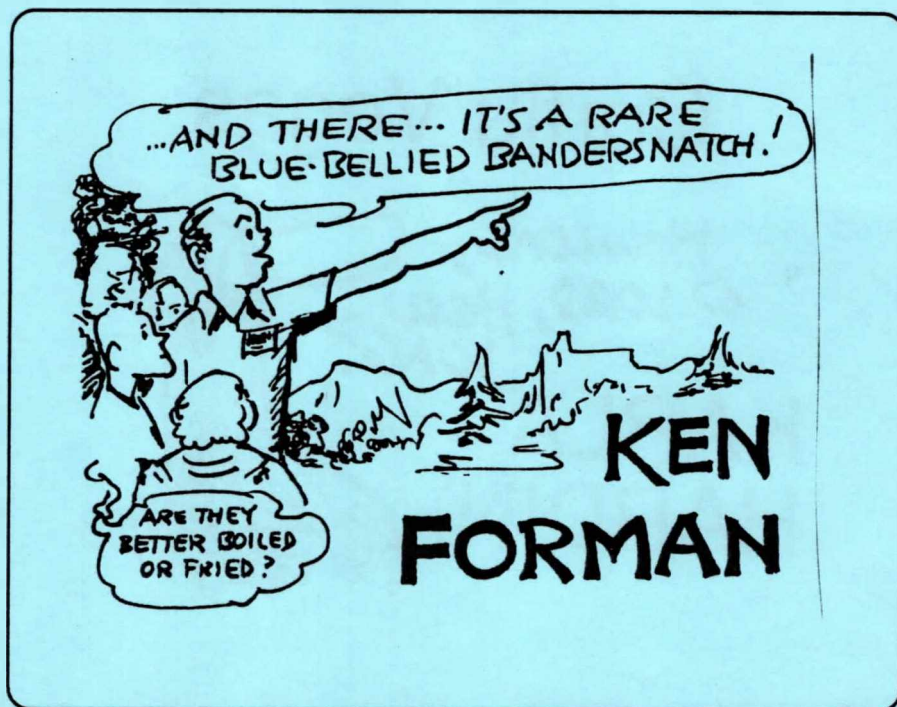
This Hoooper-spawned religion is just hours old and already I find myself about to stand forth as the author of the New Testament. Andy wrote his comments days, even weeks, ago, and time brings inevitable changes. It is important for our fannish church to keep pace with these societal developments so as to maintain a living and vital connection between the church and its fannish flock.

What changes can you expect in the new Holy Book, when I finish it? Even I don't know. I'm just sitting here, waiting for the spirit of trufandom to fill me. Then and only then will I write.

It could be a long wait.

### Belle Churchill

This whole pantheon thing is still way beyond me. I think we need to look a little closer at the women in the fandom pantheon. I know there are many in fandom who know these women better than I, so could someone furnish me with suggestions? I'm sure this oversight is similiar to the lack of male bits in the art work that fills fannish magazines and now that it has been brought out in the open we will see some movement addressing the situation. There are deffinatly more women



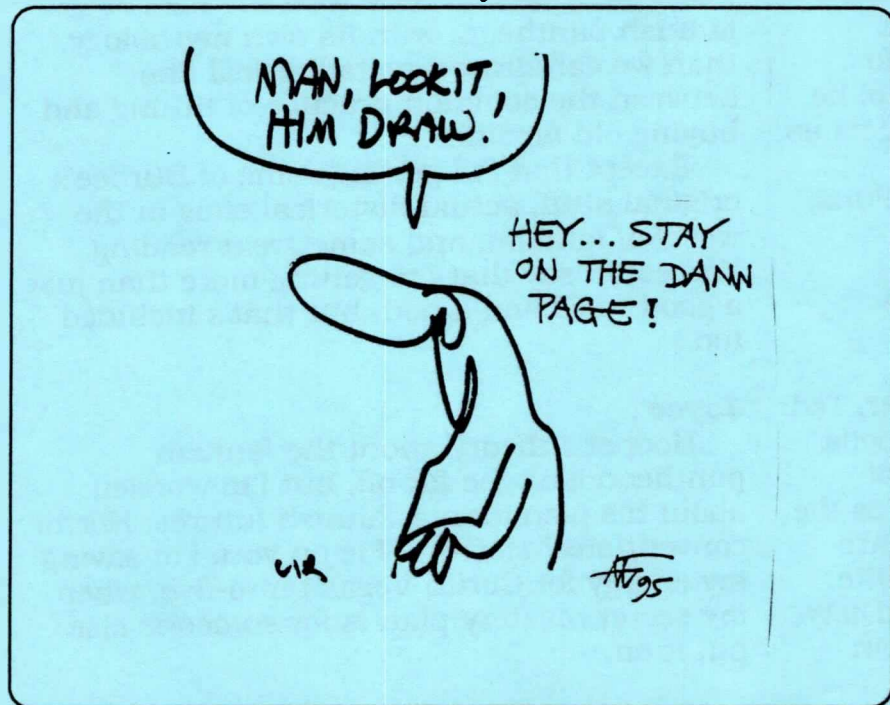
in fandom so let's here about those who are there to give us a guiding hand. I see Joyce with her attack cat destributing priceless advice to those neo-fans that line the walks, leading them into fannish bliss.

### Bill Kunkel

I haven't written a word about Corflu Vegas. Perhaps I should. I was sick most of the week leading up to the Event, but by Thursday I thought I was feeling much better. I attended A&J's party, and was truly awestruck.

Such a Mythic Gathering!

Only the earliest arrivals had wandered in, yet there were, among many others: the Vicks, Steffans, Ted White, Grant Flippin' Canfield, Mike McInerny, Ned Sontag & Katy, who I hadn't seen since I left NY in '89. Jay Kinney and the enchanting Dixie. There were torches in the ground outside in the Katz' spacious yard, surrounding the pool and trailing up toward the high rear fence. It seemed like some pagan ritual, full of aging men and women, legends many of them, just hanging out and talking. Donaho (whom I will send some cartoons to, I promise) and Ted pumped me on "Rowdy" Rodney Leighton from Pugwash, Canada, who used to be a





wrestling fan until he fell below the line of acceptability. Lynn told me she wanted to be a bartender. I think she'd do killer tips, and I'm wondering where they will move. Much as I would love to have them live here (and there are certainly no shortage of bars), it can be a tough place to arrive in, hat in hand. When I came out, it was with a steady gig I was merely transporting.

The flames began to wane, and I was tired. Laurie and I headed home. I thought about the first Corflu I ever attended—Madison, and how I had freaked when I first arrived and everyone looked so much older. This time, however, I found myself disturbed by the lack of financial success this incredibly gifted crew of characters had amassed. God knows I'm not the man in the grey flannel suit, and yet I was able to make good money writing. Why are all these gifted artists and writers living at marginal levels, drawing their ego sustenance from free appearances in fanzines? I listened to Paul Williams, who is a legend, who spawned an industry—rock journalism—much as Arnie and I birthed electronic game journalism, and he seemed as if he was mostly over, doing junkets, following Dylan or someone, angling to sell a book. I hope I got it wrong. And then I heard the news of his accident and I felt like I'd been hit in the stomach.

The first night of Corflu, Laurie and I ran into Frank Lunney. Two of the three or so people I feel closest to in fandom include Frank and Dan Steffan. We grew up together. We did all them dumb things. We drank too many scotch sours and ran wild and wrote wild and I went off the deep end. When Ted and Dan published the "lost" Syndrome I was stunned to find myself under attack by Terry Hughes, perhaps the most mild-mannered soul in fandom. "God I must've been out of whack," I thought. I'm sorry, Terry. I can't promise it was the drugs talking, but they were certainly murmuring in the background.

In any case, I was rejecting my families at the time and I rejected fandom. There were some wonderful memories and I never felt anything but the deepest friendship for guys like Frank and Dan.

So we sidebarred in Frank's room, and I began to react badly to his powerful sercon material. I began to feel terrible anguish for Frank, and as we moved on to the con itself, I

was close to experiencing a bumner. I was becoming feverish, and I spotted the Vicks, sat down and talked wrestling and I was okay. But the fever was rising, and I was at 102 degrees by 2 AM that morning.

End of Corflu. But the high spot was actually the mass introduction of the Vegrants, after which Greg Benford told me: "Bill, you're the only person I know who dresses exactly the same as he comes off on the printed page." I was wearing black jeans, a black t-shirt, shades, and a black leather sports coat (Wilson's House of Suede & Leather, \$100 for fans of "American Psycho").

That was the coolest part. Sorry I missed the rest.

### Arnie

And on that somewhat wistful note, it's time to end the editorial jam and get into the meat of this issue. That happens on the next page.

We wish Bill and Laurie, and all our other friends who couldn't come to Corflu, or attend as much of it as they'd planned, could've been with us.





# The Net Catches Corflu Vegas

## Electronic comments by

Joyce Katz,  
Janice Murray  
Karen Cooper,  
Jane Hawkins,  
Rich Brown &  
Avedon Carol

*Corflu Vegas drew comments on line. Here are a few gleaned by Ken Forman.*

We had about 109 well-fed attendees, and Charles Burbee was elected past president of FWA. The guest of honor, picked at random, was Gary Hubbard, who gave a pleasant rambling speech...then dashed for the airport.

The next Corflu will be in Nashville, TN, courtesy of Lucy Huntzinger.

The fan achievement awards - computer-prepared, framed certificates - were given at the banquet, to:

Best Fanzine - **Blat!**

Best Fanwriter - Andy Hooper

Best Fanartist - Dan Steffan

Ben and Cathi were married in front of the gathering; Cathi looked pretty, and both stumbled and stammered their vows. And Vegas' Raven stumbled through a reading from Kahil Gibran. The cake was tall and beautiful, the coffee was hot, but the punch needed sugar (and perhaps a little brandy.)

Burbee fell in the hotel on Thursday, but came to the kick off party and seemed to enjoy it a lot. Then he gave the bride away, and was one of the real stars of the wedding.

Unfortunately, he was bruised by the fall, and Cora had to take him home the next day but, at least he was with us for that long!

Light on programming, except for auctions, a panel on electronic fandom, and the rounds of Fannish Feud (won by the **Nine Lines Each** boys from Vegas, who took out both the New York and the Falls Church teams.) But to make up for programming, there was a barrage of food that kept the attendees gathering over and over again in the con suite, for maximum socialization.

Personally, Arnie and I had a great time, with thanks to all the Las Vegrants and others who helped us slide through on their efforts.

Joyce Katz

Corflu was *wonderfull!* I am still in croggle mode over how warm and fuzzy all the Vegrants were! I went to the con having met Arnie and Joyce once. I now consider Belle Churchill, Ken & Aileen Forman and Su Williams to be dear friends. You could not imagine a more hospitable hospitality suite!

I used to think Vegas, ick. Now I can't wait to go to a Silvercon. There are a few members of the committee I didn't get to talk to (like the ones who got married as a programming item) and I'd like to rectify that.

Janice Murray

kecooper@freedom.mtn.org says:

>Some of you have been home for hours already, yet there's not a word here!

>Just give us the highlights, and we'll fill in



the gaps with our imaginations.

>  
>Who's the past president of fwa? Who was the guest? Who got laid?

Joyce Katz answered the first two questions. I got laid, but I suppose you'll be bored to know I've been living with the guy for years. ;)

The food in the con suite certainly was terrific. As was the service. I've run a lot of parties, and I can't touch a standard that says you bring glasses of water to people who've been talking for a while because you think they might be thirsty.

I was.

I was also stunned.

For me, Sunday night was the best. I tagged along with Jeanne Bowman and Ellen Klages as they took Spike to the airport and then they drove back along the strip. I was profanely incoherent. I had expected ostentation and lights. Those places were orders of magnitude beyond my paltry imagination. I'd seen the pyramid, which is more than twenty stories high and has a really hot laser shining out the top. I hadn't seen the immense artificial waterfalls, the fancy moat where they sink a pirate ship every hour, the acres of statuary, or the MacDonald's sign with the running lights.

Jerry Kaufmann and Suzle actually went in one of those places. I forget which one. They returned later with wide eyes and barely believable reports.

I barely had nerve to enter the immense tacky gift shop, where I purchased an ashtray tastefully inscribed with "Jean's Butts". Deb Notkin had been pointing out mis-spelled signage to me earlier that day ("Crag Leggs"), and I wanted an ugly ashtray so buying one with my name mis-spelled would amuse her.

It did.

After our airport and strip run, Ellen said she was ready to tell her rock story. During the TAFF/DUFF auction, I jumped the bid on a rock decorated by Rotsler from \$7 to \$15 when she said she would tell a story about it. Any of you haven't heard this lady run riffs should consider yourself deprived. So, I gathered up some folks, including Paul Williams who said that as a rock critic he was particularly well-suited to critique the story.

Ellen started rolling and didn't stop for five hours. The rock story took about twenty minutes and was good. The cheese songs and condom warning labels and chocolate-covered apricots and Eileen Gunn's Nixon imitation and Jeanne's laugh and incantations to Wayne Newton had me in pain. If laughter is truly the best medicine, then hallelujah all my ills are cured.

I sacked out around three, got up to a 6am wakeup call, and then went to Los Angeles and Oakland involuntarily before winding up in Seattle at long last. After all these years of flying, you'd think I know better than to let myself be booked on something like that. But nooo - you have to make all arrangements a bit past the last minute and then not even \*look\* at them closely enough to realize you should eat some food before getting on that milkrun shuttle with the teensy bags of pretzels so that you miss your housemate's departure to New Zealand \*and\* arrive home dizzy with starvation. So smart you think you are, yeah right. And do you even have anything fun to read with you? Of course not, just six issues of a FoxPro magazine talking about a version you don't have. Thrilling.

Well, I don't suppose you'd believe me if I tried to blame that on the Katz's or their crew. But, hey - if they can bring you water and chocolate, surely they could have straightened out my plane arrangements.

Jane E. Hawkins

jhawk@oz.net

Corflu 12 is over; held in Las Vegas April 7-9. It was (IMNSHO) the best Corflu I have attended.

There needs to be some workable compromise on the timing of the planned events, since there is a conflict; late-night parties were heard to complain that 10:30 a.m. was an "uncivilized" hour to start the programming on Saturday and the banquet on Sunday. There may be some truth in the former, but in my experience quite a number of fans have had to take relatively early Sunday flights home from Corflu over the years. That was the case this year with Gary Hubbard, who found himself to be the fan GoH when his name was picked out of a hat by Jack Speer. ("I *knew* Jack Speer wouldn't make a mistake!" Arnie Katz



was later heard to say). Fortunately, the banquet was hurried a bit so Gary could both speak *and* catch his plane.

Unfortunately, one of the earliest things that happened was that Charles Burbee fell out of his wheelchair and either cracked or broke a rib; he was able to stay through the wedding of Ben and Cathi Wilson, at which he gave the bride away, but Cora had to take Burb home the following day; hence, he was not on hand at the banquet Sunday, when he was elected past president (for 1994) of the Fan Writers of America. The vote was unanimous, as always.

rich brown  
drgafia@aol.com

You know, I've already had mail from people on this, and the food keeps being mentioned. People keep raving about the food. I expected to miss a good con, but this food thing is really rubbing it in. Food. Food. Food.

It was bad enough I couldn't go, but this is too much.

I mean, I live in England!  
Avedon Carol  
avedon@cix.compulink.co.uk

Mounds of little sandwiches with toothpicks holding them together, spare ribs, strawberries, chocolate stick-like things with raspberry inside, key lime pie, mushrooms, \*good\* carrots, sliced roast beef, bread, good coffee, orange juice, figs, chocolate cake ....

There is one area where they fell down: beer. The quantity was fine, but the quality, well - Luke saw John D. Berry drinking a Miller Lite. They got in jugs of good stuff, but seemed to think six gallons was sufficient. I'm not much of a drinker, but I could have told them that wouldn't work.

I ran the con suite for Seattle's Corflu, and we went through around thirty gallons of beer, stout, and ale. I did \*not\* stock Miller Lite. ;)

But, I hasten to add, still a con suite to remember and to envy.

Jane E. Hawkins  
jhawk@oz.net

## Letters to Corflu

Communications from  
Jay Kinney,  
Alan Bostick &  
Janice Murray

Here's a digital note to send you my congratulations on a great con. I think that I enjoyed Corflu Vegas more than just about any other con I've been to. It was a delight to see several generations of fanzine fans partying in good humor and with plenty to eat and drink. You guys really know how to do it right!

Dixie enjoyed it too. (No small feat for a dedicated fake-fan!)

I hope you can now all take a well-deserved rest before you start planning for your next feat of wonder!

p.s. I hope Kunkel is feeling better. Sorry to not see him after Friday!

Jay Kinney  
jay@well.com

Thank you for throwing a marvelous Corflu! Both I and my partner Debbie Notkin had a terrific time. Corflu has always been a convention where lots of my favorite people gather, but Corflu Vegas was particularly wonderful in this regard. And the hospitality that you and the Las Vegrants showed everyone was top-notch.

I would be thankful for your help; and thanks once again for a wonderful Corflu Vegas!

Alan Bostick  
abostick@netcom.com--

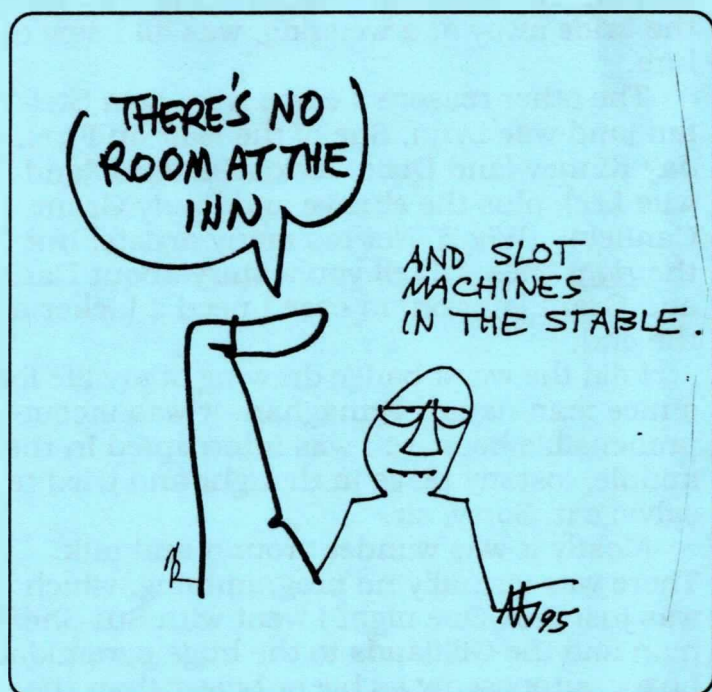
Hi! It's been a week, I have recovered. Thank you for a wonderful weekend! I had an enormously great time. I had read about how wonderful the Vegrants are, but I didn't expect such a friendly bunch of people. Everyone on the committee acted like we'd all been good friends for years. Rather self-fulfilling, actually.

Do you have a committee list handy? I particularly want to write to Ken & Aileen (re-stating my wish that they visit & we should do Mt. St. Helens) and to Belle (to chat about A Woman's Apa). Su Williams was also friendly above & beyond the job description, whatever it was. I'd like to thank her, too.

Please put me on the Silvercon list. I now know why this is the latest convention on the Must Do List. It looks like I'll have to buy a supporting membership this time, but maybe in 1996...

Janice Murray





Las Vegas fans are a bunch of dull, mean-spirited louts and airheads and Corflu sucked. There, that should keep away the riffraff and those who only read headlines and leave a Most Excellent con to those of us who can appreciate cons. We don't need a con bulging and bursting with unneeded fen.

I'm not sure what the difference is between a Corflu and a Silvercon, except they select a GoH by lot or some other mysterious process at a Corflu. The Las Vegrants did well. They are lively, exceptionally nice and cooperative, fun and friendly, every one. They really are. They are like fans of the Golden Age we never had but think we might have.

JoHn Hardin and his wife Karla are about to Be With Child. Raven was As Usual (that's a compliment.) Arnie Katz - who I dubbed the Moses of fandom for leading fen into the desert - was omnipresent, as was Joyce.

Moshe Feder, Jerry Kaufman, Stu Shiffman, Ron and Linda Bushyager, fellow porn reviewer Mark Kernes, Belle Churchill (better know as Belle Augusta), Frank Lunney, John D. Berry, and of course the lovely and vivacious Ted White, were all there, along with many others whose names I don't know or don't remember.

Don Fitch, the Pelzii, the Greys, and the Moffatts were there from L.A. (My policy is to pretty much ignore L.A. fans at out-of-town cons on the basis I can see them "anytime.") Jean Weber and Eric Lindsay from Down

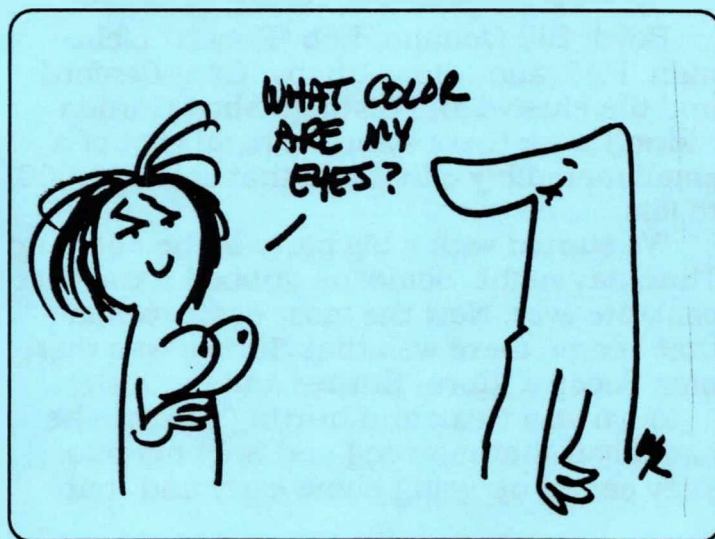
# Corflu Report

## At the con with Bill Rotsler

Under, Boyd Raiburn was there from Canada and at one point revealed to me his Secret - what he does for a living. But I can't tell. (See me privately and have small, unmarked bills.)

I know you are just scanning, looking for your name. Too bad fanzines aren't on chips so you could FIND the important part.

Ken Forman led a caravan of cars to the nearby Red Rocks - a large interesting formation - one morning, was informative and charming. (I picked up some rocks, drew on them, handing them to whoever was close. I kind of wandered off looking for more rocks and soon had so many - since I was not unloading them on others - that I couldn't draw. Returning to the van I gave the drawn-on ones to Ken for auction and drew on the rest. I heard they went for \$1,300 but I can't believe that. Two rocks went for \$100, I know,





and on for \$50 or \$80 or something. They were [are] stolen, you know.) Also about sixty 9x12 envelopes I had drawn on were auctioned.

At various times people keep asking me with great trepidation if they could use an envelope-drawing or a plate or something in their fanzine. So let me say this:

If you have a drawing by me you can use it in any way you see fit, unless you use it commercially, then we talk first. You can - and are encouraged to - reduce them in size, but not to add, change the captions, etc. (Exception: If I have left an obvious blank space, such as a banner or a character holding up a blank card.) Don't send me back the original unless I specifically ask.

Aileen Forman labored in the consuite and made a collection of very exotic foods, some of which looked alien. She also filled in a lot of the "forms" I brought, such as:

=====

**By Aileen Forman**

- The difference between sex and no sex is howling with ecstasy and howling at the moon.
- The difference between cowboys and Indians is chapped thighs and war cries.
- The difference between living well and living good is velvet drapes on the wall and velvet paintings of Elvis on the wall.
- The difference between fame and notoriety is a quote out of context.
- The difference between an amateur and a professional is a bouquet of flowers and fifty bucks.

=====

Boyd, Bill Donaho, Bob "Robert" Lichtman, F.M. and Elinor Busby, Greg Benford and the elusive and distinguished Gordon Eklund were there - and we're all part of a small incredibly elitist apa that costs \$1,000 to join.

We started with a big party at the Katz's on Thursday night. Someone dubbed it the best consuite ever. Now the most basic reason that I came there was that Burbee was there, plus Socorra (Cora) Burbee and her sister.

Burb was weak and hurting because he had fallen that morning and hurt his ribs. They ended up going home early and that

evening and a bit the next day, when he gave the bride away at a wedding, was all I saw of him.

The other reasons I came were Dan Stefan (and wife Lynn, She of the Hair on Fire), Jay Kinney (and Dixie, Alexis Gilliland (and wife Lee), plus the elusive and lovely Grant Canfield. (Who?) Not too many artists, but the right ones. I'll tell you a story about Dan and Grant later on, in case I need a kicker at the end.

I did the worst badge drawing of my life for a nice man named Hanaghan. It was incomprehensible because I was interrupted in the middle, lost my place in thought and tried to salvage it. Sorry, sir.

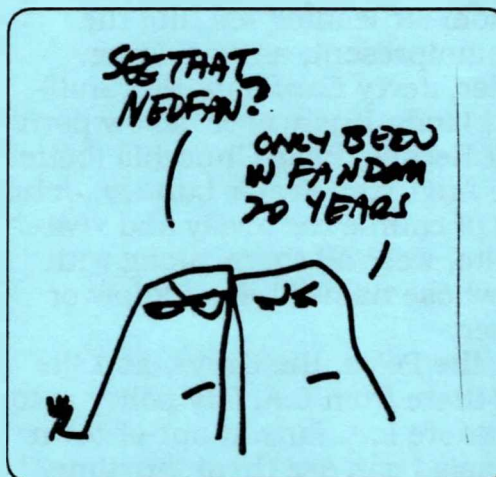
Mostly it was wander around and talk. There was virtually no programming, which was just fine. One night I went with Stu Shiffman and the Gillilands to the huge pyramidal Luxor, supposedly as big or bigger than the Cheops beach house.

All the outside is about one room deep, which leaves enough room inside for an amazing lot of Stuff. There is a Doug Trumbull ride that is supposedly what they found under the hotel when they built it, a VAST pre-Egyptian complex. The ride is in three or four parts, but we only took one. Incredible effects, lots of good stagecraft. *Do it if you go.*

They sold "Howard Carter Expedition Wear." It was very interesting to see the kind of people and the kind of fake magazine cover they had their picture put on. The faces were black but the male bodies were the muscle builder type and the female bodies were incredible. Lee Gilliland picked *Flirt*.

We walked over to the MGM Grand (world's largest hotel in a town where the "world's largest/big-gest/what-ever" is all

over) but it is VERY dull, just one VAST sea of gambling. We actually had a hard time finding our way out to a taxi. We had something





to eat and I did a critique on Shiffman's work that he didn't ask for. Oh, I suppose you can say it was *implied* when he showed me some work. But he'll be better for it.

=====

**By Alexis A. Gilliland**

- The difference between fame and notoriety is whether you wish to praise or blame.
  - The difference between an amateur and a professional is rehearsal, practice, and agents.
  - The difference between cowboys and Indians is that the sons of cowboys write the TV scripts.
- =====

They are covering over but not enclosing Fremont Street, which is the street you see in a lot of movies, which ends at the con hotel, the Union Plaza. If you saw TV's *The Stand* they have a big "rally" there.

The Plaza ain't elegant: gimme caps and beer shirts, middle-aged women in short hair and men with pots. And this was the Vegas I sold the Roman Games - Live! to in the very early Sixties and for about eight hours was a latent multimillionaire...until that night, when they adopted the "Fun in the Sun" approach.

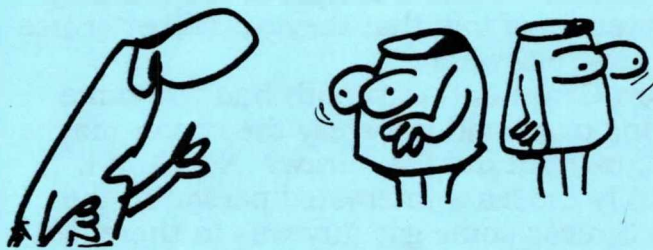
Art Widner was there, happy with a new love, who wasn't present. There were smoke-filled rooms and one night/day there was such a powerful wind it was coming through the closed windows. But I'd love to have the lightbulb monopoly in Las Vegas.

Lots of small, medium, and large conversations, both in quality and quantity. There were big visual surprises for me: **Vows**, a most charming fanzine about how the two people who got married met, and, ahem, it was gorgeously illustrated. Then there was a collection of our work together done by Alexis. But the biggest surprise was something Ken Forman did, **Rotsler's Bits**, printing out my first computer graphics work from two years ago! I thought it was long lost! There was a nice banquet. Much by accident Alexis and I took seats as far from the podium as possible, which turned out fine.

Earlier Las Vegrants had very cautiously approached me, thinking I might be offended, to tell me that the hotel had requested that I - by name! - not draw on any butter plates.

The previous year the Con paid the hotel for all the plates which were stolen, but that didn't matter this year. they didn't say "some one," or "some artist" but "Rotsler."

NO, NO!  
NOT THAT KIND  
OF TOPLESS!



Of course I wasn't offended and in fact it turned out even better. They brought me a stack of paper plates and pasteboard chili bowls, which were wonderful, because I could tear the plates! Alexis and I were really smoking, drawing in 3D on the chili bowls and stuff. We did some *good work* that night (definition mine, the only one that counts in this) and in fact were doing some things I would like to have saved (for our collection) but they got away.

My food got cold, it didn't matter. Poor Alexis. I kind of push him into doing these things and probably he'd like fewer pushes. But he'd try to eat and I'd lay a set-up by him and he'd doggedly eat until the urge got too much. (Heheheheh.)

Okay, now I'll talk about Grant and Dan. One mid-afternoon Dan said, "Let's go for a walk." I thought he meant "Let's go for a walk down Fremont Street," and we did - for about fifty yards, where they turned into Glitter Gulch, a strip bar.

Now - for those of you who do not know my history - I was naked lady photographer for a long time. (They were naked, not me.) I have seen, in person, over 8,000 naked women. In addition I have photographed hundreds in all sorts of situations, from one to fifteen. Factor in that this li'l club did not have Stunners, and you see how little I was interested.

But Dan and Grant were. They were stuffing \$1 bills in g-strings, getting nipple marks on their glasses, etc. I am uninvolved.



but of course, not only do they come on to me automatically, as part of the job, they seem to take it as a challenge.

One of them did something and I drew a cartoon, gave it to her as soon as Grant extracted his face from her bosom, and I gave it to her. Expected reaction. When she got off stage, she came around; she showed it to others, they came around. One dancer wanted to get her portrait done in oils, and I told her how to go about it.

Two dancers came up, one said, "How are you?" I said, "Uninterested." (Politely, you understand.) I told a couple of them after a few minutes of talk that they would better use their time elsewhere.

Now Grant and Dan both had the same drawing pad I had (courtesy the con or maybe the Katzii) but did they draw? No. And I, probably the least interested person in the room (unless some gay guy was in there) got all the attention. (Well, gee, guys, when you got it...) But I know that the novelty of it is what attracts them. Plenty of guys to stick steel engravings of dead presidents into their skimpy costuming, but few original cartoons.

Later, after a long conversation with the Gillilands about current pornography Lee dragged Alexis into the same bar. (Who knows, maybe "dragged" is not the right verb.) When they came out, she said, two guys and a woman stopped them. "You were in there?" the woman asked. Then she looked at her companions and they went in - since it was now "okay" for females to go in.

I had stupidly forgotten to extend my room when I had decided to say over for the Burbee Barbecue and since it was Easter I couldn't extend, so the con was nice enough to let me sleep in one of the consuite rooms. Thank you folks.

I got to the airport two hours early, started to read - I've just discovered a pair of writers who write as one, A.E. Maxwell - and started getting ideas for T-shirts and came up with dozens. When I got to Burbank and my daughter was an hour late, I called her. She'd lost the car keys, so I read Maxwell for another hour before she got me. I was home, finding a request to check the print-out of a story I'd just sold *Analog*, the first time that's happened to me in the short form. The con is over. Out.

### By Alexis A. Gilliland

- The difference between men and women is a gap narrow enough to reach across and deeper than deep.
- The difference between a drinker and a drunk is a couple of drinks.
- The difference between city life and country life is whether or not you ask your neighbor why she went to the bathroom at 3:00AM.
- The difference between love and like is that like can be turned off.
- The difference between a star and an actor is what their agents can command.

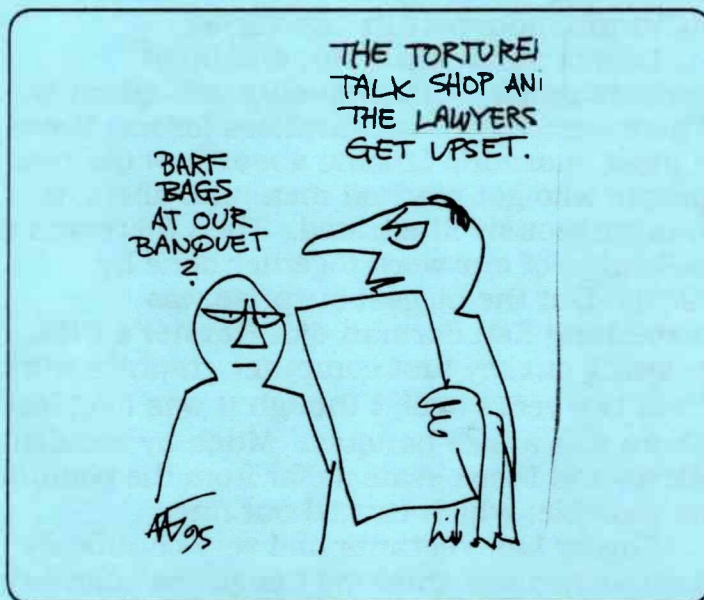
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I'm sure I am missing lots in this "report," both people and events, but since I took no notes...

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### By Aileen Forman

- Sleep is Nature's Way to make you miss morning programming.
  - There are three kinds of fen: Lewd, rude and friends.
  - Man is the only animal that picks his nose.
  - The difference between movies and television is nipples and tampon ads.
  - The difference between *love* and *like* is a raging case of herpes.
  - Love is letting him have an affair.
  - Marriage is being able to fart out loud.
  - The difference between city life and country life is smog and shit.
- =====





# The Road to Corflu Vegas

## An explanation of sorts by Arnie Katz

*This issue of **Wild Heirs** is full of Corflu Vegas memories and anecdotes. Just to be a little different, avoid a little duplication, and save the con itself for a full-length report (Real Soon Now), I've decided to focus on the events leading up to Corflu Vegas.*

### In the beginning

The Los Angeles Corflu, in 1992, was the first time Joyce and I saw our old fan friends. After our return I'd done a little apac in 1990 and stepped back into general fandom with **Folly** the next year. Joyce had resumed a little fanwriting, for **Folly** and **Glitz**, our FAPazine. But although we got very involved with the local fan scene, we didn't rush to the nearest convention.

Back in the 1970s, we didn't realize that the big convention movement was still years in the future. Yet the increase in the size of cons, and the approach of their sponsors had already altered profoundly before Joyce and I gafiated in the mid-1970s. We never made a formal decision to give up con-going, but I believe the Discon II was the last one we attended, even though we continued to publish fanzines and sponsor the Brooklyn Insurgents for several

more years before venturing too deep into the Glades for such activities.

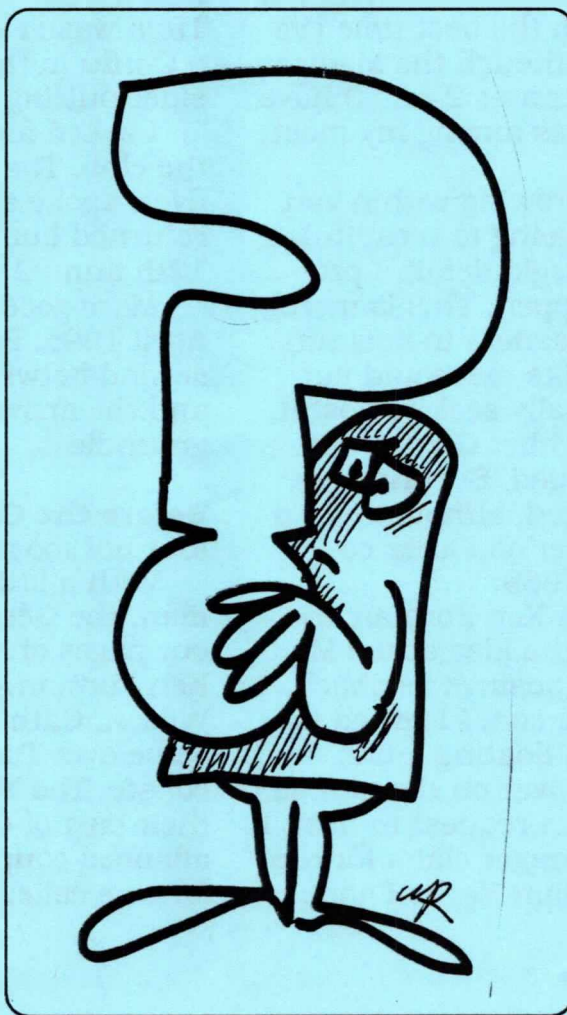
When we came back to fandom, neither of us thought much about breaking the con abstinence habit started in 1973. We attended Silvercon, but traveling to a convention didn't tempt us much.

Then someone, it may've been rich brown, told me about Corflu. The concept captivated me. It sounded like everything I wanted in a convention. I especially liked the spirit of cooperation that prevailed over the usual fan-political warfare and pretentiousness.

I attend several electronic industry events annually. Therefore, I already knew that my vision changes, first blindness and then presbyopia, had intensified my problems in con-like situations.

I don't aspire to Harry Warner's heretofore unchallenged supremacy in the field of aversion to large fan crowds. I can't even claim decades of brilliant writing about pre-speech nervousness like Walt Willis.

Dealing properly with large groups of friends is a strain. My vision is topsy-turvy to what it was for my first 40-plus years, and I never developed the visual recognition skill to the level I would've wished.



Until my eye surgeries changed me from nearsighted to farsighted, I didn't get a lot of data to process when I looked at anyone more than a couple of feet away. Now I get tons more data, but I don't pay enough attention to all of it or process it properly.

It's hard for me to recognize folks right off, especially if I haven't seen them for a while. Every mis-identification is like a chill hand clutching my guts. I worry a lot about unconsciously offending the very people whom I love most. It's a damn good thing so many fans have bold distinguishing physical traits. I look forward to the future day when mutants will be welcomed into fandom. I'm pretty sure I can pick out fans with two heads or a cyclopean eye almost every time.

Joyce hates to drive, but that didn't stop us from motoring to LA for Corflu. Some fans have said that the LA Corflu wasn't all it could've been, but my subjective reaction could hardly have been more favorable. Seeing everyone, relating to so many old and new friends, was a powereerful emotional experience. It may've been the best time I've ever had at a convention, though the Madison Corflu, Magicon and Silvercons 2 and 3 have subsequently gained places among my most treasured memories.

By now, the dread is growing within you that this Corflu report is going to recapitulate my entire fan career in turgid detail. I promise that this will not happen. This is merely background to sensitize readers to how unlikely it is that someone like me would not only go to a con, but actually seek to host it.

Yet I knew I wanted to host Corflu right from that first one I attended. Surprisingly, Joyce was just as interested, although she'd vowed never to run another con after co-chairing St. Louiscon in 1969.

After discussing it with Ken Forman and JoHn Hardin, I broached the idea at the Madison Corflu in 1994. I got positive feedback, but as we were leaving the con, I learned that Jeanne Bowman was also floating a bid.

Jeanne and I talked it over on the phone, and Las Vegas withdrew its request to host. I thought Jeanne had a stronger claim for the right to host and figured that Vegas Fandom



PORTRAIT OF A CARTOONIST  
WHO HAS JUST REALIZED THAT  
HE WAS BORN WITH 100 REALLY  
GOOD IDEAS AND JUST REACHED  
THE END OF HIS ALLOTMENT...

would be that much more ready a year or two down the line. Las Vegrants, meeting regularly by this time, were a little disappointed, but all recognized it was the right thing to do.

A couple of months before Corflu Nova, I heard from Jeanne again. She explained that 1995 wasn't going to be a good year to put on a Corflu in the BArea. She asked if we'd consider putting our group forward again.

I asked for time to consult with the rest of the club. The verdict: "Go for it!" I published a flyer, spoke at the Corflu Nova banquet and returned home with responsibility for the 12th annual renewal.

More good news: I'm about to jump-cut to April 1995. Fears that I plan to cover every second between conceiving the idea to host and the arrival of the first guest thus prove groundless.

### **Before the Con**

(but not too much before)

With a little help from our friendly repairman, the Gestetner chugged along, shooting out pages of *Fanthology* '91 at a furious rate. Ken Forman, JoHn and Karla Hardin, Ben Wilson, Cathi Copeland and Tom Springer all came over Tuesday evening to hang out and collate. The NLEenies also wanted to work on their part of the opening ceremony, and the affianced couple showed up with a new fanzine called **Vows** for proofreading. We got



all that done and more, and even found time to sit around and speculate about what the next few days would hold for us.

Karla, who is still unused to the ways of trufandom, had asked her husband why we'd work on a convention and then pay \$50 to attend it. I tried to answer it for her, though it's hard to gauge my success.

'Let's say you and JoHn went to dinner at the homes of seven or eight other Vegas fans. You'd eventually want to throw a dinner party to repay all the hospitality," I said. "Corflu Vegas is our chance to give all these people hospitality. That's why we want to do the convention.

"Everyone pays the fee, because the con needs the money," I continued. "Corflu isn't like other cons. I know some give free memberships and such to volunteers to work, but this is a small, intimate gathering. We're not doing this for petty perks and badges of authority. It's a way to throw a party for the people who mean the most to us."

Their enthusiasm was infectious. Hearing about all the publishing plans centered around Corflu Vegas made me change my plan to produce **Swerve #2** in late April. I

stayed up later and got up early Wednesday and finished off an eight-page issue.

Wednesday combined frantic work on several professional projects with a lot of effort to firm up fannish ones. Joyce had tabulated both the Fan Achievement Award and Fannish Feud ballots. While she produced the certificates, I generated the

materials I needed to conduct the game on my computer.

Robert Lichtman showed up at the end of our workday to give us a breather between business and hobby work. He'd driven from Glen Ellen. Bill Kunkel and Laurie Yates had invited him to stay at their condo, only a mile away from our house. They were busy on a book and also doing extensive interior painting, so Robert came over for a while to socialize. Not long after his arrival, Bill and Laurie took a break.

Unfortunately, they couldn't leave their place unattended long enough to go to dinner with us. Lichtman had twice referred to himself as "Robert X," the name I'd given him in my just-released **Silvercon Memories**. We danced around the subject of where to eat until he indicated that a return visit to the Celebrity Deli would be fine with him. He even offered to redress his earlier perfidy by ordering an Arnie's Special, but I told him this noble gesture wasn't actually necessary.

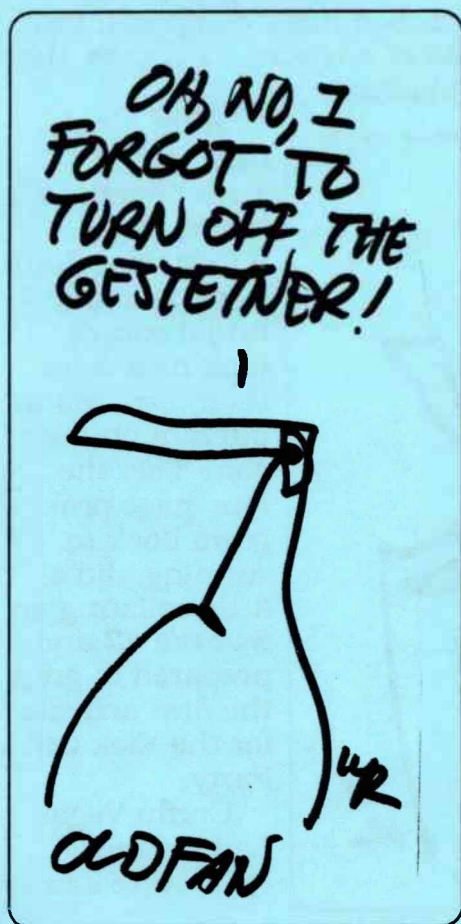
Not necessary for him, that is. I, of course, asked the waitress for corned beef (lean), pastrami (lean) and turkey (white meat) on rye. In this, The Year of the Corflu, traditions must be loyally observed.

For the record, Robert had lean corned beef on rye with potato salad and ice tea. Presumably, he enjoyed it, because he went there for lunch the next day.

Speculation over who'd be at Corflu was the meal's main garnish, though the cole slaw sparked roughly the same pitch of enthusiasm. I'd become adept at this by Wednesday evening, since it had become the Veggrants' favorite pastime in the weeks before the con.

Of course, Robert plays this game at the tournament level. His news sources are excellent, so he had identified most of the attendees before he reached the con. This put him several names up on Joyce and me, so he graciously let us steer the conversation to the fans whom we were most anxious to see.

As a sore loser, I must comment on the Lichtman News Network (LNN) that makes Robert such a powerful "Who's Coming to Corflu?" competitor. Does he have farflung agents who feret out intelligence like the Shadow's assistants, or does the Lichtman home hide an ultramodern communications room? I don't know yet. Look for more details as soon as I have time to invent some.



My Vegas chums, less experienced in the ways of fandom, bring a freshness to the sport that eludes fannish veterans like Joyce, Robert and me. Thanks to the three Silvercons and other visits, they already knew some of those coming to Corflu, but many more were previously unmet. Could Shelby Vick be *that* likable? Is Vijay Bowen as beautiful as they say? What is Geri Sullivan *really* like?

How the questions flew at our frequent get-togethers! Hearing them wonder about first meetings reminded me of the agonies of anticipation I felt as I rode the subway to my first Fanoclast meeting.

Naturally I set their minds at ease with helpful advice. Don't tell Ted White about your operation. Don't play cards with Richard Brandt. Don't stare directly into Frank Lunney's eyes. Shelby Vick always smiles at someone just before he fires up the chainsaw. Helpful stuff like that.

What a joy it must be for them to have such counsel so near at hand!

### **The Morning of the Night Before**

It wasn't long after awaking at 5:30am that I found myself working on the signs and emcee's cribsheets for *Fannish Feud*. I needed to finish preparations for Saturday's game show before 9:00, when Ross would arrive to take possession of his computer.

As I typed in the 60-pt answers to be tacked to the cork board as contestants gave correct guesses, I congratulated myself for coming up with such an easy, time-saving method. The original idea was to cut thin cardboard sheets into rectangles of the proper size and then have Ross letter the answers in his impeccable hand.

It was, perhaps, his impeccability that saved Ross from all this drudgery. Ross' well-known impeccability results from exacting attention to detail and painstaking precision. Even his computer disk labels are multi-colored works of art. That kind of stuff takes time. Days, weeks, eons. I imagined him writing three or four placards for each of the 17 questions, and I realized that he might still be artistically crafting beautiful answer cards when Corflu ended... Corflu Nashville, that is.

I took Ross off the hook by putting together a **Publish It Easy** template that put

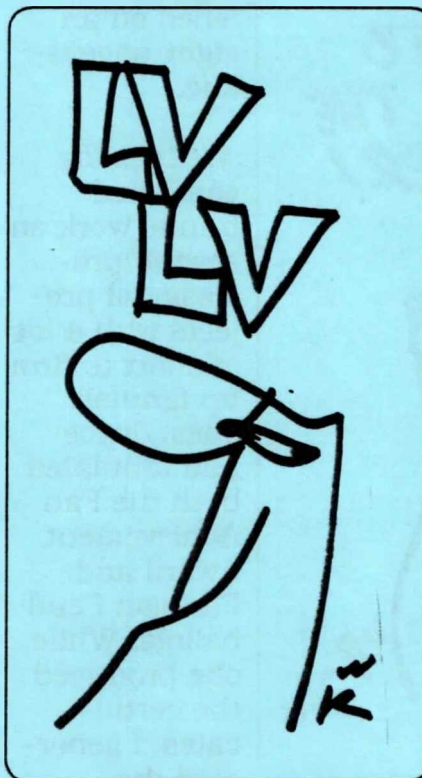
four answers on a standard 8-1/2x11 page. Joyce had already tabulated the answers, so all I had to do was figure out the percentages (to determine point values) and type the info in the pre-set spaces.

I zipped through the questions, thinking deep and enobling thoughts about the majesty of computer technology. I was at one with the digiverse.

Then I ran the answers off on the laser printer. I had 20 pages of answers on the screen, but only 10 slid out of the printer. I compared page for page and, sure enough, only the even-numbered ones had worked! I tried it again with the same outcome, by which time it was almost 9am.

I scurried back to my office and reworked the pages, redrawing text frames from scratch rather than using cut-and-paste to extend the template through the document. Each redrawn frame needed new type, of course, and it had to be properly centered within the boundaries again, too.

I was determined to spend the morning working, so I put everything aside until about noon, when I returned to the *Fannish Feud* sign problem. While everyone grabbed a quick lunch, I grabbed Ross' computer and ran off another set of answers. This time, they all came out as planned.



After lunch, business surrendered to fanac. Ben Wilson and Cathi Copeland, our bridal couple, took time from their errands to pitch in on the con. I set the four-page program book to running, did a little collating on **Swerve #2** and prepared to greet the first arrivals for the Kick Off Party.

Corflu Vegas had arrived.

-- Amie Katz



# IN SEARCH OF...

## the WHATCHAMACALLIT

by Laurie Yates  
and  
Bill Kunkel



We sat watching someone, somewhere -- the exact time and place are lost to the mists of... mist.

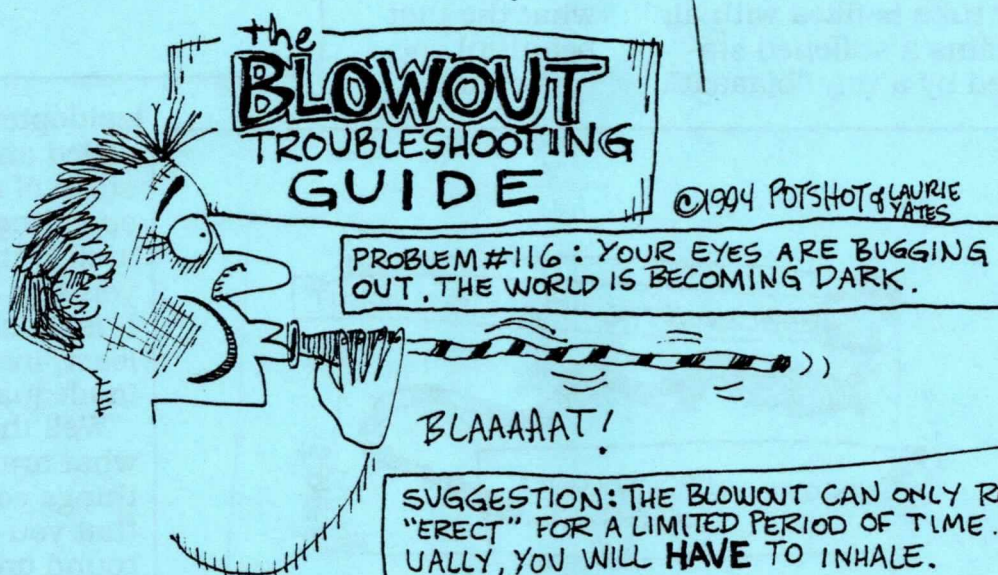
Have you ever seen an object -- an object so familiar as to be almost invisible to curiosity -- suddenly spark? The plastic cup you've held in your hand and drunk water from a thousand times a thousand times; have you ever really *looked* at it? Examined its shape, its ergonomics; considered the

bustion engine is: "I turn key; motor starts" occassionally go into vaporlock upon being forced to consider the multiplicity of events which go into the process of making their automobile mobile.

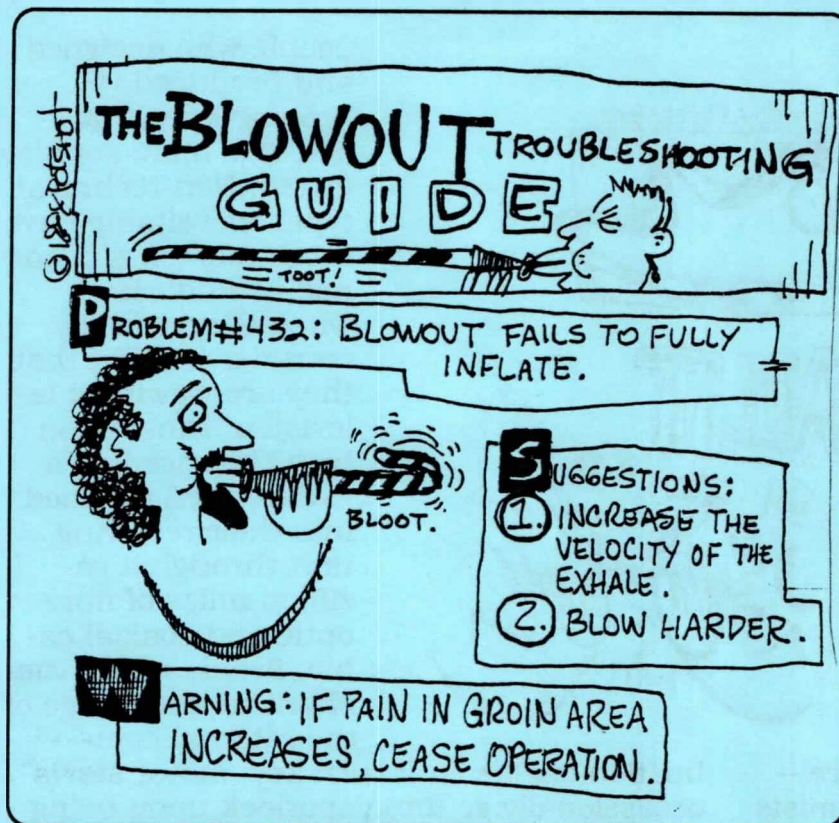
We have all experienced these moments of revelation, when the trivial, the prosaic, and the utterly mundane become objects of intense fascination. The Kunkel-Yates team recently had such an epiphany. We sat

people who designed and produced it?

Sometimes, the object is more sophisticated. Non-technical types inevitably have those moments of cosmic befuddlement when they actually consider the fact that they are viewing a television transmission being bounced off a satellite then pumped into their receiving unit through a gazillion miles of fibre-optic and coaxial cable. People whose mechanical knowledge of the internal com-







thing that you blow into and it's all curled up, like the witch's feet in 'Wizard of Oz' but you blow into it and it gets stiff?

We collected a variety of answers. All wrong.

watching someone, somewhere -- well, that's where we came in, isn't it?

In any case, someone was blowing into one of those noisemakers. You know the kind: in their inert state, they resemble the curled-up feet of the Wicked Witch of the East after the house falls on her and her shoes are transported to Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz". But when the user blows into its kazoo-like mouthpiece, the enfolded, deflated paper tube is filled with air and it unrolls and attains a stiffened status, often accompanied by a tiny "blaaaat".

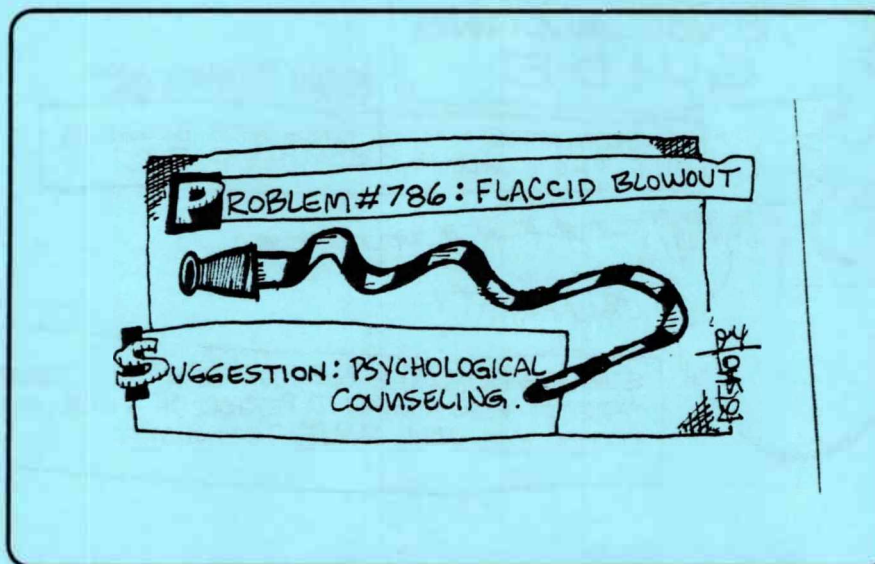
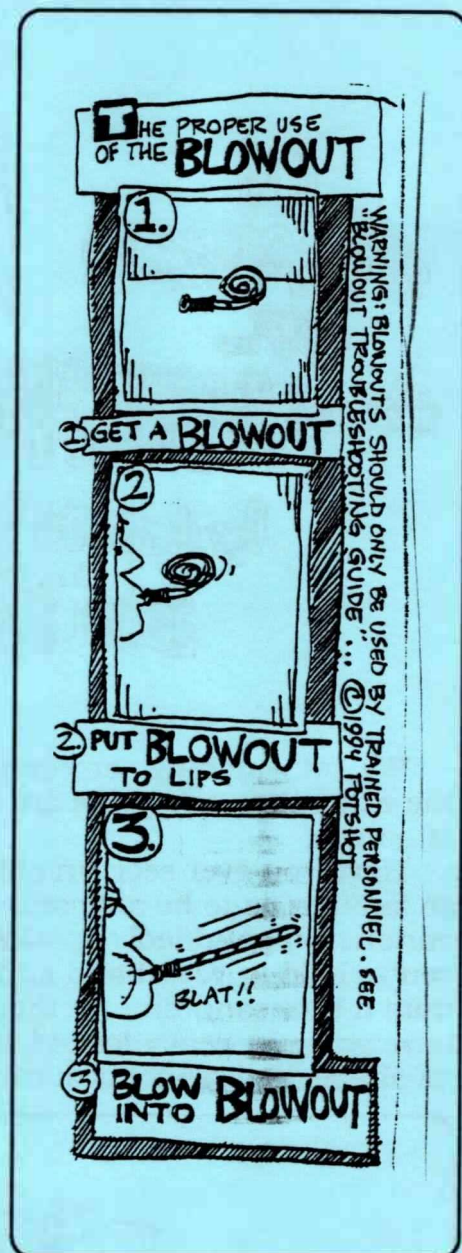
You got it, right? You know what I'm talking about, right?

So what's it called?

We started asking people at Silvercon, and soon others took up the quest at Corflu and beyond, inquiring of the many learned minds they encountered: what do you call that

"Noisemakers," was the most common suggestion.

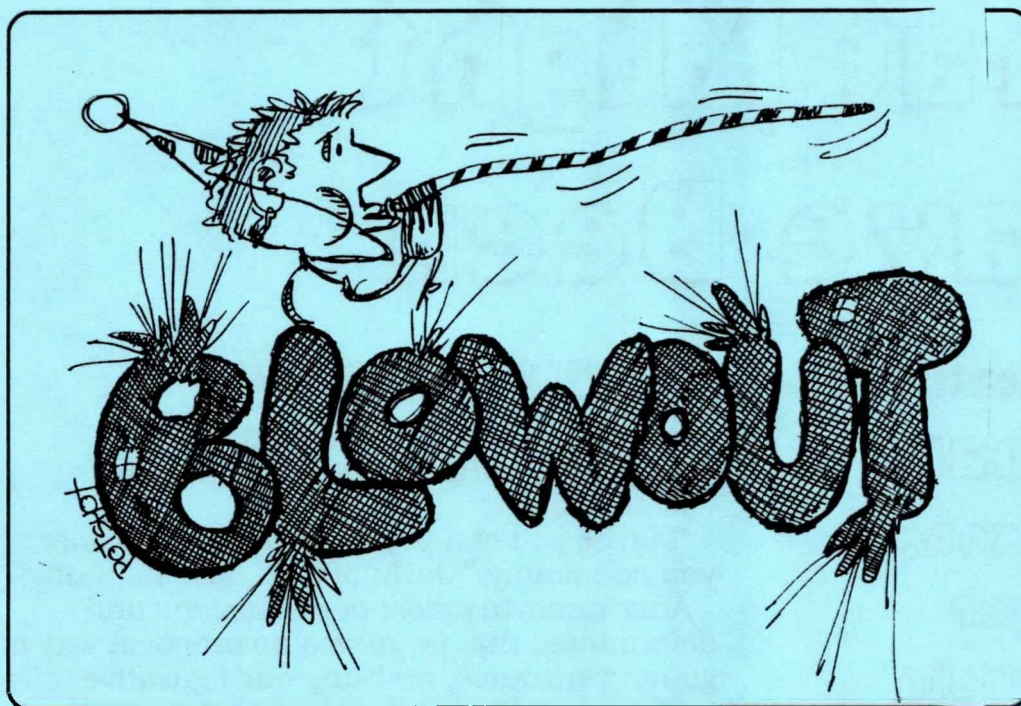
Now while this answer is not technically "wrong", it is akin to the following: I ask what the that beautiful species of huge



lepidoptera are called and, instead of responding "Monarch Butterfly" you say: "A bug." It is, to say the least, insultingly inadequate.

"Well then, what are the things called that you spin around on an axle and make that grinding noise?" "Uhhhhhhh."





curled up—you know, like that witch's feet in "Wizard of Oz"!"

And so it went, until we hit Susan of "Glee's Party Shop". Susan knew just what to do. "I'll look it up in the catalogue," she decided, walked over to a book and began flipping the thick, glossy pages. "Here they are," she told us. Our pulses raced.

"They're called Blowouts."

The mystery was over! But there was more. "Actually, there are several types, including the Fringed Blowouts—they have little strips of paper

Noisemakers?"

You see the problem. It soon became obvious that lay people were not going to be able to supply us with the information we required. So we turned to the Las Vegas Yellow Pages and began calling novelty stores and supply houses. Somehow, we were certain that the party favor industry did not conduct business at the vague levels of expertise supplied by our friends.

"Hello, Leo? Listen I need some stuff. I -- what? She's a cunt, that's how she is. Yeah, well. Same shit, different day, okay Leo? You'll come over the house, we'll socialize, now I gotta do business. So what do I want? I need a gross of the funny party hats with the strips of different colored celophane that kind of hang out the top of the hat like, uh, out the top of one of those indian joints -- a what? Right, a teepee. A toupee. Whatever. So, anyway, I need a gross of those. And, uh, oh yeah, I'm running low on those things that you blow into and it's all curled up like the witch's feet in 'Wizard of Oz' but you blow into it and it gets stiff..."

Surprisingly, the early calls showed the so-called "professionals" to be as ignorant as the general public. Several, believe it or not, said they were actually called "noisemakers"! Receptionists called managers, who stood stoney-faced, feeling stupid. They, in turn, summoned owners, who said things like: "They're those things you blow into and it's all

that blow along with the inflatable tube."

It turned out there was much to learn about Blowouts, but we weren't *that* interested, for god's sake, so we thanked her, hung up and, eventually, wrote this article.

Now, there are other Important Issues to pursue. New things. For example, doesn't the Curtain of All Reality get severely sundered when Talk Soup begins running clips from "The Larry Sanders Show"? But for now, we have settled the hash of one extremely irritating, and well-kept secret.

Now blow!

### Our Corfluvium Runneth Over!

A Bulletin from the  
Editors of Wild Heirs

Look down at the bottom of the page. There it is, hovering near the lower right corner of the page. It's the page number. We know that, what with Arnie's almost supernatural ability to avoid consistent, accurate numbering, you may have gotten out of the habit of looking. But look now. There it is.

We're already all the way to page 23, and we've hardly touched the material ready for this issue!

You know what that means? It means that **Wild Heirs #7** will be "Corfluvium, Part 2." And it means that it'll very likely follow this one to your mailbox in only a few weeks.

So enjoy the rest of this issue, take a good long sidebar, send us a letter on #6 and get ready for another serving.

# What Might Have Been

**A 'What If' explication by**  
**Ken Forman**  
**with Ben Wilson,**  
**Tom Springer**  
**and JoHn Hardin**

"JoHn, do you want to go for a ride?" I queried.

"Where to, and will we get back in time for the Opening Ceremonies?" he asked. "We're supposed to start Corflu with NLE Live."

"Sure," I assured, "We're only going to drop off the rental van I used for the Red Rock trip, pick up *my* car, and pick up my suit for Ben's wedding. The Ceremonies start in two and a half hours. We should be back in plenty of time.

Of course, I hadn't considered Friday late afternoon traffic in Las Vegas, the fact that we were Downtown and that the car rental place was at the airport (two of the busiest places on a late Friday afternoon), or that the Fremont Street Experience had half of the downtown streets closed.

We took off in the rented Areostar and were immediately embroiled in a downtown full of eager weekend gamblers trying to get to their destinations. My optimism never lessened, though, as I fought our way to the freeway.

We discussed the optimal route and order of events for our trip.

"Let's go to my house first," I offered. "That way, we can use the freeway almost all the way. The rental place is (sort of) on the way back to the hotel."

We pulled up in front of my house, only to discover that I didn't have a house key.

"Where's your house key?" JoHn asked.

"With my car at the rental place," I explained.

"Maybe there's an open window or something," JoHn helpfully suggested.

There wasn't.

"Maybe you can break a window or a door you can jimmy," JoHn offered, less helpfully.

After removing most of my screens and determining that there was no practical way of gaining entrance, we hung our figurative tails in defeat and headed off to the car rental place.

Returning the van seemed to be as difficult as getting into my house. The clerk exhibited the same effectiveness as pouring molasses in January so our delay increased.

When we finally returned to the convention only 90 minutes late, (right on time if you go by KST (Ken Standard Time), JoHn was sure that Arnie was going to kill us.

"He's going to kill us," he said.

"No he's not, we can run faster than Arnie," I replied.

Fortunately for us, Arnie, and the rest of Corflu, Tom Springer and Ben Wilson did an impromptu intro. Arnie got the whole thing under way. And the rest of the weekend was a smashing success.

For those of you don't have the benefit of living in an alternate universe, (one where I'm never late, Arnie has perfect vision and fanzine fans receive government grants for artistic expression), here is the script of:

## **Nine Lines Each Live**

**Ben:** Okay guys, what are we going to do tonight?

**Tom:** I don't know, what do you want to do?

**Ken:** Let's do *something*.



**JoHn:** Well...We could do a **Nine Lines Each**

**Tom:** What do you want to write about?

**Ben:** (cheerfully) I've got it, . . . Corflu!

**Ken:** But what about Corflu?

**JoHn:** How about "Our expectations of Corflu"?

**Ken:** Okay...  
First of all, I'm looking forward to the Hospitality Room. I just know Aileen has lots of Good Cheer in store for all of us.

I'm also looking forward to the future. Twenty years from now I see myself sitting in a Jacuzzi with some of the people here and a good helping of neos, reminiscing about Corflu Vegas.

About how I met all those fans.  
How I had a beer with Burbee.  
Ate shrimp with Hooper.

Say, speaking of Andy, what was that he wrote in **Apparatchik 30**, he called us "flounders?"

I may get baked now and then, but I don't feel like a flat fish.

**Tom:** A flounder!  
And this coming from a Shrimp-boy!

Jesus, we even end up talking about this guy during the Opening Celebration of Corflu...

But I think after Corflu, well, I think there'll be some other stories to tell.

And remember, if someone asks if you want a fanzine, just say, "of course!"

See you at the room parties.

**Ben:** Room parties, yea that's one of my expectations of my first Corflu. Small smoky discussions.

And then there's Cathi, my soon-to-be-wife, both good things and both will be part of the rest of my life.

And just because we may get fried doesn't make us fish. So back to the sea, Shrimp-Boy.

**JoHn:** Perhaps Andy meant "founders"?

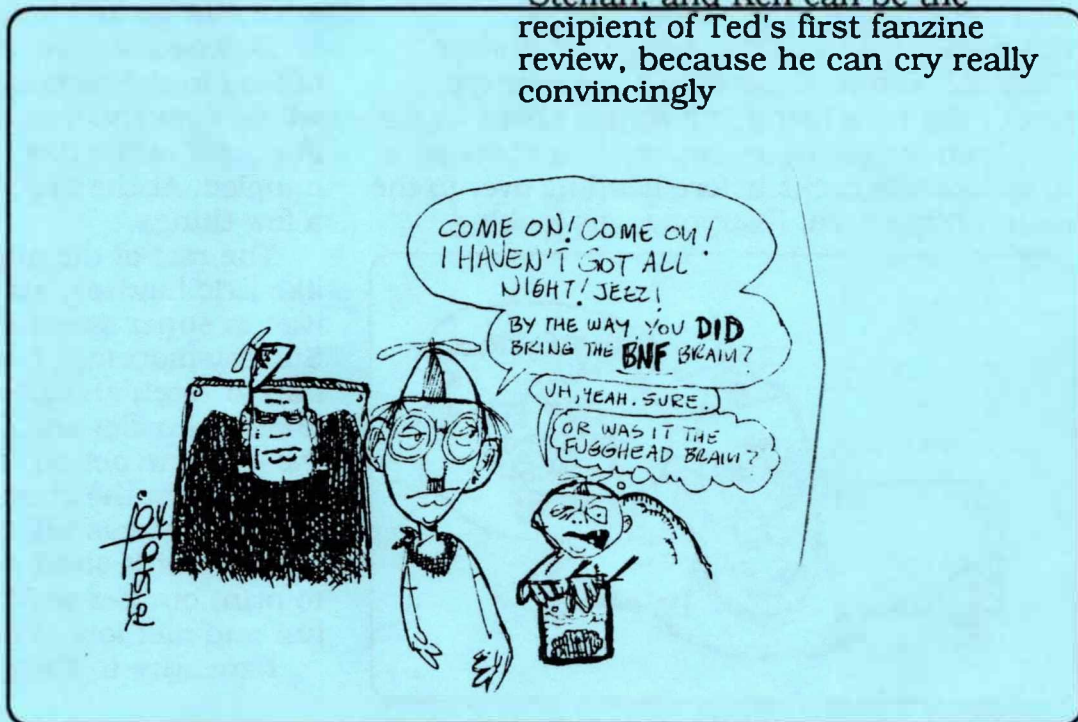
And did you know the 'H' in GHOD stands for "Hooper".

This is a little drab, compared to all the other entertainment going on this weekend. Come on, guys, can't we do a little song and dance?

Perhaps a short musical about the life and times of Ted White.

Maybe Arnie can reprise his role as a young neo under Ted's tutelage.

Tom can play the young Dan Steffan, and Ken can be the recipient of Ted's first fanzine review, because he can cry really convincingly



# The Gates of Chaos

Thoughts of a Corflu first-timer by  
Eric Davis

Corflu was the reunion of a tribe of writers and artists that stretches the globe. They get together and share experiences as well as new writings. This was my very first encounter with this tribe called fandom. At first it was unusual because I knew none of the lingo that was being spoken around me. That did not bother me for long because I pick things up quickly. Anyhow when I arrived at the kickoff party I started to be swallowed up by the amount of people that were showing up. After a while of stumbling my way around I began to feel comfortable and started to talk to people. Everyone was just having fun catching up with old friends and new friends.

The next day started with me being one of the drivers for the hiking trip to Redrock. I had the White family women, Jerry Kauffman, and Ron Bushyager in my car. They asked questions about the scenery, what I did for a living and things about Vegas.

When we got there, we made a short stop to look at the rocks before heading over to the main hiking area. Everyone was looking

around and asking questions and enjoying themselves. When we went to leave Spike and Jerry were missing. They had decided to go on a mini hike all by themselves. I went looking for them then I realized that the echo factor of the area would save me some walking. After recovering them we moved on to the main site. Ken gave the group a good tour of the area, while Aaron White and I traveled on the outskirts, going into areas that some of the rest of the group could not get into. The only thing was only one person thought to bring water (oops!). Then we went back to the con to unwind, refuel, and prepare for the night's festivities.

The opening ceremonies went well for an on-the-spot revision. Two of the NLE boys were MIA getting the clothing for the wedding.

Day two started with a wonderful spread of food in the consuite. Actually, I think the whole weekend was sufficiently full of food. For most of the day I ran errands and mingled. At the TAFF/DUFF auction I bought a few things.

The rest of the night was Talking to people like Eric Lindsey, among others. The banquet was in super speed mode (bright and shiny Sunday morning), because the guest of honor had to catch an early flight. I sat at the same table as Rostler and Gilliland. It was fun to see these two in action. They had the whole table rolling from the start.

The day was full of more talking and fun. I have to cut it short due to the need of my SO to print out her writing. Overall I had tons of fun and met lots of new friends.

I am sure to show up at Corflu '96.





*There was one moment, one particular second in time, when I knew Corflu had begun. I was sitting in the circle on Thursday evening. Most of the fans had already been ferried back to the hotel, but the room had a comfortable number of well-known faces. The third turkey had been peeled down to its white bones, and most everyone had a tripped-out, stuffed full look. I rescued The Box from the garage, and filled up my tribal pipe--the 3-footer that's easy to pass in a crowd. And as I leaned back in my chair, I knew the rest of the con would be All Right.*

### **A Touch Of Taste**

"Oh, noooo," I wailed to Arnie about ten minutes after we reached the hotel. "I forgot the whipped cream." And by the time I remembered again, it was far too late to dash for home.

A hotel guard noticed my distress, as I pounded at the locked doors of the gift shop. Just as I was about to hurl a chair through the window, he came to see what I was doing..

As I hung like a bat on the security screen of the closed store, I sobbed "I'm in terrible trouble," tossing my pretty curls and batting my eyelashes. "I forgot my husband's travel bag, and I just have to get some stuff for him before he finds out."

"Oh, you poor dear," he thought, as he knocked me off the airvent I was trying to pry open. "What a meanie he must be," he thought. But what he actually said was, "The shop in the other tower is open 24 hours."

I ran through the back alleys of Jackie Gaughan's Plaza like a NY marathoner sails past the White Castle stand in Brooklyn. I grabbed my prey, tossed a wad of bills at the clerk, and ran gracefully as a Indian Maiden back to where the opening festivities were about to begin.

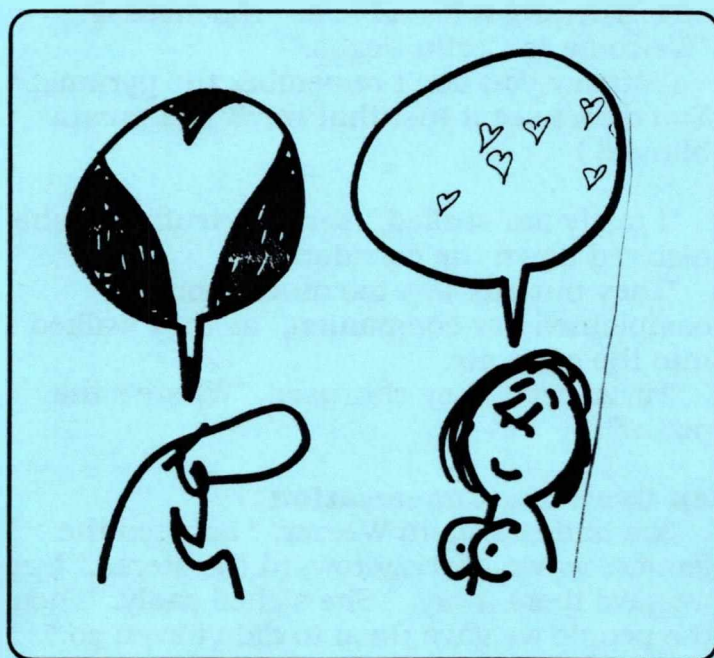
And that, Dear Arnie, is why the whipped creme pie had a distinct taste of lemon lime shaving soap.

### **This Is For AndyH:**

As we unfurled the banner, it was clear that it was upside down. We wrestled with the unwieldy strip of paper (so carefully prepared by Ken Forman) and stumbled over each other's feet as we struggled to get the banner up- right. We crashed together, all we Vegrants, in an ungraceful heap, still twisting

# Carrying On

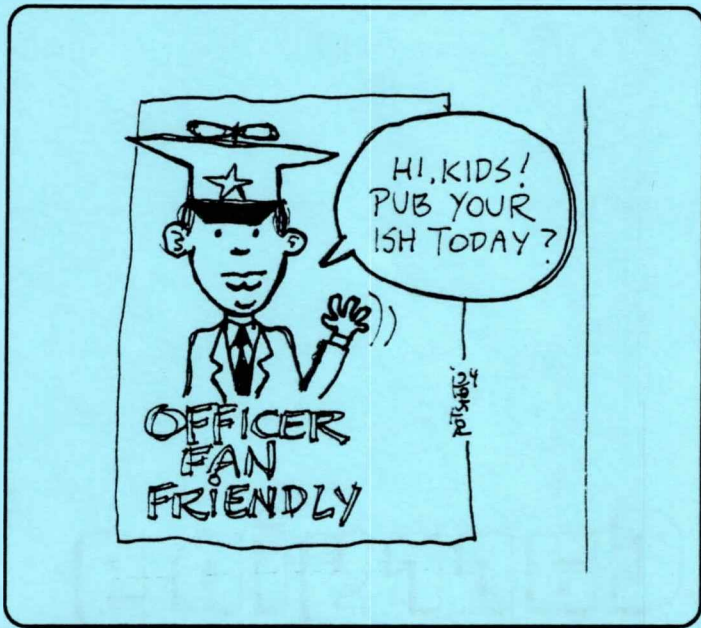
**A Corflu column by  
Joyce Katz**



and turning the stream of paper, trying to get the message erect.

John, Tom, Ken and Ben leaned forward to grasp the front end, to steady the flag. Limber





and quick, Aileen jumped on the backs of the Nine Lines Each boys, steadying herself on John and Tom.

Marcy sprang forward, and balanced against Ken and Ben, but they still couldn't get the banner secured...one edge fell over, obscuring the greeting.

Then, just as (in an act of savage and bestial brutality) Peggy slammed the pie into Arnie's face, Belle leaped gracefully to the top and grasped the still untattered banner, straightening it for all to see the message "Welcome to Corflu Vegas."

(You say you don't remember the pyramid? You didn't see it just that way? You musta blinked.)

"I really am stuffed," said the trufan as she teetered down the corridor.

"They put out way too much food," complained her companion, as they walked into the consuite.

"Hi, Aileen," they chorused. "Where's the pizza?"

### An Overhead Conversation

"We had tickets to Weezer," boasted the femme, waving archly toward the stereo, "but we gave them away." She sighed sadly. "Then the people we gave them to didn't even go."

"Oh, that's too bad; they're really great," commiserated the second fan woman. "By the way, who is this playing now?"

"Uuuuhhh.... Weezer."

"Oh, I don't think so."

A laconic Lunney stood nearby. He

requested the first femme: "So, who do you think this is?"

"Well, I thought it was Weezer. Who do you think it is?"

Frank: "It's Weezer."

### They Know His Name

I walked up to him cautiously, this Ghod-Man who could strike me with a lightning bolt anytime he wished.

"Please don't be angry," I whimpered, as I prostrated myself before him. I held up a drawing pad, without lifting my eyes. Perhaps he would accept the tribute.

"Angry? Why on Earth would I be angry?" smiled the genial giant among men, whom Hooper has designated the Las Vegas Tribal Ghod.

"They know your name," I blurted out. "We paid for the plates, but they have written you into their books."

I gulped. It was hard to admit the rest. "They know the words science fiction, and they know the word fandom, and now they know Rotsler."

A fearful light sprang from his eyes. The mighty gaze circled the room, as if hunting for the ones who dared speak his name.

"What the hell are you talking about, Joyce?" A chuckle rose in his throat. The Great One was feeling merciful.

Pressing my face into the parquet floor (while noticing a little lemon wax wouldn't go amiss), I intoned the words that I knew might make the Vegas Totem blow up. Although it would be interesting, I preferred it happen elsewhere.

"They won't let Silvercon come back to Jackie Gaughan's...none of the casinos will let any science fiction group have space. And when they learned Corflu was connected, they warned us..."

Linda Hartman, Hotel Stooge, had quivered all over when she told me, her voice shocked: "He even drew on my [...a sincere gasp...] my sugarbowls, this...this...this Rotsler!"

"Will you please spare us, thou Ghodlike and Noble Talisman? Will you please refrain from drawing on their china?"

The best sport in fandom laughed deep from inside, as a big smile crossed his face. "Of course! No problem! You don't want me to do it; of course I won't!"

And at the banquet, when I carried him a



big stack of paper plates and bowls, he laughed out loud to see them, took out his pen, and created a historic paper blitz of Rotsler banquet art.

### About Those Typoes

It seemed like a good time for me to make a Walkaround the con areas, to be certain I wasn't needed. Of course I wasn't. It was Saturday night, the party was going smoothly, and Aileen was wowing them with the laden boards.

Bravely masking my sincere and deep disappointment at not being needed to do consuite kitchen duties, I sat down with a group of ladies in the nonsmoking parlor.

"There *were* a lot of typos," said one of them whom I'll leave nameless. (I really should make notes, you know.) Maybe it was Vicki. Maybe it was Alyson L Abramowitz.

I sighed. She had me there. And, there was nothing to do but Own Up. "Yeah...I guess there were plenty..."

Before I could get any deeper into the mea culpaes, Su Williams jumped to my rescue. "It's computer errors, you know." Her voice oozed reason. "If you are working on a computer with memory problems...anything could happen!"

Her voice lit a fire in my brain; she was onto something! "Yes," I agreed, and leaped to the center of the coffeetable, knocking to one side the plentiful snackery. "Low memory can make letters drop out...or introduce other, wrong letters." I took a deep breath, as I tried to determine just how much I could wring out of it. As I waved the banner I always carry with me, **Don't Blame Me**, I cried out with enthusiasm: "A low-memored computer can make your excellent prose turn slipshot; it can make your accurate accounting come up short; it can cause your cosmic logic to fail."

The ladies looked vaguely troubled, but I didn't let them stop me. Su was chanting, "Go, Joyce, Go" as I outlined my plan.

"I see it clearly. This will be my new religion. I will go forth and preach it to all fandom."

As I floated above the gathering and out of the door, set to save fandom with My Message, I heard one of them ask, "She is joking, isn't she?"

### A Cloud Of Fans

The *and smokin'* suite was full. The circle

heaved and twisted as some came and others went, but the hardware kept going round and round.

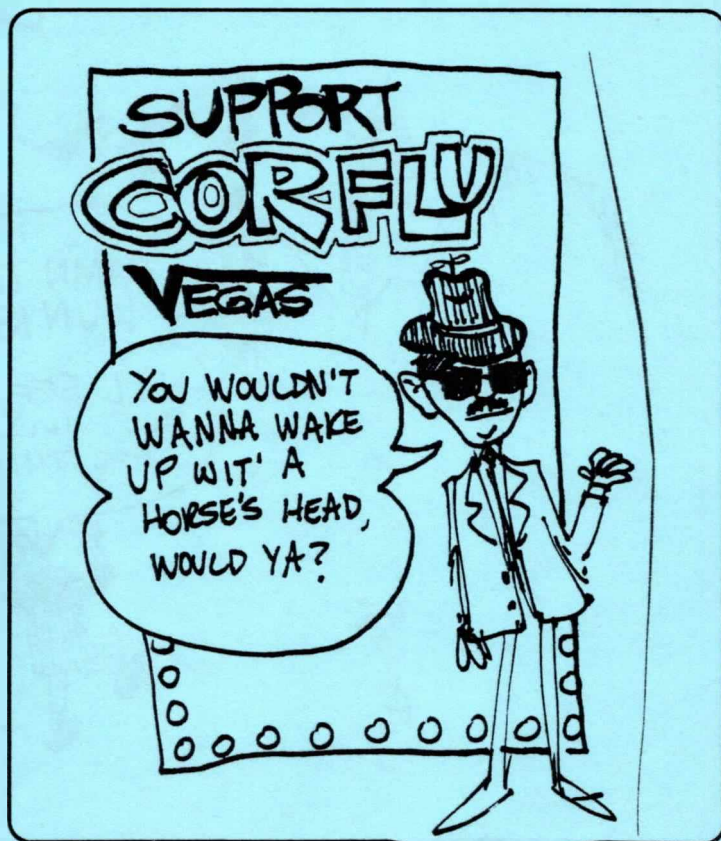
At one point I counted five glowing firebowls passing from hand to hand. My own Plumbers Pipe, Ted's Covered Copper, John's Fool, The Jeweled Bowl, and Ben's Cloud. Each contained its own spicy mixture, as fandom melded with the Spirit of Corflu Vegas.

The doors opened and shut, and the group ebbed and flowed. The laughing voices from the other rooms punctuated every entrance. Someone opened the outer door, and a cleansing wind swept our fumes into the night.

And thus did Corflu end...the crowd thinned, and the hazy cloud of fandom swept into fan history. But to me, they are still here, all of them somehow gone yet left behind here in Las Vegas. They're seated with the Vegrants, gathered in the Big Circle, just waiting for a Pepsi, for someone to light the pipe, for someone to pass the platter, for someone to tell the tales.

This particular fine moment may never come again...but there will be another Circle, and another, and another.

That is why fandom is so great.





# Heir Mail

Conducted by  
**Tom Springer**  
with a little help  
from the other Vegants

## William Rotsler

17909 Lull Street, Reseda, CA 91335

**Wild Heirs #297** showed up on my wallscreen right in the middle of talking to my grandson. He's fertilizer coordinator on the Martian Plain Terraforming Commission, you know.

Arnie's article on getting the Las Vegas 2100 committee set up was pretty funny (puns excluded, as usual) but how did he get them to allow the Bet Your Body Organs thing going? Well done, Arnold!

Bill Kunkel's column on lasering Red Rocks into abstract sculpture had its points, especially "We've had enough of Mother Nature!" line. Congratulations to Ross for designing the new cards at Vegas Versailles. Ken Forman's report on the coloring of Lake Mead was very knowledgeable.

Belle Augusta's adventures in opening a both genders strip club, especially the photos, was fan writing in the best tradition. Chuck Harris's editorial on how he runs Las Vegas fandom by the aid of virtual Waldos was in his usual fine style. Good interlineation about S&M being the B&D of tomorrow.

How goes the cloning of F. Towner Laney? I heard he was up to age six, but was showing no tendency to laugh thunderous, as yet. Will Ted White be GoH Emeritus for Silvercon next year? (If they can transport the nitrogen at low enough temp that is.) JoHn Hardin's review of the opening of Stage One of the Sodom & Gomorrah complex was the best I've seen.

Is Woody Bernardi actually a bishop in the Temple of the Transcendent Desert God of Vengeance, as I've heard? I'm very glad to hear that the casino owners have decided to quit building hotels once they reach the California border.

My news? I won the lottery again last week but the Powers are getting suspicious. I'm going to put my talisman in a vault for





a bit until things cool down.

Cheers, from far-off exotic Reseda.

[[**Ross:** The Versailles project was almost as complex as the Vegrants Retirement Slanshack's barbecue pit, but not as exciting.]]

[[**Arnie:** He's only six, meyer, but young Towner already has the insurgent spirit. The repercussions from his biting, crayoned indictment of Emily Pifkin, his kindergarten teacher, promises to keep local PTA meetings here lively for some time.]]

### Walt Willis

32 Warren Road, Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT21 OPD

Thanks very much for **Wild Heirs #3**. It's a very agreeable melange, studded with memorable jewels like Ken Forman's piece about the tortoise stampede.

It was pleasant to come across the Burbee article. One could have wished it to be longer, incidentally, I remember reading a statement by Burbee to the effect that he didn't remember getting **Hyphen** from me. Madeleine turned up our old card index, which reveals that he was sent numerous copies of **Hyphen** at the time. It was true, alas, that he didn't get **Hyphen 37**, the 40th anniversary issue, but that was because when it dawned on me that he might be interested, I had already sent out every copy of **Hyphen**, including apparently, my own file copy.

The card, before me now, reveals that Burbee was sent **Hyphens 3** through **15**, **17** and **18**. He also got a copy of **Fen Crittur Comical Book** and **The Enchanted Duplicator**, all without acknowledgment so far as I remember.

[[**Arnie:** My ghod, Burb, he pulled a record on you. A record! And there's every indication that he has catalogued the rest of us Wild Heirs co-editors, too. This will cut into lying, exaggeration and spontaneous invention in all future articles about Willis or Hyphen. He has consigned us to the Truth. I anticipate thinner issues.]]

Your article, My Punishment, strikes a chord with me. It seems to me that ever since my resuscitation in intensive care, in connection with my operation for aortic aneurysm, I have lost the ability to make puns. Obviously a very selective form of brain damage has occurred, or perhaps my brain has been relieved of an abnormality. Anyhow, the effect is that I don't seem to think the same way any more. It used to be that I was perpetually on the alert for pun opportunities; now it seems to me I haven't thought of a pun for years. It may of course, just be a side effect of the removal of the stimulus of the rest of Irish Fandom.

[[**Arnie:** The inspiration of a lively local fan group shouldn't be under-estimated. The Vegrants deserve credit for my 1995 resurgence in fanzine fandom. Every Brodie, Nine Lines Each, Rant, Dalmatian Alley, Apa-V mailing, Wild Heirs session or other manifestation of creative fannishness adds to the synergy.]]

I enjoyed Joyce's article. It was well written and evocative. Oh, and I forgot to say how much I admired Bill Kunkel's bandleader pun. I am proud to have originated this "reverted to type" gag, which has been the source of so much merriment.

Tom Springer's column and Ben Wilson's article

were quite charming in their account of fannish marriages. I haven't been so impressed since I learned that Greg Pickersgill gave Rob Hansen and Avedon Carol a copy of **Hyphen 14** for a wedding present.

Joy-Lynd Chamberlain's Nycon Memories were quite charming and I agree with her thoughtful conclusion that fandom "helps make reality fit into the realm of acceptance, within a world gone mad for power." Quite profound, that.

[[**Ross:** Joy-Lynd was quite appreciative of your comment, although, when I asked her this morning if she wanted to respond, she paused over her cup of tea and shook her head. "No," she said. "It's too early in the morning to be profound over being told one has been profound." After a pause, she added, "It's like my philosophy class in college. They held it at 8 o'clock in the morning. They always do that. No one should be asked to wax philosophical at 8 o'clock in the morning." Perhaps I should have asked her about it last night.]]

### Mike Glicksohn

508 Windermere Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M6S 3L6, Canada

Wow, yet another issue of **Wild Heirs**! And a far superior one too! Filled with sparkling prose, trenchant wit, biting insights and all sorts of keen fannish stuff. I am a proud and lonely fan indeed, knowing that I inspired a cover for this fine fanzine (and also seeing that the twenty-one co-editors of **WH** just needed a tiny little -- dare I say it? -- Canadian goose to get their inspiration going ahead at full blast.)

The only reason that I won't be writing you a lengthy and truly inspired loc on this fine issue is that this is the busiest time of the year for me and...oops, well the only two reasons I won't be writing you a loc worthy of inclusion in the Harry Warner Hall of Fame are that this is the busiest time of the year for me and I am gafflated after all, dammit! But I really do think this issue is clearly a far superior effort to the one I previously (and mildly) castigated as jejune. **#5** is the very antithesis of jejune. It is hearty and filled with vigor and bursting with good things. Much like Ross's rendition of J-June on the cover, as a matter of fact...

Still, there was one thing in the issue that I couldn't let pass by without a response and that was Bill Kunkel's comment that I'd finally liked something of his after about a quarter of a century.

Now I don't know Bill at all (and that's undoubtedly my loss and both our faults) but I know enough about him to know that he hasn't lost any sleep over the last five lustrums because he thinks I don't like him. But I'd hate him to think that I never appreciated anything he did during that long period of time (suffused with gafflation though it might have been.)

I never got to know Bill because I first encountered him at a time when I believed the Katzian Fannish Forces were trying to mould me into an "Arnie Katz Approved Neofan." I resented being pressured into fanning "the one true way" and refused to do so, hence alienating myself for a time from Arnie and his circle of like-minded fannish friends. One of whom was Bill Kunkel. But at the height of my feeling of annoyance towards Arnie and his pals, I never stopped being aware of the creative abilities of the members of that group.





[[**Ross:** Interesting how perceptions vary. I've always thought that stuffing one's creative efforts into a mold made them moldy. When someone commented a while back that some illustrations I did (in the late 80s) gave a 7th Fandom character to the story I was vaguely upset by the remark. Yet I look back on my participation in the Brooklyn Insurgents era with great pleasure and recollections of egoboo. Am I inconsistent? Maybe just brainwashed.]]

For a while (long since passed into history, I'm glad to say) I didn't like Arnie at all. But I never stopped being aware of his talents. The same was true of Bill Kunkel. I may have developed an antipathy towards him because of the company he kept but I was still able to admire and like the good work he produced.

The bottom line, Bill, is that I've liked quite a lot that you've done in the last twenty-five years. But different circumstances (my own prejudices, your essential gasflation, time and distance) kept me from ever letting you know that. I regret that now. And I'm glad for the opportunity to set the record a little straight.

### Gary Farber

88 Parkville Ave., Bsm't, Brooklyn, NY 11230-1017

Yo!

Ross! Ross! DON'T DELETE THE DOG! Don't delete...oh, hell. Shit. You deleted the dog. Now how can I screw the pooch with this bone of a loc I'm tossing you?

Great cover, Ross. Classic. Imagine, Katz 'n dogs, living together in peace. It brings a tear to my eye.

And the cover of #4! Now, how about Jophan Slacks Off Into a Hack? Jophan Gets the Knack? Jophan Sits on a Tack? (There's more but Gary advised us to stop before he hurts someone.)

[[**Marcy:** I noticed that your mailing address includes "Bsm't". If it is, in reality, a basement flat, I envy you. Besides being reminded of the main set on the LaVern & Shirley tv

show, the only show that took me to tears with laughter, I perceive a below street level dwelling to be safe. More psychologically than physically. I love heights, but only to visit. In the early 1970's Ray and I seriously considered building one of those super energy efficient homes that was completely underground. Built into a hillside, actually. The only external maintenance would have been to mow the roof in summer and to shovel the skylight in winter. I'm sure that Freud would have had a field day with this one.]]

Does Qwerty's recruiting poster date from the "Topic A" wars, or is this from a new faanish war, recruiting for that mysterious army of fundamentalists that has swept down from the mountains of inertia, the Faaniban, determined to fight as insurgents, overthrowing the corrupt ruling class, grinding and crushing the petty regional warlords before them?

No, been there, done that.

Perhaps, obscured at the bottom of the poster is the legend that makes clear Qwerty is recruiting for the Fannish Peace Academy where understanding of disparate fannish cultures is taught, various fannish dialects are deciphered, mediators learn their skills, and the Fannish Diplomatic Corp are trained.

Perhaps.

Not only have I never seen the first two of your wilding folclicles, but I was in total ignorance of their existence, as I am of much of Vegrant production.

However, I'm very much in favor of this new concept of equipping local fan clubs with magicians, blues guitarists, and fire-eaters. Though sf fan clubs have long traditions of members who could make funds and food disappear, I approve of your professionalizing those others who play the blues and flame each other in this case. You guys are so cutting edge.

[[**Arnie:** You might not be aware of this, as a relatively new fan, Gary, but Bill Kunkel invented living on the edge in 1967. He wanted to contribute something to fandom. Burbee had come up with sex 40 years earlier, so that left living on



the edge. We are all daytrippers following in his edgy footsteps.))

The answer to Tammy Funk's question (and I'm already impressed by this woman who obviously has Major Fortitude since she hasn't changed a name which must have made for stupid jokes all her life -- and boy, am I resisting one) is that, assuming Nevada State Legislature, which I have no detailed knowledge of, is anything like most other states', categories like state bird, state motto, state fanzine, state of mind, are named by legislative bill ("Hi, I'm Legislative Bill, an American Legend!") just like any other law or resolution. A few states have named unpaid commissions to do this crucial work of government; I have no idea if Nevada, famed for clean and efficient government, snort, choke, is one of them.

Question for Ken Forman, Master Biologist: out of these 700 stampeding tortoises (and I give you no thanks for the sweat-drenched nightmares I'll be having for months over this vision; damn you. Damn you all to hell!), do any reveal Rotsler drawings when you turn them over?

Su Williams gives a wonderful lesson in an unappreciated aspect of English grammar: use of the passive voice. By phrasing her observation in the form "women's upper halves are easy and (...) pleasurable to depict. Men's upper bits do seem to display far less personality, and they are drawn with far less frequency," she poses what a dullard sexist might consider to be a conundrum. Yet by simply recasting this into an active voice, one is forced to confront the essential question of who is doing the drawing, and all is revealed for all to see.

Arnie, Arnie, Arnie -- how can you even suggest that some fans might question having sex as a vital activity of fandom because it messes the sheets? Hasn't everyone been taught slip-sheeting?

Your classic pre-oration here, proving irrefutably that it is the Prime Duty of slannish fans to Have Sex has led me inexorably to a further conclusion.

You are raising a fine crop of new fans in Las Vegas. You are watering and fertilizing them so that they will grow healthy and strong. They are numerous, if not numinous. They are many, if not legion.

You can spare one, therefore...

Give me a fan, Arnie! Give one to me!

Send my your best, most intelligent, articulate, literate, well-read, politically aware, attractive, fannish, and slannish female candidate to have sex with, and I will, as soon as I have brought her to the peak of sexual perfection, which as the Fannish Sexual Bodhisattva only I can do, return her to you to serve as an ideal that others may aspire to. Perhaps there will be ancillary benefits as she spreads some of the lesser techniques I will have taught her to those in Las Vegas fandom who can utilize them and survive the experience.

((Tom: Volunteers anyone? Volunteers? Looks like were going to have to get back to you on this one, Gary.))

Only my fannish ideals and generosity allows me to make this offer, as sparing time and energy for this will be difficult, but I can rarely refuse to help a fellow trufan.

I'm counting on you to do your duty for fandom. Do it for Brooklyn Fandom's sake.

((Ken: "Do it for Brooklyn Fandom's sake," Gary, Gary, Gary, I don't think you understand. This is Las Vegas, Sin

City. We have talented women on every corner. Gary, you're suppose to send ~~us~~ your young and nubile femfen so we can train them for you. When they're ready, they'll be returned to you, and at no extra cost.

First they'll be apprenticed "on call" at various casinos, you know, just to get her used to the idea. Next the young femfen will be passed from one local fan to another (men and women alike) so individual techniques can be shared and learned.

We'll test their skills frequently and repeatedly. After the journeyman stage, Arnie himself will sample her wares and judge whether the training needs to be intensified or fine tuned in any way.

When we're done, we'll return them to you well trained and ready to





demonstrate what they've learned. And what fine cooks they'll be, too. What... Gary's not talking about cooking?!? Um... never mind.}}

## Jack Speer

3636 Menaul NE. Albuquerque NM, 87110

The ifc comment redeems the cover.

"Vague Rants" is a good title. It reminded me that I have a friend named Resta. "All of us have LOCed more in our heads than on paper." How true. But the past tense of loc should be either locced or locd; loced calls for soft c and a pronunciation, like loast.

I enjoyed Chuch's column. I didn't know Merlin's cave reached through the headland. That makes it more impressive. "sod the reverence" is strange slang to me. I understand the circumlocution "punctuational full stop." In America we'd say 'period', which probably wouldn't be clear here. I'm not familiar with "Arthur's grave, on the banks of the River Camel, just a few yards upstream at Slaughterbridge, where he fought his last battle," though I've seen the alleged site of the battle. The only claimed burial place I know is at Glastonbury. But of course, Arthur wasn't buried anywhere, because he's alive and well in Avalon. I suppose "AA loves FL" is an ironic allusion to Al Ashley and Francis Laney.

Ross: "the since-Reagan officially undocumented unemployment index." I thought we still had an unemployment index.

{{Ross: Indeed, there is an unemployment index of sorts; it's often referred to in news stories, etc. I suppose it's official. My remark (admittedly ambiguous, now that you force me to re-examine it) referred to the segments of the population not included in the official index, the many that used to be, prior to the era of Reaganomics. And it's also true that I cannot document this.}}

Arnie: "Big Name Fans and Neos!" Does this mean everyone who's not a neo is a BNF? What is the Insurgent Anthem? And what is Fluffiness?

Potshot is getting better. His cartoons are stefnal now.

Bheer and Loafing in Las Vegas was a good title. JoHn puts an apostrophe in Caesars Palace where Caesar resolutely refuses to have one. I don't remember any coupons that said "gratuity included." Bartenders being cool about couponmists would normally mean slightly hostile, but JoHn seems to use "cool" in this year's sense, 'good'.

{{JoHn: The bartenders were cool, as in casual. Most of them didn't mind us, so long as we didn't get in the way of the paying customers.}}

I don't believe one pans for silver, anyway. Gold. I'm surprised that JoHn ever got several dollars from his silver mining.

{{JoHn: I'm surprised... I found many dollars. On occasion, I would find \$8-12 in credits on a Dollar slot or video poker machine. This was more rare, and I always attributed it to new gamblers being ignorant of the concept of a machine paying off in credits instead of in coins. Thinking they hadn't won, they would walk off and leave a machine

because coins hadn't dropped out of it. The next person to come along (me, if I was lucky) had only to press the cash/credit button to receive their reward. When I was a change person at Harrah's del Rio (in Laughlin, NV, about 90 miles south of Vegas) I sometimes came home with \$20 dollars or more of assorted found change, tokens and chips bulging my pockets. Had the casino known about this, I would have been fired, but they didn't find out about it before I quit in a funk over a girl (god, that sounds stupid now.}}

Wot, no cartoon for that blank space after his article?

Ken: Where are the two lines attached to a kite? Five dollars for even a boring kite seems expensive.

{{Ken: Yes Jack, five dollars is a lot to spend on a boring kite. I remember buying (when I was many moons younger) Gayla Baby Bat kites for 69¢ and using found string, but times have changed and inflation does what it does. Now, kites that are a step up from the paper or plastic cheapies from the local convenience store cost around five bucks. By the way, on most stunt kites, the two lines are attached to the kite via an elaborate harness that can be adjusted to change the way the it flys. Next time you're in Vegas, if there's wind and if you're interested and if my kites are in good repair and if we both have time, I'll be glad to demonstrate why these stunt kites are "not normal kites."}}

"Dragons should never try to stifle a sneeze" is a brilliant concept.

Cathi: Why would a family of Irish hide from the IRA? The editor neglected to put the page number on this page. Which do we blame?

Fandom (misapplied title): What is "insufficient governmental organization?"

A Woman of Convenience: I sympathize with people who don't see the instructions on the pump. Customers are bombarded with too many messages simultaneously: price, grade, please pay inside, please pay first (not always the rule), pump number, and other things. "How far is it to Las Vegas?" might be a meaningful question, even if Marcy's station was within metropolitan Vegas (she doesn't say it was). Las Vegas proper begins at Sahara, doesn't it?

{{Marcy: It's too late. I feared being known only as "a woman of convenience", and now it's true. I have tolerated the incorrect spelling of my name for years - from Marci, Marcie and Marcia to March (thank you, Jack, for spelling it correctly), but this is too much. The rumors will spread rapidly now. I only hope that in this city no one will care. You'd think that LoCers would trip up on the names of other LV fans such as JoHn, Su, Tammy or Cathi. But nooooo.... }}

{{Joyce: I'm glad you mentioned sympathy for people who can't read instructions. I often have trouble with the familiar icons of society. It's as if the world assumes everyone already knows how to use the devices, so the instructions are written in a semi-literate shorthand that doesn't convey enough meaning. One example of this is my ATM card, which I still don't use. When I got my first one, it was more convenient for me to go inside the bank. When the time came it might have been useful, I forgot my PIN number. I got another number, but didn't know exactly how to use it, and the instructions were too high on the wall for me to read easily. About then (and this was 10-12 years ago), I gave up in stubborn refusal to memorize another set of instructions.}}

Bacover was an ingenious idea.



in the Boston area. Fourth weekend, there was Yvonne and myself, with the bride nearly pushed down the front stairs of the church, and the reception with the booziest wedding cake it's ever been my pleasure to sample. we figured four weddings in a month was a record.

When I was younger (I'm still a kid, so that's how I have to phrase it), my passions were building blocks, books, toy cars and my bicycle. I collected books even then, but they were cartoon books, like Mad and B.C. collections, and the Ripley's Believe It Or Not! books. Good training for later, I'd say.

I'm sure Burbee had to wonder about Steve, never mind Steve wondering about the guy on the third floor. "Non-num" and "lay lady" are great terms, the latter having nothing to do with big, brass beds...

My father was a copyeditor, but I've reverted to typo!

Take it and run, Arnie. My gift! No deposit, no return.

**Wild Heirs 4...**Arnie, that initial flush of excitement, the trufannish fire in your eyes and loins...are you sure that wasn't just being scared shitless that the con was a month away?

Spreading the Gospel of Committing Fanzine is not my style, but I did try to spread the word in Winnipeg. Conversions are too much to ask, but exposure is still good.

I just read The Slan Slammers, and in the theater of my mind, Su Williams, is standing outside your door, 6'1" of muscle, ready to slam you! Does she know she's been the object of a little Katzian fantasy?

((**Arnie:** By odd coincidence, Su did arrive at my door shortly after we got your letter warning of this eventuality. Fortunately, since I had cleared The Slan Slammers with her before publishing it, her visit was utterly unrelated to this matter. I did tell her about you, however. Perhaps you would like to challenge her at the next Silvercon? The Vagrant Death Crunch rules!))

Obviously, what the Vagrants need is a pipeline from the Mecca of soft drinks, Rochester, New York, home of the only plant that produces Jolt Cola. A can or two of that fine brew, and wakefulness shall be your friend all weekend long. (And your devout enemy on Monday...)

Room numbers...at one of the largest hotels in Toronto, there is a room 770. Next time there's a con there, I'll ask for that room specifically, and have a helluva party... There was one con some years ago where Yvonne and I were the FanGoHs, and we held a room party in our room, whose number just happened to be 2001. No one forgot our party that night...

What is the coolness between US and UK fandoms, anyway? Is there some anger over the Glasgow Worldcon, or has someone here dissed someone there? Did Abi Frost make even more of an impression (ahem) than I suspected? I wrote to Chuck Connor for an issue of **Thingummybob**, and he mentioned in a note that hordes of Canadians have suddenly asked for his precious zine. As usual, the Canfen are caught in the middle between the US and the UK.

Well, I've made my way through all this collected

fanwisdom (and said, "Huh?"), and above is my so-called wisdom in return. Fair exchange? Not likely! By the way, Yvonne and I are planning an excursion to Cincinnati to attend Midwestcon in June! Anyone from down your way thinking of coming to the con? Already, the word of our promised attendance has filtered through the fannish grapevine, and the massed throng are shouting with glee, saying "Who?" No matter, we shall be there to enjoy the company of fanzine fans and other fans old and tired. Many thanks for the good reading, and keep them coming! Also, if a stray copy of **Wild Heirs 2**, naughty bits and all, needs to be gotten out of the way, could you fire it up to me? I'd appreciate it muchly. Take care, and see you nextish.

### George Flynn

P.O. Box 1069, Kendall Sq. Stn., Cambridge, MA 02142

Thanks for **Wild Heirs #5**, which I have rushed to read, in order to respond in a timely fashion this time. (And now I suppose you'll all enter post-Corflu collapse and delay the next issue for months...But feel free to refute me.)

Arnie's Master Plan as revealed by Ken is certainly an awesome thing. But what will Stage 4 be?

I'm not sure that John's "a mimeo in every pot" is such a good idea. Only yesterday NESFA confronted the fact that we had about nine mimeos, only about two-and-a-half of which actually worked (sort of). As someone said, we had a backup-of-the-backup-of-the-backup, but didn't really need a backup-of-the-backup-of-the-backup-of-the-backup. And besides, we had already rented this Dumpster...So we steeled ourselves and voted to throw away the five most decrepit mimeos, along with lots of Other Stuff. (To the disappointment of some, it was ruled that members were exempt.) [NFP: I resisted the temptation to suggest that we send the mimeos to Harry Andruschak...]

You think having Christmas lights on before Easter is strange? How about *Easter* lights?! You see, there's this house in my neighborhood where they regularly have over-the-top Christmas decorations (hundred, maybe thousands, of lights blinking in unison, about a dozen Santa Clauses [Santas Claus?], angels, reindeer, anything you can think of.) A couple of years ago they started doing Halloween, and this year they expanded to Easter. The lights were of course egg-shaped and not too numerous, and they had only four bunnies (three Easter, one Bugs), but who knows where they'll go from here? They do not seem to be doing Mother's Day. Yet.

So how come I didn't manage to come up with comments on anything past page 9? (Certainly not from lack of interest...)

### William Rotsler, again...

Funniest thing happened. I realized too late that a LoC of mine went out to you inadvertently. Don't print it. It was a simple chronos-error. Throw it away.

Meanwhile: Ross, I mentioned being around farmers because that's how I grew up. (In California, farms are called ranches, however.) The family ranch



I read **Wild Heirs 3** and **4**:

I don't remember those Rotsler phalluses Laurie describes. Could she have mistaken the cartoon noses for them? "all the really neato names [for fmz] have been used over and over." A few have been, but those are exceptions. I see Su expects to leave her son unbabysat when he reaches 14 whereas Laurie considers 9 1/2 old enough to be left alone with her baby brother, and at not-yet-3 i babysat my little sister (though my wife won't believe this).

I can't believe anyone thought Peggy was 34. Who is the great god RALF?

Steve is a repeat, nespa?

Arnie may feel that the characters in his anecdotes leap off the page, but twice in reading about the four-way pun, i was left wondering, for a critical moment, which character was talking. I enjoyed the wordplay in "My Punishment", "Incontinental", "waw", "jump for Joyce", and so on. I suppose the Flesch Index is based on the Art of Readable Writing, but am not familiar with Grunning or the Fog Index. What was the proper response to "My fingers are willing but my thumb..."? It is unnatural that the child of a chef should be addicted to tripe.

Since Ackerman eventually married, the same woman twice, Tom shouldn't attribute to him now any disapproval of wofen or marriage. Why does Tom repeat that only four fans are involved in the marriage of the four couples?

((Tom: I had the idea firmly grasped, though comprehension was a little harder. I began to run with the idea, believing it important, only to fall victim to an ugly cycle of repetition due to lack of original writing material and the lethargy that overcomes me when writing about news that doesn't concern myself. Selfish, aren't I?))

Does Belle count Hawaii, the big island, as an outer island?

((Belle: Talk about confused! I reread Rambles, in Wild Heirs #3, at least four, maybe five times, after I read your loc. Of course it is! In Hawaii (the state), the active volcano is on the Big Island in the County of Hawaii. People in Hawaii (the state) capitalize and use Big Island so they know it is the outer island being talked about and not the state. Oahu may be the hub of commerce in Hawaii, with all its military branches, big cities, Waikiki and a dormant volcano. Still, Oahu's land mass is much smaller than the Big Island. On the Big Island (definitely an outer island) Madame Pele, the volcano goddess, keeps adding to the land mass. Already, you could fit all of the other islands inside the outline of the Big Island. Sixteen years of island ways

have yet to wither in two years on the Mainland. I still use an island point of reference, silly for a desert dweller I know.))

I suppose "pitifully" in JoHn's article means "spitfully". Which fan address is Las Vegas's first slan shack? I haven't seen it all before. If i had, i mightn't be so interested in fandom.

((JoHn: Las Vegas' first slan shack (at least in the modern era) was the Asylum, where Ben Wilson, Greg Dees, Karl Kreder, Chris Devine and myself lived for a short time (6 months), on Ladera Circle, in the southeast part of town. It was fun at first, but eventually imploded under it's own weight. We let too many friends sleep on the sofas and floors, until we had approximately 13 people living in one 4 bedroom house. Someday, one of the ex-inmates of the Asylum will write down the whole long, tawdry tale.))

Gary Farber, again...

I owe you a small apology for having said I had not seen or heard of **Wild Heirs 1** and **2**. Here's your apology. I apologize!

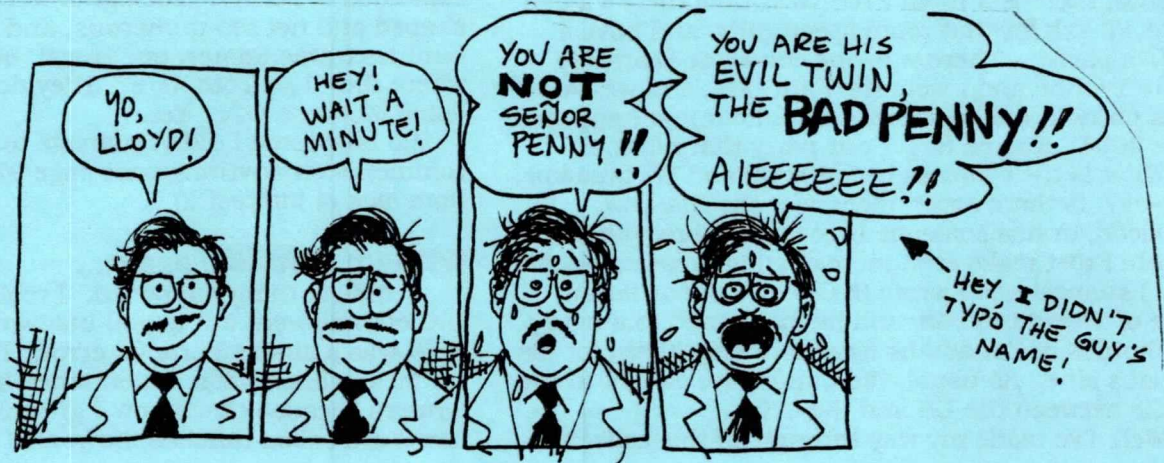
I just found five fanzines from last year (including **WH 1&2**) tucked under a small stack of papers -- I swear they crept there themselves while trying to escape. In any case, I had never read them while they were hiding -- this comforts me slightly, that it isn't entirely my Decrepit Memory's Fault. Actually It's All Your Fault, of course -- if you didn't publish so much, I'd keep better track. Anyway, sorry again. **WH2** was fine.

Lloyd Penny

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

**Wild Heirs 3**...you know, I never did get a copy of **Wild Heirs 2**! After reading what the contents were, I wonder if it was confiscated by Canada Customs for being slightly impure.

In May of 1983, four couples in Toronto got married, one weekend after the other. First weekend, there was Mike Wallis and Susan Madison, who were handfasted. Second weekend, there were Les Dickson and Ellen Grossman, who were married by the justice of the peace, because he was Catholic and she was Jewish, and the families couldn't agree. They now live in the wilds of Saskatchewan. Third weekend, there was Jeannette Waldie and Ike Stoddard, who now live







grew walnuts and citrus, mostly lemons with some oranges. I returned there after art school and some years of living in Hollywood and getting married, and ranched for four or so years, while I also continued my career as a sculptor. I moved from iron into direct working of brass (we tended to call it bronze, and though it was brass, it *looked* like bronze).

The only 'buried treasure' around here was either Indian or fossils. People were always finding in their fields the kind of river stone that is hollowed out a bit to make a grinding stone. Plus some shaped stone bowls, with legs. About a mile from us, at a bend of the stream that ran through our land, there had been a California Indian camp, where much was found. The family that leased it always drove looking down over the shoulder as they plowed and had a huge arrowhead collection.

((**Joyce:** My brother was constantly digging for arrowheads and spearheads. Beautiful examples chipped from obsidian were quite plentiful in Southeast Mo. I've since been told that all artifacts should be "turned in", but I don't think there's actually any law against keeping arrowheads and pottery: do you know?)

Among the treasures in my family is the iron cooking pot that was the dowry of my Great Grandmother Polly Panther when she left the tribe to marry Grampa Hardy Dickens. It's interesting that some of the real Indian treasures were made

by white men, like Polly and her pot.))

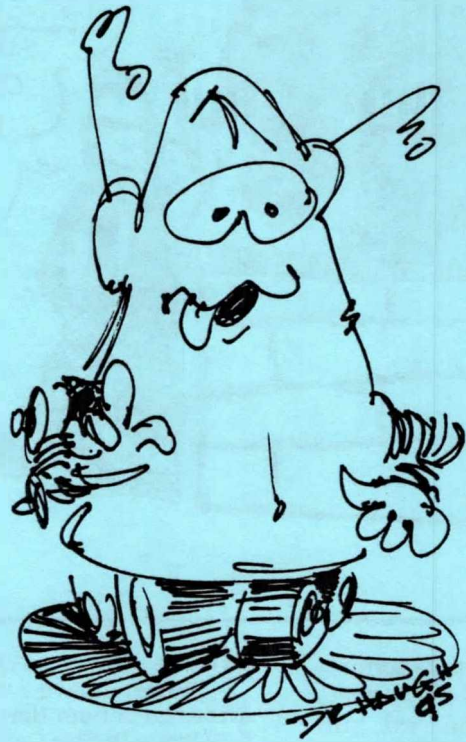
((**Ross:** I have a vague recollection of finding flint arrowheads from time to time, and, despite my year or so (at 5-6) living in San Carlos, Arizona (an Apache reservation), it was almost certainly in the subsequent eight years in College Station, Texas (an Aggie reservation), located in the Brazos River Valley. I never made much of an attempt to collect them, though it was something of a delight to find one when I did. They're long lost among the detritus of many moves.))

On this same hill, my grandfather - who had retired in 1911 or so after 32 years running steam engines for the Central Pacific, which became Southern Pacific - came home from his "retirement job" as a County Supervisor. They were improving the dirt road to pave it and were cutting through that Indian hill. My grandfather stopped the crew (one of whom was to become my uncle) and took a look at the large bones they found, identified them as "not cow", and called the experts in L.A. They are in the big mastodon exhibit there now, but I don't know which.

Enough. Oh, I sold my 55th book the other day. I called it *Science Fiction Writers on Life*, but they are going to call it *Science Fictionisms*, which seems like a misleading title. Out in the Fall from Gibbs Smith, as one of those "little books." (However, it is the first tiomed I thought any publisher paid me too much - for the work involved.)



# GUILT



YES SIR, THERE'S  
NOTH'N LIKE A  
LITTLE GUILT TO  
STIR UP SOME  
CONTRIBUTIONS!