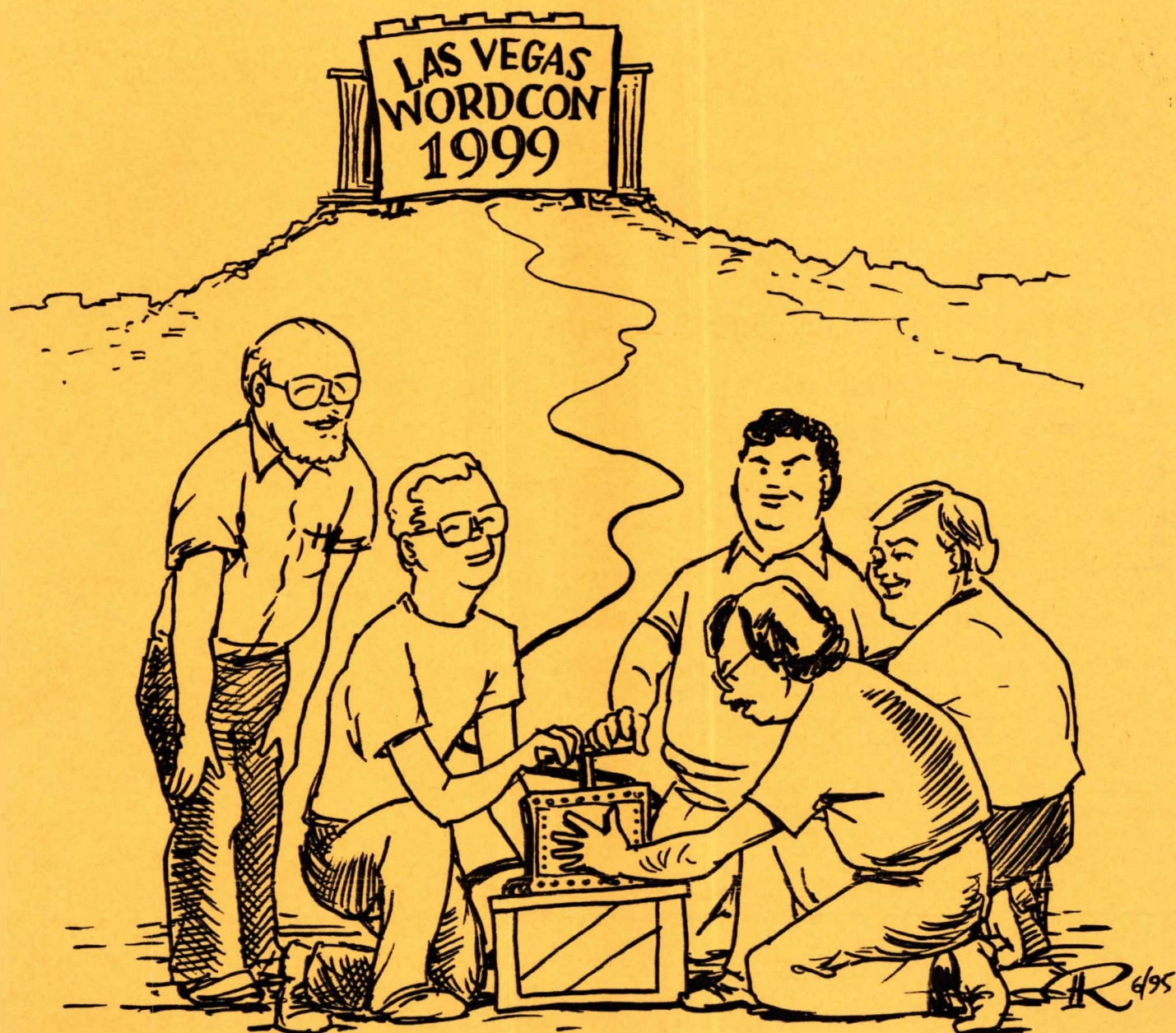


WILD HEIRS

SEVEN



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Now... direct from Toner Hall in the Fabulous Las Vegas... **Wild Heirs**, the most dangerous 38 pages in fanzine fandom. **Wild Heirs** #7, the fifth in as many months, bounds into your mailbox as frisky as a Vegas high school girl -- and twice as approachable.

This monthly (!) walk on the wild side is produced by Las Vegrants, around the July 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, supporter AFAL

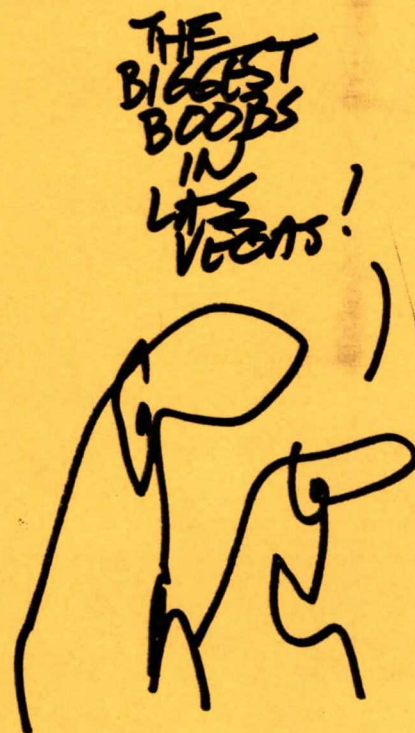
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John Hardin

I'm here, but Karla and Colette (Official Baby Name Alert) are still in the hospital. My daughter was born at 11:31 am, Sunday, May 28, after a relatively unremarkable labor. There is a reason they call it labor, though. Karla's not at home, but she should be home tomorrow night.

The Vegas Fan Empire (as revealed by Hooper Himself) has a new member. We were talking yesterday, and I told her all about how uncle Don Miller would always be there (well, sometimes) to play Rusty the Fox for her, and how Uncle Ken would play Jethro Tull for her, and how Uncle Arnie would have her publishing by the time she was four. Look for e-mail messages from her real soon.

Six days later, I am somewhat more coherent. Mother and daughter are happily recovering from the move, and Colette excels at sleeping, with occasional bursts of eating. Well, enough about us: Welcome to **Wild Heirs #7**. Come on in, have a beer and a big Hooper Brand™ shrimp cocktail. What's that? No, no, it's 100% shrimp, I assure you. This is the lounge, that's Arnie there, drooling on the donuts. He says if you listen closely, the powdered ones call your name; otherwise he's quite hospitable.

Tom is over there on the phone trying to rent a neofan, but such good weather is predicted for the Solstice that even all the non virgins have already been snatched up by the neo-pagan fan groups. Now it looks like Arnie's never going to get any help running off the fanzines.

This is Ken, peering over the lid of his laptop. Why, yes; the rest of his face is just as handsome as his eyebrows. Sit here next to Joyce. She's very friendly, and she knows where the chocolate and contemporary smoking mixture is hidden. Pay no attention if she makes odd comments about the shrimp. Tasty, isn't it? Eat up; there will always be more...

Ken has a direct line to Chuch Harris's computer. Together with Rob and Avedon, he'll be announcing the launch of ChuchieNet this week. If successful, it could make the notion of physical conventions obsolete. If you press him, Ken will tell you how they plan to wire all the fans on the planet for a virtual World Con of millions of people, all on-line at the same time. It's a fannish dream come true.

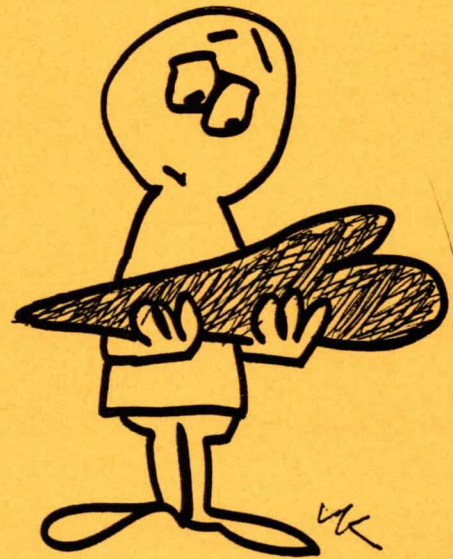
More exotic fan pursuits? Well, we're not exactly the Hell Fire Club, but upstairs, we do have a virtual reality simulation of zero-G collating. Have another drink and we'll try it.

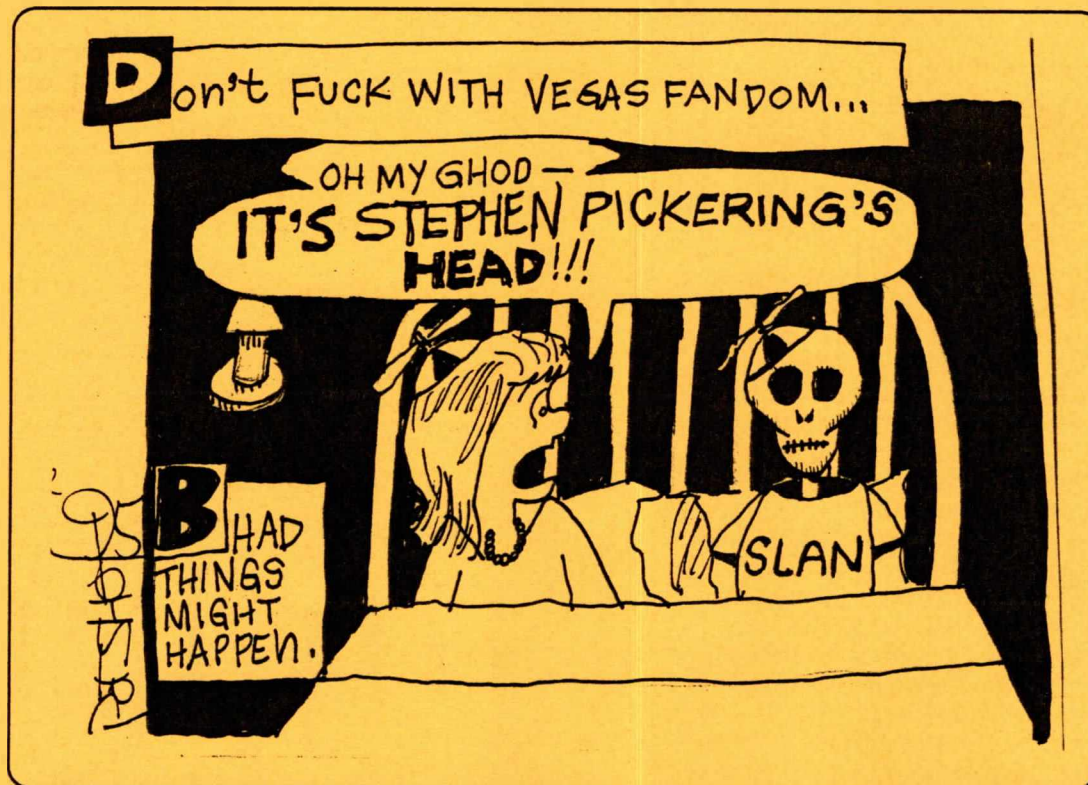
Raven

New baby, new life. All life blooming and growing and I ask, why are we here? Fun and Fandom. We must assure ourselves that the gathering of minds continues for all time. Collette and Chelsea (this little person is my granddaughter) will grow up in the circle of tie-dye, natural fibers, health food and backyard gardens. This is the nineties, the nineteen nineties and this somehow seems like what my grandmothers' lives would be like, sans the computer.

Child stories: grandchildren tend to be more like grandparents than parents. This is sometimes just to torture the parent with having to endure the same humiliations from their children that they suffered from their parents. Grands inherit the best and most

Vague Rants





one in their home is ill, and the felines become less demanding and more comforting.

It is nice to know that Colette has two feline family members to guard, to protect and to bring her comfort and joy. No beings do that better than her dad and mom, of course; the furry friends are a bonus. All this makes Colette Aubrey Marie Hardin very fortunate indeed.

Does fandom have a mascot? Is its heritage rich enough to be represented by something as noble as, say, a griffin?

Arnie Katz

"Do you think we're writing too much about Andy Hooper in Vegas fanzines?" I asked Joyce prior to the Vegrants

humiliating behaviours that their parents remember from their teen years. You know all those things that you never thought you'd get through as a teenager. The clothes your parent wore. Those things. Well your children will carry those just so you are reminded of how awful life is. There is hope. You who are parents now will become the grand parents.

Belle Augusta

Colette: a bright new name for the future of fandom. A name that will grace the pages of many a zine as she blossoms into her fullness of mind. Please Colette, if someday you find this in the precious collections of your life remember I barely knew you. Still, as a truly impartial witness let me add you were beautiful even in the first hour of your journey.

Marcy Waldie

Don't underestimate the nonchalant, aloof cat. Felines are not as independent as people think. Cats crave attention and are very territorial and defensive, all on their own terms, of course. When a cat rubs its head or body on an object, inanimate or otherwise, it is actually marking its territory, its "possessions". Sure, dogs mark their territories, too, but in a much less sanitary manner and, hopefully, not on people. Cats growl, yip and can create a variety of other sounds unfamiliar to most people. But every sound has a very definite meaning. When a cat faces a possible altercation with an animal against which instinct tells it that it has little chance of winning, the cat does the smartest thing possible - it turns and runs. Otherwise, look out. The size of a cat or its foe has limited relevance in a cat's ability to defend itself, its kittens or its territory. On a gentle note, cats "know" when some-

Barbeque on Memorial Day. I thought I heard an agonized scream from the general direction of Seattle, but unless Andy's powers are even greater than suggested in Tom Springer's piece this issue, he couldn't've known about yet another Hooper reference to himself in a Vegas Fanzine until this **Wild Heirs** reached him.

"I'm sure he knows that the frequent references demonstrate that he is always in our thoughts," she said reasonably "And we aren't saying *bad* things about him," she added in a tone that made me wonder if she'd like to.

"But there've been a lot of mentions," I said. "Andy may be getting tired of it."

"Yes, but we only mention him because we love him." Joyce said. "But if you think all this attention may make him uncomfortable,..."

"I do."

"...we should talk about someone else."

"Put someone else in the spotlight?" I suggested.

"On the griddle," she corrected. Joyce is the realist in the family.

"Well, we started last issue," I reminded. "We typo'd Lloyd Penney's name and then Bill did a whole comic strip about it."

"That was good," admitted Joyce, but I could see she wasn't satisfied. With the zeal of a convert, she had suddenly made it her mission to find other people about which Vegas fans could write incessantly.

We've been debating it ever since. Joyce and I brought in the other Vegrants, the whole brain trust. We just couldn't think of anyone who could dislodge Andy Hooper in our hearts and in our fanzines.

I believe Bill has something to add...

Bill Kunkel

I have been, on more than one occasion, referred to as a "fakefan." This is quite accurate. Nonetheless, just because fannish Tradition and History don't hold me in

thrall, it's not like I would screw up somebody else's Good Time just to see a fan cry.

What I have to tell the Shrimp Boys & Girls is for their own good, okay? It's also something that could get me in a lot of trouble, so I'm not even going to allude to the source of the shrimp which is so central to the Shrimp Boy tradition. HOWEVER...

I do happen to know someone who once worked at that particular spot, however, and they were in a position To Know. According to this source--we'll call him "Deep Gullet"--the shrimp in question is flown in from England.

England.

In Europe.

Halfway across the world England.

Why do they get their shrimp from England, when the Pacific Ocean and, heaven help us, even the Gulf of Mexico are considerably closer?

Because it's cheaper that way.

But, but, I hear you stammering, that's such a loooong trip--aren't the shrimp kind of, err, old by the time they arrive in Las Vegas?

Yes. They are. "We'd always separate out the shrimp that smelled the worst and sell them immediately. If you looked at the shrimp closely, you see black, vein-like objects inside it's body. That's shit. Shrimp shit."

But surely, all these shrimp mavens can't be so happy eating shrimp poop? "It's the sauce," Deep Gullet revealed. "One of the owners has a recipe for really killer sauce. It's so good you can't taste that the shrimp is... on the verge, so to speak."

There you are, folks. The truth. The rotten, smelly, shrimp shitty Truth. It's for your own good, remember that. I don't get any satisfaction out of this. None at all.

Nope.

Not me.

Now where's my sketch pad, I've got a ton of shrimp gags!

Tom Springer

Well, if we're not going to talk about Andy Hooper anymore (or for at least a little while, because **WH#7.5** will engender a response from him and a most favored topic in the sprawling Vegas Empire will once again tantalize our tongues while tempting a tap-tapping on keyboards everywhere) then I think we should turn our telescopes and attention to one of our own, who lies hidden beneath the sulfurous swaddling of his newborn, JoHn Hardin.

He's a sneaky sort, and not altogether following the proper direction in his fanac. Sure, he's a co-editor to **WH**, and **NLE** (which will pub **RSN!**) and ghod/editor to his own **RANT** (and these are all facts that could well lead one to think highly of him), but there's a slight blemish in this outstanding fan's portfolio. It's nothing dreadfully awful, and certainly won't lower him in anyone's eyes, but it's something I feel just can't be ignored.

Now, like I said, JoHn's been on a roll, **WH**, **NLE**, **RANT**, and his considerable participation during Corflu lends one the belief we have a legend in the making. Consider this though: During what Robert Lichtman has referred to in his latest **Trapdoor**, as the

Golden Age (Arnie and Ted White have also discussed it), which he's been hedging towards announcing for some time now, JoHn's made a tiny mistake. During this period in which we have fanzines like **Blat**, **Habakkuk**, **Trapdoor**, **Idea**, **Mimosa**, **Apparatchik**, and other wonderful fanzines too numerous to count, like **Southern Gothic**, **Empties**, **Maverick**, **Thyme**, **Ansible**, **Rastus Johnson's Cakewalk**, **Spent Brass**, and I could go on, JoHn picks **Fosfax** to write his first letter of comment to.

Fosfax definitely fills a niche, a pretty big niche at that, but it's just not the kind of fanzine I like to read. It's not a faanish fanzine. So, why does JoHn, who is a faanish fanzine fan, and who I believe has considerable taste and an extraordinary sense for the faanish, write his first letter of comment ever, to **Fosfax**? Has he been secretly corresponding with Joseph Major? If he decided on writing a LoC, and a pretty damn good one, even though it's in **Fosfax**, why didn't he direct this fanacal energy to a zine which is more widely read by his fellow faanish fanzine fans? Why not something more popular, like **The Rocketship Magazine**? I just don't know.

Joyce Katz

"Personally, I've been thinking a lot about rich brown lately. And not without a lot of sadness," I told Arnie today.

"Why have you been thinking about rich," Arnie obligingly queried. This section of this editorial would be much shorter if he hadn't.

"It's because of the towers to the moon," I explained. "rich is undoubtedly the current master of building bheer towers."

It's true. I've seen rich go at it, and he's no slacker. He'll accept empty bheer cans from only the truest of the trufen, keeping the tone of the tower pure and noble, as befits the importance of the edifice. And if the trufen let him down, rich will turn to and empty the necessary cans himself. All in the line of duty, of course.

"I saw him working on the tower at Magicon," I reminded Arnie. It had been a magnificent engineering feat, as rich tackled the output of this huge fan gathering, neatly organizing it into a structure that would grace the skyscape of a Powers paperback cover. Of course, the Florida wind was against him. Elsewise, we'd all be on the surface of the moon right now, after having climbed his tower to get there.

"But why are you sad?" asked A. This is why we've been married 24 years. I can count on him asking the right question at the right time.

"Well, all the fans at Corflu howled for specialty bheers. The old ones aren't ghood enough anymore." This brought a lump to my throat, as I thought about Budweiser commercials of the past. I love the Clydesdale team in the Budweiser ads.

I sobbed a little to think of the big board down on Pestalosa Street in St Louis going dark, when all of fandom forsakes the old standards.

I know what I'm talking about here. Until I discovered my allergy to hops, I liked to sip a bheer once or twice a year. It's my nostalgia for the drinks of

yesteryear that makes Ken Forman now and then slide over his bheer, so I can take a sip of the forbidden nectar. Just last month, at the Vegrants gathering, he had brought me a quarter glassfull of some new brew made from wheat.

And it came, not from a can, but from a gallon jug. A jug?

No more rounded, perfectly matched, stackable cans.

No more canisters for rich to use.

No more towers to the moon. Just wobbly stacks; not exactly towers anymore, but heaps of bheer jugs filling up the rooms.

Ross Chamberlain

Somewhere in the vastnesses of northern New Jersey, across the Hudson River from some areas of Manhattan, visible in the evening, there is a mighty Anheuser-Busch eagle built of red neon. It flaps its wings and, if my faulty memory serves, strange things happen to a coat of arms that is part of the emblem: it slowly fills and instantly empties, only to fill again, like a ... well, like a glass or, given the circumstances, a stein.

Hardly a subtle, much less subliminal, message. I fear that I, in my bheer drinking days, was never prone to imbibe the canned varieties. My swill of choice was Rignes Dark, an inexpensive Norwegian import; occasionally the stores would have a Bock version that I liked even better. There was also a Rignes in larger, dark bottles, possibly actually called Rignes Import, a bit more expensive, priced in line with Lowenbrau and other imports. It was exquisite, but I didn't find it, or, given my finances, buy it, very often. I would not turn down Lowenbrau, mind you, though there were other popular imports whose names I've blanked from my mind, that I didn't care for.

Actually, I shouldn't claim I never liked canned bheers. My first regular, and at the time illegal, malted brew was Miller. I'd tried and rejected most of the major American brands, even (or maybe particularly) Carling Black Label.

There was one American bottled brand I felt matched the imports: Prior. It was also priced like the imports. Indeed, when the cheap Rignes disappeared, and I began to cut back on bheer of any kind, Prior Dark was the only one I'd buy for many years. Even that disappeared -- the last time I looked for it, I couldn't find it anywhere.

Hmm -- for a little while back there I tried some of the non-alcoholic malt beverages and found a couple I liked, but not enough to make a point of acquiring them regularly. The last one I tried -- O'Doul's is it?

I'm not sure of the spelling -- was not to my taste at all. It too was in a bottle. Not useful for a proper tower to the moon, even if rich would have accepted it.

Arnie

As must be obvious, there's a lot of visiting among Vegrants between meetings. The NLE quartet get together on Tuesdays, for example, and Friday Film Night at the Formans' place draws many Vegrants.

Our place, too, is a popular stop on the Vegas Fandom social merry-go-round. Most Vegrants who live on the West Side average a visit a week. It's rare when the Vegrants go as long as two weeks without getting together to form a sizable clump of fannishness.

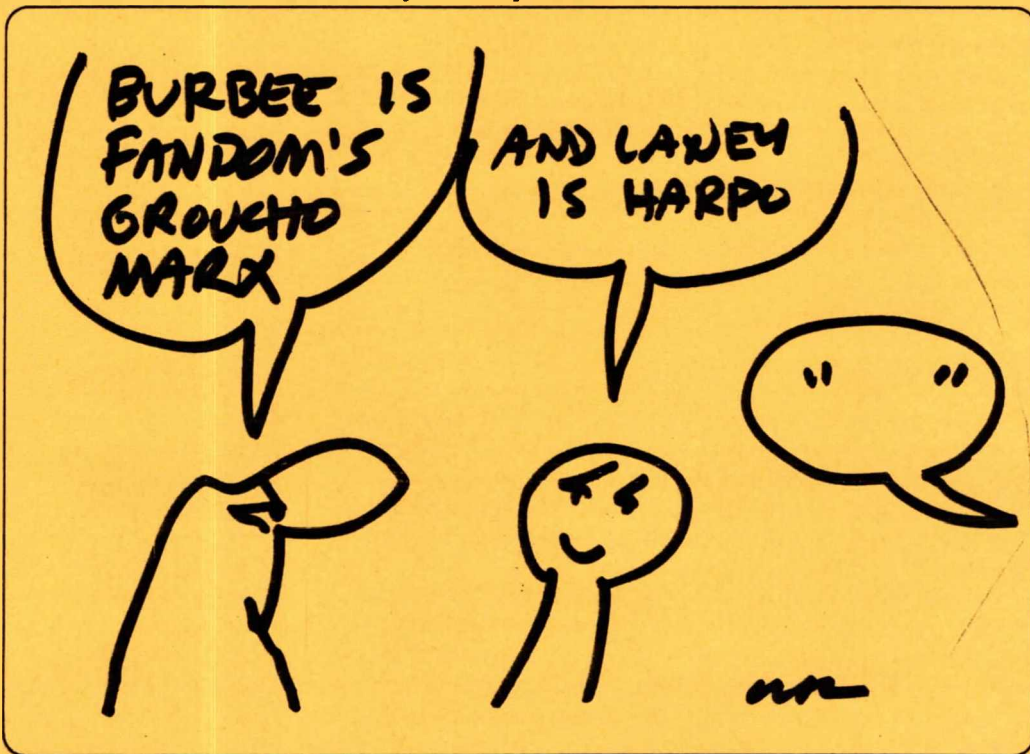
Fandom isn't the only topic, but it always comes up. After all, we're all co-editors of **Wild Heirs**, there's always local and interfanational news, and they have Questions.

It's understandable that they would. This is a fandom still in the process of defining itself, individually and collectively. The typical Vegrant is grappling with issues most **Wild Heirs** readers, with decades of fan experience, firmly decided years and years ago.

So we talk a lot about "whither fandom?" and such. These bull sessions are good for me, because they constantly force me to examine fandom and my relationship to it. We sit around and spot hot trends, which is a good excuse for numerous sidebars and trips down memory lane for me.

One fannish trend unearthed during recent visits is De-gafiation. Fans vary their degree of participation over the years, but it seems like more people than usual are coming back right now. Some recent ones: Victor Gonzalez, Lucy Huntzinger, Mike McInerney and Grant Canfield.

My assumption is that the influx means that



fanzine fandom is on the rise again. Other factors aside, why are so many returning *now*? Can it be that Ted White's comment, at a Silvercon 3 party, that this is a new golden age of fandom, is not as farfetched as I'd supposed?

Tom Springer

One "whither fandom?" of constant discussion is Andy Hooper, because of **Apparatchik**, something we always talk about when we get our issues every other week, and more recently of Gary Farber and Victor Gonzalez. Believe me, there's much farting about. Though there is no connection, direct or otherwise, I can't help but think of the supposed division between American fandom and British fandom that Mr. Penney discusses in our letter col. when I think about Gary and Victor. Only because they are representative of the miscommunication that sometimes occurs (apparently) in fandom, which I find odd when I consider the nature of our hobby and the means by which we celebrate it.

Of course, with Gary and Victor there's probably a little tinkering by Andy, but who's doing the tinkering between America and Great Britain? It seems that a lot of people are saying there's something wrong, long after the most likely reason has left the states. So what's the deal? The Vegas Empire doesn't seem to have any difficulties with British fandom. I trade **Brodie** for Martin Tudor's **Empties**, Chuck Conner's **Thing-umybob**, and we receive ell-oh-cees from Walt Willis, Bob Shaw, Steve Jeffery and others, and we have Chuch Harris as a **Wild Heir** co-editor, so I just don't see it. But, I'm probably only in touch with a small corner of Brit fandom, and am not aware of the so many other fans lurking out there on their cold, wet little island, cursing American fandom and plotting, always plotting...

Belle

The New Golden Age is upon us. The new fandom is blossoming, invading the gardens of a fallower age. Fans that have not bloomed for years have budded and spread their faces toward the glow of the New Golden Age.

Seedlings newly planted are scattered across the globe, to be harvested for the zines of tomorrow. Fans that have suffered through the dry spell are now flourishing in the newly mulched soil of this the New Golden Age. We have stacks of zines to weed through and fertilize, feeding them with wit and egoboo. Gently pruning back the excesses, shaping and molding them into lush and fragrant growth. Harvesting the fullest and brightest of fandom for recognition in the fields of other fans.

In time we will savor other names in their maturity. The full-bodied flavor of a new taste, the spicy after thought of a newly revitalized fan. Soon the names will fill our thoughts and spill their bountiful harvest at our doors. We will scatter names amongst ourselves, each trying to out do the other in the search for the Name!

Eric Davis

John, Ray and I are planning to do a homepage on the World Wide Web. Until Silvercon 4, this page will contain up to date info on Silvercon. We are discussing having a few of our favorite links and hopefully some art. If we do well here, maybe we can look into something bigger in the future.

Summer ice cream production is in full swing, and I am performing superhuman feats of repair to keep the west coast in popsicles for the upcoming summer.

Ross Chamberlain

Corflu helped inspire much new fanac, or it was a lurch in the progress of fandom? —Lurch? (You ranggg?) Maybe I meant spurt. It was also a high point, and I'm not just talking about the sidebars.

Fertilizing the growth of fandom, however, perhaps should remain a subject for frank and manly talk back by the barn (of course the ladies are invited if so inclined). The mulch is created from the detritus of exacting editorial effort, tossed occasionally with a pitchfork well practiced in crudzine reviews.

Wait a moment. Wait a moment. Just re-input the pertinent data, and the reference was to nurturing fans, not fandom as a whole, though of course the one implies the other. But it is by culling that detritus that fans grow, so perhaps the analogy (as opposed to astoundingly) slips a bit along in there.

All of that nonsense was by way of hoping the best for Colette's future among us, whether or not we actually encourage her to publish as early as four.

Chuch Harris

I don't know what the hell is going on here, but on the masthead I am *still* low man on the **Wild Heirs** totem pole, and only the nice John Hardin takes any notice of me at all; someone has stolen the editorial bicycle, there wasn't even a cake in today's lunchbox, and you are still stalling over my request for an underling.

Let us have no more quibbles about being unable to fulfil my request, about blonde underlings being temporarily out of stock and only brunette models currently available.

Am I racist? Do I have colour prejudice? I will be very happy with any colour you ship over, (pref air-mail), except, maybe, gray, and neither the bell-ringing nor the computer skills are absolute essentials. And it's no real problem if she's never seen a keyboard before, I will be happy to show her everything she needs to become familiar with.

She might have problems getting a replacement bicycle into the plane as hand baggage as well as the suitcase of silver dollars (my back pay for the last six months), but I guess the bike can always follow on a later plane.

And I'm not finished yet. I have another complaint to make. Two weeks ago my lovely daughter and her husband were on a fly-drive holiday out of LA. I knew Las Vegas was on the itinerary (I wish this thing had a spell check key), so I asked her to check you out. So, she caught a cab outside Caesars Palace and asked for the marble fronted sky scraper, South Decatur. And the driver blenched. "Sorry lady," he said, "We never go to Forndecatur after dark. You want sin sleaze and

substances you'll find them cheaper inside." As it happens she found none of them. She lost 21 dollars on the slots, (husband Ray won \$13 but wouldn't share.) They didn't want to know about the \$1,480,000 that they still owe Walter Himself either, and, worst of all, when she went around the tables announcing "I'm Chuch Harris's daughter, I guess I'm a **Wild Heir** heir," the croupiers invariably said, "Say Hey to old Chuchy for us," or "Hey Hey Heir, place yer bet now."

Obviously they had never heard of us. Instead of these deadbeat do-nothings sitting on my shoulders what we need is a hotshot publicist, and as it happens, my colleague, Hepzibah Snoophistle, would be happy to take you on as a client.the only problem is she needs cash in advance.....

Could my new editorial assistant manage two suitcases?

Tom Springer

I notice you, Chuch. But you must be patient. The Vegas Empire is an awful and dangerous machine, its wheels turning a convoluted assemblage of workings that not only boggles the mind, but can make one wonder, "What's with these guys?"

I've taken the time to check our inventory and the lists show no blondes. We have a preponderance of redheads, tempermental and mercurial, but they are beautiful and really know how to cook. We have more than a couple brunettes, but they all seem to have gotten married somehow, even the ones with their own bicycles. It looks like were going to have to talk about

this "underling thing" a little more.

First of all, I don't think any of us like the permanence your request for an underling implies, though a lend/lease type agreement has its possibilities. Transportation is another concern. If we were to send the appropriate underling (be it red, blonde, or brunette) we must be assured said underling receives equal time on your bike. None of this ride-on-the-handlebars crap.

None of us here at WH Central believe you to be at all racist Chuch, regardless of previous remarks and your penchant for blondes, but what's really come to my attention (and which I think has delayed your request for what we both believe you deserve, an underling) is this insistence for back pay imbursement. Our records clearly show all sums owed to you paid in full. I suggest you check your records, fill out form U4M (Underling For Me) (notice how the box next to the blonde request has been crossed out?) and reconsider your request for a second back-up bike. I believe you'll find a most excellent underling on your doorstep in no time if you allow for procedure.

Now, I've talked to those responsible in Underling Procurement and they assure me that if these minor suggestions could be, at least, dubiously followed, all will be settled to your satisfaction. And we don't mind how familiar you get with the underling and your keyboard, just be sure to remember who made it all possible when you realize how much fun it is to show her where the "ON" switch is.

Arnie Katz

Most of our redheads are temporary as well as tempermental. For all we know, they could be blondes (or purples) after the next trip to the supermarket haircare aisle.

As those who persist in readig the contents page already know, we have a new electronic address. The "Crossfire@aol.com" is stillgood for me, but I thought the fanzine needed a little piece of cyberspace to call its own.

Since a few people have asked, I should reiterate that we adore receiving letters of comment via electronic mail. We definitely do *not* against those who wish to entrust their letters to the tender mercies of the Post Office, but we're always thrilled to get egoboo over themodem.

One reason why it doesn't make too much difference is that Joyce gave me a powerful new MicroTek scanner for my birthday this year. (She gave it to me about 10 days early, just in time to help out with the finishing touches on this **Wild Heirs**).

After the usual period of hang-wring frustration ("installing your Scanner"), we can scan just about any hardcopy. Letters scan better if the print is reasonable dark and the paper is white or pastel.

Of course, we'll gladly accept a letter of comment typed on a recycled grocery bag with a 100-year-old ribbon if there is sufficient egoboo involved.

And now, before all these nuts-andbolts, boring details cause you to Lose Your Edge, our UK Editor Charles Randolph Harrius is ready to take the stage with another of his charrismatic columns.

So, what are you waiting for?



An Occasional Column

Charrisma

By Chuch Harris

20 March The good news, the bad news... the new copier has er, stopped copying. I have to go to Haydn Jake's christening, (poor little sod... a name like that and no bar mitzvah ever), at Slough on Sunday, carouse all night, drive on to Vincent's on Monday, collect the copier, hopefully get it repaired under the word of mouth guarantee, and then get it back to Vinny afterwards.

And the good news is... **The Time Approaches**, sez Dave Langford with heavy ominous chords on the soundtrack. "We have a computer for you, we have a modem, (deviously acquired at bargain US rates and shipped over by Patrick)... fleets of hard-driving fans are now being organized to bring all the equipment together for expert Langford set-up within a few more days. Nothing can stop us now!"

Yes! Yes!... and is trepidatious a word? Can you quake with expectant exhilaration? This is just like my pre-wedding stag night; I can hardly wait to get my hands on it. I'm full of anticipatory delight yet terrified that something will go wrong, bits will explode or drop off, and I'll slip through the mesh of the Net and never be heard of again.

And... decisions... decisions. Dave says I have to choose a name to preface the generix cix address, but there are millions and millions of people who all got there before I did. "Chuck" has long gone -- along with charris, charrisa, charrisb, charrisc, leaving only charrisd (loved and charrisd, but all and quandry?). the next in line.

Charrisma is still open, but may have been snapped up in the interval between then and now. Ever since Arnie Katz invented it, I thought it was just about perfect. It sounds sort of right, "a special quality or power of an individual making him capable of inspiring large numbers of people." (Do you ever feel just a little bit inspired, D?)

But if that has since been taken, maybe "Charrismatic"... communal prayer... speaking in tongues... healing, etc." (Does that mean laying on of hands? Wow! Should I think again about going to Glasgow after all?)

With so many people going on the Net each day you need to have a few alternatives available in case your first choice is already taken. We have... Chuchy, Chux, Chuxsaway (the ancient aviator?), Chuchmilitant, Churly, or even Charriscuro.

24 March. Sometimes I wonder if my liegelord Chuck, Prince of Wales, manages to read my fanwriting. Only a little while ago I was banging on about the subtle

Merde He Wrote

language differences between the US and the UK, and Lo! here is HRH edging into the act and pronouncing against the threat to Proper English

as he launches a campaign to preserve the language as a world leader. He described American English (tsk, tsk), as Very Corrupting. "We must ensure that English English maintains its position as the world language well into the next century."

And that's not all. He went further with his view of the American influence. "People tend to invent all sort of nouns and verbs and make words that shouldn't be I think we have to be a bit careful, otherwise the whole thing can get rather a mess."

So there you are. Let's have no more of this gosh-wowoboyoboy stuff, and cut out that nasty seditious sneering about second generation Greeks with a touch of the old Saxe Coburgs. Remember asshole is a pit into which donkeys fall; arsehole with an R is the fundamental (and you can say that again,) English English PC spelling and pfui to Saul Bellow, Scott Fitzgerald, Salinger and Tom Wolfe who are no more than johnny come-latelys intent on debasing our heritage.

(And, whilst we are about it, remember, this is English English, and you'd better drop all that Robbie Burns stuff about giftie gie us and the rest of his Hieland nonsense. So there.)

Now, all right, I know I have had a 50-year vendetta with the House of Windsor ever since Lieut Mountbatten -- as he was before he got married and became a Royal Admiral -- decided my perfectly ordinary haircut was no more than baby dreadlocks and a disgrace to my uniform that could only be expunged by doubling away smartly around the circumference of the parade ground holding my .303 Lee-Enfield at arm's length, but language is not a static artform: there is a continual flux of new words being added and old ones being dropped. For example, "Fanzine" made it to the OED years ago: "rapparee" (a 17th century Irish irregular soldier, plunderer, robber), is now unused, obsolete and unheard, (possibly because 17th century Irish irregulars were all deservedly hung drawn and quartered long ago -- apart from those still engaged in turning out Sector General sequels.)

"Modem," "hamburger," Dixie... (Altho when I told Leeh a couple of weeks ago that it came from the word "dix" printed on Confederate \$10 bills, like wot it said in *The Reader's Digest*, I was promptly shot down as a limey ignoramus, because it was in use long long before that) are all enhancements to a living language... along with "oyster" -- a fairly recent Australian addition for male impotence caused by alcohol -- as

in "Trying to put an oyster in a parking meter."

I know meanings tend to change over the years and between our countries, but surely this is one of the joys of a shared language. When prissy prudish Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote to a friend whilst she was on honeymoon in 1846, "After two months of uninterrupted intercourse, he loves me better each day -- and my health improves too!" She almost certainly intended no sexual connotation. Robert was no stud... and anyway it was another 50 years before Tom Malthus popularised intercourse as a synonym for coitus.

Brit kids -- at least Brit kids of my generation -- giggled at recitations of Kubla Khan "As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing" -- a line which would pass unnoticed in the US where "pants" does not mean male undergarments.

I loved Kubla Khan and would have definitely written it myself if I hadn't already decided that I'd prefer later immortality with "More Than Human". And whilst we are about it, I still wonder sometimes if perhaps ERB got the seed-idea for the Pellucidar series from it... "where Alph the sacred river ran, thru caverns unbeknown to man. Down to a sunless sea." I'll have to remember to ask Vincent about this: he knows everything, of course...

27 March.... except when he's going to get the copier back. After the christening of young Haydn -- who hollered marvellously as the Devil was cast out, (altho I was near to weeping too, after six hymns, a collect, a Collection (I loved watching the churchwarden as he passed around his offertory plate. Small denomination coinage was frowned at, but ah! the big big smile and the deferential nod for the high rollers with folding money.), a big sermon, a medium sermon, Holy Communion with even tiny children from the Wolf Cubs and the Brownies taking the sacrament, as well as the usual hordes of religious maniacs and ten zillion prayers (the pious people up in the front stalls had hassocks but late arrivals up the back end did penance on the bare floorboards.). Except me. I stayed seated but inclined the torso and lowered the head, --- not thru mortal fear of God, but thru mortal fear of Sue who would have been Very Cross indeed if I'd Showed Her Up in front of the congregation. Around here, sitting upright during prayers is as bad a sin as holding up a placard saying "RUBBISH! when vicar elevates the Host.

I would never go voluntarily, but in a way I quite enjoy church as a sort of spectacle rather than a religious experience. It was fun watching the vicar, a born again poseur, continually raising his eyes heavenwards and his arms out to shoulder height so that his cape (cope?) billowed out behind him like Superman's, and every few minutes, swirled beautifully when he spun on his heel; Akela, the Cub Scout leader who grinned back at me when she cuffed one cub who was playing up; the Singalese auntie and godmother of Haydn Jake who, alone from our 30 strong party of the goddess, pushed her way thru and went up to the altar for communion.

And Jason, four year old brother of Haydn who, when we at last got to the Grand Finale around the font, listened enraptured to the Vicar proclaiming that

we must help Haydn fight against Evil. Apparently Lord Evial is the ET adversary in his favourite Power Breakers TV programme. As soon as we were out, he was anxious to help his brother in the fight... but they were only little and could they wait a bit, Mom?

(And all that was supposed to be a single connecting paragraph. Onward, ever onward via the M25 to Vincent's.) The copier seems heavier every time I see it, but Vincent, sensibly, had recruited his next door neighbour to help get it down the steps and into the car. We were running late -- the M25 is a terrible terrible road, and I don't give a damn what Joseph Nicholas says. The sooner they expand the worse bottlenecks up to 14 lanes the better I shall like it. See Joseph's heavily edited denunciation in our next thrilling issue. (And probably Judith's too if she's back from Oz in time) -- so, pausing only to confiscate the Robert Conquest "Abominations of Moab" that he'd just bought, and reject the hugely expensive *SF Encyclopedia* that he'd offered to lend me. I'm too busy to read it just now, (and he's still pissed off about his scanty mention in it SMH), and besides I'm beginning to suffer guilt pangs about stealing his books -- even if we both continue the pretence of "long loans" -- when he cuts down on virtually everything else so that he can buy them. Buying books is a sort of disease with him, and I hope to Christ it isn't infectious.

4 April. Blue Beanie Day. I am in the deep shit and Sue is going to leave me forever. And for why????...

The copier is such a damn great bulky thing that it seemed sensible to leave it in the car, but Sue needs the space tomorrow because she is taking three other Staverton ladies and their mountain of clubs, trolleys, bags, umbrellas, and posh outfits to wear for the prize-giving and nosh-up after the Harlestone Open.

No problem. Sean, home from body-building class at the gym, puts on his special weight-lifter's belt which stops his guts falling out onto the pavement, hoists the thing out of the boot, grunts just like they do on TV and staggers off with it.

It's a cumbersome ungainly thing and halfway through the door he changes his grip so the copier is vertical rather than horizontal

And...Ghod save us....all the horrible black toner powder comes out of the machine, down Sean's legs and onto the sage green carpet in the front room. This is the very best room. The sanctum sanctorum where we entertain visiting golf people with our best china teacups and little chocolate biscuits. It couldn't have happened in a worse spot. There was a lot of powder. It was like little heaps of black soot all over the place. Vincent had just fitted a new cartridge before I collected it -- enough for 4,000 copies....and it certainly looked it.

Sue did not scream. She did not yell, or swear, or rage. "I am going to leave you," she said. "I am going away and I do not want to see you for several years, and quite possibly never."

So I said, "Sorry, dear. It really was an accident."

And Sue said, "I never for one moment imagined you did it deliberately, but are you both certifiable idiots? Jesus Christ Almighty! I told you to put down

dustsheets before you brought it in. Sean, **do not move**. Undress carefully from the waist down and throw your clothes out of the window. Do not dare tread in any of it. Get the vacuum cleaners, fit the brush extensions and try to lift the damn stuff off the carpet without rubbing it into the pile. And, I kid you not, make sure you do a very good job indeed because if there's one solitary speck left afterwards the carpet replacement man will be here tomorrow and you two will split the bill between you."

I thought of a really hilarious reply -- how would you know about specks if you've left us for several years, hmm? -- but I thought perhaps discretion was indicated, so I said, "Yes dear. Right away, my darling."

And she said, "And don't forget to get Vincent a toner cartridge to replace the one lying on my lovely carpet in nasty little black heaps either."

And I said, "Yes dear, of course dear. Tomorrow morning dear."

And she said, "Grrr."

Sean, who was more concerned about toner in his pubic hair than anything else -- he spends all his money on gym fees and pliable complaisant women, (you can now tell his current girlfriend by the black spot on her nose), and would never have a penny left over for new carpet anyway -- was off to the gym with a hug and a kiss and I love you Mum, leaving me to clean up.

5th April. I think it's okay, but there is one sort of smudge left, but it isn't very noticeable -- especially if we re-position the sofa by about six inches.

Assuming that this passes tonight's after-golf inspection I'd be grateful if visiting firemen among the vast circulation, *Don't* make helpful remarks about blackspots, black holes, blots on the landscape, or any other bloody whimsicalities. I like living here. I'm all for domestic harmony and nice dinners. Thank you.

And I've promised Sue that I'll take the machine back to Vincent on Saturday and never darken her doors (let alone her carpet) with one again.

The Glorious First of May. Today's The Day. We dropped Samantha and her husband at London Airport -- the worst traffic chaos I've ever experienced -- and then down the motorway to Reading where Dave was ready for me with the new compouter. This is the direct result of Patrick's astonishingly perceptive idea that I would be an asset to the Internet. My tiny Amstrad wasn't at all suitable, but all sorts of people, some of them friends and some of them people I'd never once corresponded with, ---gave enough money to get me a much more powerful computer and pay entry fees to the Net and everything. I refused of course. I am unworthy and would never cope with it, and am far too old... and then promptly changed my mind and accepted before anyone else could get their hands on it.

It's years and years since I was last at Reading, -- the 100' high conifer in the front garden was no more than a twig at the time -- and Vincent and I slavered over the bookshelves in the library upstairs, whilst Arfer was out in the back garden with the pot party.

(No booze, no funny tobacco whilst I'm driving everyone home, thank you.)

Anyway, I'd forgotten that London Road was actually the A4 -- the main gateway to the West before they built the M4 motorway -- and that it forks at the "Jack of Both Sides" pub just a couple of hundred yards before Dave's house. We took the left fork --and overshot the house.

No worries, easy U-turn... big wide road, no problem.

And then, the lights at the fork changed to green and a veritabobble avalanche of cars and trucks and christ knows what else hurtled down towards us. Unknown to me the road had changed at the fork from a dual to a single carriageway, and I was driving the wrong way down it.

There were a million horns hooting fit to wake the dead, every headlight in the world flashing at me, all those imperturbable Brit drivers, red with rage and halfway out of their windows, screaming "gerroff the fucking road you great stupid bastard", with my lovely wife, clutching her St Christopher medal, joined in the chorus.

So I gerroff the fucking road right sharpish... into someone's private driveway, placating smile at the astonished householder, reverse out facing the right direction, off into the back streets searching for parking space, and then on foot to chez Langford.

Dave was out, stocking up Coke for Avedon who was expected at any moment, but Hazel was ready with kind words and strong tea, and then, all at once, Dave arrived, Avedon arrived, and in the front room, just like Christmas were all the prezzies spread out on the table for me.

All for me!

You won't know what the hell I am talking about, but I can't miss a chance to impress you, ---an IBM PC with a 386DX/33 processor, (*lots* faster and more powerful than my old Amstrad PCW), 4 megabytes of RAM (eight times as much memory at the Amstrad), and a 70-megabyte internal hard disk (about 100 times the capacity of an Amstrad floppy disk.)

This is the real Grown Up computer that they promised me to replace my Amstrad toy. Just below the screen its previous owner has christened it -- in beautiful calligraphy -- "Vanilla." Avedon, --who knows about these things, sez it is argot and means a "straight" er, "fuck & suck" gentleman lacking only in deviant exotica, and certainly not a Haagen Daz athlete. That's fine by me. (I wanted to ask her what a rum and raisin might be, but I was frightened she would tell me. And besides, she had come all the way by train (because I was too chicken to drive across London and fetch her from East Ham), to teach me new computing skills, and definitely not to improve my vocabulary or my sense of wonder.)

And that's not all. There was a telephone directory-sized manual -- *Windows For Dummies*, a modem from Patrick buried deep inside the machine, a box of bits, that I still haven't opened, marked FAX, a dozen spare ribbons, a cheque to cover cix membership for a loong time, a spare compatible printer that was a personal gift from Dave -- and a casket holding a dozen daisywheels to fit it and, most important a twenty page

primer "Cyberchuch Notes Specially prepared for Charles Randolph Harris to ease his path on to the Information Superhighway."

Avedon -- I have never known her so patient! -- backed up by Dave, spent the whole day teaching me the basics, familiarising me with the keyboard, and mouse manipulation, going over the same point time and again until I finally, dimly, began to grasp it. (I am not "good with computers" and this is compounded by my deafness which means that every single word of instruction has to be written down.)

It was a long day, broken only by a pub break, for teachers and pupil, but finally we decided I had some inkling of the basics and it was time to go home. We packed all the gear in the car and with Sue driving and Avedon guiding we set off for the railway station so that Avedon could start back to East Ham.

Now, even apart from the horrific traffic and discourteous drivers, Reading is an odd town. The station -- which we only saw briefly -- was more like a posh car park. There were acres of fancy tiling, but no trains, no platforms, no nuffink. Avedon was reassuring about it and went off happily but I still dunno. I said to Sue, in my best French accent, "C'est magnifique, mais il n'est pas le gare," and she said, "Copyright Walter Himself, April 1902." ("A.D.")

7 May. I was a little nervous, (he was terrified! SMH),



when Dave had taken everything apart and packed it into boxes, but **Cyberchuch Notes** had a full page of assemble instructions and there were no real problems. All the myriad plug sockets (all eight of them. SMH), are different patterns so you can't shove the wrong plug into the wrong socket -- but you still get an enormous surge of achievement when you finally turn the power on and the whole thing lights up -- in glorious technicolor too -- none of that old Amstrad black and white -- for all the world like the control panel of SS Enterprise. We turn the pages... Composing Electronic Mail... Reading Mail and Messages... The Ameol Toolbar... and hesitantly tap out joyful greetings to Geri, Joyce Katz, Avedon, Patrick and Dave. I hit the "Send" key. Nothing happens. Panic! Phone Dave. Phone Avedon, Pray. Read the notes again. Remember Dave's warning about loose connections, push in errant plug real tight...

And Bliss! I was finally Online as us aficionados keep on saying.

I never did see the messages again and I've no idea if they were ever received or whether they are still whizzing around in cyberspace, but at least I can now send and receive.

And so another door opens for me. The Internet is fascinating, addictive and a lot of fun. And, even more important, it's an absolute boon for deaf people with understandable printed words squishing down a phone line onto my screen rather than unheard sounds. I doubt if it will ever replace the ordinary fanzine, but it is a truly marvellous supplement. I've only had it a couple of weeks and I am already wondering how I ever got along without it.

I've been very fortunate. I could never have managed this at all without the **Cyberchuch Notes**, or Dave, Avedon, Patrick and a whole raft of people, including some that were no more than names to me previously, who helped make all this possible for me with their time, their expertise and their money. I only hope they all think it worthwhile when I really get going on the Net.

16 May. So I was sitting there chomping away on my Shredded Wheat and trying to read the paper when Sue said "Look! Look!" and I turned round and there was Avedon on Breakfast TV. This was the Kiljoy programme and this week's topic was (I think) sex and porn. (It usually is.) She had just said her piece and I never did find out what it was about, but she was followed by some boastful old lecher of about 80 who is evidently a ten times a day performer and inordinately proud of it. Sue was amazed. Here am I, well into my Old Age Pension and billed (by some unknown hand) as "Chuch Harris -- sexual athlete" on the Internet address listings, but I still rate only minus-minus compared with this old grandad. He was going on and on and on about his dedication and workload, but in the end Kilroy, who is even younger than me, lost patience and walked off with the microphone leaving the geriatric stud mouthing inaudibly in the background. A pity. Sue wanted to find out what medication he was using. I must remember to ask Avedon if she happened to hear him.



"Arrgh, Jimmy! Who put the sand in the vasoline?
It's going to be a rough passage!"
-- drunken Scottish saying

Weeks before Corflu was to become a reality for me I began to accelerate the production of my fanzine, secretly holding close to my heart the hope of having **Brodie #3** finished in time to hand out at Corflu. Putting anything together on my nine year old Macintosh SE is a chore. Thirty-two pages was really more than I was prepared for, but I'm the ambitious sort and had the bit firmly between my teeth.

Two days before Corflu I *made* myself believe that **Brodie** was close to completion, ignoring any and all signs that said otherwise. I just had to type up a quick editorial, print out my letter column and my twelve page piece about my criminal friend, pick out some illos, do the layout, find a cover, then deliver the whole thing to Kinkos, pick it up for collation and stapling, then, WA-LA! - **Brodie #3** would be born! I had blindfolded myself and could only dream of the egoboo I might receive when I passed my fanzine out during the convention.

I tried to coordinate my publishing endeavors at times when I thought many fans might be resting, and found myself working on **Brodie** at unusual hours, doing what needed doing, and frantic that I might be

Fancies of Egoboo

At the con with Tom Springer

missing out on some great going-ons at the Plaza. I couldn't bring myself to hold off on **Brodie** until after Corflu (even when I was right in the middle of it, thinking I'd never get it done), figuring Corflu is an excellent (if not the best time) to pass out a fanzine. It's a fanned convention for Ghod's sake! I wouldn't have felt right if I couldn't hand **Brodie** out to some people.

In the beginning I dreamed of a large stack of pristine **Brodies** dominating the Free Fanzine Table, available to everyone on that first frenetic day when it seemed all the best stuff to be found is laid out on the FFT for the circling zine-hungry faneds. Deep down inside I was probably working on some sort of camouflage angle, but I'm a brave sort of lad (did I mention ambitious?) and I thought **Brodie** might be noticed among all the other fanzines and conbids. At the very least because it looked so -- neolish.

Late Wednesday night I found myself sketching out little niches of time throughout the next couple of days when I could work on my zine, but I didn't take into account the huge lump of time and energy the Katz's Pre-Corflu Kick-off Party would consume.

I arrived at the Katz's around 3:30pm on Thursday afternoon, ready to meet those many fans I've seen in the fanzines, eat, drink, be merry, and provide the occasional ride. Before my first trip out (which I managed to delay until close to 5:30pm) I met, for the first real time, Jerry Kaufman, Moshe Feder, Andy Hooper, Shelby Vick, Dan Steffan, and a myriad assortment of other fen whose names escape me at the moment.

Inevitably I was asked to provide taxi service. Several times before I had a handy excuse, but being plain all out (and knowing I was going to pick Ted White up, well...) My mission, which I chose to accept, was to pick up Ted, his wife Linda, and their kids; no

problem in my Rodeo. A quick chat with Ted on the phone set up our rendezvous. I remember that someone needed a ride back for their medicine, but I was in such a state that I never discovered who needed the lift. No bodies were recovered Friday morning so I can only assume that person got their ride. Sorry about that, who ever you are.

A short time later I found myself pulling into the circular drive in front of the Plaza. Ben Wilson was there to point me out to Ted (I knew what Ted looked like from Silvercon 3 but he couldn't possibly have remembered me.) Ted and family piled in and off we went.

Now, unless Ted had a bit of the lemming in him and was going to lead his family in a planned jump from my moving car, I had him for a good fifteen to twenty minutes.

I couldn't help but goshwow over his reviews in **Habakkuk**. I asked him if the general response he was receiving was acceptable to him. After exploring the topic a bit more it was decided that people might not be used to such a subjective review that wasn't just "so nice" all the time (like many fanzines of today.) I told him that I hoped he would continue his reviews without change, and he said he would. He said he had a surprise for the readers of the next issue who thought Ted White was being too harsh. I could spill the beans, I actually know what the surprise is, but I've been sworn to secrecy, you know, blood oath and all that.

I told him I really enjoyed **BLAT**, and no, I hadn't read the last ish. Upon hearing that he graciously offered me one from his room upon our return to the Plaza. I was quick to jump on this, and as my reward I have a pristine copy of **BLAT #4** and it's accompanying **BLAT Archive** issue, **Syndrome #5**.

In our last minutes together I told Ted and Linda how Ted's mere presence in my vehicle had considerably raised my status before the eyes of my Vegas peers. I asked Ted if it would be okay for me to lord it over the Vegrants, he nodded in what I took to be the affirmative, a small smile on his wise faannish face (which I secretly believed was also his benediction) as we pulled into the Katz's drive.

This momentous occasion in my life birthed a somewhat competitive-like reflex in me that I soon began practicing. I found myself cruising Corflu the rest of the weekend, looking for BNF's who needed a ride, to anywhere, just so I could claim bragging rights over my less ambitious peers. I would clean my seats every morning, set fresh donuts on the dash and provide worthy beverages and smokables to anyone of sufficient stature to satisfy my craving.

Now that Corflu is over I find myself offering rides to Arnie and Joyce whenever the mood strikes me. They inform me they have their own car but they neglect to consider the historical importance of my vehicle in regards to who has graced my gray-clothed bucket seats with their behinds. I've even gone so far as to replace the donuts. But they continue to deny me, smugly stating that their entire house had been inundated by fannish legends and BNF's, and that my car is only a transitory and unimportant site where fannish buttocks may have only temporarily rested.

(They reveled in that word "temporary", hinting around the name of a certain fan they had in suspended animation in one of their back rooms.)

I've resigned myself to the fact that I won't have the same opportunity again to have so many real-live fans ride with me in my car, conversing about things fannish, and eating my donuts. But, I've also found a way to keep this compulsive coup-counting alive. Once a week I gift myself with the company of someone's fanzine, a symbolic representation so to speak. I still get the vicarious thrill of having a BNF (and in some cases even several) ride with me, stapled together and seat-belted in, providing me with fannishly amusing thoughts as I cruise the streets of Las Vegas. It also saves on the donuts.

Having finally returned to the apartment after some five ferry trips, sometime around 3:00am Friday morning, **Brodie** still unfinished, I realized I wasn't going to make it in time for the Free Fanzine Table Fantasy I'd been nursing. ...Crap.

I was also unprepared for the unexpected fatigue. I consoled myself with a stale beer, and as I slowly drifted off to sleep, I saw the hazy image of myself passing **Brodie** out to the curious and celebratory fen in the consuites Saturday night, the fuzzy picture (I was falling asleep) of neoish dedication. Before unconsciously spilling my half finished beer to seep into bedsheets and mattress, I decided to do a lump of work Friday night, and finish off the rest Saturday morning, and late that afternoon deliver the finished product to Kinkos. But, as I was to later discover, I was dreaming.

The official first night of Corflu Vegas, Friday night, met all my neoish expectations and was a grand time indeed. A wonderful merry-go-round of talking, smoking, eating, and drinking. I remember several forays from the ASS for supplies and sweets, then wandering the consuites aglow with neoish wonder.

I would float into a room, nibble something, say hello to someone, talk a while, grab a drink, nibble some more, then move on to listen in on whatever group of fen happened to be exercising their gray matter in the hallway. Eventually Arnie, Joyce, JoHn, or someone, would sidle by and inform me of an impending sidebar, then we'd all scuttle down the hall to the ASS to repeat the cycle.

Sometime into the third cycle of the night, wandering about Corflu as I was wont to do, I bumped into Andy Hooper - fortunately there was no one between us.

Andy looked at me as if for the first time. "Do you play poker?" he asked me.

"Sure do," I answered, already realizing the game was afoot.

"Wanna play in a game I'm getting together?" he asked, eyes furtive and anxious. This was serious business.

"When and where?" I queried.

"Midnight, my room, quarter ante," he slipped me a piece of paper with the room number scrawled upon it. "Bring your money," and he was gone.

As quickly as that I'd been conscripted. A Corflu Poker Game. Wow, I felt almost honored, if it wasn't

for the nagging suspicion that Andy was looking for some marks, er, beginners. I'd heard about these things. A secret gathering of friendly predators fans bent upon separating each other from their money. My kind of people!

After a quick sidebar in the ASS I mosied down to the casino to grab a couple rolls of quarters for the game - when who should I happen to bump into? Again? The change-girl adroitly stepped out from between us, but her cart was pretty much flattened. Andy and I stepped back to let the mangled remains clang to the floor.

"Caught you running out on me, eh?" he asked me, eyes accusing.

I was mortified. "No, I'm just getting some quarters for the game!"

He stared at me.

"Really. Honest."

"Oh," he said, "me too."

We left the remains of the cart and its dexterous owner as we walked over to a change booth. I cashed in for twenty bucks, Andy for eighty, explaining the other players might not have our foresight.

"So, who else is playing," I asked, as we plowed our way through the casino crowd to the elevators.

"Jack Hanagan, Richard Brandt," he flung at me over his shoulder, "you, me, and we need two more"

"Do you have enough chairs?" I questioned.

"Uh, no, um, we don't," he said, looking a little guilty.

"Well, let's grab this stool," I said, as we stopped at the last row of slot machines right before the elevator.

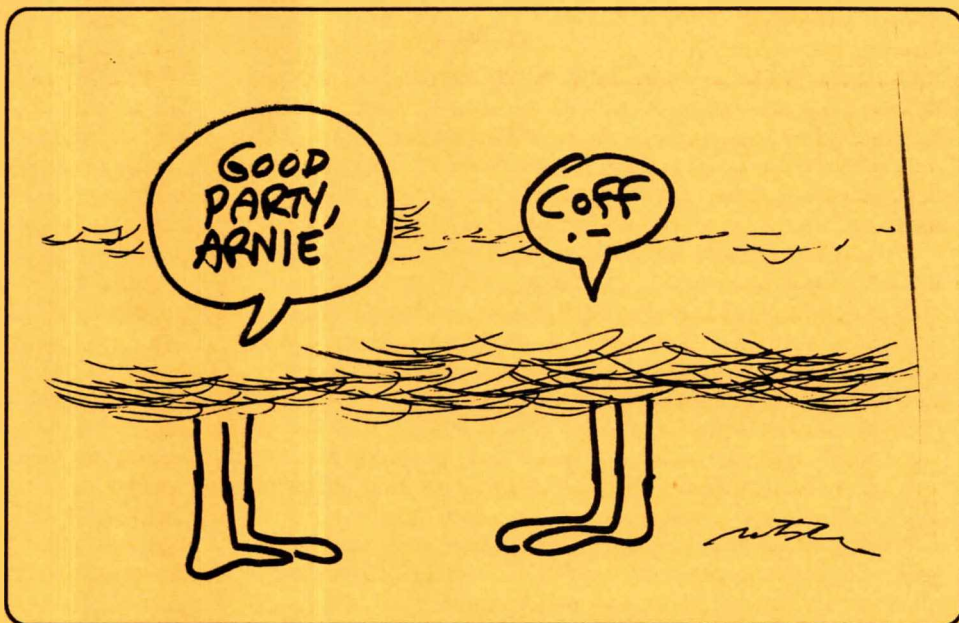
"Won't we get in trouble?"

This is where I was able to bring my four years as a Las Vegas resident and my considerable knowledge of hotel casinos to bear, totally confident in my response to his question.

"No."

We grabbed the stool and dashed into the elevator. We had a poker game to attend. The time between that elevator ride to the twenty-third floor with Andy, to when we finally seated ourselves in his room is a little blurry. Another fan was supposed to join us, but she pleaded fatigue and we let her sleep. We made a quick circuit of the consuites, discreetly asking about for interested parties, and glomming a couple more unused chairs for the game. We ended up parading down to his floor, chairs and players in tow, and invaded his room.

Andy had seated himself to my right upon the stool, taking the slight psychological advantage of heighth, with the possible bonus of card-peekage if anyone held their hand too low. From there he commanded the game. (Seeing as how he was the one to get the game together I believed him to be, at the very least, an accomplished player.) JoHn Hardin sat to my left (I'd seen him play before and he didn't really worry me.) Jack Speer sat to JoHn's left. (Jack's been around. I've found that with many poker players, the older they get, the better they get. I thought Jack



might be pretty good.) To Jack's left was Richard Brandt (I'd heard just a very few stories about him, and he was supposed to be pretty sharp.) To Richard's left sat Jack Hanagan (who exuded poker from his very pores. I reminded myself to watch him.)

We established the house rules, basic poker rules that nobody had trouble following or remembering. Our betting was quarter ante, fifty cents max bet, with a three raise limit. We all agreed to the preliminaries and soon found ourselves with our first hand.

The first two or three games started slow as we warmed up to each other. Andy began betting heavy immediately, just to get things going. He talked it up a little as well. I think he won the first and/or second hand by scaring everyone off, but we began to really play as the deck was passed to the left after every deal, allowing a variety of games to be called. Very quickly things began to speed up.

After the fifth or sixth hand I noticed that JoHn, Jack, Richard (not so much Jack H.), were all conservative bettors, while Andy and I were more likely to try a bluff, or a big bet, just to add more loot to the pot. Andy and Jack H. took the early money. My worst beat was to Andy, during some wildcard game in which he beat my flush with a fullhouse. We had both bet heavily on our hands, moving the rest of the players to fold, and by the fifth card (it was a seven card game) Andy and I were raising each other to the max three-raise-limit. That pot gave him a pretty good cushion for the rest of the night.

JoHn had a few good hands but was unfamiliar with some of the games. Richard and Jack H. were both conservative players, only betting on possibles or pairs the first three cards (most of our games were seven card stud games), and rarely chasing a flush or straight. They managed to stay even most of the time, though Jack H. edged up and down more (I think) because he liked to play.

I was down to my last roll of quarters when Jack H. called seven card high-low with the lowest down card in your hand wild. Both my down cards were aces. My

up card was an ace too. One of my cards dealt up was a King. My last card, dealt down, was a nine. My four Kings beat Andy's four Jacks. It was sweet. That hand brought me back to a good bit over even. It must have turned out to be a sixteen dollar pot. Not bad for quarter ante.

We were now moving along at a pretty good clip. We had loosened up and the table chatter insured everyone was having a good time. Andy and I gabbed the most, but that seems to be our playing style. JoHn and Jack H. were quick with the one-liners and Richard was an intense but enjoyable player. But Jack Speer was the best.

Jack Speer was smiling the whole time. Gracious, amusing, fun, and he didn't win a hand the entire night. Not once did he have a winning poker hand. Jack was a careful bettor, but what can you do when Lady Luck's turned into a bitch? He lost his money slowly, but he did it with grace, humor, and an elan which describes Jack as a consummate gentleman. He can lose his money to me any time. (Of course, cynic and neofan that I am, I harbor the belief that Jack lost on purpose, trufan that he is, to insure our good time.)

Carrie joined us later on in the game, a beautiful and gracious hostess who didn't seem to mind much that Andy had invited us over to his room for the poker

Friday night turned into early Saturday morning, 3:30am to be exact. While my letter column slowly burped out of the printer (and my girlfriend blissfully slept), I was roughing out my editorial. Not quite done, I returned to the Plaza around a quarter to five, slept five hours, went back to the apartment, finished my editorial, did some proofing, layout, and printing, then scooted back to the Plaza.

I was to partake in the Fannish Feud and thought the entire proceedings would be more tolerable if I crogged my greep, so I headed to the ASS and enjoyed the company of the Falls Church Team for an hour or so before we headed down to feud. (We had worked ourselves into a frenzy by being nice to each other.) Having disabled their buzzer to prevent the Falls Church Team the chance to answer by ringing their glass with their spoon (thereby alerting Arnie they had the answer), the NLE Boys made an incredible come from behind victory with the aid of a suspicious scoring system and JoHn Hardin's quick but humble skill with Team Church's spoon. Soon after, I abducted Tammy and made my way back to our apartment for a little finishing-up and printing.

I forgot how slowly my printer printed. It took over an hour to print out a twelve page piece, longer than I planned. It did gave me time to raid my newly acquired **Rotsler-Gilliland Sampler Portfolio** for art,

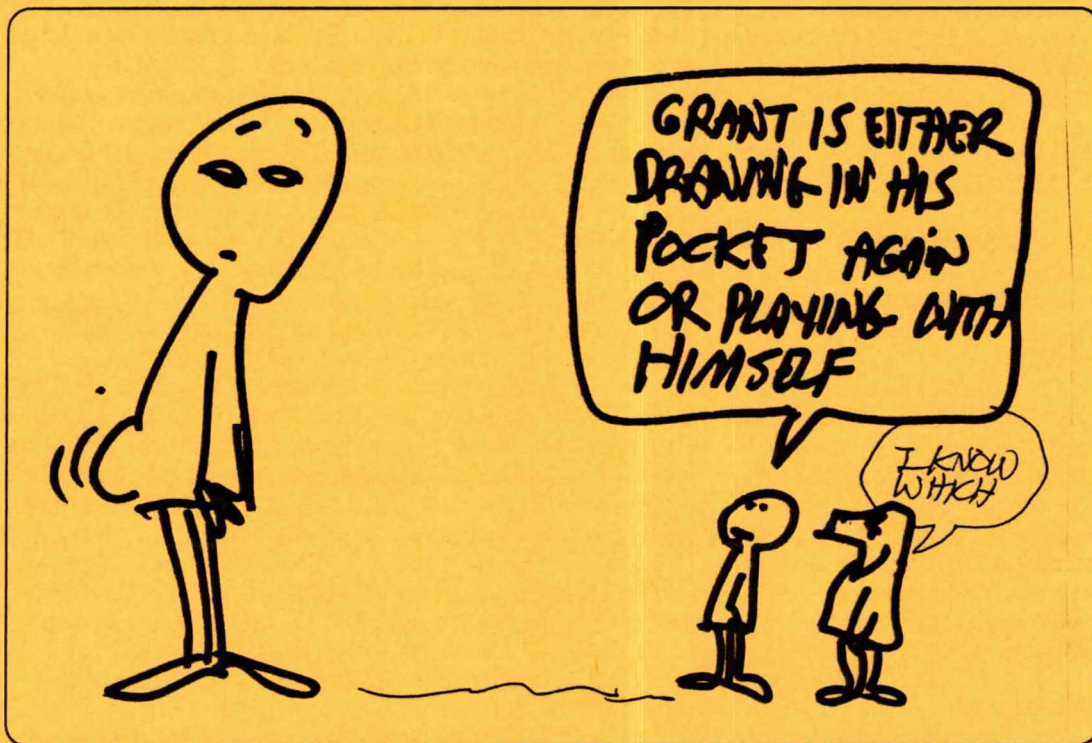
that I nabbed at the FFT sometime early Friday.

From 3:30pm to 6:00pm, I worked. Finally having figured out a cover (thanks Rotsler), and still cutting and pasting (but getting closer all the time), I was beginning to think my Saturday night fantasy might come true. With everything done Tammy and I jetted over to Kinkos for the final phase.

(Where, after that long birthing voyage of creation, fanzines are broken apart on the uncaring rocks found along its jagged shore.)

I was told it couldn't be done until Sunday morning.

"Sunday morning?!" I cried, "Why, that's a day after Saturday! What



game. We played for a good two hours, maybe a little longer, and I don't think anyone had a bad time, even Jack Speer. I think he was the big loser that night, though ten or fifteen bucks isn't very 'big'. Richard, I think, came out even or close to it. Jack H. came out a little ahead, I believe. JoHn was down around six bucks, I was up a few, and I think Andy came out the best. It was a fine game and a wonderful time, and an opportunity I'll never pass up. Thanks for the game, Andy!

about later tonight?"

"Nope, sorry. Tonight's impossible," the guy behind the counter said, "we're booked solid. But we can have it ready for you Sunday morning..."

Tammy held me close, comforting me, and keeping at bay the dark shadow of despair that was threatening to overwhelm me. Now, I could have tried other copy stores (and probably should have), but yet another one of my egoboo dreams had been dissipated, and though I was on the verge of complete

despondency (really), I was also eager for the evening's festivities to begin. It was a little past 6:30pm and I wanted to take Tammy to dinner, fuel up so to speak, then party the rest of the night. Running about looking for a more accommodating copy store just didn't fit into the evening's plans. Besides, Tammy promised she'd comfort me back at the Plaza.

"When?" I asked dejectedly.

"9:00am," the guy said.

"9:00am?" I asked dejectedly.

"9:00am," I was assured.

Sunday morning it was. So much for my Saturday night hand-out fantasy. Back in the car Tammy had already begun to comfort me, I swerved a little, and the idea of passing out **Brodie** during the Banquet formed in my distracted skull. I saw myself gliding from table to table, a thick stack of **Brodies** cradled in one arm (cutting quite a figure, I must say), delightfully surprising the happy fen with my zine as they dined. (I'd never been to a Banquet so didn't know if it was at all possible, but I was dreaming, Tammy was comforting me, and it seemed a fine idea at the time.) Reluctantly (and with my head in the clouds once again) I decided Sunday morning would be a splendid time to pass out **Brodie**.

Corflu Vegas. Saturday night. Tenish.

From our room on the sixteenth floor, Tammy and I made our way to the consuites for a pizza feast we saw scheduled on the program for that evening. Upon our arrival Aileen and Ken (the Formans) said response to the idea was lacking so they had decided against any pizza. Tammy and I plucked the remains of some delicious chicken wings from a nearby wok while listening to this disappointing news. It's not like there wasn't enough food, but a pizza craving had set upon us earlier in the evening (we'd skipped dinner for a serious bout of comforting) and there was no shaking it. We saw the program and had made it our mission to descend upon the pizza feast with a hunger befitting the idea of feasting. No pizza. Well!

Being the actfan that I am (they don't call me Mr. Enthusiasm for nothing), I grabbed a nearby phone (really in the next room and not nearby at all), and began scanning through the yellow pages for possible pizza places. During this time (no one seemed to deliver to the Plaza, much less know where it was) I met Mike McInerney. We sat on the bed together while I tried pizza place after pizza place, talking about movies, the Oscars, and what really deserved what, as far as we were concerned. Mike touted the "Shawshank Redemption" while I groused about how I hated the Oscars to begin with. I finally discovered that New York Pizza would deliver, placed a conservative order of four pizzas (though knowing deep down in my heart that four wouldn't be enough) well, I figured, it would be quite a display of slice-snatching and pizza-pinching. Let the skilled gorge themselves on pepperoni and cheese. Survival of the fittest.

Having placed the order I excused myself from Mike's pleasant company and went in search of Joyce (telling Tammy I'd be back in a moment) to advise her about the unplanned pizza purchase. At this time, having cornered her in one of the consuites, we had

begun to notice the conversational ripples of "bheer, we want bheer" floating down the hall and through the consuites.

"We want bheer," a thirsty fan with a beard and glasses said.

"Yeah," another piped in, "or we'll start touting you for a Worldcon."

Joyce recognized the danger of thirsty fen and suggested a quick bheer run to the Holy Cow. Now, we only planned for one run, Burbee's Bheer Bash Sunday afternoon, but it was Saturday night and the fen, mouths dry and throats parched, were understandably thirsty for the good stuff. They wanted bheer with a little color. A little character. Bheer that made you say, "Hey, I'm drunk!" Bheer that stained.

Somewhere along the way I said goodbye to my lover and recruited JoHn Hardin (not a fair trade but JoHn can lift more), and together we decided it would be nice if we could find an out-of-town fan to accompany us (in the interest of out-of-town fan relations, and because we wanted one more person to help carry.) Crossing the concourse towards the parking garage, after being turned down only a time or two, who should happen to come along? Why, Mike McInerney!

"Hello Mike!" I said, "Whatchya doin?"

"Went up to my room to change," he answered, sipping a firmly gripped beer.

"Want to come with us?" JoHn asked, "We're going on a beer run."

"Yeah," I chimed in, "and we'd like to bring an out of town fan with us."

"In the interest of out-of-town fan relations," JoHn supplied.

"And my, don't you have strong looking arms?" I said.

Mike took another sip and looked us up and down with an inebriated and semi-critical eye, "You need help carrying the beer," he said.

"That too," JoHn said.

(Having spent, Ghu only knows how much time in his car with his wife, driving from San Francisco to Vegas, I'm sure Mike was thinking, "Fuck, I don't want to go with these guys and help carry bheer. I want to go see my friends.")

"Sure," he shrugged, "it sounds like a good thing to do."

"We're going to the Holy Cow, it's just down the street," I said, as we started for the parking garage. "We'll have a couple as they fill our order."

"Okay," Mike said around another gulp from his can.

By the time we arrived at the top floor of the parking garage where I parked, I realized that I'd left my keys in my room. JoHn and Mike wandered about for more than a few minutes, but I was back in less than ten. Armed with a fully comprehensive understanding of "The More Bheer The Better" (a motto shared by the three of us), and with the warm knowledge that we were doing a good thing tucked near our hearts, we boarded my Rodeo and fastened our seatbelts.

I made short work of the parking garage and zipped

down the Strip to the Holy Cow in no time at all. We placed our order for eleven half-gallon jugs of their beer (they had Guinness and such on tap but would only sell their own micro-brewed beer.) We decided on four red ales, four pale ales, and three wheat beers. It took a while to fill up eleven half-gallon jugs so we settled in for a pint or two and toasted ourselves with a deserved "well done."

"What did you get again?" JoHn asked Mike.

"Their red ale," he answered, lifting his pint for a sip.

"How 'bout you?" I asked JoHn.

"I got the Boston Red," he said.

"Can I taste that?" Mike asked, offering his for a taste in return.

"Sure," JoHn said, as they exchanged beers.

"That's pretty good," JoHn said.

"I like yours better," Mike said as they traded their beers back.

During this sipping and critiquing, while our pretty bar maid filled the jugs, I witnessed a belligerent drunk mobbed to silence by the macho cow cops that patrol the Holy Cow.

"Here," JoHn said, passing me his beer.

"Mmm, I like that," I said, eyes wide as I watched the two cops quietly wrestle the drunk to the floor over Mike's and JoHn's shoulders.

"Now compare," Mike ordered, passing me his beer and taking JoHn's.

"Yeah," I said, after a good gulp. "JoHn's is better." I passed Mike's back and Mike slid the Boston Red (the better of the two, so we say) back to JoHn. By now the cow cops had taken the drunk away, leaving a soon-to-be-filled empty space behind my two companions.

"What did you order," JoHn asked me, licking foam from his upper lip.

"Guinness," I answered proudly, "the best beer in the world!"

"Oh," JoHn replied.

"Hmmpf," Mike said.

No one wanted to taste my beer.

I made no mention of the late struggle to my companions, choosing rather to let Mike enjoy our company instead of worrying about life-threatening drunks, macho cow cops, and the minor frenzy the combination produced. Incident ignored (I still don't know if Mike even saw it), we finished our bheers and lugged the jugs to my car.

Northbound on the Strip, just a few blocks before Bonneville (see map) a local van owner and a taxi driver battled each other for roadspace. Typical Vegas traffic sans gunfire. The cabby quickly won the bout by slamming the side of his cab into the van's, pushing the local into oncoming traffic (a practiced move I myself relish, yet am now bereft of due to my new vehicle), forcing him to make a sharp and unexpected left turn into a side street. During this time Mike (from the backseat) was telling JoHn and I how he came to be in fandom (we were entranced (read that as drunk) and were paying full attention to his oration.) I remain ignorant (it was beginning to bother me that such a feeling was coming upon me so often) as to whether JoHn and Mike even saw the brief traffic duel. Anyway, we left the taxi to cruise for unwary drivers

and glided down Bonneville, chattering about this and that, oblivious to bumper cars and crazed cow cops.

Turning right on Main Street we were in sight of the Plaza when the car in front of us swerved (and I mean abruptly), taillights glaring as he hit the brakes. A shopping cart full of someone's life (Mike cautioned me) loomed before us, quickly followed by its' separated and desperate owner lurching after it. I cranked the wheel left (into oncoming traffic), we swerved around both the cart and owner, missed a car going the other way, and soon found ourselves roaring up the parking ramps to the safe and fannish haven of Corflu. With not a jug jostled, bounced, broken (or sadly), opened.

It was a bheer run of Indiana Jones proportions, with drunks, crazed cow cops, a precious and priceless treasure, bumper cars, and homeless shopping carts, but we made it. We returned to find the pizza devoured and a small hoard of dehydrated fans ready to relieve us of our sudsy cargo. Tammy, whom I left behind safe and sound, filled up on her share of pizza and thoughtfully saved JoHn and I a couple slices. I turned to ask Mike if he'd care to partake, but he was gone, last sighted with a jug in hand wandering the consuites, his happy faannish face aglow with bheer and a good deed well done.

I think I went to bed around four or five in the morning that "night", but I can't really remember. My wake-up call rolled me out of bed at eight. I didn't get off the floor until half-past, but I made it to Kinkos by nine, awake, unwashed, and immeasurably anxious.

When they pulled out the ream-sized box my order was supposed to be in I knew I was in serious trouble. I had put together a thirty-two page fanzine. I ordered a hundred and twenty copies, and there was no way over two thousand pages were going to fit into a five hundred page box.

I opened that box to the muffled cracking of my breaking heart. Within its shadowed recesses I found one hundred and twenty perfect copies of my first and second page, twelve copies of my third and fourth pages, seven copies of my ninth and tenth pages, and ten copies of my fifth and sixth pages.

I wept.

No banquet distribution for me. No quiet thank-yous or congratulations. No egoboo. No fun. I sobbed into the crumpled copies of my cover, hands unknowingly clutching, as if to give those pages life once more. I stood there leaning against the counter, tears dripping pitter-patter into the open box and useless pages within.

"We could have it fixed and ready by two o'clock this afternoon," a helpful voice promised me. I looked up to find the uncomfortable store manager staring at me, not only with pity, but a bit of revulsion as well. After having scuttled out of his office to see why this large unwashed, unshaven, smelly man was weeping in the middle of his store, he assessed the situation immediately and threw me that small line of hope.

"2:00pm?" I asked through my tears, desperate and perhaps a little crazed.

"2:00pm," he promised me with his oily and ingratiating smile.

I knew I couldn't trust him, but I had no choice (and it wasn't like I was thinking very clearly at the time). As I walked out to my car, my cracked and broken heart cupped carefully in my hands, I thought that it'd been a pretty good four days. My first Corflu, my second convention, and I'd been having a blast the entire time. Even without having passed **Brodie** out. Still, I thought, eyes narrowing as a plan formed, there was Burbee's Birthday Bheer Bash!

Why, that very evening a large number of fen would remain to celebrate Burbee's birthday (unfortunately without the Burb). Driving back to the Plaza I daydreamed of unsuspecting fen receiving a cool micro-brewed bheer (it was my job to run to the Holy Cow for the bheer that night) and a **Brodie** (a two in one deal, you just can't beat that), as I handed them out at the party. "It's still not too late," I told myself as I parked my car in the parking garage.

"Still not too late," became my mantra, muttering it under my breath while dressing for the banquet, in the elevator on the way down, and even at our table. I was a little whacked out but Tammy wisely ignored me. Jack Speer's beenie distracted me from my worries long enough to get me back on track and enjoy that morning's meal, awards, and speeches, not to mention the slightly tired but happy company of my fellow fen.

2:30pm. Kinkos.

Instead of exploding with exasperation, killing all within the copy store and leveling it to the ground when I discovered two blank pages in my precious fanzine (one before my letter column, and the second my bacover), I just slumped my shoulders, defeated. A bit of drool hung down from my numb and disbelieving face as I stared at the tall pile of flawed copies that shared space on the counter.

I was no longer able to produce tears but didn't seem to have any trouble at all manufacturing a thick rope of spit that continued to slip from my slack-jawed mouth. As I shook my head (the beginning of a serious bout of denial) my rope of drool began to oscillate, swinging in time with my head as I sadly moved it from side to side. Given sufficient time I'm sure some sort of moaning wall would have begun to develop

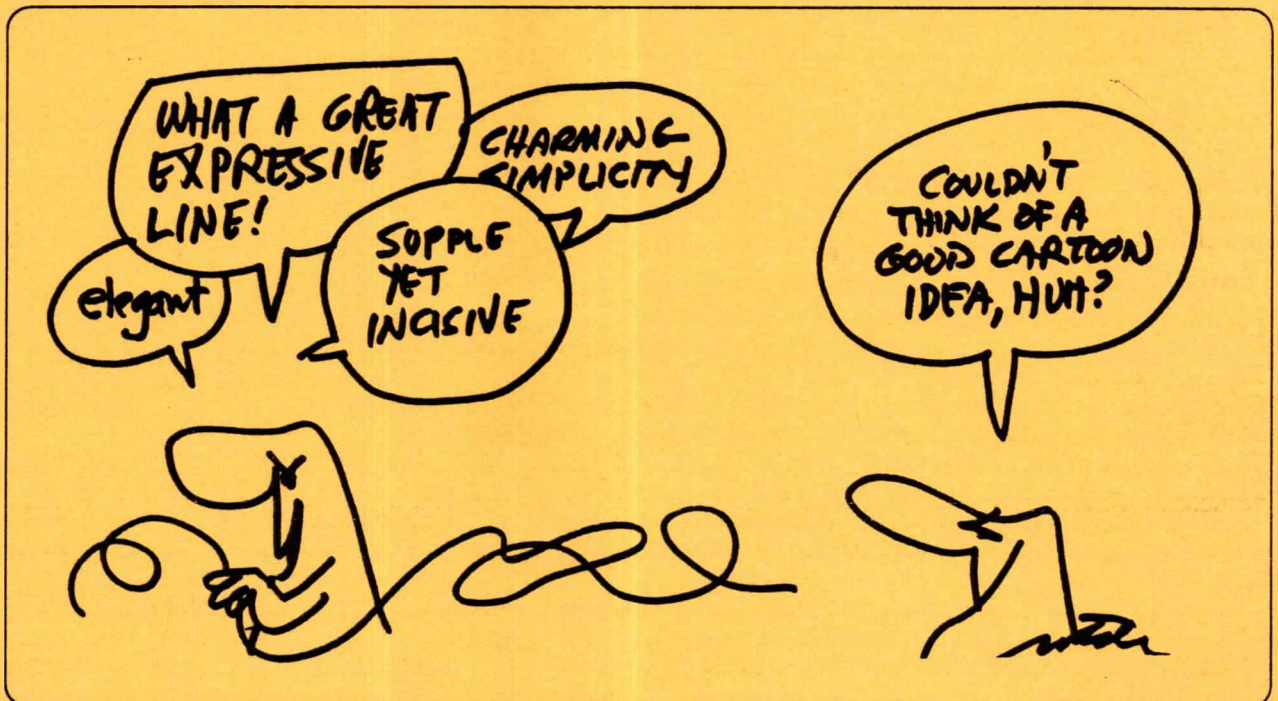
somewhere inside me, but the drool was more than I could handle and was becoming somewhat of a bother.

With a sharp shake of my head I sent it flying against the wire-wrought colored-paper display sitting on the counter next to my stack of flawed zines, encircling it with a wet bolo-like slap, little bits of spit ricocheting off and landing on the counter (and my zines) like sticky raindrops. This was too much for the store manager, and when I wetly suggested that I only pay for twenty-five copies (stiffing them for the rest), he was quick to nod agreement while trying to discreetly signal for a sponge and pail.

Back at the Plaza I retreated to the ASS, dejected, defeated, but not down for the count. After all, I did have twenty-five copies. On the drive back I stopped and bought a stapler, and after a few calming tokes, Andy Hooper and JoHn Hardin helped me staple together my paltry and flawed twenty-five copies. I will always remember those two kindly.

The migratory faneds in the ASS asked for copies and sooner than I expected I was left hoarding my last six slightly-crumpled issues of **Brodie** #3, carrying them around in my bag after leaving the ASS, adrift and alone. Yet again, another distribution dream, bheer and **Brodies**, faded into the times that never were.

Later that night Arnie found me explaining my trials to the firedoor at the end of the hall, slightly delirious but emphatic in my hatred for Kinkos, counter-help, and the dreams of men. Looking to calm me and assuage my fears, Arnie promised he'd help me copy off a whole new run of **Brodies**. His arm around my stooped shoulders, he gently guided me back to the And Smoking Suite as I discreetly wiped a bit of accumulated spit from my lower lip, nodding at his persuasive voice as the door to the ASS whooshed opened and we were enveloped by the smoky clouds of Corflu waiting within.



Twas the Day before Corflu

A neofannish memoir by
Marcy
Waldie

Tomorrow's the Corflu kick-off party. Why is it that Corflu is all that's on my mind? Well, after months of **Pry** and hype, why not? After all, this is my first one. But why am I nervous?

Not just excited, but actually nervous? Because I want it all to go smoothly. Not just for Arnie and Joyce, but for all Las Vegrants, especially Ben and Cathi. A wedding is a big event in itself let alone a wedding within a convention. And for Raven, too, with this being her first officiating ceremony since she was ordained.

I wasn't nervous at my own wedding. Both Ray and I knelt solemnly as the priest recited, screwed up, hesitated, announced, "Oh, shit", to the congregation and resumed. Well, I guess that incident did rattle Ray because his last words in the ceremony were, "and thereto I tredge thee my ploth". And he's been tredging

it for over 25 years.

Okay, get with it. It's 9:30 PM, and I don't have any 'flu clothes in order. I'll have to dredge up something that's been buried for years. Something that hasn't been permanently altered by bleach, vomit, urine or diesel fuel from my last job which, in retrospect, was rather disgusting. Okay, I admit it.

Into the bowels of the closet. Gee, I never thought I'd have an occasion to wear these again. The blouses should still fit. That's one part of me that hasn't grown since I was 12. What's on them anyway? Kitty hair. This must be where Wicket is when I can't find her. These clothes go into the de-fur-with-tape-before-washing pile.

Now for the slacks. Feel skinny. When did I buy these? 1980 what? Come on, slide over these hips. Maybe if I eliminate the underw - don't even think it. Damn. I wonder if anyone else ever broke a fingernail trying on a pair of jeans. All right! And they zip - only half way. Wear a long top, and no one will notice. And this other pair zips, but makes my hips look like my back pockets are stuffed with marbles. Long top.

Shoes? Tennies, always. If silver screen queens can wear tennies with gowns to the Academy Awards, then I can wear tennies to Corflu. After all, the two events are on the same plateau.

To the washing machine! It's only 10:00. I'll look very right of center. Just what people will expect of me. First impression stuff. But someday....

This day is going too fast. Make the delivery to Kunkel, then get back to help with the party preps.

Good, the side door is open. What, no furry welcoming committee? Kitchen, dining room, living room empty. "Hello. Mail delivery!"

Silence.

"Anyone?"

Nothing. I hate stairs.

"I'm coming up." Is that laughter? From the bedroom! Oh, boy. Project, from the diaphragm. "I'm dropping the mail off in the office." More laughter. Squeals? How embarrassing.

"Come on in, Marcy."

"Nhu uh."

The door's opening. Laurie, fully clothed. Whew.

"Come in, let me explain and make an introduction."

More laughter. What is going on? Introduction? "We're watching a hilariously poor educational program, and Bill can't contain himself."

Why should he start now? Hey, I recognize that man sitting on the bed. It's, it's.... Why are my palms sweaty?

"Robert Lichtman, meet Marcy Waldie."

"Oh, you're Marcy Waldie."

Gulp. Smile. "Yes." I think. "And I certainly know who you are. It's nice to see you. I have to take off right away, but I'll see you all later."

Robert Lichtman actually spoke to me. I am not worthy.

Thank you, talking parts, for not pulling a Ralph Cramdon when he was doing the television commercial on "How to Core A Apple". Omina, omina, omina.... Is this going to be one great week-end, or what?

Rambles

A convention report by Belle Augusta

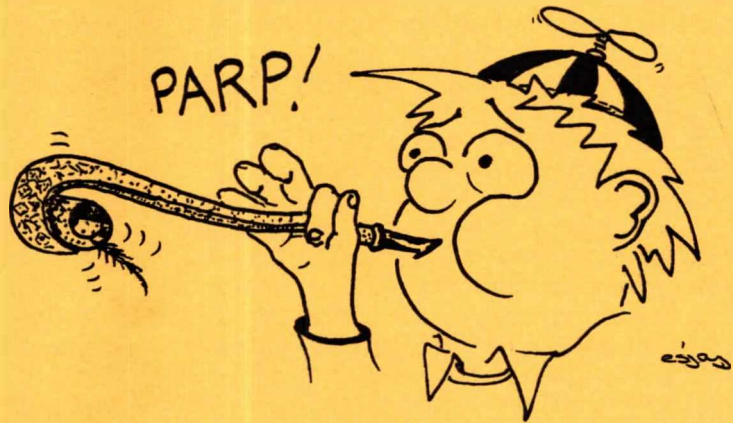
Thursday: Woke up feeling like I was about to miss out on something. (No zine of my own to give out.) This was the day of pre-con events. The afternoon belonged to the Katz's famous socials. I got there a little early to help, only to find a crowd in full party mode. Met lots of people, ran shuttle to the Plaza and back a few times, met more people and lost track of more names than I care to admit.

By now I was ready to cool off. Joyce and Arnie very wisely have a home blessed with a fair-sized swimming pool for those sticky Las Vegas nights. Of course, it wasn't night and it had not seen fit to be sticky yet, so the pool was an awakening of the senses. The sense to limit my pool time and trade it in for hot tub space. Here I met Suzanne Vick and enticed her into a swimsuit (Bathing suits are available in the Katz's bathroom for the suitless.) A brief dip in the pool with a hot tub chaser followed. Though invigorating and entertaining for both of us, I had no idea she hadn't been in the water lately. (I should point out that what fanzines I had read were few and the TALES I had heard, although wonderful, seemed aswirl in my head and any names lost in the maelstrom.) She was my first contact! The first person I actually conversed with.

The house was filled to bursting with talking and the warm aroma of turkey slid into every corner. Mouths watered as Joyce, Marcy and helping hands heaped the sagging table with more and more succulent bits. Before they had finished loading, the swarms began to lighten the loaded table.

The room echoed with the chatter of reaffirmed friendships, mixed with brief stillness's of overload. The day dripped into night and the excitement renewed in intensity with new arrivals. VJay became a name I linked with her bubbling excitement at Marc's arrival and her zest for life. Amidst all this adrenalin I grew tired, so Eric Davis (not to be confused with Lindsay) and I headed home.

Friday: Today we moved to the Plaza for the weekend!



FANFARE FOR THE COMMON FAN

No teenage son, no Grampa, no one to need my time! Just Eric and me (and all the other attendees at Corflu Vegas)

First, meet at valet parking for the Red Rock excursion. Found Ken hanging about waiting for people and cars. I left Eric and car to the hike figuring it was too much walking for me. By the time they left I had walked a few miles in the search for CORFLU badges to guide to valet parking. I was exhausted. I made the journey up to the Turf Club several times in search of people I knew who knew what there was to know. No such luck for a while, though I passed lots of people with CORFLU badges and the look of wandering fans. These people were obvious con pros, they gravitated to tables and clumps of familiar faces. After an initial brush with shyness I almost met Janice Murray, she was reading and I managed to ask her what the book was. Of course I lost track of the title.

Second, find the ConSuite. Nope.

Third, find coffee! And two more CORFLU people!

Fourth, check into the room. No baggage. It is languishing in the car trunk out at Red Rock. Steam pressed did you say? (Fortunately not.)

Passed Cora Burbee several times on the run. She was worried about Burbee's fall and the pain he was in. I offered what help I could and hoped to see him at the wedding. It must have worked because he was able

to give away the bride that night. I am still not sure who had the bigger glow the bride or Burbee! He seemed tickled to be there.

The computer people arrived, the hospitality people arrived and the hikers returned from Red Rock! Corflu began in Ernest. Actually, it was more - in a swarm of Vegrants!

More walking and helping and talking and just plain getting on with the CORFLU! The tables began to fill with fanzines and convention bids, even the token propeller beanie graced the registration crew.

By the time I was beginning to feel less a stranger and more like a stray that had been adopted it was time for the welcoming program. The NLE Boys were set too present, we Vagrants knew our lines and were ready to roll. Except for one teeny, tiny hitch. Two NLE Boys were MISSING! I won't go into the details here, I'm sure that it has been covered in enough places. Suffice it to say that with great impromptu zest the show went on and we did not have to put pictures on milk cartons to get our missing NLE Boys back. They arrived in time to prepare for Ben and Cathy's wedding. (Casinos muddle your idea of time.)

Cathie was perfect in her role of blushing bride and very radiant. It was great to have a wedding with white satin gown and men in tuxes'. The groom filled his role superbly, getting more nervous with each mouthful of vows he had to repeat, restringing the words. Of course the rings got switched, but it only took a few whispers to straighten that out. Raven admonished them to revel in roses, or something like that. (Rumors abound that they did.) The Bouquet was tossed to the reluctant singles. Tammy Funk was the best catch in the group. Congratulations! The cake was great, very messy and will be talked about. Eventually, Ben and Cathy escaped the crowd for a few brief moments of shared intimacies. The rest of us kept right on partying, with members of the group splintering off to eat and explore. Food of the con variety was found up in the Hospitality Suite.

We had filled one of the rooms with the weekend's supplies and turned the air conditioning on high. (Carla and the Hardin-to-be often took cool breaks there) A volunteer brigade filled the bath tubs with ice and the drinks were set to cool. The food began to appear and never stopped until Sunday's departure.

At some point Eric and I retired to the room, entering quietly so we didn't wake Karla. I began to

lose track of time after this, my brain spinning with all the sugar, and the excitement of so many people who love to write.

Saturday: At some point I met an Aloha shirted, long haired, hat wearing artist and his lady and gave them directions to something. Later, Ned told me of his kenneled cat (the cat survived the kennel) and shared a comic book of vast proportions with Eric and me. I helped wherever I could and listened to so many conversations I don't think I'll ever unscramble them.

I was drafted as a Vanna White type stand-in (or foil) for Arnie's Fannish Feud, round one. We managed to muddle our way through without showing too many of the answers to the contestants. Hopefully all the laughter was with us not at us. Either way it was a lot of fun.

Arnie also snagged me for the finale round of Fannish Feud. Somehow, it had become the East Coast Women against the Las Vegas Men. We proceeded to bumble our way through, over the roar of the crowd and the screech of the mikes. (I wish to make it clear that Arnie was innocent of the mangled definition of Anime I tried to foist upon him. He was gripped in the heat of the moment and had lost hold of his will to protest. So I slipped in under his defenses. Of course, we had to throw out the question when the panel and crowd roared out their disbelief. SORRY!)

Eric Lindsay and I talked over koalas and reef pictures. What a great excuse to visit Australia: a Big Convention. I had lunch with a woman's APA group who's fanzine I hope to see soon. We survived the first Auction, but succumbed to the bidding in the second and made two purchases. Later, I found a fun tarot deck done by fannish artists among the offerings of Bruce Pelz, now I need a guide.

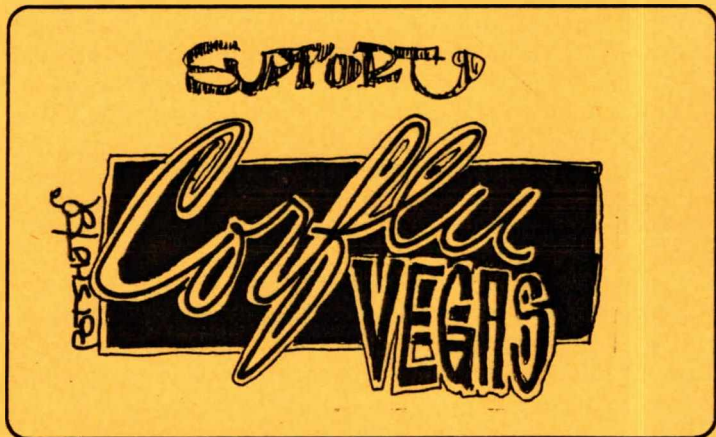
Bill Rotsler sat next to me and expounded on an author I could also discuss. His excitement shines like a kid who has seen life and wants to share it in as many ways as possible. This was definitely borne out at the banquet. He and Alexis Gilliland played together creating plates that spoke to you and bowls that filled with curious repartee. Once we got the drink machines unplugged, we could even hear the speeches. They were all entertaining, weren't they?

Being a member of SNAFFU I am compelled to comment on the Weird Food. I sometimes feel that my contact with the everyday world is slipping its tenuous hold. This event is an example of such slippage, I think. I eat most of those foods as normal parts of my diet. (Thanks for the mystic pizza Ross.) Am I in an alternate universe or is it something more sinister? Do You know Who I Am?

By Sunday night I had eaten way too much and there didn't seem to be any end to this gastronomique journey. The conversations and mingling continued into the wee hours of the morning. Somehow Ken (It was you?) rose and got coffee going for the struggling fans, who had flights to catch. Wonderful fans pitched in and helped with the cleanup process.

THANK YOU, THANK YOU. From the depths of my neo-fannish soul.

See you all at the next Corflu!



Adventures with Mark and Vijay

A Totally True Report by
Rob Hansen

I've never believed in Atlantis, Shangri-La, Lemuria, or Brooklyn, but, on Tuesday 28th February 1995, I got irrefutable proof of the existence of something I'd always regarded as equally mythical: 5.45 am. This was an absurd time for decent people to be up and about, and for me too, but there I was, dragging a brush across my teeth and sleepily washing my hair, operating entirely on automatic pilot. I didn't really wake up until well into my one-and-a-half hour tube journey across London, maybe not until I arrived at Heathrow, where I was meeting visiting New York fans Vijay Bowen and Mark Richards. It was almost 8am when I emerged into the airport arrivals area to be greeted with much kissing and hugging by Vijay.

She and Mark seemed pretty alert, but I knew the jet-lag would kick-in soon. Indeed, Vijay had started to nod off before we got back, crashing out within an hour of getting in. Mark stayed awake long enough to visit the local supermarket with me, where he was disturbed to discover that over here a faggot is a large meatball eaten with peas and gravy, rather than by his friends.

In the evening we all went to the Yorkshire Grey pub in Holborn, venue for the regular Thursday night meeting of our local group, the Fanhattonites, where our visitors got to meet, among others, the improbable Cedric Knight, and rock'n'roll sci-fi diplomat biker Jim Young. Sadly, there was nothing to match the jollity of the following week when someone mentioned discovering a band called 'Edward II and the Red Hot Polkas' (seriously!), I confirmed Martin Smith's confession of circumcision by paying very close attention when we next took a leak (well, I took one, anyway - strangely, Martin was unable to pee), and reported my findings ("It's true - his banana has been peeled!"). Then there was Cedric's contribution:

"Had you realised," he'd murmured, "that Robert Clive Hansen is an anagram of 'vile stench baron'?"

As it happened we hadn't, but that was no reason for Martin to fall off his chair, clutching his sides and babbling: "The farts, the farts; it all fits!"

"Actually," added Cedric, morosely, "there's an 'e' and

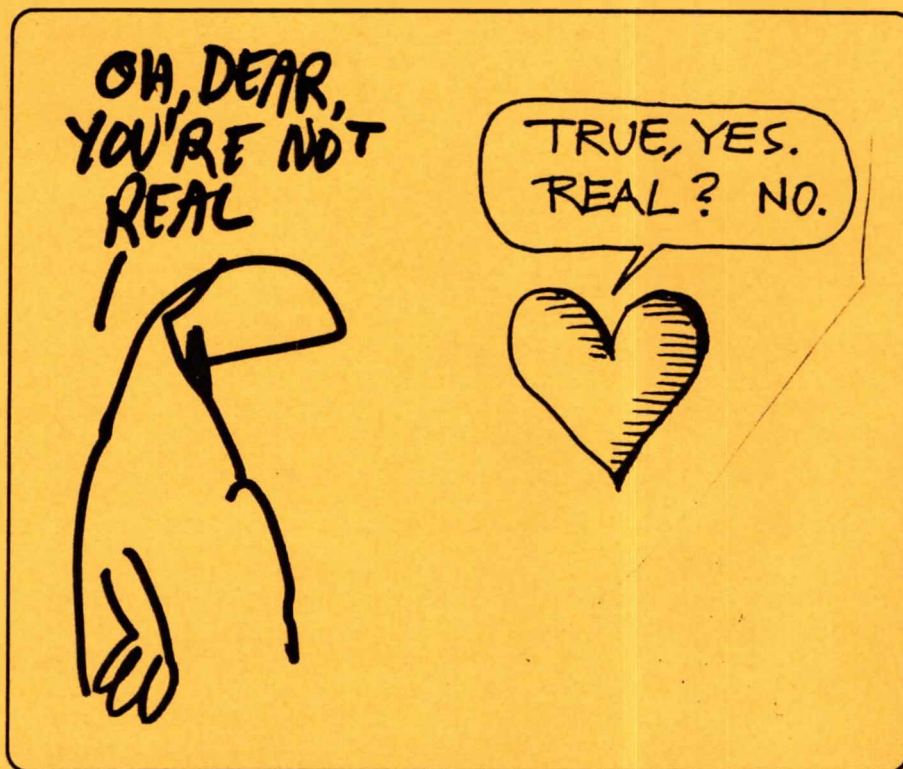
'r' left over."

"Then it's 're: vile stench baron'." added Avedon, helpfully.

It's nice to know I can always rely on the light of my life in these situations.

Fondly imagining ourselves to be dynamic and organised, Mark, Vijay and I had suggested to Avedon that she meet us at Westminster on Thursday following a morning we confidently expected to spend sightseeing. She set off at 1.15 pm, and so did we, flinching from her mocking laughter. While anyone can get into the Houses of Parliament and watch our politicians pontificate simply by queuing, you have to write in advance for tickets if you want to see Prime Minister's Question Time, which I gather US TV channels have sometimes aired for its entertainment value. (Indeed, on one occasion a Labour MP called a Tory on the opposite benches "an arrogant little shit," which led to the Speaker demanding he withdraw the offending word. "Certainly, Madam Speaker," he responded, "which would you have me withdraw, 'arrogant', 'little', or 'shit'?") Avedon had only been able to get hold of two tickets, so Mark and I got to see Question Time while Avedon and Vijay took tea with our MP's assistant. I'd hoped we might see some pyrotechnics but, sadly, Tony Blair didn't leap across the dispatch boxes and nut John Major. Avedon left us after this leaving Mark, Vijay and I to wander up through St. James's Park so they could view Buckingham Palace, down the Mall, and then up to Picadilly Circus and on to Comics Showcase, where the others looked on indulgently as I secured my weekly fix. By this point it was getting pretty late so I suggested we eat at nearby Wagamama, a trendy but inexpensive Japanese noodle bar I'd been meaning to check out for ages. We got there no more than fifteen minutes after it opened but still had to queue for a table. Good food, though.

This was the night of the 'Ton, the regular first-Thursday gathering of London fandom. This is now but a pale shadow of what it once was but there were some interesting people there, not least of whom was Geoff Ryman. After talking to Mark and Vijay for a while, and



making plans to look them up next time he's in New York, Geoff turned to me and confided, "That's one very sexy woman. She's turning me on, and I'm gay!". To Geoff's chagrin I immediately passed this on to Vijay.

"I-didn't-mean-for-you-to-pass-that-on," he said, through gritted teeth. Maybe not, but compliments should reach those they're about.

Martin Smith came back to the rolling acres of Plashet Grove with us after the Ton, and was as consumptive as always when he woke the next morning, sounding for all the world as though he were trying to cough up a number of major organs. As usual, I rustled up breakfast while chatting to the others. Feeling confessional, Vijay declared that their firstborn would be named Obadiah Hellspawn Richards, a revelation at which Mark expressed some surprise. "Over my dead body!" was about how he put it. To my dismay, the cheese I'd planned on using for breakfast had gone mouldy.

"Christ!" I said, staring at it, "I swear this mould is evolving."

"Has it achieved conscious thought yet?" asked Mark.

"No, but it's developed far enough to form its own Republican Party."

Martin had taken a day off work in order to spend it with us and he, Mark, Vijay and I set off at 11.30am, our game plan including a trip to Greenwich to straddle the meridian (you cross from the western to the eastern hemisphere every time you travel to our place from the centre of town), and then uptown for shopping and sight-seeing. To get to Greenwich we had to take the Toytown railway aka the Docklands Light Rail, down to the river, cross via the Victorian foot tunnel (Vijay did not like this, being tunnel-phobic), and then climb the hill to the

old Greenwich Royal Observatory. It was as scenic as hell, but bitterly cold (spring arrived a few days after Mark and Vijay flew back to New York), so we didn't hang around. After giving the meridian a damn good straddling, and taking the photos to prove it, it was back down the hill and a brisk walk to Greenwich railway station for a train to Waterloo and Mark & Vijay's first experience of British Rail.

After eating at Cafe Pacifico, a reasonably-priced Tex-Mex place that's a favourite of local fandom, we took in the London Transport Museum in Covent Garden (a regular place of pilgrimage for Moshe Feder when he visits London), where Mark demonstrated breathtaking ineptitude on the simulator of a tube train driver's controls. Next up was Vijay who, having a father with years of experience on the New York subway, we expected to show us all how it was done. Instead, she proved beyond any shadow of a doubt that such skills are not genetic. A discreet veil will be drawn over my own efforts.

Later, as we rested in a pub and chatted over a pint or three of beer, Mark and I

compared our impressions of London and New York, particularly the similarities, and I explained that I tended to think of New York as London's kid brother. London's "psychotic" kid brother. On speed. Mark signalled his agreement with this analysis by knocking his beer over, soaking Martin and me. Martin left for home soon after, having first bought a couple of bottles of beer for the journey to Surbiton from Waterloo. We took bets on whether they'd last him 'til he got to Waterloo, or the whole way to the nearby tube station, or even to the door of the pub.

The next day, after breakfast, Vijay and I drove to the J.Sainsbury supermarket in nearby Ilford (home of Britain's first ever fan group) so that she could pick up various goodies a work colleague had asked her to. I was happy to take this occasion to demonstrate my driving skills, and I could tell how impressed Vijay was by her stunned expression on our return. She stared up at me, wild-eyed, and I smiled, basking in the warm glow of her approval. The following week I drove my car into a post.

Eating breakfast was a mistake since I'd forgotten I was cooking us all a turkey dinner and I don't think everyone was ready to eat when I served it up. Still, Mark, demonstrating the capacity of a true trencherman, almost managed to eat as much as I did. I carved the bird with an electric knife, one which made an awful sound when it bit into bone.

"What're you doing out there?" asked Mark from the dining room the second time I did this.

"Oh, just amputating a finger," I replied, "I've decided I want to count in base nine in future."

"Sounds more like you were going for base eight," laughed Mark, "or even base seven or base six."

"There's nothing wrong with base six", I replied, sniffily, "The Tories are always calling for us to go back to base six." Their groans were terrible to behold.

Chuck and Sue Harris turned up early and I travelled with them over to Vince Clarke's, where I helped them carry a photocopier into his house. Try as we might, we couldn't talk him into coming back to 144 with us. Nevertheless, by the time we *did* get back people had started showing up for that evening's party.

There's an old saying that goes "why do today what you can do tomorrow?" As my personal philosophy is similar, but without the same sense of urgency, you won't be surprised to hear that very little preparation had been done. Undaunted, I set to with a will, and soon had the dining room table covered with plates of food.

There were two distinct groups of people at the party - fans and local SM people, (whom Avedon had got friendly with through her anti-censorship work) including the editor of *Fetish Times* - but things seemed to go well enough. As well as Avedon, Mark, Vijay, and Jim Young, also present were Mike Brock, London correspondent for a Chicago newspaper, and Cherie, a Californian in the S&M crowd with the most amazing nipples most people have ever seen, making six Americans in all. Vijay achieved a longtime ambition by plaiting Mark's hair with that of one of our female guests. You may laugh, but performance artists have been given large grants for less.

Not surprisingly, Sunday was all about winding down and it was 3.30 pm before Mark, Vijay, Martin and I roused ourselves enough to set off for town. We started off on Oxford Street, spending a fair time in the Virgin Megastore, a sprawling record shop, before exploring Leicester Square and Chinatown, finally ending up in a pub near Trafalgar Square -- The Chandos. I could've done without the cold draughts blowing in from the street, but the cold draughts from the bar were just fine and we spent an enjoyable few hours in there. Mark and Vijay seemed fascinated by the endless variety of flavoured crisps (potato chips) the pub carried and bought one of each to carry back with them to New York for the crogglement of local fans. Martin and I laughed at their lack of sophistication, at the simple wonder they showed on encountering such commonplace flavours as cheese & onion, chicken tikka, crunchy parrot, and quinn. Quite why, I don't recall (though I suspect the evil hand of Martin Ralph Smith), but the talk got around to my wholly undeserved reputation for farting and to the libellous piece of scurrillity by Leroy Kettle that inspired it. I railed passionately against this type of writing.

"Exaggerating things to such a gross extent is appalling," I said, as they all started laughing, "a thoroughly reprehensible practice I deeply disapprove of and think we should make every effort to stamp out." By now they were convulsed with laughter. I knew why.

"My articles about Martin Smith," I declared haughtily, fixing Vijay with my beady eye, "are entirely factual." This was too much for her and, quite literally, she slid to the floor, lying there in a giggling heap. Hah! (This last exclamation was brought to you by, and is the property of, McGuff Goshwowboyoboy! Inc. of Puget Sound, c 1995.)

Somewhere between 8 and 9pm, Martin left for home and the rest of us returned to the sylvian glades of Plashet Grove. By the time we got off the tube Mark was desperate for a piss, so I ran ahead to unlock the door. As he came up the path I cheered him on, warning him not to laugh lest he lose control of his bladder, whistling and yelling encouragement as he struggled up the stairs to the bathroom.

"I'll get you for this, Hansen," he snarled, trying desperately not to laugh. This was too much for Vijay and, for the second time that evening, she fell to the floor in a giggling heap.

After Vijay had dusted herself off and Mark had voided his bladder, causing London's water authorities to initiate emergency flooding procedures, I showed them videotapes of Avedon on TV, a report on the 1987 British Worldcon (which was infested with lots of fans they recognised), and 'Black Sci-Fi', a programme featuring interviews with Delany, Butler, Barnes, and someone whose name I don't recall but who Mark and Vijay knew personally.

And that was about it.

When Avedon got home we stayed up chatting for a while and I said my goodbyes. Mark and Vijay were flying out tomorrow but I'd already have left for work before they got up. Still, I felt I'd done my bit to further UK-US understanding.

During my TAFF trip, caring American fans had gone to great lengths to ensure I was exposed to such cultural delights as Coors, Twinkies, and televangelists. Now I could sleep soundly, secure in the knowledge that in some small way I had returned the favour.

--- Rob Hansen

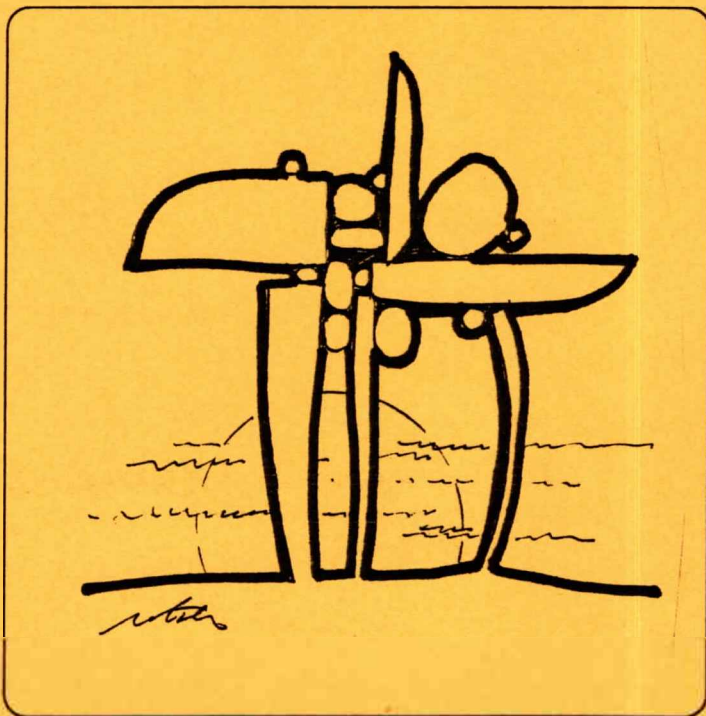


Carrying On

A column by
Joyce Katz

My exposure to Significant Criminal Acts was limited back in Poplar Bluff. Taught the Ten Commandments in Bible school, and the morality rules at my mama's knee, I had small occasion to become familiar with the truly wicked ways of the world.

I had to learn it from books, and in fact, this dastardly deed I will tell you about was foreshadowed by *The One True Worthy Guide* for young maidens, *The American Girl Magazine*. My innocence was complete until they ran a story about another young woman who ran astray, and partook of the forbidden pleasures of (turn aside, Sweet Virtue) *The Chain Letter*. In the story, the girl's chain paid off in exactly the way that each promises; she received thousands of envelopes within a few days time, which led to her discovery, downfall and ruin.



Shocked by the depravity of it all, I questioned my Mother, who was never one to lie, why the crime was so heinous. In a hushed and severe tone she usually reserved for discussion of the Final Days of Berlin, she explained the evil of clogging the mails, overburdening the postman, and Breaking The Law. Especially breaking the law. We were a bottom-line kind of family, and if the end result of anything meant sleeping on a cot in a stone-floored cell, we were against it.

The lesson took. And although many such missives came, enticing me with promises of handkerchiefs and cook-books, dollar bills and perfume sachets, I held firm, well-disciplined and law-abiding, and never yielded to the temptation to chain.

Until the Spring of 1993. Perhaps that's it. Spring, and perfume in the air...many a maiden has fallen for less.

"This is the USED PAPERBACK BOOK CLUB," the letter proclaimed. "It is not a chain letter. It's just for fun."

Well, you can fool some folks, but I'm no dummy. And although I know I could hide my crime behind a plea of ignorance, I won't. I knew right off that this was a Chain Letter.

I wadded it up. And just as I was about to cast it to the trash, a name caught my eye. No less personages than Art & Nancy Rapp had sent me this missive.

I picked it up again. I looked closer. "You'll receive thirty-six paperback books," it cooed seductively in my ear in a Rappian duet. "It will be fun to see where they all come from..." The Rapp's line of enticing reason even suggested I would be a better person for it: "...might stir up a new interest or two."

I remembered my mother's words. I remembered the *American Girl Magazine*. I clutched my purity to my bosom like a capacious shield, and cried, "No -- no -- I won't do it; I've never succumbed before..."

Then they got me. As surely as a dose of Weekend Jewish Guilt, they stuck in the hook and reeled me in: "There is seldom a dropout."

They had me. I didn't even struggle. How could I let them down; how could I disappoint them. It would be somehow ...unfannish. "Well, maybe I can get a bunch of books for the SNAFFU library." The art of rationalization and self-justification is well honed in Las Vegas.

I wrapped up a Valuable Pocketbook. I can't remember just what it was, exactly. *I Was A Teenaged Vampire*, maybe. I know that Wrai and Carol Ballard must have thrilled to it when it dropped into their Seattle postbox.

I dutifully moved Art and Nancy to the head of the two-spot list, and put Arnie and me on the bottom. Now, who to send it to. What six friends would I want to rope into this bonanza of books?

Obviously, not the Vegans. The goal is to get Other People's books, not just circulate our own. Who would have the class of library we would want to plunder.

My list was painstaking, but I thought it was a good one. Redd Boggs, he of the wise words. Andy Hooper, baseball wizard. Robert Lichtman, counter-culture guru. Don Fitch, naturalist and cook. Geri Sullivan, woman of the world. And ShelVy and Suzanne (my twin sister) Vick, patrons of all art.

After I'd sent out the missive to the six great sources of wisdom, I leaned back to wait. Although beset by Guilt, I easily set it aside, as I slid happily into Greed. What wondrous things would come to me? What miracle of acquisitiveness had I unleashed? I envisioned the letter swirling its way through the great fan centers of the United States, sweeping the debris of bad books before it like a white fog of paper and pasteboard.

I knew that any day the mail would start arriving, the brown manilla envelopes, each with it's carefully selected discard from some other fan's library. I anticipated the three dozen titles, and wondered at their nature. I cleared a spot on my shelf to stack them. Books for free. Books for the club library. Heck, maybe even one or two books for me.

I trimmed the hedge in front of the house, the one that flanks the mailbox, so I could watch out the window for the postman's approach each day. I polished up the mailbox, and made it bright and spiffy, fit for the treasures to come.

In the middle of July, I received *Silence in Hanover Close* by Anne Perry. "A Victorian Mystery" the cover proclaimed to me. It came from JaeLeslie Adams of Madison. I mused and wondered, and laid it aside to wait for the next 35 tomes.

At the end of July, I received Barry Hughart's *Bridge of Birds*, from Bill Bodden. "Aha!" I exclaimed. "A pretty set of pictures." But it turned out to be a fantasy of "an ancient China that never was."

And that was that. No wheel barrows of packages. No mailbags stuffed with books. I had given up my Postal Virtue for this paltry pair.

It was less fun than Art and Nancy had promised. And it didn't stir up any new interest, either. All in all, it was rather a bust.

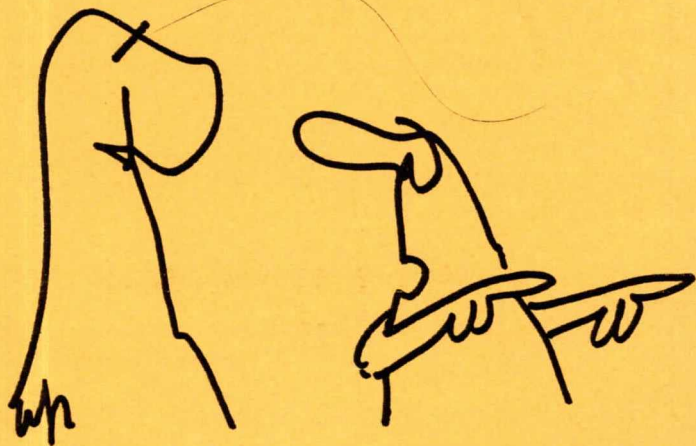
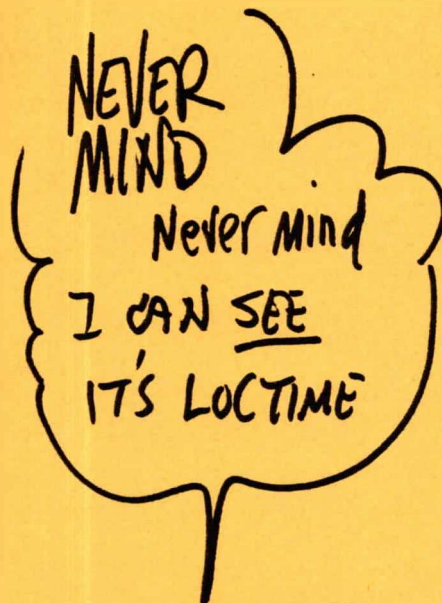
But, on the other hand, my momma was wrong. I didn't get handcuffed, my head shaved, and thrown into a dungeon for the rest of my life. SNAFFU got two books out of the deal, and I got the subject of this article. All in all, not a bad exchange for *I Was A Teenaged Vampire*.

But I can't leave it at that. I can count. Two is not three dozen. You can't fool me on this. And, the bottom line is quite clear:

The way I see it, I've been cheated. Fandom owes me 34 books.

You Know Who You Are. You're in dire danger, and face the consequences of having broken the chain.

Pony Up. If you don't heed this warning, I can't be responsible for what may happen.





Tom Perry

28 Sandpiper Lane, Crawfordville, FL 32327.]

There's a neat little pile of official post-office COA cards by my elbow as I write. I've been taping mailing labels to them and sending them off to magazines and others. But fanzines? No, they're not meant for fanzines.

At least, I couldn't bring myself to send a fanzine editor one of these little coa postcards that the USPS provides, confining one's expression to old and new addresses. The postal service should have left a little box for a brief comment that could be run as a wahf or (if good enough) an interlineation. That would at least make a typical fanzine editor hesitate a little over trading a cumulative hundred pages or so of variously titled fanzines for a small white rectangular form. True, said typical faned would probably still mutter "fugim" and spin the card into the waste basket - but at least there'd be some infinitesimal chance that the comment would earn it a place on the correspondence pile instead.

As it is, the postal form seems like a sure-fire way to get one's address updated and one's name moved to the shit list. And since that's not the kind of recycled paper I'd like to receive fanzines printed on, I forbore.

Instead, I was actually going to write you a paper letter. A radical step, I know, but I'm about to close the mail drop you've been sending all this good stuff to, and Mail Boxes Etc doesn't forward mail unless you continue to rent a box with them - one of the

Conducted by
Tom Springer
 with a little help
 from the other Vegnants

disadvantages that must be balanced against the many advantages of such an address.

Then I noticed that you supply an email address in the colophon. Well, great! I doubt that email locs are as exciting to receive as paper ones - but that's probably just my age showing. (Less than 39, if you must know, but never mind what base that number is in.) Perhaps you young'uns like them just as much. Certainly email locs must be more exciting to receive than paper ones are NOT to get, if that makes sense. Anyway, it's a way to transmit my coa to you without suffering a massive conscience stroke, while costing less effort than actually revving up a word processor, completing a loc, printing it out, creating an envelope for it (more effort than the letter, whether I ruin half a dozen envelopes trying to get the computer printer to print your address readably on one or hie myself across the room to the manual typer and bang it out), finding a stamp and carrying the whole involved package of folded paper and glue and ink out to the mailbox to be physically transferred to you by another complex and unlikely process.

Fortunately your fanzines are such that I can imagine an eloc earning me another year or two of existence on your mailing list. A few years ago I tried sending electronic comments to another fanzine that said (with a note of patient tolerance, I thought) that it was equipped to accept them if necessary. I don't know if I didn't write enough, or if what I wrote didn't get there - always a possibility with the Internet - but I never saw another issue. I faced that vicissitude with fortitude, though, since every ten-pound 200-page issue seemed to come with an even heavier burden of guilt for those who used technology less than a century old in the commission of fanac. The process of stencil duplication that Thomas Edison invented for A.B. Dick seemed to have achieved a special place in the editor's pantheon - a remarkable achievement in itself for those of us who associate mimeos with inked rollers and torn stencils and the inadequacy of cuss words. I think the faned in question uses a Gestetner; I always say the best way to enjoy the primitive life is in a primitive marble palace.

[[Joyce: You said it! In fact, there's no better time to get sticky and sentimental about the inherent beauty of mimeo on twilltone, than while sitting sipping a chilled Tab, listing to the regular kerkchunk of the automatic desktop printer churning out 90 pages per minute. Although I share your doubts about delivery every time I trust my own Golden Words to the Internet, I'm not much more sanguin about their delivery when I trust them to the U.S. mails.]]

[[Marcy: E-mail is exciting to receive. To me, it's not the time factor that's involved in transmitting and receiving, it's the fact that it comes directly into one's home and office. Since I have become saturated with printed material, not necessarily personal letters, that has been clogging my mailbox for years, I consider e-mail to be more personal in that respect as well. So, e-on!]]

As for **WILD HEIRS**, I see you say its name is derived from the Burbee-Laney **WILD HAIR**. I had thought a bow might be owed also to the Willis-Harris **WILDE HEIR**, but maybe you've never seen that one-shot? If not, I both pity and envy you - pity for what

you've missed, envy for having it to look forward to.

((**Belle:** Your suggestions are great. Now I have to read a few of them. I'm still a very neo-fan and have a few decades of zines to find and read (skim through). The new zines are proliferating, and I'll have to cut back on my book habit in order to have enough time for all of them. I may even have to give up my expanding net journeys.))

((**Arnie:** "Wilde Heir," the Walt Willis article, will be reprinted next issue. It has always been one of my favorites.))

It's nice to see that Chuch Harris isn't reticent about new technology. I'm still waiting for some evidence that he's achieved onlineness, but at least he's trying. It's interesting to see that Harry Warner thinks that CB radio has gone away, apparently because CB has become so cheap, common, and unregulated that it no longer raises a blip on whatever medium ole Harry uses to get his news (satellite dish feeding a high-resolution big-screen TV, no doubt?); I can almost hear Harry's sigh of relief around about the millennium, when we all stop talking about our supercomputers linked by the SuperDuperInterOuterBetterYetterNet just because we're all wired and we no longer need to talk about it. All except Harry. "Oh, good, it went away, just like CB radio." Uh huh.

The hairdresser's client who identified Norma Jean Kopechne obviously -was- a spy from another planet. I can hear him reporting back right now: "Their chief interest seems to be learning who the current, former and possible future occupants of their Leadership office is fucking. We can do anything we want as long as we keep them distracted with details about such matters." Could the hairdresser name her congress critter?

I liked Arnie's Chicago SFL piece, especially the bits of fanhistory like the reason the '41 worldcon was in Denver. Perhaps it's time to form SFL's all across the country. (I could write ten or twenty more paragraphs about this idea, driving every nail into its coffin, but for now I think I'll just let the idea sit there and simmer. Someone will be along soon enough.)

((**Arnie:** A true prophet among us! Perhaps your vision of a Science Fiction League revival will prove equally prescient. Maybe it could be like Amway. Everyone pays dues, and you get so much for each SFL chapter you sign up. We could plow the huge earnings from this scheme into Fan Haven.))

((**Tom:** It should be known that there can exist only one Chicago Science Fiction League at a time, regardless of possible time travel contrivances. I once possessed said bylaw on a mustard stained piece of wax paper that had suffered the brief association of an onion laden Coney Dog. At a meeting, long since digested, a vote was signaled with a raised french fry, and when all had chomped their various dogs (with gusto, remember, always with gusto!), and the votes counted, it was committed to paper by some secret and scientific means. Said paper was casually tossed upon the tray to be dumped upon completion of the meeting with the rest of the trash, as per ordered in the CSFL Rulebook (now out of print, but coming Real Soon Now), meeting its own demise in the trashcan near the door of our clubhouse. (And remember to dump the rest of your softdrinks in

the big white bucket.)

So as a gentle reminder to all who would assume the burden of a history that is ours, woefully earned over these many long and bitter years, it would be best if you rallied behind our flag, creating associate clubs that would answer our needs and provide funds to help our fight. This is a history, a duty, which can not yet be shared, only supported. (Send donations and letters of comment to, "Wild Heirs c/o Tom Springer, 3073 Conquista Ct., Las Vegas, NV 89121.)

When justice has been done and the books have been balanced, when we receive that which is rightfully ours (with interest), well then, that's the year to come to Silvercon (or perhaps another Corflu?) That's when you should come to visit the Fandom of Good Cheer!))

Well, that's enough, or maybe too much. Except I have been meaning (for a couple of years now) to tell you how much I appreciated the reprint of Burbee's report on his T-and-A survey; always loved that piece, and it was great to see it again.

Jerry A. Kaufman

8618 Linden Ave. N., Seattle, WA 98103

I'm still feeling energized by Corflu, so **Wild Heirs #6**, with all its Corflu stories and memories, excited me enough to want to write. (Seeing my name inside helped too, even if it was spelled three different ways.)

((**Joyce:** We try to provide variety in life...))

Ross Chamberlain's cover was pretty funny, especially after Suzle explained it to me. I recognized a few of the featured players (that would be Hooper and Steffan at one lawyer's table, and Burbee and Rotsler at the other?) but most of them puzzle me. Does Ross ever include any of those silhouette charts with numbers and keys?

I'm pretty good at identifying fannish ghods and ghoddesses, so let me pick out a few of the latter for Belle Augusta: Lee Hoffman is tops, and was in my pantheon from my first year in fandom. She published THE Sixth Fandom zine, **Quandry**. I don't think there'd be a Willis as we know him without **Q** as a True Model and home to some of his best foolery. Another would be Elinor Busby, if for no other reason than that she was the first woman to win the Hugo as one of the editors of **Cry of the Nameless**. A third would be Susan Wood: excellent fannish and sercon writer, publisher of several of the best zines (with Mike Glicksohn or alone) of the '70s, and fannish organizer of both fanhistory exhibits (the "All Our Yesterdays" room at Torcon) and feminist programming and projects like the "Room of Our Own" and the Women's APA.

I mentioned to Jane Hawkins the other night that she was in **Wild Heirs**. "Yes," I said, "you're part of a collection of e-mails."

"They don't send that to me," she said.

I assured her that Vegas Fandom was fair and right-minded and would of course send a contributor a copy. Am I right?

Jane remembers that Suzle and I went "in one of those places." Close. On Thursday my companion in kitsch was Velma Bowen, and we explored Caesars Palace and the expensive shops in its Forum. Suzle

and I did our ramble with a group Friday evening that started at the buccaneer show at Treasure Island, and on Sunday we dragged Bryan Barrett with us to the MGM Grand and the Luxor (Excalibur's would have been just too much). So one way or another, I was in a lot of those places, and was very impressed with most of them. (Like Rotsler, my favorite was the Luxor, but I saved the simulated or real rides for the next trip.)

I haven't talked much to Rotsler in the past, though I've been around him any number of times. One of the highlights of Corflu was the tap on the shoulder I got while in line for breakfast. It was Rotsler, looking for company. We sat together, and boy, did he tell stories. I don't dare try to repeat them, because I couldn't remember much of the detail, and I just couldn't tell them as well as Bill. What a pleasure that breakfast was! Not even the food could ruin it.

The next time someone has a blowout sale, or suggests a blowout party for their birthday, I'll know what they mean, thanks to Bill Kunkel and Laurie Yates.

I had no idea that this was Eric Davis' first convention. He seemed at home and comfortable at Corflu, if a tad quiet while I was around. I'm a little sorry Spike and I wandered off from the rest of the Red Rock group, but we had the mistaken idea that the first stop was the only stop. Little did we know that the spectacular stuff was still ahead.

{{Eric: Don't worry about wandering off. I personally liked the idea of exploring the area more. As for me being quiet, I was just sizing up the situation.}}

I was inspired by this issue, and by receiving e-mail from Belle, to go back to earlier issues of **Wild Heirs**, and re-read them. Having met nearly all the contributors, everything seemed much more: more interesting, more illuminating, funnier, more apt. Thanks again for all the Heirs and graces.

{{Ken: I think one of the best memories I'll have of Corflu Vegas was Saturday evening. Jerry and I were lamenting the speed at which the ghooed bheer was consumed. Earlier in the evening, Vijay Bowen asked me to save a half gallon jug of the red ale Tom Springer brought to the convention. She promised to share it with me.

Unfortunately, half way through the night, my wife Aileen discovered my secret stash. Thinking it was an overlooked jug, Aileen brought it to the Hospitality Suite. She was immediately beset upon by bheer thirsty bheer snobs.

Investigating the slurping noise of fans satiating themselves, I found, to my horror, that my stash was half gone, and along with it, my illusions of sharing the jug with Vijay.

What was I to do? I had to get rid of the evidence. I had to drink the rest. Fortunately, Jerry Kaufman was nearby to help me dispose of the remaining brew. Standing side-by-side, he and I took turns hefting an ale jug and guzzling our fill.}}

Dale Speirs

Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7

Thanks for **WH#6**. Quite a Corflu assemblage. It would be nice if Canada had one, but even with all the zine pubbers recently appearing here I doubt we could

get enough people to travel to a Corflu, much less organize one.

23 editors must be like the proverbial herding of cats.

{{Arnle: I must correct your misconception about the 23 editors. Let me assure all our readers that we give each of the 23 editors the same lack of respect and ignore their wishes as thoroughly as the most prestigious publishers in the United States. The world, even. }}

Canuck zinedom has been booming lately, with new titles appearing out of the woodwork everywhere. What is encouraging is that many are published by neos, not just revivals by BOFs who have too much time on their hands now they're retired. Of course, one hopes they will stay the field, not just flash through and disappear within a short time.

{{Tom: In '93, Robert Lichtman received 12 Canadian fanzines, while in '94 an enormous 14. Us West Coast fans need some names and addresses. Send them to us at Wild Heirs! Otherwise, how can we really believe in those new titles coming out of the woodwork in Canada (and who are the reviving BOFs?)}}

Ted White has been making the faanish news with his KTF zine reviews. There is a positive approach going, however, which uses mentors to encourage neos in publishing. Ashley Parker Owens (Box 597996, Chicago, Illinois 60659) has started up a service to match experienced zine pubbers with neos, in the hopes of keeping the latter going for many years to come. This is run by and for non-SF zine pubbers, but the SF crowd is welcome to participate. While Ted White drives neos away, the non-SF world is working to bring them back. Those who lament the lack of new blood in fandom might ask themselves if they are doing anything to bring in the new converts, instead of nitpicking about cons and zines.

{{Joyce: I don't think TedW drives away neofen. I think he upholds the Insurgent tradition, which stresses honesty in appraisal, and adherence to the highest standards of fandom, laced with love and respect for the traditions. Without Ted and the other tale-spinners and standard-bearers, the history and goals of fandom could easily be lost, turned into just a collection of shabby personal publications with nothing to tie them to our fandom.}}

Don Fitch

3908 Frijo, Covina, CA 91722

Thanks for sending **Wild Heirs #5**; I've already written a LoC on the cover, to Ross, but I want to say again that it's one of the best faannish fanzine covers I've seen in years. That's only appropriate; **WH5** is one of the best fa(a)nnish fanzines I've seen in a while. Why, it's so good that I can't think of anything much else to say about it... except, maybe that it's an extremely interesting (& enjoyable) phenomenon of a combination between a genzine and the two most common types of OneShot. The Traditional Drunken Fan Party Oneshot part is much better than most of that sort, and is well-balanced by what Burbee has identified as the best type of OneShot - that for which

FANS WORK ON LOGS...



the material was carefully-written in advance of the Production Party.

Gee, you guys seem to be rather hard on the Chicago people (I don't know just who they are - the ones I've seen all had "Badge Names", and the only one I remember is "Uncle Vlad" (who seemed uncommonly well-fed, considering his Vampire Persona/attire.) I was talking with them at their bidding party at Minicon, and they seemed to be quite pleasant people. Not precisely "Fans" by some of the more strict definitions, perhaps - they didn't seem to be acquainted with any of the Chicago fans or fanzines or fan history that I know about, and they seemed to be both unaware that there is any sort of Fandom already in Las Vegas and totally uninterested in contacting it - but they were really quite pleasant (in a somewhat mundane way), two (of the four) expressed much fondness for Vegas' Casinos, and they were quite earnest in assuring me that the Vegas Convention and Tourist Bureau had assured them that there would be no problem in signing up the Convention Center for Labor Day Weekend, and several of The Very Best Hotels out along The Strip (with a 10% discount off their rack-rates!) on three whole year's notice. Since most of this conflicts with what I've heard from Insiders (including several non-fans) - though I do believe the bit about the hotel rates; as I recall, the posted/rack-rates generally run to over \$200 per night - I suspect they're insufficiently in touch with reality to mount a solid bid.

((Arnie: We see the differently, Don. This issue's cover defines our attitude toward the Chicago bid for a Las Vegas Worldcon very succinctly. They have falsely used our names as endorsers and supporters of that bid, lied about having contacted us and in other ways stepped beyond the bounds of proper behavior. Our attitude toward a Las Vegas worldcon of any type is also negative, but that's a separate issue. We're just standing up and saying, "We don't want this carpetbag convention, and we resent having our names linked with it in any way. Truth is, we support Australia in '99/))

For George Flynn: Perhaps the discrepancy in dates (Arnie said "1991", Ken Forman said "six years ago") is a matter of Fannish TimeBinding, or perhaps Ken (like Bill Rotsler) simply lives faster than other people, so that four years would seem to him like six.

For Ross Chamberlain: In case Rotsler doesn't LoC

this time... I'm under the impression that he's just an ol' farm boy, and spent his childhood and some vacation since then on the family farm up near Camarillo (then quite remote, though now virtually a suburb of L.A.), where he undoubtedly associated with a large number of farmers and their daughters.

Too bad the museum Buck mentions is in Nashville IN, rather than TN; next year's Corflu (in TN) could feature an expedition to view that Dillinger Relic.

Ross Chamberlain: Like most fans, I rarely comment on artwork or cartoons in fanzines - though I might pay more attention to them than most people do. I think it has to do with the difficulty (and maybe impossibility, for me, though a few people manage to do it surprisingly well) of translating from one medium to another. Talking/writing about them simply doesn't work - they communicate on a non-verbal level, in ways and modes for which words don't exist. Or maybe it's just that I'm not capable of finding adequate ones... but even so, I'll try making a stab at commenting on this superb cover drawing.

I don't know how much of this cover you're responsible for and how much Mike Glicksohn is, but the double pun is marvelous, especially because both aspects of it are two-level, in the sense of being both verbal and visual, with neither being able to stand without the other. It's also outstanding in its balance of fannish in-group reference and universality - as per Burbee's dictum that "The best Fan Writing can be understood and enjoyed by the guy who lives across the street." (So okay, not many (& perhaps none) of my neighbors are literate/literary enough to know "jeune" and get the point; we're talking Metaphors (or something) here.)

Some fanartists are great at conveying expressions in the characters, by stance and facial features, but you're one of the few I know of who can combine this with the ability to make the individuals eminently recognizable. Yep, that's Arnie Katz, all GoshWow about discovering something new, impatiently tolerant Joyce Katz, slyly-amused Bill Kunkle, JoHn Hardin turned slightly aside and reading Mike's letter but still fully-aware of everything that's going on in the vicinity, and Tom Springer with the professionally-pleasant almost-smile with just a hint of slightly scornful amusement in it. (The five other well-known comics characters might or might not represent the personae of other Vegas fans, but if so, that's too in-groupish for me to penetrate.)

Dave Rike

Box 11, Crockett, CA 94525

Maybe I somehow missed it, but exactly what are the Las Vegrant's reasons for not caring for the out of town bid of Vegas as a Worldcon site? I can think of a number of them offhand but they would be the result of mere armchair speculations on my part here in Crockett while I lay stretched out on my bed in the backroom with my word processor on my lap, not a very perceptive POV you must admit.

Lessee... of course you-all would be righteously PO'd because they presumed to barge into town without doing you the courtesy of checking with you folks to sound out what you thot of such a possible bid



and how well it would go. I asked Bruce Pelz at the LA Corflu if people in LA ever checked into the possibility of having a con in Vegas. He said it had been done and all inquiries they had made were answered with a polite "Thanks, but no thank you, we don't need any more business during Labor Day or other holiday weekends." This seemed reasonable to me since I've noted over the years that the cons held by *Soldier of Fortune* have all been in the off-season after summer is over.

{{**Joyce:** Well, those are pretty good reasons. Another is that we don't want to be saddled with the reputation that comes from disappointed expectations. Living here, putting on conventions here, we are completely, sincerely convinced that no one can give a satisfactory World Con in Las Vegas; fans will be mistreated and unhappy. And the hotels would be equally unhappy; that wouldn't bode well for our own future SilverCons. Besides, I counted it up. Based on Corflu, I'd have to roast 240 turkeys for a worldcon...}}

Do the people from Chicago already have hotels and function space lined up with signed contracts for Labor Day weekend, or are they just shuffling papers and engaging in what one might term an exercise in vapor-ware?

If necessary, may I suggest that the LV "CSFL" might put forward a countering bid at Massacre Lake, which is at the other end of your state up in the northwestern corner of Nevada. I know a friend who has 40 acres of sagebrush country up that way who'd be willing to lease it out for a con. True, it's about 20 miles from the nearest town, but I figure that's no big deal if you have the Grateful Dead as performing guests of honor. How many do you think would show up? My guess is 25,000 easily, tho that might be on the low side.

{{**Joyce:** Don Fitch spelled it out in **Apparatchik**: He said Vegas fandom is too fannish to do a World Con or even a Westercon, since we wouldn't wish to cope with the Smoffish subset. I agree, and clutch that statement to my bosom, like a sliver of the One True Cross.}}

I wholeheartedly support the Chicago Science Fiction League and its revival in Las Vegas. Do keep Redd and myself informed of future club activities. Just be certain not to stray over to the "wild side" as William Hamling did: first get hired by Ray Palmer to fill in for him while he went off the deep end with the Shaver Mystery, and then flying saucers, and then to end up in Tiajuana publishing dirty books. But then, you-all know better than that!

{{**Ken:** But Mike, don't you realize that the Vegrants are in Las Vegas for a reason (or should I say that Las Vegas spawned the Vegrants). We're already in "Sin-City," and with the military's Area 51 so close, we can walk on the "wild side" with impunity. We're already there.}}

Lloyd Penney

#412, 4 Lisa St., Canada L6T 4B6

Just got **Wild Heirs #5** in the mail, from the city that crime built, Siegelville! (Forgive me, I've been watching too much A&E.) A fine read it was too, and the following comments will reflect that enjoyment, I hope...

The cover reminds me of one young lady with whom I attended high school. In three short years, she went from flat as a board to centerfold. She didn't blossom, she exploded! And of course, the second worst curse a girl could have in high school is to bust out all over in front of a bunch of rude, pimply-faced, giggly boys. She withdrew into herself, and I remember she transferred elsewhere for her final year. She just couldn't handle the fact she developed so fast.

Arnie, your secrets are out! It sounds as if the Vegrants are regularly drawn into your fiendish pubbing projects. Ken Forman now knows that when he hears you saying, "Hey, you know, if we..." he should run away screaming into the night.

{{**Marcy:** It's no secret. Las Vegrants are drawn into Arnie's pubbing projects only by our fine artists. We boldly confront the Big A, disk in hand, and demand that he include our stuff in his ishes. We're out for egoboo, and everyone should know it.}}

Trash and sleaze are underrated, especially for their fun factor! The mistake most people make is taking it seriously. If the world wasn't so Politically Correct, we could all enjoy a little nudgenudgewinkwink a lot more. I guess one person's trash and sleaze is another person's filth. I enjoy a version of T & S, and that's tacky. I have 17 homemade tropical shirts, and each new one is tackier than the other. Ah, bliss...

I thought the bid by Chifen to have a Worldcon in Las Vegas was dead! I have heard of its successor...Winnipeg fandom wants to put a Worldcon

in Toronto in 2000, without Toronto fandom being involved.

To Chuch and Harry Warner...I don't think the Internet will go away. Instead, it will become so clogged so quickly, fandom will desert it for the next wonderous electronic gadget. In five years, I've heard such dire predictions, the Net will be unusable unless someone hires monitors, controls the spread of nodes and home pages, and the Net itself expands X-fold. I am no technoweenie, but I am a smart consumer, and I shall not invest my time and money in the Net until I need it, and right now, I don't.

I'm usually so tired in the morning, I put both legs in one pantleg. Guess I'm in a league of my own (I know what you're thinking, please refrain.) But in the evenings...I just concentrate, and the pants materialize around my legs, slant that I am.

June Wilkinson's name has appeared on some marquees around the Toronto area. She still does some scantily-clad dinner theater, and is still doing Pajama Tops, or something like that. I have to wonder how old she is, and how fabulous that figure still is...

Who's apologizing for mentioning science fiction and fantasy in this fanzine?? We're not playing "My Word!" and Clement Freud is not going to hit the buzzer and say "Deviation!" (Okay, who recognizes that reference? Five points if you do.)

My first encounter with a pay-first gas station was in one of the less-decrepit areas of Detroit near the Ambassador Bridge to Windsor. Otherwise, all stations here are pump-first, except for some times of the early evening, and even that is fairly new.

Again, anyone planning to go up to Cincinnati for MidwestCon 46/FanHistoricon 3? (Wanna split the room?) That, and Ad Astra 15, are next on the agenda for us. So, until then, see you there, or if not, in the next ish!

Buck Coulson

2677 W 500 N, Hartford City, IN 47348-9575

Well, actually, gas stations reduced the service before raising the price: the ads said it would "Keep the price down" if less service was offered. Right. Now they charge a quarter for putting air in the tires, even when the motorist does the work. Actually, there are still gas stations that have "free air", but for some reason the air hoses are always out of order when I try to use them. "Out of order? Geeze, it worked fine yesterday. I'll have to see about it, one of these months"

Here in the sticks, one has odd problems and some odd services. When we drove home from town the other day, we discovered that the county highway department was spreading asphalt on the road we live on. Ineptly, of course. They're putting it on about 2" thick, and not running rollers over it to compress it. Hell, let the cars pack it down. Ruts? Whaddaya mean, ruts? Ya can't have ruts on asphalt! (Wanna bet?)

As a result, the passenger side front door became gummed shut with asphalt. I drove to our garage today and they eventually pried the door loose, but said I needed a new door latch, though this one now seems to work. Pick up one at a junkyard for us. (The

classic problem of driving a '78) Pay when we put the new latch in. So after they'd done about two hours work getting the door open, I drove home without paying for the work. Sometime in the future they'll get a latch and then I'll pay. We're still trusting souls here in the heartland. (Once I get a bill for the work, I'm going to ask the county to reimburse me, but I don't expect them to do it.)

By damn, we are more trusting here than elsewhere! Nobody has ever opened one of our fanzines in advance. Of course, one or two have arrived pre-shredded, but I assume the postal machinery did that.

Come to think of it, what's wrong with having Easter Lights? Joyce is right. Out here we have Easter Trees -- generally bushes, in actuality, but decorated with plastic Easter eggs instead of Santa Clauses and stuff. Why should rural Indiana have trends before they get to Vegas?

((**Marcy:** When I was a kid, I'd ride with my family on occasional Sundays to visit relatives some distance away. When we stopped for gas on the way home, Dad inevitably commented that the stations raised gas prices on the week-ends.

After having worked at a station for too many years ordering gas, invoicing and paying the bills among other less glamorous duties, I know that dealers are at the mercy of the oil company that they represent. If the dealer's price goes up, s/he passes it on to the consumer in order to make a few cents on the gallon. If a dealer raises prices on her/his own, s/he is taken to task by an oil company rep who has an apoplectic fit and reports the gouger to the gas ghods. So, Dad was right, although his blame was mis-directed. We are at the mercy of the Peter Principled consumer rapists.))

Steve Jeffery

44 White Way, Kidlington, Oxon OX5 2XA, U.K.

Thanks for **WH#5**. Just noticed Calvin and Hobbes on the cover. One of my favorite cartoons, and one of the few I tend to buy the collections of. The trouble is, as with all these - like *The Far Side*, that the anthology volumes tend to overlap a lot with the originals, some of which I already have.

The Vegtrants seem to be uncommonly prolific of late; it's becoming hard trying to keep ahead, or at least abreast, of the various fanzines. I fully expect you to restart Folly any day now.

21 editors? Isn't that a trifle... OTT? Good job you don't share the same policy of the triumvirate edited **Attitude** in requiring zines in trade to be sent individually to each of the editors to qualify. You also seem to share their policy of a round table editorial column, running off each others' comments. If you expand this too much further to an illogical conclusion then the editorial participants could outnumber the lettercolumn. Actually, it seems to already.

((**Belle:** Just wait till all 23 editors send out their fanzines. The post office will be up to the rafters in fanzines and we'll all be trying to empty our mailboxes. (Oops! my dreams are starting to sound a little nightmarish.) Well, maybe *not*..))

To be honest, I could never quite work out the letters policy of **Wild Heirs**. there didn't seem to be any LoCs in the last two issues, which makes it

difficult to know how to respond to a zine like this. It almost seems that you're quite happy to natter among yourselves, more like an APA than a fanzine that relies, in part (or, in the case of the last **Frozen Frog**, in whole) on feedback.

[[**Tom**: We've just gotten our letter column up to speed in **WH5 & 6**, and though we have 23 editors, not all of them comment on the letters. As for our 'letters policy,' you send 'em, we'll print 'em, and more than likely (the odds are with us) one of us will have something to say about what you've written.

As for the nattering, that's true, we like to gibber amongst ourselves, but

Oh, I'm slow. That's precisely where **Wild Heirs** comes from according to Ken in "Vague Rants". I'm not sure though, that it's quite managed the transition to fanzine as of the last couple of issues.

Truth is, I'm not really on the whole **Vegrants/Wild Heirs** wavelength when it comes to 'fanecdotal' reminiscences and the bandying about of Names (Ackerman, Burbee, etc) who hardly ever cross my orbit in other fanzine titles.

This sounds a bit apologetic, but **Wild Heirs**, while welcome, is a bit of a confusing fanzine.

[[**Arnle**: You never met Cromwell or Shakespeare, either, but both are part of your country's heritage. Our country, "Fandom," is the sum of its history, personalities, literature and philosophy. They seem extraordinarily relevant to the citizens of this country of the mind.

[[**Joyce**: Time rather stands still in Las Vegas (that's the real reason there are no clocks in casinos, you know.) Fan history is alive and well here.]]

The cartoons are usually a highpoint, although rather dominated by Bill Rotsler's marker. I'm tempted to have it stolen and substituted for a Rapidograph. That'll slow him down, but then, it wouldn't really be Rotsler, would it?

Teddy Harvia

701 Regency Drive, Hurst, TX 76054-2307

Mr. William Rotsler obviously puts a lot of himself into his cartoons but the glimpse at the man behind the art was most enlightening. It's refreshing to read that not all cartoonists hunch over poorly lit drawing tables day and night, and that some actually venture forth and mingle with people, farmers included.

Where was Bart Simpson when Ross Chamberlain drew his snapshot of the school playground? I know the non-cartoon characters must be caricatures but I don't recognize them and must be missing the real punchline.

My prurient interests are thwarted.

The latest love of my life, Diana, not only tolerates, but encourages, my love of sleaze. She (of course) calls it art and erotica. She's had me watch some literary videos that rival my favorite porn.

[[**Tom**: They may be thwarted, but it didn't seem to slow you down in the selection of a postcard, a suitably 'prurient' one. Namely the centaurian "Abduction of a Nymph" by Franz von Stuck. 'Classic' sleaze, or "art?" You sexual guy, you.]]

William Rotsler

167909 Lull St., Reseda, CA 91335

So I'm a Fannish Ghod, am I? Then how come I ain't rich? I can't burn a bush, except with a flame thrower. I can only turn water into root beer (which is fine by me.) I can part the Red Sea, or at least I'm sure I could, if I were there. (The Pacific is just too big a job.) So what good is it, this ghod biz?

Hope my con report causes other fen to come with their version of "The difference between [blank] and [blank] is-" and "there are two kinds of" and "There are [any number] of" and "[Blank is Nature's Way of-" and "Man is," "Love is," "Sex is," "Marriage is," and other definitions (of anything.)

I'm halfway through teaching How to Write Science Fiction at Learning Tree University for the 5th time. And just signed to do it again this fall. My car died and is lying on its back in North Hollywood with its wheel moving weakly in the air.

Inspired by selling a time machine story to *Analog* I wrote another, which gave me the dumb idea of *Elsewhen*, a collection of time machine stories. Maybe all mine, I don't know. I rarely write short fiction, but teaching it got me going again.

Did an interview with Rick Berman, producer on the Star Trek TV stuff. This was "Postcards from Hollywood," for French TV, as Bill Warren has been doing for three years. On Berman's desk was a fake stone bust of Gene Roddenberry - with a red blindfold on.

[[**Tom**: When my dad was selling land in La Costa CA in the early 70s, he met Gene Roddenberry and got drunk with him on more than one occasion. According to stories (Mr. Roddenberry made everyone look like amateurs when it came to the booze), besides the blindfold, there should be a Scotch and water next to the bust.]]

We ran into Bob Picardo, who plays the holo doc on *Voyager*, who is an old friend of Bill's. (They still haven't selected a name for the computer doctor.) He can't appear on our show until *Voyager* appears in France, though. Afterwards we walked all over the Paramount lot, seeing the new streets and stuff, something we haven't done in a while.

I love wandering around movie lots. I've done it umpteen times and have never yet not learned something new. Going down a "New York" street or some ethnic street that isn't "dressed" is kind of spooky, if no people or equipment are in sight. By "dressed" I mean a western street has few if any signs, nothing in the windows, no barrels and stuff outside a store. Or a New York street won't have newspaper racks, street lights, signs, stuff. It is eerie, like one of those After the Bomb stories. The windows are blank, the sounds hollow and wrong, a great deal of blankness you really aren't aware of until the details are not there.

In movies and TV, when they show a studio street they invariably show some fancy-dressed showgirls, a cowboy or two, a clown or spaceman, and trundle by a flat with big studio lights on it, or maybe some set pieces. In reality you see a few dressing-room trailers around the stage something is shooting on and some

parked flats with lights and some guys in business suits.

Same with studio commissaries. On film they are glamorous. In reality they are nice but plain. (The food is good, though.) You do see Famous People sometimes. While interviewing an actor of StarQuest I sat back to back with Paul Sorvino, who sang an opera aria. Across the room was Alex Baldwin, dining with some female star (not Kim.) Another time was Fred Dryer, towering above a tableful of Japanese. That's about it. Of course, we weren't eating at the noon hour, but a tad later.

[[**Joyce:** My one tour of Universal was similarly empty: a haunted street, a deserted town square, but no one of interest on the rainy day I was there. One thing that stuck me was how dirty everything was: covered with grime and dust. The guide assured us that the bright lights bleached out everything and made it look glamorous. Probably true, but it would take an exceptionally bright beam to make that town square look homely.]]

Walt Willis

32 Warren Rd., Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT21 OPD

Many thanks for Wild Heirs #4. I appreciated the cover of WH#4, particularly the reference to The Who. It's always a pleasure to come across a reference to an old interlineation like "Who Sawed Courtney's Boat" and the pleasure is doubled when it's associated with a new and (almost) contemporary reference.

The combined editorial is another agreeable melange, surpassed only by Joyce's Westward Report, which was particularly interesting when commenting on her new neighbors. It seems one of the few exceptions to the rule that the best answer to the question "What are the neighbors like" is "What were they like where you came from?"

[[**Joyce:** Neighboring continues to be difficult in Las Vegas. I finally resorted to calling on new families as they moved in, taking bouquets to welcome them to our 'hood. When the Socials started, I invited a few of our neighbors to join the fun. Although they seemed charmed, it went no further. I now have waving acquaintance with kids from 2 or 3 households, and a 'stop-and-chat' relationship with the guy next door. But not one has ever entered our house, nor me in theirs. People are more defensive here than in New York, where block parties were a way of life. And, there's no comparison at all with Missouri, where your life is my business and vice versa, thank you.]]

Chuck's column this time was well chosen and well edited. I particularly liked the reference to the cattle standing shoulder deep like hippopotami in Doernary Pool.

Ross Chamberlain was interesting about living in Las Vegas and Arnie was spectacularly so in his wrestling account.

I enjoyed John Hardin's account, particularly his description of his life as a scavenger, scanning the floor for dropped dollar tokens. I could imagine myself doing that. In fact I believe I

actually did it on my visit to The Golden Nugget in 1952.

Ken Forman was fascinating about kite flying. It gives me quite a new picture of Las Vegas and its inhabitants.

The pieces by Cathi Copeland and Ben Wilson (now the Wilsons) were well written and interesting, and so was that piece by Marcy Waldie. Cathi left me wondering though about the couple, presumably from Northern Ireland, who were escaping from the IRA. And Marcy left me wondering how come I never heard of several of her list of celebrities, including John Madden, Tommy la Sorda and Emilio Estevez.

[[**Marcy:** Here's a brief rundown on the questionable celebrity status of peeps mentioned in WH 6.

John Madden was a pro football (not soccer or rugby) coach, most recently with the Oakland (CA) Raiders. He is now a football commentator on television and does adverts for various consumer products. He's very extroverted, animated and knowledgeable. Unfortunately, if he were a fan, he'd be a fugghead.

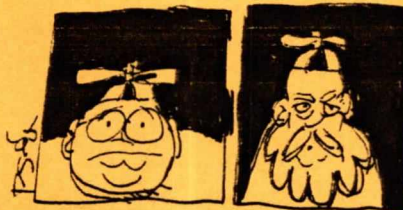
Tommy LaSorda is the long standing coach of the Los Angeles Dodgers professional baseball team. He has bit parts (no reference to Su Williams' definition of parts) in TV shows and also hawks consumer products.

Television and movie actor Martin Sheen, whose real name is Emilio Estevez, has two sons who are also well known actors in this country, Charlie Sheen and Emilio Estevez.]]

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

Ben Indick: "Wild Heirs is the only fanzine faster than a speeding loc. I note Harry Warner is getting paranoid about the government watching fandom. More likely for incipient nuttiness than drugs, all though the latter is ubiquitous, and if that word were not already all-inclusive, I'd gloomily say increasingly ubiquitous, at least outside of fandom!"; **Grant Canfield; George Flynn:** "...I know that I had some doubtlessly profound comment to make on the whole Fugghead Crisis, but I have completely forgotten just what it was. This seems a rather fuggheaded thing to do, which is at least appropriate."; **Tom Sadler:** "Hey! You guys are gonna have to quit slinging those puppies out so fast! I think I need some sort of Special Protection."

TWO FACES OF FANDOM



TRADE 'em!
More TO
COLLECT 'em!
Come!



GREAT
MOMENTS
IN FAN
HISTORY:
DAN STEFFAN
TRIES TO
STOP ME FROM
REVEALING
THE SECRET
OF THE
SHELLFISH...