

6/1. The first 8:00 pm meeting of Las Vegrants turned out well. The same couldn't be said for the earlier Chicago Science Fiction League meeting.

**Tom Springer, Ben Wilson, Joyce** and I met at Toner Hall shortly before the appointed time, 6:30, and prepared for the meeting in our usual manner. We headed over to our club house, expecting to meet **Ron Pehr** and **Tammy Funk** there. (So as not to start a rumor, let me add that **Tammy** and **Ron** were converging on the location from different places.)

That's when we discovered that Chicago Hot Dog was closed! We'd forgotten that something called JuneFest was Saturday. Chicago Hot Dog often shuts the restaurant to run a booth at such events.

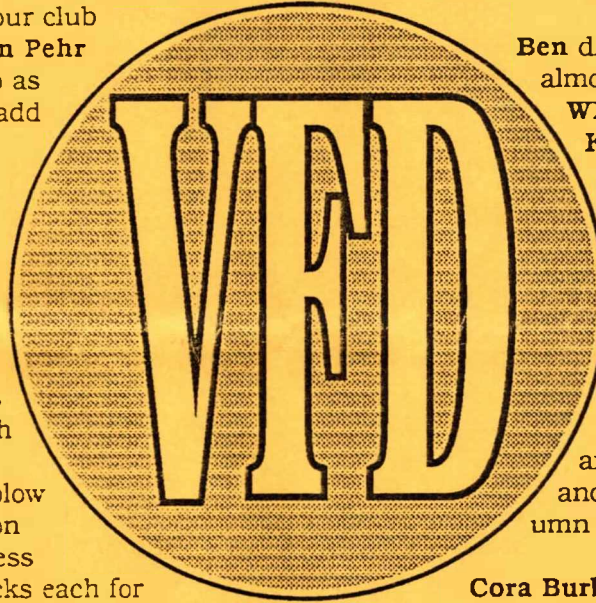
This could be a serious blow to the Chicago Science Fiction League. We may have to assess Chicago fans a couple of bucks each for extra publicity to beef up future CSFL meetings. Maybe the guy who tells people we support his crackpot con bid will chip in.

We rode back to Toner Hall and ordered three small pizzas from Pay-Less, the official Bulgarian pizzeria of the 1996 Trufan Games. So the CSFL meeting never happened, and Las Vegrants started about an hour early.

**Tom** and **Ben**, seeing **Wild Heirs #14** pages on my office's bay window, started to collate. Not that I should jeer at fallibility, with my propensity for typos, but Vegas fans are erratic collators. Some have nimble young fingers that fly through the pages, but the planning phase is shaky. Recollating a section with a reversed page is all too

common.

Several other Vegrants, including **Ross Chamberlain, Joyce, Ken Forman** and me, took turns assembling the 36-page issue. We didn't quite finish, because we weren't as single-minded as usual, but it's mostly done.



**Ben** discovered a horrendous, almost inexplicable, mistake in **WH #14**. The piece credited to **Ken Forman**, an "Unwound" column, was actually **JoHn Hardin's** column, "JoHn-ré." I think it was my mistake, but I honestly don't know. **Ken** has a theory that something went awry in the upload to my computer, but I should've noticed the references to the radio station. In any case, I apologize to **JoHn** and **Ken**. We'll have **Ken's** column in **WH #15**.

**Cora Burbee** got a chance to visit Vegas, because her cousins, the Buchards, signed up for a blackjack tournament. The casino gave them one more comp room than they needed, and they offered it to **Cora**. Burb's physical decline put a heavy burden on her, which she bore magnificently, so this impromptu trip to Las Vegas gave her a chance to decompress and see her Vegrant fan friends (and **WH** co-editors).

They stopped by the Vegrants meeting, spent an hour or so talking to various fans and then headed out to relieve a couple of casinos of surplus cash. We'll see her again in about two weeks, when we scatter Burb's ashes in the desert.

6/2. When we all confessed a craving for ribs, **Tom** and **Tammy** suggested dinner at Carollo's.

**Vegas Fan Diary #2** is brought to you by **Arnie Katz** (330 S. Decatur Blvd., Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). This fanzine is available for contributions of artwork, letters of comment or unpredictable whim. It is intended to be published on a monthly basis.

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Located sidebar-close to the **Springer-Funk** Palais, Carollo's lived up to its reputation. The ribs were almost too tender. The meat practically fell off the bone before sharp incisors could rip the charred flesh.

**Tom** told us that he, **Tammy** and **Ben** and **Cathi Wilson** have firmed up the food plans for Toner. The accent will definitely be on *home* cooking this time. **Cathi** is Vegas fandom's best young cook (in a talented field), and **Tammy** is proficient in the kitchen as well. No one will go hungry, that's for sure.

Those immune to the incessant Toner propaganda in **Wild Heirs**, should consider this a direct invitation to come to this pre-worldcon fanzine fan gathering. **Tom Springer** is chairman. (In the time-honored Vegas tradition, he calls himself something other than "chairman," in this case "Ringleader"). Las Vegrants follow in his grand wake. He is our leader in this endeavor, and we would willingly walk through doorways for him.

Toner will have lots of socializing, enough activities to keep us from being too sedentary, a dab of programming and lots of southern Nevada fan hospitality. Toner is an inexpensive, and pleasantly trufannish, way to warm up for LACon.

**6/3. Plokta #1 (Steve Davies and Alison Scott, 52 Westbourne Terrace, Reading, Berks RG30 2RP)** has a wonderful statement of purpose: "Anyway, here is **Plokta**, a fanzine with a mission to be less worthy than **Attitude**, less informative than **Ansible** and with less angst than any fanzine from Leeds." The colophon says **Pam Wells** is encouraging them to be more scurrilous, so their future fanish success is secured.

If brevity is the soul of wit, then **Plokta** may be Britain's most soulful fanzine. Its format, strongly influenced by **Ansible's** newsletter style, includes a lot of short takes on a wide range of fannish and personal subjects. The two editors cover a lot of territory, sometimes a little too allusively for we as yet unfamiliar with the portion of UK fandom that still has a pulse.

I'm sure **Steve** and **Alison** can be weeded into writing at greater length and depth, because they have a very high level of commitment to their new fanzine. Before you turn the first page, they reveal that **Alison** is expecting a baby and that **Steve** plans to marry someone in Hobart, Tazmania. Not

many fans would go that far to insure a supply of topics for future issues. That's commitment.

Have I mentioned my abduction by aliens? No? Well, maybe next issue...

**6/4. Ben and Tom** helped complete the collating on **Wild Heirs #14**, which **Ben** dubbed the "all mistake" issue. It does show evidence of the post-annish lay-off. I wouldn't have missed the fun of doing the 100-pager, but it may be awhile before the next huge **Wild Heirs** again.

Talk turned to future Corflus as the four of us flew through the remaining dozen pages. **Joyce** wondered which East Coast fan center might be a good prospect to host one in that region in the next couple of years.

We named possibilities, including New York City and New England, but we failed to think of a fan group and city that had shown much enthusiasm about hosting.

Then came a brainstorm. "Why not take one of the resorts in the Poconos for a Corflu?" Since most Vegrants are westerners unfamiliar with these sinful palaces, I described the opulent couples resorts that cluster in eastern Pennsylvania, across the Delaware Water Gap from southern New York State.

These resorts probably began as rustic retreats, but they soon discovered that refurbishing them in certain ways could put them in line for honeymooners. Enter the luxurious accommodations, in-room spas and personal swimming pools shaped like champagne glasses.

The honeymoon business prospered, but the hotels stumbled on another lucrative market: couples looking for a pampered weekend away from kids.

They are typical flat-fee propositions. Guests pay a one-time fee based on the accommodations and get three daily meals and full use of all facilities. Vacationers don't need money for souvenirs or between-meal snacks.

Our favorite, Strickland's, would make an incredible Corflu site. Although there are very economically priced rooms in the main building, the cottages hold promise for a Corflu. Top of the line, when we last looked, is the Timberline. This secluded trysting place has king-size bed, stereo system, private balcony, sauna and a glitzy spa room with mirrored walls, crystal chandeliers and

a spa big enough for four-to-six people (depending on how chummy they want to get).

The only problem I can see is that some of our more passionate couples might disappear for the entire weekend.

6/5. My association with *The Intelligent Gamer* is wobbling into its final stages. (Joyce's tenure with that moribund mag will expire at the same time, I am sure.) Editor Jer Horwitz knows little about electronic gaming and less about editing a magazine, and he is correspondingly anxious to remove everyone from the operation who might reveal his inexperience and lack of knowledge.

Jer and his superior called today with a load of coal, mostly invented for the purpose of making Joyce and me uncomfortable. When they make up lies and "misplace" your copy, your days are numbered. We're casting about for alternatives. I can't say I will miss working for *Intelligent Gamer*, though the money is pretty crucial.

On a pleasanter business note, MicroLeague Multimedia Inc. (MMI), my main consulting client, just anointed me "Commissioner of MMI On-Line Sports." Those with an interest in baseball simulations can find out more about this at [www.mmi.com](http://www.mmi.com). The rest of your are spared.

Bill Kunkel, who is Commissioner of our sim league, laughed when I told him of my new title and its dubious status. "This entitles you to get middle-of-the-night phone calls that begin with an anguished "Mr Commissioner," he predicted.

John Hardin called during the weekly LVBA play-session. This was our first contact since he and Karla left town heading for the free love camp in the Ozarks (or whatever). It was good to hear from him, but it doesn't sound like the commune instantly solved his/their problems.

"How do you like the commune?" I asked John.

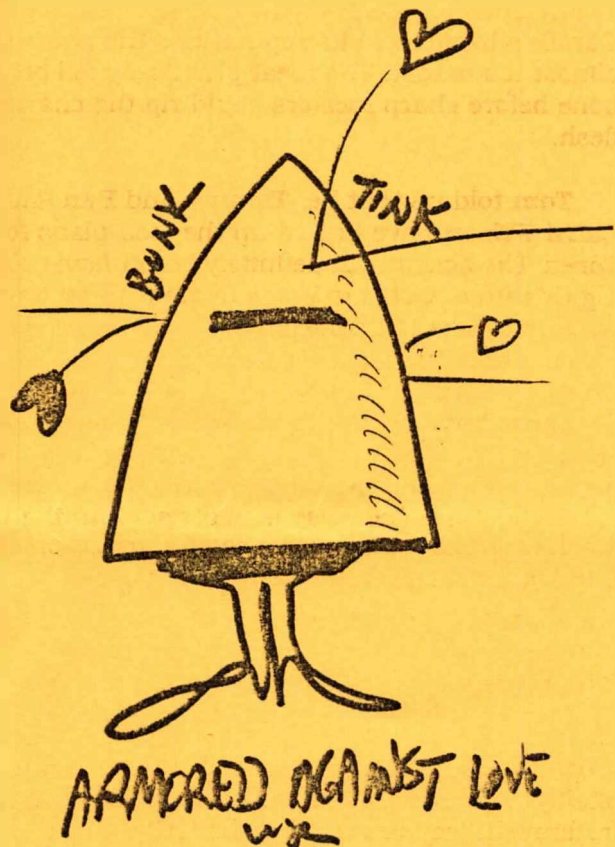
The answer came slowly, reluctantly. "Oh, it's okay," he said softly. I sensed he wanted to add something but he restrained himself.

"What about Karla?" I persisted.

"She thinks it's too rural," he said.

Too rural! Hard not to chuckle at that one! Eastwind, like most communes, is located on a farm, and it's hard to get more rural than that.

Before the call ended, John indicated that they'd be leaving the place soon and, perhaps,



looking for another commune. If they can find one based at Sears Tower or the Empire State Building, that should cure the surplus bucholia situation.

6/6. The self-referential chitterchatter that opens *Apparatchik #60* (Andy Hooper and Victor Gonzalez, 428 Francis Ave. N, #103, Seattle, WA 98103) finally gives credit where credit is due. Andy admits that he, Carrie Root, Janice Murray and Alan Rosenthal would never have had the reported conversation except for the influence of Las Vegas Fandom. Without our intervention, Andy suggests, the whole front page of *Apparatchik #60* would be one unbroken expanse of purple!

Kim Huett, slagged by his erstwhile hosts in this piece, probably would've preferred the blank paper. The fan whose habit of accumulating urine in a big jug would be even more upset, if Andy had the 'nads' to identify him other than as "X."

Lesley Reece's column springboards from a Don Fitch comment in the previous *APAK* letter column. He wrote that her contribution "both

managed to be fannish and to say something that could almost be called 'sercon' about a sfnal subject."

This raised questions in her mind about the meanings of the terms used in Don's remark. She knows the "dictionary definitions," but sought in vain for clarification. Her mentors, **Andy Hooper** and **Victor Gonzalez**, declined to clarify points like why a student writing about a personal experience, doing a paper (which happened to be about *Frankenstein*) is not writing a sercon article.

One possible reason for **Lesley's** confusion is that someone has misdefined the terms for her. All fanzine material is not divisible into "sercon" and "fannish," so that her piece doesn't really have to be one or the other.

This raises the question of how to categorize fanzine material. (Let's ignore the fact that such categories mean squat. What counts is the intrinsic worth of a specific piece, not its classification. Even I enjoy a thought-provoking and insightful article about science fiction about once a year.

Here's a category outline I've just written:

- A. Non-Fiction
  - 1. Sercon (science Fiction and Fantasy)
  - 2. Serious essays about non-sfnal subject matter
  - 3. Personal experience and opinion
  - 4. Fannish
- B. Fiction
  - 1. Original amateur science fiction and fantasy stories
  - 2. Parodies, satires and pastiches of science fiction and fantasy
  - 3. Original faan fiction
  - 4. Brandonizations

By this system, **Lesley's** piece about writing a science fiction essay fits most comfortable into the "Personal experiences and opinions" non-fiction category.

**6/7.** While watching *The Today Show* before work, I saw a promo for an upcoming NBC Special that set me off on one of those typical out-of-control trains of thought. (Typical for me, I mean.)

"All New Ancient Prophecies," the announcer boomed.

All *new* ancient mysteries. What a wonderful world it is in which they've discovered the secret of creating ancient prophecies. And how fortunate,

indeed, that they have gained this precious knowledge just in time for this NBC Special.

"Did you see that piece in **Apparatchik #60**?" I asked **Tom Springer**, **Ken Forman**, **Ben Wilson** and **Joyce**.

"You mean the one you mentioned in yesterday's entry?" **Joyce** asked. She, like the rest of us, wondered how circumstances had brought the five of us together for this semi-surreal quadrilogue. Normally, nothing could have induced the four of us to battle boredom by presenting this Vegas version of aimless fannish chatter. Yet here we were in **VFD**.

"You mean the one in which the four horsefen of the apparatchik ragged on **Kim Huett**? **Ben** asked.

"You mean the one where he obsessed about pee-pee?" **Tom** asked.

"Yeah, that's the one all right," I replied.

"Too self-referential," said the **MainSpring**.

**6/8.** I've decided to make the big software leap from **Publish It Easy** to **Quark**. The former, while outstanding in many ways, has significant drawbacks that motivated the change. The program doesn't work with the 7.5 Macintosh operating system, and the publisher and the product itself appear to be defunct.

I decided to experiment with **Quark** using **Vegas Fan Diary #1** as the ~~victim~~ subject. I don't want to make sweeping judgments until I've done another dozen or so fanzines with it, but the change may eliminate several visual characteristics fans associate with my fanzines of the last five years or so.

Some of the things I like, such as boxes with rounded corners, seem to be harder in **Quark** than **Publish It Easy**, and a few things may even be impossible. On the other hand, there are a few advantages to **Quark** which probably will impact the way my fanzines look.

That brings up something that has troubled me for awhile, the idea that all Las Vegas fanzines look alike. Leaving aside the fact that there aren't really *that* many fanzines from Glitter City, I don't see an overwhelming visual similarities among **Brodle**, **Dalmatian Alley**, and **Doodle Bug**.

Familiar similarities among Vegas fanzines are inevitable. So is contributor overlap, unless we suddenly stop supporting each other's fannish

efforts. This is a close-knit group, but I think the similarities are much overstated.

Tom Springer and Tammy Funk came over in the early evening. We went for tacos to El Burrito West. Joyce, Bill Kunkel and I discovered this place in the mid-1980s while in Vegas for the Consumer Electronics Show.

Actually, we found the east side location. The one near our home on the other side of town is every bit as good, though. The hole-in-the wall ambiance is comforting after the usual Vegas glitz, and the food is good enough to attract Latino casino employees for after-work meals.

Joyce had a big chocolate cake waiting at home for our desert. We detoured to the Baskin-Robbins a few doors down from the restaurant and bought several flavors of ice cream.

With our collective sweet tooth bludgeoned into quiescence, we slogged through various fannish matters. Nothing weighty, but a full belly is often conducive to mental *crifanac*.

The desire to talk fannishly without having to do anything Right Now encouraged me to trot out a long-range publishing idea. I'd like to produce a series of fannish anthologies and collections in soft or hard cover. The profit margin wouldn't be too fat, but I think I could recoup my investment on each volume eventually, and fandom would get some of its classics into more permanent form.

Others have done some fine work in this area. John-Henri Holmberg and NESFA merit praise for their fan books, and Scify is right in there with *All Our Yesterdays*. Still, a lot of fannish works worth preservation remain untouched by the bindery.

Some ideas: A collection of faan fiction, "best of" volumes for leading fanzines, anthologies of Tucker, Grennell, Boggs, Laney and others. The project is still in its formative stage, obviously, but I'd like to know what kind of fannish books the rest of you'd like to see.

6/9. I assembled the VFD mailing list today. I ran off the fanzine, 99 copies net, before getting out the scalpel. I figured, correctly, that having a limited number of copies would force me to complete the task as intended.

I started with the 180 names on the *Wild Heirs* list and trimmed. The last time I prepared a small mailing list, in the mid-1970s, I chopped it down to 50-60 with relative ease.

Either hardcore fanzine fandom is a lot larger now, or I've become friendlier in the interim. After several passes, *My Mailing List* reported that I still had 112 names.

I went through it a couple more times until I got down to 80. I can't afford to let it get any larger, so laggards beware! I'm one tough cookie, you betcha.

The phone jolted me from a late afternoon nap. Short sleep caught up with me, and I didn't want to doze through the SNAFFU meeting that night.

"Hello," said a measured voice, "This is **Charles N. Brown.**"

Momentous pause. I suppose this declaration customarily causes awe and wonder among the hoi polloi.

I listened for a drum roll and cymbal crash after this announcement. Maybe he doesn't use it when talking to mere fanzine fans.

"Hi **Charlie,**" I said. "Good to hear form you after all these years." I'd known Charlie Brown when we were both active New York fans. **Rich brown** and I were publishing **Focal Point** at about the same time that **Charlie** was starting **Locus**.

Another pause. This one was more ominous than momentous. Maybe the little people don't call him "**Charlie**" any more.

"As you probably guess," he said without further pre-amble, "I'm calling you about Charles Burbee." He explained that he wanted to put together an obituary for Burb and thought I could supply some information.

"What can I say about Burbee?" he asked.

I suggested his editorship of **Shangri-L'Affaires**, one of the great fanzines of the 1960s. I pointed to his greatness as a fanwriter. I extolled him as the embodiment of the Insurgent fan philosophy.

None of these credits pleased **Charles N. Brown.**

"The readers of **Locus** would not care about that," he said to each of my suggestions.

He's right, you know. The **Locus** readership is so disconnected from the subculture of fandom that **Charles E. Burbee** — he liked to be called "**Charlie**" — is totally irrelevant to the world which **Locus** reports. That's probably why I don't read **Locus** much.

It wasn't hard to prepare my review of the new

electronic game *Deadlock* for the SNAFFU meeting. I'd reviewed it for *Intelligent Gamer*, and I'd actually prepared it for the previous SNAFFU meeting. Attendance at that one was small enough that I'd decided to save it for the following meeting. I read my notes over once, and I was ready.

The eight attendees were : **Tom, Joyce**, me, **Ron Pehr, Raven, Woody Bernardi, David Whitman** and **Laurie Forbes**. We lost a few fans to the weekly showing of "Babylon 5" and at least one (**Marcy Waldie**) to the NBA play-offs.

I pushed forward the discussion of whether or not to alter the meeting schedule. I said something about waiting until there were enough members to validate a vote, but **Joyce** and **Tom** declared martial law and altered the set-up by fiat.

From now on, SNAFFU will have a formal meeting on the second Sunday of the month at Skinny Dugans, as now, and a semi-formal one at the **Formans** on the month's fourth weekend. It'll probably be Friday at 8:00, but we won't know for sure until **Ken** and **Aileen** make the decision.

"First Contact" was the main discussion topic. It didn't inspire many, but we managed to have a good give-and-take on the possible consequences for our society if we *had* first contact with a sentient alien race.

The theme of most of the comments, including mine, is that contact with an advanced culture is likely to have much the same destructive effect we've observed on Earth when a primitive culture encounters and sophisticated one. "Even if we're contacted by Capt. Kirk and the *Enterprise*, humans culture would become submerged in the interstellar culture of which we would then be a part.

**Dave Whitman** is going to do notes of SNAFFU meetings for **Situation Normal**, the club's monthly newsletter.

**6/10. Wild Heirs #14** hasn't reached readers yet, but we're full throttle on the next issue. It's going to be mostly letters, plus various columns, a short editorial jam, **Rotsler's** memories of Burbee and at least 20 pages of letters.

I reminded **Ross Chamberlain** and **Marcy Waldie** to get their columns ready in the next couple of days. When **Ken Forman** called, I badgered him, too. **Ken** wasn't a good target, though, because he'd finished his piece and expected to

hand it to me on Wednesday.

**Joyce** took the LeBaron in for service. We haven't put 15,000 miles on it in three years, but it needed some tweaking. **Marcy** ferried her home after the drop-off, and **Tom Springer** took her back to the dealership

**Tammy Funk**, the prettier half of this complete couple, is auditioning for a good new job. Since she planned to surf the net for the first time at the **Formans**, we invited **Tom Springer** over for dinner.

I can't say we accomplished much beyond a little Healthy Venting, but it was a very pleasant evening. We've both been writing, it appears, which means that **Wild Heirs** is amply supplied with **Katz** and **Springer** effusions.

**6/11. Michelle Lyons** telephoned this morning as **Joyce** and I were starting the workday. "**Richard** and I were talking about you and **Joyce**," she said, "so I thought I'd call."

"What a coincidence!" I said. "**Joyce, Tom Springer, Tammy Funk** and I were talking about you and **Richard** over the weekend, too!" I explained that **Joyce** and I had been wondering whom of our fan friends would attend the con.

That reminded **Michelle** of the main reason for her call. "I wanted you to hear it from me, before you heard it from someone else, second-hand," **Michelle** purred in my ear.

"Is there... someone else?" I asked, putting the appropriate stammer into my question.

"Yes, there's Nina," she said. "She's in charge."

"In charge?" Was this Nine-ah a dominatrix? I visualized a lurid sadomasochistic relationship in which Nine-ah bound and gagged sweet helpless **Michelle** and forced her to do Unspeakable Things, like wear a garterbelt or run the masquerade.

Twenty minutes or so later, I snapped out of my reverie to hear **Michelle** say: "Yes, she's running the Westercon, now that **Richard** and I have resigned."

"When we discussed Westercon," I said, "**Joyce** and I agreed that we probably wouldn't see as much of the two of you as if you weren't spending the entire weekend working on the con. Now we'll get to hang out together more!"

We talked about the reasons behind the unexpected decision. It boils down to big overtime for **Richard** at the Gas Company and the willingness

of other area fans to let **Richard** and **Michelle** do too much of the Westercon work.

"It took us more than week to decide to quit," confessed **Michelle**. Then she told me they were still funding the "SOO" line and fielding Westercon questions. Then she said she'd pick us up at the airport and that they had a nice big car to take us to gourmet restaurants. Then she added that she and **Richard** had rented a room to use as a fanzine lounge 24 hours a day. Evidently, **Richard** and **Michelle** do more as ex-con runners than **Joyce** and I would do as co-chairmen.

"I don't think it would be a bad thing, if you and **Richard** attended a couple of cons as visitors, ordinary con attendees," I offered. **Richard Brandt's** inability to say "no" at cons is legendary — advanced humorists insert joke here — so the two of them are often too busy to kick back and enjoy the scene.

"We could try that," she said, uncertainly.

"Maybe you could try a fanzine," I proposed. Years of nurturing LV fandom has taught me to seize opportunities.

"Oh, **Richard** has two articles out right now," she said, brightening. "One is in **Trap Door...**"

"I read that," I interjected. "Good piece."

"... and one in **Mimosa.**"

I told her I liked that one, too.

"**Richard** hasn't sent anything to **Wild Heirs**," I accused. He contributed to a "Vague Rants," but he'd never sent an article.

"Oh, it took him a long time to write them," she explained. "He owed those articles for more than three years!"

I took her meaning. "Well, tell **Richard** that we want to get on the waiting list. Let's make that retroactive to 1989."

"I'll tell him," she promised.

I'm expecting a **Richard Brandt** article for **Wild Heirs** Real Soon Now. Geez, **Richard**, you're already seven years late.

I've been worried about Westercon. It's silly, but I was flattered when they asked us to be co-Fan Guest of Honor. I feel like **Joyce** and I are the Unknown Guests of Honor. No one has asked us to do anything, which **Michelle** claimed is poor planning not disdain. I doubt that two dozen fans will know why Westercon picked us. (About half of them will be glad to tell you why we're a bad choice.)

**Joyce** and I are looking forward to Westercon, but I can't shake the feeling that we will grievously disappoint the Westercon committee. They haven't asked us to write for their program book or speak or participate in a panel or any of the other things we do reasonably well, so we have no way to justify our selection.

I worry that I won't get my Vulcan Werewolf costume ready in time.

**6/12. Challenger #4** (**Guy Lillian III**, PO Box 53092, New Orleans, LA 70153-3092) hasn't received nearly as much notice in fandom as it probably deserves. **Guy**, and his sidekick **Dennis Dolbear**, have created a unique fanzine expression of Southern Fandom.

Southern Fandom, as an entity distinct from US Fandom probably dates from the early 1960s. That's when the Southern Fandom Press Association set up shop. Things had been a little quiet in the region, fannishly speaking, since **Lee Hoffman** went North.

SFPA brought together a few fans of some national stature, like **Rick Norwood**, with a bunch of energetic folks like Al Andrews, Dick Ambrose, **Larry Montgomery**, and Billy Jo Plott who hadn't yet attracted much notice on the national fan scene. Once the apa, then quarterly, got going, it pulled in fans with more of a national orientation like **Dave Hulan**, **Joe Staton**, **Lon Atkins** and **Lenny Bailes**.

A lot has happened since those days, including another apa called Myriad, the DeepSouthCon regional, several worldcons and a big upswing in local club fanac.

Somehow, Southern Fandom has preserved a regional character even as fandom (and society as a whole) has become more homogeneously national. Names like "**Richard Dengrove**" and "**Alan Hutchinson**" and "**Jerry Proctor**" aren't especially familiar to non-Southern fans, but they, along with **Guy** and **Dennis**, are Southern Fandom fanzine BNFs.

**Challenger** is an ambitious effort to bring this backwater eddy of fanzine fandom into closer contact with the slightly bigger backwater eddy that is national and international fanzine fandom.

Southern Fandom isn't the Ted White Group Mind, the **Apparatchikadees**, the Vegrants or the Wimpy Zone. It has a unique character, and there will have to be mutual adjustment if **Challenger** is

to foster re-integration, or even a reunion, between South Fanzine Fandom and Fanzine Fandom.

One obvious gap is that they Know Not Trufandom. You (and I) might think they'd be honoring great Southern fans like **Lee Hoffman**, **Shelby Vick** and **Max Keasler**, but those luminaries have not had sufficient contact with modern Southern Fandom to forge that link.

It results in things like **Guy** writing in his editorial how good it is to see the word "Mundane" dropping out of fandom. The word means something different to us disciples of **Willis** and **Tucker** than it obviously does to him.

I use "Mundane" in two ways, one descriptive and the other, frankly, pejorative. Denotatively, "Mundane" means things which do not partake of or pertain to the subculture of fandom. So **Guy's** repeated question about whether the *Challenger* astronauts are Mundane is not an issue. They are Mundane, but only in the specialized sense that they are not part of the context of fandom (except insofar as the *Challenger* is part of the US cultural context.)

Mundane things are not better or worse than

fannish ones. But once we acknowledge that there is a subcultural context we can identify as fandom, then it figures that we'd need a word to describe things that are outside that context (which is most of the world).

I apply the pejorative meaning of "Mundane" to things, people and attitudes *within* fandom that don't reflect fandom's context. For example, petty lust after insignificant and dubiously bestowed awards is Mundane to me. I also consider worry about how nonfans will like a fanzine or article an instance of Mundane thinking in fandom. The pejorative aspect arises from my conviction that such things are not true to the nature of fandom as I understand it.

This distinction is important, because it bears so strongly on a key difference between Southern Fanzine Fandom and Fanzine Fandom: most of **Challenger's** writers do not write within a fannish context. The reminiscences about Harry B. More (chairman of the 1951 Nolacon, birthplace of Sixth Fandom) and the lengthy investigation of the Rosicrucians are not addressed directly to the audience (Fanzine Fandom). Both pieces target a general readership with no real relationship to fandom.

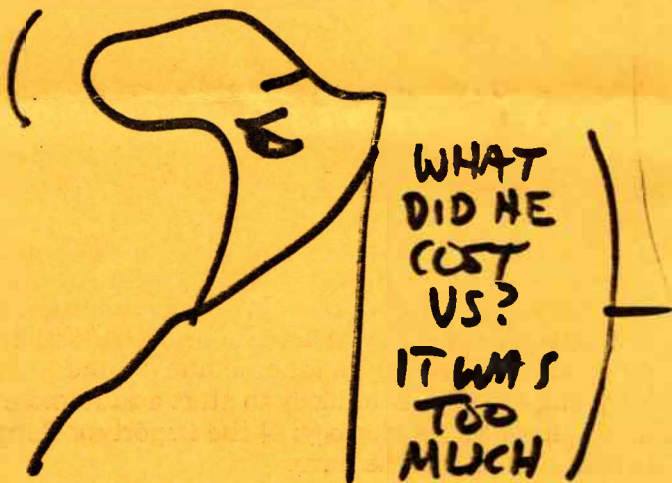
**Richard Dengrove's** "The Rosicrucians" is the issue's best example of this. It is an impressive article, based on extensive research. **Richard** offers reasonable interpretations of well-marshaled facts. With a round of professional copyediting, it's probably salable. Finding it in an airline magazine would lighten my flight.

I thought it lacked two things as a fanzine article. It doesn't explore the connection between the Rosicrucian ads and science fiction magazines, including his personal memories of exposure to those enigmatic blurbs for secret knowledge. Were not all prozine readers seared by the monthly call to harness the power of your mind?

And though **Richard** digs up tons of fascinating information, he didn't do the one thing that any **Blat!** or **Trap Door** writer would do. **Richard** didn't join the Rosicrucians. (Compare "The Rosicrucians" to Laney's famous article on Scientology.)

Without these elements, it is a good, readable article, but it is not truly a *fanzine* article. There's no special reason not to print it in a fanzine, as **Guy** has done, but it doesn't truly take advantage of the opportunity to speak to a defined and known

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





audience in a fanzine.

From comments in the article "Jeude! Jeude! Jeude!" I'd guess that **Challenger** backed Samanda Jeude in the last US-to-Europe TAFF election. This shows sterling character on their part, because **Challenger** could use a few illustrations by Virginian's own **Dan Steffan** illos.

This panegyric to Samanda Jeude, richly decorated with photos that confirm her TAFF platform — she *does* have large tattoos and you *can* stare down the front of her dress — is ironic. Its publication before the election might have mitigated the only real objection, that a lot of the fanzine fans who have traditionally voted in TAFF races didn't feel they knew who she was.

No one has personal animosity toward Samanda. Those who commented adversely about her candidacy didn't attack her character or her worth as a person. They felt that she didn't fit their idea of the qualifications for a TAFF candidate, which includes being widely known on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Trans Atlantic Fan Fund is a democracy, so those fans have a right to put forward their concept of the proper nominee, and those who agree have the same right to vote their opinion. The idea favored by the majority is the consensus.

Since the fanzine review column in **Challenger** discusses, not with complete accuracy, my **Wild Heirs** TAFF article, this might be the opportune spot to put into hard copy (with minor copyediting) something I wrote on-line as a follow-up to the article on December 29, 1995.

The material about TAFF, what I have read of it, was certainly interesting. I want to thank you for including me in the discussion. I know I haven't read a lot of the stuff to which you're all referring, possibly because of my recent tendency to delete vast amounts of Timebinders mail unread.

In any case, I think the best way for me to enter the discussion is to explain the motivation behind (and the meaning of) my TAFF article in **Wild Heirs** #11.

I'm disappointed that what I hoped to help avert, a wave of unpleasant fan bickering, has developed. anyway. It is evident that some people can't discuss anything without turning it into an insult-swapping contest.

My personal feeling about TAFF is that I would prefer to support an institution that brings

fans I want to meet to places where I am likely to be. For me, that tends to mean fans whom I have come to know through fanzine contact. If that's TAFF, fine. If that's a special fund, well and good. If it's a new institution created for that purpose, I can accept that, too.

That's my personal view, one "vote" in an election (or rather, series of elections) in which that view is going from majority consensus to minority attitude.

TAFF is a democracy. As the consensus changes, the institution's aims and goals will respond to it. I do not believe, and I have never said, that all future TAFF winners will be essentially convention fans or that those winners will all be unpalatable to those who share my viewpoint on TAFF. It is entirely possible that some TAFF winners will be very appealing to me even if they draw heavy support from segments of fandom with which I am not especially sympathetic.

The reason for my article was to talk to fanzine fans, the majority-about-to-be-a-minority, about the alternatives available to us/them at this juncture in fanhistory. Recent changes upset many fanzine fans, and my essay presented the situation and possible courses of action.

I outlined four possibilities: do nothing, actively fight against the change, walk away, and change the voting qualifications to keep TAFF in the same groove. I assessed the consequences of each of these alternatives. For instance, I attempted to point out that doing nothing entails certain obligations on the part of fanzine fans. To wit: when you're out-voted in a democratic election, you must accept the verdict of the voters with some grace. That means no dissing the winner, even if you supported the other fan. I *thought* that was just simple good sportsmanship.

Another of my alternatives was to simply recognize that TAFF is undergoing a democratic transition to a new goal/attitude that many fanzine fans do not like and walk away from TAFF and the feud certain to flame over control of it.

I'm a fanhistory nut, you all know that. It was hard for me to even consider walking away from a venerable institution like TAFF. I brought that option forward because: 1) it IS an Option; 2) it would be better than a lot of feuding; 3) the emerging majority is unlikely to start a fund more in keeping with its ideology; 4) the important thing is the function not the form.

In my opinion, it is infantile to squabble like boys in a schoolyard over something which can be amicably adjusted so that everyone is reasonably happy with the result.

I'd be pleased to discuss this with anyone who can do so without creating devils and building trenches. That's just not my idea of fanac.

Should we reach out to Southern Fanzine Fandom? I think the only possible answer is "Yes." How can we strive to build ties with fanzine fans in Britain, Germany, Ireland, Sweden and Australia and not try to strengthen the connection between ourselves and a thriving fanzine fandom in the southeastern US? Merger isn't likely, at least for a long time, but Southern Fanzine Fandom and Fanzine Fandom could both benefit from increased contact.

**Joyce** took the LeBaron in for service. We haven't put 15,000 miles on it in three years, but it needed some tweaking. **Marcy** ferried her home after the drop-off, and **Tom Springer** took her back to the dealership.

**Tammy Funk**, the prettier half of this complete couple, is auditioning for a good new job. Since she planned to surf the net for the first time at the **Formans**, we invited **Tom Springer** over for dinner.

I can't say we accomplished much beyond a little Healthy Venting, but it was a very pleasant evening. We've both been writing, it appears, which means that **Wild Heirs** is amply supplied with **Katz** and **Springer** effusions.

**6/13.** On *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, which **Joyce** and I were watching from tape before work today, Ted Baxter rattles off the winners in every category for every year for an obscure set of awards called the Teddys.

For some reason, this put me in mind of the Hugos. "I'll bet a lot of fans could rattle off the names of every Hugo winner, every category for every year since they started."

"I'm sure a lot of fans could do that," she said.

"I can't," I admitted.

"Neither can I," she said.

"**Rotsler** and **Lichtman** will be here tomorrow night, maybe..." I said.

"They won't know all the winners, either," she interrupted.

"No, they won't," I admitted.

"I'll bet there'll be a lot of fans at Westercon who'll be able to reel off the Hugo winners."

"Definitely," **Joyce** acknowledged. "Some people think it's important." She saw skepticism on my face. "Well, it's a phase."

Take warning: The first fan who walks up to me at Westercon and starts reciting the "Best Novella" winners, I'll get creatively anachronistic on his ass.

Insurgent thought for today: If I'm the Unknown Guest of Honor, why not turn the tables on the Westercon's uncaring throng? I could go to Westercon and feign complete and total ignorance of any aspect of fandom or science fiction/fantasy apart from fanzines. With a little effort, I can at least give the impression that I know as little about the world of the Westercon as the Westercon knows about mine.

Just when we have drifted from our monthly schedule, **Wild Heirs** suddenly benefits from its frequency. As a leading author of *hard* science fiction, **Greg Benford** may have foreseen our resolution to restore **Wild Heirs** to its former level of inevitability.

**Greg** sent two articles, one illustrated by the marvelous **Steve Stiles**, for the Vegrants' clubzine. He wrote that one piece is similar to a recent *F&SF* column and the other was in *SFAge*, which was not altogether good news. **Greg** believes, and I agree, that few **WH** readers will have seen either publication. A larger percentage has seen the pieces we occasionally lift from FAPA or the reprints in **Heirlooms**.

**6/14.** Work fully occupied me Friday morning and early afternoon, but anticipatory enthusiasm crept over me like frostbite in the arctic night (only warmer). By the time I uploaded the final piece of work to my client, the imminent arrival of **Robert Lichtman** and **Bill Rotsler** had pushed out all other thoughts.

Tomorrow is the day a few of Burb's friends will gather with his family to carry out his last request, to have his ashes scattered in the desert near Amboy Crater. Never religious, Charlie made it clear that he didn't want any form of ceremony or a lot of hang-wringing histrionics. He told his son **Ed** that he wanted those close to him to throw the

ashes and then go have a party. Since the monthly Social begins Saturday at 4:30, we have the party wired.

**Bill** and **Robert** decided to join **Joyce**, **Ben Wilson**, **Ken Forman** and me on the trip from Las Vegas to the crater, located several hours away between Barstow (well known as a source of virile truckers to fans of Sheryl Crowe) and Needles, CA.

**Joyce** orchestrated **Bill** and **Robert's** arrival on separate planes for about 4:00. Despite some delay in both landings, her arrangements worked perfectly. We'd just popped the trunk to stow **Bill's** bag when **Lichtman** emerged from the terminal and ambled in our direction.

**Bill** and **Robert** are among my favorite fan friends, but it was especially good to see them this time. I didn't trust myself to keep to the spirit of **Charlie's** instructions without their help. And at a time when some wonderful friends have gone into the West, it's a timely reminder that even the tragic loss of **Bob Shaw**, **Redd Boggs** and **Charles Burbee** in so short a time doesn't invalidate what they helped build.

Apart from the after-effects of a little flight turbulence, both seemed reasonably sturdy. **Bill** has been sick, but his energy is still tremendous, and **Robert Lichtman** remains his impeccably easy-going self.

The trip back from the airport crackled with good cheer as **Bill** told us several pretty funny stories about his adventures in Hollywood. Though he's done a few articles on this subject in the past, and I gather he writes about similar material in a *Certain Private* Apa, I wish we could induce him to cull a few stories and ship them over to **Wild Heirs** like a good co-editor.

I want to reprint an essay about his week on Baltimore's Block from **Masque** or **Kteic** in the mid-1960s-early 1970s. I'd be grateful if anyone can get me a photocopy. It would make a fine **Heirlooms** piece.

"Artists draw," **Rotsler** said, summing up his credo in a single phrase. "Sergio Argones told me about some Mexican artists who don't draw anything that doesn't have payment attached to it," **Bill** said. He went on to make it clear that he has a different philosophy.

I'd say that **Rotsler** sees art as a process. He explores a theme the way a musician improvises around the basic tune. He indicated that it might be his preference, at times, to see only a few exam-

ples of each series published, but that he'd hate to turn down the requests for art from fanzine editors.

At the risk of my future art supply, I can't entirely agree with **WR**. I enjoy seeing many examples of a **Rotsler** series, even if a few stand out as superior. In the **Wild Heirs** anniversary, **Rotsler** did dozens of cartoons on the theme: "Vegas Fandom is" which we ran in the letter column. One of the cartoons has become Las Vegants' unofficial semi-official slogan: "Las Vegas Fandom has the strength of 10 because we are 20."

We love this cartoon and quote it to each other at appropriate moments. It will live in Las Vegas fanhistory. It may even avert a future catastrophe, like a worldcon bid.

Yet I wouldn't want to give up the other 20 or so cartoons, about LV Fandom many of them quite humorous and perceptive in their own right, in the name of publishing only the series' high point. The whole group of cartoons, taken together, is a multifaceted artistic statement.

This gave me a convenient opportunity to ask **Bill** about a set of illos he'd sent about two weeks earlier. They were very funny, but I wanted to make sure that he still wanted them to run in the near future in light of some recent fannish occurrences.

The cartoons' format is a word or phrase and then a drawing that symbolically illustrates the copy. The phrases are all things like "heart attack" and "stroke."

"Definitely run them" **Rotsler** responded immediately. "I did them while I was having a heart attack," he added. That got everyone's attention.

He elaborated with an anecdote. While visiting a mall with a friend, he felt the imminent onset of a small cardiac episode. (He evidently gets them occasionally to no great lingering effect).

**Rotsler** told his buddy not to worry and sat down on the nearest bench. While contemplating the progress of this intra-**Rotsler** phenomenon, **Bill** decided he ought to try to draw. Under the spell of this spell, he turned out this series and sent it to me.

Once **Ken Forman**, **Ben Wilson** and **Tom Springer** arrived, we went off to the reborn New York Deli. Once located 'way over on the east side', it recently re-opened near Toner Hall in the Northwest. Despite a three-year absence, it appears to have the same owners, workers and

menu. I think they had the booths and tables mothballed, because it also looks like the original restaurant.

It wasn't long after we finished dinner that **Tom** had to head for the airport. He and **Tammy** had scheduled a trip to San Francisco to see **Tom's** ailing sister, and it was impossible to change plans by the time the family set the farewell to Burbee for June 15th.

The evening broke up fairly early, despite the appeal of the company, because we had to get moving early the next morning to reach Amboy Crater by the appointed time.

6/15. Today we went to the desert to scatter the ashes of **Wild Heirs** co-editor, seminal insurgent — he'd like that term — Charles Burbee. He was a great friend to Las Vegas Fandom, a great personal friend to me and an inspiration to every fanwriter and publisher.

Charlie requested cremation, followed by a simple, non-religious scattering of his ashes at Amboy Crater. This scenic wonder is located just minutes from the bright side of Mercury (and a little less than three hours from Las Vegas).

Since I'm one of the frequent complainers about tardy Vegas fans, I should report that **Ben** and **Ken** didn't arrive on time with the van. They showed up *early*. So when we dawdled a few extra minutes being sociable, it didn't prevent us from hitting the highway at 7:30 as planned. This unprecedented promptness is the ultimate compliment to Burb. Nothing else has ever evoked comparable time-consciousness.

The van was spacious and comfortable, except for the second row of seatbelts. Mine fit like a garotte, which was bad noose to someone starting a three-hour car trip.

The problem was that the chest strap was anchored about a foot *behind* the seat. An extra fitting, over the window and parallel to the seat, might've alleviated the problem. I sat for awhile with the strap tight under my chin, but soon threw caution to the winds and shucked the belt. **Ken's** driving to Amboy Crater (and **Ben's** homeward piloting) gave us a smooth trip, so it wasn't as though I need lashed down tightly.

The trip unfolded without incident. **Ken**, who's a tour guide at Hoover Dam, narrated our passage through the barren land. He spoke knowledgeably about the cacti and rocks as

we whizzed past them and called several of them by name. **Rotsler**, a frosty *Barq's* root beer in hand, told stories about many colorful characters, including the Notorious Thea and the even more notorious **Harlan Ellison**.

**Joyce** had gone out about 7:00 am and gotten a dozen assorted bagels. We munched these, with or without cream cheese accompaniment and washed them down with cold sodas.

"Amboy, Population: 20," **Robert** read off the sign that announced our arrival. The crater isn't exactly a tourist mecca, so when this stretch of old Route 66 lost out to a bypass, Amboy shrank to little more than a widening in the road. It's little more than than a combination gas station and cafe, a post office and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe tracks.

I briefly considered the possibility of all of us becoming residents. We could run this place with six votes. We could conquer Amboy for Fandom and remake the place in the image of fandom. The only hitch is that we'd have to live there, and it might be tough to import necessities, like bagels, toner and XXX videos.

By 11:00, everyone was ready for the short ride-and-walk to the site. **Cora**, his three kids, their cousins the Bouchards, and as assortment of grandchildren trekked a little deeper into the desert to the lava flow from the Crater. (**Ben** and **Ken** could barely be restrained from scaling the black crater walls, but the frailer participants wouldn't've survived the climb.)

After **Cora** and **Ed** spoke, they asked me to say a few words. I didn't speak long. My voice was very husky, and it was hard to get the words out. I don't remember the exact words, so you're spared the complete official text. My final line went something like: "He will live as long as we, his heirs in fandom, are inspired by his example and work in the tradition he established."

Burbee looked down on us from the big semi-circular bar at the Enchanted Convention and shook his head. "That Arnie," he says, nudging Terry Carr, "he sure is one serious and constructive fan."

After we scattered the ashes in defiance of federal and local statute, which is the way Burb would have wanted it, **Ben** and **Ken** gave a unique tribute. "We want to share a beer with Burbee," they said as they opened a Bud and each took a sip. Then the poured the rest of it out on the same

lava flow where we'd tossed what Rotsler called "The Incomplete Burbee."

After the ceremony, we returned to the restaurant to have lunch together. I ordered the Route 66 burger, proudly billed as "the greatest hamburger on earth."

That's an impressive boast. As I waited, expectantly, I wondered if I needed to revive my idea of taking over Amboy. If they had "the greatest hamburger on earth," I'd have to bring noted critic and hamburger expert **Walt Willis**, here, and it would have to be fixed up nice to welcome him.

The actual Route 66 burger disappointed me. It wasn't the best hamburger on earth. The only way in which it could validate itself as "the greatest hamburger on earth" is if they served it on a bed of dirt.

In fairness to the establishment's reputation, I must admit that Rotsler rated it higher. "Of course, I had a 'Route 66' burger," he said, referring to my pronunciation of the item as a "root" 66 burger.

"You probably had yours with 'to-mah-toe,' too," I sneered.

Cora promised to visit in July. I hugged her good-bye, and Ben wheeled us back onto the highway. Ben and Ken chose a slightly different route, "for variety." Even this surefire plot complication failed. We drove back from the crater without approaching anything remotely reminiscent of an anecdote.

Even with Ken and Ben making the ice run, I was still doing clean-up and preparation when the first fans arrived for the June Social at about 4:30. As it was, I postponed running off **The Vegas All-Stars #57** until the following Social and rushed through writing the opener for that evening's oneshot.

I'd just gone to the living room after finishing my chores when a guy I'd never seen before sat down next to me and struck up a conversation. He let me know he'd done a little pro work, including some stuff for "Logan's Run," and that he'd been a fan for a decade or two. He's a former LA fan who has moved to Las Vegas and was checking out the Social on the encouragement of **Alan and DeeDee White**.

Someone's passing reference to the trip to Amboy Crater piqued his curiosity. "Is it that good a crater?" he asked.

"No, it isn't much," I admitted. "We went there, to scatter the ashes of Charles Burbee."

"Who is Charles Burbee?" asked the LASFES veteran.

"Besides being a friend of most of the people in this room, Charles Burbee is arguably the greatest American fan of all time."

"Oh? I never heard of him," said my new acquaintance. "What cons did he put on?"

He never heard of you, Burb.

"Charles Burbee," I repeated more slowly and distinctly. Maybe my elocution, after a long, hard day, wasn't all it should be. No light of comprehension disturbed his lineless, deeply tanned face.

He still didn't know you, Burb.

"Charles Burbee is arguably the greatest US fan of all time," I told him. "He wrote and published many fine articles and fanzines. He edited **Shangri-"l'Affaire**," I offered. Unfortunately, as a late 20th Century LASFESan, he had apparently never heard of this fanzine. "He's nominated for two retro Hugos," I said with a certain amount of exasperation. "*Charles Burbee!*"

Later in the same conversation he referred to being active "in fandom and also on the creative side." That told me everything.

It also explains why he didn't know you, Burb. He's not a fan.

The Social went pretty well, mostly because hosting is second-nature after almost five years. Things took a wrong turn when a group of loud and valuable polemicists seized the living room and forced most of the others to run for cover. Their weapon: the trinity of banal Las Vegas female fan conversation: Hysterectomy, Natural Childbirth and Breast Reduction Surgery.

I hoped that their blatant prejudice against abundant mammaries would call forth a stirring defense by the Baron of Boobs, **Bill Rotsler**, but the Nabob of Knockers allowed the anti-titty tirade to continue unchecked.

The unholy trio of estrogen-enflamed harpies known as The Three Witches doesn't come around much any more, but their heir apparents were in full screech. They even added a new, even more inappropriate topic all their own: Forms of violent retaliation against wife abusing husbands.

Some people went home. **Ben & Cathi Wilson, Lichtman, Bill Kunkel** and **Joyce** hid in the front bed room, waiting for the motor mouths to exhaust

the subject for the night, or at least run out of energy. Evidently, some of these people are in fantastic aerobic shape. We checked back every half-hour or so, but nothing could derail the ob-gyn session.

Hope for a fresh topic dwindled as midnight approached. Finally, we despaired of anyone getting to say anything that wasn't about Hysterectomy, Natural Childbirth, Violent Retaliation or Breast Reduction Surgery and encouraged people to go home.

**6/16. Robert, Joyce** and I decided to go out for a meal before we had to get him to the airport for his plane back to the BArea. We were all a bit tired from the previous exhausting day, but we managed to keep up a semblance of our usual chitterchatter.

I ordered an Arnie's Special (corned beef, pas-trami and turkey on rye, no Russian dressing, slaw on the side) at the Celebrity Deli. I still have to spell out the recipe, because my plan to get a sandwich named after me on the menu has not born fruit (or cured meat). Still, I must admit that Celebrity's rendition of this delicacy is superior to the New York Deli version. This is probably just as well for my grand design, since the NY Deli names its sandwiches after geographical locations.

I finally had the chance to protest **Robert's** otherwise perceptive comments on my Paul Feller "The Rap on RAP" pseudo-reprint Insurgent article in **Heirlooms #3**. He immediately tumbled to my "KTF" reference, which was designed to reveal the hoax to anyone who read carefully, but he incorrectly dissed my fanhistorical accuracy with regard to Burbee's editorship of **Shangri-L'Affaires**.

**Robert** pointed out that LASFS didn't remove Burbee as editor of **Shangri-L'Affaires** until after the article's alleged date of publication. Unfortunately, he neglected to consider Burbee's temporary (as it turned out) removal from the editorship as a result of military call-up. Gerald Hewitt edited two issues of **Shaggy** in 1945, and no one knew Burb would return so soon when "Paul Feller" would've written his piece.

**Joyce** and I kicked back and took things easy after depositing **Lichtman** at McCarren. It doesn't make for fascinating **VFD** entries, I know, but **VFD** looks at fanlife in Vegas without flinching.

**6/17.** Ethel Lindsay's death notice awaited me when I signed on to check e-mail this morning. The prior announcement of her terminal illness reduced the shock, but not the sense of loss.

Ethel, like Redd Boggs, is someone whom I knew through fanzine fandom. Thanks to fanzines, Ethel was very "real" to me even though we never met in person. I read **Scottishe, Haverings**, many apazines and her TAFF report. Many other fanzines have described events in which Ethel took part.

Someone has slagged Ethel Lindsay in a fanzine. I never saw it, but I concede that it exists, given fandom. What I *do* know of Ethel has always given me a near-reverential respect for her as a person and as a fan. Her kindness and generosity are legendary.

Ethel Lindsay pubbed some pretty good ishes, too. We'll miss Little Sister Ethel.

**Tom Springer, Tammy** told **Joyce** on the phone, has Visited the Doctor and Retired to His Bed. I'm not sure the capital letters were in the original quote, but they were definitely there when **Joyce** told me about it.

We Vegrants think of **Tom** as more or less indestructible, so any bout of ill-health is cause for worry, if not actual consternation.

**6/18.** Another hopeful sign from UK fandom is **Waxen Wings and Banana Skins #2**, the first collaboration of **Claire Brialey** (26 Northampton Rd., Croydon, Surrey CRO 7HA UK) and **Mark Plummer** (14 Northway Rd., Croydon, Surrey CRO 6JE UK).

Both editors want readers to know, right off, that there's no hanky panky at the editorial conferences.

None.

No stolen smoldering glances.

No seemingly careless brushes while staring at the layout.

No triple entendres.

**Thanks to Bill Rotsler  
for the illos.  
See you all in about 30 days  
Come to Toner!**

No grotty trufannish kiss after each licking 100 manila clasp envelopes.

Nothing but pure fanac going on here, you betcha.

I'm making so much of this point here, because **Claire** and **Mike** want the word spread, especially to the people with whom they live in blissful (and presumably sexually turbocharged) bliss.

In completely separate houses, mind you. That's a detail **Claire** and **Mark** want you to understand, internalize and remember.

And yet must we not shed a tear for those who know not the warmth and love of a truly close co-editorship. There is no chaste touch of sisterly lips on the cheek at the end of a grueling work session for **Mark**. No brotherly, reassuring hug for **Claire** when someone who has never opened a fanzine in pleasure reams them in **Attitude**.

Things are different on this side of the Atlantic. I have so many co-editors, I wouldn't know which ones to kiss first — and *where* — if I didn't have the pecking order of the masthead to serve as my guide.

Having read **Claire** and **Mark's** brave confession that they are not having any form of romantic or sexual relations, emboldens me to comparable candor. I feel I must tell you that I've reveled in orgasmic orgiastic sex with fewer than seven **Wild Heirs** co-editors. (**Joyce** feels I must tell you that I have reveled in orgasmic, orgiastic sex with fewer than three **Wild Heirs** co-editors, fewer than two if you don't count self-inflicted.)

**Mark's** squib about government informational brochures is clever, but he may've failed to grasp the full enormity of the repercussions of the limited availability of the pamphlet on stress.

He attributes this state of affairs to a diffident attitude toward providing this supposedly vital information. I don't want to project the flaws of the US government onto a so-far-as-I-know-blameless monarchy thousands of miles away, but there could be a more byzantine motive.

In the US, federally printed brochures are free from an address in Pueblo, Colorado. So anxious are the folks in Washington, DC, to promote maximum usage of this service that they've blown taxpayers' money on a seemingly endless series of radio and TV commercials. In other words, they spend money to print these brochures and then spend even more money so that more people will actually request them and then still more moolah to satisfy the demand they've created.

Something of the same sort may be happening at the UK printing office. They spend pounds ster-

ling, money that could be better used to increase surveillance of royal phone sex trysts, to research, write, edit and publish an invaluable guide to controlling stress.

They stack up the stress pamphlets in the office and wait for the torrent of requests from stress-conscious citizens. Instead, they only get a trickle of inquiries, almost none once you subtract members of the Intersection con committee.

"What are we going to do about the bloody stress booklets?" demands the second deputy minister in charge. "We can't count on that Intersection business *every* year."

The Second Deputy Minister gives the whole staff a withering look that has the weak-stomached mentally composing their resumés. The silence in the room gets ugly.

The Second Deputy Minister points to the door, and the staff members file out. He notices his secretary's very tight, very short skirt. Once he has mentally traced every significant outline and contour, he has also noticed that several staffers have surreptitiously glommed onto copies of the controlling stress pamphlet.

From this fleeting insight comes the Great Plan. The British government will create demand for the stress control guide, and then use the reclaimed office space to increase inventory on that mad cow recipe collection. Without the resources to advertise the publication, the Deputy Minister hits on a subtle strategy worthy of Disraeli or Thatcher.

The masterstroke is the seemingly innocuous footnote in the catalog. Here's how it works: The potential reader sees the notice of limited availability and thinks, "I shall have to order this one quickly, or it will be gone. Then, how oh how will I ever control stress and its pernicious deleterious effects?"

Fear of getting shut out incites tension. Tension begets stress. And stress engenders an insatiable need for — yes!! — stress control pamphlets.

**Claire** isn't nearly as greedy as her American counterparts to judge by "Who Wants to be a Millionaire?" This article, about her continued pursuit of lottery gold, is pretty mild stuff compared to stateside lottoholics.

**Claire's** joy over a £44 win, with a ticket bought enroute to MS-Saigon, is pretty mild stuff compared to the gyrations people go through to win some of the multi-million-dollar prizes given by lotteries with pyramiding jackpots. People will drive hundreds of miles to California to buy a

"Powerball" ticket when the jackpot threatens to go from six digits to seven.

It occurred to me the other day that the best chance of winning a couple of million isn't the lottery. The odds are much better if you play the progressive slot machines and big-ticket video poker machines at brand new casinos.

**6/19. Joyce** and I had a very unusual conversation today. I feel obliged to record it, and not only for its singularity. I've dented a few egos that inflate at the slightest possibility of an award, no matter how tainted and disreputable. This conversation shows not only me, but the allegedly saintly **Joyce Katz**, have bigger egos about fandom than we should.

What we discussed was the great fanzine fan couples. It started innocently enough with references to Las Vegas fandom's dependence on couples. like **Ben and Cathi Wilson, Tom Springer and Tammy Funk, Ken and Aileen Forman, Ray and Marcy Waldie, Ron Pehr and Raven, Bill and Laurie Kunkel, Ross and Joy-Lynd Chamberlain, BelleAugusta and Eric Davis** and us. (**Alan and DeeDee White**, ex-LASFS, are too new to the group to place among the hard core.)

Just in time, we caught ourselves just as we drifted uncomfortably close to speculation about where we stand as a couple on the ladder of fan-nish achievement.

We didn't strike off a medal for ourselves. We never even formalized the rules of eligibility, which should also count in our favor at the last reckoning. In retrospect, however, we both felt it was an Unhealthy concern. Honors aren't what we want from fandom or why we're active.

We cited many wonderful fan couples, and I've thought of still more since I started this entry. Current fanzine fan couples include the **Lynches, Rob Hansen and Avedon Carol and Andy Hooper and Carrie Root**. More venerable fanzine fan pairings include the **Busbys, Norm and Gina Clarke, the Willises, the Trimbles, the Ashworths and Andy and Jean Young**.

**6/20. Tom's** leg felt better, so he and **Tammy** came over for dinner. Since we hadn't gotten together for awhile, **Joyce** and I recounted the trip to Amboy Crater and the Social afterward.

When **Tom** heard about the living room takeover by the forces of hysterectomy, natural childbirth and breast reduction surgery, his insurgent impulses rushed to the forefront.

After a few increasingly heated remarks,

throat-clearing insults before the verbal storm, **Tom** revealed his counter-insurgency strategy to us. "The next time they start that stuff," he vowed, "I'll start talking about my last rectal exam."

Each of us played this scenario in our theater (one screen, good popcorn here) of the mind. I, for one, liked what I saw. If the mere suggestion made me queasy, and it did, just to hear the suggestion, how would **Tom's** "blow by blow" description affect the H, NC & BRS faction?

"Sounds good to me," I said.

"And we can talk about the Penis Pump!" He shouted. "We can talk about Rectal Exams, the Penis Pump and... and..." His painkiller-beclouded brain groped for the third element of this magical formula.

"... hysterical impotence!" I shouted. "Inadequate male sexual performance triggered by performance anxiety!"

"Rectal exams, the Penis Pump and hysterical impotence!" **Tom** said. "We're ready for them now," he added, grimly. "If banal conversation breaks out at the next Social, we're ready."

We were so pleased at our apparent triumph over this ancient evil of Las Vegas Fandom that we celebrated with a sidebar and carry-in from the Bulgarian pizzeria.

**6/21.** I don't know how I get into these conversations... **Joyce** and I were watching TV, an episode of "Friends" taped last night, when a fast food commercial offered premiums themed to the movie "Babe."

As always in such ads, the children were fascinated by their prizes. In particular, the tiny stuffed "babe" entranced one small boy. He used the toy as a ventriloquist's dummy, speaking in a high keening version of the character's on-screen voice.

"Not that there's anything wrong with it," I said, "but isn't it interesting that the little boy wanted to roleplay a little girl pig?"

"I think 'Babe' is a male pig," **Joyce** said, suddenly unsure. My theory about cross-gender roleplaying knocking down sexual stereotypes lodged in my throat, still unspoken.

"How do you know that?" I asked. "That's a mighty high-pitched voice."

"It's the color of the ribbon around the pig's neck," she offered.

"What if a talking pig calls you on the telephone?"

That stumped her.

"Is this the Arnie Katz of Science Fiction



Fandom?" a thickly accented voice asked. Although it reminded me of the time I'd dubbed **Gerri Sullivan** the "Gerri Sullivan of the Nineties," I was still a little leery of making a premature disclosure of identity. You see, it also reminded me of the weird-looking guy who accosted me on the street on my way to a FISTFA meeting at **Brian Burley's**. "Yes, I'm Arnie Katz," I'd said. From the proximity of the encounter to the meeting, I assumed (rightly as it turned out) that this was some sort of fan.

"I hate you!" he screamed. "I hate you!"

"Excuse me, but I don't think we've ever met," I said, once I'd gotten over the shock.

"No, we haven't," he admitted. "But people I know say that you are evil, so I hate you!"

Heartening as it was to meet a person with such touching loyalty to his friends, I didn't fancy having another madman leap out of the shadows at me.

"This is **Benoit Giraud**, of **Frozen Frog**," he said, at once allaying my fears. He and his wife were touring the outcoursy tourist spots of the Southwest. Perhaps they had tired of the Natural Wonders and decided to include an Unnatural one, the Vegrants.

Whatever the reason, the **Girauds** had reached Las Vegas on their pilgrimage to the US. I told him about the **SNAFFU** meeting on Sunday, but the **Girauds** had to leave too early for that.

"You missed the Social by a week," I told him, but let's see what we can do about getting some fans gether to meet you on Saturday night."

We agreed to talk again at 5:30 the next afternoon, and I immediately called **Tom**. Within a half-hour, I'd lined up a convivial band for our celebrity, though there were still a few Vegrants I wasn't able to reach today.

**6/22. Benoit** called at about 6:00. **Joyce** offered expert instructions from their hotel, but the **Girauds**, already lost once in Glitter City, expressed a great preference for someone to fetch them. **Joyce** put calls in to **Tom** and **Ken**, but both were working. So **Joyce** drove over to the Howard Johnson's to get our special guests.

**Ben Wilson** came over directly from work, so I had some company while waiting for **Joyce** to return with our guests. It wasn't long before **Joyce** returned with the **Girauds** and not too much longer than that before **Ken Forman**, **Ray** and **Marcy Waldie**, **Ross Chamberlain**, **Tom Springer** and **Cathi Wilson** had also arrived. (**Aileen** wasn't feeling well, **Tammy** had to work and I wasn't able to contact the rest of Las Vegrants in time.)

**Benoit** and **Jeanette** aren't exactly the typical Vegas tourists. Their main interest in making the trip was to see the Grand Canyon, and they landed in Glitter City without much in mind beyond seeing a few fans. On the other hand, this delightful couple are wide-open to new experiences, which included both an evening with Las Vegrants and a ride down Las Vegas Boulevard with **Joyce** at the wheel. She reports that our visitors were suitably impressed by the lights and the displays such as the sailing ships, volcano and pyramid. In fact, next time they're here, **Benoit** and **Janette** plan to *enter* one of those monuments to mammon to see what's inside.

**6/23. Joyce** was feeling bad, running a bit of a fever, so we didn't go to the **SNAFFU** meeting, the last "fourth Sunday" meeting at **Skinny Dugan's** for at least a while. The second Sunday meetings at the pub continue, but an informal gathering at **Ken** and **Aileen Forman's** home on Friday evenings will replace the second formal meeting each month.

**Ben** and **Tom** stopped by, briefly, after the **SNAFFU** meeting. When they saw that **Joyce** wasn't really up to visitors, they tactfully left after a half-hour. I welcomed the company, because **Joyce** was dozing about as much as **Slugger**, but they were probably right to go.

We talked about **Wild Heirs** and **Toner**. It's starting to look like we'll do a letter-oriented issue and a **Burbee** issue in the same envelope.

**6/25. Michelle Lyons**, allegedly ex-Westercon committeewoman, called to talk about arrangements today. I confess I find these conversations a little painful, because **Michelle** sounds like a convict pleading for clemency. The pressure on her and **Richard** has been severe, and she shies from blows never delivered.

**Joyce** and I are pretty blasé about con-connected glitches. It's all volunteer workers busting a gut, so we aren't devastated when the road gets rocky. Besides, they're paying the bills, and it's hard to beat *that* deal.

I was flabbergasted when **Michelle** blurted out that she and **Richard** worried that we wouldn't like them any more due to minor Westercon fluffs (none of which they directly caused). She accepted my assurances of Eternal Friendship, but the call made me think that she and **Richard** know fans for whom this is not true.

6/26. The simulation baseball league continues on its merry way, though **JoHN Hardin** is still among the missing and **Tom Springer** went on the injured list. (Tom's back went out for a few days, a secondary consequence of last week's bursitis attack.

**JoHN** (and **Karla**) - still bolded for yet awhile — have reportedly left the free love camp in the Ozarks and are presently living in the not-so-free and not so-lovely Columbus, OH, in general proximity to **Karla's** parents. I had an employment verification call from TicketMasters a couple of days ago, so **JoHN** has become one of those voices on the phone who tells you that the only seats left are in row **ZZZ**.

It's rather sad about **JoHN**. He earned a lot of respect around Vegas Fandom for the way he pulled himself up by his bootstraps to claim a writing career, but his slothful ways and general undependability have gobbled up that fragile rep like flesh-eating bacteria let loose at a Westercon..

My St. Louis Aliens hosted the Memphis Maroons owned jointly by **Andy Hooper** and **Alan Rosenthal**. With a little help from the simulated weather — a cloudburst in the top of the 5th inning washed out second game — the Seattle Stengels shlumped me three games to one. The Aliens still have a deathgrip on first place in the Northern Division, about 10 games ahead of **Ben Wilson's** Detroit Derelicts, but that won't last if the current slump continues.

6/27. I heard about **Apparatchik #62** (**Andy Hooper**, **Carl Juarez** and **Victor Gonzalez**, 4228 Francis Ave. N, #103, Seattle, WA 98103) before I actually saw it.

"So, have you read **Victor Gonzalez's** review of **Wild Heirs**?" **Ken** wanted to know.

I shook my head.

"You ought to read it," **Joyce** counselled.

So I read it. I read all of **Victor's** reviews of **Wild Heirs**. It's one of his specialities. Seemed like his usual combination of hand-wringing negativity, eccentric surmises and crankiness. I enjoyed it thoroughly.

Yet the review's *ex cathedra* tone left me wondering about the source from which the author derived his infallibility.

"Is this the **Victor Gonzalez** who co-authored *The Enchanted Duplicator*?" I asked.

"No," **Ben** said, evidently surprised by my question. "He co-authored a fan fiction story about us. He writes about us a lot, you know."

"So this is the **Victor Gonzalez** who built **Apparatchik** into the number one frequent fanzine

in fandom?"

"Well, he *is* a co-editor," **Joyce** allowed. "But I think **Andy** deserves the credit for making **Apparatchik** the top zine. It was already there when he added **Victor**." Silently, I wondered if adding his name to the masthead cheapened the status of all co-editors. Well, that was a topic for another occasion.

"Oh, so this is the **Victor Gonzalez** whose letters appear in other fanzines with the frequency of a latter day **Harry Warner** or **Mike Glicksohn**?"

"I don't think I've ever seen a **Gonzalez** loc," said **Aileen**, noted for the acuteness of her short term memory.

"He contributes lots of articles and such to other fanzines, then?"

"No," was the only reply I got.

"So when he writes that he has 'given up' on me, it has no particular significance," I asked, genuinely surprised.

"No, he's just a pretentious little man with a big mouth," they said.

What a relief.

6/28. The Westercon's chauvinism is disturbing. **Joyce** and I thought their invitation to be co-fan Guests of Honor was reasonable and appropriate. **Joyce** is worthy of the honor in her own right, but I was pleased to share the spotlight with her.

Everyone with whom I've had Westercontact has been very nice, but too many acted like the fan GOH is **Arnie Katz** and spouse. If they'd wanted to honor me as an individual, they could've done so. Once they made it a joint thing, they should carry through even-handedly.

6/29. Early morning channel surfing introduced us to yet another new home showcase program. We watched it, for comparison only, even though we still have no desire to leave Toner Hall.

The show's host was an attractively mature woman, blonde and British, **Hilary Green**. She lacked warmth. I had to put on a sweater at the first commercial break.

"I'm not impressed with **Hilary Green**," I said to **Joyce**. "She's no threat to **CC Carr**," I added, referring to the hostess of a rival house show.

"I hate her," she replied. "It's her name, you know."

I didn't know. "Her name?"

"All **Hilarys** are evil," she announced. "Bad from birth!"

"Wow, that's some statement," I said. It was a truly impressive generalization, even for 8 am,

Saturday morning.

"Evil," she repeated, "Totally evil."

"But what about **Hilary Benford**?" I asked. "I think she's attractive, charming and intelligent."

"She's all right," **Joyce** admitted, a bit grudgingly I thought..

Now that I had gotten her to accept the enonvilness of Hilarys, I pressed the point. "And what about Hilary Staton?"

"I don't like her," **Joyce** snapped. "Never did."

"But she's not evil," I said.

"No-o-o-o, not evil."

Having defended the honor of the name "Hilary," I took my victory and withdrew from the field of combat before **Joyce** could name various awful male and female Hilarys of her acquaintance. I flipped on the VCR, and we watched *Rhoda*.

**Joyce** likes the name "Rhoda." With such minuscule building blocks is domestic happiness constructed.

The Chicago Science Fiction League has been in danger of taking its illustrious history too seriously. The previous, abortive meeting raised the spectre that the reborn CSFL would once again slip into a coma. With our demands for a cut of the worldcon swag on the table, we can't afford to show such organizational weakness.

So I'm pleased to report, as Director of the Chicago Science Fiction League, that the July meeting was a rousing success. **Tom Springer**, **Ben Wilson** (with his new mountain bike), **BelleAugusta Churchill** (or whatever), **Joyce** and I dined on hot dog permutations and discussed how we'll spend the money once the last four ChiCons pony up their fair share.

Besides the CSFLers, the Vegrants meeting attracted **Ray** and **Marcy Waldie**, **Ken** and **Alleén Forman**, **Ross Chamberlain**, **Ron Pehr** and **Raven**, **Cathi Wilson**, **Tammy Funk**, **Alan** and **DeeDee White** and **Bill** and **Laurie Kunkel**. Birthday presents and congratulations for me abounded, so naturally I had a very good time.

**Alleén** baked a delicious chocolate birthday cake, topped with hot fudge icing. There's a chef who knows her customer! I yield to no one, with the exception of **Geri Sullivan**, in my admiration for the cocoa bean and its progeny. I blew out the candles — they discreetly had only six — as required, but my wish didn't come true.

Probably just as well; I'm sure sure I could've actually satisfied 50 women.

**Alleén's** efforts on my behalf were particularly

appreciated, because she's battling some kind of bacterial infection that has kept her weak and feverish. It meant a lot to me that she would get off her sickbed to bake me a cake.

I got terrific presents. Many had a baseball theme, but I loved 'em all. The most unusual, from **Alan** and **DeeDee** was a bright combination of science fiction and sports — a space ball. **Alan** pained the baseball to look like the Earth, mounted it on a base with a conspicuous "50" and brought a gold pen so that all the Vegrants could sign the ball.

"Some day this ball will be worth real money," said **Tom**.

"If you guys go out and become really big name fans, write, draw and publish lots of fabulous fanzines..."

"... we'll auction it off at some British convention..." said **Ken**.

"... and I'll be set for life!" I finished.

**6/30.** The editor/writer's chance to feel righteous is working on the weekend. Since my need for recititude is not exactly a compulsion, I avoid working weekends as much as possible.

This one was an exception. I spent most of Saturday increasing my understanding of *Quark* (a desktop publishing program) so I could lay out a new quarterly magazine for MicroLeague Multimedia, Inc. and wrote a lengthy feature about a major new computer game on Sunday.

I was only supposed to write and edit the magazine's text, but the MMI art department couldn't seem to grasp magazine graphics. They sent five pages, about three weeks later than expected. The stuff was unusable. That left me with no templates for *Sports Simulations Magazine*. One of the company's executives, **Fritz Light**, sweet talked me into trying to put together a set of templates.

I think I did pretty well, though I'm hoping that the art depart pros will add a level of sophistication above my submission. I guess **VFD** will benefit from this down the road, though I've no intention of getting as fancy as I did with *Sports Simulations*.

**Last Words.** Thus ends the second issue of **Vegas Fan Diary**. I hope you enjoy it enough to send some letters of comment. See you all in the fanzines!

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