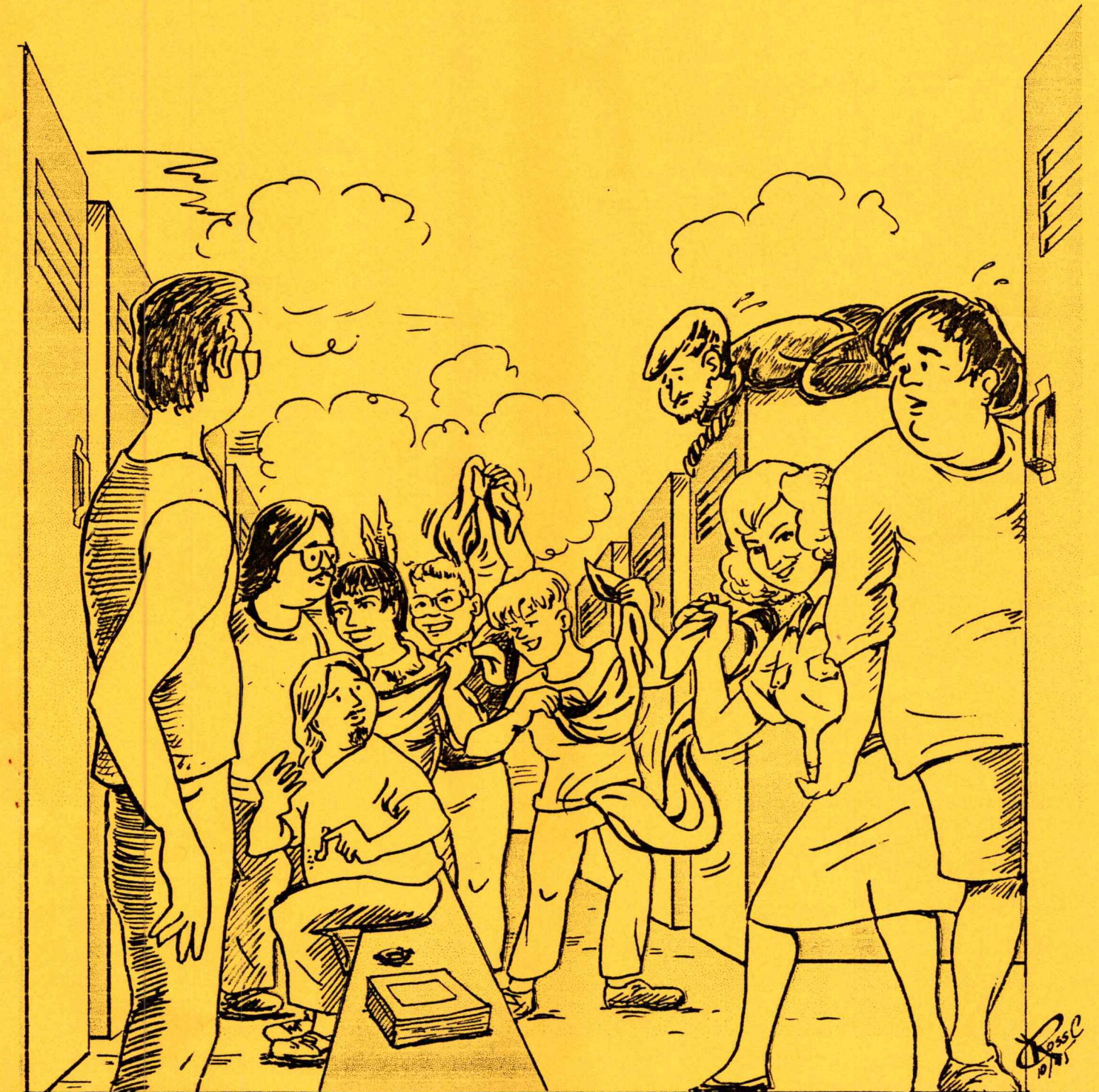


# Wild Heirs

Number Ten





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*Fanning the flame of faan fiction.*

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*The vociferous vegetarians steak their claim!*

**Charrisma (Chuch Harris) 26**  
*Mutiny on the masthead.*

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*The editors and letterhacks jam*

We love ya, Mark Manning!  
Sorry those days of getting sercon  
and locker room humor  
are not as far behind as you hoped.

As fannish as a Hyphen and as regular as a Period...**Wild Heirs**  
#10 is produced around the October 7th, 1995 Vegrants meeting  
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It is available for letter of comment (please....) or contribution of  
artwork or written material.

Member fwa, supporter AFAL  
EMail: WildHeirs@aol.com

**Editorial Director**  
**Euro-Vegrants**  
Chuch Harris

**Editors**

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

**Best Buddy**

(but not an editor..)  
Andy Hooper



ART Ross Chamberlain: Cover, 10, 33 (key)  
Brad Foster: 22 Tom Foster: 28, 34  
Bill Kunkel: 2, 7, 9, 24, 25, 30, Back Cover  
Bill Rotsler: 4, 8, 17, 18, 23, 31, 32  
Steve Jeffery: 12, 14 (2)  
Ray Nelson: 3, 13, 19, 20, 27



## Ken Forman

"How do you all do it?" fans keep asking me. "How do you Vegrants keep up the hectic pace of hyperfanac? How is it that Arnie and the rest of you keep cranking out wild heirs, er, Wild Heirs?"

Could it be the lightning fast typing skills of Joyce Katz, or the blazing speed at which JoHn Hardin proofreads? Perhaps it's the total interconnectedness of what Ted White calls "The Group Mind."

Wrong, wrong, all wrong. Vegas fandom has no secrets. If we did, we'd have nothing to write about, but if you'd like the answer, just re-read Arnie's Corflu report. I refuse to use the "I" word (although it's exactly correct); I am, after all, The Mainspring.

I take that title seriously, too. (I get screwed up tight and then released every now and then.) I'm on a mission. I don't think there's enough fanac coming from Las Vegas. I don't see why we can't get something published even more regularly than we do. Wait a minute, I forgot about the "I" word. Sigh, oh well.

But, as The Mainspring, I clearly see my duty. It was Arnie who brought the light of fandom into the desert. It was Arnie who first showed us the works of the mighty Willis.

"Read The Enchanted Duplicator," he said, "It'll explain all." To be honest, it didn't explain much, but it did pique our curiosity. Willis' smooth and easy prose made it obvious that there was more to this fanac stuff than "mental masturbation." Many of us wanted to play, but we didn't know the rules.

Arnie's careful tutelage taught me more than how to turn a phrase or lay out a page. He also taught me the fine art of recruitment.

I practiced my craft on Tom Springer and Ben Wilson.

When I bragged to Joyce about my accomplishments, she pooh-poohed me. "You're nothing until you shackle an artist to your wagon."

"You mean like Ross Chamberlain?"

"A good example," she said smugly.

I love challenges so I just couldn't pass this one up. Look for the newest NLE Boys production, **Bogart**, if you doubt my word.

## Ross Chamberlain

Juss 'a-wuhkkin onna railroad...all de liv-lon' day ... Um, apologies. I am but a pawn. "...wuhk a pawn a railroad..." Nah, doesn't have the ring. Back to you...

## Ben Wilson

I regret to inform you that Our plan for taking over fandom has been delayed. Now mind you, I did say delayed, not postponed, suspended or even thwarted, just delayed. Somewhere, I reported that Cathi and I were expecting a new addition to the Wilson household, I regret to say that we won't be toting a little one at Corflu Nashville.

Two weeks ago, the last week in August, Cathi had to have a D & C. The Doc said there was no apparent cause for the miscarriage, just it wasn't meant to be.

Thanks to the rest of the local Vegrants, their moral support and all that, Cathi and I have made a quick emotional recovery. There is no doubt in my mind that Vegas is the "The Fandom of Good Cheer."

Now, I'm writing this not for sympathy, we've had our emotional sessions, and have thrown that baggage into Lake Mead. We're just waiting for the Doc to give

# AGWA

GUEST STARRING  
RICHARD BRANDT

# RAWTS





UH,  
SIR?



YOU FORGOT  
YOUR GRAMMAR

uz

G.E. of New Orleans, LA won a Hugo, a Nebula, and a Sei-un Award. "And for the first time, I can pay my medical bills too!" he says.

But do not hazard the consequences of BREAKING THE CHAIN! M.M. of Bastrop, TX (formerly of the UK) canceled his appearance, and his wife was stricken with a loathsome disease from the Dark Continent! G.R.R.M. of Santa Fe, NM declined his invitation, and has not sold a pilot since!

Don't let such a fate (or worse) befall you!

DON'T BREAK  
THE CHAIN!

us the green light to try again, about three months or so. If we try hard enough, and believe me we will, Cathi will be carrying our child around at Corflu anyway. At least this way the kid won't be bothering anyone but Cathi, unlike that Hardin kid.

Now back to this plan of Vegas taking over fandom. Not only are we planning for the future with little ones, but have started another recruiting program. With hopefuls on a local artist/writer and additional writer.

#### Ken

Here's something new for Wild Heirs: A special "Vague Rants" guest star. On a different note, while surfing the internet, Richard Brandt happened upon the following "chain" letter. (I used to chain smoke, but I couldn't keep the damn things lit.)

#### Richard Brandt

*From an intercepted e-mail:*

You have been chosen to receive this invitation to AmigoCon. Make six copies of this invitation and send them to six of your artist or writer friends, with instructions to repeat the instructions in this paragraph of instructions.

If you help perpetuate the chain, a continuous flow of egoboo blessings will come your way. T.H. of Eules, TX accepted our invitation, and won his first Hugo award since the last one!

M.S. of Albuquerque, NM accepted our invitation, and got a wonderful new job working for Gene Roddenberry!

B.F. of Irving, TX accepted our invitation and won his first Hugo award! "And now the damn things won't stop coming!" he adds.

Assure yourself instead of a continuous flow of ego blessings! Accept our invitation and KEEP THE CHAIN! Just weeks ago S.H. (formerly N.Y.) of Tucson, AZ, accepted our invitation, and already he's been invited to a convention in Fargo, North Dakota!

#### Ken

Do we get extra points if we can identify all of the initials? (No fair bribing Richard.)

First chain letters, what's next? Will we see a sort of fannish junk-mail? I can see it now, fans all over the place will receive flyers from comics-cons, and furry-cons, and Trek-cons? I shudder at the thought.

On the other hand, maybe we can start a tradition of chain-parties. Throw a party with some of your friends, then they'll throw a party with you: before you know it, you'll be attending parties every weekend. Wait. That's what Las Vegas fandom is like. We've been doing this for a long time. How long has this Vegas phenomena been goin'? What's it been—four years now? Wow, it hardly seems more than 1460 days.

---

Is it the White Heat of Passion  
or the Low Boil of Insanity?

---

#### Arnie Katz

Nostalgia fills my mind as I sit here, trying to do my part for this installment of "Vague Rants." We postponed the September Vegrants meeting, which would've been Saturday of Labor Day weekend, to September 9th. Then in typical Vegas Fandom style, Joyce and I invited folks over for some barbecuing on Sunday. And then Ken and Aileen decided to do the same thing on Labor Day.



The nostalgia arises from the fact that it is four years since we held Las Vegas' first fan-run convention, the Noncon. This was the event that signaled, at least to Joyce and me, that there was going to be a hell of an interesting fandom erected on this vacant lot.

We'd stumbled upon the then-isolated Las Vegas club, SNAFFU, during the summer. To our disappointment, the hot weather had persuaded the newish club to suspend meetings until September. SNAFFU held a couple of game-oriented get-togethers, but those more interested in fannish socializing were encouraged to stay away.

Suffused with the excitement of finding potential fans in such abundance, Joyce and I found it impossible to wait for cooler weather and a warmer reception. We distributed a pile of circulars, told friends to tell friends, and ended up with approximately 80 people.

The Noncon also inaugurated the **Vegas All-Stars** series of oneshots, though we called the first one **High Roller**. Fanzines were unknown to Vegas fans at that time, but I thought a little low-pressure exposure might incite interest.

At first, the plan flopped. I'd written an explanation of the oneshot concept and a lead-off entry, posted a large sign on my desk, and waited for the rush to the keyboard.

It didn't materialize. Unfamiliar with fanzines and put off by the gyrations of the Macintosh's screen saver, no one sat down to write. To my chagrin they actually avoided that end of the office, lest circumstances force them to participate.

The Noncon was fun, but inwardly, I felt consumed by regret. I had planted a seed, but it wouldn't grow in the arid climate.

Then Laurie Yates sauntered into my office and walked resolutely toward the computer. She poked the mouse, and the screen saver vanished.

That broke the spell. After Laurie finished, others authored their first bits of fanwriting. Soon, there was a line of eager fans, jostling for the next turn.

If you'd told me then that, four years later, I'd offer this anecdote in the clubzine of a Las Vegas fanzine fanclub, I'd have laughed. No one could've predicted the phenomenal growth and surprising accomplishments of the Vagrants back then, but the Noncon was the wellspring of what has followed.

### **John Hardin**

Four years later, we're still partying. It may be the day before Labor Day, but we haven't let that stop our celebration. As a matter of fact, there are more than a dozen fans here now, honoring the work ethic with hedonism and sloth. Of course, we honor just about everything that way.

I was still living in Texas on the date of that seminal Noncon, but I remember calling Arnie's house late that night, thinking that I would find Ken there. He wasn't, but I did hear Arnie's voice for the first time. In my mind's eye, he didn't look anything like he actually is. Rather, I pictured him as an older man, with greying bushy hair and a mustache... actually, it turns out that the person I was picturing looked much more like Larry Niven.

### **Arnie**

It may seem like a paradox, but my fanzine fanac is greatly stimulated by positive, in-person fannish

contact. If there's a lot of fannishness in the air, I tend to think more along those lines, which leads to a lot of fanwriting and publishing. Withdraw that energy, and there's every chance that indolence will overwhelm me.

Even when I edged back into fandom in 1990, I never expected to see today's vibrant local scene. There weren't any fans in Vegas when we got here, so I resigned myself to sporadic fanzine participation in splendid isolation. Perhaps, I would fantasize, another fan, maybe even a couple, would eventually pop up to keep us company.

When Joyce and I entered that cheery living room four years ago, I could hardly believe that such a large and energetic fan group had sprung up without fandom's knowledge.

The last four years have seen the barriers that separated Vegas Fandom from like-minded people crumble. We've had three increasingly successful Silvercons and a Corflu, produced an array of popular fanzines including *Wild Heirs*, and made ourselves known throughout the microcosm.

Fannish fame is thrilling, but it can't hold a candle to fannish friendship. As we mark the end of another year in Las Vegas Fandom, I can't help but wonder what marvels yet lie ahead for this remarkable gang of trufans. One of the things which makes me the happiest is the knowledge that I'll be right here to enjoy it to the full.

### **Tom Springer**

In proper Vagrant fashion it is here that I must insert a smidgen of sarcasm and a bit of reality as I dab at my tearing eyes welling with trufannish joy and the knowledge that I'll be here too, to witness the marvels that yet lie ahead. 'Course, I'll be wearing a seatbelt. It's not always a smooth ride with this bunch.

Arnie and Joyce keep telling me how Vegas fandom is the best fandom they've ever experienced, and considering their credentials it's hard to argue. They say we have the nicest, politest, most helpful and trufannish bunch of fen that they've had the pleasure to know. They say I should feel lucky and count my blessings.

My first inclination is to ignore what they're saying and concentrate on what I'm thinking. (And people *think* I'm a nice guy...) Then I realize I'm being selfish and take a moment to consider what they keep telling me, that Vegas fandom is (most likely) the best fandom out there right now. My problem's that I've never visited another fandom. I don't know what they're like. I've read about plenty, but they're fandoms of the past, and to be honest, the people that wrote about them make them sound better (if not more interesting, as in Laney's case) than what I'm currently experiencing.

If I wrote about my fandom I imagine I could make it sound pretty interesting too, but such ideas only prove to me that everyone makes their fandom sound a little better than it really is. When I look around Vegas it's not so bad. My rose colored glasses are just a darker tint. Sure, we've had some con-running problems, but who doesn't? It's only a fucking convention, and fortunately, I'm not a convention fan. The trick to realization is to step back and take a lungful from the closest at hand. Or pick up an issue



of **Wild Heirs**, either one works for me.

We've had some fans that've lost their way. Peggy Kurilla aka "The Lost Fan," still resurfaces now and then, but as soon as her presidency in SNAFFU (Vegas' sf club) runs out so will Peggy fade away into stale Mundania. Her husband Tom has exerted a field around her, neatly trapping her in his mundania. Not a pretty sight. That she's a failure as a club officer and in turn dragging it to certain doom, writes Star Trek manuscripts reminiscent of previous episodes, and that she left the Glasgow Worldcon on Saturday Morning!!! are only to be recognized as signs of the inevitable, which was realized when she married Tom Kurrilla. If Peggy had married a fan she would have become one, again exhibiting the chameleon-like attributes that she possesses, but she didn't, so never really had a chance to stick around. Really quite a shame, but when the day comes that the Vegrants look around, and Peggy's not to be seen, my handkerchief will remain dry and secure in my pocket, needed by none.

Woody still comes around, and though he's lost any fannish glow he might have had, he's becoming something more important to himself, and doing well, so it's kinda hard to blame the guy. It's the goofy smile. When he coughs up the transcribed tape of Greg Benford's speech from Silvercon 3 I'll be a happy fan. Especially since I never heard it.

I can always complain about our science fiction club, SNAFFU (an irony incarnate). I can complain about its president and vice-president, the reading of the minutes, the programming, the presentations, the atmosphere, I can complain about all of these things, but why bore you? I'm not even a member. And they wonder why we're not getting any new fans...

That's it though. That's all I can really complain about. There are other things and people in Vegas fandom, but they rarely orbit into Vegrant space (except for the three witches, an evil combination of genetics accidentally introduced to each other that create a barely livable atmosphere which eventually forces you from the room, ears ringing and spots in the corners of your eyes, desperate to escape), so you might wonder why I've gone on so about what many out there probably consider minor complaints. I think I'm just having trouble getting a handle on what we're about here.

I just want to make sure that we're doing the right thing here. But when I look at Rotsler's illo on page 7 of WH#9, I happily chuckle to myself secure in the knowledge that for now, I'm actually doing a fanzine with the very fan I'm lauding. Arnie's "The Las Vegas Garden of Fuggheads" insures a quality of Insurgent-like information that I haven't seen except in some of Ted White's stuff. I think Ted's Fandom's Insurgent.

I think a lot of fans kinda like us, like an uncle who does some weird gaseous body trick that actually mystifies while at the same time drives you from the room. Maybe we should follow in the footsteps of the many Insurgents before us -- and get somebody mad at us. (I can hear Arnie and Joyce gasping in horror at this idea as I type.)

It's not like there isn't a list out there of potential enemies, but this sort of decision should be carefully considered and discussed. First instinct tells me to go after Mike Glyer and his inconsiderate and arguable article in **File 770** concerning TAFF, but I believe

TAFF is something fanzine fans should walk away from and discussion would only be a waste of time. (We can still bag on Mike for being an ass, but rich brown has done a pretty good job of that already in **Habakkuk**, Chapter 3, Verse 4, Fall '94, page 66, 6th paragraph down, first column, for those curious few). Then I look at **Lan's Lantern**, but only briefly, and refuse to page through it, so George gets a bye.

**Fosfax**? Well, we'd have to bag on JoHn too, seeing as how he's a contributor. (That's why we haven't seen anything from him in the last three issues. He's been busy writing letters to **Fosfax**. Actually he's been assuming editorship of *Fusion* magazine, another faned lost to prodom, but he is writing those letters.)

So all the obvious targets aren't targets at all, and I'm still left to speculate where this kind of thinking can lead me. (This is where someone's supposed to take me by the nose and show me.) I guess I'll have a sidebar or two and think about it some more. I wonder what Elmer would do?

#### **Arnie**

They think it's fear, and they whisper behind my back. Now they've broken right into this sunny-side-up group editorial jam and flashed their Insurgent tendencies. Tom and JoHn are one with Francis Towner Laney tonight. They espouse the Insurgent credo with the zeal of fans who have never engaged in a fan feud.

#### **Joyce**

Gee, Tom, you're giving our secrets away. Now all the world will know we're not \*perfect\*. Unless...do you think it's possible they already knew, already guessed, that our cheerful demeanor is only a cover up for the sinister undercurrents?

Actually, the existence of the Vegrants is, in itself, the act of insurgentism: not just everyone in town is thrilled that we are this elitist, invitational, sarcastic bunch.

But I think you seek the perfect fan world with insurgent zeal, prepared to defend those standards; longing for windmills to tilt. If our club is flawed, then isn't that the truth of most official clubs? If some never really find fandom, doesn't that keep our number more intimate? What you need is a Singularity to fasten on.

As you know, I've taken my target, staked out my turf, aimed my cannon toward a worthy foe, which is named The Overblown Convention, bearing my banner "No Fantasy Fans Allowed". Think on it, with one mighty blow we can rid ourselves of so much, so many. Now, if I can only attract their attention, so they'll know they're under attack.

#### **JoHn**

Tom, I don't write to **Fosfax** anymore, not after I've discovered evangelical Christians on America On Line. I don't have to write to anybody, I just wait for them to come to me.

Lo, and the list is large for potential targets of our righteous Insurgentism. I think that, since we're sorta new at this, we should start small and attack individual fans, instead of entire fanzines. We'll start with one person and eventually, we'll be infuriating entire APAs with a single issue.



For instance, instead of picking on **Rastus Johnson's Cakewalk** for having a funny name, we would pick on Greg Pickersgill for having a funny name. That's just an example, mind you. **Rastus Johnson's Cakewalk** is a ridiculous name for a fanzine only if you think **Apparatchik** is a ridiculous name for a fanzine. Well, actually, this may sound Anglophobic, but I think we should restrict our efforts to British fen exclusively, because they are much less likely to fly to Las Vegas just to punch one of us out. Well, hey, let 'em come... With 23 of us, what are the chances they'll find me first?

Where Arnie is stimulated to more fanac by the presence of fans, I require the presence of fans just to stay in fandom. I couldn't have pubbed any of my ishes (indeed, if it weren't for Arnie and Joyce I would never have pubbed anything) without the help of my friends. I'm lucky, cause I feel I've received much more from fandom than I have given to it. I think, if any of you feel the same way, that you should send me \$5 or \$10, and I'll see to it that our debt to fandom is paid, or at least spent creatively.

Come on now, the weight of history is upon your shoulders, and the only way to make yourself feel better is to send an unspecified amount of cash, or make checks payable to: Guilty Fannish Conscience, 1733 Yellow Rose, LV, NV, 89108.

**Ross**

What shameful cupidity—however, perhaps not totally to be unexpected from Vegas fandom's cupid incarnate, eh? ... [I may pay for that remark later, but I don't have any spare fins or tenners available. JoHn.]

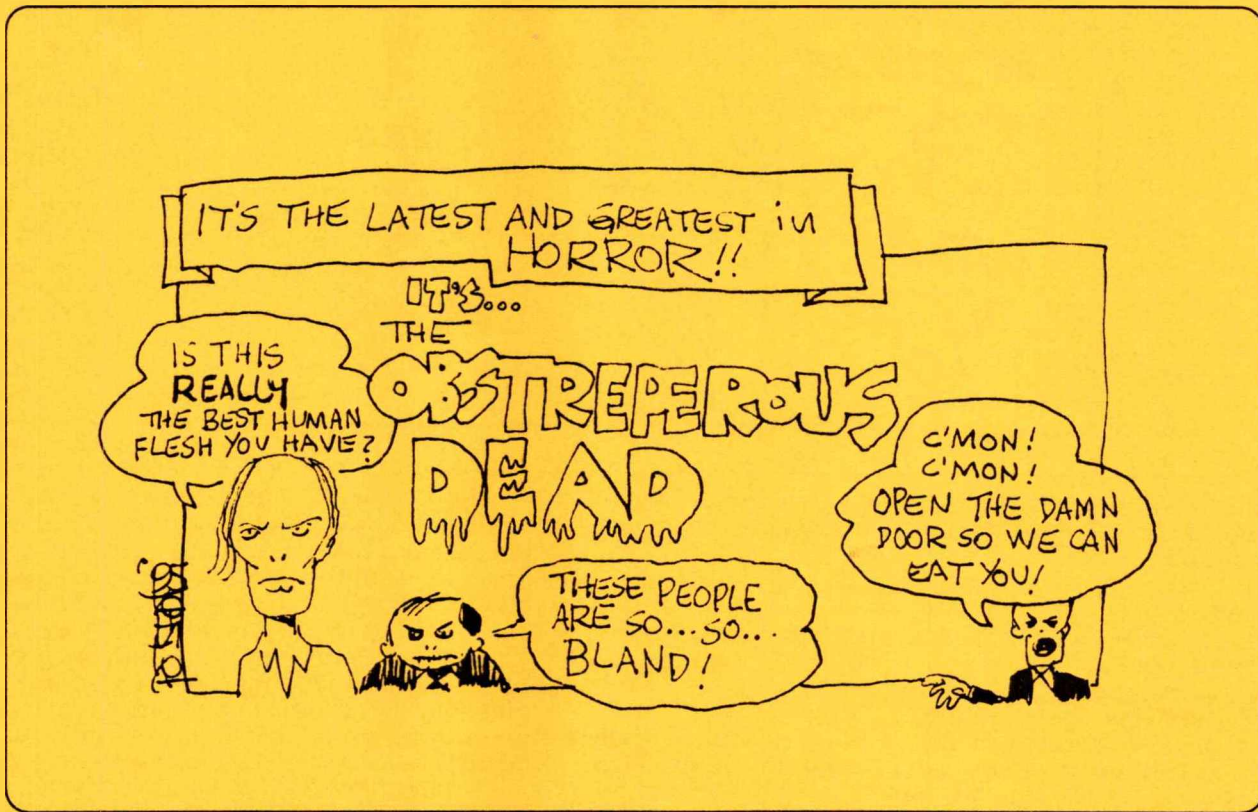
And my guilt trips are my own. Fanac has been increasingly encroaching upon my mundane endeavors of late, due in no little degree to the general burgeoning of the Vegrants and **Wild Heirs**. I would not complain, all in all, save that there has somehow developed this sense that I'm expected to do the WH covers from now into eternity (or gafia, whichever comes first), and occasionally Arnie reminds me by casually remarking to someone in my hearing that he has a perfect Kunkel drawing or Tim Kirk sketch or

Boris Vallejo painting [just checking to see if you're paying attention! Actually I think it was an Emsh....] that would fit the theme [Krenkel?] of the next **Wild Heirs**...

However—

Just in case you read the above as the complaints of a much put-upon wretch, do not be misabused. Like most good things (eh? Misabused. You should be properly abused, yeah, that's the ticket.)— Like most good things, fanac is a two-way proposition. I have to acknowledge that, should something happen that led to someone else doing covers for **Wild Heirs** I'd be heartbroken. \*Free, free, free at last!\*— but disconsolate. My small hazel eyeballs don't do the puppydog look all that well, especially behind these heavy glasses, but undoubtedly Arnie and Joyce and the other 22 editors would sooner or later find my lugubrious, tail-between-the-legs demeanor insufferable, particularly the just audible sighs and the impeccably timed sniffs.

Pretty much as JoHn says, I'd not really be any kind of actifan were it not for being surrounded by fannish peers whose encouragement and egoboo have supported what effort I do put in. And, on that sentimental (maudlin?) note, I retire to allow some somewhat more spirited and enthusiastic endeavors from the others.



**Bill "Potshot" Kunkel**

Allow me to inject a much-needed note of bile into this editorial, knowing as I do Arnie's distaste for "heart warming" content. That's right, the leader of this love-in has an almost pathological distaste for any movie, book, TV show, etc. that any reader or reviewer describes as even remotely "heart warming". I remember encouraging Arnie and Joyce to go and



enjoy "E.T." back when it lived on the 70mm screen in Dolby. "It sounds wonderful!" Joyce burred. "Arnie, we should go see it!"

"Sounds... heart warming," Arnie decided.

He might as well have told her: "Just as soon as Satan's sailors get locked in an iceberg, Joycie dear!"

To my knowledge, neither of them has seen the film to this day (unless Joyce snuck out of the house one night and viewed it in some private, shameful place).

Over the years, I've learned to avoid any term at all that might suggest a movie I'm recommending contains even the slightest taint of sentiment. For example, when recommending *Pulp Fiction* to Arnie as the best movie I'd seen in the last five years, I never mentioned the scene in which Vinnie Vega injects adrenaline directly into Marcellus Wallace's girlfriend's heart to restart the woman's ticker after an accidental heroin overdose for fear he would think the movie "heart stimulating" and therefore shun it.

So, just out of respect for Arnie, my buddy and

some surprising incarnation produced by one of the more mild and unassuming Vegrants. It's unfortunate that the life of a pro keeps one from the fanac, but at least he's still drawing, we can thank Roscoe for that.

**Marc Cram** (fugitive fan)

Well gang .. I know it is a late entry, but I have to write this in my office at work and considering that half my walls are windows, I have to be very careful. Right now this text is being created in the middle of a memo to the general manager (mental note .. erase text from memo). See, here at the Rio, it is our policy to keep each work place free and open .. so every office has a window .. I call it fish bowl management.

Anyway, I wanted to write a heart warming, soul searching message, but when I am at work I just can't even muster one ounce of human emotion ... anyway I heard Arnie hates those kinds of messages.

Well I must go now for my daily hour in the Iron Maiden .. or is it thumb screws .. or maybe a nice lashing from the cat-o-nine tails.

**Arnie**

One lone fan against corporate Las Vegas!  
Puts a tear in my eye, which is bad, because it makes it hard to properly aim that kat-o-nine-tails.

**Cathi Wilson**

I have been having a strange run of luck lately. First it began with the trouble with my pregnancy ending in some minor surgery. Now that I've started feeling better and the doctor says I can resume normal activity, it seems that my home has turned on me.



future Best Man, and in the tradition of F.T. Laney I say to you all: shut the fuck up and get on with the editorial.

**Tom**

Jeez, Bill, you make me feel all warm and fuzzy inside, and it's all I can do to keep from taking you in my arms and giving a big hug.

Well, it's not that hard.

Will you settle for a donut and a ride in my Rodeo? BUT, this is the kind of stuff I'm talking about. It's a shame it comes from the Vegrants' only fake-fan, and also their one true Insurgent, and not in the form of

Just a few days ago I started a load of clothes in my washing machine and forgot to close the lid. This didn't seem to be much of a problem, it just stopped the washer in the middle of it's cycle. When I came home from work the next day I had discovered this, so I shut the lid for it to finish and I went to take a nap. While I was taking my afternoon snooze, the washer decided that it wanted to start it's cycle all over again and so it did. It chose to fill an already full bin with more water and didn't realize that it was getting full beyond capacity. When I arose to answer the phone, I found myself wading through ankle deep water. The flood started at the laundry room and went on to

### Lloyd Penney Found!

Our best investigative efforts have located the mysteriously missing Lloyd Penney. Turns out he was at his same old address all the time! Apparently, a mail carrier corrected our mistaken address for him. The bag-toter must have switched routes, and the replacement did not extend this special service. We've found him now, though, and replacement copies are on the way.



irrigate the master bedroom, master bath, guest bath, and half of the living room. We are still dealing with some humidity in my apartment and no one goes around in stocking feet, yet.

Now it seems another appliance turned on me today. I put a soda in the freezer for Ben last night to chill it quickly and forgot all about it. When I opened it today, I found that the can had exploded all over everything in the compartment.

I am now in fear of using any other of my time saving devices. If I bake a pie will I find that my oven has been coated with sticky sweet filling when I go to remove it. If I use my sewing machine will it eat my latest project along with a finger or two? Will my toaster start shooting out slices of bread like bullets? Or will I have to run for cover from my vacuum cleaner, when it runs amuck and tries to suck up my living room furniture?

I think I'm having one of those months when it would be best just to stay in bed.

### Laurie Yates

Don't feel too bad, Cathi. I have it on good authority—the appliance repair person—that appliance disaster strikes in threes, so you only have one left. We called in the expert when our stove exhaust fan and refrigerator went rogue. The exhaust fan decided to only work if the area in front of the switch was pounded. The refrigerator, meanwhile, was running in two modes: freezing and warming.

The appliance guy tackled the fridge first, and asked why I didn't change the light bulb. I told him that it was a new bulb, but the lighting mechanism didn't work. (To be honest, it hasn't worked in over a year, but the lack of light hasn't really been a problem.) I received the "she's-a-female" look that repairmen seem to perfect.

"Let me try a bulb. I'll make it work," he snorted, hitching up his pants.

Three bulbs later, our food was still sitting in the dark. He was also clueless as to why there was a problem. He replaced the seal to prevent the temperature extremes and slid out quietly.

The stove guy was almost as bad. Fortunately, the stove switch refused to work until the area was pounded on by the guy's flashlight. After he fixed it, he said he didn't know what I had done to it to begin with. I protested my innocence in the Stove Switch Caper. Ironically, five minutes after he "fixed" it, it broke again. After he installed two switches, he decided that he had to do some research on the problem. That was about a month ago, and we haven't heard back.

Isn't progress wonderful?

### Ben Wilson

Now I've seen experiments in the transfer of kinetic energy from one object to another. Always these experiments have taken place in labs and on a reasonable level. You know, like the five metal ball bearings strung on fishing line or any number of similar toys that people keep around. Well today I've seen this same experiment done on a much larger scale. The objects used were about the size of cars, in fact they were cars.

About seven this morning I was heading to work, running late of course. Well, I was stopped at a red light, checking out this '95 Mercury Cougar, nice car.

In fact my opinion of that car has improved considerably. Anyway, I was sitting there when I heard a brief squawk of tires. Turning to look I see a black streak, which turned out to be a '88 Ford Probe, going by me about 40 mph. Now it didn't go much farther for I was only one car back and the Cougar was the only car in the other lane. Needless to say that the Probe rear ended the newer car. Here is where I saw the transfer of energy. The Probe tried to stand on it's nose, and the Cougar took a quick exit.

When everything came to a rest, the back corner of the big black menace was sitting about ten inches from the driver side mirror of my simple little car. The Cougar had been pushed all the way through a six lane intersection.

The gentleman in the Cougar was taken away in an ambulance. He seemed to be in a little amount of pain, but was conscious and was answering questions put to him by the medics. The Cougar was in similar condition, nothing major but loaded up and carried away.

Now the driver of the Probe was cuffed, made to take all those fun little tests, like touching your nose and walking a straight line.

From where I was sitting, filling out the witness report, it looked as if he failed every one of them. When I was leaving, now a hour late for work, the Metro blood mobile had arrived and was preparing to take a little blood from the driver.

The officer that took my report, was telling me a few of the charges that the kid was going to be going up for. Felony DUI, reckless driving, open container, withholding evidence, and contributing to the delinquency of minors. He had two 16 year old girls (also drunk) in the car, along with an open bottle of vodka, which he tried to hide in some nearby bushes.

I hate to say this but I really am glad this idiot was one lane over because I'm not so sure my little Mitsubishi would have held up so well.

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The Moral of the story:  
Never probe a Cougar from behind  
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# FAN-METHUEN!

## A TOM WITH NO EASE

### BY JOYCE KATZ

Tom Springer knew this must be the desert. Instinct told him, instinct and the stinking alkali smell. Even more, the glow of the Las Vegas lights far far in the distance told him, as they blotted out the Big Dipper and the North Star. Because, no matter what had happened, Earth still had its polarity.

There was no cactus. There was no living thing. Only the long white stretch of burning sand that lay before him, and the long white stretch of burning sand behind. A line of mountains lay like a cloud of gray ash

far away, trailing across the horizon.

Winds blew, and the sand whipped around him, cutting him with its tiny blades. Rain fell, and the sand turned to mud. Then the sun baked the mud into a white cement. And still Tom crawled on.

Calluses formed on his elbows and knees. His broad shoulders toughened. His sinewy thighs turned to steel. And he kept on crawling.

A form reared up before him, and words drifted to him.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" It was Hooper. Standing tall and mighty, his fez blotted out the sun. "Crawl, Tom, crawl. You'll find nothing but sand."

Hooper produced a cigarette lighter from his pocket. He flipped it, and a golden flame danced in his hand.

"Hooper!" shouted Tom. He raised his hands, trying to reach the fire, but pain stopped him. He fell back to the desert.

Hooper waved the flame in front of Tom's eyes, standing just out





of reach from the quivering fan.

"Keep crawling," he said bitterly. "Crawl round and round this stinking desert. You'll find nothing but sand."

Suddenly he was gone.

Tom wept. The tears flowed wetly into his mouth and gave him strength. "I must go on," he swore. "I must find my way into the Valley of Fire." And he crawled, painfully, step by step, into the west.

The sand whipped around him as the wind grew stronger. He reached back, pulled out his knapsack. It held three things. There was a copy of The Enchanted Duplicator. There was a portable computer. There was a picture of the Tucker Hotel.

He typed a few words of the next issue of Brody, then read six chapters of The Enchanted Duplicator. He lay down in the sand, eyes fixed on the picture of Tucker Hotel.

In his tormented dream, he saw it happen. Silken voices murmured to shopkeepers about merchandise reorganization. Fleets of trucks arrived from the north, filled with replacement supplies. Stealthy figures crept over the Vegas Valley, dark in the shadow of The Great Man, as they peered under hoods of cars.

Joyce tapped him on the shoulder. Tom knew it was her before he looked up. He could tell by the brown wooden box she had in her hand.

"Tom," she said, "You've got to hurry." He raised himself up on his hands and knees. Her voice drifted to him as he crawled away. "Hurry, Tom, we're waiting for you."

Tom remembered how it started. He drug himself inch by inch over the burning white sands, and thought of the beginning.

Everyone had been so happy at SilverCon III. It didn't seem like anything could disrupt the Fandom of Good Cheer. Then it happened.

It was the lure of cheap shrimp cocktails that started it. But then it grew. Dan printed up membership cards. Someone invented a Secret Signal. Before anyone knew what was going on, The Shrimp Boys had become a power to deal with.

Next, Hooper started threatening people with fish. "I'll hit you with a flounder," he bellowed. It was obvious that The Shrimp Boys had gained support of the denizens of the deep.

Vegas fandom went happily on, blissfully unaware of the mounting perfidity. They pubbed their ish, baked their turkeys, and held numerous legal conferences as they discussed the important issues of the day, like the history of numbered fandom and the future of fanzines. They felt secure. Impervious. "Let them have their measly shrimp," they said to one another. "We'll roast our all-beef hotdogs and be strong."

Then it all exploded. Dinners lay icy on their plates. Fireplaces were cold; the buns were frozen. Even the sparkplugs had been removed from their

cars. When they went to buy fire-starters for the barbeque, there were none. Matches disappeared from the supermarket stores. "I don't know where they are," whined the clerk at Smith's Grocery. "Someone must have moved them."

"No matter," chirped the shopping fen, "we'll use lighters."

A large display of lighters gleamed like plastic jewels, in all the colors of the rainbow. But, across every lighter was emblazoned one word, "Childproof". No one in Las Vegas, where fan hearts are pure, untroubled by vice, corruption or mechanical dexterity, could fathom how to use them.

And so Tom crawled. The future of Las Vegas Fandom depended on him.

Before him a shape began to form from the dust. It grew larger, more ominous, crouching like a wounded buffalo on the desert floor. Its shadow fell across his body, cooling him. He raised one caloused paw, to wipe the sand from his eyes. He could barely distinguish the outline of a sign.

"Mowapa Smoke Shop" it said. He eased himself through the door, and lay at the feet of a bronze idol.

"What'll you have?" said the idol.

"Must have...." Tom's throat was parched, his body wrecked. His blistered mouth formed words, but they sounded like the cackling of a demented crow.

"Speak up, white eyes." The bronze idol seemed irritated.

"Lighter.... must have lighter." Tom lay with his face turned toward the sky.

"Two for a buck," said the Indian. He picked up a big plastic bucket filled with contraband lighters, and put it before Tom. "Take your pick." They gleamed and glowed to Tom, like a femmefan's smile. None of them were approved for children.

Tom laid his dollar down, and picked up two lighters.

Fans would again gather around turkey-laden tables. Fans would again fire their barbeques, roast their all-beef hotdogs. Sidebars would gather them in dens and garages all over Las Vegas. They'd warm themselves with the flames he brought, light their candles, start their seed fires. It would all happen again.

Tom lit a pipe, and smiled up at the neon lights that danced across the sky as the sands rippled and rocked him to sleep.

Fandom had been saved.

## Credit Where Credit Is Due

See the beautiful illo on the facing page? It's by Ross Chamberlain. That storm-tossed ship in his article in WH #9 was also by Ross. He neglected to sign it – and therefore, it was inevitable that the Art Credits on the contents page would also omit it.



THE MUNDANES ARE COMING!



# THE STUPIDEST MAN I KNOW BY KEN FORMAN

#### Our cast:

Tom Bliss, a friend of mine from twenty years ago. He's not the nicest person I know, perhaps even the most dangerous person I know, and now he's the stupidest man I know.

Kelly Bliss, Tom's wife.

Dave Zins, another friend of mine from twenty years ago. Mutual friend of Tom's and perhaps one of the nicest people I know.

Holly, Dave's significant other.

My wife, Aileen, wakes me up at 5:30 in the morning, thrusts a phone in my face and says, "You talk to him...he's your friend!"

When I woke myself up enough to say hello, a familiar voice on the other end said, "Hello Ken? Guess what, I'm in jail!"

I recognized Tom Bliss' drug and alcohol slurred voice so I dragged myself out of bed. He'd been in trouble with the law before so I knew his story would be a good one. I thought about taking notes, but decided instead to depend on my photographic memory (I can memorize photographs in an instant) and my ability to lie convincingly.

"Ken, you know I've been out of work for six months. To support myself, I've been dealing crystal, you know, speed. Kelly and I were doing okay until a couple of months ago. Someone broke into my car and ripped off my supply. Of course, I still owed the Mexican Mafia for it, oh, did I tell you, my connection here in Phoenix is the Mexican Mafia? Anyway, I still owed them, but I convinced them to re-supply me and I'd owe them more."

"Tom," I inquired, "didn't it occur to you that messing with people like that was dangerous?"

"Yea," he replied, "but I try not to think about such things. Anyway...about two weeks ago I got ripped off again. Someone broke into my apartment and stole everything, including my new supply. Now I owed the Mexicans some twenty-five thousand dollars and I had no way of paying them back. They decided to kill me and Kelly for it, but I convinced them to let me help them pull a robbery to cover my debt."

"How do you know they planned on killing you and Kelly?"

"Oh, you know, I've seen it a hundred times on television."

"But, isn't that just television?"

"Yea, but I saw it on 'reality TV,'" he countered.

"Get on with your story," I prompted.

"One of them suggested we rip off Dave Zins' house. He and his lady had a big screen television, stereo and lots of credit cards. They planned on tying Holly up and terrorizing her into giving up her cards and the access numbers for their ATM. I volunteered to do that part while the others moved the stuff into the cars. I figured they'd hurt her, and if I did it, I could make sure she was safe."

"Didn't it occur to you that ripping off someone you've known since high school would be pretty foolish?"

"I could picture it all in my mind..."

The police would ask, "Ma'am, can you describe your assailant?"

Holly would reply, "How about a picture of him. I've got an old high school yearbook around here,



somewhere...oh, here's a picture of us at the State Fair a couple of years ago..."]

Tom continued his story. "We showed up at their house when I knew she'd be home, but Dave would be at work. We knocked on the door and forced ourselves inside when she answered.

"I tied her up and started threatening her while the others started moving stuff outside. I wouldn't have actually hurt her, I just wanted her to think that so she'd give us the information we wanted.

Unfortunately I didn't tie her up very well, and when my back was turned, she got away and called the police. Then she ran outside, partly naked, since I had ripped off her shirt, and started yelling for help.

"I called down to my partners that the police were on the way; we could already hear the sirens. They jumped in the cars and sped away. I ran down to my car only to find that my friends had taken my car keys with them and filled my car with molotov cocktails. I guess they were hoping that I'd get into a shoot out with the police and get blown up, or something. Anyway, I knew I couldn't outrun the cops so I grabbed my shotgun and waited for them to notice me."

"What a minute, Tom, you mean to tell me that not only did you let Holly escape, but that you drove your own car and your 'friends' had your car keys?"

"Yea, it seemed like the right idea at the time," was his answer.

"What happened next?" I couldn't wait to hear the end of this tale.

"The Mesa cops were efficient as usual. A bunch of cars pulled up and they all jumped out with guns

drawn and suggested that I surrender."

"Did you?"

"Of course not...I held them at bay, telling them I wasn't going to surrender yet. I pointed my shotgun in their direction and warned them to stay away. While they stood around, trying to figure out what to do, I quietly lit a cigarette. Once again, they insisted that I was surrounded and that I should surrender. I told them I wasn't about to surrender until I'd had a chance to think about it...and drink a beer.

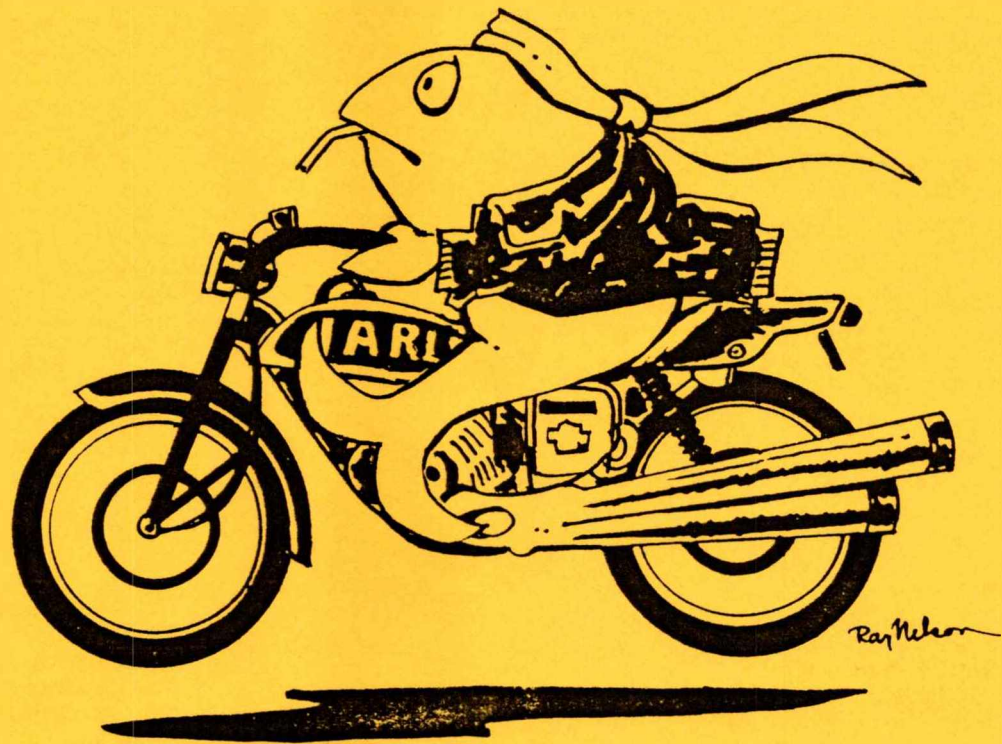
"I popped open a Bud and sipped it while contemplating suicide. I couldn't decide if that was better than jail. I drank my beer, finished off a bottle of Jack Daniels, and smoked my cigarette. Then I put my gun down and my hands up.

"That was just a couple of hours ago. After I was booked, I decided to call you."

While Tom recounted this story to me, he kept slurring and stumbling over his words. It seemed likely to me that he had been using speed for a number of days straight, maybe as long as a week. He was also drunk and under the influence of who knows what else. There's no doubt that he was suffering from a major case of paranoia, probably brought on by sleep deprivation and drug abuse.

That all happened six months ago. Since then, Tom "found God" and swore off all "impurities" like alcohol, cigarettes and drugs. I'm not convinced that he isn't working on "good behavior" for the benefit of the incarceration officials.

We shall see.



A man needs a woman like a fish needs a Harley.



We were just a couple of middle-aged guys trying to act fannish. If Joyce didn't hate walking, there would've been three of us trying to act fannish (but probably without reference to guys and definitely none to advancing age). But Joyce hates to walk where she can drive -- or be carried in a sedan chair by six well-oiled young bodybuilders. We were six bodybuilders short, so she stayed in the house, where the venerables told stories, and the newer ones listened intently and planned their someday fanzines.

As we treaded the tree-lined path near the Burbees' home on the reservation near Temecula, CA, temporarily distanced from the others who'd come to spend an early August weekend with Charlie and Cora, Robert Lichtman and I talked about those larger fannish questions on which our Fine Minds are wont to dwell. Surrounded by elder ghods (Burb and Rotsler) and enthusiastic youngfans (Tom Springer, Tammy Funk and Ken Forman), it was impossible not to reflect on the changes in fandom in the five years since I resumed activity.

Robert, too, seemed conscious of the change. We'd greeted the dawn of the decade beset by the feeling that the age of heroes had passed, never to return. Being a fan of a Certain Age in 1990 was like being a British civil servant after World War I. Their dreams of imperial expansion and world-girdling glory collided with a reality of shriveled expectations.

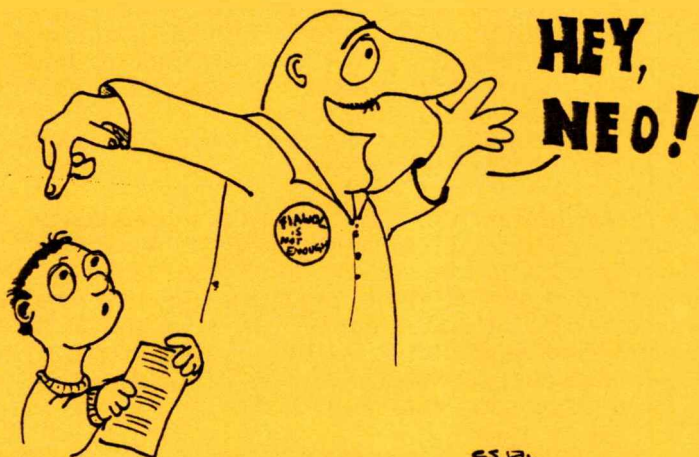
Fandom had promised us a posterity that our revered fannish mentors now said was not to be. Instead, we would be the last of the line. No one would even write a sentimental filksong about the end of us and our kind.

It was a harsh reality to accept. The continuity of fandom enthralled me as a neofan. Great fans helped me and taught me and passed along their lore. As the attentive, grateful student, I steeped myself in the lore and wisdom. I soaked up fannishness so that someday, with persistence, dedication and perhaps a touch of the Spirit of Trufandom's wand, I could apply their tutelage.

Sometimes I imagined myself following in the fannish footsteps of the BNFs who raised me from a neo. My wish was that, in due time, I would grow into a similar role, helping still newer fans understand what I had learned. I visualized myself, sitting in a Comfy Chair, attentive fangirls hanging on every word, as my fannish heirs did as I had done so many years earlier.

I observed the endless parade of fandom and took comfort in the way it remembers its past. From a small family and childless, I couldn't resist the idea that fans would know me, would read my words and tell my stories, the way I knew Laney and Wolheim and the Wheels of IF. My professional writing would also linger, preserved in libraries and collections, but fanzines are the ultimate personal expression untainted by commercial warpage.

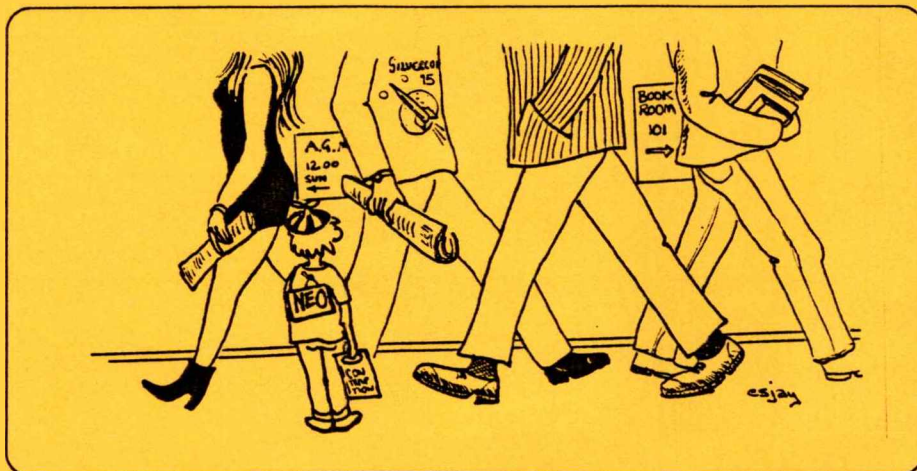
These anticipated pleasures evaporated almost as soon as I degafiated. When I returned in 1990, I got some wonderful, friendly and



# RUMINATIONS

OF A DELIBERATE FAN  
IN A FANDOM  
OF DIMINISHED  
EXPECTATIONS

BY ARNIE KATZ





helpful letters. They made me feel very special -- and rather foolish about the 15-year estrangement from my adopted family.

Two common themes transcended differences in individual letters. Almost everyone stressed the same things. Fans mentioned them so consistently that I wondered if, like the wild stories of a war precipitated by Richard Bergeron of all people, they might be an initiation rite.

The first was that I shouldn't get my nose out of joint when people didn't remember me, as they surely would not. My correspondents went to great pains to get that across, a good-hearted effort to cushion the inevitable disappointment. I wondered if, during my absence, my name had suffered the same fate as the Egyptian Pharaoh who introduced monotheism. I imagined fans diligently scissoring my name out of fanzines and signing pledges to refrain from saying or writing my name within fandom's sacred precincts.

The second was that fanzine fandom was dying. Topic A's triple whammy (the Bergeron War, the Carol-Bergeron Feud and the Martha Beck TAFF campaign) had sucked the life out of the hobby, and it was only a question of time until the last fanzine fan drank toner and died. So much for that Comfy Chair, and maybe an anthology of my best fanstuff, I thought.

My fannish self-image metamorphosed overnight. I had thought of myself as a vagabond prince, returned to the castle -- and ready to take my place in the royal procession. (It wasn't a total loss. Disney has done quite well with this plot in "The Lion King.")

Now, I was Han Solo returning to help the rebel alliance at the climax. Or worse, Davy Crockett throwing in his lot with the doomed patriots at the Alamo. There were thousands of Them, all oblivious to the subculture I cherished, ready to storm the fortress of fannish fandom and put an end to the whole thing.

These were Great Truths, as their tellers saw them. Lack of recognition was only to be expected, I concurred, since I had been gone so long. And the lack of new blood combined with a 40-year low in genzine production lent credence to the idea that the end of the hobby itself was in sight.

The truth of both points appeared incontrovertible. At the time, I thought my counselors were batting at least .500. I accepted, reluctantly, that they had a good shot at going two-for-two.

In fact, both statements were false.

The point I was sure was right was that fandom had forgotten me. Common wisdom pegs a fan generation at two years. I was gone over seven fan generations. How many members of President Buchanan's cabinet can *you* name? I don't know any, without looking them up.

When friends said that no one would remember me, I readily accepted it. It didn't shock me that, long silent, I could be obscure. I thought I might be as well known to contemporary fanzine fans as, say, Max Keasler or Joe Kennedy. It didn't bother me much. I'd survived being a neofan -- and I was much better equipped to meet fanzine fandom's standards the second time around.

The belief in my anonymity, as it turned out, was based on a false premise. We all accepted the statement that a fannish generation is two years. It

isn't. Although I can't say for sure, a fannish generation may no longer have been two years as far back as the 1970s.

The higher average age of today's fanzine fans and the resulting rise in maturity and fanzine quality have filled a lot of fanzine pages in the last few years. The changes in fanzine fandom's traffic flow have not received comparable discussion.

The model has mutated. Until the late 1970s, it went like this: a mob of people rushed in the front door of fanzine fandom each year, as another mob scrambled out the back door. A few of those came in to hang around for the long haul -- sometimes their whole lives -- but many didn't.

That has changed. Today, a very small number of people enter, but even fewer leave.

Fanzine fandom has even defeated Gafia. As I wrote in an article four years ago, I expected the mere fact of my de-gafiation to cause a terrific stir. Not because it was me -- the trivia contest stumper, remember? -- but that a fan from the past had revived. Such things weren't unknown in the 1960s and early 1970s, but they were rare. A fan's activity ebbed and flowed, but once a fan stopped completely, resumption of a significant level of activity was unlikely.

When I started publishing again, I found that my degafiation was preceded by the returns of Vin\* Clarke and Art Widner. They'd come back after gafiations as long, if not longer, than mine. So much for novelty.

The incidence of de-gafiations has risen sharply in the years since I came back. I think we can look forward to still more in the near future, too. A lot of fans who were active in their teens and early 20s will return to the hobby in their thirties, forties and fifties.

The change in the typical fan's progress through the microcosm stems from fanzine fandom's loss of its three most potent methods for putting its message to a mass audience. In approximate order of importance, they were:

**Fanzine review columns in the prozines.** Rog Phillips, Robert Bloch and other fanzine reviewers of the 1940s and 1950s had an aggregate monthly readership of 100,000 to 300,000. John D. Berry and other later fanzine reviewers reached a primary audience of at least 40,000. The total audience in both cases was approximately three times those figures, due to pass-along and immediate re-sale. I don't think anyone has ever counted up the number of fans who started their activity through Mike McInerney's *Castle of Frankenstein* column, but I'll bet there are several still with us to some extent.

The fanzine review columns got a lot of people to sample. Most of them found, either immediately or within a year or so, that they didn't enjoy fanzines enough to keep at it, but hundreds gave it a try.

**The Worldcon.** When 600-800 attended a worldcon, 200 of whom had some fanzine involvement, it was much easier for drop-ins and first-timers to fall into contact with the fanzine community. Fanzine fans were much more prominent, and therefore more visible, at cons than they are in 1995. I met many fans at my first two worldcons (Discon and Tricon) by going up to them after panels and other special events.



The story of Betty Jo McCarthy at the 1952 Chicon II is potent, if anecdotal, evidence of the opportunity that worldcons used to present for fanzine fandom. She'd come to the con, poked around on the fringes and was walking to the door when she, literally, ran into Shelby Vick. She had an enjoyable conversation, decided to stay at the con, and became Bjo Wells Trimble, cartoonist, BNF and mainspring of Los Angeles fandom in the late 1950s and 1970s.

The odds against such a fortuitous meeting are much longer now. Modern worldcon crowds are so immense that many attendees make no appreciable contact with *any* facet of the fan subculture, let alone fanzine fandom. Several current Las Vegas fans attended large cons before Joyce and I arrived on the scene, but none connected with fandom.

**The Fanzine Clearing House.** Mere mention of "Seth Johnson" used to be enough to trigger laughter Back When, but fuggheaded old Uncle Seth had an ad in the prozines through which someone could get a batch of fanzines for a nominal fee. He didn't get anything really good to distribute, because his insane hatred of faanish fans drew reciprocal aversion, but the FCH zines weren't all crud. An intelligent person could read the stack and grasp the potential.

Contact with Seth exposed the potential fanzine fan to the National Fantasy Fan Federation, but this wasn't automatically fatal. Many fans, including Lichtman and me, put in time with the neffers without suffering permanent damage.

Many who sent their money to the Fanzine Clearing House trashcanned what they got. Some explored further and became fanzine fans.

Without mass exposure, fanzine fandom comes to the notice of fewer people than it once did. Casual contacts occur less often, so many who'd have had a potential fan-life of two years or less simply don't get involved in the first place.

The maturity and quality of contemporary fanzines can be daunting to people who brush up against them. Teenage fanzine fans haven't vanished, they're in music and electronic gaming fanzine fandoms where lower quality publications and juvenile behavior are much more the norm.

I get at least 50 electronic gaming fanzines a month, most published by 12-16-year-olds. There are even faneds, like Ara Shirinian and Chris Johnston, who are eg fandom's equivalent of the talented teens our fanzine fandom attracted through the 1970s.

Adults, especially those who aren't strongly compelled to seek such a literary hobby, will think twice before trying a fanzine. It takes self-confidence and some natural talent for a first-timer to produce a creditable fanzine by today's standards.

Here's a test for anyone who thinks fanzine quality hasn't soared in the last decade or two: name the average fanzine. If you're honest in your evaluation, you will likely be blown away by how good a fanzine it is.

Some people have trouble breaking away from the traditional fannish critical frame of reference. For them, it may be easier to figure out what the worst fanzine is, assign it a rating of "1" and work up the new scale from there.

There may never be a fanwriter to equal Walter A. Willis or Charles Burbee. There may never be a playwright to equal William Shakespeare, either. That

doesn't mean that today's average playwright is inferior to the typical Elizabethan Age dramatist. Genius, whether applied to theatrics or fanac, lies outside the bell curve on which the rest of us sit.

This is a tough topic to discuss, because citing examples is sure to cause hurt feelings in what is intended as a rational discussion. So I'll use me. And I'll try not to be offended by what I write.

**Cursed #1**, so awful it took Lenny Bailes and me together to produce, was worse by far than any gazette I've seen since returning to fandom. Its double-spaced, one-side-of-the page printing, two pieces of inept fiction, inane articles, flawed typography and goshwow-yet-somehow-pompous editorial were awful. Subsequent issues improved, but we weren't as good as the worst 1995 gazettes until about #5.

Newcomers are unlikely to maintain, or even start, activity if they don't think they can cut it. Fanzines like **Blat!**, **Trap Door** and **Habbakuk** discourage the dilettante. Anyone can see that it takes real effort, including support from others, to produce something that impressive. Personalzines are less intimidating for novices in some respects, but only the most skilled new fans have the ability to fill eight or 10 pages satisfactorily. (This is not a plea for more crudzines; just recognition of the higher standards that greet present day novices.)

Thus fandom now attracts an older person with more highly developed aesthetics and communication skills. The casually intrigued stop -- or perhaps join an apa -- when they discover how much work goes into a gazette.

At the Burbees, Robert advised me to stop writing "neofan" and substitute "youngfan." I can't judge the political correctness, but it doesn't seem logical to call newcomers "youngfans" just when our recruits are older than any freshman class in fanhistory. Most enter fandom in their mid-20s or later, not their teens.

This has brought a lot of stability to fanzine fandom. (Did you think I would never get back to the matter of fan generations? Keep the faith.) Traditionally, the most common reasons for gafia (and fafia) involved major life changes -- graduating high school, attending an out-of-town college, going into the armed forces, joining the adult work force and getting married. Any or all of these has proven fatal to fanac for more than one participant.

Neos of the 1990s have passed through these crises before they pub their first ish. It may be difficult to adjust schedules to allow time for high voltage crifanac, but once this adjustment is made, there aren't nearly as many life-changing events waiting in the wings to derail fannish participation. (We've still got divorce, debilitating illness or injury, financial ruin and death to thin the ranks, so gafia will not be utterly eradicated any time soon.)

And it is also true that adults are less apt than kids to jettison major interests. I had a new hobby every six months when I was in school. That's not too unusual for people whose basic personalities and attitudes are still in formation.

When I returned to fanzine fandom, just about everyone recognized me. Fans had been around long enough to have personal memories, but not long enough to have lost them to senility. A fan generation is now pretty close to the 20-year mundane standard.



Recollection may have played a few people false, generating a few erroneous attributions, but not many fans treated me like a stranger.

These changes in demographics and the recasting of the stages of fankind relate directly to the second point, the fear that fanzine fandom was on a downward spiral to oblivion. As already noted, there were persuasive reasons to hold that gloomy view.

Lack of new fanzine fans in the post-fanwar 1980s seemed the most ominous portent of bad times to come. Some saw it as an indication that fanzine publishing is no longer of interest to people.

In retrospect, it is clear that the low in genzine production occurred in fandom just as the rest of the world was getting turned on to personal publishing. In 1990, **Factsheet Five** listed hundreds of fanzines *outside* our circle in every bimonthly issue, and **Full Moon** reported approximately 200 apas. The concept of personal publishing was hot, but it wasn't focused on our corner of the world.

Others proposed no theories, but pointed to the inevitable stagnation of a neo-less fanzine fandom. A club that keeps the same, small membership for a decade may be satisfying on many levels, but it is unlikely to be fresh or surprising. Without the usual infusions of talented personalities, fanzine fandom in the late 1980s may've gotten just a little stale.

The Bright Newcomer is one of fandom's most cherished archetypes. There's nothing like a few new enthusiastic fanzine fans to reinvigorate the hobby. The Vegrants are only the latest group of new fans to come in and pump up the volume.

The metaphor of fanzine fandom as a paper party may be applicable to the discussion of why fanzine-fandom stopped pulling in new people in the middle of the last decade. The intense feuding of the 1980s left deep wounds that have not entirely healed. When battle frenzy wore off, many active fanzine fans found that their enthusiasm was gone, too. Gafiations and cutbacks in activity were widespread. A lot of fans decided that it wasn't much fun any more.

Generally, people don't invite others to parties they don't want to attend themselves. When most fans found fanzine unappetizing, it was only natural for them to throttle back on recruitment.

Fans who interpreted the scarcity of neos and the widespread reduction of activity as omens of fanzine fandom's dissolution were wrong, or at least premature. We've gone from doom-crying in 1990 to serious talk of a Golden Age in 1995.

Ted White was the first to articulate his perception that fandom had broken out of the doldrums

into renewed activity and creativity. He made the observation at a large Silvercon 3 party in April 1994. Most of us were too scared that the bubble would burst to agree very loudly. Things have gone so well since then, however, that fans now speak matter of factly about the fanzine renaissance.

Robert presented his reasons for believing this is a golden age at some length in the latest **Trap Door**, saving me (and you) several pages of explanation in an already long article. Suffice to say that the return to activity of some former gafiates, the flowering of Las Vegas fandom and revived interest on the part of some who reduced activity after the war have energized fanzine fandom.

With that revival have come neofans, not just from Vegas, but throughout the world. Fanzine fandom is calling. The paper party is going full blast again -- and the invitations are going out.

It's natural to ask: How long will this last? Fanzine fandom will always have its ups and downs -- there may've been a little stutter in 1993 -- so this golden age, too, is finite. As I gauge future possibilities, my conclusion is that still more golden ages lie ahead for our fierce and literate tribe.

As Lichtman and I sauntered beside the Burbees' home -- perhaps the longest five-minute walk in history, readers of this essay must think by now -- we talked about how to maintain the fannish posterity unexpectedly restored to us in the last few years. In short, where are the new fans going to come from in the late 1990s and the new millennium?

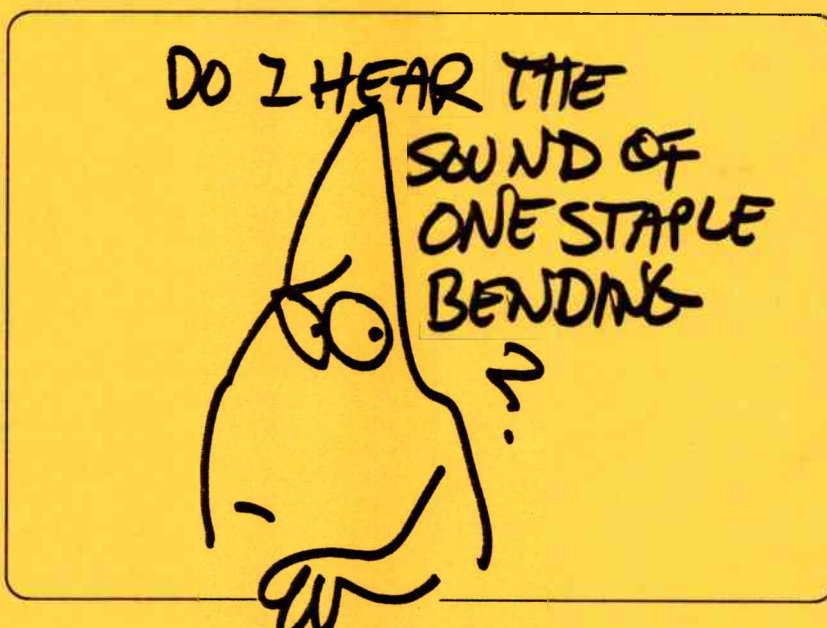
When Abi Frost visited here, she pounced on a passing reference to success in recruiting new fans in Las Vegas. She declared implacable opposition to the idea of marketing fandom to Mundania and using the pitchman's art to entrap the unwary.

I agreed immediately. Abi was right. Chamber of commerce proselytizing is antithetical to the spirit of fandom. I'm with her in not wanting anyone to participate who doesn't really want to do so. Such miscast fans contribute little before they move on to something they enjoy more.

There's no point to high-pressure recruiting. Let's

face it, fanzine fandom has never been about numbers. It is a hobby for the few, the proud, the lonely. It's too hard to do to ever become mass entertainment. Fandom wouldn't have approached its current population if watching television or listening to heavy metal and drinking beer while dressed like a downtrodden peasant -- is this Marie Antoinette pretending to be a milkmaid or what? -- hadn't been defined as fanac.

Fandom doesn't





need to augment its numbers to prove that what we're doing with our spare time is valid. We want newcomers who'll add something to the party.

Besides, drag-'em-in recruiting won't work. A person who has to be fooled or forced into fanac remains a fan only as long as one or more real fans supply massive amounts of energy. When the push stops, the half-interested run for the Glades.

By "recruiting," I mean the gentler process that exposes potential fanzine fans to the fun and comradeship, the *possibilities*, of fandom. Some may like it, while others run screaming into the night. Either way, they've got the facts to make their personal choice. I enjoy fandom quite a bit, and I believe that people who enjoy freedom of expression, communication and community will see fanzine fandom as a good place to satisfy those needs.

At one time, a year or two ago, I thought other fanzine fandoms could become talent feeders for our circle. It hasn't worked out, yet, and I don't think it ever will, at least not the way I envisioned it.

The way it was supposed to work was logical and simple. Evidently, too simple. The young publishers of electronic gaming, music and perhaps even wrestling fandom would grow tired of the sercon orientation of their native fandoms. Still possessed of the urge to publish, they would flock to our fandom with its panoramic breadth of subject and high quality egoboo.

Unfortunately for my theory, our fandom has an image problem. Fanzine fans whose experience is producing sercon fanzines rebel at the thought of

affiliating with something called science fiction fandom. Despite assurances that little, if any, actual interest in science fiction is required, they dread pressure to write about SF the way they wrote about the core topic of their original fandom.

As Andy Hooper will no doubt recall, assuming the nightmares have not stopped altogether, I once suggested that we call ourselves something that doesn't identify so closely with one topic. After all, we are the fandom that discovered the joys of writing about other topics, including ourselves, and that is what we ought to project to others who might enjoy that, too.

Even the not-so-alert will notice that, two years after my piece on the subject, it is still called science fiction fandom. And it still doesn't present itself as the unfettered forum it is. And the other fandom fans gaffiate rather than switch to our brand.

I haven't abandoned all hope, though. Thousands have had, and are having, the unique experience of producing their own personal publications.

It's like the army. All the fanzine fandoms are cycling people through fanzining and sending the vast majority back to their Mundane lives. The idea of universal military training is that, if war comes, there's a potential army to call to the colors. I think the vast reservoir of gaffiates created by *all* fanzine fandoms may someday prove similarly beneficial.

When one-time teenage faneds hit their 30s and 40s, at least some will recall their fanzines with affection and pleasure. If they are then re-exposed to fanzines, some will resume such activity. It is unlikely that they'll want to write about video games or World Championship Wrestling again. That's when we may get some of them.

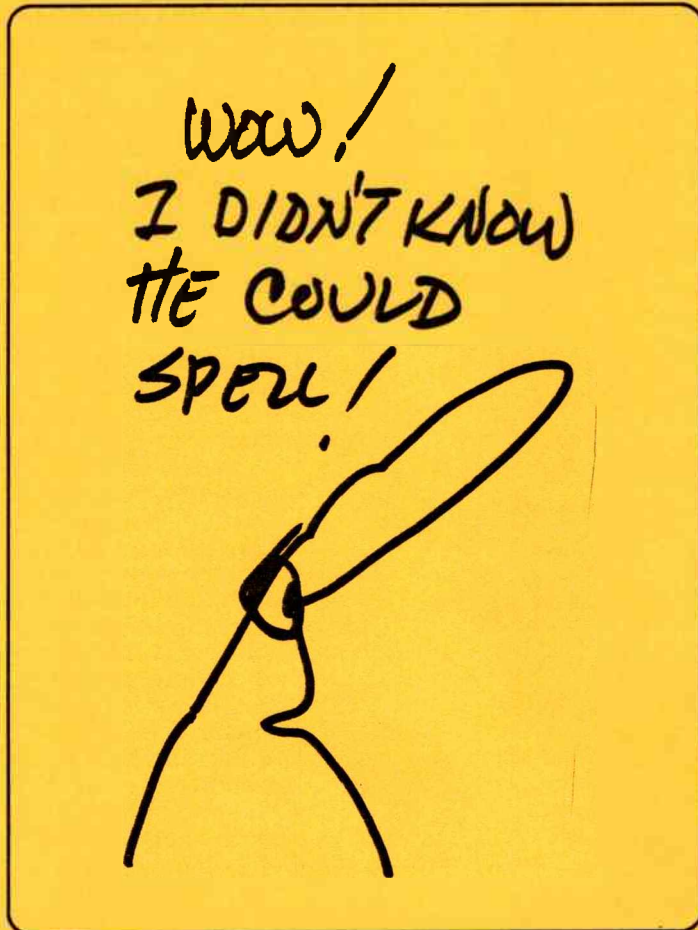
Not that I expect to wait 20 years for another gang of neofans. Within the last six months, fanzine fandom has at last acquired a new conduit to a mass audience. It is cheap, easy to use -- and it's already bearing appreciable results.

This expressway to the hearts and minds of potential fans is the Internet. It puts fanzine fandom into a position where a huge audience of reasonably literate people can become aware of its existence and cognizant of its special appeal.

A few newbies have already made their presence felt, primarily through Dick and Leah Smith's Timebinders listserv. There will be even more when fanzine-oriented web sites get up to full speed.

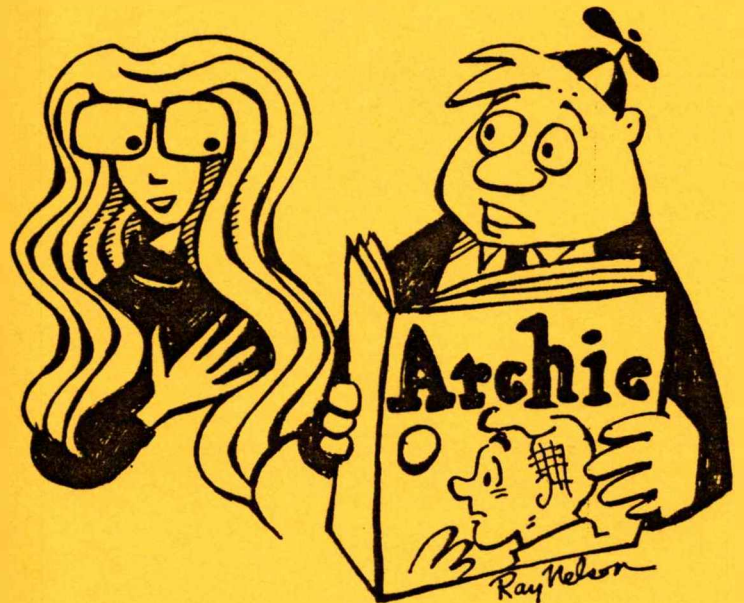
The primary source of these newly minted fanzine fans is -- surprise! -- that larger fandom in which we are but one isolated community. Real conventions are too chaotic to allow us to get our message to these folks, but we're coming in loud and clear over the modem. Garth Spencer, Brendan Ryder, Lindsay Crawford and Roxanne Smith-Graham, four of the newest fanzine faces, knew about fandom, but they'd never gotten into extensive conversations with fanzine zealots like rich brown, Gary Farber, Jerry Kaufman and Rob Hansen. I saw a letter of comment by Garth Spencer in *Attitude* this summer, and the others are only steps behind him. It's starting to look like the next ten years will see an upswing in the fanzine fan population, not a decimation.

I'm so buoyant about this that I've sent that Comfy Chair out for reupholstering. It looks like I'm gonna need it someday.





# RAY NELSON'S FANNISH SEX



"Archie is a girl's comic," said Trina Robins, cartoonist and art historian.

"It is?" said Ray Nelson, bewildered male Archie fan.

"They did a survey. Ninety-five percent of the Archie readers were girls."

"They were?"

"Yes."

We were walking together down the dim hallway of the computer installation where we had just attended our monthly writing workshop, The Rogues. She was bright, light and birdlike in her long wiggly hair and glasses. I was nonplused and startled in my black suit, white shirt and blue necktie. (I had come to the meeting direct from my day job.)

She went on chirping out her familiar message about injustices done in the comic book industry to female writers, artists and fans, injustices she has amply documented in two books about female cartoonists. I broke in to ask, "If I like Archie comics, what does that say about me?"

"You're the sensitive type of man. That's why we get along so well," she reassured me. We then shared our contempt for superhero comics where the plotline, if any, was only an excuse for violence.

A trivial exchange, you might well say. A fragment of small talk, of good-natured banter between pals.

But I kept thinking about it long after I dropped her off at the elevated station for her long ride home.

It highlighted a mystery that has haunted me since kindergarten, the mystery of my own identity.

Am I a man or a woman?

Or none of the above?

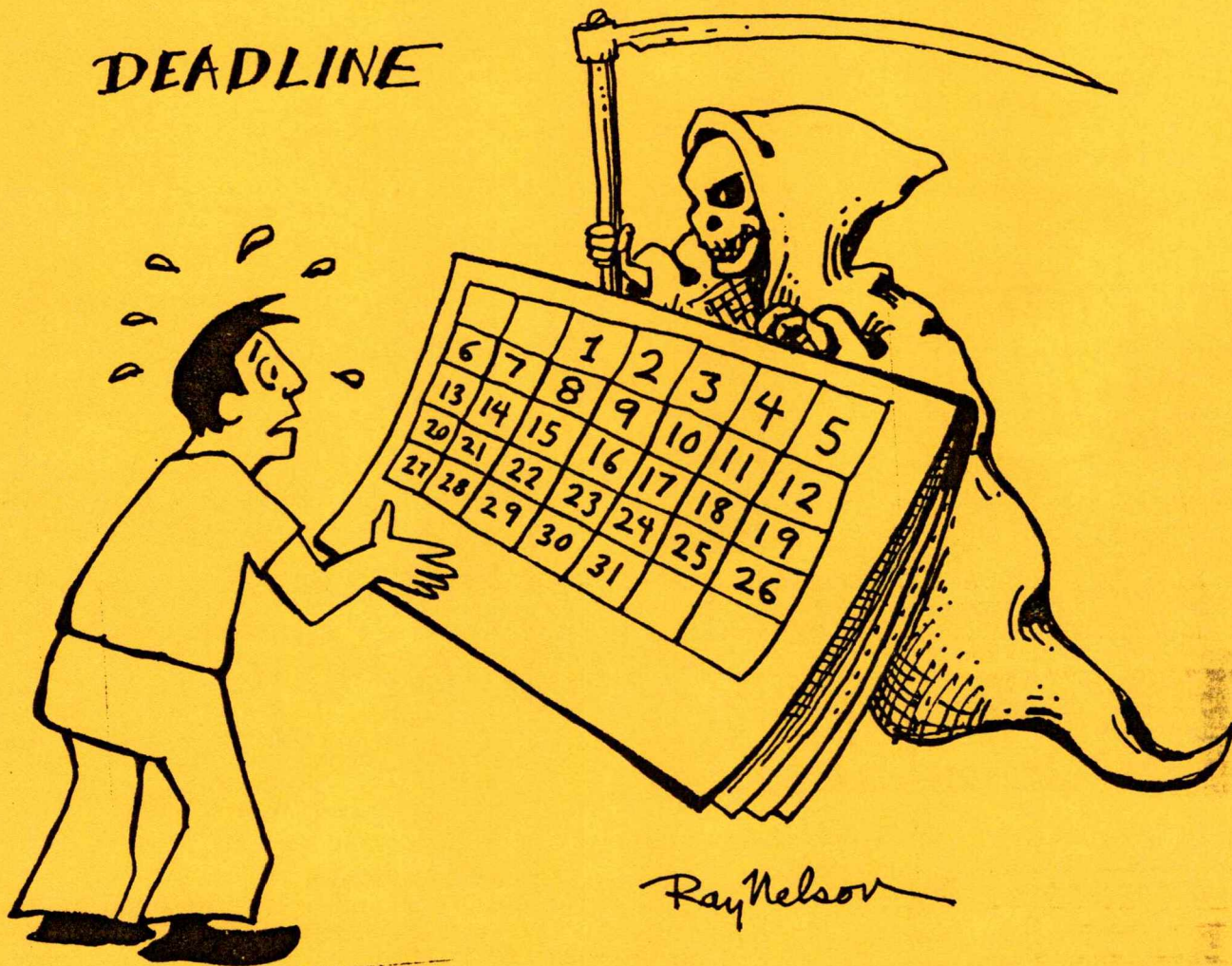
A disquieting number of my male friends have, in various ways, indicated that they are haunted by the same mystery. Some have gone so far as to have an operation to transform themselves into women or, to be more accurate, into eunuchs who vaguely resemble women. One of my editors, Hank Stein, has become Jean Stein. A fellow writer, Amos Salmonson, has become Jessica Amanda Salmonson. A fellow fanzine publisher, John Fitz, has become Miriam Berg. None of my female friends has, to the best of my knowledge, tried to transform herself into a male, though some have gotten short haircuts or smoked long cigars, and some have, for apparently practical reasons, adopted male pen names.

So far as I can determine from my own experience, this extreme questioning of one's gender is in itself a gender-specific trait. It's something males do and females don't. How very odd, don't you think, since beyond doubt females in our society are targeted for all sorts of injustices. They are discriminated against not only in the comic book industry, but in the music industry, the art racket, corporate America, and hundreds of other places. They are the victims of domestic violence. They are the almost exclusive prey of serial killers. Why on earth would any male ever want to become a female?

The mystery deepens when we examine the personalities of my gender blender friends. John Fitz, before The Change, was a long-time husband and father. As Miriam Berg he now lives with a woman, not



# DEADLINE



a man. Amos Salmonson, before *The Change*, was asked by a therapist what sort of woman he would like to be.

"A lesbian," he answered.

According to female friends of mine who claim to have intimate personal knowledge, Hank Stein, before *The Change*, was definitely heterosexual.

I have many male homosexual friends. None of them, so far as I know, has ever had *The Operation*. Two of them occasionally dress as women, mainly to compete in an annual drag queen beauty contest sponsored by gay bar owners. Those who do dress as women look good as women. My sex-switching friends definitely don't. Two out of the three don't even try. John Fitz, as a man, was a hunk; an athletic, outdoorsy kind of guy. He dressed neatly but informally, mainly in jeans and a lumberjack shirt. As a woman, she dresses in drab, second-hand dresses that make her look like a bag lady.

My male homosexual friends sometimes tell me they are females trapped in a male body, but none of them as ever done anything about it. If they can be said to share an attitude, it's summed up in the phrase, "I'm gay, gay, gay, and I love it!" They don't seem to fundamentally question their sexual orientation, even with the spectre of AIDS looming

over them. Two of my gay friends have died of AIDS. Four others have tested positive. Never mind. They are what they are and they know what they are.

Whatever I am, it isn't what they are. So far as I know, it doesn't even have a name.

Whatever it is, it was already established when I hit kindergarten. On my first day it signaled itself in an unwillingness to join in group activities with other boys. When forced to participate, I gradually developed the first of the many strategies for non participation in male activities I am still developing at age 63. I learned how to seem to be sick, how to manipulate authority figures, especially teachers, how to choose alternative actions adults couldn't prevent me from doing, particularly writing and drawing, how to avoid saying either yes or no to direct questions of any kind. The list is endless. If I was a little bit strange to start with, I became steadily more strange as I grew older, and my ways of defending myself elaborated themselves into a Byzantine complexity.

One of the most fruitful strategies involved allying myself with the little girls. Little girls liked to play house. Little boys didn't. Therefore, a boy willing to be the daddy was always welcome and never needed to do anything very demanding. He fitted in effortlessly. A fringe benefit was that this alarmed teachers and



parents, giving me moral leverage over adults. My male classmates might win praise from adults for their triumphs in the classroom or on the playing field, but they couldn't control adults. I could control adults. The more I played with the little girls, the more worried the teachers became and the more concessions I could squeeze out of them. At one point in the early grades I refused to play ball with the boys and, to keep me from playing with the girls, the teachers allowed me to roam freely about the halls at the school doing whatever I pleased, which was mainly reading and drawing comic books.

Now why is it I didn't want to play with the boys?

It was because they seemed deaf, dumb and blind to the colors, shapes, sounds, psychological nuances, and virtually the entire universe that I lived in. As I taught myself drawing, writing and musical composition, the small difference between them and me widened into a chasm. The main difference though was a subtle one. They seemed to me to have a certain heaviness of spirit I lacked. They attached vast importance to things that were not even a tiny bit important to me. They thought it was important for our school's team to win. They thought it was important to fit into some social group. They thought it mattered in The Big Picture whether they got good or bad grades. I got good grades, but it didn't matter to me. From the first I could see that nearly everything I was taught in school was either useless or bullshit, so I concentrated on giving the teachers the dumb answers they wanted, playing their game as a game, with no illusions. Thus I was always relaxed, and a relaxed person learns far faster than a tense person, a person who cares.

Why was it I did like to play with the girls?

Because, relative to the boys, they seemed alive, far, far more alive than males. They could see colors and shapes, hear sounds, sense psychological subtleties. As a group, they were and are much, much lighter in spirit than males.

So I grew up very much alone but not lonely, comfortable with females, contemptuous of males. I was often told to "Be a man." Because of the sort of people I knew personally who were men, I would rather have been a chimpanzee.

Then in my early teens I discovered science fiction fandom.

Here were people who, like me, wrote their own stories, drew their own pictures, and published their own magazines which they gave away free; people who, if you gave them your magazine, would actually read it and even comment on it. I had been writing, drawing and publishing since the fifth grade, but my audience, composed of my classmates, had yet to write me their first letter of comment, or even a postcard.

So I joined up. You might say I accepted fandom as my personal savior. I've never regretted it.

Still, at the time I enlisted, fandom was dominated by young, uptight white males who could not by any stretch of the imagination be described as light-spirited. There were almost no females of any kind to be found, and humor of any kind was all but unknown. Fanzines were full of articles about science by people who knew nothing about science, personal attacks by one pompous blowhard on another pompous blowhard, and the minutes of club meetings

you had to thank God you hadn't attended.

And yet.

And yet a tiny minority within the tiny minority which was fandom showed promise, a mini minority calling itself The Insurgents. The Insurgents were at least as creative as any other fans, and in addition they were funny, that is to say, light-spirited. Two new words entered my vocabulary. Sercon: that was our subculture's heavy-spirited establishment. Fannish: that was me and people like me.

Fannish fandom grew, slowly but steadily, until now we have ourselves become The Establishment. I like to think that I, with my propeller beanie cartoons, helped bring that about.

And yet.

And yet a lot of the humor, particularly the humor coming out of Los Angeles, consisted of accusing various fans of being homosexuals, and describing fandom itself as some kind of vast gay bar.

Certainly there were and are homosexuals in fandom, but fandom is not and never was basically gay. It does, however, contain an extraordinary concentration of people like myself, people who cannot identify with the dominant American image of masculinity, the kind of people who in extreme cases resort to sex-change operations.

What are we to call ourselves?

We must be a rare breed indeed, because so far as I know, neither the English language nor fannish slang has a name for us. The name my classmates used for me in grade school was 'sissy', but I hope you'll pardon me for not accepting that.

Maybe there are five genders: men, women, gays, lesbians...and us, whatever we are.

I'm not going to get an operation because I don't think gender is a physical thing. It's a mental thing, an attitude. I'm not going to start wearing women's clothes, though I don't see any particular reason not to. What I hate being seen in is a necktie. A necktie makes me look like the salesmen and executives I have to deal with every day in my office job. They seem to me not only to be a different gender from myself, but a different species.

But I'd be proud to look like my friends Trina Robins, Marion Zimmer Bradley and Ann Rice.

I'd be happy to go on reading Archie Comics, no matter what that reveals about my inner weirdness.

Maybe you're saying I need help.

Yes, I think I do. But not the kind of help a psychotherapist might give me. I've tried psychotherapy. My last shrink summed up the situation nicely. "Ray, you're a UFO, an Unidentified Freaking Object."

I want you to tell me what I am. It's okay to make up a word. Someone, somewhere, must know what I am.

Why do I think it's you?

What do Cosfen do when the lights go out?

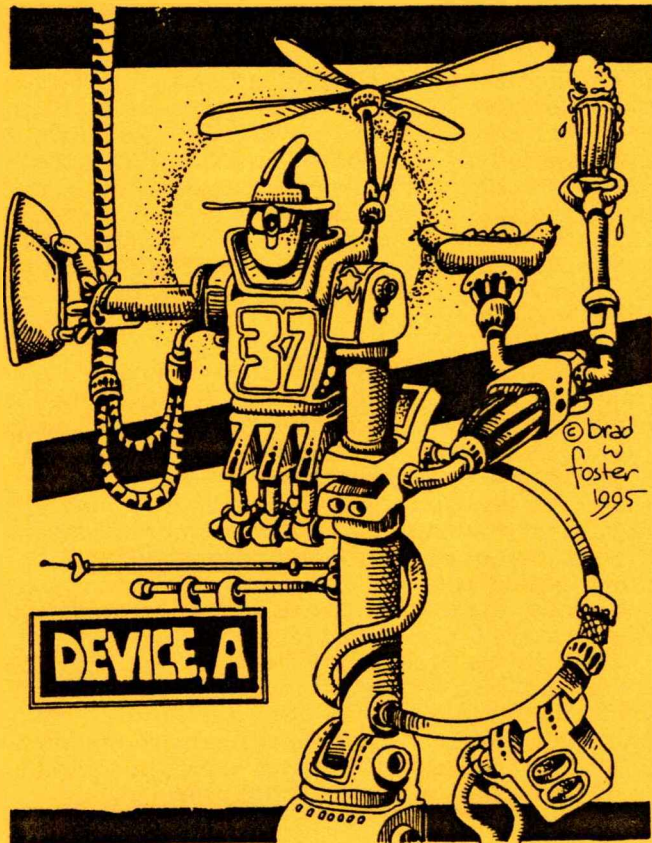
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# INSURGENCY STRIKES the CHICAGO SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE By Tom Springer

Oh, how I long for the old days. When the Vegrants were a happy-go-lucky bunch of fen glowing with trufannish pleasure behind their designs to resurrect the Chicago Science Fiction League. Back then our bellys would squeal with delight upon hearing plans for a trip to our clubhouse, Chicago Hotdogs. I remember how we would barrel in, faces glowing with sercon joy as we gabbled among ourselves about fanzines, friends and what hotdog would soon meet its master, waving our membership cards and calling for free franks. Those were the days when Vegas Fandom had yet to realize that it wasn't all Coney Dogs and smiles in fandom's desert outpost.

Oh, we were naive back then. Trusting, accepting, gracious and generous, perfect victims for treachery of the basest sort. We just didn't know any better, and never at any time were we given the slightest reason to suspect there might be traitors in our midst.

"Completely Inconceivable!" would have been my response to such a suggestion. If we'd only known more about the concept of change. We just weren't ready for it, and certainly not expecting it. We had taken for granted our friendly comradery within the club that we all shared. We once believed we were a cohesive group of like minded individuals finally due their share of the loot, and willing to fight for it. Now we know better and are fully versed in the theories of change and growth (both natural and artificial), and well aware of the need for cosmic observation. (Such are the advantages of the Group Mind.)

Two weeks ago you would have recognized me as the happy, enthusiastic neo you all knew me to be. Always ready to lend a hand, collate, type, and staple. Always eager to convene a meeting, always there for the club (and the hotdogs). Now I'm a scarred and callous fan, downright grim at times. An unsuspecting veteran of the violently historic battles within the trusted and wholly unsuspecting and gastronomically self-involved Chicago Science Fiction League.

September 23, 1995, the last Saturday evening before ManureCon (Silvercon 4). It was a dog day afternoon...

On that day the core group of Vegas Fandom gathered themselves upon the palatial grounds of the Katz's estate, many of us having suffered life's cruel vagueries and together were looking to blow off a little steam and relax before the con. In due course and typical Vegrant fashion we all tuned to our various channels then rolled the big knob between thumb and forefinger, grooving on various fans and conversations.

The letcol and editorial for WH#10 were up on two computers, available for any Vegrant with half a mind still intact. Cookies, fruit, chips, salsa, chocolates, crackers, and candy were close at hand for the hungry fen, who, if they weren't talking, were either listening, eating, drinking, or smoking. These activities and consumables were always close at hand and available to all, as usual, to increase their personal enjoyment.

That day my cycle was inconsistant but enjoyable. I fell into the habit of moving from the couch to the kitchen counter (where the donuts and other treats resided in humble suger), then I might wander over to a computer and read a few things, maybe type a bit, then find something to eat and have a smoke, talk to someone, then wander outside to confirm it's still too



hot to do anything out there, come back in, and inform everyone it was still too bloody hot. All in all a very enjoyable way to spend an afternoon. Completely lulling as well. Almost lullaby-like. We had achieved our goals and had begun to meld with the furniture, having relaxed to such an extent that we could no longer lift our arms to feed ourselves from the table before us. (I still think the Katz's new couches had something to do with it, possibly possessing some sort of pseudo intellect collected from a series of residual leftovers that were deposited by conversant fen over a period of time, forming a rudimentary projectionist-like empathy that contributed to our somnolent state of mind.)

Despite the couches' best efforts to consume us in their burgandy velvet, we managed to address a more serious problem. Unable to lift our limbs enough to feed ourselves, eventually (it really took no time at all) we grew hungry.

I was thinking hotdogs.

"You at all hungry?" I asked Arnie, trying with all my might to levitate the pipe to him.

"Yeah, I think it's time to start talking about dinner." He said, frowning intently at the brass contraption.

"I agree," I agreed.

Sensing Ken's imminent arrival, Arnie diverted his attention and addressed Mr. Forman as he approached, apparently on some sort of errand. "Mr. Forman!" Arnie exclaimed, stopping him cold in his tracks. Like myself, Arnie is blessed (or cursed) with the ability to project his voice to great effect. (Arnie and I were too proud to ask for help with the pipe, but dinner was another matter. That Ken was ambulatory was testament to his will and his wife that he hadn't joined us for a sidebar all afternoon.)

Ken stopped behind the couch upon which Arnie sat, unconsciously futzing with his watch. He bent slightly at the waist and inquired graciously, "Yes, Arnie?"

"We're thinking of dinner, what are your plans?" Arnie asked.

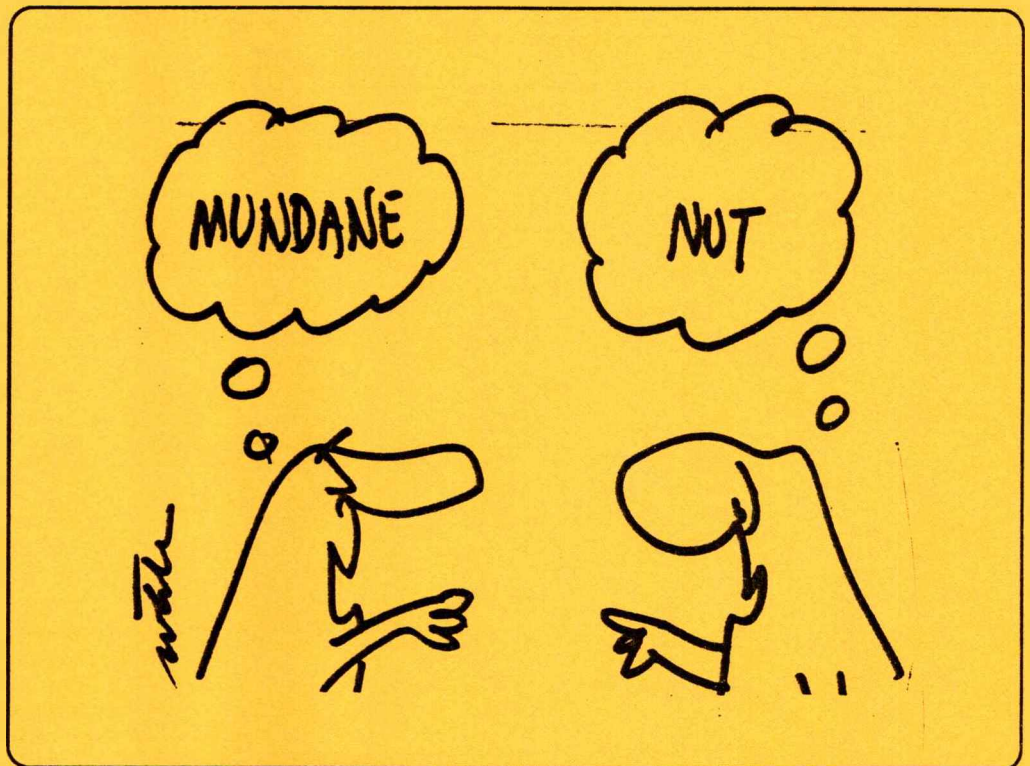
"I don't know," Ken responded, "that's what I'm on my way to finding out."

Arnie looked hopeful, "Really?"

"I'm gonna ask everyone what they want to do," he said, itching to be on his way.

"Let us know," Arnie supplied as Ken dashed off.

"I'm thinking we should convene a meeting of the Chicago Science Fiction League," I said. Forgetting how relaxed I was, and trying to rub my tummy as I related my idea to Arnie (for emphasis), I managed to flop my hand into my lap. Coincidentally proving that my whole arm/hand assembly weighed enough to penetrate to more fragile anatomy, rendering me



helpless for what was to come. I believe I grunted.

"You moved your arm," Arnie accused.

"Hungh," I grunted.

Through the smokey haze Arnie couldn't see I was injured and continued with our conversation after noticing my lack of movement once again.

"Yes," Arnie said with a smile, "hotdogs do sound good!"

I heard Joyce in Ross's office where the letcol was, "Sounds good to me!" she called. She had somehow escaped our lethargy and was sucked into the letter column. With my eyes closed and over my heavy breathing and the intimate pain every man knows, I could hear Joyce tapping through Arnie's proposed menu, several roaming Vegrants, and the ringing in my balls.

Ken returned as I sat listening to my balls, his wife Aileen, JoHn, his wife Karla, their baby Collette and a couple other fans were gathered behind the Mainspring, as if in support. Alerted to Ken's presence Arnie slowly turned his head, and addressed, not only Ken, but the rest of the room, "We're going for hotdogs if anyone would care to join us," he invited.

I opened my eyes in time to see JoHn step forward to support his fellow faned and friend. "I'm sorry Arnie, but we won't be joining you tonight."

"Well, I'm sorry too," Arnie assured.

"We're going to the Little Squash instead," Ken supplied.

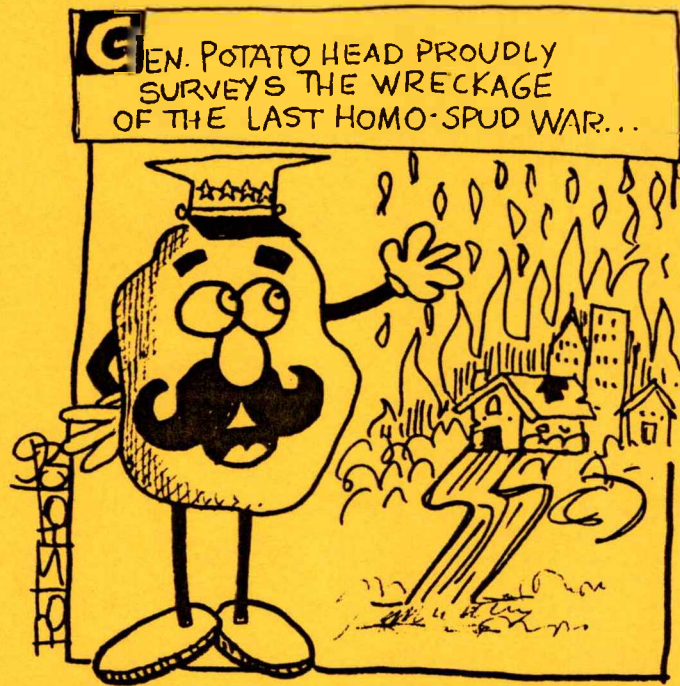
"Huh," I said, though not so clearly.

"Pardon?" Arnie said, swinging his head around.

Confused about Arnie's confusion I repeated myself in case it was me he misunderstood. "Huh," I said again.

JoHn discreetly grabbed Ken's arm and stepped back as Arnie looked over at me. "What?" Aileen and company slowly shuffled to the door. JoHn and Ken





about Joyce then myself. I noticed a bulge in his pants pocket and a slowly growing wet spot beneath it. He was either very happy to see us or prepared for the inevitable conflict to come.

"That's heresy," Joyce said quietly, digging something out of her pleasantly rounded back pocket.

John looked resigned and a little sad before loosing the first volley. "Looks like the Katz outta the bag."

"That's heresy!" Joyce shouted, bringing her zap gun to bear on the separatists before her.

"She's got a zap gun!" Aileen shrieked. Belle and Eric scooted back into a corner, having remained silent the entire time they had yet to choose sides. Arnie flinched at Aileen's voice and I took advantage of her distraction as heads jerked in her direction and jabbed my hand into my bag, desperate for my own protection.

Sweaty fingers snaked around the pleasing plasti-formed grips of my plonker. Ken, sensing my motion from the corner of his eye turned to see me rooting through my bag with a glazed but determined look in my eye. Adrenaline and instinct took over and he yanked out his own leaking zap gun. Arnie grabbed the pipe and cupped it protectively with his body.

sidled over behind them.

Before the group could make the door Joyce appeared before them, bringing their sneaky sidling to a stop and a dangerously expectant air to the proceedings.

"So, where are you all off to?" Joyce inquired with her disarmingly coy smile. "What about the Chicago Science Fiction League? We're having a meeting."

Arnie again turned to face the conversation, momentarily forgetting about my inarticulate grunting. John tried being diplomatic, "I'm sorry Joyce, but certain matrimonial elements within the group behind me have put forth the plan of visiting the Little Squash for dinner tonight."

Joyce was puzzled. "The Little Squash?"

Ken and John both had the grace to blush and it was then our friend's careful shenanigans and manipulations were revealed with but four careless words innocently supplied as revelatory information.

"It's a vegetarian restaurant," Karla said. A quiet moment of milling and anxious glances followed her treasonous statement.

"Veg-veggi-tarian?" Arnie sputtered.

I toed the strap of my bag and pulled it over closer to the couch, my previous lethargy and injury instantly forgotten upon hearing Karla utter those dreadful words. It was then I knew we'd lost them and things would never be the same again.

Ken, trying to be inconspicuous and failing miserably stepped behind the unusually quiet and confused Su Williams. From my point of view he was only partially concealed, apparently more worried

Karla tucked sweet Collette under her arm and with a juke reminiscent of Barry Sanders, ducked around Joyce before she could open fire and made her escape, leaving John alone to face the mighty wrath of Joyce Worley Katz.

"Watch out!" someone shouted as Ken opened up on me. I ducked my head and gave a quick lick to my suction-cup dart as a stream of zap spray sketched a wet squiggle on the wall behind me.

Poor naive Su. Unaware of the seriousness of the situation, yet realizing things might get out of hand if the Voice of Reason didn't make itself heard, Su took it upon herself to be that Voice of Reason.

"Now Joyce," she said, calmly advancing with her hands raised in supplication, "I don't think there's any call - urk, argle, hack, spurkelache," she gurgled as Joyce's pinpoint accuracy filled Su's gaping maw with butt-warmed zap juice.

Aileen grabbed Ken about the waist, sobbing, and ruining his aim, sending his next shot into the table before me.

"We're gonna die!" she sobbed, clinging to Ken like contact paper. I took careful aim and let fly with my rubber tipped missile. He must've seen my spit covered dart coming because it impacted the left lens of his glasses with a wet smack, sending little particles of my spittle flying.

"Aah, I'm hit!" Ken yelled, the rubber dart sticking out from his glasses like some plastic-mutated Kafka-like antenna, bobbing as he tried orient himself. I punched another dart into my plonker as Ken fired wildly about the room, liberally soaking the empty couch seat beside me.



Su had raised heavy arms in a desperate attempt to block Joyce's shots, but to no avail. Joyce's skill with a zap gun is well known and plinking at nose, eyes, mouth, ears, breasts, and sandled feet, she made Su dance a desperate and hopeless jig that shook the house.

Eric and Belle crouched behind copies of Lan's Lantern for protection, huddled in their corner, eyes wide with wonder as CSFL history was writ right before them.

Ken stiff-armed Aileen away from him so as to take proper aim, only to have his head rock back again as my second dart slapped against his right lens. "I'm blind!" he screamed, dropping his zap gun and clutching at my suction missiles. Aileen grabbed him again, sobbing even more at his terrible screams.

Sue continued to dance under Joyce's expert aim.

Arnie actually got the pipe lit, having crawled beneath the coffee table during the worst of it, and was happily puffing away, providing a steadily growing smoke screen for our forces.

JoHn still stood by the kitchen table, where he was when it all started, completely unscathed, but not without plans. Forcasting the bitter end to the seperatist's first battle, and knowing, despite the outcome, what he was going to have for dinner, he began stuffing his pockets with M&Ms from a candy bag on the table next to him.

Su, reduced to body-jerking hysterics rumbled towards the door, sobbing and gurgling, mouth still full of hiny-heated zap fuel. Joyce stepped aside rather than be flattened as Sue plowed her way through the door. Her primary target gone, Joyce tracked the smokey battle scarred room with her half-zap gun, looking for secondaries.

Ken, taking both stuck darts in sweaty fists gave a yank and pulled his glasses from his head in the attempt. "I still can't see! Aaahh!"

JoHn watched as he stuffed his pockets with candy that melts in your mouth as Joyce brought her weapon to bear. Realizing our tactical advantage and rudimentary crossfire, JoHn advised the remaining seperatists of the best course of action still open to them. Flinging a handful of chocolate M&Ms at Joyce he turned and ran for the back door screaming, "Run away! Run away!"

Incomprehensively, this brought Aileen to her senses. "Bean curd and a filk song, that's what we need!" she shouted. Grabbing her still-blind and bumbling husband she ran by the chocolate pocked Joyce, who watched them go while digging an M&M out of her ear with a dainty pinky.

My shot was late as it smacked into the closing door behind them. All was silent in the swirling smoke but for heavy breathing and the scrape of a match as Arnie lit the pipe again. Joyce slumped into the damp seat beside me as Arnie crawled out from beneath the coffee table, pipe in hand.

"Gosh," Eric enthused. "Wow, I didn't know

science fiction clubs could be so, so..."

"Invigorating?"

"Exciting?"

"Dangerous?"

"No, wierd. That was probably the wierdest thing I've ever seen," he said, still clutching a battle-worn Lan's Lantern in his lap.

"It can get like that," Arnie said through a cloud.

"I had no idea," Belle whispered, still a little dazed.

"You get used to this sort of thing after a while," Joyce informed her. "Still, this one was pretty bad."

"Is everyone okay?" I asked, dropping my plonker into my bag. Nods of assent followed my inquiry. Joyce tucked her own zap gun into her back pocket then accepted the pipe from Arnie.

"I'm glad you sided with us. It's a sad and terrible thing that happened here today, but to have lost you two as well..." Joyce let the sentence drop, taking a tremendous hit off the pipe.

"It would have been worse," Arnie said.

"Not just for us, but for the club," I added.

"Eric hasn't had a hotdog for a while, and vegetarian just didn't do it for him," Belle told us.

"Thank Ghu," Joyce exhaled.

"So we thought we'd go with you," Eric finished.

"We just didn't have any idea..."

"Well, are we still up for a trip to the clubhouse?" I asked, successfully injecting some enthusiasm into my voice, happy to have survived the first battle of the Separatist's Revolution.

"Sure," Joyce said, "let's go, all that shooting's made me hungry."

And so ended the first insurgent episode to happen to the Chicago Science Fiction League in 56 years, since the club-killing schism ocured way back in 1940. A surprisingly significant fact when you consider the solidarity we once shared, a solidarity now forever fractured



Next month, in part two, follow our intrepid club members to the Chicago Science Fiction League's clubhouse, where they fall foul of an even more insidious plot contrivance. Where they realize, though the club is fractured and almost broken beyond repair, there's still worse to come!

Next Issue:Part II

Tom Springer versus the dreaded SubMan



# An Occasional Column

# Charriisma

## by Chuch Harris

From: The Editor in Chief's Office;  
To: Editors and Exec. Staff.  
Date: 23 Sept 95

### Our Leader Speaks... and Eats

The "hot copy" of **Wild Heirs #9** arrived here this morning so all of you should now be aware of my promotion.

I am willing to accept -- but no later than the first post on Monday -- excuses about the vagaries of the mail etc., but I note that only 16 of the editorial board have already faxed me with their congratulations, affirmations of perpetual loyalty, grovels, and obsequious flattery.

Obviously some members of the board, perhaps through age or infirmity, are no longer able to keep up our grueling schedules, and I feel that they must step down and make way for younger blood. They will not suffer financially. Separation notices are being prepared, and they will each be awarded a lifetime pension equivalent to one half of my former salary.

I would like to thank all of them for their past services, such as they were. At the ceremony (TBA) they will each receive a new, personal bicycle of the very same model I rode to fame and, at the same time, hand back the keys for the company Cadillacs they have been using. Cycling, a healthy exercise as I well know, is recognised by the medical profession as the key to exhilarating good health. I understand far too many of these pseudo high rollers have been seen swanning around town in Company transport like junior Corleones instead of getting on with the hard editorial graft.

Next item. New entries to the Board;

1. Mr. Andrew Hooper. I was greatly impressed with Hooper at Precursor. He bought me a drink.
2. Ms. Jeanne Mealy. Mealy is a good perceptive woman who has long supported my "fair salaries for all" campaign, and knows genius and talent when she falls over them. She will be entitled to second pick of the returned transportation.

Typographical errors.

I have also received **Wild Heirs #9.5**. This does not carry news of my promotion. Instead of being listed as Editor In Chief, I have been erroneously relegated to the bottom of the Editorial Board with no distinguishing marks whatsoever, apart from a couple of

asterisks.

This sort of carelessness must cease immediately. The first person to send me the A Katz' head on a salver (with or without apple in mouth) will receive a lifetime

subscription. (And maybe a Cadillac if we have one to spare.)

Chuchy - The man in charge.  
Top o' the morn from the top of the heap, Kids.

\*\*\*\*\*

*And now for something completely different.*

On the quick skim thru ( -- my bit, Joyce's bit and the letter pages! -- the rest I save until after dinner) I saw Joyce talking about Convention food -- prawn cocktails and roast turkey was her choice -- and I wondered what I would choose.

I guess the most memorable fannish meal I had was more than 40 years ago at Loncon 1. I was new to fandom, fresh out of the Navy, very deaf, very shy, very hungry. I'd already eaten the sandwiches that were supposed to last me for the next two days. (Vinny always said that only a fakefan spends money on food rather than books.)

Forry, GOH of course, typically generous, casually asked Walter Himself and I out for a meal, even though he'd only spoken to me for the first time about twenty minutes previously. We went to Cafe Roma, an Italian restaurant (you guessed?), and had ravioli -- which, 40 years ago, was pretty exotic for Brits.

I'd never had it before. Here, in fannish heaven, with Walter on one side and 4e on the other, both scribbling conversation down for me as if it were the most normal thing in the world, both helpings (he insisted!) tasted like ambrosia. I've eaten a whole heap of ravioli since then, and I once went back to Cafe Roma, but the food has never been quite so good.

So, maybe I could have ravioli whilst you have Joyce's prawn cocktails? I don't want to be picky about this. I'll eat prawn cocktail if I have to, but Sue forbids me to order one for myself when we eat out. They are too time consuming. First, all Wheels of IF members are forbidden to eat lettuce. (It is against our religion. We don't make a fuss about it -- it's no trouble to pick out each scrap of leaf and leave it on a sideplate.) But that's not all. Once -- this is



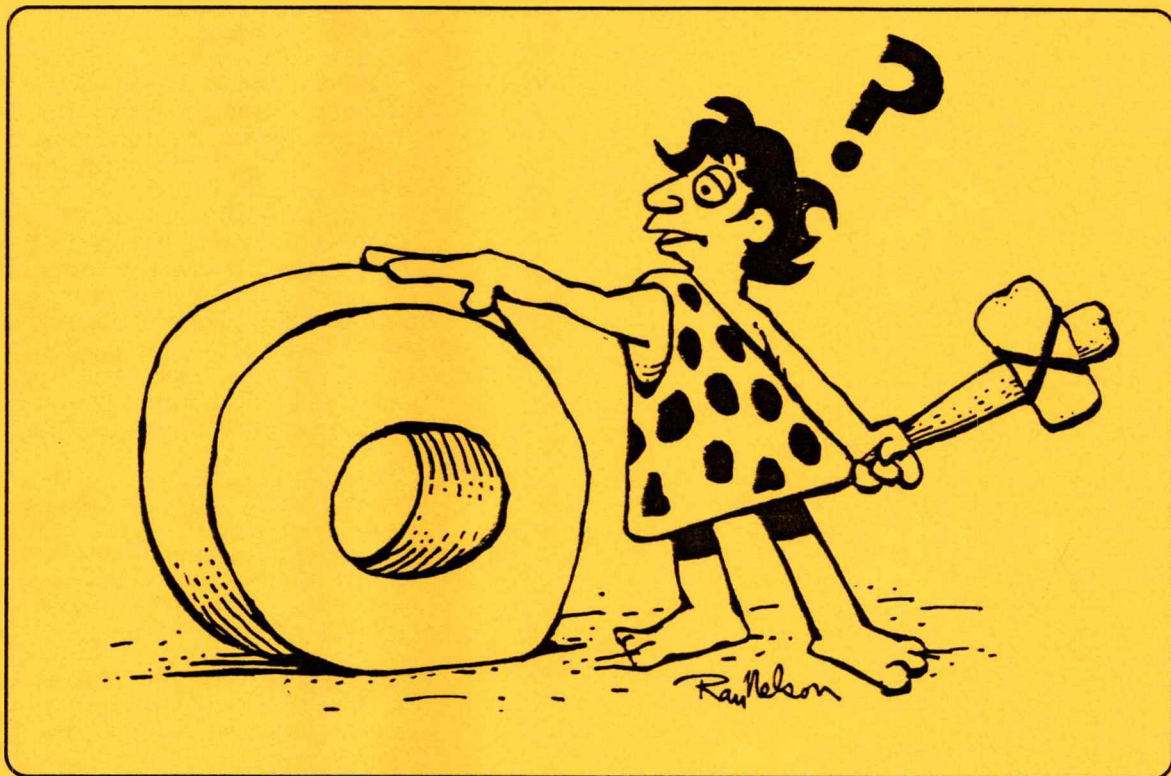
a long time ago too (... "taking leave of your reminiscences again as Walter used to say, and probably still does), Dean Grennell put me wise about these cocktails. You know that brown streak down the middle of each prawn that you fondly imagine is the tiny spine or backbone and chonk full of calcium? It ain't. Grennell told me. It is the shrimp colon and, in the nature of things, it is full of shrimp shit. Now, I don't take shit from anybody, especially when it comes surrounded

by chipped ice in a little glass bowl at ten bucks a go. Before I put any part of this dead and garnished prawn into the holy shrine of my mouth I want to dissect the carcass, remove the bowel, dip the purified remains in the 1000 island dressing, and then help it down with a little of the brown bread you get as lagniappe. Sue, who has finished her melon portion about three hours ago gets pissed off and impatient for me to finish. Waiters stare in wonderment, the maitre D comes over a couple of times to ask if there is anything wrong, and by the time I've finished and the steak arrives it's burnt to a cinder and most everyone else has gone home.

So, skip the seafood cocktail for me please. If the banquet is included in the price I have to say I'm a lot quicker on lobster.... esp those Canadian ones that are shipped frozen into little blocks of sea ice, but I'm easy, really. it's no problem. The ones flown in from Maine are quite acceptable too, as long as they aren't more than a day old. And turkey for the main dourse is fine by me. No problem at all--I'm not the least bit fussy about food.

Except at Glasgow.....

The hotel had about ten stars. In the middle of the dining room (Very posh with murals on the wall), there was one of those Serve-yourself islands. I was on a freebie as Minder to GOH Vinnie, so we didn't have to bother about sandwiches, and breakfast was a gourmet's delight... fruit juice (skip the tomato), get a glass of orange and another of grapefruit. Get a little box of Cornflakes and another of All Bran... the old man's friend...move on, take fruit plate... grapefruit segments, prunes, apricots...take warm plate... sausage, bacon, eggs, tomato, hash browns and, whoa!... call waiter... ??? "Haggis, Scotch delicacy, Sir"... and we know *all* about haggis, Scotch soul food... sheep's stomach stuffed with pinhead



oat meal, flat oatmeal, sheep's blood, butts, bits and pieces, minced todgers, and other unmentionables. Hesitate... they all sneered at me in the French joint, "Froggy's," last night because I had "Steak Diane" whilst they feasted on snails with the green goo oozing out of them (That was Geri and Patrick) and even Vincent, who was tricked and bullied into ordering frog's legs, finished on such a high that he was waving tiny froggy femurs around and damn near got up to sing us the Marseillaise... carefully heap a spoonful of this black and white mush on the plate, taking care to keep it well on one side so that it doesn't contaminate anything else... last dish has some thick slices of truly horrific dull black sausage. It was *not* black pudding which is almost edible; but this, Jesus! it was indescribable! ....as if that black filth you clean out from the gutter after a heavy rainstorm had been shaped into pattycakes... I daren't call the waiter this time in case he told me *exactly* what it was, maybe mortadella or, more likely, some succubus fresh from a Lovecraft nightmare. Move on...Teresa is behind, edging past, eyes wide in horror, staring at the salver as if the Thing is going to jump off and latch onto her jugular... Ghod, why is it that you never have an oaken stake when you need one?... my hand trembles as I reach for the croissants, the marmalade pots and the tiny bottles of ketchup...

And Lo! here is the bottom of the page. See our next thrilling installment about how I saved Teresa and the whole world with an oaken toothpick.

This installment of Charrisma is derived from a communique from Chuch to his Las Vegas assistants



### Robert Lichtman

PO Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442-0030 And then there's

**Wild Heirs No. 8:** Ross' cover was a gas! Arnie's sudden metamorphosis via the World of Electrons into a frequent correspondent makes one sit up and take note, especially those of us who weren't on-line and have to wait for those rare in-person opportunities to keep up with him. Maybe if I printed all my letters in 18-point type Arnie would be able to respond easier. I keep putting off my new computer purchase, a lot because this one keeps working and, more recently, because I don't want to have to join the world of those involuntarily beta-testing Windows 95. Yes, I hear you saying, you could Get a Mac instead, but I'm afraid I'm firmly in the IBM world. Meanwhile, I agree with you, Joyce: "If it isn't in print, it didn't really happen."

{{Arnie: Although Joy-Lynd Chamberlain and Bill Kunkel did have one actual Mac-vs.-PC fight, **Wild Heirs** maintains an ecumenical attitude toward computers. The important thing is not what cpu is inside the console, but that its power be used for laudable, constructive purposes like writing letters of comment to this fanzine.}}

I can't LoC the whole issue at this late date, but a few things particularly caught my attention. Ken's memory notwithstanding, I don't think I said that Silvercon and Corflu "were the only conventions I would ever attend." I've been a member of LACon III since it only cost \$75 and am looking forward to it next year. It will be my first Worldcon since ConFrancisco in '93; before that I last attended the previous LACon in '84.

Branching out from Worldcons, I of course attended the 1989 Eastercon on Jersey in the Channel Islands as part of my TAFF trip. There've been some Westercons in my checkered recent con-attending past, but I find that the Westercon as it has evolved in modern times is not much to my liking and have sworn them off. The one next year in El Paso being thrown by Richard Brandt and featuring y'all as FGoHs is slightly tempting, but I doubt I'll make it. Aside from this, Ken is right in that there have been numerous Bay Area conventions I've not so much as felt curious about: all the BayCon series, for instance.

Not being an Outdoors Type, I read Ken's report of rafting on the Colorado with a certain air of detachment, brightening at the concept of Tom Springer's breakfast burritos, of which I think that (like Ken) I might have eaten "a little more" than my fill if I'd been there. As for Aileen's semi-companion piece: yes, please write up your experience at the John Birch Society summer camp.

{{Aileen: No, no, no. I don't talk about those days unless I'm really, really drunk and feel safe to talk. Actually, I think I'm just embarrassed to remember how fervent and devoted I was, and the fact that I was 13 or so doesn't excuse me in my mind. So Robert, just corner me some night, ply me with Piña Coladas and assure me that you don't hold me responsible for Rush Limbaugh and we'll see what happens.}}

Aaaarrrrggghhhhh! is the suitable comment in response to the concept of fans selling Tupperware, and thanks to Tom for revealing this shocking concept and to Joyce for immortalizing it in song. Tom's



Conducted by  
**Tom Springer**

with a little help  
from the Vegrants



mention of avoiding SNAFFU meetings because of the business meeting aspect of them reminded me of my long-ago attendance of LASFS meetings which, if anything, were probably more tedious than SNAFFU's because of the years of \*tradition\* that accompanied them.

When I returned to Southern California in December 1961 after living six months in Berkeley, as a coming-home present I got elected to be the Director of the LASFS for the next six months. This was despite my cordial offer to handle the parliamentary chores of the meeting in a Whole New Way. I approached this task in true Insurgent fashion. I would open up the meeting and get it rolling, then would retire to the kitchen to hang out with others who felt more or less the same way I did. Occasionally I'd be summoned back to say a few Official Words to move the meeting along, but mostly I stayed in the kitchen. A few people took exception to this, in response to which I offered to gift them my Directorship. Oddly, no one accepted. Both the club and I breathed a sigh of relief when my term was over.

{{Tom: It was a dark day indeed when I learned that Snaffu was selling Tupperware to raise money for whatever reason. It actually happened, just the way I described it, and a depressing sort of thing if you want to take the time to think about it. I'm still waiting for someone to come up with the idea of a car-wash; my Isuzu could always use a half-assed washing.

Perhaps you might be interested in running for Snaffu's presidency? We could use someone possessing such ideals about meetings, presidencies, and independence. It would be a good reason for me to join the club too. As of yet, they're still numbingly boring, blindingly inconsiderate, amazingly inept, and generally frightening on a level which requires absolutely no intelligence or initiative what so ever. Arnie begged me not to promote him, despite his article in Brodie #4 (coming out RSN) in which he decides he'll run for the office of President in Vegas' sf-club. So I'm asking you. It's not like I'm airing dirty laundry, I just think a fresh breeze like yourself might make it tolerable.}}

Chuch's comment to Buck Coulson about the relative expense of gasoline in America and the U.K. reminded me of my TAFF trip. I didn't see any filling stations until I got out of London, when I spotted a few along the road that paralleled the train tracks between London and Bristol. They were selling Imperial gallons at around £1.85; when I'd left America gasoline was selling in the Bay Area for around \$1.25 a U.S. gallon.

Moving on to **Heirlooms**, I enjoyed Ross' Jophan on the cover. Of all the items in this I think I most enjoyed rereading Laney's "I Am A Great Big Man," a true masterpiece.

### Tom Perry

28 Sandpiper La., Crawfordville, FL 32327

I was happy on receiving **Wild Heirs #7** to see that my letter got printed in the loc column, just as if I'd printed it and sent it out.

But I was sheerly boggled-beyond-belief -- since you sent #7 (and every subsequent issue so far as I know) to my OLD address, ignoring the new one that my letter went on and on about!

This is extremely fannish, I know, and I'm sure someone could make up a filk song about it. The practical outcome, though, will be that I'll never see

another issue of **Wild Heirs**; I told the man who minds the mailboxes in Dunedin not to forward anything more.

All seriousness aside, will someone who receives this please get out the mailing list and change my address.

{{Tom: That's the amazing thing about the WH letcol that sets us apart from the rest of the fanzines out there; if you send us a letter every month, we'll print it. That we ignore everything we print, as evidenced by your CoA that we apparently didn't even notice, should in no way influence any future letter writing urges. We really don't have anyone keeping track and updating our mailing list (nothing with a title, anyway) and apologize to you and recently Lloyd Penney for any inconvenience this may have caused. (Another aspect of our great typo powers.) Honestly, I'm inclined to blame the whole thing on Andy Hooper just because he's not here to defend himself and this is exactly the sort of thing he's good for. Let's remember, and you always should, he's a Shrimp Brother.}}

### Steve Jeffery

44 White Way, Kidlington, Oxon, UK

Highlight of **Wild Heirs 7** must be Chuch column as helpful friends, fans and allies (plus Dave Langford and Avedon) connect him to the sprawling gossip group of the Net.

Apart from the hilarious (though probably not at the time and Definitely Not, I suspect, for Sue) account of the excretions of Vin's copier over the Harris carpet, we seem to have followed similar adventures - although 'differently sequenced' - over the last months.

There was the Great Driving to Langford's Adventure. I should have read Chuch's warning first, before we set off to the Dave and Hazel shed-warming party a few weekends ago. I would have remembered the Jack of Both Sides from my distant Uni days. Instead we ended up at Reading Stn, which goes on for miles and miles of corridors and escalators and shops and plazas. It has somehow become a shopping mall which also Does Trains (Chuch is right: "c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est par la gare.") Back out the other side of Reading we asked a local for London Road. "Well, you're going the wrong way..." No U-turns on London Road. We overshot (of course) and went left, and left, and left and... finally we walked. It was a good party. Met Joseph Nicholas and Judith Hanna, the Neilsen-Heydens, Avedon, Paul and Maureen Kincaid Speller. Admired the new Hugo; coveted the entire 11.

Next day, a family (double) christening too. Not as High Mass or near as long as Chuch's account. Long enough, as I mimed unconvincingly along to a brace of guitars and a Bontempi organ (why, when the church has a really neat one holding up one entire wall?) that 'Jesus wanted me for a Sunbeam' or whatever. This is more like I remember Sunday School.

Welcome to cyberspace Chuch. Someday I'll have to decide on a better netname for myself. Is eSJay still available I wonder? Ought to grab it quick.

{{Arnie: The Internet has absorbed the extra traffic generated by Chuch Harris, Fannish Cybernaut. Unfortunately, the Gary Farber traffic has caused periodic delays for residents of the Northeast region.}}





### Steve Jeffery

Not sure if you got this first time. I mailed to you with cc for Chuch (who was dead chuffed and said I could hold his Hugo anytime (it is OK in private and between consenting adults I believe)). But I had to send Chuch's again cos I got the email address tangled, so don't know if your copy got through either.

WH 8/8.5 just arrived (yesterday). Hard to keep up (to echo Shelby's cry in the local). Particularly enjoyed Walt's Wilde Heirs. I know Burbee is a fabulous fannish character (everyone says so), but I don't honestly believe I have ever seen or read anything of his. Odd. Perhaps he is fabulous (and mythical) in the same way a unicorn is. Bob Shaw's column was also a nice treat. Good fun.

[[Arnie: No one has reported a previous sighting of the BoSh column, so perhaps it was, indeed, an undiscovered jewel. I've recently gotten back into some contact with Bob, and there's is some hope here in Las Vegas that new installments of "Bosh Tosh" may eventually grace these pages.]]

### Ben Indick

42S Sagamore Avenue, Teaneck, NJ 07666-2626

I am embarrassed. I received WH8 and WH8.5 a while ago and the envelope slipped beneath other stuff, and lay there unlocated. I apologize. I do enjoy the zine although I do not always have comments. I did guess that the Native American on Ross's cute cover was Joyce. Somehow it had to be Joyce, but the others did not have to be anyone in particular.

[[Arnie: Except that the issue carried a key to the identities of the cover stars. We'll try to include such keys as often as possible in the future, so everyone will find it easier to figure out who's doing what.]]

The zines always display super fannishness,

which is both good and also wearing. Admittedly it is a WOL, but not to everyone. We recently spent a day at the disheveled home of a fan of a pulp genre who is consumed by it. His collection is surely worth many dollars, but his monomania made for a somewhat stifling day.

The Vegan case is somewhat different because it is self-sufficient, a collective thing: you folks live and breathe and enjoy together, a physical entity is what you are, irrespective of general fandom. It isn't bad when you can accomplish such conviviality and perhaps I envy you a little. In terms of writing, however, the enthusiastic ego of the fannish manner is sometimes too much. It burbles, flows, gurgles and pours, a veritable Moldau of words, except that even the weariest river wends somewhere out to sea, and at times I am drowning in fannish talk with no estuary in sight.

[[ Ken: I know how you feel, Ben, when you talk about "the disheveled home of a fan." My own home suffers from a similar affliction. A couple of weeks ago, I was cleaning and straightening my living room when I noticed a pattern -- no horizontal surface in my abode was free of clutter. And most of that "clutter" turned out to be fanzines, too.

My cleaning routine usually involves first sorting the clutter into categories and then putting each pile away. "Fanzine, fanzine, bill, letter, fanzine, dirty dishes, dirty clothes, fanzine, fanzine, fanzine, trash, fanzine, bill, etc." I usually find that the fanzine pile grows the fastest and is the tallest. Do I Despair? No, I relish the stacks of fannish correspondence. My biggest downfall, though, is that try as I might, I just can't seem to keep my zines in any kind of order. I own two small filing cabinets, three-quarters of which I can use for fanzine storage, but the effort it takes to put my collection in any kind of order eludes me.

As if that wasn't enough, one of the projects keeping the NLE Boys burning the fannish oil is sorting the great Katz-lan fanzine collection. We spend about four hours a week sorting through boxes and boxes of fanzines dating from the early Thirties up to yesterday. What do we get out of this? We get ~~one lousy pizza~~ the joy of handling such fannish history, we get to listen to Arnie tell us what a great time THAT was learn about our fancestors, we get to be fannish slaves make a BNF happy.]]

[[Arnie: Your view of Wild Heirs is understandable, in light of your insulation from daily fannish contact, but our situation appears rather different to the Vegrants. We spend a lot of time with each other. Sometimes we play records, go out to dinner or watch movies, sometimes we cavort in the pool and jacuzzi, and sometimes we pool our efforts to produce fanzines for our friends. Fandom is one of the things we share with each other. ]]

Heirlooms is a dream many faneds have had, of reprinting "classic" fan articles. "Classic" in this reference usually applies to the fannish type I mentioned somewhat critically above. However, everyone to his and her own taste. I know most trufans love them, which shows something about my particular truth, I guess. Wanna few of my old ones? (I had some in fanzines of the very early 1940s, but like Arnie, I went into a 15-year gafia and, alas, threw



them all out. I regret it. but it is no major loss to the world. Just to myself.)

{{Arnie: We don't object to sercon, as opposed to fannish reprints. Our mission for **Heirlooms** inclines us to the latter. We want to entertain, which doesn't bar sercon material, but we also want to strengthen knowledge and understanding of the subcultural context.}}

### Steven desJardin

1711 Mass Ave. NW, #134, Washington, DC 20036

I read your classification of the three types of fugghead (Mortar, One-Note, Incremental, and Landmine) with interest. My question is, what kind of a fugghead can't count to four?

**The Trufan's Advisor** is exactly the kind of thing I was looking for three months ago, when I decided to start a fanzine, and even though I have a small collection of fanzine anthologies I found the historical sections (especially the recent history) to be very useful. I had absorbed most of the fannish vocabulary through long exposure to fandom's periphery, but found a few terms in the glossary that I wasn't familiar with and a few others that I only thought I understood.

The one area where I wish you had done more is in describing the range of published fanzines. For instance, the word "perzine" isn't in the glossary and there seems to be an assumption throughout that a fanzine publisher is also an editor of other people's work. The "Varieties of Fanzines" section defines the range of individual parameters, but something showing what combinations of those parameters typically occur (like a fannish Hertzprung-Russell diagram) would be very useful.

It's probably true that reading a representative sample of half a dozen fanzines will tell the neo more

than any article could hope to, but three months ago the only fanzines I had ever seen were **File 770**, **Ansible**, and one issue of **Mimosa**. That doesn't give me much guidance in launching my own 'zine. (I did have my experience in a non-fannish APA to draw on.)

{{Arnie: Not to alibi incompleteness -- "perzine" belongs in any second edition -- but **TA** presents a reasonably concise description of fanzine fandom that I hope will whet the reader's appetite to learn more. My hope is that someone could read **The Trufan's Advisor**, gain basic knowledge of the hobby and pursue answers to additional questions.}}

Could you, as a representative sample of "Las Vegas fandom" (as cited on page 10) tell me how to get a copy of **The Ted White Sampler**? I'd also like to buy other fanzine anthologies and would appreciate it if you could point me in the right direction with addresses and such. (I assume **A Sense of FAPA** and **The Incompleat Terry Carr** are long out of print? Darn it.)

{{Arnie: **The Ted White Sampler**, **The Incompleat Burbee**, and **Fanthology '91** are available from me for \$10 each.}}

### Gerl Sullivan

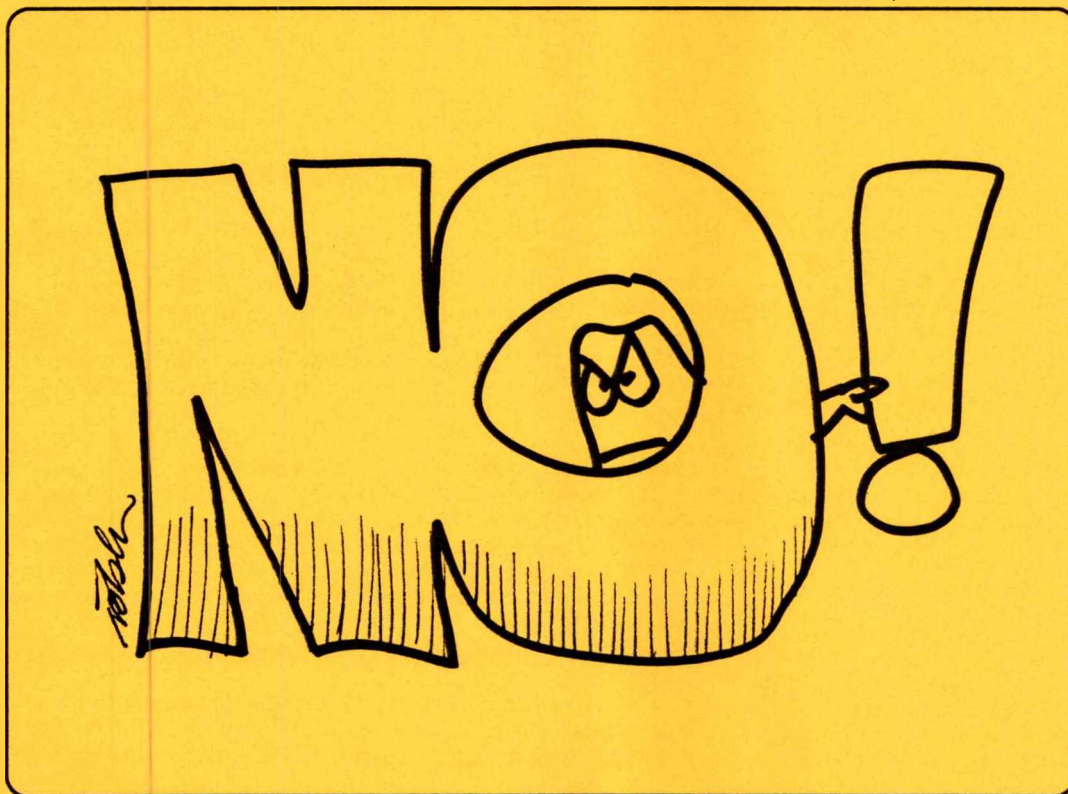
3444 Blaisdell Ave S, Minneapolis, MN 55408-4315

This isn't a real letter of comment to Number Nine (Number nine....number nine....) as I've only had a chance to quickly scan its pages. I will say, though, that **Vague Rants** seems to be getting stronger -- this one flows really well and makes me want to join in with my own stories, drink preferences, and the like.

The art, too, is particularly charming. Loved **Ross's** covers, even more than the **Vacation Fanzine School bus**, which was a delight. These have a wicked

bite, and I have a picture of **Hooper** looking **Just Like That!** And while I am firmly in the camp of **Rotsler Can Do No Wrong**, it's been a while since I've laughed so loud as I did upon studying his fanartists cartoon on page 7. **Hoo! Hoo!**

But no, this isn't a letter of comment. It's just a quick note to let you know that I have a copy of the original **Fapazine Wilde Heir** complete with **Chuck's** contribution, "The Clay Feet in my Eye." It's dated July, 1954, for **FAPA** mailing #69. I bought it at auction back in '88 or '89, when we were raising money for the **Harris Fund**. (I didn't know what I was getting, only that it was published the month and year I was born.) It's 4 pages, printed on white paper, and looks like it

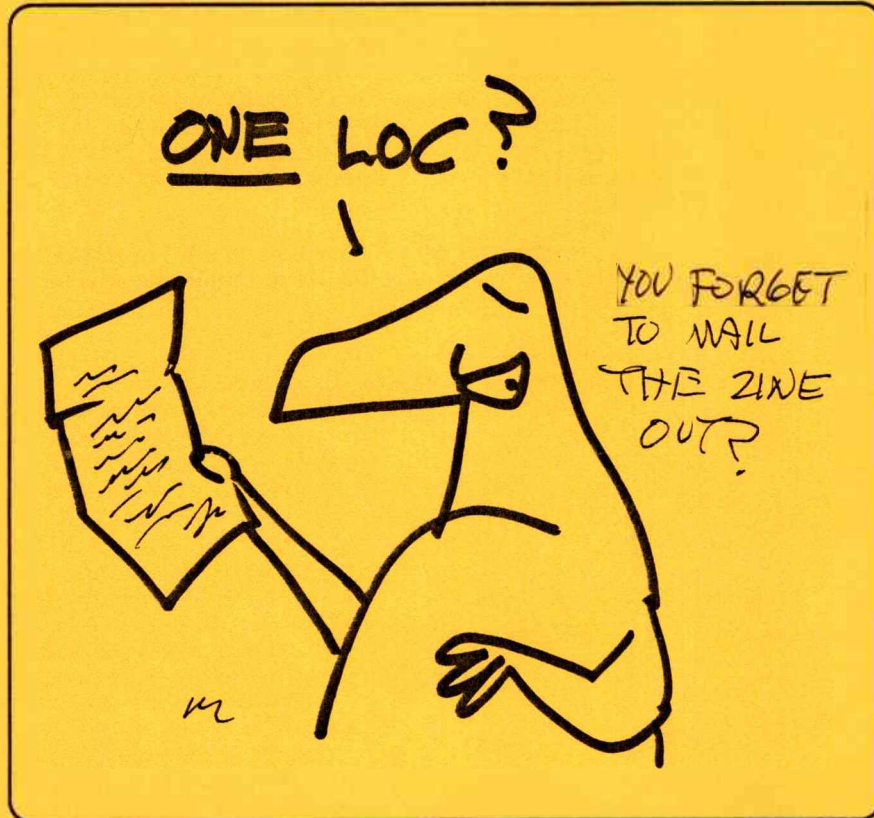




would scan reasonably well, including the "Tail Piece" art signed "W. Rotsler" -- his signature has changed greatly over the years.

So, do you have the same "original" I have, or something different? I think I saw another copy of it up for auction at Corflu Vegas, or somewhere recently, so you may have that. If my copy can be of any assistance in your reprint efforts, please let me know.

Also, shouldn't it be a requirement that every current "moving story" be accompanied by prominent display of the writer's new address? Please advise Ross & Joy-Lynd that this inquiring mind wants to know!



[[Tom: This isn't a real comment to your letter of comment even though I've read it in its entirety. We're only on our tenth issue right now, so I imagine around #17 or #18 Vague Rants we'll become even better, especially with Chuch Harris, Bob Tucker, and Bill Rotsler (all listed on the masthead, despite frequency of editorial contributions (Tucker will appear soonish, honest!)) VR contributions, when they finally begin to appear. We're patient here at WH Headquarters, so there's no hurry. Just knowing we'll get something, sooner or later, is enough to satisfy any editorial fires that might be burning in my little faned heart.

The cover art and illos Ross has been producing lately is the best stuff I've seen, and Rotsler's stuff, like on page 7, is exactly what kind of attitude I like to see in WH. Call 'em like you see 'em.]]

[[Ross: Quite right, you know, about the address. It was included with the original versions of the story that ran in Apa-V, our local apa, and in my fapazine -- but in both cases this was because these zines each had their own colophon. It never occurred to me to actually add it (along with a few other revisions I did make) to the version that was to appear in WH. For one thing, other than the addresses that are frequently included with Locs, you generally won't find an individual editor's

address in WH. But (sh!), the new address is 5289 Petal Ave., Las Vegas, NV 89122.

I'm not certain, but I think I remember Joyce mentioning that you had supplied us with some pix from Corflu. If so, that shot of Andy Hooper may indeed have been my model.]]

#### Buck Coulson

2677W-500N, Hartford City, IN 47348

With suitable knowledge I will rule the Sevagram.

I've been reading about tribes lately -- specifically, the Welsh Indians. But they lived along the Missouri River, not in Las Vegas.

Can't say I've heard of Royal Crown Premium Draft, but I used to drink good old RC back in the days when I was allowed sugar and caffeine. Of course, those were the days when it was mostly to be had in little country stores where RC supplied the store signs. You'd have this ramshackle building with a sign saying "Banquo Grocery -- Drink Royal Crown." (Yes, Banquo is a real...err...not quite town...the general term for places like that was "wide spot in the road.") Juanita still prefers Tab, but also has to take it easy on sugar and caffeine these days. There's something about Tab drinkers; I had no objection to drinking it, but Juanita would never let me have any.

What are you doing having an article by Funk and none by Wagnalls? Discrimination!

[[Arnie: Wild Heirs... high octane nonsense for the discriminating fan!]]

The tropical weather mentioned in my last letter has been succeeded by Las Vegas weather; just as hot but no rain at all.

It's hard to comment on conreports of cons I didn't attend. No way to agree or disagree; take the author's word for it or don't take it, using either option in

complete ignorance.

Tch; not the Breen Boondoggle, the Breendoggle. I don't believe I heard it called anything else, or at least nothing that was printable at the time. Of course, anything is printable today. My memory may be slipping but it's one of the few times I took Walter's side on anything, so I think I still remember it well. These days I don't suppose I'd care enough to take either side.

#### Jeanne Bowman

My favorite parts of **Wild Heirs** (cumulative) are the Joyce Katz "Carrying On"s. Probably because we share the same secret vices. Now that I live with an honest to God Book Reviewer there seems to be an assortment of tomes invading the house. Not yet at the rate my scribe has promised, but enough to thoroughly consume the spare time I didn't know I had.

I admit I have had to make rash promises to my dearest -- I will remove the dust jackets; I will not eat buttered toast and read simultaneously; I will not



bend pages, crack spines, pencil notes in margins; but most importantly, I will never ever throw them against the wall. No matter how disgusting and meriting of destruction the text. It is a trial, I'll tell you. The professional reader has given me all the tips. "If the fist page is bad, it isn't likely to get better. Stop. Okay, you can't stop. Skim. Well, if not that, just read the last chapter or two. Whatever you do with the bad books don't throw them. They can be sold. Believe me." I don't believe him, having read all of a few that deserve to be fire starter. I won't even offer to send them to Joyce. Be grateful Joyce. That, or send me your tips on avoiding the sticky tentacles of trash novels that eat my time and it may be worth the postage.....

Joyce also enjoys hardware stores. Mmm Mmm good. I look at *House Beautiful*, and *Home and Garden* and it's all very nice. They don't have that aroma, or the tactile heft of say, a new pipe cutter, or fresh sheet of dry wall, or the gravitational strangeness of a new can of paint. Those magazines also come with very fine print sections on the prices of the delectable curtain rod, finial, silk wallpaper, throw pillows (aha, a solution to the book dilemma?). Prices seldom under \$45 and not available at our ordinary super discount dynamic stupendous discount hardware store. The best part of going to the hardware store is of course, the discount plant section. The half of the already half off nursery priced greenery. And always there is some little something that will fit right around our garden statuary. It usually needs immediate resuscitation and care and cries to be taken home immediately. I can't resist.

I want to say something about Rant Rant etc. actually, rant a little myself. The bees don't go away if you kill just the queen. They mourn, they wail, they take the last fresh eggs of the matriarch and begin new queens. The workers give those precious larvae

the food of the goddess and rear up as many virgin queens as they can. But this is assuming you had an established full bore honey bee colony in your wall. (A location of great attraction I might add, and likely to continue to be so unless quantities of insulation are added to the stud space. You just can't always plug all the access holes - especially if you have wood peckers or boring insects about.) If you did, the rot would not be the honey, believe me, it would be the pounds of lovely larvae and pupae decomposing without the care of the workers (who should have instantly died when the insecticide went home). Further, unless the poison does in the ants, you will get them anyway. (See lunch just described.) Look to their trails and see if there is a pile of little disembodied bees wings fluttering about. You won't smell rotting honey, you will be blessed with the sweet aroma (and lovely stains on your walls) of melting beeswax and honey over heating in the 100-degree heat and flowing out into the dry wall and down to the bottom of the studspace.

Really, your Robert, were he a beeman of any sort, ought to have been able to instantly tell the difference between a yellow jacket, honeybee or hovering fly by looking. If not visually, then by placing his nose near to the entrance of the hive, smelling. (Oh, if they are hornets, which I guess technically yellow jackets are, you won't be able to get your face close enough to the doorway of the bugs to get a whiff, unless you have a nose tuned to attack pheromones.) Honey bees must evaporate nectar to produce honey, and the entrance to their home smells delectable. Wasps eat meat, and well, go from there.

That man Robert probably never puts his face anywhere near the bugs he destroys. How rude of me, on careful rereading, he did know they were honey bees, but he should have been able to tell you for certain what length of time they had been there by observing the tiny little footprints at the front door. A colony which had been warming your walls all winter would have needed to wash its front porch.

Well, my youngsters are demanding their turn on the computer -- we are giving AOL the 10 hours or one month trial.

**Teddy Harvia**

701 Regency Dr., Hurst, TX 76054-2307

Is the rumor true that all the editor names in your colophon are really only one person with nothing better to do than publish a fanzine? How do you keep them all straight?

{{Arnie: Well, I don't think they are all straight.}}

**Teddy Harvia (again)**

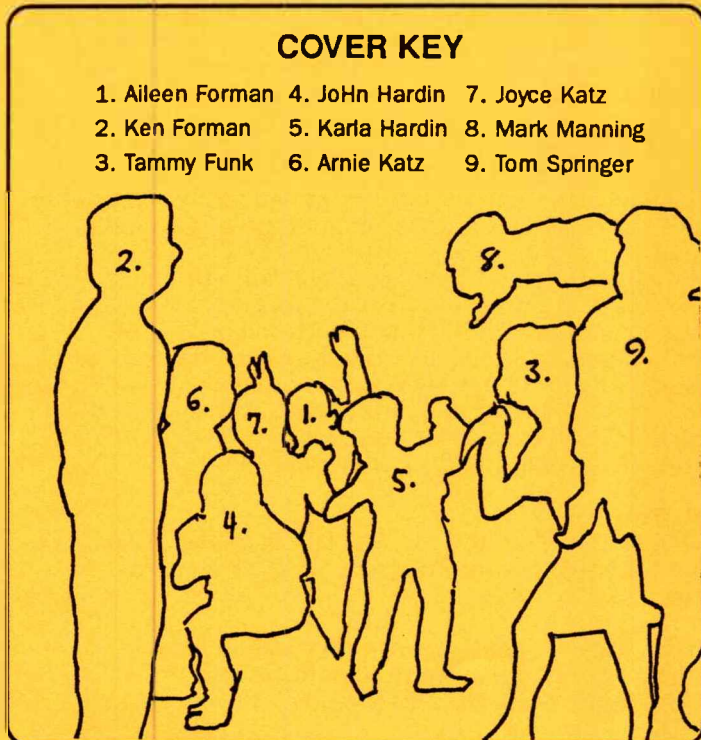
Actually I was just trying to come up with a topic as an excuse to e-mail you. But now that you mention it, isn't timelag the opposite of timewarp?

I am working on a postcard of comment for your last bulky mailing. I even may have a cartoon response to one of Bill Rotsler's comments. Diana Thayer may never loc you, but your fanzines inspire many reminders of her days in Las Vegas. My urgings for her to get a life do not phase her.

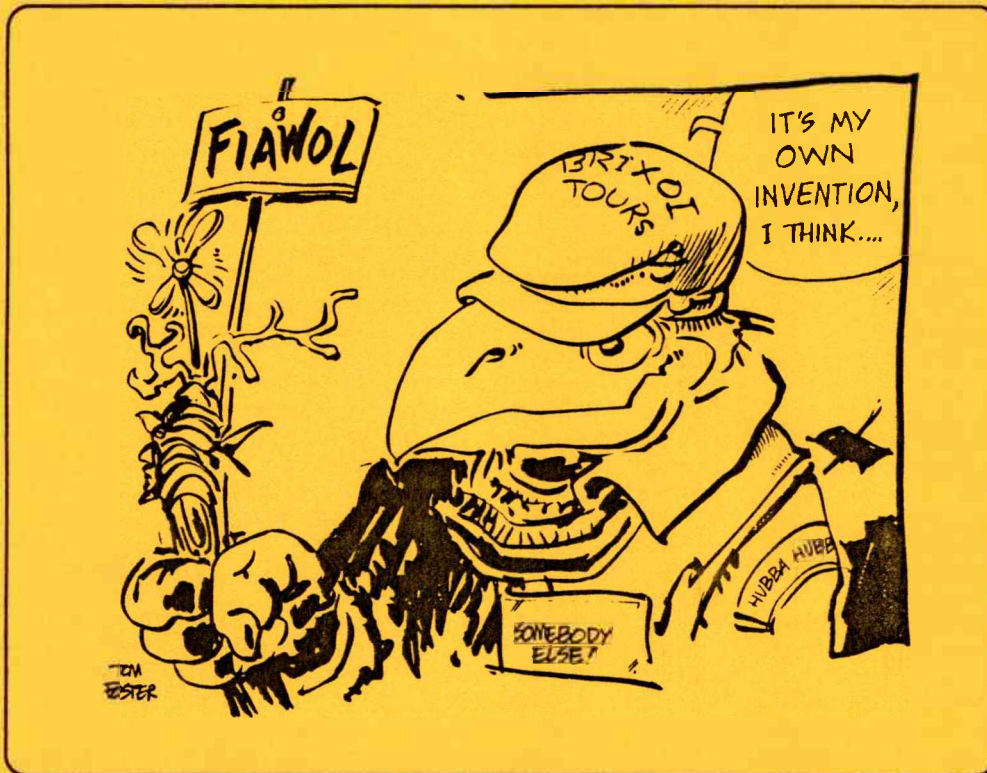
{{Tom: Well, I don't see any four page letter here. Didn't you read what I wrote in the last ish? Geez... Still, hearing from you via the Internet seems to be a

**COVER KEY**

- 1. Aileen Forman    4. JoHn Hardin    7. Joyce Katz
- 2. Ken Forman    5. Karla Hardin    8. Mark Manning
- 3. Tammy Funk    6. Arnie Katz    9. Tom Springer







more frequent occurrence than your sojourns to the mailbox with a just finished postcard of comment, but I've come to treasure your postcards, and liked the nude theme you had going there for a while. One of them got caught in the rain and it took no small amount of deciphering to figure out what you were saying. Best time I ever had at a science fiction club meeting.))

**Guy H. Lillian III**

P.O. Box 53092, New Orleans Louisiana 70153-3092

Thanks for the **Wild Heirs** and other publications. LOCs may follow. I wanted to send you this SFPazine dealing with my last vacation; **Challenger no. 3** is in the pipe and will probably appear somewhere around the New Year. I remain in awe of the frequency with which you produce exceptional fanac, and envious of the superb and talented group you enjoy in support.

Whom do I contact about the Nashville Corflu?

[[Arnie: Write to the chair, Lucy Huntzinger, 2305 Bernard Ave., Nashville, TN 37212.]]

**Dale Speirs**

Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7

Thanks for **Wild Heirs 9** and 9.5, much interesting reading as always. I continue to be impressed with the enthusiasm of the Las Vegrants and their whirlwind of activities.

I particularly enjoyed the Corflu Vegas conreport. No need to apologize about the meandering sidebars; as long as you touch on the relevant subjects sooner or later, then it shouldn't matter when or where they appear. Too many conreports are written by people who were indoctrinated for life by Mrs. Nash back in gradeschool on the proper way to write a report. There must be a summary, the arguments must be lined up in logical order, proceeding from the general to the

specific, and the ending must sum up rather than peter out. All very well for the quarterly budget projections, but tends to squeeze out the life and fun of a con such as Corflu.. So meander if you must and no need to apologize.

[[Arnie: Thanks for the support, Dale, but I fear you don't appreciate the depth of my transgression. I won't cover the con's official stuff "sooner or later," or even Real Soon Now. I only go to program items that feature my friends, and I seldom look in on the masquerade, filk concerts or business meeting. But if you wanna know what Robert Lichtman said to Bob Tucker, I may be your kind of reporter.]]

I generally agree with the remarks about KTF reviews. One other point about them is that they tend to occupy too much space that could be used for other items. I've recently changed the heading for my

reviews in **Opuntia** from "Zine Reviews" to "Zine Listings" because the latter is closer to the truth. I still provide a few lines or paragraphs on each zine so that readers can get a general idea, but I don't pretend these are actual reviews. A proper review would be at least a half page per zine, resulting in an issue the size of a telephone directory. Doing the reviews on the Internet could eliminate that problem, but then who has time to do lengthy reviews on a hundred zines? Zine listings/reviews should be more for the purpose of spreading names and addresses around, so others can pick up on them. Let the crudzine publishers get onto the Papernet and learn by example after seeing what others do.

The Internet qua WWW is probably the future for most fanwriters, but the Papernet will be safe yet. Radio didn't kill the stage, and in turn still survives after television, which didn't manage to kill movies. Each new medium alters the older ones, granted, but something will survive.

My prediction is that zines will become the archives of the Internet. Storing text on a computer doesn't work for the long run because of lack of compatibility and obsolete machines. Zines are never obsolete. I can read a 1972 zine as well as if it had just been printed today, but those computer-programs I wrote in 1972 cannot be run on any PC today. Punched cards don't fit into the disk drive.

**Bob Tucker**

2516/H East Washington St., Bloomington, IL 61704

I offer two quotations from **Wild Heirs** number nine.

Page 2: "... Vegrants meeting at Toner Hall, the home of Arnie and Joyce Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107)."



Page 23: "... Silvercon 4 Kick Off Party ...  
at the home of Arnie & Joyce Katz, 3701  
Bridgeglenn, Phone 1-702-648-5677."

Come on, now, where do you really live? Do you have a secret lair? Or lairs? Are you lurking in the old apartment recently vacated by Tom Springer? Or are you camping on his new balcony overlooking the airport? Do you spend alternate weeks shuttling back and forth between Decatur and Bridgeglenn? Doesn't that confuse the mail carrier? Are you as confused as I am?

{{**Arnie:** I offer you two quotations from your letter of comment:

Top of Letter: "Wilson Tucker"  
Bottom of Letter: (signed) "Bob."

Which is it, Tucker? Are you "Wilson" or "Bob"? Does this have anything to do with MicroSoft's on-screen computer assistant, "Bob"? Or is this an entirely different Bob? Is your use of the name "Bob" somehow connected with the fact that Robert Lichtman is no longer known as "Bob"? Evidently, we are equally confused.}}

{{**Eric:** The true address is a well kept secret. The members of Vegas fandom use our fannish instinct (and the smell of Joyce's cooking) to guide us to the Katz's hide out.}}

#### **Fred Herman**

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

Happy New Year, all. Great to have such long comments on my last loc! I'll just have to try to write more this time. Hmmm...

I can never really understand power hunger of the sort Arnie Katz attributes to various fuggheads (and please note that I use his term, despite his specific examples, generically: I've never met any of the people in question, and so can't comment or judge). But it pops up everywhere, whether in fandom or at the office. Especially in fandom, however, what in the world is the point? What's to control over, really? Here's why I've tried to carefully avoid getting involved in, say, local club politics; I'd rather just read sf and hang out with other people who read sf. Which, admittedly, may not be the point of faandom anyway...

{{**Tom:** I prefer hanging out with people who read and write in fanzines. Now that I've found fanzine fandom I don't read science fiction anymore, having discovered the joys of both reading and pubbing. In fact, I really don't see much of a connection between fanzine fandom and science fiction fandom anymore.}}

Then again, I also don't quite see why fandom fragmented quite as much as it apparently has, as described in your muchly-appreciated **Trufan's Advisor**. Is there truly no core segment of fandom which enjoys, say, fanzines \*and\* filking?

{{**Tom:** Fandom hasn't fragmented. Most of these subfandoms, from the trekkies to the guys with swords, originated from fanzine fandom. Fanzine fandom may not be the one tru-fandom, but it's good enough for me, which is why I designate all the other fandoms, subfandoms, whether they originally sprang from fanzine fandom or not. But I see you agree with me, that there really isn't much of a connection between fanzine fandom and sf anymore.}}

{{**Alleen:** Yes, what's wrong with being well-rounded in

your interests. I don't hold Arnie's belief that you should save your fannish strength for pubbing fanzines only. Anything that catches my fancy, I take for a spin 'round the block. I may not buy the car, but I get to say "Wheeeeeee..." a lot.}}

Then again again, if specialty fandoms like gaming are siphoning off the young'uns, is this necessarily a bad thing? But I begin to ramble... however, I wonder if part of the problem isn't also that, where once sf was socially verboten, the \*illusion\* of sf is now all over the media, so that the field (and its camp followers) become judged on the basis of the various television shows, and nobody gets exposed to unusual newer ideas in sf except people who were already reading it from an earlier time. Back to the gutter?

{{**Ken:** What you're looking for is a True Renaissance Fan (emphasis on the Renaissance, i.e., one who participates in all forms of the study). Yes, there are such things out there. Bruce Pelz, in his jaded past, has committed \*ghasp\* filk, and still pubs a damn fine 'ish. What about the Coulsons? Juanita's spent her share of time in front of a filk circle.

And is gaming "siphoning off the young'uns"? I don't think so. Now that we're rapidly approaching a sub-literate society, written material becomes less important -- less important, that is, to the sub-literate only. Those of us who like to read (fanzines, books, whatever) still enjoy the special relationship between author and reader. But that doesn't mean a young neo will exclude fanzines in favor of gaming. "But what about online fandom?" you might ask. "They have to read the text that comes on the screen."

While I would agree with you that reading is certainly necessary for the information age, I don't presuppose that that is the end all of fandom. I happen to enjoy doing layout (column formatting, art selection, title creation) and while some of that is available online, not all my audience will see my creation in quite the same way I created it if they receive it via electronic means.

On the other hand, I'm certain that everyone who receives my hardcopy, the labor of my hard work, will receive it in exactly the same format I sent. And I like to get mail, too.}}

The closest I've come to exposure to Laney (before your reprint last issue) was a number of quotes and references in Sharyn McCrumb's *Zombies of the Gene Pool*, which, like her *Bimbos of the Death Sun*, was an enjoyable skewering; being an adjunct lecturer and grad student with hopes of becoming a Real College English Professor someday, I appreciated the fact that she went after the Modern Language Association as well.

Issue 8 was my first issue of WH, so I haven't seen the cover from #7 about the Worldcon; likewise, I seem to have missed all this fan fiction everybody's been talking about. So print more, print more!

Perhaps someday I may see a Corflu, if someone is kind. Then again (again, again), at this rate I'll be lucky if I ever get to another con. This last year's living expenses have cleaned me out (a grad student's life is not a lucrative one); I'm probably going to have to hold off until the Baltimore Worldcon so I can come back in a certain small amount of style. But for now, I am curious: just why \*do\* fantasy fans have to die?

{{**Tom:** Fantasy fans must die for the same reason so few people run around the house with a pair of scissors -- they're dangerous. The suggested genocide of the



fantasy fans would facilitate our peace of mind, reason enough to do away with them, but think of the favor we'd be doing society as a whole. No more unicorns. No more corny barbarians. And think of the positive side-effects. No more hall-costumers. Why, we wouldn't have to worry about gamers either! An immoral solution, but we're only talking about fantasy fans here, what's the big deal?}}

{{**BelleAugusta:** I'm still excited reading new twists on reality and am always glad to find others of similar bent. I also find writing to be a powerful rush and find myself torn as to which I should start. Unfortunately, I can't stop once I've started either. Fortunately, the stories end and the muse relaxes its grip eventually. (With any luck, before I am consumed with guilt and my home life totally deteriorates.) A gentle prodding will reveal that many fans are torn by their multiple pleasures and show that some take a more holistic view of fandom. As to the question of TV sapping the youth of their desire for new ideas, not likely! A sense of wonder will always need feeding and the quick fix of TV and movies will not suffice. In their search people will ask for advice and we must point them toward the oasis.}}

### Steve Jeffery

44 White Way Kedlington, Oxon OX5 2XA

Cheers for **Wild Heirs** - I'm tempted to follow Shelby and do a predictive loc for **WH#9.5** unseen. But instead I'll send you a couple of illos - I haven't worked out whether it's possible to e-mail anything other than straight text...

Chuch has rewarded me as Chief Accolader and Cheerleader (I can't wait to try on the cute little costume that goes with it) and I can stand on the sidelines shouting, "Hurray for Chuch!" However, I may have blown it by saying something nice about Joseph Nicholas... (I wonder if Walt wants an Accolader and Cheerleader?)

### George Flynn

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

**Wild Heirs #s 8** and **8.5** appear (based on their position in the stack of mail) to have arrived right after I left for Britain last month. So now that I'm back, I was just getting ready to respond, when along come #9 and its ancillaries. Well, at least this gives me a chance to catch up.

I'm still on-line only about ten minutes a day on average, so I haven't yet dared to venture to rec.arts.sf.fandom. (Like rich brown, I have the sort of job where I can do nearly all my paper fanac at work; unlike rich, I don't have a computer of my own.) But I suppose the day will come (though probably not before I get access to a faster modem); I just asked to be added to the Timebinders mailing list. There is too damn much of everything out there (and I already print out too much of what I do see) . . .

Whether or not we're in a "New Golden Age," I'd say that "pretty good" is sufficient, given that a few years ago people were speculating about the death of fanzine fandom.

Tammy Funk writes of looking in the toilet for fear of killer snakes. I once found a rat in my toilet. (I guess it got lost in the sewer and swam up the handiest pipe.) So I quickly let the seat cover back down, thought hard about the situation, opened the back door, equipped myself with a broom, and raised the cover again . . . I never managed to swat it, but I did eventually chase it out.

Good Disclave report by Rob Hansen. (Oh, so that's where the Valkyrie song came from!)

I have known instances of fans holding Tupperware parties; never as fanac, though.

My Corflu badge was Shiffmanized.

[At this point I interrupted the composition of this loc in order to reply to **Apparatchik**, whose schedule is even more absurd than yours.]

**Heirlooms (WH 8.5)** is excellent reading but inspires no comments. (Though I was startled by Laney's mention of *Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News*, which I used to read around the time this article was written.)

On to #9, which is as interesting as #8 but (for me at least) has fewer comment hooks.

Arnie's cataloguing of fuggheads is impressive. (As perennial secretary of Worldcon Business Meetings, I tend to see higher-than-usual concentrations of fuggheads; examples of your types spring to mind . . .) As for Carol and Rebecca, I will note only that it is a proverb among con-runners (based on sad experience) that no one who volunteers to run Security should be allowed to.

Sorry, no pet stories. (But I copyedit a couple of magazines on dog and cat health, so I know more than I ever wanted to about obscure pet diseases.)

Ah, I was fairly sure I had read "Wilde Heir" before; Gary's letter explains it.

Which brings us to #9.5, an excellent account of Corflu Vegas (especially the parts that I didn't see—I don't think I ever did get to 2333).

"We succeed, when we succeed, by pooling our partial abilities and covering each others' asses." Er, you're under the impression that Worldcon committees are any different? (Another proverb: "Anyone who bids for a Worldcon is too crazy to run one." Not that that ever stopped anyone . . .)

I still haven't gotten to **The Trufan's Advisor** (which looks like Good Stuff), but I think it's about time to wrap up this letter, which I've been working on sporadically for three days. After all, there are other zines to loc . . .

### Richard Brandt

I was browsing through an old **Swerve** and reading with interest your ponderings on electronic sex, which brought to mind a friend of mine who was telling me about his experiences on AOL chat:

"I met a woman in Cupertino," he said. "She's into computers. Like me."

"Uh huh," I riposted.

"Yeah. We had sex over America OnLine."

"Oh really?"

Okay, I tell myself; I never think of my buddy having virtual phone sex at the keyboard, but hey--it's the 90s, I should be open-minded about it.

"Then," he told me, "I saved the session to disk so I can replay it any time I feel like it."

"That's it. I'm outta here."

### Walt Willis

32 Warren Road, Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT21 OPD

Thanks for **Wild Heirs 8** and **Heirlooms**. They were greeted with glee, read with delight and remembered with affection.

All the stuff about Internet was fascinating to



someone contemplating entry into this tempting but fearsome field, and it was almost with relief that I turned to the more comprehensible problems of Laurie with her 1980 house. I keep wondering how she would cope with the problems of a house built in the 1890's, like ours. At the moment for example they include a front lawn and driveway excavated in half a dozen places in a vain search for a leaking water pipe. If we can't find the leak, it will mean laying a new pipe all the way from the road at fabulous expense not covered by insurance.

Ken Forman's account of the canoe trip was interesting but outclassed by Aileen's.

((Aileen: Gosh, thanks! While I'll take a virtual canoe trip over a real canoe trip any week, I share Richard Brandt's opinion of virtual sex. If I'm going to be pressing buttons during sex, I want to hear him moan.))

Among the interesting ideas raised by Rob

Hansen's piece was why Popeye chose spinach for his all-purpose restorative. I'd always assumed it was because spinach, being a rather dull vegetable, and also high in iron, was the one that gave most trouble to parents. It would be interesting to know what statistical influence Popeye has had on the spinach situation.

The last words of *Gone With the Wind* are remembered by me primarily for the reason that I'm convinced that Clark Gable spoke them incorrectly. It has always seemed to me that he put the emphasis on the wrong word, saying "I don't *give* a damn," instead of "I don't *give* a damn."

I liked the polite way of calling someone a son of a bitch. Hitherto my favourite had been, "Not for anything would I insult his old wire-haired mother."

In response to Harry Warner, I have always believed that what they practiced on Gomorrah was oral sex. I have no evidence for this other than the word "gamarouche" (Sp?), but I convinced Chuck.

# TONER

## THE PRE-LACON FANZINE CON

The Vegrants will celebrate five years of Las Vegas fanzine fandom around LACon time -- and we'd like to invite fans going to the 1996 worldcon (and those who plan to skip the Big Show) to celebrate with us at a special convention for fanzine fans.

Precursor provided Intersection-bound fans with a good time, and we hope Toner can be just as entertaining in 1996. Think of it as a small (and low-cost) detour to a weekend with your fannish family.

Toner is tentatively set for the Saturday, Sunday and Monday before LACon, with a big Friday kick-off party at Toner Hall (home of Arnie

and Joyce Katz), a venue familiar to fans who've attended the Silvercons or Corflu Vegas. And when you're done partying, gambling and sightseeing in Glitter City, Los Angeles and the worldcon is less than an hour away by air.

We're thinking of a light program, a Guest of Honor, a fanzine auction, maybe some master-level trivia, readings from classic fanzines and Las Vegas fandom's usual all-out hospitality.

Toner Ringleader Tom Springer is negotiating with several hotels to find one that combines good location, easy access to food (including shrimp) and low room rates.

Before we nail down the arrangements, we'd like some advice. Are you likely to attend Toner? Would the weekend after LACon be a better date? Do you want a banquet? What kind of sightseeing (if any) do you want to do?

Tell us what you think, and what you'd like Toner to be.

Write to Toner  
330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas NV 89107  
email address: Crossfire@AOL.COM



**L**AS VEGAS FANDOM  
TURNS ITS COLLECTIVE  
BACK ON ANDY HOOPER...

THANK  
GOD!



Polster